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IMPERIALISM OR NATIONALISM: A BRITISH VIEW

A VERY interesting article entitled "Imperialism, Nationalism, or a Third Alternative"—by a Westerner—appeared in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for October last, which reflected wonderfully faithfully, if a recent tour through Canada be a guide, a current opinion which is flowing strongly in the west. Many of the ideas and contentions in the article were wholly admirable, but—to a resident in the British Isles at any rate—others seemed curiously unreal. A close analysis seemed to show that the statements about Canada carried conviction, but that others were founded on a fundamental misconception of the attitude of the people of the British Isles towards the Empire. Conclusions derived from one premise which was true and another which was only partially true, were naturally unconvincing. It is almost a commonplace to say that Englishmen misunderstand what Canadians mean by Imperialism. It would almost appear as if some Canadians had failed to realize that the slow moving British had progressed far from the Imperialism of the 80's and 90's. It may, therefore, be interesting to Canadian readers to learn something about the general trend of opinion in these islands.

Language, at the best of times, is but an imperfect vehicle for the expression of our thoughts. That is a truism which should be inscribed around the walls of every debating chamber. We recognize the fact dimly. We envy poets, orators, and essayists for their power to express thoughts which we struggle in vain to give forth to the world. We hail with enthusiasm musicians and artists who handle a mode of expression which is more subtle and more profound than the everyday coinage of words. Yet poli-

ticians wax wrathful when even their most staggering utterances do not carry instant conviction, and we wrangle day in and day out about labels like conservatism, liberalism, progress, and reform, when no two among us would agree on what they meant.

Of all these labels Imperialism is used to cover the greatest variety of programmes. In truth it is one of those "terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues, like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which we join no feeling and attach no form." Indeed, the present controversy is mainly about the policy the word should signify. We are Imperialists, or the reverse, according to the meaning we attach to the word.

What, therefore, does Imperialism really mean to the leading thinkers in the British Isles? It is no good exploring its derivation, for words change their connotation from year to year. Who could define accurately the dual meaning of words like "capital" or "commission," for example, by reference to their Latin root? Half the Greek dictionary is used to convey scientific ideas of which the Greeks had no conception. Canada itself is an adept at flavouring old words with new meanings. "Graft" is a case in point. In truth, Imperialism is employed because there is no other word which will serve. No term having a racial origin like British or Anglo-Saxon will do, for it would fail to include French-Canadian or Boer. Nor will terms based on geography suit the circumstances. People have hunted for a substitute for years, and found none, for the simple reason that the idea implicit in Imperialism is new. So we must use the term to our hands, and trust that by constant repetition and explanation it will come to represent a better meaning than it sometimes does to-day.

It may be well at the outset to examine one interpretation of Imperialism, which is very common, and is strongly at variance with the facts. Imperialism does not mean a policy of aggrandizement or ruthless expansion. This is clear enough from an examination of the history of the

Empire, and from a consideration of its situation in the world to-day.

The British Empire has grown immensely, it is true, in the last two hundred years, but, as the shortest examination will prove, not as the result of aggression. It grew, in the first place, during the desperate struggles of England against the threatening dominion of France. The sea power which saved her from conquest gave her also South Africa and the certainty that India, Australia, and New Zealand would be developed under the British flag. In the second place, the Empire grew by the enterprise of private citizens. Trading stations and missionary settlements founded in tropical lands in Asia and Africa appealed, when threatened by the anarchy of native states or the ambitions of native tyrants, for protection to the British government. In the interests of civilization or to protect the lives and property of its citizens that government had no option but to step in and assume the responsibility for maintaining law and order in the disturbed areas. Once in control, its sphere of influence spread, for anarchy on a native frontier meant, sooner or later, anarchy within British territory, and, hesitate as it might, the British government had to incorporate wider and wider areas, because it was the only way in which law and order could be secured. This process, forced on by the restless enterprise of private citizens, continued until some natural barrier was reached, like the Himalayas in India, or British territory came to abut on the territory of some state—under European or native control—which was able to preserve within its own borders that standard of liberty, order, and justice which the civilized world demands of every sovereign state.

