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THE SHRINE

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CHRIST AS POET

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SAINTE MATTHEW was the "Boswell" of Christ! For inventing and employing a metaphor that, by anachronism and anti-climax, signalizes the relations of Christ and His disciple, the Synoptic writer, in terms of modern literary history, I shall, no doubt, be enfiladed by all sorts of critics. If not accused of irreverence, I shall be charged with writing in very questionable taste. Or, taking the strictly literary point of view as being in good taste as well as being culturally worth while, I shall be told that I have employed an anachronism so audacious and anomalous as to make it unwarrantable and an anti-climax so impossible as to make it absurd. The anachronism, however, is only for pedagogical purposes, and is therefore valid; but it is valid the more because St. Matthew, in a literary way more than the other Synoptic writers and even St. John, displayed, in the etymological sense of the term, an

"enthusiasm" for the Master quite like Boswell's for Johnson, and "hung on" the Master's words—the *ipsissima verba*—and reported them with the same kind of stenographic and *verbatim* accuracy as did Boswell with Johnson's "talk". For St. Matthew, as for Boswell, what was written was done under the inspiration of an intense admiring affection and worship and must, therefore, be done with the mind as reverently accurate and veracious as the stylus or pen of the writer was finely pointed and his hand solicitous of legibility. At any rate, it is from the Gospel "according to Matthew" (whether that means actually written by St. Matthew or by another writer who made a "revised and enlarged edition" of Aramaic *Logia*, that is *Sayings* of Christ, compiled by St. Matthew)—it is from this Gospel, pre-eminently, that we shall discover the *Poet* in the mind and heart and speech of Christ.

To that pleasant adventure in literary psychology, I address this essay.

It is not, however, an essay in New Testament "Higher Criticism" or even in Literary Criticism as such. Rather, it is conceived as, to use Pater's term, an "Appreciation", belonging to the department of *belles-lettres*. Still, it will contain elements of literary history and criticism and, as I think, some novel orienting of the *differentia* of prose (rhetorical and rhythmical) poetry, and *vers libre*. The aim of an essay, if it can have an extrinsic aim, is to show forth that the true Poet who is earth-born is kin to Him who was Poet as well as Prophet and Preacher; that on the genius and function of the authentic modern Poet is the imprimatur of Him who spake as never man spake.

In an "appreciation" of the genius of Christ, there can be no problems—no Synoptic Problems or other problems of New Testament Higher Criticism. Any one who has been a student of the Homeric Problem or of the Platonic Problem, or of Old Testament Problems in Higher Criticism, knows that the Synoptic Problem—the dates, authorship, genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels—are *sui generis*, so far as conclusiveness in these questions is concerned: the more one investigates, the more does one find the inquiry become fatuous and futile; one only gets farther and farther away from true knowledge, and even from justifiable opinion, and ends in hopeless confusion. But there are certain *a priori* principles which must be accepted before the text of the Matthæan Gospel can be employed as material or data from which to construe a literary appreciation of the poetic genius of Christ. First, paradoxically, the very death of Christ is proof that His epoch was rife with ideas or, rather, expectancies, of the fulfilment of the Messianic hopes expressed in the literature of the ancient Hebrews. The *a priori* probability is that the epoch of Christ, in which, as ardently wished for and expected, was to be fulfilled the hopes expressed in the beautiful, noble, and exalting proph-

ecies and psalms of the ancient Hebrews, should have a literature—the "Life" and "Sayings" of Jesus—quite as poetical, as beautiful in matter and form, as that of the anterior ages in Hebraic culture and civilization. The Literature of the Realization of Hope would be as lovely as that of Spiritual Desire and Hope.

Now, this *a priori* probability must have its own *a priori* grounds to make it more than merely antecedently plausible. The grounds are these two:—that the Christ or the Messiah, when He came, would necessarily, as the greatest Hebrew Prophet, Preacher, and Teacher, clothe His message—the greatest to be given to the world—in human speech not only consistent with spiritual dignity of the message, but made lovely or winning or compelling, or exalting by all the means of perfect human, that is Hebraic, rhetorical and poetical art; and that, secondly, Christ's message, orally given, should be reported in written speech by one who had so profound an enthusiasm for the matter and form of Christ's message, and who was himself such a student of the ancient Hebrew literature and so gifted in expressing himself poetically, that he would faithfully reproduce, in whatever language he wrote, whether Aramaic or Greek, an exact transcript of Christ's words. In short, the grounds for presuming, before investigation, that the gospel literature would be necessarily as beautiful, noble and exalting as the ancient Hebraic prophecies and psalms, that is to say, as poetical as the older scriptures or literature, are, first, that by racial genius, training, and realization of the spiritual dignity of His message, Christ would become, and express Himself as, a Poet, and that, secondly, amongst the Evangelists there should be one who, along with, to use our anachronism, a Boswellian enthusiasm for the mind and speech of Christ, possessed a fine sense of poetic beauty, and was able to employ it in what he wrote, whether in original composition or in faithful translation.

As to Christ Himself: inevitably—or at least more than probably—He would inherit the poetical gifts of His race, immemorably poetical both in thought and speech. Moreover, He was a scion of the "House of David", and the poetical traditions of His remote ancestors would be, it is *a priori* probable, part of His home or family education. Further, conscious, as He was, from His childhood, even before that day when His mother, the Blessed Virgin, discovered the Child Jesus "disputing" with the Doctors in the Temple, and He answered her with, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—conscious from earliest childhood that He had a special and paramount Mission, as Prophet, Priest and King, inevitably Christ would diligently acquaint Himself with the Hebrew Scriptures, especially the Messianic literature, the prophecies and the psalms; and thus, as it were, from childhood breathing the very breath of the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, would, when He Himself spoke, not only reproduce the thought or matter of the Hebraic prophets and lyrists but also clothe His own words in the very form of the great masters of prophetic and lyrical literature. Finally, it is highly probable, *a priori*—indeed it is altogether likely—that when Christ essayed explicitly to train His disciples and to teach the people, instinctively He would adopt the method of the great Hebraic teachers of morals, the great preachers and prophets of His race, who were also poets, or would be acute psychologist enough independently to apply a method of teaching and preaching that would impress the minds and imaginations of His disciples and the people who heard Him. That is to say, it is to be expected that Christ would deliver His message and doctrine in a form and manner that would compel what He said to impress the minds and hearts of His hearers so as to make it all as readily retained as it was attentively heard and received; and this form would, for the most part, naturally be gnomic, rhythmical

and poetical, after the manner of the heightened and impassioned expression of the Hebrew moralists, seers, prophets, and lyrists. In short, the *a priori* probability is that Christ, by inheritance of racial genius, by training in family tradition, by self-cultivation in "the classics" of ancient Hebrew literature, prophecy and poetry, and by pedagogical instinct or acumen, as well as by realizing the value of the traditional method of the great teachers of the Hebrew people, would necessarily become, and express Himself, as a Poet. Nature, racial history, education, and unique and holy spiritual office would combine to compel Christ to speak with the beauty and impassioned utterance which is the essential manner of the supreme Poet.

As to St. Matthew or the author of the Matthaean Gospel: internal evidences from the text go to prove that he was most passionately Hebraic in his sense of the Messianic character and function of Christ; that he was "a close student" of the Hebrew Scriptures, especially of the Messianic literature; that he had his mind and heart packed with "the beauties" of Hebraic prophecy and poetry; that more than any other of the Evangelists, not even excepting James, the so-called "brother" of Christ, and St. John (of the Apocalypse), both of whom had the imaginative gifts of poets, St. Matthew had a distinct sense of poetical beauty and form and the gift of poetical expression; and that more than any other of the Evangelists, he had an "enthusiasm" for the literary form, and for the *ipsissima verba*, of Christ's discourses and sayings—an enthusiasm which, at any rate in impulse and degree, has its parallel in modern times in Boswell's *verbatim* appreciations of the substance and form of Johnson's utterances. The *a priori* probability is, therefore, that St. Matthew, or the author of the Matthaean Gospel, though writing in Greek, was, by racial genius, innate gift, scriptural erudition, and reverence for literary

form and for veracity, especially or peculiarly fitted to render, with the nicest and truest expression, both the matter and the manner—the poetic beauty—of Christ's discourses and "logia", which He spoke in the Aramaic tongue.

The probability of the validity of this view may be raised to the *nth* power, that is, to practical certainty, by the following considerations which I regard as conclusive. Of the sixty or sixty-five quotations in the Matthæan Gospel, taken from the Old Testament (and there are practically as many in this Gospel as in those of St. Mark and St. Luke combined), the greater majority are quotations by Christ, whereas the inconsiderable few by the author of the Matthæan Gospel are preceded by the formula, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet . . ." Now, the significant truths are these: if Christ quotes from the Old Testament, it must be that He does so faithfully; and if St. Matthew renders, as he does, the Old Testament quotations of Christ with more faithfulness to the Hebrew originals and with truer "transcript" of their poetical beauty than was done by the authors of the Septuagint, then the Gospel "according to Matthew" must contain, as far as is humanly possible, the authentic matter and form, the substance and poetical beauty, of Christ's discourses and sayings. To my mind this is a conclusive argument for the reasonable belief that in the Matthæan Greek Gospel we have, barring morphology, the nearest possible "exact transcript" of the matter and manner of Christ's original Aramaic thoughts and words. In this Greek Gospel we shall most vividly realize Christ as Prophet, Preacher—and Poet!

To see Christ as the actual creative Poet requires on the part of readers the ability to see and feel the literary beauty and charm of the Matthæan Gospel; and this cannot be done with nicety by any one who has not a knowledge of the formal structural

principles (such as parallelism, antithesis and climax) and the special laws of Hebrew poetry, and who has not the ability to read the Greek text of the Gospel and to discover in the "running" text, which gives it the appearance of prose, the parts that are poetical in form and those that are poetical in vision and imagery. These parts, which are not discoverable by the uninitiated even in the English versions (Douay or King James) of the New Testament, are, however, nicely disengaged and articulated in such "literary arrangements" of the English versions as Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible", or Lindsay's "Literature of the New Testament", or in Moffatt's "New Translation of the New Testament". I may be able to assist the English reader to appreciate the latent as well as the actual poetical mind and speech of Christ by the following considerations.

Christ appears, by *implication*, as a Poet, by His employment of many quotations from the poetical literature of the Old Testament. I cannot here explain and illustrate the principles of Hebrew rhetorical prose and poetry. But to the English reader, who will miss the elements of metre and rhyme even in the "literary arrangements" of the quoted Hebraic poetry in the English translation, I may point out that the nearest modern approach to the formal structure of Hebrew poetry is what is known to-day as "*vers libre*" (free verse). Now, just as order is the first law of nature, so the order which is called rhythm, the rhythmical grouping of spoken or written words, is the first law of human speech. It is a psychological necessity. In impulse and aim, poetry is the conscious organizing of speech into rhythmical groupings, for its own sake or for the sake of the delight and joy in creating the beauty in it. In impulse and aim, prose is the conscious organizing of speech into practical groupings, which may be rhythmical and beautiful or haphazard and unrhythmical. Now, it all

depends on the *mood* of the speaker or writer, and whether he aims to communicate a practical idea or fact, or to awake a sentiment, excite an emotion, free the fancy or fire the imagination, how far forth prose shall be mere prose or the rhythmical prose which is essentially poetry. It is a fact, however, that, in obedience to the instinctive tendency of speech to be rhythmical, readers will impose rhythm on mere prose. So that the ideal of prose is not to get away from poetry but to approach it in rhythm or melodic flow.

It makes no difference, then, whether we take the "running" prose form of "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace, who saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth", or impose on these words the manner of "free verse", thus—

How beautiful
Upon the mountains
Are the feet
Of him who bringeth good tidings,
Who publisheth peace,
Who saith unto Zion,
Thy God reigneth—

the truth is that the impulse, the mood, the aim of the speaker or writer of them was poetical and the words are poetry; and it makes no difference whether they are regarded as rhythmical prose or "free verse", the truth is that they are in mood, in imagery, in rhythm and melody indubitably poetry. Moreover, I must point out that they are *Hebrew* poetry as such and not really rhythmical prose or even "free verse". For they were not composed in the prose mood, but in the poetic mood, and "free verse" is much more than rhythmical prose in irregular lines. The unit of "free verse" is not the line, but something akin to the strophe of the Greek choral odes; and its rhythm and melody are not artificial but natural—the inevitable rhythm and melody inherent in human speech, and "set free" by the composer of the verses. Still, as I said and hold, for the English reader "free verse" will

convey most approximately the beauty and charm of Hebrew poetry as we get it in the quotations from Christ's words as translated into our own tongue.

To see Christ *explicitly creative* as a Poet it is only necessary to observe His poet's eye for *colour* in nature, His love for and singular appreciation of the spiritual meaning of little *children* and of the heart of *woman*, His abundant use of picturesque *similes* and original *metaphors*, His immortal *parables*, His power of pathetic, almost tragic, *apostrophe*, the peculiarly oracular quality and form of His *maxims* of essential Christianity, and how almost constantly, or at least when not merely conversing or merely explaining, He casts His discourses and sayings, even with regard to the lowliest of things, into the *formal structure* of traditional Hebrew poetry. In short, we can readily observe Christ, as it were, at work exercising the sense and faculty of the Poet, employing the material of poetry, and applying the technical craftsmanship of the authentic poet who possesses the artistic conscience. It is easy briefly to illustrate all this.

In the perception of nature Christ's mind is richly pictorial; He has the poet's eye for colour; He knows the field flowers of His native land and loves their glorious beauty. Christ is a nature-colourist, a word-painter. A remarkable instance of this quality of His poetic genius is found in the familiar verses from Matthew, VI., 28-29:

Consider the lilies of the field, how
they grow;
They toil not, neither do they spin;
And yet I say unto you,
That not even Solomon in all his
glory
Was arrayed like one of these.

On the hills of Nazareth, where Christ spent His boyhood, grows a species of lily which travellers who botanized in the Holy Land tell us possesses a dark violet colour akin to royal purple, incomparably beautiful; also native to the same district is the

anemone coronaria, a species of wind-flower of gorgeous bloom. Either of these field flowers would make lasting impression on the sense and imagination of a boy naturally gifted with the poet's appreciation of colour or beauty in nature. Christ, like the poet, first draws on His past experience of colour in nature, and, next, attempts to wake in the imaginations of His audience His own appreciation of the beauty of flowers by an extraordinary double use of colour pictures; the colour beauty of flowers themselves outdoing the gorgeousness of King's raiment. In fancy the audience would form with the most vivid realization, two pictures of colour—the dewy, dark-violet of the lily and the glory of the royal robes. But the vividness, caused by the comparison, would be enhanced to Christ's audience by His use of a verbal form which does not appear in the English phrase, "was not arrayed"; for the Greek verbal form in the text of the Matthaean Gospel is in what is known as the "middle voice", and would cause in the minds of Christ's audience the picture of the great King selecting and "arraying himself" in the most gorgeously-coloured robes that the art of the dyer could produce. And yet, says Christ, who had the poet's eye for colour, which His audience had not, Solomon, with the aid of the toilers, spinners, weavers, and dyers, all of them the best in the land, could not apparel himself with the glory of colour with which God and nature have painted the little, lowly, unconcerned flowers of the field. It may be interesting to note, in this reference, that the only gems mentioned in the Gospels are pearls, and that these are mentioned only by Christ and only twice. I consider this as additional proof that Christ had a special eye for colour-beauty in nature; for while all other gems are artificially made beautiful, pearls come from Nature (the womb of the crustacean artificer), perfect in beauty of form and immaculately

lovely in sheen. Was it not pearls that Gray signalized as loveliest to the pictorial imagination when he wrote—

Full many a gem of purest ray
 serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
 bear?

Surely! And Christ anticipates Gray, in the possession of the poet's eye for beauty of colour in nature.

Christ's power to invent vivid, striking, picturesque similes and metaphors, as well as unique, compelling, illuminating parables, is another faculty and expression of His creative poetic genius. Only a poet could originate so vivid a metaphor as Christ's, "The lamp of the body is the eye", or so sublime a metaphor as Christ's, "But I say unto you, Swear . . . neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool". Remarkably, even the slang of the underworld today has Christ's vivid metaphor, in the first instance, both as a noun and a verb, as when it is said, "I spotted him with my lamps", meaning, "I saw him, with my eyes", or "I lamped the cop", meaning, "I saw, with my eyes, the policeman". Christ's second metaphor is poetically sublime, because it pictures to the imagination the vastness of the universe and the infinite greatness of God and the littleness of man. It presents to the moral imagination, in a twinkling of vision, the Immensities and Eternities. Only a genuinely creative poet, too, could have invented the immortal parables of Christ or His allegories. Even such great moralists, poetically visioned, as they were, as Plato and Marcus Aurelius, had to take the compass of many pages to point the truth in parables and similitudes, and then failed to achieve what Christ accomplished with a few short sentences that are comprehensible by the mind of a child. It was impossible for Plato to convey truth so succinctly, so simply, and so impressively, in such short compass, as did Christ, for instance, in the parable of "The Pearl

of Great Price"; and no secular writer of fiction, ancient or modern, has achieved a Short Story as simple, concise and as dramatic and allegorically powerful over the heart and the imagination as Christ's tale of "The Prodigal Son"—the shortest and yet greatest short story in world literature.

Again: if I were asked to select the most humanly tender, and yet most poignantly pathetic, apostrophe, under the most simple and familiar similitude, in all literature, I should quote Christ's heart-broken apostrophe and lament over the Fate of the Holy City—

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing—and *you* would not!

I need no more than remark the vividness and tenderness in the homely, familiar similitude, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings", and the folorn sorrow in the phrase, "and you would not", made more moving in the Greek text by the use of the plural person, conveying thus the idea that the whole people of Jerusalem were hardened in their hearts to reject Christ—His very own people, small and great, poor and rich, all against Him who came to them with the gospel of the Way of Life and the New Kingdom of God on earth. Rather, however, note the moving power of the pathetic *reiteration*, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem", if poignancy of heart-broken emotion is to be felt by the reader in Christ's apostrophe. It is a "cry" *de profundis*; and Christ once again turns to reiteration to utter a "cry" *de profundis*, as He did in utter loneliness and desolateness of soul and spirit, when he died, calling, in His last words from the Cross on Calvary, to an unanswering universe—

Eli, Eli, lema Sabacthani—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

It is to be noted, in this connection, that the word "sabaethani" is an Aramaic form, and, to the understanding reader, adds special poignancy to the tragic pathos of Christ's dying agony of spirit; for Aramaic was Christ's childhood speech, his mother-tongue; and now, dying, not the Hellenistic Greek of the day, but the speech that He learned, as a child, from His mother, the Blessed Virgin, comes to His tongue from the hidden, deep wells of His sub-conscious mind. Reverting, however, to the apostrophe to Jerusalem, it is plain that in poetic expression of humanly tender, poignantly moving emotion, Christ was a master of genuine pathos.

It is hardly necessary for me to elaborate what must be obvious and familiar to any one who knows the text of the Matthaean and the other gospels—namely, Christ's tender regard for children and His respect for and high sense of the beauty and nobility of the spirit of woman. But I must observe that the innate sense of the value of the Imperfect, the respect for weak and growing things, such as children, and the sensitive appreciation of the loveliness of the soul and spirit of woman, is a distinct mark of poetic faculty. It is a ready but valid induction that all poets have been inspired by these three—the winsome beauty of field flowers, the innocence and faith of childhood, and the spiritual graces of woman. Christ was inspired, as we saw, by the beauty of the lilies of the field; He gave beautiful and impressive expression of His love of children when He rebuked His disciples because they could not appreciate the spiritual meaning of the innocence and faith of the young, and uttered, for their salvation, this immortal poetic maxim—

Suffer little children to come unto me,
For of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven.

As to Christ's attitude to the heart and spirit of woman, I observe that it was poetic, ideally beautiful and tender.

His tender respect for woman, even for the sad Magdalenes, was unexampled; and His tender solicitude for His mother, which, while he was in agony on the Cross, He did not let cease, was a spiritual phenomenon by itself. Again: *Christ's own ideals were feminine*. As a man He lived a life inspired by love of the beautiful, the fine, the noble, the tender, the gentle, the kind, the forgiving, the helpful, the merciful, the pure and sweetly human in thought and deed. These are the qualities of womanhood that are born of the idealizing faculty, which is the faculty of love, which is, in turn, the faculty of creative imagination, which, in its turn, is the faculty of poetry.

Finally: we began by asserting that whenever Christ, in His sayings and discourses, was under inner compulsion to utter thoughts and express emotions centering about the paramount ideas of His person, or mission, or the meaning of His life and death, the *a priori* probability was that He would become the Poet as such. Investigation of the form and quality of His discourses and "logia", at any rate those in which He was concerned with spiritual matters of the very highest import or was delivering the principles, laws and maxims essential to the Christian life, Christ employed not only the imagery but also the very technical structure and special forms of Hebrew poetry; practised, that is, the art of the Poet as such. I shall briefly illustrate. First, for an example of Hebraic parallel relation, consider Matthew, VII., 6—

Give not that which is holy unto dogs,
Neither cast ye your pearls before
swine,
Lest they trample them under their
feet.
And, turning upon you, rend you.

The English reader does not perceive the syntactical, that is, the logical, relation of these lines as they are in the text, because the first and fourth lines are in parallel relation for the thought, and the second and third lines in similar relation. We must re-

arrange the lines, logically in our thought, so as to follow the first with the fourth and the second with the third, in order to ascribe the appropriate actions respectively to the dogs and the swine. Thus—

Give not that which is holy unto dogs,
Lest (the dogs) turning upon you,
rend you.
Neither cast ye your pearls before
swine,
Lest they (the swine) trample them
under their feet,

This form of poetic maxim is common in the Old Testament, particularly in *Ecclesiasticus*, and *Ecclesiastes*, the so-called gnomic or wisdom literature of the Hebrews; and Christ must have been well acquainted with this literature, for not only are two of His parables enlargements of passages from *Ecclesiasticus*, but also Christ's so-called brother, St. James, is under many obligations to the same Old Testament book.

Or, consider Matthew VII. 7 and 8 as an instance of Hebraic Climax in poetry—

Ask and it shall be given unto you;
Seek and ye shall find;
Knock and it shall be opened unto
you.

For everyone that asketh, receiveth;
And he that seeketh, findeth;
And to him that knocketh, it shall be
opened.

Note how this gnomic wisdom poetry is composed of two triplet-stanzas, each a triplet with ascending climax—ask, seek, knock; and how each line corresponds with each, in one, two, three order in each stanza. The petition in the Lord's Prayer for material and spiritual necessities—daily bread, forgiveness of sins, and salvation from the tempter—show a similar triple climax. Indeed the Lord's Prayer is an outstanding example of the formal correspondence in structure, climax, and even rhythm, characteristic of Hebrew poetry, and technically employed by Christ.

For unique examples of Hebrew poetical antithesis in structure and

paradox in thought, and of climax with refrain, consider the following passages from Matthew X., 34-39:

For antithesis with paradox, consider this—

Think not that I came to send peace
on earth:

I came not to send peace, but the
sword.

For I came to set a man against his
father,

And the daughter against her mother,
And the daughter-in-law against her
mother-in-law:

Yea, a man's enemies shall be his own
household.

For climax, with refrain—

He that loveth his father or mother
more than me,

Is not worthy of me.

He that loveth son or daughter more
than me,

Is not worthy of me.

And he that taketh ~~not~~ up his cross
and followeth me,

Is not worthy of me.

Here we have an ascending climax, in three couplets, closing, each, with the refrain: "He is not worthy of me". Then, like a coda in symphonic music, the thought of the two poems—the separating nature of Christianity, corresponding to the first theme in a symphony, and the absolute devotion required by Christ in the Christian life, corresponding to the second theme in a symphony—is "bound together" by this sublime antithetic quatrain, with paradox:

He that findeth his life,

Shall lose it;

And he that loseth his life for me,

Shall find it.

Fittingly, I fancy, I may bring to a close these "appreciations" of Christ as Poet by a general orienting of the formal structure of Christ's poetical picture of the Day of Judgment in Heaven, a picture which, in vividness, impressiveness, solemnity and sublimity, surpasses anything, in rhetorical prose, or absolute poetry, imagined by Plato, Dante, or Milton. I mean that section from Matthew, XXV., 31-46, which begins, "And when the Son

of Man shall come in His glory, and all the Angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and all the nations shall be gathered before Him", and which closes with the judicial sentence of the Son of Man, as Almighty Judge, on the Righteous and the Wicked: "And these (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous, into everlasting life".

Christ's picture of the Day of Judgment divides into four parts: (1), the Introduction—the Son of Man on the throne of Heaven and the people of the nations assembled before the throne for judgment and sentencing; (2), the Judging, with Reasons and Responses and Replies (vss. 34-45); and the Passing of Sentence and Awards (vs. 46). The second part itself divides into two parallel sections, both of which are formally constructed according to the principles of Hebrew poetry. Each of these sections consists of a triplet-lined stanza, an announcing of the award, before the judge gives the reasons therefor and the responses are uttered.

The first three-line stanza reads as follows—

THEN shall the King say to them on
His right:

Come ye blessed of My Father,
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you
from the foundation of the world.

This is followed by three stanzas, one, in ascending climax, stating the Judge's Reasons for the Award; the second, containing the Response of the Righteous; and the third, the Reply of the Judge, confirming His Award. The second three-line stanza reads as follows:

THEN shall He say to them on His
left:

Depart from me ye accursed
Into everlasting fire prepared for the
devil and his angels.

This is followed, as above, by three stanzas—Reasons, Response, Reply. The picture concludes with a couplet of Happy Award and Awful Doom.

The whole is indubitably both a highly artistic example of poetical architecture and a vividly impressive example of poetical imagery, while, at the same time, it exemplifies Christ's supreme mastery of all the technical principles and special devices of Hebrew poetry.

Whoever disparages, contemns, or denies the high office of the true poet, he may be answered by pointing to Christ the Poet; and whoever con-

tems or denies the validity of the epithet, "divine poesy", may be silenced by recalling the poetry of Christ the Divine Artist. Finally, to those who essay poetry, but who are not conscious of the high office of the true poet and who work without an artistic conscience and aim, let this maxim be taken to heart and practised by them:—*Be ye, therefore, perfect, as poets, even as Christ the Poet, was perfect.*

CANADA'S FALLEN *

By ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT

WE who are left must wait the years' slow healing,
 Seeing the things they loved, the life they lost—
 The clouds that out the east come, huge, concealing
 The angry sunset, burnished, tempest-tossed.
 How will we bear earth's beauty, visions, wonder,
 Knowing they loved them in the self-same way—
 Th' exulting lightning followed by deep thunder,
 Th' exhilaration of each dawning day?
 Banners of northern lights for them loom greener,
 Waving as waves the sea-weed's streamered head;
 Where bent the swaying wheat, the sun-burned gleaner
 Will find in their remembrance flowers of red.
 O, life must be immortal for their sake:
 O, earth will rest them gently till they wake.

*This poem won the First Prize (Veterans' Class) for poetry in The National Literary Competition.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

BY GUY THORNE



IT was some days before Christmas and the great lounge hall of the Central Hotel at Shuttleworth was full of people. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, John Barlas had just arrived from London, and he sat watching the bright and animated scene.

Dozens of merry groups sat taking tea at innumerable little oak tables. On three sides of the vast place, open fires were burning and holly had already made its appearance. Everyone seemed in the highest spirits, and festival was in the air.

John Barlas, tall, lean, brown as a saddle, and going gray, watched the vivid life around him with sadness. He was not bitter; he was not envious; he was simply sad. This was the first Christmas he had spent in England for five and twenty years, and as the band in the gallery began to play a selection of Yule-tide melodies the brilliant spectacle before him faded away, as a dream shifts imperceptibly from one scene to another.

He smelt the scent of the marigolds, the fragrant deodar trees, and the dry earth in his compound at Coonoor. The fragrance of cigarettes, cigars, and China tea changed into the odours of the bazaar—curry and fried cakes, tamarind, and oil mustard. The music of the band turned into the lowing of great humped bullocks, the creaking of the water wheels, the whistle of the kites at evening; and the clatter of the happy Lancashire crowd into the calling of the parrots as they flew in blue and scarlet

regiments about the ruined temples of sandstone.

"Why did I come back from India?" he thought. "What is the use of it after all? I was happy enough there, in my way. We talked a lot about 'Home' and what we should do if we were there. I used to join in with all the rest as if I really had something to go back to. Why did I sell out of the Mills? The native cotton industry was never more promising than now. I've got fifty-thousand pounds, but I might have made it a hundred thousand. What was it?—sentiment, I suppose, though heaven knows I'm not a sentimental man, and my life was hard enough in my youth."

He had been sitting by the fire. He threw his cigarette into it, and strolled towards the lift. All round him he heard the dear old North country speech. It stung him as fresh winter rain stings the face of a man who has been spending a dull afternoon in a heated room, and at dusk strides out to breast the winds.

He was wearing a correctly cut morning coat and dark gray trousers. As soon as he was in his bedroom he changed into his oldest suit, then he turned out the electric light, went to the window and pulled up the blind.

"How things change!" he said to himself. "There was no Central Hotel when I was a lad. This place has been built upon what was once a piece of waste ground where we children played marbles and hop-scotch. One might be in London as far as this hotel is concerned—though there are few hotels in Town to touch it."

But as he drew up the window and leaned out, he gave a sigh of relief. His room was high up at the very top of the great building. From his watch tower he saw a dark and crowded city, the streets defined by a million twinkling lamps; a city upon the banks of an inky river, a city where tall chimneys rose into a murky sky, belching smoke. And he thought that he could hear the hum and roar of a myriad looms—the singing of unnumbered spindles, the clank of the self-cutting mules, the hiss of the endless leather bands.

Yes! this was Shuttleworth after all . . . He heard clogs rattling over cobble stones on the dark mornings of his youth. The acrid odour of yarn came to his nostrils, and he had a vision of a slim girl with a check shawl over her head coming back from the Harrop Company's Mill to the little house in the long mean street after her day's work was done.

Five and twenty years gone—a quarter of a century ago!

Jenny Pennistone, small, insignificant, but with great brown eyes, had nothing to say to the shy, awkward machine minder of nineteen. She had heard, had Jenny Pennistone, that the lad who lived four houses away in Clough Lane, was a bit too fond of pigeon flying, and risked his shillings on the results of the league matches—Jenny came of a serious family.

How it all came back to him!

"What's wrong wi' me, Jenny?"

"What's wrong wi' you, Johnny? I fear the devil's howdin' you. Thou'rt ill spken of in t' factory."

"Jenny listen to me."

"Nay, lad, I can have no carnal talk wi' you. My feyther . . ."

John Barlas shut down the window with a bang. He saw those great brown eyes brimming over with unshed tears, and he remembered the wild anger which welled up in his heart and caused him to say dreadful irreparable words—words which Jenny Pennistone could never forget, words which had sent him desperately out of England to try his fortune.

He got his overcoat, put on a cap, and passed out of the hotel. He walked down the great roaring Church Street with its magnificent shops, its crowds of people gazing into the gleaming windows, took a turn to the right down a street of solid offices, crossed Jubilee Square, where the famous Town Hall raised its tower to the sky, and caught a tram—an electric tram now, not the horse-driven, reversible vehicle of his youth—for Clough End.

Here in the great industrial quarter of the city where the slaves of the loom, the bobbin, and the spindle lived their days, nothing was changed. The immense seven-storied mills blazed with orange-coloured light in their innumerable small-paned windows with the rounded tops. Lorries drawn by elephantine horses moved ponderously in and out of the mill yards; the air was full of a muted thunder and vibration as if all the bees in the world were massing unseen for an attack upon the sons of men.

John Barlas sniffed at the smoky, chemical-laden air. His nostrils dilated with enjoyment, he quivered with pleasure at the music of the looms.

"There's nought amiss wi' this," he muttered, falling back into the speech of his boyhood. "Happen I'll spend Christmas here, reet among it all." And there was a tear in his eye as he turned into a network of small streets to find a lodging.

"Apartments"—that might do. The little house was in the centre of a long row of rabbit hutches similar to itself. It was not three hundred yards away from the Harrop Company's Mills . . .

The door opened and a pale girl of nineteen or twenty with a mass of brown hair, stood looking at him wonderingly.

"You have rooms to let? I want a bedroom and a sitting-room."

The girl's eyes lighted up. "Come in," she said. "I hope we shall be able to suit you."

He entered, nearly filling the little passage with its drab walls of varnished paper.

"They are not very grand," the girl said, looking up at him.

She threw open a door to the right—the door of the front parlour. It was exactly what he expected, exactly what he had hoped for. The wanderer felt the years fall away from him, and he had a sense of home.

"I'll take these rooms," he said.

"Would it be for long let, sir?"—Her voice was timid and anxious.

"I can't say, but for several weeks, at any rate."

"I am glad, sir, I'll go and tell father."

She flitted away into the back-room, and John Barlas heard her soft voice mingled with a deep angry rumble.

The girl came back a little flushed. "Would you come in and see father, please?" she asked. "He's not able to get about, I am sorry."

The brown-faced man followed her into the back-room. Upon an arrangement which was obviously a couch by day and a bed by night, a bald-headed, bearded man was lying. Discontent and pain had gashed his face with deep wrinkles, the legs were twisted and useless.

"You want to take our rooms, sir?"

"I do. I think they'll suit me very well."

"Then you're easy satisfied. I wouldn't live here for five minutes if I had my way."

"Father!" the girl said.

"I know, Mary, that's not the way to let rooms.—What's your name?" he barked out, staring at John Barlas, who had begun to be interested by this strange personality.

"My name is Barlas. I've been out of England for many years. I was born in this town and I've come back to have a look at it. I'm Lancashire bred."

"Well, you look an honest man, and you're not a flighty young fellow. You can have the rooms,"—he flung it at Barlas as if he were conferring an immense favour. "Mary'll look after

you," he went on, "she's a good girl though not much to look at. She'll settle the terms with you. Good evening."

John Barlas got out of the stuffy room somehow or other, and rejoined the girl in the front parlour.

"You musn't mind him," she said tremulously. "He suffers terribly. Oh, I am glad, I am glad you've taken the rooms!"

"I am sure I shall like them very much," Barlas answered gently. "But why are you glad?"

"Father's taken a fancy to you, and that's everything."

Barlas smiled, he could not help it. "He shows it in a strange way," he said.

"But that's father. Time after time we've had lodgers inquiring, but father wouldn't have anything to do with them. And—and—he's only got a little pension from the Harrop's Mills where he got his hurt. I can't leave him and times are hard."

She was so simple and childlike that the lonely man's heart warmed to her. "Well," he said, "we'll see if times can't be made better. I will move in this evening."

At eight o'clock he drove up in a cab with one suit-case and a kit bag—having left the rest of his luggage at the Central Hotel. A fire was lit, a white cloth was on the round table under the gas jet in the centre of the room. The girl came in with the supper he had ordered.

"Father's asleep, sir," she said. "I've been and got him some stout, which always does him good."

"Then I'll be very quiet and won't wake him up."

"That will be good of you,"—she looked up in his face with a sort of mild surprise in her eyes. He saw that they were large, brown, and lustrous. He realized that this poor child had not met with much kindness on her way through the world.

Barlas sank into a curious, almost hypnotized state. He was placid, even happy. In his shabbiest clothes he

wandered about Shuttleworth, looking at the Christmas preparations in the shops, tramping through the slushy snow—for the winter had set in with grim earnest—and always returning to the little house at night.

It was odd. In India he had made money rapidly from the first. He had lived a life of considerable personal luxury, far removed from the poverty of his youth in the dark northern city. Now, he came back to a poor and simple life in the jerry-built house without a wish for anything more. He lived on the simplest fare, though Mary Yates was so good a cook that the rasher of cheap bacon or the Welsh Rabbit at supper seemed a feast.

Every evening about nine o'clock her father was made comfortable for the night. From what Barlas gathered from a chat with the panel doctor, the invalid could not live very long, though Mary was ignorant of this.

Barlas found that the girl always sat alone in her bedroom without a fire before going to bed, and it distressed him. He asked her to take pity on his loneliness, and when she had cleared away supper, she got into the habit of sitting by his glowing hearth while he talked to her of India, bringing a breath of wonder and romance into her dull and uneventful life. Pretty, she certainly was not, but he was surprised by the shrewdness and intelligence of her questions when her natural shyness and timidity began to wear away. Her eyes, too, were wonderful. They reminded him. . . .

The girl lived a life as secluded as any nun. She seemed to have no friends of her own sex, and certainly no lover ever waited at the door.

One night in his new relation as elderly friend—"Uncle," he thought to himself, "that's what I am, an unofficial uncle!"—he rallied her upon this fact.

"When is Mr. Right coming along, Mary?" he said. "I should have thought a lass like you who can cook, and nurse your father, and can sit

here by the fireside talking to an old fogey like me, was just the girl for some nice young fellow. Surely, there's someone, somewhere?"

He said it with a bluff, North Country outspokenness, and the sensitive interior of him was alarmed at the vivid blush which dyed her face and made her for the moment almost beautiful.

Little by little he drew the story from her.

"I shall never see him again," the girl faltered, staring at the glowing heart of the fire.

"Why not. Did the boulder run away and leave you, Mary?"

She shook her head. "It wasn't that," she answered, "but he was a good bit above me. His father and mother wouldn't hear of it."

"But if he loved you he wasn't much good if he didn't let his father and mother stew in their own juice!"

"He couldn't help himself," said Mary, though Barlas noticed that she hardly seemed to resent the implied disparagement.

"They sent him away—and well, Mr. Barlas, it's all over, so there's no more to be said. I've got his photograph, and I look at it sometimes and think what might have been."

Barlas was touched. In the days that followed he cross-questioned her, and the pitiful little romance was laid bare. Her lover had been the son of the manager of the mill in which Mr. Yates had worked and where he met with his accident. The boy had been packed off to Liverpool and Mary was too proud to allow him even to correspond with her.

Christmas Day drew close at hand, and, strange to say, John Barlas realized that a prospect he had begun to face with dread was now full of quiet happiness. Beneath his somewhat rough exterior and manners, the man had a sensitive and tender heart. To spend the first Christmas in England after twenty-five years' absence, alone in a hotel had seemed to him appalling. Now, at least, there was

something human and friendly in his life—he could lighten little Mary's burden, at any rate.

Mary, too, despite her father's growing infirmity, and the fact that every night his pain had to be assuaged with drugs before he could sleep, was happier than she had ever been. She looked forward to her nightly chat with the tall, brown-faced man with eagerness, counting the hours until her father should go to rest and the bright moment arrive. As she got to know Barlas better, and their intimacy ripened with incredible quickness, she found herself talking to him with ease.

"I can say anything to you, Mr. Barlas," she told him one night, "though I don't know why it is."

"It's because we are friends, Mary," he answered gravely, his eyes full upon her.

For his part, Barlas was thinking how much prettier she was growing, expanding under their friendship as a flower expands beneath the sun. And her eyes, her great brown eyes with their long black lashes, they were beautiful, no less!

"Brown eyes are the most beautiful of all," said John Barlas to himself with a sigh.

On Christmas Eve Barlas raided the big glittering shops in Church Street. An invalid reading-stand for Mr. Yates, a pile of books also; a little gold watch upon a slender chain, and a dozen pairs of gloves for Mary, fruit and bon-bons arrived, such as never before had made their appearance at 100, Clough Road. The little house overflowed with Christmas fare.

"Happen you've come into a fortune, Mester Barlas," said old Yates, his hands trembling as they strayed over the richly bound set of Dickens, the first that he had ever owned. "And that watch for Mary—she's a proud lass to-night, I tell you! Eh, but you've got a good heart!"

It did not occur to Barlas to think about the goodness or otherwise of his heart, but he began to realize with a strange sense which was half joy and

half fear, that something unusual—unknown since he had been a lad of nineteen—was troubling that organ.

"What a fool I am," he thought. "I'm five and forty, what girl would ever look at me? There's no fool like an old fool."

Of course he was shrewd enough to know that with his money there were many girls who would look upon him very kindly—if they knew. But Mary did not know, and if she did, Mary could never have a mercenary thought. For John Barlas knew now that Fate, or the Providence that leads the blind steps of men, had indeed brought him home!

Each day he discovered new beauties in the girl as they talked together by the fireside. Her shy playfulness, her quiet sense of humour was only another charm, a decoration upon the steadfast and simple purity of her nature.

Not with a passion of youth but with the sincere conviction of a mature and seasoned mind, John Barlas was in love.

They had been to church together and had heard the grand old Christmas hymns thundered out in the tuneful Lancashire voices. They had made a merry Christmas dinner in Mr. Yates's room—roast duck, Christmas pudding, and a bottle of Australian Burgundy, Barlas had not dared to go as far as champagne. And now the old man was sleeping more tranquilly than usual, and the other two sat alone together. Outside the snow was falling thickly. The great mills were silent, there was not a sound in the street, all the folk were within doors keeping the Feast.

"I've had such a happy day, I don't know when I've been so happy, Mr. Barlas."

She looked up at him, and he saw there were tears in her sweet eyes, and at that, passion flamed up in him like a torch. He rose from his chair and caught her to him, little feather-weight as she was.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "my little girl, be always happy, be happy with

me! Darling, I love you. Be my wife and let me shield you always."

Her head had sunk upon his shoulder.

"Can you love me a little," he went on with quick passionate utterance. "Oh, Mary, don't say that I'm too old, that you can't—"

Two slim arms slid up, and met round his neck. He bent his head, and his lips touched hers.

Distant, but drawing nearer, came the pleasant sound of harmonious voices:

"Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant!"

"And what about the other?" Barlas said some twenty minutes later, when the waits had come and departed royally fed. He was kneeling by the side of her chair and holding her hands. "Darling, did you care for him very much?"

The girl's face flushed and then grew deadly pale. She burst into a torrent of tears. "Oh," she cried, "I'm a wicked girl, I'm a wicked girl."

"For God's sake, what do you mean?"

"There never was any other man! John, I made it all up! No one ever came courting me like they did other girls, so I pretended that I had a lover. I used to think about it such a

lot I almost got to believe it was true!"

"You little dear, you foolish little dear!"

"I could not help it, life was so dull. And when you asked me, I didn't know you then like I do now—it all came out naturally. But I didn't mean to deceive you, I really didn't."

He laughed aloud, a strong male laugh of triumph.

"And the photograph," he almost shouted, "what about his photograph?"

"It's here," she whispered, pulling at a thin chain round her neck and drawing out a small photograph in a circular frame of metal.

"I found it among mother's things when she died, so I wore it and then I began to imagine and make up—Oh, John, what a little fool I was!"

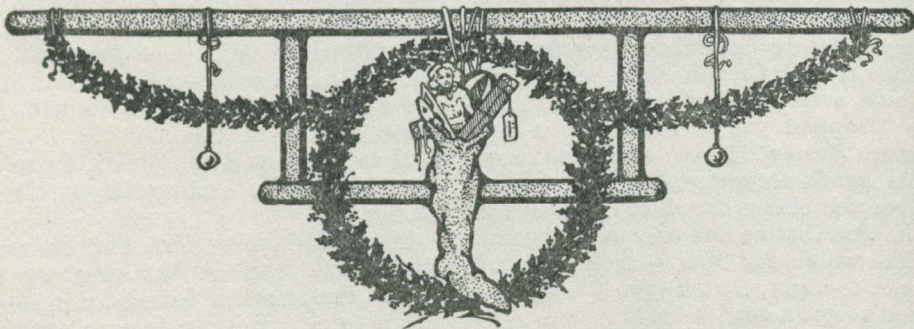
"No, dear, you weren't a fool in the least," he answered as he took the photograph in his hand and looked at it curiously.

It was a photograph of himself at the age of nineteen!

He recognized it instantly, and remembered the occasion on which it had been taken—to whom he had given it.

"What was your mother's name before she was married, Mary?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Jenny Pennistone."





WAITING

From the Painting
by André Lapine

THE STORY OF MARY ELLEN

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "SPUN YARN AND SPINDRIFT"

Illustrations by André Lapine

MARY ELLEN CONERTY stood with her back against the roughcast outer wall of the tiny Ballyheigue schoolhouse, and looked with dauntless gray eyes at the mob of small savages that danced and howled in a half circle before her. Her little blue cotton dress was torn away from one shoulder; one stocking was trailing about her ankle; the bow of blue ribbon that had confined the ends of her long braid of red-gold hair had disappeared, and the hair itself had come unbraided and was flying wildly about her face. But Mary Ellen was not afraid. The light of battle was in her eyes and a red spot burned in either cheek as she listened to her tormentors. Those who knew Mary Ellen could have told you that her mood was rapidly becoming dangerous.

But the ten or twelve boys and girls who formed that half circle did not know her. To them she was merely the stranger within their gates, and, as such, fair game for all their powers of tormenting. Her low voice and soft Dublin brogue—the way she held her head erect as she walked and looked as if unaware of their whereabouts—had given to the rough fisher lads and lasses a feeling of inferiority which enraged them, and now that they had got her alone, they were proceeding to avenge themselves for it.

Something in the glance of those gray eyes, however, had impelled

them to keep at a respectful distance as they danced and shouted.

"Redhead, redhead!" they cried, "Dublin sthreel!" And freckled Jimmy Doyle, the oldest of her tormentors, whose own head was not without a goodly tinge of the colour he vituperated, reached out and seizing a long strand of the maligned hair, gave it hearty tug. "There was a redhead yet," he remarked, "was aught but a vixen."

The crimson spots burned a little brighter in Mary Ellen's cheeks, but she only looked disdainfully at her enemy and remained silent. Emboldened by her quietness, Jimmy gave another tug. Mary Ellen's hand flew out with the quickness of a flash and he staggered back with the imprint of five small vengeful fingers showing white across his cheek. Then the storm burst.

"Take you that, James Doyle!" Mary Ellen's voice was still low, but there was something in the quiet tones that sent a shiver through the ranks of her foemen. "Take you that, and there's more where it came from. *You* to dare touch a Wicklow Conerty. Why, if Terry Hogan, that's own cousin to me, were here to-day, there isn't ten of ye would face him, ye Kerry cowards! Out of my way now, the lot of ye, or I'll be harmin' some of ye."

She made a step forward as she spoke and so great was the concentrated passion in her voice and so fiercely blazed the dark-gray eyes

that the half circle before her wavered and gave back a little. But it recovered in an instant and surged in upon her.

Mary Ellen stood her ground bravely, clenching her hard little fists and striking out viciously at the faces about her. But the numbers were too much for her and she must have gone down to ignominious defeat had not fate so willed it that Danny Doolan—laughing Danny, the scapegrace and pet of the village—at that moment sauntered round the corner and into Mary Ellen's life.

His bold, blue eyes took in the situation in a moment and he pushed himself forward into the mass of struggling forms.

"Katie Hagarty, be off with you," he laughed, catching a black-haired girl of eleven by the shoulders. "What do you mean by setting such an example to Benny there? Jimmy Doyle your mother was lookin' for you down the road five minutes since, and she with a gad in her hand. Polly, I don't know what your da'll be sayin' when he sees that dress."

So he elbowed his way forward, thrusting aside first one and then another, until he reached the heart of the group and stood looking down upon Mary Ellen, dishevelled and panting but still unconquered, with laughter in his eyes.

"An' what is it all about now, will you be tellin' me?" he asked her coolly.

The group about him melted unobtrusively away and left the two facing one another. Mary Ellen's breast was heaving, her hands shook a little, but her head was still erect and her eyes met his fearlessly.

"It was callin' me 'Redhead' they were, an' 'Dublin sthree!'" she explained haughtily. "An' then James Doyle did be tuggin' at my hair, the way I gave him me hand across his face. Then they all set upon me, the Kerry cowards!"

She flung the taunt full in his face and stood waiting with some trepidation to see how her challenge would

be received. Was not this also a Kerry man and so one of the enemy?

Danny looked down at her with interest and admiration. Mary Ellen, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and the red-gold mass of hair tumbling about her shoulders, was indeed a delectable vision.

"Is it so now?" he said. "Then red is the most beautiful colour in the world. An'—an' it's beatin' the face off Jimmy Doyle I'll be, when I'm seeing him next."

Womanlike, Mary Ellen's heart softened at the admiration in his eyes, but outwardly she gave no sign.

"I'd best be gettin' along now," she said, "or me da'll be wonderin' what'll be keepin' me. An' it's thankful to you I am for your help," she added graciously, holding out a brown little hand to Danny, who took it in his own sturdy palm with a queer feeling of bewilderment and pleasure such as he had never before known.

"I'd best be going along with you," he said, "the way some of them might be waitin' for you around the corner. But if any of the young pistrogues dares be layin' a finger on you in future, he'll have to reckon with Danny Doolan, an' so I'm tellin' him."

Mary Ellen let her hand lie confidently for a moment in his.

"Oh, it's not afraid of them I am," she replied proudly. "Would you have a Dublin Conerty *afraid* of the scum of Kerry?"

"I'm a Kerry man meself," remarked Danny briefly. For the first time in his life he had fallen under the spell of one of the opposite sex, but even for her own sake he would not deny his native county.

Mary Ellen flushed a little. "Are ye so? Well, there's maybe good and bad in all counties," she conceded. And she made no further opposition to Danny's walking by her side, even condescending to converse with him in a very friendly manner as they strolled along.

At last they reached her abode, a tiny sweetie shop, standing on a corner of the long, straggling main street



“The light of battle was in her eyes”

of Ballyheigue, and once more she held out her hand to him.

“Good-bye,” she said a little shyly, “An’ thank you again for helping me. An’—an’ I didn’t mean to be rude about Kerry. It’s only that Dublin’s me heart’s home and I’m strange-like here yet.”

Danny took the hand, with many vague emotions surging in his breast.

“Sure, ye won’t be a stranger long,” he blurted out. “An’ its proud and pleased I’d be to fight your battles any day. Good-bye now and a glad meeting to us and that early.”

He watched her slim figure until it was swallowed up by the door of the shop and then turned away, an expression of grim resolve upon his face. Ten minutes later Jimmy Doyle, lounging peacefully against the wall of his own cabin, was surprised to find himself seized by the collar in a grip of iron and shaken violently to and fro. He struggled feebly.

“Quit it now, Danny Doolan,” he gasped. “What is it that ails you this day at all, and you to be setting on me like this?”

But Danny maintained his hold. “Sure, I’ll give you that an’ more too, if I ever catch you harming hide or hair of Mary Ellen Conerty again,” he replied. “An’ I’ll give the same to anyone else dares lay a finger on her. So you may pass that word on.”

He released his captive with a final shake and walked hastily away, leaving Jimmy, dizzy and panting with the effect of his oscillations, gazing after him in wild bewilderment.

Danny’s prophecy was fulfilled. As the years went by, Mary Ellen gradually ceased to feel herself a stranger in a strange land and entered more and more into the life of the little village. Popular she would never be—she held herself too daintily aloof from the rough voices and loud laughter of the fisher lads and lasses—but

at least no open enmity was shown her. She had grown into a slim slip of a girl, with wild-rose cheeks and gray eyes full of dreams and laughter. She was not tall; stalwart Danny Doolan, from his six feet of young manhood, easily looked down upon the mass of red-gold curls that crowned her small head, but she held herself erect and walked lightly and springily, "swayin' in the wind like a harebell on its stalk," thought Danny as he watched her.

He had never wavered in his devotion to her since their first meeting and no one who watched Mary Ellen's face sparkle and soften at sight of him could doubt that his affection was returned. They were but waiting until he had completed the purchase of the fishing boat, a half share of which, together with a tumbledown cottage and a tiny patch of garden, had come to him upon his father's death.

But of late things had not been going well with Danny. Of more active mentality and quicker wits than those with whom he must associate, the monotony of life in the little village fretted him sorely. More and more often of an evening his steps were turned towards O'Hare's shebeen, which stood at the end of the straggling village street. Here, in the small front room with its plastered walls and smell of stale liquor, might be found light, laughter and whatever news reached that out-of-the-way spot. Occasionally a stranger from overseas would come to the village and put up for a day or two at O'Hare's and Danny would listen with avidity to his tales of the outside world. Such glimpses, however, only served to rouse to a more dangerous heat the fires of unrest that burned within him.

There was a shadow in the soft depths of Mary Ellen's eyes in these days and her low laugh was less frequent than of old. But Danny, who a year ago would have been quick to notice the change, saw nothing. More and more often he left O'Hare's with unsteady feet and bemused brain,

angrily resenting Mary Ellen's entreaty when he sought her:

"Ah, go home with you, Danny. 'Tis not yourself you are the night. It scalds my heart you to be going ever to that place. Go home with you now if you would wish to have me happy."

"Is it grudging me all pleasure in life you are?" he would reply hotly. "Sure, 'tis little enough a man does be gettin' in this desolate place, the way you would be takin' that little from me, Mary Ellen Conerty." Then he would fling away from her, leaving her hurt and angry, until at their next meeting he would come with eager words of repentance and endearment to be forgiven once more.

At last the blow fell. Mary Ellen, waiting in vain all through the hours of one evening at their usual meeting place, felt in her heart that a crisis had come and so was not taken wholly by surprise when her old-time enemy, Katy Hagarty, called to her as she passed down the village street next morning. Katy had grown into a buxom womanhood, full of a certain blowsy comeliness. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Has yourself not heard the news this morning, Mary Ellen?" she said, as Mary Ellen paused at her summons.

Mary Ellen's pale cheeks flushed a little as she detected the undernote of malicious pleasure in the voice. "I have heard no news, Katy Hagarty," she answered.

"Shure, it was last night at O'Hare's there were the wild doings," went on Katy, her eyes fixed on Mary Ellen's face. "Black Tim Kerrigan was nearly killed. . . . 'Tis dyin' he is this morning, and Danny Doolan the one that did it. Faith, if Tim dies, 'tis short shrift he will be gettin' when the polis catch him."

Mary Ellen's gray eyes met the black ones scornfully and her voice never faltered. "Twill be small loss to Ballyheigue, I'm thinkin', Tim Kerrigan to die. But he won't. The devil looks after his own."

"Let himself look after Danny Doolan, then," Katy retorted viciously. "For 'tis small mercy on him Tim Kerrigan will have and he recoverin'. 'Tis the bitterness of the law he will bring against him, and there's for you now, Mary Ellen Conerty."

Mary Ellen did not reply to the taunt, but something in her still look of contempt as she passed on silenced Katy for the moment. But her shot had gone home. Mary Ellen knew Danny's hot temper and that there had been bad blood for some time between him and black Tim Kerrigan, a hulking bully of a fellow who had chosen of late to persecute her with small attentions, which Danny resented hotly.

"He had best be leavin' you alone or it maybe that I'll be doin' him a mischief," he had growled on more than one occasion; and, "He'll be long sorry if he touches me," boasted Kerrigan when he heard of Danny's threats.

The next few days were anxious and sorrowful ones for Mary Ellen. Tim Kerrigan did not die—thanks to a natural thickness of skull—but when he recovered it was to announce his intention of prosecuting Danny with all rigour. The assault, he declared, had been an unprovoked one; and he found witnesses to corroborate his statement. The sentiment of the village turned against Danny and many were the unfavourable opinions of his conduct that reached Mary Ellen's ears as she passed along the street with pale face but head still held dauntlessly erect. Black Tim was a usurer in a small way, and there were few in the village to whom he had not lent money at one time or other. Now his debtors were loud in their denunciation of "the would-be assassin" and when, a week later, the newspaper published at the little county town, fifteen miles away, announced his capture, there was jubilation in Ballyheigue.

Mary Ellen heard the news with set face, and went about her work in silence, though a red spot burned in

either cheek as she listened to the comments of the villagers, and her eyes were full of a dangerous light. Once Tim Kerrigan himself, his head still swathed in bandages, met her and would have stopped and spoken but she turned upon him so fiercely that he shrank back.

She did not attend the trial when at last it came on, but the neighbours did, and took care that she should hear the result.

"'Twas the hangdog face that he carried on him," Jimmy Doyle explained to a group of listeners standing in the door of the little general shop where Mary Ellen was purchasing supplies for her household. "At first me bould hero was as pleasant lookin' as you please, listenin' to the witnesses that did be tellin' their tales, but it was soon he changed his face. 'Tis a black lie!' says he, when little Joe Mullingar witnessed how Kerrigan was sayin' never a word but takin' his drink like an honest man. 'That's no way to be talkin' to the Court,' says his Honour. 'Six months hard labour,' says he, 'an' 'tis well for you that it's not murder you're bein' tried for. I'm lettin' you off easy at that.'"

"True for him," broke in Polly Hart, with a covert look at Mary Ellen's face. "'Tis no warm welcome Danny Doolan will be gettin' in Ballyheigue, and he comin' back here when his time is up."

"That is so, indeed," assented Jimmy, while the rest nodded their agreement. Mary Ellen, mindful of the eyes fixed upon her, kept an unmoved countenance and gathering her parcels together left the shop without a word or glance in their direction. Once outside, however, instead of turning homeward, she made her way down to the shore, and there, sitting behind one of the great rocks that strewed the beach, she let her tears flow unchecked as she thought of Danny—restless, open-air Danny—cooped up within stone walls, with the longing for freedom and the breath of the sea burning in his heart.

The months dragged by, until at last the day of the expiration of Danny's sentence came. Mary Ellen had waited through the weeks with growing anxiety. What would Danny do when he was free once more? Would he return to Ballyheigue or would he seek to hide his hurt far away from those he knew? She did not know; she could only wait and wonder.

It was in one of the pearl-gray summer twilights peculiar to Ireland that Danny Doolan entered the village once more, having walked across the hills from Ardfert, the County town, and with bowed head and troubled eyes passed along the familiar street. The last six months had left their mark upon him. The quarrel with Tim Kerrigan, indeed, lay easy upon his conscience. Kerrigan had brought it upon himself. In Danny's hearing, he had spoken Mary Ellen's name, coupling it with a foul insinuation, and the blow that followed had been the only fitting answer; but the malignancy shown against him at the trial by those whom he had known only as friends and neighbours had hurt him sorely. The laughing blue eyes were full of shadows now, there was a glint of gray in the dark hair and the once swift steps were hesitating and uncertain. For a moment he lingered outside the closed door of Mary Ellen's cottage. Should he enter? Others had changed—would she be the same? But the windows were dark and with a heavy sigh he passed on.

As he came to the cross-roads where the little schoolhouse stood, he was suddenly confronted by a group of visitors who stood forward to bar his path. All their faces were familiar to him, and he felt a sudden tightening about his heart as he realized that there was enmity in every glance. Jimmy Doyle was the first to speak.

"And is it back to us you have come, Danny Doolan?" he said. "The way you would be thinkin', maybe, that it is proud Ballyheigue should be of havin' a jailbird in our midst?"

"Or perhaps it is seekin' to murder a few more of us he is," jeered a woman's voice. "'Tis small thanks to himself that Tim Kerrigan is alive to-day."