This process of incorporation has been forced on the other great civilizing powers as well, so that to-day practically the whole world is divided up among powers which are admittedly civilized. There are one or two states which may be unable to maintain a civilized standard. They are at present a trial, and interference by the great powers may even-

tually be necessary. Persia is one, Morocco another, Nicaragua, and some of the minor central American states, are others. But they are few in number and the paramount interests of certain great powers in each, if anarchy compels interference, are already generally recognized. Readjustment of the political boundaries on the world's surface in future will be the outcome of war, as in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, or of voluntary agreement, as in the case of the American states in 1775, or more recently of the confederation of Canada, Australia, and South Africa.

But if aggression has not been the policy of the British government in the past, far less is it its policy to-day. The imputation to it of a desire for expansion as the outcome of a war of conquest is patently absurd. Other powers may cherish the idea, because they are cramped for the room in which to expand, but the Empire has far too much to do to hold and people its own territories to think about further expansion. Moreover, such a policy is contrary to the whole spirit of British institutions and of the British people. The underlying idea of British foreign policy is, and always has been, to preserve the complete freedom of the Empire.

This freedom is of two kinds. There is first of all the liberty of the individual. The main object of government in British communities is not to aggrandize the state, as is the case with some foreign nations, but to afford the individual citizen complete liberty to pursue his own development and advancement, material, moral, and spiritual, as he thinks best, subject only to the restraint of law. That can only be done if the government can protect him from being forcibly disturbed by foreign powers. There is also the liberty of the whole. No nation is really free which is not complete master of its own policy and which cannot determine that policy without consulting the will of some outside power. For instance, if the British fleet were destroyed by the German fleet, Britain's real liberty would disappear, even though no army landed on its shores, for

she would be powerless to resist the partition of the Empire if Germany so decreed, and in the settlement of those great world problems which are becoming increasingly insistent and increasingly important her voice would carry no weight, for everybody would know that there was no force behind it. In world affairs, as in parliaments, it is not opinions which carry the day, but the force of majorities. Nor would Canada have real liberty. At present, in the last resort, she knows that the British fleet is behind her. But if that were gone and Japan insisted on free entry for its citizens, or excluded Canadian products from the markets of the far East, Canada would be powerless to resist, for having neither army or navy which could withstand Japan, she could maintain the purity of her society, or the prosperity of her country, only by inviting the assistance of America—on America's terms.

Imperialism, therefore, does not mean aggression. What then does it mean? It has both a positive and a negative import. On the negative side, as we have seen, it means the strong determination to protect the liberties of the citizens of the Empire—individually and collectively—from that diminution which is inevitable if the defensive strength of the Empire falls below the offensive power of other peoples. British Imperialists believe that it would be a colossal disaster if the Empire which guarantees freedom, justice, and the opportunity of development to nearly one fourth of the human race, were to dissolve. They believe that it would be the worse for India that it should be governed by Russia or some local tyrant, for the African protectorates that they should sink back into the barbarism which is the alternative to European control, for Great Britain and the Dominions, that the constitutional connexion should be broken, which permits the great and responsible traditions of the one and the fearless activity and progress of the others to leaven and elevate the whole. They are not willing to see it written down on the pages of history that the British citizens of to-day have failed to rise to the level

of their opportunities, and that other and greater peoples were forced to step in and carry on the great work of civilizing and uniting the world, which their ancestors had so well begun.

On the positive side, Imperialism holds out the promise of a great future. No British subject wishes his country to sink to the position of Belgium, or Modern Greece—peoples which exercise no influence in the disposition of the world's affairs, and are free only at the good-will of their fellows. Yet that is the inevitable future before the several portions of the Empire, if they drift into separation. The British Isles alone, in the long run, will not be able to compete with the rapidly forming German Empire of Central Europe. Canada cannot hope to compete in wealth and population with the United States, nor South Africa with the huge North African Empire of France, nor Australia with the vast Russian Empire, or, for many years with Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. United, however, the future of the British nations is assured,—a future in which they will be the masters of their own destinies, in which, in the centuries to come, their example and their beliefs will influence the world as those of England have influenced it in the century that has passed.

There is another future, too. In the words of a recent writer¹—"Because we hold India and govern three hundred millions of another race, we are without a near rival among the nations of the world. Take India from us, and we sink to the level of a trade competitor with Germany and the United States. But so long as the consciousness of civilised man recognizes government as the noblest task of the race, so long, by administering India, is our pride of place unquestioned. No nation in modern times has done the like, or can aspire to do it. To hold India, with its hundreds of races, religions, languages, castes, customs, to be possessed of such a heritage of history, learning, and romance, is an achievement for which the world's records show but one parallel. Thothmes and Sennacherib, Alex-

¹ *The Round Table*, India and the English, p. 47 *et. seq.* November 15th, 1910.

ander and Napoleon never did the like. Only Rome in her greatest days did what England has been doing, as a matter of course, for one hundred years . . . This, with its direct consequences in Egypt, East Africa, the South African Protectorates, Cuba, and the Philippines, is the one achievement which discriminates the Anglo-Saxon destiny from all others in the world, and abundantly redeems it from the charge of seeking its own good alone. If these claims can be made good, England has reason enough to be grateful for India; nor should the Dominions be slow in coming to claim their share also of what ought to be the common privilege of the race."

Thus, Imperialism, in its modern conception, is not an alternative to Nationalism, nor does it mean the substitution of a "British" nationalism for a Canadian nationalism. It is something beyond and above either. The better nationalist a Canadian, a Scotsman, or a South African is, the better Imperialist he will be, for the basis of nationalism is a resolute determination to sustain the responsibilities which are the pride of a free people. Citizenship is not a matter of privilege only, but of self-sacrifice for the common good. A man is not a worse head of a family because he is a patriotic citizen, nor a bad Transvaaler because he loves South Africa, nor need he be a less stalwart Canadian because he upholds the Empire too.

The fundamental fact is that Imperialism is just as much a problem for Great Britain as it is for Canada. Imperialism cannot be "British" any more than it can be Canadian or Australian. It must represent the common patriotism of the whole. The real British Empire—the Empire which is to mark an epoch in history—cannot be made by Britain, Canada, or Australia, alone. It must be the union of free peoples voluntarily consenting.

It is no use blinking the fact that no true "British Empire" exists to-day. There is no Empire, because there is no real imperial patriotism, and there is no imperial patriotism because there is no common body to formulate

its aspirations. As Disraeli said, "Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone which can create a state." The king is the symbol of imperial unity, but he is no more, for in the modern world national institutions must be representative of the people.

We are now on dangerous ground. Nobody knows how the Empire is to develop. It rests unreservedly in the hands of the great democracies which flourish under the Union Jack. No one can dictate to them. But it seems clear that sooner or later, if the Empire is to persist and is to exercise an effective voice in the world's affairs, it must create some common organ of its will. At least that is the growing conviction of the newer school of Imperialists. They do not pretend to dogmatize as to the form the union should take. The conditions are without precedent, and the constitutional bond will probably be without precedent. It will be no simple job. On the one hand British opinion must lose some of its insularity, and accept the proposition that the Empire is as much the concern of the Dominions as it is of the British Isles—it is far nearer that position already than people in the Dominions realize. On the other hand, the Dominions must realize that, if they are to share in the advantages of belonging to the Empire they must share also in the responsibilities that attach to membership. That, too, is a growing conviction oversea.

Imperialism, therefore, is a complex creed. It is no cut-and-dried doctrine of race ascendancy, or Downing Street control. It is a policy now vague which can be defined only as the outcome of free discussion and negotiations. But if we are still a long way from a decision, if the points of view of the Dominions and Great Britain have still a long way to move before they can be said to agree, the pressure of events is steadily thrusting Imperialism to the front as the dominant issue before Britain and Canada alike.

Imperialism will fail or succeed according as it can accommodate itself to practical facts and conditions. It

may, therefore, be useful to set forth two broad conclusions about the ultimate "union of the nations," which are concurrently accepted in thinking circles here. It is notable that these are both implicit in one remarkable sentence in the article to which allusion has already been made. The writer believes that, "Canada's contribution to history and to civilization is to be that she shall consciously declare her desire to be merely one of a 'Union of Nations' who are all prepared to be limited, not merely by the physical power of neighbours, but by a self imposed legal and contractual bond."

The first conclusion is that, whatever the ultimate organ of the Empire may be, it will have nothing whatever to do with the internal affairs either of the United Kingdom or of the Dominions. It will be a body developed or created *ad hoc*, for the sole purpose of discharging those functions, and fostering those interests, which are the concern, not of one part of the Empire alone, but which are common to all. There is no question of Canadian representatives in the present parliament at Westminster. Whatever body they sit in will have nothing to do with the local affairs of the United Kingdom any more than they have to do with the local affairs of South Africa or Australia. Foreign policy, defence, and dependencies will be their business, and little else. That is the fundamental basis on which a "Union of the Nations" must be built.