Danny stared dumbly from one to another for a moment. Surely he must be in some dreadful nightmare. These were his old-time friends and neighbours—these men and women who hurled such bitter taunts at him and eyed him with such scorn. He flung out a helplessly protesting hand, but his tormentors took no notice of the gesture. He was standing with his back against the wall of the old schoolhouse now, as Mary Ellen had stood on that long ago day when he had come to her rescue, but there was no defiance in *his* gaze—only bewilderment and heartbreak. The little group of unfriendly faces drew in closer.

Mary Ellen had waited at the Ballyheigue station, hoping in vain to see Danny's familiar form descending from the ramshackle third-class carriage which was all the railway service that Ballyheigue knew, but no passenger emerged from its depths and after waiting until, with many groans and rattlings, the train moved on its way, she set out for home once more, a trifle wearily.

As she neared the cross-roads she heard the murmur of voices, and, quickening her steps, a moment later saw the little group that had gathered before the schoolhouse wall, against which Danny still stood.

Jimmy Doyle was speaking as she reached the outskirts of the group and there was an insolent arrogance in his tones.

"So it is the sooner you are away from here the better," Mary Ellen heard him say. "'Tis no jailbirds we will be wantin' in Ballyheigue and so Tim Kerrigan bade me tell you."

At that word, Danny straightened himself, the heartbreak and bewilderment dying out of his face. His eyes flashed and his voice rang out with all its old-time boldness as he answered.



“And who would be giving you the right to speak for me?” She asked”

“Is it leavin’ Ballyheigue you would be havin’ me doing, James Doyle?” he said hotly, “and at the bidding of Black Tim Kerrigan? I will not, indeed. And you may be tellin’ Kerrigan that if ever he does be takin’ Mary Ellen Conerty’s name upon the dirty lips of him again, it is not so easily he will be gettin’ off.”

“Hear that now!” came a voice from the group before him. “It is bloody murder he will be plottin’.”

Danny took no notice of this speech. He had stepped out from the wall and stood facing Doyle with eyes ablaze with anger. The latter gave a taunting laugh. “An’ is it Mary Ellen Conerty?” he cried. “Is it she that would be takin’ up with a jailbird the likes of you, she that holds herself above all our heads? Faith, ’tis small thanks you will be gettin’ from her for all your pains.”

But at this moment Mary Ellen’s voice broke in upon their ears, low

and tense and vibrating in its wrath.

“And how would you be knowin’ that, James Doyle?” she asked, and in her quiet tones was a cutting edge of contempt before which Jimmy Doyle, great bully though he was, quailed. She pushed her way through the group to Danny’s side as she spoke, and stood there with head thrown back and flushed cheeks, confronting them as she had done on that day long ago.

“And who would be giving *you* the right to speak for me?” she went on, searching Doyle’s abashed countenance with a glance of stinging scorn. “*You* to be upholdin’ Tim Kerrigan’s cause. It was not Kerrigan’s money that saved you when the landlord would have turned your mother and yourself out upon the road last Lady Day. It may be that you were not knowing from where it came, but there’s others that does. Where went the money that Danny Doolan did be

selling his pig for, I'm askin' you? As for you, Katy Hagarty," she flashed round upon the girl who stood among the little huddle of men and women before her, "think shame on yourself for this night's work. Go home, I'm tellin' ye; go home, the lot of ye, and pray the Virgin an' all the saints to be forgivin' you all. Come Danny, let us be goin'."

She laid a hand on his arm, and he turned to her, a new humility in his face.

"After all, Mary Ellen, it is right that they are," he said sadly. "I'm not worth your takin'—a drunken, quarrelsome bosthoon that I am."

Mary Ellen's eyes were shining now. "It's meself that wants no other, at least," she answered softly.

Then she turned once more upon the little group confronting them, with a gesture of magnificent contempt.

"Out of the way, ye Kerry cowards!" she said, and stepped forward.

A spark of humour shone in Danny's blue eyes.

"I'm a Kerry man meself," he reminded her, as he had done on that old-time occasion. And Mary Ellen broke into soft, delicious laughter.

"There's maybe good and bad in all counties," she conceded.

TO DANTE *

By LAURA B. CARTEN

POET, philosopher, soldier, seer,
 Dreamer of dreams and of high emprise,
 Lead us to heights of the Heaven-wise—
 Dark the path guideless; with you, star-clear!

*It is known only to intimate students of Dante that he distinguished himself as a soldier, as well as a poet, philosopher, and seer. He fought with distinction at Campaldino. He was in the battle of Caprona (*Inferno* xxi. 95), after which he returned to his studies and his love. A few months subsequently died Beatrice, whose mortal love had guided him for thirteen years, and whose immortal spirit purified his later life, and revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise.

THE MEMBER FROM DUTTON

BY GORDON REDMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY MOYER



SILAS BENJAMIN POTTER, Esq. and J. P., sometimes called "Judge Potter", was President of the Conservative Club of Dutton. The other member of the club, Jonathan Wiley by name, held the position of Secretary-Treasurer. His chief duties were the writing of innumerable letters on gorgeous letter-heads, and the manipulation of a mysterious thing called a campaign fund.

At the great Conservative Convention, held in Dutton, preceding the provincial elections of 19—the name of one Silas Benjamin Potter, farmer, was put up for nomination.

The suddenness and unexpectedness of the thing overwhelmed Mr. Potter. He said so himself. It found him totally unprepared. He managed to pull through, however, and forced himself to accept the nomination. His speech of acceptance was considered exceptionally good—for an impromptu speech. It should have been. It took four days to prepare and cost him three sleepless nights.

An account of the meeting appeared next day in a leading city daily, under the caption, "Potter People's Choice". It was on the front page and occupied two columns.

Another leading city daily—leading in the opposite direction—disposed of the affair in eight lines, with the label, "Potter Willing Tool".

Mr. Potter, reading the first account, was at once struck by its extreme accuracy and truthfulness. When he had read the second, he started in to smash the furniture.

Mr. Potter dropped into *The Courier* office one day and renewed his subscription for three years. When the opposition camp got hold of this molehill, they proceeded to magnify it into a mountain, and spread it abroad over all the landscape. Within a week it had grown to such proportions that old man Potter offered Jim Haines, editor of *The Courier*, four hundred dollars for his vote and influence. After that Mr. Potter was spoken of by the opposition forces as Potter, the Corrupter of the Press.

Mr. Potter had never taken any active interest in church matters, preferring, as he said, his fire insurance in the newer and more up-to-date companies, but he saw now that it was a mistake. A man has no right to hold aloof from any agency that is making for the uplift of the community, especially a man who aspires to represent that community in the legislature. A man like that wouldn't need to join the church—that would be too showy a thing to do, and a contribution to one or two of its more deserving funds should answer just as well.

Dutton, like many other small towns, was burdened with four churches instead of being blessed with



“When he read the second account he started in to break the furniture”

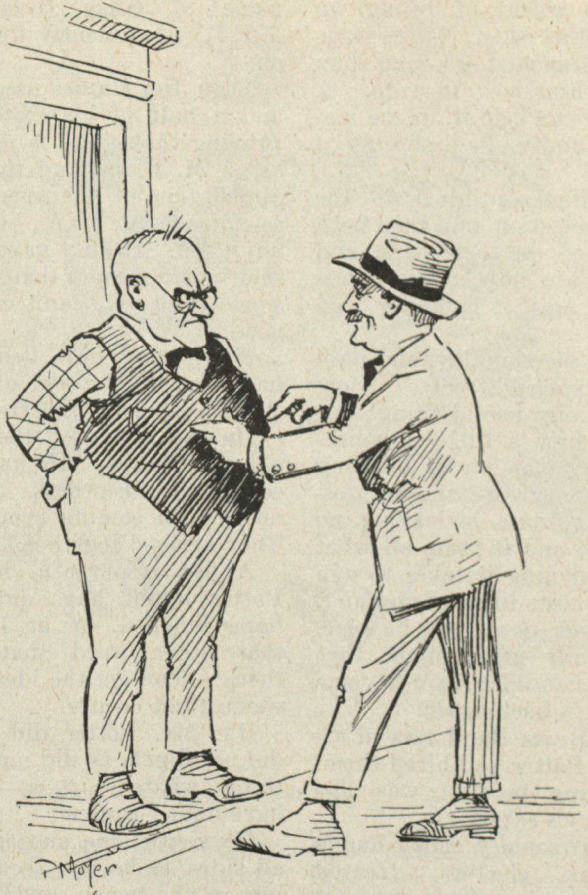
one. Two of these churches had a considerable following, and Mr. Potter contributed to them.

This was a choice morsel for the Grit faction. They said he did it to be seen of men, and labelled him “Potter the Pharisee”.

You may have heard of that remarkable baseball trophy known as the Potter Cup. Its history dates back to the year 19—, the year Mr. Potter ran for Conservative member in Dutton. He took a keen interest in athletics that year, an unprecedented interest, and one which has never been revived. Some people said he did it for political reasons, but those people were all despicable Grits. That made him “Potter, the Sport”.

For a long time, it seems, Mr. Potter had nursed a secret hankering to join the Oddfellows, and that hankering now assumed a virulent form. He, therefore, put in his application, which was accepted, with no opposition from anybody but a few of the lower type of Grit heeleders. They called him “Potter the Joiner”.

When the time came to stump the country in the interests of the Conservative party, Mr. Potter girded up his loins and went forth to smite the Philistines hip and thigh. By Philistines I mean that large body of criminals, whom I have previously spoken of as Grits. Their chosen leader was a disreputable character by the name of Fry—old Tom Fry, in



“ There is no surer way of antagonizing a man
than trying to tell him how to vote ”

fact. Fancy running a man like that against Mr. Potter.

I don't know what the purpose of a political speech is; nobody knows. Mr. Potter didn't know. Neither did Mr. Fry. But they were both familiar with the prevailing fashion in political speeches, and they ran true to form.

When Mr. Potter held a meeting, he invited Mr. Fry to come and hear himself abused, and when Mr. Fry held a meeting he returned the compliment.

Mr. Fry passed most of the time at his disposal in pointing out that although Mr. Potter had been nominat-

ed as a farmer, in order to catch the farmers' vote, he was really nothing more than that most miserable of parasites, a *retired* farmer; while Mr. Potter contented himself with calling the attention of the meeting to the large number of Mr. Fry's ancestors who had been convicted of sheep stealing and the like.

These things were easier to talk about than the tariff—and safer. So they had a gay time of it. They never got anywhere, but when did a political speaker ever get anywhere?

The speech-making was supplemented and reinforced by a system of private canvass, probably the best

method in the world of piling up votes, for the other side. There is no surer way of antagonizing a man than trying to tell him how to vote. A man's own wife can't do it, in the majority of cases and make a success of it.

The canvassing continued to the very eve of the election, and then both candidates rested on their oars, and said the result was now in the hands of the people. As if it had ever been any place else.

It was hot on election day, and both candidates perspired freely. They were not doing any useful thing; but it's surprising how a little perspiration, coupled with an air of bustling activity, helps to create the impression that a candidate is leaving no stone unturned; and it beats all what a lot of stone-turning it takes to win an election. It costs like the mischief, too, and then you never can be sure, after turning any given stone, that the opposition candidate won't come along and turn it back again.

The Dutton Brass Band was in attendance. Mr. Potter had hired them. The Dutton String Quartette was also there, at Mr. Fry's expense.

Mr. Potter personally shook hands with ninety-six electors, treated eighty-three women—wives and dependents of electors—to ice cream, and kissed fourteen babies.

Mr. Fry's average was slightly higher on the first two counts, but lower on the babies. His whiskers tickled them, and made them cry. There are those who believe that if Mr. Fry had gone clean-shaven to the polls, he might have won the day.

I might as well confess it now—Mr. Fry did not win the day. When the smoke had cleared away and the ballots were counted, Mr. Potter was declared elected by a majority of forty-six and a half. Nobody knows where the half came from, but those are the official figures.

Mr. Fry talked of a recount, as it is the duty of all defeated candidates to do, while Mr. Potter ordered a dozen reams of new stationery, with the

name of Silas Benjamin Potter, M.P.P., prominently displayed thereon.

Then Jim Haines used up a column and a half of his editorial space in proving that there is no such animal as an M. P. P., and that the correct appellation of the species commonly so-called is M. L. A., but it didn't do any good. It only gave Jim the idea that he knew more than the rest of the world, and you can't call that doing good.

Mr. Potter now believed that he had come to the end of his troubles. And so he had—the front end.

He had promised the post-office to old man Rollins. He had also promised it to seven others. The eight lost no time in coming around to collect. They arrived together.

A less resourceful man than Mr. Potter might have quailed, or perhaps flinched, or at least—what is that other word that writers use there? You get the idea, anyway. It was a tight corner.

But Mr. Potter did not quail, he did not flinch, he did not do that other thing, whatever it is, that he might have done—squirm.

He viewed the matter calmly from all sides, as he was accustomed to doing on the bench, and offered to settle it by tossing a coin.

That brought a howl from the applicants, or rather eight howls. No, nine; one of them howled twice. Imagine the idiocy of a man who would propose to settle an important matter like that by tossing a coin. Why, it was sheer lunacy. If that was the kind of man they had put in to represent them in Parliament, the sooner they admitted that they had made a mistake the better.

Mr. Potter then proposed a joint stock company of the eight, to have and to hold the property known as the Dutton post-office, from this day forth, till death us do part.

The proposal was rejected with scorn.

Then he played his trump card. He offered to let each of the applicants



“Mr Potter shook hands with ninety-six electors . . . and kissed fourteen babies”

hold office during one-eighth of the calendar year, that is to say, during forty-five and five-eighths—and on leap years six-eighths—days in each calendar year.

At that the eight rose and fell upon that simple-minded old man with intent to destroy him, but were prevented by the arrival of a delegation of farmers who did not believe in God and wanted to work Sundays, but were hampered by the laws.

He promised to have that matter fixed, and turned to greet a deputation of ladies looking for votes. He gave them their votes, and they yielded place to the Chief Templar, the Vice-Templar and the Past Participle of the I.O.G.T., who besought Mr. Potter to banish the bar.

That didn't take long, but then there was a bridge to be built on the Rockland road, and a private sewer to be dug for the Joneses, and a tooth

to be pulled for the Hickses, and by that time it was noon, and Dominion, Provincial and local politics and patronage were sadly mixed.

The great man was interrupted five times at dinner, and was obliged to turn his dining-room into an office.

After dinner he went to a picnic with his family, purposing to pass a quiet but enjoyable time in the cool shade of the trees, and instead was dragged forward to make a speech with his hat off in the blazing sun, was compelled to preside at the children's races, and forced to act as umpire for the baseball games.

Throughout it all he was pelted with petitions, requests for subscriptions, gratuitous advice on the duties of statesmanship, and sure-cure recipes for rheumatism, from which he was known to suffer.

When he stood behind the catcher he was obliged to listen, between

strikes, to a recital of that individual's private family history, the intention of the historian being to show that he was a much wronged man, deserving of unlimited financial assistance.

When it came time to go and stand behind the pitcher, he had to listen to the same song from him. The words were different, but it was the same tune.

Runners passing near him on the baseline stopped long enough to deliver short appeals, before sliding in to third.

Many of the children in the races carried notes from their parents, which they secretly slipped into his hands, or insinuated into his pockets.

Twice he attempted to escape, and twice he was dragged from his carriage steps and forced to listen to a fresh gang of office-seekers. He told Mrs. Potter that night that he believed if it wasn't for her and the children he would commit suicide.

The main duty of a legislature is to sit—sit and smoke. When it came time for that, Mr. Potter laid in a stock of boiled shirts, celluloid collars, cough medicine, Ward's Liniment, cut tobacco, and hied him to the city. He did not know that you can buy cut tobacco in the city, and he thought it better to take a good supply along.

City life did not agree with Mr. Potter. It put him off his feed. A man that's been used to one woman's cooking for forty years can't switch at a moment's notice to the kind of stuff you get cooked by a Frenchman with a curled mustache, without some difficulty. Complications are bound to set in. They did in Mr. Potter's case. They set so far in that at times he fancied he must have swallowed a balloon; not an ordinary balloon, but one of the larger kind.

Mr. Potter's once happy disposition took on a tinge of deep dark pessimism. He couldn't see any virtue in city life.

Look at the infernal fashion men in the city have of keeping their coats on all the time. How in thunder is a

man going to do heavy work like law-making, with his coat on? Being in Rome, he did as the Romans do, but it robbed him of a good deal of pleasure in his work.

Another thing that bothered him was the parliamentary cigar. He couldn't get used to it, after smoking nothing but a corncob pipe for years. They were such costly things, too, those cigars; and he couldn't understand that, because straw was so cheap. And the very members who smoked those abominations most diligently were those who complained that they couldn't sit next Mr. Potter in the House because of the strong odour of warm celluloid in that vicinity.

Then again he was handicapped by the cargo he carried of moral precepts and principles, laid in in early youth and never cast overboard at any later time.

He believed, for example, that honesty is the best policy, and that the first duty of a statesman is to serve the State. You see, he had lived more or less in the back woods, as you might say, where enlightenment does not easily penetrate. Without his knowing it, those superstitions had got worked into the very fibre of his being, and now that it would have come handy to forget them, he couldn't shake them off.

His inability to slough off these primitive beliefs did not add to his popularity in the House. It began to be noticeable that whenever the Member from Dutton attempted to speak, somebody would raise a point of order, or move the previous question, or resort to some other cruel and crushing technicality. His speeches cost him a lot of mental travail, too, in the preparation.

His constituents, meanwhile, kept reminding him, by letter, of the great trust they had reposed in him, and asking that he give them a run for their money. As far as they could learn, he hadn't even seconded a motion or grabbed a timber limit or tried in any way to get his name in

the papers. They called him a grafter, and a crook, and a parasite, and accused him of obtaining money under false pretences—his indemnity.

Nobody was surprised when the Member from Dutton quit. That's what he did—quit cold, and went home; resigned in favour of Mr. Fry. Said he always had had a grudge against that man, and if he could only get him into the Legislature, he would feel that he had paid it off.

He has had the doctors tinkering with his digestion ever since, but he is still far from normal.

The school board and the town council are as high as he cares to climb to now in the scale of public preferment. Says he would rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord than dwell in the seat of the scornful—a quotation from Shakespeare, I expect. Sounds like it.

Anyone having use for eleven or twelve reams of best linen bond stationery, 8½ x 11, printed on one side only, can hear of something to his advantage by applying to S. B. Potter, Esq. and J. P., late Member from Dutton.

FINIS

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

GIVE me a few more hours to pass
 With the mellow flower of the elm-bough falling,
 And then no more than the lonely grass
 And the birds calling.

Give me a few more days to keep
 With a little love and a little sorrow,
 And then the dawn in the skies of sleep
 And a clear to-morrow.

Give me a few more years to fill
 With a little work and a little lending,
 And then the night on a starry hill
 And the road's ending.

THE PIONEER *

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

I

THOUGH I have set my candles all alight,
 How may they serve against the wind and rain?
 How shall they guide him safely home to-night
 Into his place again?

II

I know the sober road he kept before,
 I cannot learn the road he fain would keep—
 He has forgot the well beside the door,
 The meadows and the sheep!

III

Here, at his task of homely, pleasant things,
 The heavenly madness smote him unaware—
 He has fashioned him unconquerable wings,
 A starry thoroughfare!

IV

He is so near the sunset and the dawn,
 Sea beyond sea, sky above boundless sky—
 How might he heed the lesser journeys gone
 With travellers such as I?

V

My garden held us, safe from wall to wall,
 Roses for love, and rue, and mignonette—
 He wears the rainbow as a coronal
 How should he not forget.

VI

He shall find haven, where the latest star
 Pales her far light before the Throne of God—
 Casting his body as a drifted spar
 Back to the lonely sod.

VII

Earth turned again to earthy sepulchres,
 Dust unto dust—a shattered lamp burned dim!
 Even so, the feet of New Adventurers
 Rise up and follow him!

*In the National Literary Competition, the first prize for poetry (Open Class) was divided between this poem and "A Revelation", which appears on page 140.



A WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
F. H. Loveroff.
Exhibited by the
Ontario Society of Artists

THE RECOIL

WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR PROSE IN THE
NATIONAL LITERARY COMPETITION

BY E. LLEWELLYN HUGHES



SCENE: *Angel Foster's living-room in one of those many dust-coloured houses in the lower part of the city. At back, and towards left, a window overlooks the street. All its panes of glass need cleaning, and one needs mending. To the right of window and down stage, the audience may observe a door leading to a passage or hall, which in turn leads to the street. Below the door is a piece of furniture comprising bureau, chest-of-drawers, and sideboard—all in one. It is crowned by a mirror adorned on each side by a boudoir cap and a pink crêpe-de-chine kimona. Reflected in the glass are brush and comb, two or three card-board boxes, a silver-framed photograph of a young man, and a large, round-faced alarm-clock. In the centre of the room is a small table covered by a dark blue cloth, stained, soiled, and of cheap material. On the table are several books and a magazine. To the right of the window is a small couch of uncertain colour and age, supplemented by three or four cushions, none of which match, yet all harmonizing in spite of the occasional objection to the eye. A door on left leads to a bedroom, and below it, down stage, is a small, clean cooking-stove. A few boarding-house chairs, all of different sizes and shapes, the gas-chandelier suspended above the table, a few small texts, some framed, others with curling edges, a view of Scotland's Hills, and a set of smoke-*

coloured curtains about the window complete what may be termed a rough description of the room.

A young woman of twenty-two is powdering her nose in front of the mirror. She is not unattractive, and her build is neat and plump. There is about her that extreme "matter-of-factness" and an absurd expression of independence in her eyes which, on certain occasions, she brings into play as a means to an end; primarily for self-defence, but also for self-importance. Like all her type she looks forward, with that profound feminine optimism, to the morrow and the ship which never comes into a natural port. She has decided opinions about the general and important matters of rational behaviour, but her opinions are only maintained and held together by flimsy excuse and the dry clay of contumacy. Talk to her and you will see how she prides herself on her moral strength and an untarnished virtue, when neither have been called on to resist anything but the feeblest attack. Hear what she has to say—in that peculiar obstinate tone of contempt—about those "society dames forever drinking champagne, and carrying-on". Notice how she derides them and boasts of her stubborn teetotalism, when, under pressure, she would drink wine until she could no longer call her soul her own. In contradiction to this exemplary stand she helps to make possible the publication of frivolous literature. She has never been inside a church, and her ear is

ever ready to receive the whisper of "another good story" from one of the livelier girls in the store where she works. But the smooth-tongued attacks on her righteousness have, so far, been easily beaten off by such stock phrases as, "Don't get fresh now", "Oh! come to earth", and "What d'you think I am?"; and she still rides the sea of life as a tight little craft rides the ocean.

As the curtain rises the sound of a piano is heard off stage. Somebody is playing with good feeling and beautiful touch.

Babs goes over to door right, which is open, and listens to the song for a moment. She then closes the door, returns to the mirror, finishes powdering her nose, and begins to busy herself with a wealth of brown hair, pushing stray, silky wisps under her small hat. Her clothes are those which a "twelve-dollar-and-a-half" girl might afford. The piano can hardly be heard now.

Babs. [On return from the door, and at work with her hair]. Oh Angel! what's that he's playing?

Angel. [From the bedroom, off left]. It's Mr. Schlegal, the pianist.

Babs. [Still at work] Sure I know it's that old dub. He knows how to play the piano, though. [Louder]. I said what was he playing?

Angel. [Off stage]. Isn't it beautiful? A composition by Liszt called Lieberstrum. [Her voice is much more refined than might be expected from a person occupying that sort of a room].

Babs. Lieber what?

Angel. [Off stage]. Lieberstrum: Dream of Love.

Babs. Dream of Love? I thought it had something to do with love, 'cause it's so poetical and made me feel lonesome. But it's Washington's birthday to-day—one of the few holidays we get. He ought to play ragtime or something lively, in honour of Washington—whoever he was: I've forgotten. [Her appearance being satisfactory she now glances at the alarm-clock, and is upset at the hour].

Hurry! It's near fifteen minutes since I called for you, and you're not ready yet. It's just three minutes after two, and I swear we'll be late for the theatre. We've got to get our tickets yet, remember. Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry. . . . [Angel appears in the doorway. She is without hat or gloves. Her face is quite pale, and she carries a small baby's shoe—its ribbon twined about her first finger].

Oh Angel, you're not ready or anything. [Disappointed]. What's the matter? [Angel comes down stage].

Angel. [In a sweet, low voice] It's no use Babs. Really, I'm awfully sorry . . . but I can't go, dear. Why don't you go alone?

Babs. [Surprised] But you were crazy to go yourself a short while ago. You went in to change your dress—and now you've changed your mind. I just felt something was wrong the minute you spoke. What's the matter?

Angel. [Holding up shoe] Only this, Babs. . . and . . . and that beautiful song Mr. Schlegal was playing. I used to play it to Ralph. . . [Quietly] A dream of Love. . . [Turning to her and putting her arm about her shoulders] I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you, dear. I warned you what to expect from me at any moment. A woman who has been through so much trouble as I have cannot master the feeling of despondency every time. It's bound to break through occasionally. [Smiling sadly at her].

Babs. [Kindly] Angel, don't let it bother you, any more. It's all finished with now. Belongs to the past.

Angel. [Quietly] I try my best; but sometimes it won't be denied, dear. . . I'm afraid its like that this afternoon, and I feel I've brought you over here for nothing. Perhaps we can go some other time. Unless you'd care to go alone? Why don't you?

[Angel Foster is only twenty-five but she looks more like thirty. Her features are far from being beautiful yet she is tremendously attractive. One is instantly impressed by her manner, her deportment, her voice, and her full womanhood. Her soft,

graceful presence has the attraction for men that the bloom on a ripe fruit has for children: that still, living, actuality, that one feels drawn to touch, caress, and finally to destroy. As she talks to Babs one wonders how they came to be friends for the difference between them is vast. This woman may have sinned, but her mind is still more pure and beautiful than the mind of such a woman as Babs even though the latter may never have taken one step in the wrong direction. She is dressed very simply. Occasionally a hectic flush—mistaken for a smile—lights up the pallor of her face].

Babs. Nothing doing. If you don't care to come—then it's all off. Guess we can use the money for something else. Twelve and a half per don't allow theatre shows—'cept once in a while. Only I wish you'd forget all them worries. No use crying over spilt milk; it don't do any good.

Angel. No, it does little good.

Babs. [*With a wistful glance at the clock*] Couldn't you bring that baby's shoe with you, and hold it in your hand all the time?

Angel. [*Smiling sadly*] What a dear girl you are, Babs. I know how much you want to go. [*Persuading her gently*] Run along by yourself . . . and come back and tell me all about it.

Babs. [*Taking off her hat*] Nope! Just here's where we call it off. I swear I don't mind in the least.

Angel. [*Sorry for her*] Babs.

Babs. Honest to God. We can go sometime again. I don't want to go alone. [*In a more cheerful tone*] Now what'll we do instead? I'm here to stay, for the afternoon anyway.

Angel. [*Still gently remonstrating*] Babs. . . .

Babs. [*Answering her own question*] I know. You can read to me. I think you're a beautiful reader, Angel. I swear I always think of your name when you read to me—'cause it's just like an angel or an actress. I've wondered why you're so wonderful and me so ordinary.

Angel. [*Smiling*] How nice of you, Babs. But I'm not wonderful, I'm not in your class at all.

Babs. Oh! yes you are. I'm in your class, anyway. 'Cause although you've never told me I know you must have been brought up in swell society. [*Angel shakes her head*] Oh! you needn't deny it. But you haven't any of their faults, thank goodness! You don't smoke or drink wine—like the rest of 'em. I hate these society soaks. Don't you?

Angel. [*Nodding her head in reply. She then turns to the table and picks up the volume of poems*] Browning?

Babs. [*Pulling a face*] No, not poetry. [*Picking up Saucy Stories*] Read me something clever . . . in this. [*She seats herself on the table*] Angel, when do we get our next holiday at the store?

Angel. Not for a long time, I fear.

Babs. And why do we have a holiday for George Washington? I was always mixed up about—about things at school.

Angel. George Washington was a great American statesman and soldier.

Babs. [*Laughing*] Oh! gee; Betty Davis told me he was a clergyman 'cause he never told a lie. [*Pause*] That reminds me. [*Suddenly jumping off the table and coming up to Angel*] Angel, may I ask you something real serious?

Angel. [*Surprised*] Why, Babs, of course you may.

Babs. [*Seriously*] Did you ever tell me a lie? I mean a great big lie?

Angel. [*Slightly embarrassed*] Well, Babs, I . . .

Babs. [*Half turning away*] I feel real mean in saying this, Angel: But did you tell me the truth about that dollar-and-a-half last Saturday evening?

Angel. [*In a reticent manner*] You mean when . . . ?

Babs. When we reckoned up what we'd done with our money; like we've always done each week since you started the plan going. You remember I couldn't balance your statement. It was short—a dollar and a

half. And you told me you'd lost it. [*Suddenly relenting*] Oh, I'm sorry, Angel [*Hugging her*] I don't disbelieve you; only I felt kind of mean 'cause I'd doubted you at the time. That's all. I believe you, Angel, I swear I do. Forget I've said it. Will you?

Angel. [*Quietly*] Babs, dear, I . . .

Babs. [*Stopping her from speaking by covering her lips with her finger*] Not another word! I'm just crazy that's all. [*Picking up Saucy Stories again*] Now let's enjoy ourselves. Read me one of these stories. [*Finding a title that appeals to her imagination*] Oh! say! . . . here's a peach! [*Reading*] "*Lady Violet's violet stockings.*" [*Unconsciously joking*] Kind of short, too. Like to read that?