The second conclusion is not less important. Whatever proposals are made for a true imperial union must come from the Dominions, not from the United Kingdom. The lesson of the loss of America, the constant protests in years gone by against Downing Street control, make it certain that no proposal involving sacrifice on the part of the Dominions will ever again emanate from this country. Britain has sustained the Empire for two centuries, she will continue to sustain it for many years to come, but the first proposal, that the Dominions should claim their share of the privilege as well as the burden of their common heritage, must come from them.

Two recent examples may be cited in proof. The British government has made no demur to Canada's negotiating with the United States, Germany, or Japan about trade or immigration. Yet it knows that if complications ensue as the result of treaties made, it will be the British navy, not Canadian armies, which will be the force which will be decisive in diplomacy as in war. Again, Canada and Australia have declared in favour of local navies over which they retain complete control—a policy, be it said, which is the only possible one so long as they have no voice in conducting the foreign policy of the Empire, or in controlling the fleets which stand behind it. Yet the British government knows perfectly well that neither Canada, nor Australia, nor the empire can be defended by navies stationed off Halifax, Esquimalt, Sydney, and Melbourne. The proper place for any navy which is to defend the Empire or its parts is over against the harbours from which the danger will emerge, so as to destroy it before it can do harm.

Yet no word is said, for the only alternative is some form of joint control, and a proposal of that kind would look like an interference in the autonomy of the Dominions. It is now an axiom of British statesmanship that the Dominions must be free to go their own way. There is not the slightest possibility of Downing Street ever attempting to reassert its control. The future of the Dominions rests with themselves alone. If they decide to become an effective fortress in the greatest empire the world has seen, the initiative must come from them.

Even the governor-general is no longer an agent of British domination. Year by year he is becoming more the representative of the Crown, and has less and less to do with the actual government over which he presides. The real necessity for his presence is constitutional. Some authority must, under the parliamentary system of government, be responsible for solving party dead-locks. If a party has a majority in parliament but cannot agree who is to be prime minister, owing to personal and other internal

jealousies, some one must have the authority to step in and call on the man most fit to form a government, if he fails to entrust it to some one else, and, in the last resort, to dissolve parliament. Or if a group system arises and no party has a clear majority, some one must be empowered to send for the man most likely to succeed and authorize him to attempt to form a ministry. That function can only be discharged by a single man. How is he to be appointed? He can be elected as in France—a bad arrangement as all admit. Or he can inherit the responsibility as in England—an arrangement which has worked admirably. But the king cannot know enough of local matters in Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and Newfoundland to discharge this constitutional function without the danger of becoming suspected of party feeling or ignorance. The immensely valuable part played first by King Edward VII and later by King George V, in bringing about the conference over the House of Lords and in moderating the counsels of extremists, is everywhere admitted. Yet that was only possible because they understood perfectly the situation from personal contact with the leading figures. If the king himself cannot play the part in all his Dominions at once, who can? Not an elected substitute, for that would be an affront to the monarchy as well as bad business. Not a judge or other local bigwig, because no local man is likely to command the confidence of all as being at once thoroughly cognizant of the political situation and impartial. Obviously the simple thing is to adopt the course already in force—appoint from outside a man well versed in affairs, who is the recognized recipient of the political confidences of all parties, and leave him in his position for some years, but not long enough for him to become a local partizan. And who can choose the man better than the king advised by the government which has the actual responsibility of defending the Empire. The governor-general in all the Dominions to-day is much more a constitutional monarch than an agent of Downing Street control.

If, therefore, Imperialism is not an alternative to Nationalism but a policy which divests the older Nationalism of the narrow ideals and selfish aggressiveness which Canada has rightly forsworn, is there any alternative to it? If Canada is not to be a powerless, independent state, if it is not to link its destinies with the United States, is there anything for it to do but to throw in its lot unreservedly with the democracies under the British flag in pursuing those purposes which are common to all? There is only one alternative—that the fundamental motive for national or imperial organization, danger from without, and the competition of other great aggregations of humanity, will disappear with the near advent of universal peace. All who have faith in human progress must believe that in the long run universal peace is inevitable. But it is madness to shut one's eyes to the fact that it is still a great way off. It is probable that neither we nor our children will see its complete realization.