Angel. If it will please you.

Babs. [*In a disgusted tone*] Oh, Gee!—this is about ten years old. [*Suddenly*] Why, it's the copy I gave you months ago. I remember it now I come to think of it.

Angel. Was it good?

Babs. Well not—not good like; but . . . [*Staggered*] Didn't you read it all this time?

Angel. I read one. I thought it too much like my own life to read any more.

Babs. [*Wonderingly*] Which? What?

Angel. It was called "The Recoil".

Babs. [*Turning over the leaves hurriedly to find the story*] The Recoil. The Recoil. [*Jumping off the table again*] Say, now I come to think of it that's just like you and . . . and . . .

Angel. Like me and Ralph.

Babs. [*Astounded*] For Heaven's sake! [*And again in startling discovery*] And . . . and the baby, too!

Angel. [*Smiling sadly*] And the poor little baby.

Babs. Well, if that ain't the limit! I swear it's just like what you told me about your past life. There don't seem to be anything new, nowadays. Only [*Intimating the photograph on the bureau—Ralph—wasn't as bad as the feller in the story.*] You said

Ralph would have married you if he had lived. Wouldn't he?

Angel. Yes, dear. He said so.

Babs. And then—again—your baby died. [*Looking at the printed story*] But hers didn't. And that other feller in the story. That's different, too.

Angel. [*Taking the magazine in her hands*] These pretty diversions, Babs, are hardly meant for such as I. They make me the heroine to please the morbidity of a sensual clientele . . . and no one wants to read of one's own suffering. It is hateful to think that such things are a public demand. The demand of a pleasure-loving, sensual, homeless age.

Babs. [*Having remained silent only to be obliging*] You don't know anybody but Mr. Morrison, and he wouldn't dream of . . . of . . . I swear he's the nicest man I ever saw. All the girls in the store's just crazy about him, and I keep telling you that you were both made for each other. You've told me you like him, and I don't see why you keep turning him down all the time. [*Unconsciously*] Maybe you don't think he's quite good enough for you.

Angel. [*Quickly, and touching her arm*] Don't . . . don't say that, Babs. [*Bitterly*] The world gives me little right to pick and choose . . . now. Mr. Morrison has treated me always with the sort of simple courtesy that a girl admires. There's very little nonsense about him, and . . . [*Quietly, yet with great longing*] I'd love a home of my own so much.

Babs. Well I don't see why you don't accept him. I swear he's in love with you. He's got a fine position, and he never as much as turns his head to any of us girls in the store. And Betty Davis has tried to get him going—time and again. 'Cause she told me.

Angel. Oh! I know he's a good fellow, and as straight as a man can be. But . . . but I couldn't go about with him, just yet. I couldn't go to theatres and suppers with him as if nothing had happened. Besides . . . he knows nothing of my past—nothing.

Babs. [*Impulsively*] What's the odds. You need never tell him—he'll be none the wiser.

Angel. [*Quietly*] I would tell him everything. It wouldn't be fair, otherwise.

Babs. [*Readily*] Well it wouldn't make any difference—not to a feller like him. I swear it wouldn't. He's been struck on you ever since you came to the store. And though you've never given him the least encouragement he's kept loving you all the time. No feller could do anything more beautiful than that. When I turn a feller down for being fresh, he don't seem to want me any more. Goes after some other girl who's less fussy, I guess.

Angel. Never mind, dear.

Babs. Oh! it don't bother me any. I don't want their rotten suppers and such like. [*Suddenly taken with a new idea*] Say! Angel! I've just thought of a great idea. [*She takes up her hat and puts it on by the aid of the mirror as if her scheme was already approved*]. Listen! We were going to spend two dollars on the show, eh?

Angel. [*Wondering what it is all about*] Yes.

Babs. Well, I'll tell you what we'll do instead. Talking about suppers made me hungry. For once in our lives let's spend the money on a good spread, and eat till we choke. I know a peach of a delicatessen store just down the street, near where I live. We'll buy all sorts of things and eat 'till we bust ourselves. What say?

Angel. Splendid.

Babs. Gee! you're willing. That's real fine. [*Excited*] Come on; chip in your dollar, and I'll beat it quicker 'an a h— [*She checks herself*] I didn't say it; I didn't say it. Honestly, I swear I've never said it since you told me not to.

Angel. That's right, dear; because it's not a very nice word for a young lady. Now, what shall we buy?

Babs. [*At work on her appearance again*] Potato salad . . . roast turkey. . . mince . . .

Angel. And some cranberry sauce. I've almost forgotten what it tastes like; haven't you? [*She goes towards the bedroom*] I'll get my purse. Look in that bottom cupboard, Babs, and see what we have already. [*She goes out, door L. Babs goes to the bureau in lively fashion*].

Babs. [*Shouting*] I know you're only coming in on this just to please me. I swear you're the loveliest girl I ever met. [*Singing happily*] Oh, George Washington never told a lie; some guy, some guy . . . [*But her liveliness leaves her. She glances over to door L—and then from the lower shelf of the cupboard she pulls out a bottle of sherry. She regards it with prudish disgust, and after putting it up to her nose and looking around at door L again she walks quickly over to the table and solemnly deposits the bottle where it will be seen. Her whole attitude of lively sympathy has changed to one of suspicion and dislike. Angel returns to a silent room.*]

Angel. Here it is. [*She holds a dollar bill between her thumb and forefinger. Babs' back is toward her. She comes down to the table and with a little start notices the bottle standing there. There is an awkward stillness*].

Angel. [*After hesitation*] Babs . . .

Babs. [*Turning round*] Oh! Angel! . . . I didn't think you was that.

Angel. [*Nervously*] Where . . . where did you find it? I . . . I forgot I had left it there. I thought it was . . .

Babs. I didn't think you was that. It's just half empty, so—so you must have . . .

Angel. [*Interrupting her*] Babs, let me explain.

Babs. I never would have believed it! Where . . . where d'you get it? [*A flash of intuition, and she takes a step back*] Gee! I bet you bought it with that dollar and a half you said you'd lost. [*Pause*] Did you?

Angel. [*Slowly*] Yes.

Babs. Then . . . then you did tell me a lie, after all.

Angel. Yes.

Babs. [*Staggered*] Well, I swear that's just taken all the life right out of me.

Angel. [*Watching her*] Babs, dear; sit down and let me try and explain what I—

Babs. [*Cutting in*] I don't want to sit down. You can't have anything to say now—it's too late. I hate girls who drink booze on the sly. [*Then spitefully*] It's worse than saying swear words like I do. You came down on me for that, pretty quick. I hate a soak, anyway.

Angel. Listen, Babs. Sometimes when I'm here all alone—sometimes when I can't see a ray of sunshine in my future—I have the feeling I'll go mad if I don't get away from my thoughts. That [*pointing to the wine*] is one of the easiest ways by which I can forget. I loathe it and hate it . . . more than poison. I never tasted it until . . . lately. But what am I to do? You don't know, Babs . . . I tell you, dear, you don't know how I suffer at times. Thinking of the past; thinking of the future.

Babs. But you told me a deliberate lie.

Angel. I had to, Babs. [*Going to her*] But you'll forgive that, won't you? Perhaps you don't understand. It has no hold on me; none at all. I could give it up to-morrow if I wanted to. It's only when I'm low-spirited and . . . It does me no harm.

Babs. [*Spitefully*] Suppose I was to drop a whisper to Mr. Morrison?

Angel. [*Quietly*] You . . . you wouldn't dare to do that, Babs.

Babs. You seem to know *he* wouldn't like it. Then—what about me? It also tells me that you love him, after all you've said to the contrary.

Angel. I . . . I love the thought of a home, Babs. I'm not strong enough to go roaming about the world alone.

Babs. Then what d'you think he'd say if he knew you were a slave to that stuff?

Angel. Listen, Babs; I'm no more a slave to it than you are. I could give it up to-morrow. Why . . . why

this is the first bottle of wine I ever bought in my life. I've only drunk a small glassful now and then—to keep my heart up.

Babs. [*Dramatically*] Angel, do you want to keep my friendship any longer?

Angel. More than anything in the world, Babs. After all you've been to me . . . and done for me.

Babs. Then you've got to throw that stuff away, that's all. Give your word of honour you'll never touch it again.

Angel. But listen, dear—

Babs. I won't listen to anything but that. I swear I'm real serious. [*Then, unbending—and coming nearer to her*] Oh! Angel! promise me you'll throw the stuff away. I can't bear to think of you in the grip of such rotten dope as that. It don't seem like you, at all. I want to see you real happy, Angel; and believe me if once that stuff gets a hold on you, you'll go down and down and down. You know how many promises I've made you. Now it's your turn to promise me. Won't you, Angel?

Angel. Why, Babs, if you want me to . . . it's easy. Your disgust is only a prudish one, dear. You don't seem to understand that I only take it as medicine. But I'll throw it away sooner than lose your friendship. For—I can see—that's what it would mean if I didn't.

Babs. Oh! gee! . . . You'll give it up? [*Hugging her*] I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Maybe it's 'cause I love you so much that I said all I did. But now we won't say another word about it—not another word. [*Then, suddenly taking on her earlier expression of childish joy*] Give me that dollar. [*She grabs it up from the table*] I'm going for those eats. [*Ticking the items off on her fingers*] Roast turkey and potato salad, cranberry sauce . . . What else?

Angel. [*Half-heartedly*] What else is there?

Babs. Oh! lots of things.

Angel. [*Rather glad she has thought of something*] Olives?

Babs. [*Readily*] You bet! Those stuffed ones. Awful nice.

Angel. Crackers?

Babs. And sardines. Oh! . . . and some cheese. Gorgonzola, maybe.

Angel. Yes.

Babs. Awful good dope. Only it smells so I swear I've got to hold my nose while I eat it.

Angel. [*Brightening up slightly*] I'll make some coffee while you're gone.

Babs. [*Joyfully*] All right! And if I don't spend all the money we can use the rest on a picture show next Sunday. Gee! I'm hungry already. I swear I can smell that cheese from here. [*By door*] I'll be back in a couple of minutes. Get a move on and have that coffee ready. [*She goes out hurriedly. Angel stands by the table for a moment, and then suddenly taking up the bottle of wine she moves over to the window. Opening the window she is about to throw the bottle out when she realizes the stupidity of such a proceeding. She closes the window and leaves the bottle on the ledge, only to step back and observe its conspicuousness. Again she takes it up, looking around the room for a place to put it. A knock on the door R hurries her to put the bottle under the table where it is hidden by the blue cloth.*

Angel. [*Moving towards the door, but hesitating when she finds that no one comes in*] Yes. Who it is, please? [*No answer*] Yes? Come in. [*The door opens to admit Mr. Morrison. He has many, magnificent qualities, but they have the obnoxious addition of all being false. In his church he will rise up and declare in ringing tones what the faith has done for him, solely and simply to attract attention to his stern, grave manliness and character. At such moments, while he is exaggerating the truth until it becomes a wretched lie, in his heart he feels his observers are saying: "What a splendid fellow that is! No nonsense about that chap—not an ounce. There's a man for you, if you like! A splendid fellow!" It is beneath his insidious*

dignity to openly flirt with the girls in the store—and although he has daring thoughts about many things he lacks the bravery to carry out his desires for fear of ultimate discovery. By mastering the disguise of his true character he has finally ended by becoming his own slave. But in spite of all he can be exceedingly pleasant on occasions and women regard him favourably. He is tall and well built, clean shaven but for a small moustache, well-dressed in good but not fashionable clothes—for a manly fellow would not be a fashionable one, he thinks—and he is about thirty-four. At all times he is master of the situation—or, at least, he adopts that pose unhesitatingly: in the store, at the committee meeting, and here in this room with Angel Foster—for whom he has a genuine but nevertheless sensual love.]

Morrison. [*Standing just inside the room*] Good afternoon. Thought I'd drop in and see you.

Angel. [*Blushing*] That's very nice of you, Mr. Morrison—I'm sure; won't you come in? I'm afraid the room is not very tidy.

Morrison. [*Moving towards the centre and looking about him in his magnificent way*] Oh! that's all right. I was just passing along this way in the hopes I might catch a sight of you, when first thing I knew I bumped into Miss George—Babs I think she's called. She told me to drop in and see you. Appears you are going to have a little party. Hope I don't intrude?

Angel. Not at all, Mr. Morrison. Babs thought she would like a little treat . . . instead of going to the theatre. She's been such a faithful friend . . . I don't like to disappoint her in anything.

Morrison. Beats me how you can have anything to do with her. She's not your class—if you will allow me to say so.

Angel. Ah! Mr. Morrison you don't know what it is to have a real friend when . . . [*She checks herself*] And I'm sure we'd like your company if you would care to stay.

Morrison. Why I'd be delighted. [*Putting down his hat*] Perhaps I can give a hand at getting things ready. I guess you know how I love to play house; least ways I've told you, often enough. I'm hoping for a real home of my own, some day. Now what can I do? Lay the table-cloth? Get the spoons and forks? Whatever else needs doing. I'm ready.

Angel. [*Blushing*] Oh! it won't take but a moment or so. But you may sit down and talk to me if you like—while I set to work. [*She goes over to the stove and is about to set a match to the gas*].

Morrison. [*Coming forward*] I guess you had better let me do that or you'll burn your fingers. It's a man's job, anyway. [*She gives him the match-box*] That's right! Now then . . . here she goes. Biff; bang. [*The gas ignites*].

Angel. [*Shrinking at the explosion*] Oh! didn't you burn your hand? You kept it very close.

Morrison. [*With a manly bravado*] I can stand a nerve-test like that, everytime. I don't believe I'd as much as blink if a revolver went off by my ear. Now . . . what else can I do?

Angel. [*Getting the coffee from cupboard*] You may put the kettle on, if you'd like to. Is there any water in it?

Morrison. [*Making sure*] Enough for a regiment of soldiers.

Angel. [*Taking out a white tablecloth from the bureau drawer*] Babs will be back in a second or two—and there's not much to do until she brings all the nice things to eat.

Morrison. [*Clearing his throat first*] I don't think she'll be back quite as soon as you expect.

Angel. [*Looking at him, quickly*] Why?

Morrison. [*With a smile*] Well, I tipped her off to stay out awhile until . . . until . . . Well, I had a little talk with her about you.

Angel. About me?

Morrison. [*Coming nearer*] I guess I won't waste time in explaining. The fact is I'm kind of sick of living the

life of a bachelor. I'm thinking of settling down to play house in real earnest. And you seem just the girl I want to make a home with. [*Proudly*] I've never asked a girl before. Never met anyone good enough for my way of thinking. [*Remembering his nobleness and adding*] That is, until I met you.

Angel. Yes.

Morrison. I've been thinking of speaking to you for quite a time now, only I couldn't nerve myself up to do it. Every time you've refused to come out to a show or supper with me has only added to my longing for you. I've longed for you so much I could hardly see straight.

Angel. [*Nervously*] Are you quite sure?

Morrison. [*Taking command*] Sure? Well I guess I can't prove it better than this.

Angel. You mean . . . ?

Morrison. I've never bothered to ask a girl before.

Angel. Do you mean that you . . . ?

Morrison. You've hit it, kiddie. I want to marry you, and do the square thing. I've just got to have you, because . . . [*Hesitating in fear he might say too much*] . . . well because you've stirred my blood like no other woman on earth. That's why. And I've known a good many girls in my time. But I'm fairly level, and I want to do the right thing—not like some good-for-nothing snake. Now, what d'you say?

Angel. Suppose . . . suppose we both think it over for a day or two longer?

Morrison. As you say. I'm willing to wait for an answer. You'll find me just the same at the end of a week. But you can't expect me to go on waiting for ever. You've set my blood on fire, and . . . and, well you can guess how I feel, maybe. I'm trembling for you, right now—like a kid. Shouldn't be surprised you're just the same.

Angel. Let me think it over for a day. I'll . . . I'll give you an answer . . . to-morrow.

Morrison. [*Sitting down on the*

lounge chair] All right. That's a bargain, eh?

Angel. [*Quietly*] Yes.

Morrison. I think you're one of the most sensible girls I ever laid my eyes on . . . no nonsense about you. I've figured that out all right. Sort of girl I'd have no doubts about when married to. Trust you anywhere and not worry. [*He glances back at the pink kimona, as though the image of it had been in his mind all the time. A brief look to see if it is still there.*] There's no other fellow in this, is there?

Angel. [*After a slight pause*] No.

Morrison. I thought not. You're sterling silver goods all right—to use a vulgar expression. [*Defending himself*] I hate vulgar expressions usually—but sometimes they mean a whole lot. [*Taking a look at the pink kimona again*] Say! that little pink thing hanging over there sort of sets me going, also. Perhaps you understand what I mean. It's yours I'll bet a dollar.

Angel. Yes, it's mine.

Morrison. Thought so; otherwise it wouldn't bother me. What is it, if you'll pardon my asking? A kimona?

Angel. [*Quietly*] Yes. I'll . . . I'll take it away, and then you won't . . .

Morrison. [*Halting her action*] No, don't do that. I like to see it there—if you'll excuse me saying so. Something intimate like between us. [*Suddenly*] Listen kiddie!—why don't you say "yes", right now. Just as quick as that! [*He snaps his fingers.*]

Angel. [*Nervously*] Won't you . . . won't you give me until to-morrow?

Morrison. [*Almost shrugging his shoulders*] Well, a promise is a promise, I s'pose. I'll stick to my word.

Angel. Thank you.

Morrison. [*Looking at the table*] Say, don't you want these books out of the way to lay the table? I may as well . . . [*Behind one of the books he finds the baby's shoe.*] Hello! what's this?

Angel. [*Coming forward*] . . . Oh! I . . . I'll put it away.

Morrison. [*Looking at her. Their eyes meeting for the first time that afternoon*] This anything to do with you? [*She does not answer but continues to look at him. He is somewhat puzzled.*] I said, does this belong to you?

Angel. Yes.

Morrison. [*Dully*] Eh? What's that? [*Searchingly*] You trying to tell me that . . . ? [*He comes to a pause.*]

Angel. [*Nervously*] It belonged to my baby boy. He died about seven months ago.

Morrison. [*Forgetting to act*] The hell you say. [*Recovering slightly*] Pardon my bluntness, Angel, but . . . but this is something of a surprise. I always believed you were single. Didn't know you were a married woman.

Angel. I'm not. [*Slowly*] I never was married.

Morrison. [*Taken back*] Look here! what in the name of God . . . ?

Angel. [*Excitedly*] But I'm . . . I'm telling you all wrong; I've started at the end instead of the beginning. I meant to tell you gradually . . . in a different way.

Morrison. [*Stupidly*] Meant to tell me gradually?

Angel. Yes. Won't you let me tell you the whole story—from the beginning . . . before . . . before you judge?

Morrison. Why of course. Certainly. [*She sits down in chair, back of table and begins to finger the baby's shoe. Morrison draws his lounge chair nearer and waits for her to speak.*] Well, I'm listening.

[*It is the first time she has had occasion to test her story in the scales of Common Justice. At this moment Morrison represents that part of the world which can make or break her. Naturally she is distraught.*]

Angel. Oh! I can't think how to begin. It came so suddenly . . . dramatically, just then . . . when you found this [*Meaning the shoe*] It's taken all my thoughts clean away.

Morrison. [*The master*] I can see you're all excited. I know what this means to you. You've just had a decent offer of marriage from a decent and straight fellow, and—

Angel. I [*She looks up at him*].

Morrison. [*Continuing*] And a fellow you love, maybe? A fellow who's offered you a home and the best that's in him. [*Pause*] But take your time. If you've got anything to say, think it out well before you speak. Does the man live here? New York?

Angel. No. He's dead also. He . . . he was killed in an accident . . . before he could marry me. [*She hangs her head*].

Morrison. Before he could marry you, eh? [*Pause*] S'pose I hadn't just stumbled in this afternoon and found that thing you have in your fingers. What then? Were you going to keep me guessing?

Angel. No. I meant to tell you.

Morrison. [*Watching her slyly*] Then you expected me to ask you to marry me, eh? Sooner, or later? You own up you love me then? [*She makes no answer*]. Tell me? It makes all the difference whether I go—or stay.

Angel. [*Not daring to look at him*] Yes.

Morrison. You love me?

Angel. Yes.

Morrison. [*Urging her*] But say; not like that. Let's hear you say it properly. The words.

Angel. [*Looking at him*] I do love you . . . fer asking me to share a home with you . . . and . . .

Morrison. [*Looking away. Unable to meet her frank gaze*] All right. Now tell me your story. Quickly . . . before that kid returns . . . without a break. Right quick without a pause. Hurry now.

Angel. [*Doing her best to obey him*] It began about three years ago. I lived with my father and mother then, in Chicago. They live there still—but they don't want to have anything to do with me now. I met Ralph—that was his name—and . . .

Morrison. Say listen! I don't want to know your story. It doesn't matter to me, kiddie. It don't make any difference.

Angel. [*Rising to her feet with the feeling that she has broken through the thick crust separating her from the heart of the world*] Oh! Jack!—that's wonderful of you. Babs said it would make no difference. I feared all along that it would; but it hasn't. Oh! Jack. that's wonderful of you. [*He takes her in his arms as she comes to the end of her speech, and kisses her*].

Morrison. As long as you and I love each other, what's it matter? What does anything matter but our love?

Angel. Oh! I'm so happy.

Morrison. [*Kissing her hair*] God! it's wonderful to hold you, like this. Come; tell me again that you really love me.

Angel. [*Quietly*] I do, Jack.

Morrison. But the words. Say the actual words as I kiss you. [*He kisses her as she replies*].

Angel. I do, Jack. Now . . . now let me go. Please . . . please Jack let me go. [*She struggles slightly in his arms*].

Morrison. [*Breathing hard*] Once more, kiddie . . . just once more.

Angel. [*Struggling*] Please Jack. Let me go, now. Please let me go . . . please Jack. [*He relinquishes his hold on her and she drops into her chair again . . . as if ashamed. Morrison returns to his lounge chair*].

Morrison. Now let's come to an understanding. We love each other, that's certain. [*He is not meeting her eyes*] What about our future?

Angel. [*Her face cupped in her hands*] It has all been so sudden . . . and strange . . . I feel quite faint.

Morrison. Oh! you'll get over that. [*He draws his chair still closer*] Now see here . . . [*His foot accidentally knocks over the bottle of wine under the table. He bends down and picks it up. He seems to be well pleased at the discovery*!

Morrison. Hello! you sly little puss . . . that's where you hide it, eh? [*Reading*] "Best Oporto Sherry".

Angel. [*Watching him*] I don't drink it. It doesn't belong to me, at all. [*Half afraid*] Don't . . . don't change your look like that.

Morrison. Well there's no harm in our drinking a little toast. Guess we both need something to brace us up.

Angel. No, Jack—I won't touch it. I promised Babs I would never touch it again. I mean I . . .

Morrison. [*With a sharp look at her—then away again*] That don't matter, kiddie. I seldom touch the stuff myself, but we can drink a toast to all the little drinks we'll have together in the future. If you won't . . . I'll say you're a quitter. *He rises and looks about the room* Where's the glasses? [*Touching the pink kimona and turning round to her—a silly smile on his face*] Say, I'd just love to see you in . . .

Angel. [*Hurriedly*] The glasses? In . . . in the cupboard. [*He gets two small glasses and sets them down on the table. Pouring out the wine*] Say when?

Angel. [*Under the spell of it all and not looking at the glass*] That's that's enough.

Morrison. [*Filling his own glass and raising it*] Well, here's to the end of all our worries. [*He gives her the full glass and takes up the other one*]. Touch glasses. That's right. To our future together. [*He drains his glass. Angel only touches the wine with her lips.*] That's not much of a drink you took. Take a good one like me. [*She puts the glass to her lips again*] Now let's sit down and talk this thing out, properly. [*Looking around*] To begin with this place isn't good enough for a queen like you. It's more like a barn than anything else. I'll get you a better place. You'll soon see I'm not a tight-wad, kiddie. [*He attempts to take her hand, but she withdraws it quickly.*] Now what's the matter with you?

Angel. [*Looking at him steadily*] You . . . you frighten me. You've changed. Your tone . . . look . . . manner . . . everything. You're not the same man.

Morrison. Why, kiddie—I'm just the same as ever. [*Lamely*] We love each other, don't we?

Angel [*Fearingly*] But . . . but you don't want me any more. You . . . you've changed.

Morrison. Want you? Listen, Angel, I want you so much that I don't know where I stand. I'm just crazy about you, sweetheart.

Angel. [*With suppressed feeling*] But you don't want to marry me, Jack.

Morrison. [*Heedlessly*] Listen! I want you to leave this barn, and either come over to my place—or I'll fix you up in the neatest little apartment in the city. Nice and quiet, like. [*There is a slight lull, and then Angel gets to her feet in such an unsteady way that her wine-glass falls to the floor. She points with trembling arm to the door.*]

Angel. Go! [*Then, almost hysterically*] Go, go, go! Quickly!

Morrison. [*On his feet*] Listen! What's the matter?

Angel. Go please . . . At once. [*With a sob*] Oh! go . . . quickly.

Morrison. [*Leaning forward*] But we love each other. You said so yourself. And if you love me I don't see that you can refuse me what you gave to . . .

Angel. [*Deathly pale*] Please, go . . . or I shall scream.

Morrison. [*In an ugly mood*] Now listen! What do you think I am? A green horn? A damn fool? Or what?

Angel. [*Recoiling*] Ugh! you beast! [*With all her strength she strikes him across the mouth with the back of her hand.*] Now will you go?

Morrison. [*Smarting under the blow*] Now cut this heroic stuff, 'cause you've got no chance of playing the spot light. You'd better be careful what you say and do, young lady. You've got that position in the store to look after.

Angel. [*Almost hysterically*] Go; I tell you. Get out of here. Get out of here. [*She makes a rush for the bottle of sherry as if to swing it at his head.*]

Morrison. [Smartly] Quit it!
[Pause] I'm going.

Angel. [The room swimming before her eyes] Quick, then . . . [Morrison takes up his hat and goes out leisurely, closing the door behind him. Angel drops into her chair and rests her head in the palms of her hands on the table. For a moment or so she gazes vacantly into space trying to see her future. Then revolting against the action of the world she half-consciously pours some sherry into the remaining glass. But remembering that his lips have touched it, she throws it recklessly away. From the cupboard she gets another glass and almost fills it. Up by the window she looks out into the street, drinking the sherry,—sip by sip. But suddenly she drains the glass, and returns to fill it up again. Shuddering violently she refuses it as it touches her lips, but continues to hold the glass in her hand. The door bursts open and Babs enters with many brown paper parcels. Babs stands aghast at the sight of her friend with the half-filled glass in her hand. She glances over at the bottle on the table and notices how the contents have diminished.]

Angel. [With a tear in her voice] Close that door Babs; close that door. If . . . if Mr. Schlegal should play Lieberstrum . . . I think I'd go crazy. [Babs does not move, however—and

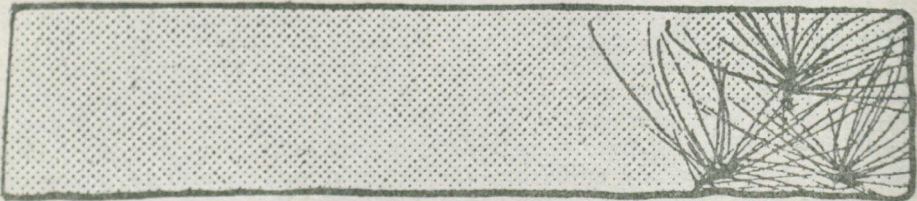
as Angel puts up her hand to cool her burning forehead the third glass of sherry falls on the carpet with an ugly, wet smash: Falling out of fingers too weak to do their duty.] Oh! Babs! [Half crying] It's gone to my head! The sherry; I can feel it. [Pathetically] It's . . . it's gone to my head. Oh! what shall I do? Everything . . . everything . . . [She does not finish. Babs now decides to move. Getting rid of her parcels, she comes over to Angel and taking her arm, leads her, without a word or look, towards the bedroom.]

Angel. [Crying] Babs . . . he came . . . he came to see me, and . . . Oh! how can I tell you when I'm like this? I've never been like this before. It's . . . it's gone to my head. The sherry has . . . [They vanish into the bedroom. But Babs—to her everlasting discredit—returns and looks back through the door.]

Babs. [Bitterly, and with prudish determination] Good-bye. [She crosses to the parcels, leaves some money on the table, and quickly taking up her share of the purchases she goes out of the room—probably forever.]

Angel. [Off stage crying pathetically] Don't leave me, Babs; please . . . please don't leave me . . . Oh Babs! don't leave me . . . [As the door opens and Babs goes out, the sound of Lieberstrum comes in.]

THE CURTAIN FALLS



THE POET-SEER OF BENGAL

BY EDWARD SAPIR



NCE more the poet-seer of Bengal offers us, through the medium of a series of prose poems and free verse lyrics, contact with his world of beauty, a beauty subtly compounded of the passion of sensuous experience and the insight, symbolic and intuitive, that Tagore, true to his lineage, calls "truth". Those whom an apt metaphor or a mystic and beautifully phrased paradox can thrill into blissful apprehension of the deeps of reality, of the futility of sense, of the eternity of the soul, of the abiding presence of the behind and the beyond, will in "Lover's Gift" and "Crossing" receive fresh sustenance for their faith, for their desire. Those who are too heavily burdened by the veil of matter to see clearly into Tagore's esoteric world of reality but are not, for all that, obtuse to the loveliness of swift metaphor and exquisite diction will be well content to accept the beauty and to look upon the "truth" as a highly interesting facet of a typically, and traditionally, Hindu personality. Indeed, we would be churlish if we could not, for the sake of poetry, even lull ourselves into a momentary acceptance of Tagore's truths. It is not so very much that he requires of us. It is not so very difficult to persuade ourselves that the beauty of the beloved is indeed but a symbol of the beauty of all life, that our love for the beloved is a cosmic love, that death is the door to the eternal life that was dimmed for us at birth. All this and much more we might accept,

provided always the thought be well garmented.

Fortunately the thought is, for the most part, well garmented. One can hardly give Tagore greater praise than to say that he yields but rarely to the temptation to fall into extravagance, to allow the freshness of his feelings to choke in turgid weeds. In an art and a philosophy such as Tagore's simplicity of diction and convincingness of imagery are doubly difficult of attainment. Their attainment by Tagore means that he is, first and foremost, a poet. Whether he is also a seer seems, after this, a bit irrelevant. Felicities of metaphor or expression meet one at every turn, while now and again the feeling, too intense for the bonds of symbolism, bursts into untrammelled lyric utterance. I cannot forbear to quote at length at least one of the "Lover's Gift" set:

I thought I had something to say to her when our eyes met across the hedge. But she passed away. And it rocks, day and night, like a boat, on every wave of the hours the word that I had to say to her. It seems to sail in the autumn clouds in an endless quest and to bloom into evening flowers, seeking its lost moment in the sunset. It twinkles like fireflies in my heart to find its meaning in the dusk of despair the word that I had to say to her.

For a moment Tagore here seems to allow the passion of the opening words to drift away, but he recovers it, poignant and elusive, at the end. In another poem we read of "the lonely night loud with rain". How effective and unexpected the word "loud", in its amazing simplicity, and how stark the contrast of "lonely"

and "loud"! Only poets think of such self-evident things.

Not that Tagore is flawless. Particularly in "Crossing", a long series of symbolizations of the passage from life into the realm ruled by Death, we are occasionally annoyed by such sentimental paradoxes as

"Sleep, like a bird, will open its heart to the light, and the silence will find its voice."

or by such unrealities as

"When the morning came I saw you standing upon the emptiness that was spread over my house."

but rarely by such downright ugliness as

"For the boisterous sea of tears heaves in the flood-tide of pain."

Yet we have never long to wait for a reconciling felicity, for a line or a phrase that clothes extravagance of symbol in a delicate simplicity, such a line as

"Rebelliously I put out the light in my house and your sky surprised me with its stars."

Felicity is the word that recurs to one's mind as he passes from lyric to lyric. It is not an unmixed compliment. It argues a certain detachability, a certain independent glitter, in each stone of the mosaic. Powerfully unified works of art leave little elbow room for felicities. Right here, I venture to think, lies concealed why Tagore, greatest as lyric poet, nevertheless falls short of membership in the choir of supremely great lyricists. Tagore's method is the fusion, as we have seen, of the symbolic or "eternally true" or of an intangible state of mind, with the sensuous, the outwardly real. Whoever essays such fusion must do homage to each Janus face, the face looking out upon the inner truth and, no less, the face directed to fleeting reality. It is my quarrel with Tagore that he is not impartial in his worship. The inner truth not infrequently triumphs at the expense of the outer. To be more precise, I find it characteristic of Ta-

gore's method that his symbolic perception of his feeling, seeking to clothe itself in sensuous terms, chooses image after image, each beautiful or striking, it may be, in itself, but with little relevancy, perhaps, in their relation to one another. One does not altogether feel that a bit of outward reality has been keenly apprehended, that it grows and grows in the mind of the poet, taking on the richness of shadow and overtone, until, by imperceptible degrees, it finds itself wedded to an attitude of mind, to a mood. In other words, the world of sense does not so much seem a powerful suggestion for a deeper world, as a casket of jewels, to be idly selected from for the adornment of a world already defined and felt. Many a poem, admittedly abounding in single beauties or even at no point fairly open to criticism, does nevertheless leave upon the mind of the reader a feeling at once glittering and blurred. The feeling that it embodies seems, now and then, a little insecure, a little hollow. I am, convinced, however, that this is an illusion, that Tagore is practically always master of the spiritual concept and of the feeling, but that he loses more than he perhaps realizes in passing from the unseen world to the world of imagery. Translations are rarely completely satisfying.

It may well be that to the devotee of Tagore criticism such as this is no criticism. To me, who am not in the least concerned with Tagore the seer, but only with Tagore the poet, it seems, in so far as it is valid, very damaging criticism indeed.

"It is little that remains now, the rest was spent in one careless summer. It is just enough to put in a song and sing to you; to weave in a flower-chain gently clasping your wrist; to hang in your ear like a round pink pearl, like a blushing whisper; to risk in a game one evening and utterly lose."

"To hang in your ear like a round pink pearl, like a blushing whisper." There we have it in a nutshell. "It is just enough"—here is the sentiment.

with its subtle note of regret, that fills the poet, thrills him so with its abstract intensity that he has no care for the incongruity of hanging it in his beloved's ear "like a round pink pearl" and "like a blushing whisper." An equally good example from "Crossing" is

The day is dim with rain.
 Angry lightnings glance though the
 tattered cloud-veils
 And the forest is like a caged lion shaking
 its mane in despair.
 On such a day amidst the winds beating
 their wings, let me find my peace in
 thy presence,
 For the sorrowing sky has shadowed my
 solitude, to deepen the meaning of
 thy touch about my heart.

A mood picture of the presence of death, genuinely enough felt—but how is it with the concrete perception? I find myself unable to run the first and last lines into the same picture as the rest; the fourth line undoes the work of the third. The whole is a series of really fresh images that, nevertheless, result in a blur.

It is not often, perhaps, that Tagore mixes his metaphors so badly, but these examples illustrate fairly, I imagine, the dangers of his method and the poetic limitations of his view of the world. Of the extremely limited range of experience voiced in both "Lover's Gift" and "Crossing" (fancy saying seventy-eight symbolic times that one is in the presence of death and that it is well thus!) it is hardly necessary to speak. One must accept a poet's subject matter; one must meet him more than half way in his orientation of that subject matter. Still, it is only human to admit that the volume we have been considering creates an inordinate hunger for reality, not the "reality" of Tagore, but the very crass reality of Spoon River and Coney Island.

Tagore himself takes us a few steps nearer to this reality in "Mashi and Other Stories," though we never quite get there. It is as well, for stark realism is not Tagore's *forte*. Intersting and effective as most of these

stories are, I have designedly left myself little space to speak of them. As a short story craftsman, Tagore does not belong in the first rank. There is too often a lack of deftness in the unfolding of the theme, in the handling of climax, in the placing of the point. Sometimes, as in the Maupassantish "The Auspicious Vision," "The Riddle Solved," and "My Fair Neighbour," the point of the tale (and all three of these depend for their effect almost entirely on "points") is obvious at a dismally early stage of the proceedings. Sometimes, again, a really promising story, like "Stubha" is spoiled or rendered trivial by an anticlimax or by a too clumsy touch of irony towards the close.

A number of tales, on the other hand, are highly beautiful and effective. Such are "Mashi," "The Supreme Night," "The Postmaster" (perhaps the best in the volume), and "The River Stairs." Characteristically enough, these tales depend for their power not so much on incident and character as on the poignancy of passing mood, further on a blend of idealistic mysticism with a realism that is not too complexly apprehended. "The Postmaster," in which "point" is perhaps at a minimum, has something of the quality of Chekhov. The love the poor orphan girl Ratan bears the not greatly distinguished village postmaster is subtly drawn. It is not destined to lead to either fulfilment or tragedy. Nothing happens. The postmaster, who is fond of chatting with Ratan, finds life too dull at his post and resigns. He leaves the village. She weeps. It is all very real and meaningless, it is life at its least stagey and its most affecting. "The Trust Property" is a horrible story of bygone Bengal, and is in a class by itself. In it Tagore combines most successfully, one might almost say unexpectedly, the sheer horror of Poe's "Cask of Amontillado" with the brutal irony of Maupassant. The utilization of an old folk-custom, the burying of a live

victim who is to serve as the guardian spirit of a secret treasure, lends an added ethnological interest to the tale.

Over and above their specific qualities, these stories of Tagore's are well worth reading for the moments of intimate contrast they afford us with present-day and recently past life in

Bengal. It is good to assure ourselves that the Bengali is as human and real as ourselves, if, indeed, he is not more so. It does no harm to discover that caste and reincarnation can be made to seem at least as inevitable as the Democratic party and the Presbyterian hymnal.

A REVELATION *

BY HERBERT RIDGLEY

It has been a matter of much comment, and for those who have seen, a miraculous revelation, that after the utter destruction of church walls, spires, altars, etc., statues of the Saviour and of the Holy Virgin have remained inviolate.

I.

HAIL, Sacred Slab! Hail, Sacred Tool that shaped
 Into a likeness of the Perfect Maid!
 Hail, Innocence that stands when earth is raped,
 And peace in shame is laid!

II.

Hail, blest Virgin who gave to us a Lord,
 As Spirit of a conquering Love—Forgot!
 "He Spake as Never Man", a Son's reward,
 Shielding breathes, "Touch Her Not".

III.

Now Blast ye furies. Crumple, tear and fret!
 Pull down the altars of a crippled church!
 Dig up the dead! Pay off your Baalish debt!
 But Her you cannot smirch.

IV.

Come pierce the Chancel, raise the belfry tower,
 Crush those old Saints to dust. Now shriek again.
 Pierce Her Grotto the Holy Ladies' Bower,
 How vain you fools, how vain!

V.

Rude riddled ruins of the structure gape,
 Between the stones the happy starlings mate,
 Brood sparrows chirp, cobwebs the niches drape,
 Immune, immaculate!

* In the National Literary Competition, (Open Class) the first prize was divided between this poem and "The Pioneer", by Frances Beatrice Taylor.



FUNERAL OF A VIKING
From the Painting by Frank Dicksee. Exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition

INDIA: A PASSING STUDY

BY LYMAN B. JACKES



KNOWLEDGE of India in Canada is derived from three sources: school instruction, books and returned travellers. Perhaps we might make the number four and add an occasional wandering lecturer. The knowledge thus gained is concentrated into one besetting idea that we, as Westerners, are correct in all our modes of conducting life: while the Oriental, shrouded in heathen darkness, must be absolutely wrong by deduction. During my part in the great world war it was necessary that I should travel rather extensively throughout India and often along highways and byways left untrodden by the visiting tourist. I was in contact with its representative peoples and that is why this story is headed "India: A Passing Study". Its problems are of the present, and accentuated by the war, of the pressing, urgent present. India's past is buried in superstition and mythology, and its future depends to a large extent on the amount of concern which Canada and the rest of the Imperial system expends in assisting this wonderful country in its struggle toward the sun.

There is but one way to comprehend the present problems of India and that is to view them through the eyes of the British rulers. The representative authority of the land is a non-Christian organization. Perhaps the meaning would be more clearly rendered if I styled it non-religious. It is not concerned in any authoritative degree with ritualistic routine,

faith or secular propaganda. Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, and the clannish Parsi are all weighed in the one balance. Is it just? And will it uplift India? These are the two acid tests applied to every and each solution offered as a balm to India's aching wounds. To the active church-worker, shrouded in zeal for the propagation of his faith in heathen lands, this seems cruel. The British Government looks on and sees faiths that were old when the Author of Christianity walked by the lake in Palestine. It sees a passion for the Eastern faiths that would shame the congregation of any Canadian church, and it sees adherents that outnumber the followers of the Western creed by scores of millions. There is nothing to do but to be neutral, and the British Government succeeds in a manner which excites admiration.

The popular idea in this country that India is pleading for Christian missions is false and absolutely unfounded. Modern missions have been at work in India for one hundred and thirty years. In those thirteen decades they have scarcely been able to reach any key positions among the upper classes of Indian society. They may have changed the viewpoint of a man or woman here or there, but the number is by no means considerable. But Christian missions have been able to reach the lower strata of Indian society, and if the significance of that fact is comprehended and added to the turmoil caused by the war we have a grip on the present situation and the probable outlook for the future.



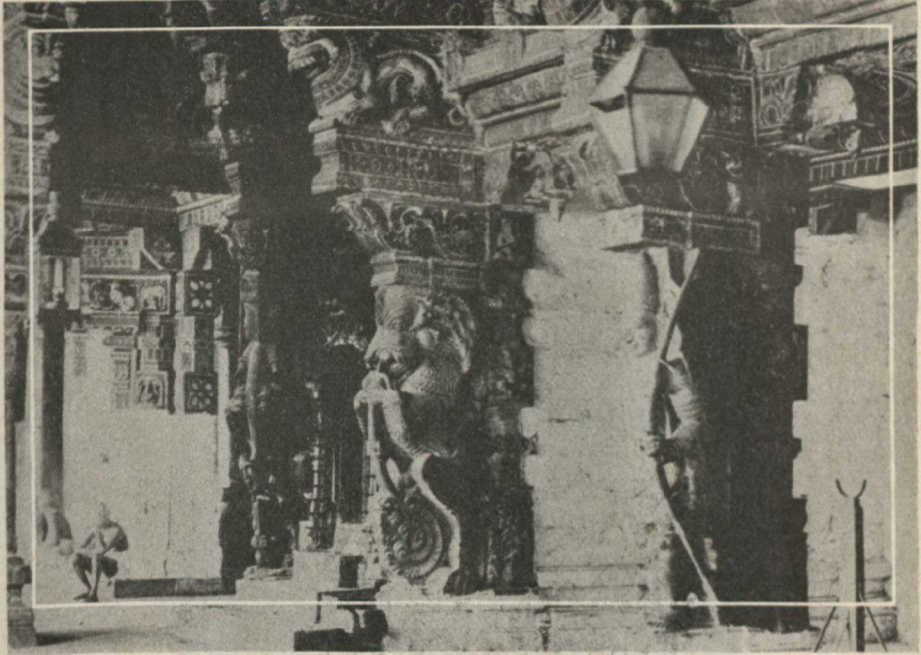
A sacred tree and its priest

Home mission circles generally estimate the gross results of their activities in India by five million converts, but I doubt if one per cent. of that number, or fifty thousand, of these so-called converts, have the remotest idea of the duties or obligations of Christianity. But that one per cent. is a potent factor in India to-day, and a fact which will assure more credit in the developed India to come. Missions have been able to make but little impression on the Mohammedan of the northwest or the Buddhist of the south centre. Their adherents are recruited chiefly from the outcasts of Hinduism, and to understand the situation we must classify this raw material.

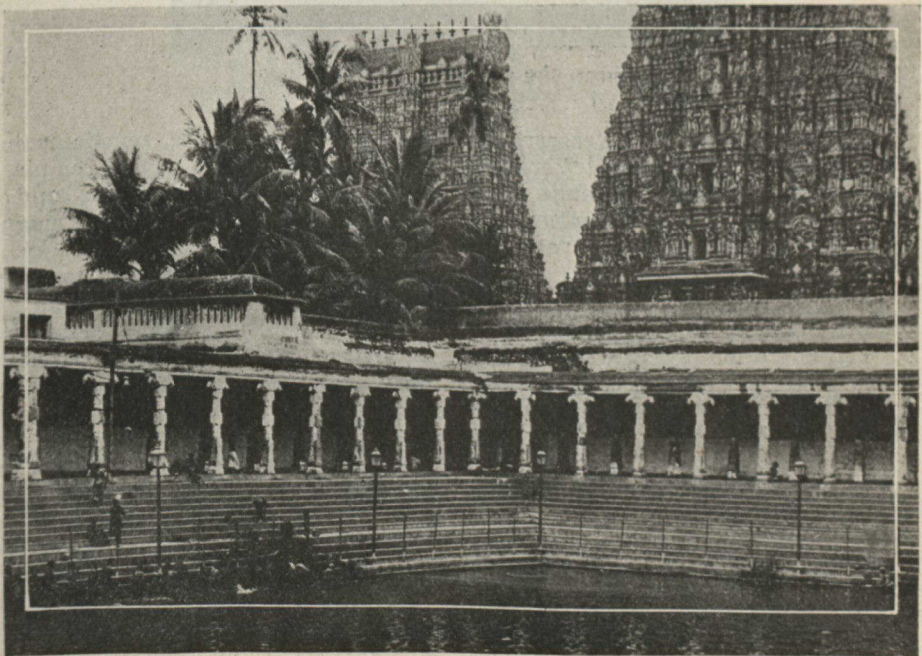
Hinduism is an elaborate system amongst the faiths of the East. Its intricacies require serious study, but

the outstanding feature of the system is its castes. There is nothing in Western society like these castes of Hinduism. They are inflexible and iron-bound. There is no progression from a lower caste to a higher. You are what your father was, and your sons will follow you. The only movement within the system is a sudden stripping of local caste privileges, a sweeping away from all connection to the rubbish heap of Indian humanity—the out-caste.

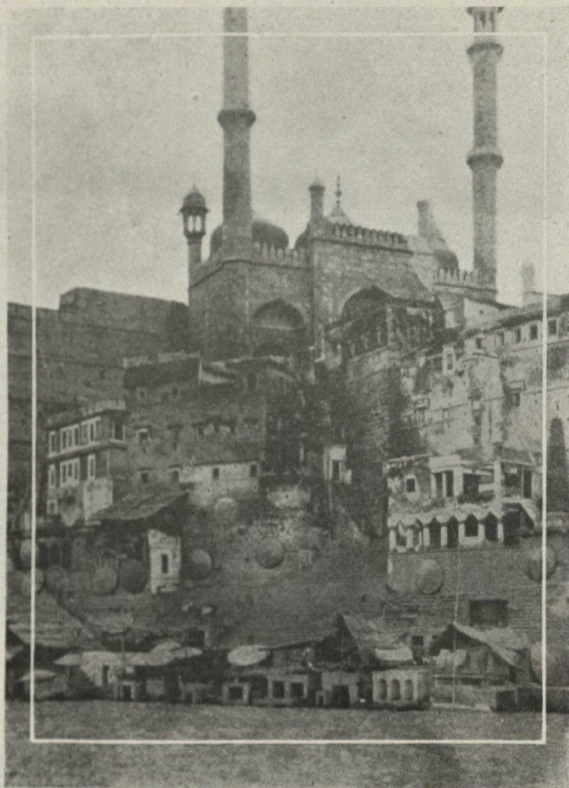
The number of castes is very large; I have heard it mentioned by authorities as high as forty-four thousand. They start at the sweeper, a very low caste, and proceed by weary degrees to the Brahmin or priestly caste—the highest of all. In between are arranged in wonderful order shoe-makers, dhobi, mali, parawalla, babu, gharri-



In the Hall of Idols—Madura.
There are here, it is said, 44,000 stone images for worship



The great Hindu Temple at Madura, showing two of its many gates



Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus

walla, farmer, bullock-driver, weaver, silk merchant, carpenter, letter-writer, water-carrier and thousands more. The Christians, I might mention, are regarded as a caste, but a very low one.

The chief occupation in the life of these millions is to prevent pollution or contamination by contact with a lower caste. In many instances the mere falling of a shadow of a low caste man on the garments of the chap higher up would bring pollution, and the touch of a garment to an exterior utensil would result in an entire meal being discarded and thrown away under the same conditions. I am citing these as examples of the way caste may be broken. There are other methods, and the number is legion; but once defilement is contracted or caste is broken it is expedient upon

the party to secure reinstatement. This requires a visit to the Temple, a monetary gift to the priest and a sacrifice, often of considerable magnitude. If the ready cash is not available, it is a case of "down goes McGinty", and another unfortunate has been added to the out-caste—the rubbish heap from which the missions have been able to extract valuable by-products.

A little thought will disclose the fact that certain amongst the fallen must have had good breeding, and possibly their forefathers have long enjoyed a continuous position of respectability. Frequently the brains of India are cast into the despised section of society. Give men and women a chance to develop their latent mental capabilities with modern education and you have the finest product of



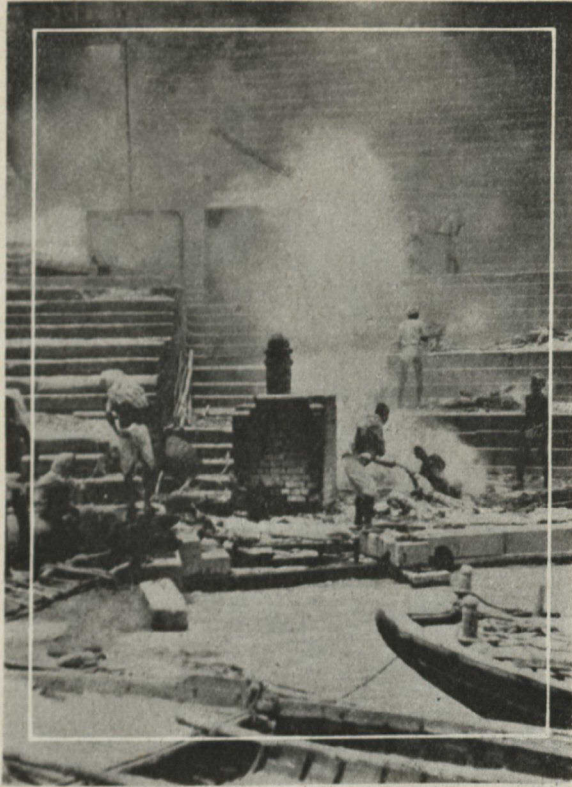
Hindus waiting to get into a temple at Calcutta

the Christian mission, and it is really high-quality material that makes up the rank and file of the fifty thousand real converts that they can boast.

When India's entrance to the world war called for actions and changes on the part of her authorities that were unprecedented many of these mission products were called upon to undertake work which the religious profession of the high caste man forbade him entering. The result has been that industrial India is being almost entirely operated in its native aspect by the better class of output from the Christian educational institutions. The higher castes of India can clearly see the trend of the times, and they are embittered against any system which makes it possible for the out-caste to rise to respectability and a position of service other than through

the temples of the gods of Hinduism. When we consider that the Christian element, numerically, is but a fractional minority it is not hard to see why the people are not calling for more missions, but broadly conducted missions have an opportunity there now which may never come again.

The net result of the war on India as far as Canada is concerned may be summed up by two statements: First, a thorough general education along broad Christian lines has demonstrated its value. Again, hundreds of thousands of Hindus have broken caste on the battle areas of Flanders and Mesopotamia and have borne personal testimony to the fact that no dire catastrophe has followed. That this is not a passing mood is exemplified by the fact that there is a strong anti-Brahmic movement on



Burning the dead beside the Ganges

in India to-day. Men are beginning to wonder why the priestly class should proclaim a man an out-caste because he went across the sea before the war and not apply the stigma afterwards. Any Hindu temple that is visited in the larger cities of India will display a feverish activity that attempts to tack on the visible fruits of Christianity in a remodelling of their ancient creed. The Temple of Kalighat at Calcutta has opened a free hospital and a school for children within the last few months right within the temple enclosure. This is but one straw which shows that the winds of the times are rapidly blowing India into a state of flux. The prospects of intensive, broad uplift work were never more encouraging than at present, but any new move will meet with bitter opposition either from the purely Brahmin element or the champions

who would reform the faiths of old in an attempt to jack them up to meet the conditions they faced when in foreign countries.

Geography is not on the curriculum of Brahmin teaching, so the wily priests had little difficulty in assuring vast multitudes that their fathers and relatives were still in India, although they had gone to France. There are millions in India to-day that are firmly convinced that France and India are one and the same country. Such gross imposition is only possible among illiterate people, and illiteracy is one of the blackest problems in the land to-day. Out of a thousand men it would be difficult to secure seven who had the remotest idea of reading or writing, and out of the same number of women you would be running high if two literates in a thousand were encountered. Considering the



A fakir in an Indian village sitting on a bed of spikes

population as four hundred millions, the educational problem assumes some magnitude. The manifold difficulties of uplifting India are almost as diffi-

cult to describe as to remedy. Amongst the three great divisions, Mohammedan, Hindu, and Buddhist, is found a hereditary conviction that each is



Holy men of modern India. They are covered with ashes of human bodies



Rare view inside a Hindu Temple.
A priest receiving a prayer over the sacred fire

chosen of the gods, and, as a natural consequence, that others should depart from off the face of the earth forthwith.

The reformer in India is continually in danger of offending some faction and paying for his action by a curtailment of his plans. An overwhelming proportion of the riots in India are nothing more or less than overgrown religious squabbles, and despite what enemy agents would have this country believe, riots against the constituted authority of India are exceedingly rare. An example will make this clear. There are two riot seasons in India—April and September—and the disorders almost always centre about cows. It is expedient upon the follower of Islam that a sacrifice be made at these seasons, and the animal

disposed of in this manner may be anything from a sheep to a camel, but the cow is generally chosen. The Hindus, on the other hand, hold the cow in sacred esteem. Their philosophy is quite simple. They follow the line of events right through and come to the conclusion that as milk is the first food consumed by most animals, including man, therefore the source of milk must as a natural consequence be the source of life and therefore sacred. To prevent friction between the followers of Mohammed and the worshippers of Kali, slaughterhouses have been erected by the British authorities at points where the Mohammedans should not excite the rage of the Hindu, but the faithful of the Prophet are not having any of them. Instead they choose to go into

the busiest market-place, where the shops are mostly maintained by Hindus, and they generally select a Friday, about noon, which is also a particularly marked time in the weekly calendar of the devout Hindu. The slaughter is resented and a riot starts. If Europeans are killed or injured it is largely the reward of the peace-maker, as the rioting is rarely excited against them.

The intense interest in religion which the people of the East maintain must be borne in mind when a consideration of India's problems is made. The viewpoint may be vastly different from ours, but they clannishly cling to the faith of their fathers. They cannot see that railroads, sanitation, hydraulic and electrical developments, justice, irrigation and manufacturers have come to India as a direct or indirect result of Christian influence; but they can see that these things are giving employment to many from the lower depths of society who have risen to positions of decency and even importance. The Hindu is forbidden to labour at anything at which his father has not laboured. His father has had no recourse to modern devices, so the only parties who are interested are recruits from the ranks of the out-caste. To the visitor the situation is as clear as sunlight, and evidence of the silent revolution that is abroad in the land is met at every hand. It is likely that a more equal distribution of wealth will be one of the first results of the changing social conditions now apparent in this wonderful land.

Since the dim past the rich of India have been very rich and the poor have been very poor. There have never been more than a few representing what might be called the middle class. These extremes may be cited by the

case of one of the Mogul emperors who decided to have his wealth estimated. Historical tales of some authenticity relate that it required two years' time on the part of his treasurers to count his money alone. It is reported from many sources that there are two hundred million persons in the land today who do not receive more than one meal a day, and the worldly possessions of these unfortunates would in many cases be represented by a bit of loin cloth and a crude bit of pottery. There is very little machinery to employ the vast hordes of buried wealth that belongs to the wealthy classes. The Indian peoples and castes do not trust one another, and if money is lent it is generally under the most ruinous conditions. The Indians are very shy of banks and sound investments are far above the heads of any but the wily Parsi. The value of the buried wealth in India is beyond the power of human mortal to estimate. It has been accumulating for centuries, and is chiefly in the form of silver and gold. The passion for gold may be seen by the fact that thirty shillings was being offered for British sovereigns, and when an issue of gold Mohars was placed in circulation they disappeared like magic in about a week. The Indian people are thrifty to an amazing extent and the magnificent architecture bespeaks the fineness of their forefathers' brains. There have been many influences at work which have lowered the mental calibre of the people during the past ten centuries and nothing but intensive and broadly-applied education over a long period will raise these interesting legions to a position where they can step into their proper places among their fellowmen and enjoy the fullest fruits of their massed wealth and sublime natural resources.





Bobcaygeon, as seen from an Aeroplane

BOBCAYGEON

A SKETCH* OF A LITTLE TOWN

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Words are only the gesture
Toward the thing we are after, the escaped or escaping
Beauty and spirit;
Like the hand
Toward a sunset.

I

Bobcaygeon at twilight
Can be made but the gesture;
Colour poured out from a funnel,
The funnel the half sky, gray, cloud-dimmed,
Constricted up the lake there
Between the blue shores,
Till it pours on that island
The distillation of the day,
The concentration and caught essence of noon
That belonged to a world.

* It will be noted that the word "sketch" does not necessarily carry the idea of poetry or verse, or even free verse.—A. L. P.

II

Supposing you alight from the train at noon,
 Having come a long journey from a far city
 Through the rattle.

After dinner
 You can step into dimness
 And quiet
 Down the sawdust road.
 Beneath oak trees and pine trees and birch trees
 The thrush sings.
 At moments
 In winding through woods-green
 The brown road
 Comes to blue and white water
 Where the wind is.
 There is sometimes a stone or a stile by the road
 One can sit on.

III

Some would rather come in at night
 When the engine's whistle
 Is strange going out to the stars
 And the lake and the woods,
 And the station platform is dimness and light and hurry,
 And steam and baggage and people,
 And contains a romance of arriving
 Undiscovered at noon.

IV

The town is built on three islands
 With a lake on either side
 And the river running through . . .
 Bobcaygeon, amid the Kawarthas!
 Happy town!
 Divided by the three islands,
 The river makes two hurrying streams
 And the quiet canal.

(a)

In spring
 People fear to stand on the bridges
 For the roar and tumble of waters beneath
 That smash at the buttresses
 And even hurl ice
 Till the bridges tremble;
 While boys above at the dam
 Fish for suckers
 Shouting.

(b)

In summer
 The electric lights
 Gleam in the hurrying waters of the river;
 Like the stars

They hit the water,
 And the splash remains.
 Strange, the splashes of light remaining at one place
 On the hurrying river!
 Until midnight,
 When only the stars
 Make the splashes,
 And the town and the stars and the river
 Are quiet,
 But most quiet the bridges.

(c)

In autumn
 The leaves fall from the maples to the canal
 And lie like stain on the water,
 Or heap in crimson
 About the feet of the benches
 Until the rain and snow.

(d)

In winter
 The canal smiles to the streams of the river
 Stopped in their course and frozen:
 "All summer you laughed independence
 At me whom men fettered, stilling and moving my waters
 As they willed in the rain and the sunshine
 For launches and tug-boats.
 Now you are my mates; we are equal."
 And the streams, lying quiet, accept it,
 Having plans already for spring and the freshets,
 And pity to spare for canals.

V

Sound of footsteps
 In the corridor recurrent.
 Groups in the rotunda.
 When the gong sounds, a rush;
 Even women:
 Dinner,
 And fish stories!

VI

Having judged and discarded many
 He picks up one,
 Oblong, heavy, regular;
 Then, others, judging and discarding,
 And slowly choosing
 While two watch him
 And one prepares wood with a black hatchet
 Fresh from a counter.

The play of what will in the Universe
 Judges and discards you and me,
 Or, choosing us,
 Builds us carefully into service
 Of what purposes?

Of what purposes?

Purposes, do you think, as worthy
As that which appraises stones
And builds them at last to hold fire
That cooks the shore dinner
For four hungry men
On a holiday
At Bobcaygeon?

VII

In the end,
When summer is over,
The town settles down
To wait
And to make preparation
For another summer.

VIII

When the team stops,
If it is August,
Or any hot day,
You wait;
For teams pass there perhaps only once
In a great day of hauling,
And they long for the water.
While you have a month before you
And can stop anytime.
Not that the fountain
Has not one side for people and one side for horses;
But, drinking on your side, you might disturb the quiet
Of a team's long drink; they would eye you.
So you wait
And are happy
Amid sunshine and road dust
And coolness of running water.

IX

When the door of the restaurant opens and closes often
And can be heard down the street in the quiet
You can stand in one place
And imagine
What is happening in many places.

(a)

Along the canal for rods
The boys of the town are lying;
Rich cream and tan coloured bodies
Lie head to heels and heels to head,
In a string, one after another, like queer long glowing beads,
Or like links in a yellow chain,
Bellies pressed against the timbers,
Backs shining in the sun,
Sometimes a lazy golden uplifted ankle rhythmic in the air.
Often the chain breaks,

And where was tan body is brown wood,
 And where on the water the drowsy silence of sunbeams asleep,
 Bubbles and ripples and laughter.

At times there is co-operation;
 The chain drops off link after link,
 In order,
 As if poured in the water;
 And the timbers that line the canal are bare
 In the sunshine and heat.

(b)

Down the lake
 There are cottage verandahs
 So still
 You can hear a page turned,
 Or the indigo bird
 Far in the woods
 And uncaring.

(c)

Fishermen
 Have sought the shade and the breeze
 On the points of islands
 And are reading or smoking or sleeping
 With the boats drawn out of the water
 And the guides smiling and resting.

(d)

Beyond a hot field,
 Where the air quivers above every stone,
 So that he is seen through a kind of haze,
 A boy in a white blouse
 Is gingerly stepping down the shore of a marshy bay.
 After frogs and intent,
 He sometimes thinks of the coolness
 That squashes about his toes
 And is happy.

(e)

With the sun off the zenith a little
 A canoe seeks the shady shore;
 It could be proved unmoving
 But that the pattern of cedars
 And birches and pines behind it
 Is just perceptibly changing.

(f)

In the drug store
 They lean on the counter
 And talk and say nothing,
 Evading the issue of the blazing street
 As long as possible,
 Having bought, perhaps, a box of candy.

- (g)
 Beside the canal under maples
 Is coolness.
 By some strange natural condition
 The air moves there when all is unmoving,
 Is cool there when the earth is an open oven.

X

I should like to live in Bobcaygeon,
 Have a place there;
 Say four or five acres of various ground,
 With an edge on the water;
 Say, bounded by Sturgeon Lake,
 And a street,
 And the woods,
 And in reach of the little town.

- (a)
 I would build there
 A cottage with flagstones about it,
 And maybe a brick-paved verandah;
 There should be trellis for roses,
 And an outside chimney for ivy,
 And to say to the stranger: "Come in. Here's a fireplace with cheer:
 Here is comfort and chat and apples."

- (b)
 I should want that the acres be wooded with tree kinds,
 And with meadow, and part of the shore line low
 To be cleared and made home for pond lilies
 And iris and rods of narcissus.
 If the whole could be called a park,
 I would put up park gates
 And a wall,
 And within it make gardens
 For friends
 And the lovers of gardens.

- (c)
 The wall should be low, as to say,
 "Not a barrier this, but for beauty".
 For beauty of stone upon stone,
 Built through seasons,
 Through sunshine and in gray, windy weather,
 Set up for the vine and berry,
 For the beauty of green upon gray,
 For the beauty of orange and crimson,
 Set up for the bird in November,
 And the storm-tossed sparrow in April;
 A wall to mark generations,
 If the weather
 And change
 Can be kindly;
 A wall, as to say,
 "Here is beauty, here is hope, here is peace."

THE GATE OF DREAM

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I seek a little hidden gate
That will swing wide to me—
Haply beneath a sunset-cloud,
Or moonrise wizardry,
Or in some winking vale of noon
And shadow I may find it soon.

A star-like moth may be my guide
Where dear, dim pathways run,
Or a sweet something beckon me,
Fragrance and song in one;
Or a west wind may pipe me on
To it in some pale amber dawn.

Beside it blossoms a single rose
By dews ambrosial fed;
Some say it is all ivory white,
But I know it is red,
And Memory fond and Hope elate
Are the twin warders of the gate.

Beyond it in the crystal sky
My Spanish castle towers,
And all the ways are garlanded
With my ungathered flowers;
While haunting music faintly sings
Of exquisite, immortal things.

Some halcyon days I never lived
Are waiting there for me,
And laughter that I somehow missed
Echoes elusively;
O poignant quest! O lure supreme!
When shall I find my gate of dream?



THE PRINCE OF WALES

In the costume of an
Indian Chief

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XI

DAVID was mistaken. Miss Clara Henrietta Sims was anything but a fool. She was a very clever and astute young woman. If, taken unprepared, she was likely to make silly remarks; if she was inclined to smile too widely and to allow her fine eyes to assume too "slumbrous" a look it was due not to stupidity but to an original lack of breeding which was hardly her fault. Miss Sims, to the world "Clara", and to her family "Henny" had a mind as shrewd as minds are made. It was a mind, too, whose shrewdness was not shackled by too many scruples. She knew what she wanted and quite often she got it.

Long ago, not long in years, for Clara was young, but ages ago in reality, Clara had been born in a room over a small second-hand shop in an Ontario town. Her father was a burly Englishman who owned the store and also the two-wheeled cart which kept it supplied. Clara's mother cleaned and made over the "second-hands". Clara's sister kept the store and dropped her "h's". But Clara was not like her sister. She kept her "h's" and dropped the store.

There is no need to follow her upward progress. It was just the ordinary progress possible to any girl in Canada. It was Clara's clear head and determination rather than her advantages which had brought her to Toronto, to a good post in a first-class store and to Mrs. Carr's select es-

tablishment. The second-hand store had fallen far behind. Her memory of it betrayed itself only in a passion for brand-newness which told heavily on her purse. And of course no one knew of it! Clara was careful of that. I am telling you only in strict confidence.

This was Clara's past. She had done well with it. As for her future, she intended to do still better. She intended to marry. Having done some steady climbing, she now desired to take an elevator. Only that morning, while David sat up and hugged his knees, she and her friend Bunny Weeks had been discussing this very matter in their room two doors down the hall.

"Marry?" said Miss Weeks in astonishment. "Whatever do you want to marry for? If I had as good a job as you I'd see myself farther first. I wouldn't think of marrying for ten years anyway."

"No, you wouldn't," Clara removed a hair-pin from her mouth and placed it carefully. "But in ten years you'd think of it—just ten years too late. I don't want to get married. I'd much rather stay on my own but I've got some sense. I've got as far as I can go without help. I am as far ahead in Drummond's as I'll ever get. And there is no other store as good."

"You might get to be buyer."

Clara shook her head. "No, I couldn't be buyer. It takes something I haven't got. I'm not so silly as to be conceited. I'm good where I am

but I can't design and I can't do good buying. Haven't got the right kind of taste. Oh, I know you'd never guess it! I'm a good imitator. With the stock chosen and the designing done I can make people believe I know it all. In the showroom I carry it off. The customers fall for me. But where'll I be when I begin to show wear? Or if I get ill or need a long holiday? Drummond's are fairly decent. They'd give me a chance in the work-room, I suppose, where I wouldn't be a bit of good and then they'd let me go. I'd have to think of marriage then. I prefer to think of it now, see!"

Bunny, gazing at her far-sighted friend through a cloud of fuzzy, fair hair, did see.

"Gee, you're clever, Henny! You see a lot farther than your nose, you do. Who is he? Trot him out. Or are you just sort of looking around?"

Miss Sims, whose well-brushed hair was now adjusted satisfactorily, dabbed her soft fingers in warm water preparatory to their morning polish. Her tone grew dreamy.

"I used to think I'd marry a millionaire. It's easy, in books. But I soon learned better. Millionaires are not looking around after pretty shop girls—to marry them. All the same I'm going to marry well. I'm going to marry some one who will count."

Bunny's white rabbit-eyes bulged.

"How?" she questioned, not in any carping spirit but as one who asks for information.

"By getting in early and growing up with the town."

Bunny did not understand this and said so.

"I mean," Clara polished a pink nail carefully upon a pink palm. "I am going to marry some young fellow who hasn't got anywhere yet but who is certainly going to. I don't mind waiting a year or two. There are things I'll have to learn anyway. I'll be ready when he is."

"I'll bet you will!" Bunny's admiration was instant and unstinted, but her more timid mind began at

once to qualify. "But how can you be sure he—what if you pick the wrong one?" she ventured.

Clara smiled.

"I'm not good at millinery, but I'm good at men," she said. "I won't pick the wrong one. Trust me!"

"Do you know any one now?"

"I may."

"Do you know more than one?"

"Uh—perhaps."

"Is Mr. Fish one?"

Miss Sims laughed. "I'm not starting a kindergarten."

"I don't see what you're laughing at. I like him. He's nice. And his folks are rich. Besides you said you wanted some one young."

"But not an infant—who is also a nonentity. That Fish boy will have some money when his father dies, but his father isn't going to die for ages. And anyway, what's money unless it's huge? It doesn't get you anywhere."

"You're not thinking of Mr. Martin?"

Clara flicked Mr. Martin over her shoulder as one might flick an annoying fly.

"Absolutely not!" said she.

"Then is it Mr. Barker down at Drummonds?"

Clara took this most seriously but shook her head.

"No, Barker's a clever man but he's not a big man. He'll be highly paid but he'll always be an employee. I don't intend to be an employee's wife."

"Well then—I can't think of any one else."

"Can't you?" Clara smiled her slightly too wide smile. Caution told her that she had better say no more, but her nature was not fine enough for many reserves. "What about the new boarder with the blush?"

"That Greig?" Bunny's voice was quite shrill in its surprise. "Why he's nobody. He doesn't even know what he's going in for. And his father's just a kind of fancy carpenter. I found out all about him from Mr. Fish. Mr. Fish thinks he's a wonder, but that's just because he's his chum.

And look at the way he dresses, for instance."

"I do," said Miss Sims with some tartness. He dresses like a man who has something to think about besides clothes. And I don't care what his father is. I'm not thinking of marrying his father. I'm not exactly the Queen of England myself. But that young man is going to win out. He's going to be a big man. I'm not the only one who's noticed it. I've heard others say the same. Look at his head—look at his eyes!"

"He's got nice eyes."

"Well, nice isn't anything. I'm afraid you're stupid, Bunny!"

This was so true that it struck a spark. Bunny did not like being called stupid. A spice of malice stole into her voice.

"Well, his eyes don't look at you anyway!" she declared sulkily.

Miss Sims finished her nails in silence. But her smile persisted.

As a matter of fact she knew that David's eyes did not look at her—yet. They would, presently. Clara's confidence was superb. She had never yet failed in attracting any man's eyes. It was easy enough. David was slower than usual but there was no hurry. He was that easiest of all victims, the young man who doesn't take girls seriously. One pretty girl was just like another to David at present. It would be Clara's duty to make him see that some were prettier than others.

As for opportunity, the ordinary life of the boarding-house would provide plenty of that; if it didn't there were ways of helping. There was dancing for instance. How fortunate it was that everybody danced now! Even Mrs. Carr had frostily acknowledged the new craze to the extent of leaving the parlour rug untacked, ready to be rolled up almost every evening by the eager hands of the dance-mad. Most of the dances were new. At least they were sure to be new to David, and Clara quite saw herself in the role of kindly teacher. She was a good dancer. Indeed she

loved it as she loved few things. Something primitive in her responded passionately to the colour and rhythm of it. When she danced she glowed. Even she, used as she was to cataloguing her own attractions, did not realize the change it made. Yes, she would certainly offer to teach the new boarder to dance.

Of course there would have to be some adjustment. Clara's shrewdness had already told her that her natural style was not likely to appeal to this clear-eyed, rather cool young man. But that was a detail. Clara had a dozen styles, all easily adjustable, not to be distinguished from the real thing. She had no doubt but that in her repertoire she would find something to suit David. For the matter of that, he wasn't her style either. It was her ambition he appealed to, not her taste. But if things went well, that was not important. One can't have everything.

So mused Miss Sims and, as she mused, her smile deepened. Still, she already felt a little sorry that she had mentioned names to Bunny. Bunny would be watchful now. It would be necessary to hurry things a trifle. David must be made to look at her at once. Then if with open eyes he saw her day after day it would be a queer thing if her boast to Bunny were not more than justified.

That very morning, as we have seen, David did look at Miss Sims. He looked at her with distaste, it is true, and he called her a fool; but, as many girls less clever than Clara could tell you, that is not at all a bad beginning.

It had taken David only a very few minutes to dispose of his ribald visitor, yet when he entered the dining-room it appeared that adjustments had taken place during his absence for, as he turned to smile at Miss Walker whose chair was next to his at table, he smiled at Miss Sims instead.

David repressed the smile, bowed slightly and began at once upon his cereal. Hang the girl! What had she changed her seat for? Well if she

expected him to waste time talking to her she would be disillusioned. But, to his surprise, his neighbour showed no disposition for conversation. He had finished his cereal and was helping himself to bacon before she spoke at all. And then it was only to explain in a perfunctory manner that Miss Walker had been kind enough to change seats with her for a day or two on account of her wretched cold. She hoped Mr. Greig didn't mind?

A quick glance down the table showed that Clara's old seat had indeed been the draughtiest in the room, a very bad seat for any one with a cold. Immediately David was suffused with shame. What a cad he must be getting to fancy for an instant that—that—well, to fancy anything at all! The reaction made his answer to Miss Sims quite cordial, almost warm. And he passed her several things she didn't need in quick succession. A cold was indeed a wretched thing! He hoped she would soon be better.

The natural Clara would have replied archly "Oh, are you so anxious to get rid of me?" But Clara knew that David would not like the natural Clara so she refrained from archness and sighed instead.

Yes, she told him, a girl working for herself had to be careful. Even a slight illness might mean so much. One couldn't blame employers of course. Their business depended upon the efficiency of their people. Still—Clara had a fascinating way of leaving sentences unfinished. David felt a stirring of interest.

"But I thought Drummond's had the name of being awfully decent to their employees?"

Clara did not like being called an employee. But she showed no resentment. Instead she coughed, a tiny cough, and sighed again.

"Oh, they are," she said. "It isn't that."

David was left to think out what it was, if it wasn't that, and the problem increased his interest.

"I suppose," he began in an argumentative tone, "that for any one

engaged in a regular business health means a great deal. But that is true in man's case as well as woman's."

His tone appeared to frighten Clara. He caught her timid look and felt like a big brute.

"Oh," she said hastily. "I didn't mean to—that is, a woman who works must of course face the same conditions as a man. She has to, only——"

"Only it's harder. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, to say that would sound like complaining. But it is a little different, isn't it?"

The beautiful vagueness of this did not strike David. His sympathy had been touched. The phrase "a woman who works" vexed him. Women did work, were working more and more all the time. He knew that. He had carelessly supposed that they liked it. David's views on the woman question were very old-fashioned. He hadn't evolved them for himself but had them delivered to him, ready made, by Angus Greig whose ideas of women were quite twenty years behind the times. They consisted principally in the belief that woman is a higher being yet a weaker being, too. Some one to be looked up to, yet protected. The other half of man, but certainly not the bread-winning half. It gave him a little shock to realize that the pretty girl beside him was, of stern necessity, out in the world earning her living; afraid to indulge a cold even, for fear of financial consequences.

"It's a shame!" he stammered and then felt foolish for having said such a futile thing.

"Oh no," said Miss Sims bravely, "one shouldn't complain. After all it is better than being dependent on some one who—who might not—it would be dreadful to be a burden."

A burden? This pretty young thing a burden? David felt a rising indignation against some person or persons unknown. What was the girl's father thinking of? If she had a father, where were her brothers, if she had any.

"And I am much better off than many others," went on Clara with sweet cheerfulness, "for I am really quite strong."

Now up until this moment David, if he had thought about Miss Sims at all, had always thought of her as an ordinarily robust person. Yet the moment that she asserted her strength he began to doubt it. He was distinctly conscious of receiving an impression that she wasn't as strong as she looked. He wondered if the colour in her face were really a sign of delicacy? He had heard that it sometimes was.

Miss Sims, having now performed the difficult feat of eating a substantial breakfast without appearing to eat anything, folded her serviette (they always called them serviettes at Mrs. Carr's) and rose.

"I mustn't be late," she said, and once again she gave the impression of a fragile thing sacrificed in the arena of modern commercialism.

But as she passed down the table the natural Clara asserted itself and bestowed a long, slow wink upon the admiring Miss Weeks.

David finished his breakfast thoughtfully. He hadn't seen the wink.

XII.

David's solicitude about Miss Sims's cold was not prolonged. It got better very quickly. A cold, as Clara explained to Bunny Weeks, is a good thing for a starter but a nuisance to go on with. One is so apt to overdo it, or to forget about it altogether. Besides, healthy young men like healthy young girls as long as they are not too terribly healthy. A hint of fragility does not come amiss, but fragility is quite different from ill-health. Clara cultivated a fragile air in these days, depending largely on a slimness for which nature was only partly responsible; an excellent knowledge of corsets being the contributory factor.

Without knowing why, David began to take a greater interest in meal-time. It was rather nice to have some

one beside him to say a word to occasionally. Miss Sims wisely let him say most of the words. She knew that his own words would be less likely to make mistakes than her's would. But she questioned and commented with some skill until David, never a great talker, felt that he was doing awfully well. He congratulated himself on a social ease which increased daily. Once in a while he ventured upon a little joke. Miss Sims always laughed and this gave confidence. True, she sometimes laughed in the wrong place but it was too pleasant a laugh to quarrel with. David wondered how it could have been that once he had dismissed this nice girl from his mind as "a silly giggler".

She hardly giggled at all. And her comments on questions of the day, which David's conversation usually introduced, were marked by an intelligence quite noticeable—if somewhat inconsistent. The inconsistency, could David have known it, was caused merely by the fact that Miss Sims did not always crib her opinions from the same newspaper. That is why she often appeared to change her mind over night. It was only an appearance, for on all these questions Clara had no mind to change.

"I like to see a girl who hasn't settled all the questions of the universe before she is twenty," declared David to Billy Fish apropos of this broad-mindedness of Clara's.

Mr. Fish groaned. For a man of the world like himself Clara had no complexities, principally because she had never tried to have. He couldn't understand David's blindness.

"Oh, gracious sakes, Gadzooks!" said Billy, "this is what I get for bringing you up so innocent. That little Dotty from Drummond's puts it all over you without lifting a lid. Can't you see she's faking, you blind old bat?"

David looked uncomfortable.

"Billy," he said, "I don't want to seem priggish——"

"Oh, don't fret over what you can't help!"

—“But honestly I don’t like the way you and Willard speak about that young girl. I—I don’t like it.”

“Young girl’ is good,” said Billy, thoughtfully. “So nice and old fatherly. You mean you don’t take to the pretty name ‘Dotty from Drummond’s?’ You prefer to think of her as ‘Clara from the country’? All in favour?—carried. Only do use your eyes, old chap. If you must flirt, flirt with the Bunny one. I’ll withdraw in your favour. She is quite harmless. I almost like the Bunny one.”

“So much has been obvious for some time.”

“Has it? As much as that? Well, a fellow has to go around with some one. And it’s quite off with Mary Fox. She called me Mr. Fish last time we met. It’s a sign I always consider fatal. But she has never been the same since that night I invited her to a show and you didn’t turn up to escort the friend. Somehow the friend and I didn’t seem to hit it off. Do you know I rather got the idea that she was laughing at me.”

“Impossible!”

“Fact. Say, Greiggy, I hate to humour your foolishness but if you’re determined to be a fool anyway it can’t matter. What do you say to a show to-morrow night—and take the girls?”

“I’m pretty busy. Anyway I don’t think Miss Sims would go.”

“You don’t think—oh, lor!” began Billy, then added patiently “you could try anyway.”

David, not wishing to seem ungracious, did try and with astounding success. Miss Sims would go. She did not think it wise to go out too often in the evenings as it left one so tired for the next day’s work, which was hardly fair to one’s employers, was it? Still, perhaps a little excitement did one good, and if Bunny was going with that Mr. Fish perhaps it would be just as well to go also. It was very kind of Mr. Greig to ask her. Thanks very much.

David explained this point of view to Billy, who whistled.

“That girl’s almost too clever,” he said, “she’ll die of it if she isn’t careful. Dave, old thing, can’t you——” but, seeing by the expression on David’s face that he really couldn’t, Billy whistled again and resigned him to the fates.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that David was in love with Miss Sims. Love had not touched David with even the tip of her wing. The divine fire had caught no spark from Clara’s eyes, even that more human flame which is so often mistaken for it, was still unkindled. No one realized this better than Clara herself. She knew the signs and the symptoms, and they were lacking. David’s eyes did not falter when they looked at her, nor did his hand linger on her’s. Often he sat beside her and forgot that she was there. Clara was piqued, but self-deception was no part of her philosophy. Even to Bunny Weeks she was frank.

“Things seem to be coming your way all right,” said Bunny that night as they discussed the just delivered invitation. “Of course Mr. Fish is asking me because Mr. Greig wants to take you. And not so long ago he didn’t know you existed. I don’t see how you manage it!” There was a spice of envy in the admiring tone.

Clara looked up from the silk stocking she was darning with sudden suspicion but the other’s face was quite ingenuous.

“I’d like to agree with you,” said Clara, “but I happen to know better. As far as that young man is concerned I might fade away to-morrow and not leave a spot.”

“Why, he talks to you all the time!”

“Yes, he talks to me, as he might talk to a clam—absolutely. He thinks he’s a clam himself, but he isn’t. What that young man needs is a little warming up.” Clara’s sombre eyes glowed and she jerked her thread so sharply that it broke. “He’s the cold-storage kind, warranted to keep indefinitely, if undisturbed. But he’s not going to be left undisturbed—not if I know

myself! I tell you, Bunny, when he looks at me as if I were his maiden aunt I fairly hate him! I'd—I'd like to stick pins in him! And I will. Watch me."

"Why, Henny!" Miss Weeks was clearly amazed at this outburst. "I thought you were getting along so fine. I think he's lovely to you, opening the door for you the way he does and all. As for the way he looks at you, I'd *like* to have a man look at me like that."

Clara laid down her stocking and arose. It was a sultry autumn night, unseasonable and oppressive. Clara was ready for bed and the loose kimona she wore had slipped back from her white shoulders leaving them bare above the filmy nightdress which clung to her supple figure with less than classic scantiness. Seen so, she was superbly young, beautiful, virile, and quite without a soul.

Or if she had a soul, it slept!

Leaning close to the mirror the girl looked long into the depths of her own dark eyes, marked the red of her lips, the sweetly curving of throat and bosom. There was life and warmth there—a fire which seemed to make even the chill glass glow to meet it. Clara's lips relaxed in a slow smile.

"Would you"? she asked. "Well—I don't!"

She turned abruptly from the mirror, rolled the half-mended stocking into a crumpled ball and pitched it into an untidy corner. Then, with businesslike celerity, began to braid her hair for the night. Clara had

taken stock of her weapons and had not found them rusted.

The other girl, colder and more simple, more timid too, couldn't understand Henny in these opulent moods. She wasn't sure that it was nice to stare at one's self in the mirror—like that! Certainly not when some one else was looking. Occasionally perhaps, when one was quite alone? Anything more seemed not quite—ladylike? Yet if Miss Clara Sims of the showroom at Drummond's were not the pink of ladyhood, where then were ladies?

Clara went through the remainder of her nightly ritual without speaking. Her brow was gathered into a slight frown and beneath her lowered lids there was an angry spark.

"If you're as mad at him as all that, I suppose you won't go to that show," ventured Bunny discontentedly.

"Don't be silly!"

This brought things down to their usual level.

"Bunny," said Clara as she turned out the light, "isn't it to-morrow night that you promised to stay with Fanny Allenby?"

"Yes. But that needn't interfere with anything. I've got to go to Fanny because she'll be alone and I promised, but I can 'phone her that I'll be late and Mr. Fish can take me there just as easy as he could bring me back here. Why? *You* don't mind being alone, do you?"

Clara slipped into bed and in the darkness her little, derisive laugh was answer enough.

(To be continued).



RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

CONTROVERSY WITH CITY COUNCIL



I HAVE already related how on my first appointment I was presented with letters from aldermen on behalf of litigants, and of the drastic steps I took to prevent attempts on the part of the aldermen to interfere with my business. I was obliged to take a very firm stand, as my predecessor had rather encouraged the practice, or at least did not discourage it. The reason was that the law provided that the city council should pay the Magistrates a fixed amount, but could supplement it as they wished. The salary had been increased considerably in return for favours granted by the Bench.

I saw that it would never do for my salary to be dependent on the favour of ward politicians, and through representations to Mr. Mowat, the Prime Minister, I had my position assured to the extent that the Council could increase my salary but could not reduce it. I went on with my work without any reference to the aldermen, and without interference from them, for a number of years, but in 1890, I became involved in a quarrel with them. I had been working strenuously and had been doing a great deal of hard work, speaking in different parts of the country, on behalf of Imperial Federation, and in combatting commercial union. I was threatened with illness, and my doctor

insisted that I should take a complete rest. I applied to the Attorney-General, Mr. Mowat, for leave of absence for two months, May and June, 1890. This was granted to me by the Lieutenant-Governor, and I went to England, and soon regained my strength, and came back at the end of June in good health.

When I arrived in Toronto, I learned from my brother, Lt.-Col. Fred Denison, that as soon as I had left, some members of the Council took action against me, demanded a committee to investigate the affairs of my office in my absence, and that I had been abused very unfairly. My brother, knowing that I was not well, had carefully guarded me from knowing anything about what they were doing.

I found that the Executive Committee had passed an order stopping my salary, because I had not applied to them for leave of absence, and the Treasurer informed me that he could not pay me monthly as had been the invariable custom. I paid no attention to it, and was able to do without the money, and I found by looking up the law that my salary was to be paid half yearly.

Not long after my return Alderman Saunders, who was chairman of the special committee appointed to discipline me, called to see me, and said that he would call his committee together, and that I could come and ex-

plain that I had my leave from the Lieut.-Governor direct, and they would then recommend the executive to rescind their resolution.

I said, "the Council appointed a committee in my absence, and without waiting for my return, decided against me, and stopped my salary, and now you can go to your Committee, and tell them from me that I will see both you and them in the 17th Concession of a very hot place before I will take any notice of them."

He left me, and nothing more was done, my lurid language had closed all diplomatic relations between us. I went on with my work for six months, until the whole business was forgotten. My half year ended on November 30th, and on the morning of December 1st I called on the City Treasurer, and asked for a cheque for my half year's salary. He had forgotten all about the order until I spoke, and then he asked me to wait till the following Thursday after the next meeting of the executive committee. I replied, "No, I want it now, it was due last night, but I know you cannot give it".

I left and went at once to my lawyer, and told him I wanted him to sue the city for me, and to do it at once. He said, "I will write them now."

"No, that will not do," I said; "I want a writ issued within an hour, and served on the Mayor to-day, and if you cannot do it, I will get some one who will."

The writ was served by 3 o'clock.

This stirred them up. The city solicitor was consulted, and advised them that they had not a shadow of justification for defending the suit. They paid the sum into Court in about eight days, and I told my lawyer to proceed against them for the eight days' interest and the costs, which he did and I received the full amount. The newspaper cartoonist made fun of the aldermen. I went on with my work till the 1st of June, but the order of the executive committee was never rescinded, and again the

matter was forgotten. I called on the Treasurer on the 1st of June, and demanded my half year's salary. He said, "That order has never been rescinded, and I cannot give you a cheque just now".

"Where will you be in an hour?" he said.

"I do not know," I replied.

"Where are you going now?"

"I am going to my lawyer's office to issue another writ."

The treasurer asked one of his clerks whether they had a blank cheque signed by the Mayor. They happened to have one, and I got my cheque. Mr. Coady then asked me to take my cheques monthly, as was the custom with everyone else.

"Never again," said I. "They will never again be able to attempt to humiliate me in the eyes of the public. I shall only take my salary as the law provides," and that has been the practice ever since, now more than twenty-nine years, during which time our relations have been quite friendly.

*

SCHEUER BURGLARY

ONE very cold, stormy, winter night a man who had the appearance of an ordinary mechanic, walked into a Yonge Street drug shop, and asked for half a dozen sheets of fly paper. The druggist thought he was a little "off", and hesitated before making the sale.

"Surely," said he, "the flies are not bothering you in weather like this."

The customer replied that no doubt it was rather a queer purchase to make, in the month of December, but went on to explain that he was Engineer of a nearby factory, and wanted it for the purpose of exterminating cockroaches, which had become a plague around the boiler room. The explanation was perfectly satisfactory and he got what he wanted.

Next morning when Mr. Scheuer's jewelry shop, also on Yonge Street, was opened, it was discovered that the place had been burglarized during the night, and seventy-five diamond rings which had been in a plate

glass show case had been stolen. No one had seen or heard anything unusual during the night, although the interior was wired, and equipped with a burglar alarm.

On investigation it was found that entrance had been made by a side door leading upstairs, and from the upstairs hall, a door was opened by a skeleton key, into a room directly over the shop, a hole was then carefully made by brace, bit and gig saw, through the flooring, and down through the ceiling. A tightly folded spring umbrella was then forced through the small opening, the handle being attached to a wire on the floor to prevent it from falling through. The spring was then pressed and the umbrella opened up. The work was then continued of enlarging the opening, until it was sufficient to allow a man's body to pass through. The object of the umbrella was to prevent the noise of falling plaster, as all the rubbish fell into it. A rope ladder had been prepared, and all the burglar had to do was to make it fast by means of a strong piece of hardwood running across the side of the hole. Once inside the shop, the only other barrier was glass. To prevent the breaking glass from serving as a signal to a policeman or some passerby, a few sheets of fly paper came in handy. These were stuck on the show case, which then was struck with a muffled brick and the glass broken without the least sound. The diamonds were secured, the return trip made up the rope ladder, and the night's work was finished, and a clear escape made.

Next day a city jeweler purchased seventy-five diamond rings a good deal below market price. A few hours afterwards Detective Montgomery brought them to the Police headquarters. Mr. Scheuer was sent for and identified them. Instructions were given by Inspector Kennedy that nothing was to be said about the recovery, consequently everyone kept quiet, although the newspapers kept throwing out hints that the Police de-

partment was a little slow, etc. The jeweler was perfectly candid about all the details of the transaction, and consented quite willingly to render all possible assistance to the police.

At the time of the purchase the jeweler was twenty-five dollars short of the amount he had agreed to pay, and the thief had no particular desire to handle cheques under the circumstances. Consequently it was arranged that he should call that afternoon and get the balance in cash.

A simple plan was arranged to secure his arrest in case he kept his appointment. A book with a red back was to be placed behind an electric bulb in a certain part of the window. In case he turned up in the day time, the book was to be opened showing a white fly leaf which was to be the signal, and after a certain hour in the evening, this particular light was to be switched on, the red back serving as a reflector and a fairly distinct signal at the same time.

The burglar did not return for the money that afternoon nor for several days afterwards. The window, however, was watched, from a point of observation, every day from the time the shop was opened in the morning, until it closed at night, and at last one evening at about 6.30, the long looked for light was turned on, and a rather tedious wait was rewarded by the arrest of a somewhat scientific American crook, by Detectives Newton and Wallace.

An account of the arrest, the recovery of the property, and the method used by the burglar, appeared in the papers on the following morning. The Yonge Street druggist read about it, and remembered his customer of that stormy night. A few days afterwards they met again in the Police Court, and the druggist identified him as the man who bought the fly paper. The jeweler who purchased the rings, and some others, who were in the shop at the time, also identified the prisoner. He was convicted and sent to Kingston penitentiary for five years. This man was never known in

Toronto before, but information from different police departments of the United States showed that he was a most clever and dangerous criminal.

*

POLICE COURT ANECDOTES FROM
DETECTIVES

SOME years ago a Jew kept a junk yard at the corner of Centre Avenue and Christopher Street. His stock-in-trade consisted of rags, bones, old iron, bottles, etc., all enclosed by a high board fence.

Although he kept buying bottles all the time, the pile seemed to remain about the same size. About this time he had a couple of new customers, who were making regular calls and seemed to have an unlimited quantity of bottles for sale.

Finally the Jew suspected that there might be some line of communication between these new customers and his back yard.

Suspicion soon led to action and some split peas were bought. Something sticky was thrown over them and a few dropped in a number of bottles. A few days afterwards, his two customers came to his back door, with a loaded hand cart, and wanted to know if he would buy some bottles. He was anxious to buy but he didn't happen to have just the correct change, and had to go down the street to get a bill changed. When he got back he told them how pleased he was to get bottles, and old rubber, etc., and just as he was about to pay them, a couple of policemen stepped into the yard.

Now a policeman is seldom a welcome visitor in a Jew's rag shop, but on this occasion it was different. In fact he was so delighted to see them that he called them over and showed them what he had just bought, and introduced the customers from whom he had made the purchase. Worst of all he turned their attention to some split peas in the bottom of the bottles and explained how they got there.

The result was that the two thieves got thirty days each next morning

and the Jew got back all his bottles.

A few years ago a young man with a yearning to see the sights of Toronto arrived in town, and very soon got in contact with a couple of other young men who very kindly offered to act as guides.

Time passed quickly and pleasantly and it was evening before he knew it. He had seen so much by daylight, that he decided to wait over and take in some of the attractions by moonlight. His guides promised to make things interesting for him. And they did.

As they were passing through a lane the stranger felt a stinging sensation about his head and he became unconscious.

Two hours afterwards he regained consciousness and dragged himself, bruised and bleeding, from the lane.

In some way he got to the nearest police station and told his story, to two detectives who were put on the case. \$200.00 in American gold certificates had been stolen from where it had been hidden in the leg of his drawers. He described his companions, one of them had red hair. A red-haired man was known to the police as one who had taken quite an interest in enterprises of the kind on previous occasions.

The search was at once started for the red-headed man and his companion. The detectives soon discovered them and they were arrested and searched, and a few gold certificates found on each of them, and to improve matters both were positively identified by their victim.

Next Monday morning they asked for and got a week's remand. They, of course, knew that the complainant had no money left, and that there was a chance of his getting out of town and bearing his loss. The police paid his board, however, in a quiet place, and he was on hand to give evidence when the case was called. He gave his name as Charles Shoulder, and his home as Beaverton, Ont. Both were sent for trial on his evidence. Bail was refused.

Two weeks afterwards the Chief of Police got a circular card from the Chief of Police of Masselon, Ohio, asking for the arrest of a man named Fred. Oxland, on a charge of stealing \$450.00 in American gold certificates, and a number of other things from a man named Charles Shoulder. The theft, or robbery, had taken place three weeks or so before. A photograph of Fred. Oxland was at once recognized as the complainant in the robbery charge, and he had given the name of the man he had robbed in Masselon. Telegrams were at once sent out, and he was arrested the day afterwards in a Northern town about seventy miles from Toronto. He was brought back to Toronto and admitted everything that was charged against him. He was kept in jail here as a fugitive from justice, for about a month, until the case came to trial of the two men who had assaulted and robbed him. He went into the witness box against them, and told the whole story of how he had got the money. The men got seven years each, a telegram was then sent to the Chief of Police of Masselon to come on and get Oxland. An officer was sent on at once. Prisoner waived extradition proceedings and returned with the officer voluntarily. The sum, \$200.00 or so found here, was sent to the Chief of Police of Masselon and was handed over to the rightful owner. We heard later that Oxland pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to from one to three years.

*

DODDS AND THE BEANS AND OTHER STORIES

SOME thirty years ago Mr. King Dodds who was the proprietor of a sporting paper, conceived the idea of increasing the circulation of his paper, by giving a prize to the subscriber, who could make the closest guess, as to the number of beans in a glass jar, closed and sealed in the presence of prominent persons. The jar contained a few thousand beans, and anyone buying a copy of the paper had

the right to file his estimate of the number of beans in the jar.

The police authorities considered that this was contrary to the lottery act and decided to prosecute. They employed an old Irish Constabulary pensioner to go to the office to buy a paper, and to inquire of Mr. Dodds the terms and conditions of the competition, so as to have the evidence on which to lay the charge.

The case came before me for trial. The old Constable was the principal witness, and told the story of his buying the paper and getting from Mr. Dodds the method and plan for the contest.

Mr. Murphy for the defendant, cross-examined the witness.

"Why did you go into Mr. Dodd's office?"

"To buy a paaper."

"Had you any other object?"

"Oh yis! I wanted to have a conversation with Mr. Dodds about the banes."

"Had you any other object?"

"Oh, yis."

"What was it?"

"Pwhat was pwhat?"

"What was your other object?"

"To buy a paaper."

"You told me that before, now tell me had you any other object?"

"Oh, yis, Mr. Murphy."

"What was it?"

"Well, as I told you prviously, I want to ask Mr. Dodds about the 'banes'."

"Yes, yes, I know that, but I want you to tell me, at once, if you had another object besides the conversation about the beans."

"Did I have another object?"

"Yes, yes, did you have any other object?"

"Well, Mr. Murphy, as I prviously explained to you, I wanted to by a paaper." By this time the people in the Court were laughing immoderately, and Mr. Murphy got angry, and said,

"Now then I want to ask you whether you did not go to buy a paper, and have a talk with Mr. Dodds, in

order that you might come here to act as a common informer against Mr. Dodds? Now answer me that."

"A Common Informer! [with several indignant grunts of anger] Would you dare, Mr. Murphy, to call me a common informer? Ugh! Ugh! I am surprised at you, Mr. Murphy, a gentleman belonging to a learned profession. I am shamed of you, that you would so far forget yourself, as to call me a common informer. In the whole course of my experience in the Royal Irish Constabulary, I never saw any member of your profession, so far forget himself as to make any such suggestion." Every sentence was punctuated with indignant grunts. When he quieted down, Murphy once more endeavoured to cross-examine him. He went on to ask him a number of preliminary questions, and when he had laid the foundation he would spring an embarrassing question. Then the witness would break out into a lament, that he had ever lived to be so insulted as to be compared to a common informer, and Mr. Murphy would have to wait to get a word in, and then he would

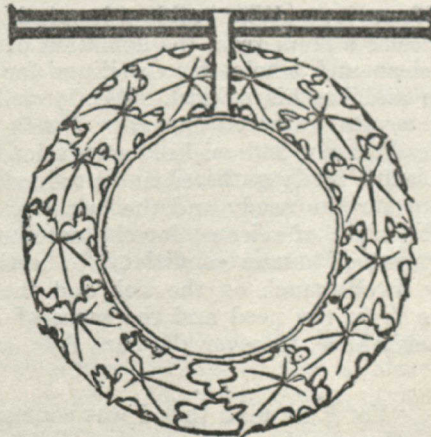
say, "Now then answer my question".

The witness then in the most innocent way would say as if surprised, "Pwhat question?" Murphy would start again and make another preparation, and the same thing occurred again. The witness getting more regretful every time to think that Mr. Murphy, a learned gentleman, would so far forget himself. At last Murphy gave it up, and told him to stand down.

The argument was made before me that this contest about the beans was not a matter of chance, but a matter of skill. I decided that it was a case of giving property by a method of chance. I held that no amount of skill could estimate the nearest to the correct number, as there were many thousands of beans, and that when the skill ended, it was an absolute matter of chance, which guess came closest to the exact number.

The case was appealed, and came before the same judge who decided that beating a drum was not playing a drum, and he decided that it was a matter of skill, and not a game of chance. My conviction was quashed.

(To be continued.)



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

A Christmas
message

THERE is crime in the earth, and misfortune and sorrow and crying. There is often confusion in the streets and scourgings of flame and wind fall upon proud forests and splendid cities. Nature like man has malignant moods and we grieve and wonder but never understand. But always out of the ruin rise new forms of beauty, and where was the wasted woodland come green pastures, and smiling wheat fields. So the cruel strokes of fortune which fill the hospital with the maimed, the suffering and the dying strike deep into human sympathies and nourish great virtues in the race. Slowly down through the ages the regard of man for his fellow deepens and strengthens. The life of the child grows more precious, the lot of woman more blessed, the frailty of age more sacred, the temper of man more divine.

The world applauds the heroism of the soldier in battle. Heroic, too, in its simpler way is the patient endurance of the nurse in the hospital ward. A great host whom no man can number battles unceasingly against vice and disease, against poverty and wrong. In this field also are great soldiers and great sacrifices and great victories. Millions of treasure are poured out for destruction; millions, too, for health-saving and life-saving. Who builds a hospital, or founds a charity, or redeems a slum from the dominion of vice, or fills a street with clean and wholesome dwellings for the poor serves the nation and has his reward. We do well to cry out against much wealth gathered into few hands and squandered in senseless luxury and wicked ostentation. But there is likewise wealth freely gathered and prodigally bestowed in benefactions for the needy and the helpless, for the glory of art and the truth of science, for the enrichment of life, for the betterment of human conditions. The thought of the world to-day dwells much on the sick and the poor. There is no resting from the need and the sense of desire to strengthen the feeble knee, to cover the bare foot, and to fill the empty hand.

“Yet I am glad that I was courteous to them,
For are they not, likewise, Children of God?”

The test of our time is the average material comfort and moral safety of the masses of the people. Often we go roughly and ignorantly about our tasks, seeking vainly to force the

slow processes of God's Providence. But always "by slow degrees, by more and more," the temper softens, and the fashion changes, and the hills of the blessed shine clearer in the distance. What was charity has become duty; what was sacrifice is service. The time is at war with the slums that breed disease and crime, and with all the sores and deformities which disfigure the social body. The battle is hard and long, and mighty the opposing forces which lie entrenched behind their hoary ramparts. But from generation to generation the war goes on, and now a hill is taken, and now a valley subdued, and now a city encompassed. Over all the field of conquest the poor are fed and renewed in heart and hope, the sick are nursed back to life, the ancient temples of caste and privilege and superstition destroyed, and the earth restored in some likeness to the form which God gave it in the beginning.

The war
still goes on

They who say that the world does not grow better deny the divine purpose and are blind to the wonderful growth of the simple religion of doing good. Now goodness may go hand in hand with good cheer and gladness. Even religion may wear a smiling face and the children walk out into the Sabbath sunshine unrebuked. We are more careless of the creed, and more conscious of the spirit. We are less eager for profession, more loyal to duty, more diligent in service. We are not so sure that bright attire is the badge of evil and the raiment of mourning the only fitting vesture for goodness. The lilies of the field were conceived in beauty, the earth riots in pink and blue and scarlet, the clouds are edged with crimson, the moon fills the heaven with serenity, the sun rejoices in strength and splendour. Such a house was not made for hermits and ascetics. It was made for living men and women, and garnished with beauty that should make them glad, and filled with inspiration that should make them buoyant and strong.

Within the four walls of our homes are our chiefest treasures and our enduring joys. When there is sorrow there, or sickness, or want, or discord all the colours of life are gray and sombre and all else that earth can offer but dust and ashes. From thence comes the strength for the day's labour and the joy thereof. From thence goes out the call to the rich and the fortunate and the powerful to service for the sick, and the poor, and the prodigal. There will come no end to the fighting while time lasts, but just in so far as we help to make the world better and brighter, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nurse the sick, and root out the sources of earth's woes and crimes we shall serve well and please the God who made us.

II

IT is not surprising that a farmer should be Premier of Ontario. It is perhaps more surprising that a farmer did not hold the office long ago. There has been a notion that the Premier must belong to the legal profession because the Legislature is a law making body. But an Attorney-General is the natural adviser of the Cabinet on legal questions as a farmer is the natural adviser in agriculture. For many years Mr. Thomas Greenway was Premier of Manitoba, and the fact

The farmers
in office

Labour and
Agriculture

that he was a farmer was never found to be a disqualification for the position. Indeed in the acute legal struggle between the Dominion and the Province over the school question as much skill and resource was displayed by the Manitoba Government as was displayed by the Ontario Government under so great a lawyer as Sir Oliver Mowat in the long contest with Sir John Macdonald over the Provincial boundaries. The Premiers of Manitoba and Alberta are farmers.

Probably Mr. Drury and his associates will discover that there has been very little "class legislation" in Ontario and that "privilege" has no foothold in this Province. But in a general election political speakers of all parties discover many abuses, few of which fortunately survive the declaration of the result. It was desirable that agriculture and Labour should have better representation in the Legislature, but it is doubtful if we should have had more progressive legislation in Ontario or a more honourable position among the other Provinces if Labour and agriculture had controlled since Confederation. Nor do those who peculiarly regard themselves as workers toil harder or serve the general interest more faithfully than other classes which in the common notion do not march with organized Labour. It is hard to believe that there is a more natural partnership between Labour and agriculture than between Labour and Liberals or between Labour and Conservatives. Indeed there are no natural or enduring divisions between classes in Canada and when Mr. Drury intimates that he will consider the interests of all classes he merely declares that he will do what all Governments have done in this Province and with a high average of honesty and efficiency.

III

The Empire
and the League

IT seems to be clear that the United States Senate will adopt the Peace Treaty and sanction the League of Nations with material reservations. One reservation will have grave significance for Canada and the British Empire. If it is demanded that the Empire shall have only one representative in the Assembly of Nations how can the Dominions be reconciled to exclusion from the Assembly or how can the representation of the Empire be so adjusted as to meet the American position? There is danger also that the United States may challenge the right of the British nations, if they are recognized as equal nations, to discriminate commercially in favour of one another against foreign countries. There is, too, an agitation in the United States for "a bargaining tariff" and one object unquestionably is to apply special treatment to the British countries if inter-Imperial preferences are established. Again if the United States practically withdraws from the League of Nations what will be the position of France which accepted the League upon the understanding that Washington would be among the guarantors of her future security? It only begins to be recognized that the action of the United States may disturb the very foundations of the League of Nations and reduce to comparative impotence all the machinery so laboriously devised to "end war" and "make the world safe for democracy".

IV

SO far as there is evidence public commissions and governmental regulations can do very little to reduce the cost of living. For a short time some particular enactment or regulation may seem to produce results but too often there is ultimate decrease of production and an advance in prices beyond the old level. The menace of investigation may do something to check profiteering but is just as certain to impair confidence, restrict investment and prevent industrial expansion. The other day the Prime Minister of Italy made an appeal to the Italian people of significance to every country, "Maintain order at every cost; work more intensely; consume less; produce more; no other choice is open."

Strikes, prices
and production

In Canada substantial peace has been restored but there still is very serious industrial conflict in the United States. The strike of the steelworkers is still unsettled. Three or four hundred thousand miners in the bituminous fields have been striking for a five-day week, a six-hour day and sixty per cent. increase in wages. There is also unrest among railway employees which may develop into a challenge to the Government at Washington. It seems to be established that the more radical leaders have become influential in the American Federation of Labour and that even Mr. Gompers must make concessions to the extremer elements. The truth is that employers in the United States are determined to maintain the open shop and to bargain directly with their own employees instead of through the official leaders of the union organizations while the union leaders are as resolved to maintain their position and extend their authority.

From the first of the year until September 30th 3,161,525 working days have been lost through strikes in Canada. This means a direct loss in wages of probably \$7,500,000 with an actual reduction in output of between \$75,000,000 and \$80,000,000. In the United States where industrial conflict has been more serious than in Canada the reduction in output probably has not been less than \$1,000,000,000. These figures go far to explain the high cost of living as undoubtedly continuous conflict prevents any downward movement in prices.

The Council of National Defence at Washington declares that 75,000,000 fewer pairs of shoes were produced in the United States in the first quarter of 1919 than in the last quarter of 1918. The American Shoemakers Federation demands a five-day week which if granted would require plants to be idle fifty-two days a year and, it is estimated, would reduce the output of shoes by 3,000,000 pairs a month. Consumption of wool in manufacturing in the United States for the first five months of this year was little more than one-half the amount consumed for the corresponding period of 1918. It is stated that the demand of the British Trade Union Congress for a 44-hour week and the prohibition of systematic overtime would, if conceded, reduce the value of the output of British industry by \$2,000,000,000 annually. No opinion is offered as to whether or not such demands should be wholly or partly conceded. But clearly shorter hours, higher wages, and the

Losses in
working days

reduction of output must raise prices and increase the cost of living.

When does
production
cease?

Professor W. I. King of the University of Wisconsin has just published a book entitled "Wealth and Income of the People of the United States." He argues that if rent, interest and profits were added to wages the increase would not be more than twenty-five per cent. But if these costs were so added there would be nothing left for improvements and additions to industrial equipment except the savings from wages while it is certain that savings would represent only a portion of the increase in wages. Moreover any attempt to confiscate rents, interest and profits would throw industry into confusion and a condition would be produced very like that in Russia where prices are prohibitive, industry and agriculture are stagnant and multitudes of wage-earners barely exist. Capital has many sins to expiate but it is never idle and it is as necessary to production as labour and organization. There is no greater delusion than to think that there is an immense reserve of capital unemployed as there is no greater folly than to believe that living can be cheapened and higher wages maintained save through greater production. In "The Great Desire" by Alexander Black there is this passage:

"Are the damned capitalists producers?" snapped Axel Troke.

"Maybe some of them ain't," admitted Jakow, "exceptin' maybe producin' a chance to get work."

"Hell!" growled Axel Troke, "A chance to bleed the men that do the producin'. Exploiters! You talk like a fool."

Jakow shook his head. "We ain't goin' to git things changed that way. Say"—he swung about toward Axel Troke, and an extraordinary animation came into his face—"did Karl Marx stop producin' when he began writin'? Did that man Lincoln stop workin' when he stopped splittin' rails? Didn't Christ produce nothin' after He stopped bein' a carpenter?"

It was as if Jakow had made a long speech.

Axel Troke laughed hoarsely, "Jakow, you ought to git on a soap-box."

But it is not the Jakows who get on soap-boxes. It is the Trokes and too often they also get on the front page of the newspapers and get black type for their more extreme utterances. For the moment we have lost the sense of values. What is even more serious is that we have lost the sense of humour. But there need be no fear that sanity will not be restored or that through violence we will destroy a civilization which at least is better worth preserving than any the world has known before.

V

Dr. Cappon
and Queen's

THE withdrawal of Dr. Cappon from Queen's University closes a singularly interesting and influential academic career. He belonged to the great days of Queen's, if that may be said without any flavour of criticism or reflection. All institutions have times of repose but even through these ideals persist and quality remains. We know what Dr. Grant was, we do not know all that Dr. Bruce Taylor may be. As yet we know only that he has a personality which attracts and gifts which command interest and respect. Sometimes a

great figure in the background diminishes the stature of those who succeed to the estate. Canada has had few men of greater virility than Dr. Grant, few men who had in equal degree that combination of prudence with courage and of prophetic instinct with practical capacity which constitute statesmanship. Dean Cappon was his ally, but never his worshipper. They co-operated with mutual respect and with common devotion to Queen's but neither sacrificed his own individuality or evaded conflict for a cushion in Zion. Cappon is a scholar, confident in his knowledge, but always learning. He stimulated curiosity and provoked thinking. He recreated the past and related it to a living present. There was spontaneity and energy in his teaching. He knew all the undercurrents of "university politics" and generally succeeded in reconciling conflicting ideas to the result which he desired. He was tolerant of the eccentricities of associates, and rejoiced in the freedom of opinion which distinguishes a university from a partisan caucus. But he was resolute to have his own views prevail and never believed that sacrifice of his convictions was a necessary concession to the opinions or prejudices of other people. He was not a politician but he had an intimate knowledge of conditions throughout Canada, of the characteristics and fundamental virtues and defects of political leaders and of the relations of the Dominion to the Empire and of the Empire to other nations. In his periodical and historical writing there was much of sound prophecy and a rigid fidelity to his own convictions. The old Queen's group diminishes. One of the most virile as well as one of the most lovable goes out with Cappon. But the university has a past from which to draw inspiration, and under prudent but courageous administration, with fidelity to Grant's ideals, a future of promise and potency.

Dr. Grant and
Dean Cappon

WE cannot love unless we touch,
 Whatever price we pay;
 For flesh is flesh while life is fresh
 And God seems far away.
 But years refine the native dross
 And passion dies upon its cross.
 The burning days of summer pass.
 Bleak winds of autumn chill the air,
 And all the fields of life are bare,
 And God is near and flesh is grass.

Love and Life

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

V.—REV. DR. GEORGE DOUGLAS



It is now more than twenty years since I listened spell-bound for the first and only time in my life to the thunder tones of Rev. George Douglas, the oratorical wizard of Methodism in Canada. Although during the past quarter of a century I have heard, besides this illustrious master of soul-enrapturing eloquence, a few of the famous orators of the North American continent, including Talmage, McIntyre, Blake, Macdonald, Tupper, Curran, Davin, Laurier, Blackstock, Ross, and Foster, I do confess that the prince of them all was the blind and partially paralyzed preacher from Montreal, the marvellous Dr. Douglas. In company with my two sisters I listened to this illustrious orator, the night that he made the last of his many public appearances in Toronto. The occasion was a Sunday evening early in June, in the year 1893. The place was the Metropolitan Church in the capital City of Ontario. The majestic amphitheatre of that venerable building—a building reared a generation earlier—was crowded with the very cream of the culture, the refinement, the education and the thought of a worthy university metropolis. On that evening this famous man, sightless, halt, and with many cruel infirmities, had to be assisted up the steps and into the pulpit. The opening exercises of the service were conducted by others. At length came the hour for the sermon. With some physical aid the silvery-haired Demos-

thenes of Canada assumed his place before the congregation. Supported partly by the desk, he recited from memory his text. Then for nearly an hour, amidst a hush, save only for the tones of his resonant voice—a voice surpassing in strength, tone, music and mobility, any orator's voice I had ever heard before—the aged speaker poured forth upon the enchanted throng in an engulfing torrent the sermon, which was an oration, so pure, so perfect, so powerful, so picturesque, so poetic, that anything like its parallel has never been heard, except from himself, in any part of this Dominion, either in our own or in any other time.

George Douglas was born at Ashkirk in Scotland on the fourteenth day of October, 1825. That unostentatious birthplace is only seven miles from the more widely renowned and historic Abbotsford. A king among men, but moving in a vastly different arena, gave the latter town its undying fame. It may appeal to those who revel in fancy's rosiest dreams to imagine that some portion of the literary atmosphere round Scott's stately dwelling-place floated from the home of minstrelsy and magic in the direction of the humbler and adjacent birthplace. For poetry and imagery in rapturous flights had their abiding place in the visions and creations of the novelist and also in the inspired utterances of the preacher.

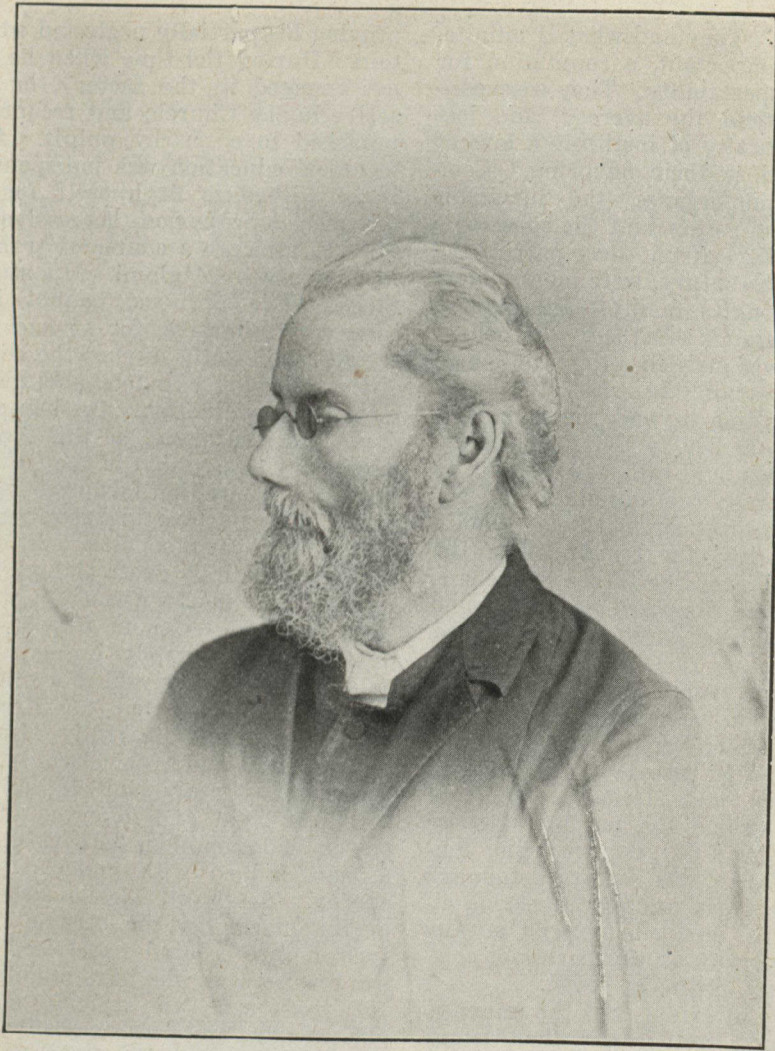
The father and the mother of the boy Douglas were of a lineage that could proudly boast of a very remote

antiquity. They had what is infinitely more important, a reputation for recent respectability. They were educated beyond the average, and lost no opportunity of instilling a love of learning into their offspring. Commercial misfortunes, the inevitable associate of so much of the spasmodic industrialism of the early part of the nineteenth century, were no strangers to the Douglas family. In common with thousands of others who beheld golden visions in the unknown possibilities of the vast and mysterious realms beyond the boundless ocean, the father, in 1831, forsook the romance-haunted hills of Scotland, to find a newer dwelling-place in Canada. The prospects not being wholly disappointing, the remainder of the family followed the father in the succeeding year. Montreal was fixed upon as the residence of the newly-arrived immigrants to this country.

Although their native land had impressed upon the parents the national doctrines of the Presbyterian faith, the children early became connected with Methodism, and Methodist tenets in the new world the parents likewise adopted. As a boy, George, being delicate in health, was not urged forward with any great rapidity in school, although he inclined towards studies and books with an eagerness not common to the ordinary youth.

To such an extent does the unexpected intrude itself in life, that George Douglas was removed from school at a very immature age, and set at employment in a manufacturing establishment. For some years he laboured among heavy machines. These tasks withdrew from him neither his ambition for an education, nor the religious impressions which were deeply implanted in his youthful mind. In 1846 he became seriously interested in a branch of Church work adjacent to his dwelling, and although still labouring with sledge and anvil, with lathe and drill, he conceived the idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel. With this end in view he devoted his leisure moments to study, and to im-

proving his partially neglected education. During the time when he was not engaged in the factory, he was active in the Church, and frequently preached in a nearby pulpit. As a technical education was indispensable if he wished to fit himself for the ministerial profession, he resolved in 1849 to undergo a course of training in a college in England. His studies there, while arduous, cannot have been very extensive, for he had progressed sufficiently during the course of the following year to enable him to receive his ordination. On being ordained as a minister, he was sent as missionary to a station in the Bahama Islands. There he laboured steadfastly and unremittingly for some years. While at this post a most overwhelming calamity overtook him. This calamity left marks upon him which were destined never to forsake him until death ultimately brought him an almost needed as well as a genuine relief. He contracted the dreaded malarial fever so fearfully familiar to those times and to that locality, and before many years had elapsed was bereft of sight and deprived of the powers of locomotion. Although, from a man endowed with much physical energy, developed while working among machinery, he became transformed into a blind paralytic, there are few persons who have maintained for years such an untiring contest against cruel and persistent adversity. Not even the brilliant Prescott, toiling in that artificial twilight, which his semi-blindness rendered indispensable, at those monumental volumes, which form an imperishable monument to his genius; not even the sightless Fawcett, dictating to his wife his economic treaties, ascending to renown as a Minister of the Crown, and suggesting wise reforms to a nation which since his time has received those reforms with acclaim; not even our own thunder-toned Coburn, wrapped in a deeper gloom than night, and cheerfully groping his unaided way from meeting-place to meeting-place, presents a more despairing picture



REV. DR. GEORGE DOUGLAS
A Great Canadian Orator

to the mind, than this frail form of a man, irreparably afflicted, and suffering cruel pains, yet warring successfully against the countless destructive forces, which conspired through his life to achieve his overthrow. The quenchless nature of his ambitious spirit was extraordinary. Notwithstanding his oppressive calamities he buoyantly soared above them all and sought to gain even higher pinnacles of desire.

On convalescing from his first attack, he abandoned the land of his affliction, and in the year 1851 returned to his previous home in Montreal. With his future prospects as a preacher turned to ashes and dust, he resolved to study medicine, for which he felt a real inclination. After two years spent in walking hospital corridors, and, strange to recount, with fair prospects in the new occupation beginning to light up his horizon, his

thoughts reverted once more to his beloved calling of the ministry. A small circuit offered him a willing opening. He accepted the call, and soon the witchery of his powerful voice laden with honeyed eloquence began to resound, not merely among the arches of the various church buildings upon his circuit, but also over the wider field of the Dominion of Canada. The echoes of his voice swelled until they reached his adopted city of Montreal, and in consequence of his spreading fame he was invited to officiate as pastor in one of its churches. Three years spent there made his oratorical renown permanent, and extended it afar. In 1854, upon completing the term of his Montreal pastorate, he was sent to preach in the city of Kingston. His meteor-like fame swiftly widened, and at the almost unexampled age of thirty-two, so splendid was his eloquence and so varied were his attainments, that he was called to Toronto and appointed Superintendent of Methodism for the entire Province. After spending three years in Toronto he passed on to Hamilton, where he also remained for a similar period.

But the deadly traces of his Bermudan calamity lingered in his system, and the famous preacher lost in succession the use of his hands and also a great portion of his body. Yet as his physical disasters accumulated, his oratorical powers grew with an increasing splendour as the days went passing by. By the time that Canadian Confederation became a permanent political realization, Doctor Douglas had created such a transcendent impression because of his pulpit powers, that he was acknowledged as the most brilliant orator that the Methodist Church in Canada had ever known. Indeed at that time he had but few if any platform peers in the country.

From Hamilton Douglas went once more to Montreal, that City which, in pity and in admiration so frequently opened its gates to give him an honoured welcome. There he became

minister to the great and opulent congregation which surged into the St. James Methodist Church. Sunday after Sunday he ascended the pulpit of that vast edifice, thronged with its multitude of worshippers, and presented to them an ancient Gospel, unblemished by any of the sensational superficialities of the modern Higher Criticism, but adorned with gorgeous literary magnificence and irresistible oratorical charm. Sparkling sentences, fashioned out of the choicest treasures of English speech, words woven together with finest artistic delicacy, melted into the hearts of tens of thousands of the citizens of the great city, and made them feel that there was a soul in the oratory of the preacher of much infirmity, and a power hitherto unknown in the matchless splendour of the gifted man.

In 1873, a theological seminary known distinctively as the Wesleyan Theological College was founded in Montreal, and Douglas became its original principal. He had been previously created a Doctor of Laws and also a Doctor of Divinity. The position of principal of the new seminary he held for more than twenty-one years, until death established a vacancy in the office. In 1877 another disastrous consequence of the Bahamas-acquired malady inflicted its painful penalty upon him. His eyesight now totally failed. Still undaunted and undismayed he laboured on with quenchless ardour and sublime indifference to his cares.

In 1894, after shaking for many years the continent of North America with his oratory, his long and useful life quietly ended. The broken remains of a shattered body were survived to the last by marvellous mental, and some physical, powers, which even a pain-ridden Demosthenes, or a suffering Chatham might have envied. His corpse was carried to its final resting-place in the beautiful cemetery upon Mount Royal, where thousands of his own and of other generations profoundly and eternally slumber. A stone marks

the site of his casket; but imperishable memorials of a different nature fix the location of his fame.

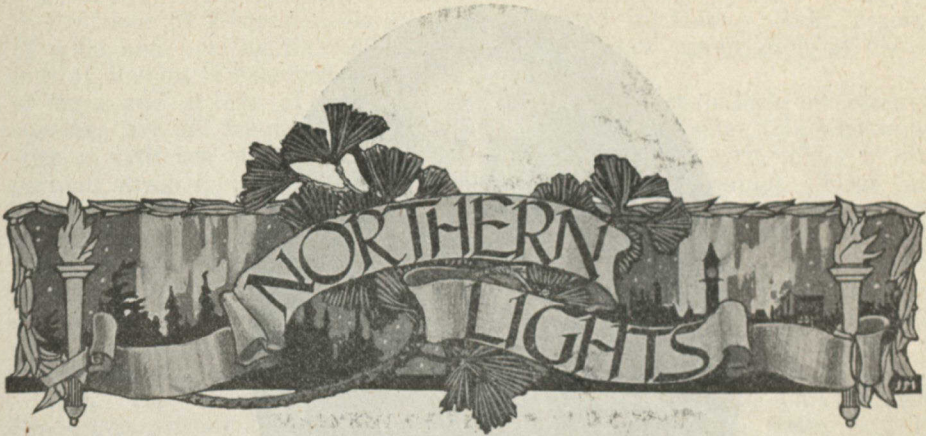
George Douglas was not a remarkably profound thinker, nor is there much of philosophical or theological originality to be found in his public addresses or his sermons. In this respect he is not alone among the great orators of the world. For apart from Edmund Burke and a very few others the element of novelty has seldom been a characteristic of men, who, in the forum, on the platform, in the pulpit or in parliament, have poured the wealth of their imaginative or their argumentative eloquence before great gatherings of hostile or of according human beings. The Montaignes, the Bacons, the Carlyles, the Emersons, have not been orators, although, perhaps with a faint show of right, selections from their meditations have often appeared in collections of the masterpieces of the world's deathless eloquence. Eloquence may be passion flowing from the pen, but to constitute true oratory there must be the tones of a human voice behind the thought.

His voice, as has been intimated, was not only of great magnitude, it was also eminently unique in its tone. Most orators who have mastered the physical aspect of their art employ inflections in the voice, from tones which roll like thunder to whispers which like zephyrs soothe and sigh. Not so with this oratorical monarch of Montreal. His very opening sentences were delivered in tones which resounded among the arches, the pillars, the corridors of the building where he was speaking, and if it be not a mere fancy that oratory has made the foundations of auditoriums tremble then this giant master of the art of speech accomplished that reality. The remotest corners of the greatest buildings were literally stormed with the intensity and the magnitude of his tempest-rivalling voice. His closing utterances pealed

forth with the same stentorian resonance. And this apparently exhausting effort was performed with the most graceful ease, and left the trumpet toned speaker physically unwearied at the close of his most marvellous deliverances. Nor was the noise disagreeable even to sensitive listeners, who discerned delicate and acceptable musical cadences in his speech. The volume of voice was accompanied by a sweet music in the tone, a magnetism was in the utterance, thunderous though it rolled and swelled, and no one who heard the magic of his thrilling appeals ever felt a desire to withdraw from his presence until the last accent had fallen from the honeyed silver tongue.

In all his speeches he plumed his pinions from the pinnacles of the hills and soared directly for the skies. It is moderation to use superlatives when his masterly deliverances are under consideration.

Great, however, as was Douglas in the role of a Savonarola or a Luther, it is as a preacher that he commands the supreme attention of history. Here he was without a peer in Canada. He did not preach the modern superficial sensationalism, with which so many ministers of the gospel, in the absence of a true sense of their exalted mission, strive to fill their rapidly emptying churches in these excitement laden days. Nor were his sermons mere lectures upon current problems of the originality of a newspaper editorial, so common an experience in the pulpits of this rather exhausted generation. He stirred with the thunders of Isaiah; with the fervour of Paul; with the earnestness of a Wesley; with the magnetism of a Whitfield or a Talmage. And surely then to some extent because of his power a large share of the ministry "fired with the old enthusiasm of the ancient thundering legions" has swept on, to "carry the triumphal banner of the Church through coming generations".



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE "HEAD" OF THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOLS



THE making of a school in the real sense is not a matter of mobilizing bricks and mortar, men and boys. These are necessary of course, but without a "central vitalizing force", the result, says one who has particular knowledge of the schools in question, can never be "more than an educational cafeteria. For this reason the University Schools were most fortunate in having as their first Headmaster Prof. H. J. Crawford."

It is but nine years since "U.T.S."—to give the new institution of learning its familiar name—were established as practice schools for the students in the Faculty of Education, which itself came into being only in 1907. Nevertheless the true end and aim of a school, the education of its pupils, is never allowed to slip out of sight, and already the University Schools count among the great schools of the Dominion. As the laboratory of the Faculty of Education they have the benefit of a staff chosen with special thought and care, of buildings designed to show what the housing of such an institution should be and of peculiarly excellent equipment for science, art and other classes.

The University Schools opened in September, 1910, with 325 boys on the roll. There are now 450 pupils, of whom 250 belong to the senior school. The waiting list is always long, and lads are examined before admission. Preference is given to those intending to go on to the University, and French and Latin are taken in the junior school. In the rare cases where boys will not work they are not allowed to remain in the schools.

The Headmaster was born fifty-four years ago in Hastings County, at Bridgewater, a village about thirty miles from Belleville, where his father was superintendent of an axe factory, but it was in the public schools of Kincardine, Bruce County, that he received his early education and, incidentally, gained the reputation of a "boy-wonder". At ten years of age he passed the entrance; at twelve he obtained a second-class teacher's certificate and, at sixteen, he embarked upon his life-work and became a master in Harriston High School.

This position he filled for three years and a half, and it is told that when the Inspector of High Schools, Dr. Seath, in the pursuance of his professional duties, arrived one day at Harriston he met the youthful teacher and mistook him for a school-boy.



Prof. H. J. Crawford,
Headmaster, the University of Toronto Schools

"How are things going at the school?" inquired the inspector.

"Oh, fine," was the reply.

"How are the teachers?"

"Fine," returned the youth.

"You have a teacher named Crawford," continued the inquisitor, "how is he doing?"

"Oh, fine," returned the youth once more, leaving the disclosure of his identity until they met again inside.

When he graduated from the University of Toronto, Henry J. Crawford was gold medalist in classics. After that he returned to his native county and taught for a few terms at Belleville. The next four years of his career were passed at Seaforth Collegiate Institute, and here, "as a member of the Seaforth Hurons, he was known as one of the greatest forwards playing soccer in Canada". Again, at the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, of which he was classical master for more than thirteen years, he showed great interest in athletics, himself

coaching his boys in running, jumping, football and other sports. He left Parkdale to take charge of Riverdale Collegiate Institute, and there he was when the Faculty of Education asked him to become Head of the University Schools.

The fine buildings at the corner of Bloor Street and Spadina Avenue, Toronto, were then ready for occupation, and there were boys desiring admission, but the Schools as an organic whole had no existence. All was to do, the "scouting for masters", the organizing of staff and classes, the encouragement of school athletics, the fostering of worthy traditions, the inspiration of a school spirit that should stand for what is worth while in life with boys and "old boys". The work was onerous and the responsibilities great, but probably rested no more heavily on the broad shoulders of the experienced man than had the burden of his first class on the back of the sixteen-year-old lad.

Professor Crawford—appropriately Professor of Education—is a man of wide and various interests. His love of classics is balanced by a love of boys and a love of sport. His speeches are as frequently adorned with a witticism suggesting the Hibernian strain in his mixed ancestry of Irish, English and Scotch, as with a Latin quotation. He is notable alike for clearheadedness and geniality. He knows not only how to choose his assistants but when he has chosen them gives them support and a free hand in the methods of their work.

From the first the University Schools have made a very good showing in examinations, carrying off numerous scholarships and other honours. They have also “become known as the home of great track, rugby and hockey teams”. The Headmaster regards the taint of professionalism as fatal to true sport, but values games played in the proper spirit for the cultivation of “the virtues of courage, endurance, obedience, unselfishness and loyalty . . . the quality of scrupulous fairness, respect for the rights of others, chivalrous approval of the skill of opponents, scorn of mere trickiness”. Prof. Crawford specially approves the boy who is both scholar and athlete.

It is worthy of note that of the 411 pupils and former pupils who enlisted for the Great War almost a fourth had won athletic distinctions and “nearly all were active in school sports”. Five members of the staff also enlisted. Thirty of the boys from U.T.S. won decorations and fifty-eight, including one master, laid down their lives.

“As a tree by its fruit,” says the Headmaster, “so a boys’ school is known by its boys—past and present”.

*

THE BLACK ROBE.

MANY Canadians regret having lost sight of Douglas Argyle Paterson, a Toronto chap who produced and played in so many artistic performances through the East, and particu-

larly in his native city. “Deidre”, presented in Massey Hall, Toronto, furnishes but one example of his excellent work.

Douglas Paterson lacks one essential necessary to all stage folk who would have their names writ boldly in electric lights—he cannot “bleat and blare” when it comes to his own exploits. Worse, he does not care to see himself in print, so the humble chronicler must confine herself to facts un-garnished by just comment ;and make the following read too much like an extract from Who’s Who.

From early childhood all the world was, to Paterson, a stage, and his family, somewhat less temperamental, frequently found it difficult to forgive his impetuous beginnings, when grasping the carving knife and leaping from the table, he would stand crouched over an uneasy diner and deliver a page or two of stirring lines. Missing articles or wearing apparel, or kitchen utensils—anything, in fine which would serve as stage properties, were always sure to be found in his room. He was eternally collecting a troupe of children and bringing them home for rehearsal.

He started in life as a Toronto newspaper reporter, but one day, he flung down his pencil and took the train for New York determined to get a theatrical job. He preferred to tramp the boards rather than the pavements.

He both tramped and sat. . . . sat long and docilely on managers’ cane-seated chairs, of which none in the world are more uncomfortable. At last, however, he secured an engagement with Mr. Henry Miller who has held out a helping hand to so many youthful aspirants, particularly Canadians.

There followed engagements with Mrs. Fiske, and other familiar player-folk, from which list Belasco must not be omitted.

At “making up” a character, Douglas Paterson is a genius. He prefers old parts and takes delight in assisting Time to do his grim work. That



Douglas Paterson, a Canadian drama producer, in the role of the *Black Robe*

his success is almost wizzardly can be proved by those who saw him in the "Bonnie Briar Bush" and who might easily have been deceived like the pompous gentleman heard announcing in the lobby:

"I don't know that the old chap's work deserves much praise, for he had nothing to do but be himself! Of course, you know they chose a very *old man* for that part!"

But of so-called legitimate work, including the management of Miss Elsie Ferguson and Miss Ethel Barrymore (a paradoxical statement that each might deny!)—there is nothing, I think, so interesting, as Douglas Paterson's summer performance, when for several years past he has traversed the United States in a romantic, if not luxurious, atmosphere. He formed an important though obscure part of a company composed of braves, squaws, papooses, dogs, wigwams, and canoes which made up Mr. F. E. Moore's "Hiawatha" players.

These players presented the legends, myths and customs of the North American Indian in a concrete, dramatic form. Hiawatha, as given by them was an authentic reproduction of Indian Folk Lore. The characters and lines were Longefellow's, and each member of the company was a full-blooded Indian to whom the performance was almost as solemn as was the Passion Play to the simple peasant of Oberammergau. They spoke or sang their parts in their native tongue, the rest of the poem being declaimed or chanted, off-stage, by Mr. Paterson, who appeared on the programme as the *Black Robe*.

It goes without saying that Hiawatha was produced out of doors, the actors camping true Indian-fashion at some little distance from the scene of the play, and it is our loss in Canada that we did not bring this Masque to our cities, so many of which offered unusually beautiful settings for its enactment.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

FROM FATHER TO SON

BY MARY S. WATTS. New York:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.



MARY S. WATTS, already known to the literary world as the author of "Nathan Burke", "The Boardman Family", etc., has produced in "From Father to Son" a clever, readable story dealing with three generations of the Rudd family, with the emphasis of plot and character on the third. David Rudd, the grandfather, had built up a large fortune through fraud, sheer and deliberate, in the adulteration of drugs, a policy that had spelled death to thousands of sufferers on both sides of the conflict during the American Civil War. A contemporary comment on such baseness is accidentally found half a century later, in an old diary, by the grandson, Steven Rudd, whose father, Lawson Rudd, had inherited the business and was conducting it in a fashion greatly improved both materially and ethically: "It's all of a piece with the paper-soled boots, the shoddy overcoats, the mouldy rations which have been furnished to our poor boys in the field, not seldom, according to rumour, with the connivance of the Government officials themselves. If the greedy wretches theorize about it at all, they probably tell themselves that a soldier takes his life in his hands anyhow, and that therefore it makes no difference how much he suffers or of what he dies."

When Steven first began to work in his father's office, he experienced a reaction of rage toward a West Indian client, who had applied for a double

set of invoices wherewith to cheat the customs, and this prophetic incident points definitely to Steven's blind rupture with his wholly respectable father when he discovers the basis of the family fortune and learns that his father had long known the truth but had taken no steps by way of some possible expiation or reparation. Steven goes off to New York to try his hand at poetry and playwriting, and eventually justifies by his success and happiness the fact of the break with his father, if not its manner. After the Great War breaks out and the United States becomes involved, Steven secures a commission, marries his sweetheart and is reconciled with his father before sailing. The Stillmans—father and son—"Uncle Elihu", Lawson Rudd's brother; and Eugene, the son of David Rudd's old age by a second wife, are subordinated figures, but Eugene's character is especially well drawn and his career is worked out in logical correspondence to his type.

The feminine figures are, on the whole, delineated and filled out more convincingly than the masculine—especially those of Edith, Steven's capable sister, who marries and becomes divorced from a German officer; Hester, another sister, spoiled, pretty and discontented; Mary Ballard—a genuine American girl—and her mother; and Mrs. Lawson Rudd.

This novel has in it no element of artistic greatness, but it does contain many shrewd and humorous observations on American social and business life, and some of its scenes are developed with real dramatic skill—for example, the breakfast table col-

loquy between Lawson and Steven which leads to the latter's departure; and the open quarrel between Hester and her husband, which completely disconcerts the family until Edith issues orders and controls the situation. The style is sometimes slovenly, as in the frequent use of the superfluous indefinite article after "kind of", and in the violation of the number of "none", but in general the writing is briskly, if rather too consciously, workmanlike. The closing of the story upon the note of War, while balancing with the social and political values suggested in the case of Edith's marriage, is not particularly effective, but impresses the reviewer as a rather deviceful effort to bring the story "up-to-date".

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SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

"SISTERS" is a very physical book. Its crisis turns upon bodily shock and the distress of seeing human blood and a womanly figure crumpled at the bottom of a ravine "with every bone broken". A man on a rug in the dust with a ruined back and a fractured leg and arm, and moaning, is Kathleen Norris's picture of tragedy. In a limited sense this is legitimate. Domestic infelicity sometimes ends in gun-fire or a thrown butcher knife or, as in the case of this book, in achieved suicide and attempted and nearly achieved murder. But analysis needs to turn the event to something that may be called spiritual account before literature is produced.

A sickly sugariness with which Kathleen Norris envelopes this bitter blood and broken bones makes her offering specially unhappy. Her literary pill (if there are such things, even in a reviewer's imagination), is highly coloured and fairly palatable. One supposes that young ladies of the grill-room type and certain men might even swallow it. But it is only in the very slightest degree a tonic. It is really—perhaps Miss Norris intended

this, having grown more worldly-wise than artistic—only sugary and, if too long indulged, sickening. What bitter content it has is neither a good purgative nor a good restorative. It misses therefore the possible justification it once or twice comes in sight of. A batter of blood and bones covered thick with coloured sugar deserves only repudiation if, when offered and taken, it does an insignificant minimum of good, and only doubtfully that.

Certain of the out-and-out realists do accomplish good. But they are generally bluntly bitter from the beginning. And the only way in which they attempt to justify themselves is as necessary tonics, hard to take, hard to absorb, but cleansing and restoring. We take such with seriousness. They may indeed sometimes inveigle the palate for a moment but they never deceive the deliberate brain.

Kathleen Norris's story is about two sisters who lived in the hills and redwood country of California. Peter, the wealthy bachelor in the cabin up the hill, marries Alix, though he thinks he loves Cherry. Cherry marries Martin and finds him uncongenial and possibly untrue. Visiting Alix and Peter, she and Peter decide to "forsake and give up everything" (we suppose Alix and Martin included) and elope. They think that Alix doesn't know and apparently imagine—at least so the story seems to imply—that she will not know after they are gone. It seems that to the conspirators, not their selfish indulgence but Alix's knowledge of it would be the crime. Alix, however, does know and drives the car with herself and Martin in it over the cliff, leaving a note to say it is the best way out. But Martin unfortunately (?) doesn't succumb, though he is to be an invalid for life, and Cherry, developed suddenly from a young chit to a very serious woman, decides she'll be his mate and care for him. Peter finds Alix's note and this bothers him. He goes off with her dog into the hills and to travel.

If the book analyzed great love, and how selfishness and blindness and toy-ing lust disguised as romance or soul expansion operates in some temperaments against great love, and if it left even some figure in the book realizing this and sure with achieved insight about great love, "Sisters" might justify itself as a novel and a piece of literature. As it is, Kathleen Norris never seems to have power over her material. She never presides and the material itself does not reveal. The book is physical and melodramatic. Its physical happenings never really become the progressive and revealing spiritual crises which develop character. Peter, a blind and shallow fool, doesn't seem to develop. Nobody, not even the strong and admirable Alix, seems to develop. This is possibly not in itself exasperating. But it is exasperating to feel that Kathleen Norris doesn't know any more about life than her characters know. In this book she is either spiritually stupid or artistically careless. So it may be proper to say that the book is an abortive attempt at tonic realism, a vivid, coated, ineffective pill.

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GERMANY'S MORAL DOWN-FALL

BY PROF. ALEXANDER W. CRAWFORD.
New York: The Abingdon Press

THE reader who finds the search for truth baffling and sometimes almost hopeless will possibly put down this book with a certain fleeting wistfulness, a wistfulness for the *feeling* of Prof. Crawford's certainty. But it will be agreeable reading to all of us, (and indeed we are the majority) who have no doubt about Germany's moral cataclysm. For Prof. Crawford never wavers. He is a stranger to the weariness of doubt. In those moods when one longs to be dynamic even at the expense of being potent, and enthusiastic even if not wise, and active if not reflective, in such moods one envies Prof. Crawford. But if the old trick of wondering about things, of balancing issues

and weighing data and reserving judgment, returns, then Prof. Crawford's book becomes not entirely convincing. It produces pages of precise logical comment upon the last five years of human life but it does not realize enough. We confess that thoughtful writers of to-day are admitting that Germany's theories of life and state were many of them bad and awful theories. But they are finding those theories entangled in the whole fabric of modern life, and the insistent task of civilization, they are beginning to discover, is the task of disentanglement over that total area. Prof. Crawford's book, on the other hand, pulls all one way. "Germany" and "materialism" and "force" are queer strong strands in the warp and woof of twentieth century society. It will take all care and many hands and many, many minds, working long at the infinite task of life, before those strands are completely unravelled from the intricate and too barbaric pattern. Whether Prof. Crawford's convictions are accepted generally or not, his book will be read by many with interest and sympathy.

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THE RIDDLE OF MEXICO

HERE are two books: "Mexico To-day and To-morrow", by E. D. Trowbridge (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), and "Mexico under Carranza", by Thomas E. Gibson (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). In the first Mexico's "new constitution and her international relations and attitude toward foreign capital are reviewed, and the financial, agrarian and educational problems that confront her are dealt with at length". The second is by a "lawyer accustomed to producing proofs that will stand the test before judge and jury". Both are from the presses of reputable publishing houses and yet anyone unacquainted with the situation in Mexico to-day, not to mention, as Mr. Trowbridge does, to-morrow, could read both and not

know anything, except by conjecture, so conflicting are they. Mr. Gibbon frankly shows his intention as a slayer of the Carranza régime, denouncing it as corrupt, extortionate, greedy, retrogressive and guilty of imposing outrageous injustices on "foreign" investments. "The experience of the masses of the people under the government given the major portion of Mexico by the Carranza Party furnishes a striking parallel to that of the Russians at the hands of the Bolsheviki. In every country there exists a predatory element whose chief ambition is to secure control of the machinery of government by violence and then to use it in depriving people of the property they have accumulated and dividing it among themselves. This element is represented in Mexico by the Carranza Party, in Russia by the Bolsheviki, and in the United States by the I.W.W." He cites examples to prove that the Carranza Government, "as a result of short-sighted and unpatriotic greed, prefers a few dollars of loot in the present to a great national benefit in the future". He refers to wholesale dismissing of school-teachers, while Mr. Trowbridge says that "Carranza is, unquestionably, a man of much force of character. . . His mind is set on certain ideals. This was shown in 1915, when, in the midst of general disorder and turbulence and at a time when the Government was scarcely established, he sent one hundred and fifty school-teachers on a tour to see the schools in leading American cities. . . The Government has made mistakes and has, at times, rushed through ill-advised measures to relieve temporary evils. It has not yet restored order everywhere in the country. It still has many problems to face. The fact, however, that it has established a government and brought a degree of order out of a seething state of anarchy entitles it to much credit and gives much hope for the future."

It is hard to reconcile the conflicting statements found in these two books.

—"Labour in the Changing World," by R. M. MacIver. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

"Janet of Kootenay," by Evah McKowan. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart).

—"The Builders," by Ellen Glasgow. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

—"The Branding Iron," a romance of East and West, by Katherine Newlin Burt. (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

—"Handy Guide to the Laws of Ontario," by Mrs. Edith Hollington Lang, B.A. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

—"The Sea Bride," by Ben Ames Williams. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—"The Will of the People," by Francis Sullivan. (Los Angeles: The Ray Publishing Company).

—"Through St. Dunstan's to Light," by Private James H. Rawlinson. (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

—"A New Light on Lord Macaulay," by Albert R. Hassard, B.C.L. (Toronto: Rockingham Press).

—"Storm in a Teacup," by Eden Philpotts. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—"The Naturalist in a Boarding-School," William Alphonso Murrill, A.M., Ph.D. (New York: W. A. Murrill).

—"Bob and Bill see Canada," by Alfred E. Uren, illustrations by W. Goode. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company), being an account for the young of the experiences of two rabbits on a trip across Canada.

—"The Selection and Training of the Business Executive," by Prof. Enoch Burton Gowin. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—"Polly Masson," a novel embracing a discussion of politics in Canada and Imperial connections, by William Henry Moore, author of "The Clash". (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

—"The Birthright: A Search for the Canadian Canadian and the Larger Loyalty," by Arthur Hawkes. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).