So long as human nature remains as it is, disagreement and conflict of interest—the fruitful source of quarrel—will continue. Within the confines of a single state, quarrels are no longer put to the test of force, because the community, fearful of disorder and riot, insists on their being submitted to the judgement of an impartial tribunal—and gives to the government the right to enforce the decrees of the court. But what is to happen in the case of disputes between nations? If all people were as far advanced and as uniform in civilization as the British Isles, Canada, and the United States arbitration might work well enough. But all peoples are not so far advanced as that. The fundamental principle on which arbitration must be based is the maintenance of the *status quo*. Would all peoples at the present time—even those of the Empire—entrust to an external court the settlement of their national destinies? Would Germany or Japan forgo the right to expand their domains by force of arms? Would Canada agree to submit the question of whether Japanese, Chinese, and Indians should be

given the free right of immigration, to a court in which South Americans, Spaniards, and Italians—notoriously indifferent to intermixture of blood—were the judges? Would any country arbitrate with half-civilized powers like Persia or Venezuela over cruelties inflicted on its citizens? And even if the nations were willing to forgo their sovereign powers, how would the decisions of the court be enforced? The day of universal arbitration will not arrive until all sovereign states agree to constitute a world government, whose function it will be to forbid armament, insist on disputes between peoples being referred to arbitration, and carry out the decision of the court, if need be, by force of arms. The union of the Empire, which would remove forever the possibility of international friction between one-fourth of the human race, grouped in nations all the world over,—the greatest advance towards universal peace within our grasp,—is difficult enough. But the union of the civilized world is a thousand times harder still. If we fail at the first we are certain to fail at the second. The far-sighted pacifist is also a true Imperialist.

A BRITON

THE PAYMENT OF MEMBERS

RECENT events in England have brought, for the first time, into practical politics a matter that for several decades has been mingling with the dreams of the British Liberal party. It is to be feared that the difficulties of a peculiar political situation are going to induce many to give a hasty and unconsidered answer to the question as to whether members of Parliament should be paid. Before Mr. Asquith had pledged his followers to the principle, not a few members of the Opposition were compromising themselves with regard to it, abetted by the improvident zeal of the *Morning Post*; for which one of two courses seemed inevitable—either payment, or the decapitation of that *august incognito*, the Osborne Judgement. Mr. Balfour, however, is a philosopher; and, as such, does not always admit the alternatives presented to him. In the present case he is opposed to both; and his attitude, together with some lucky turn of events, may yet command the needful opportunity for counsel. If thoughtful Englishmen will have a season in which to express themselves on the subject, untrammelled by the weight of expediency, none of us, whatever may be our views thereon, can do other than rejoice. Perhaps, too, in Canada, we might admit the propriety of self-examination with regard to it; for although with us, there has been no official sanction of the doctrine that members of Parliament should be paid, it is fairly obvious that we are at least on speaking terms with it, and will sooner or later have to make up our minds either to acknowledge it outright, or forever to cut an awkward acquaintance. We may as well consider in advance some of the questions involved.

Let us be clear upon one matter at the outset. There is, of course, a very great difference between the case of a private

member of Parliament and that of a minister of the Crown. It lies in the addition of an executive function to a legislative and representative one. And the difference carries with it this important consequence—a minister may be impeached. He never is impeached, but he may be. He may be called to account like any mandatary. His masters are all the people of the country. He is legally answerable to a far larger criticism than that of his constituency. And for his service and responsibility to all he is paid by all. If private members are willing to take a similar payment, are they willing to assume a like service and responsibility? Are they willing to concede that the member who attempts to represent national, rather than sectional, interests, is fitter for Parliament than his opposite? Would they view with equanimity the contestation of their seats by those from the other end of the country, or would they call upon the jealousy of their several divisions to resent such an intrusion? And how many of them, for what they might think was the general good, would dare to run counter to the special whims of their electors, as pronounced by a majority? Is it not to be feared that the very spirit which would approve of the payment of members is that which would be most chary of the broader obligation?

Democracy, in conflict with its own most cherished aims, is a condition none too rare to the political observer. Together with the narrowing down to a particular constituency of the feeling of responsibility, as an accompaniment of the payment of members, there goes a certain modern doctrine which, though entirely disinterested and clean-handed, is, nevertheless, potentially one of the most dangerous enemies of free institutions. One may seem rashly dogmatic to confess this as an allusion to the doctrine of mandate. Yet, here, I think, we cannot be too definite. The notion is that every member is sent to Parliament to say what he was told, and nothing else. It may be referred to as the gramophone theory of Parliament. A candidate is a waxen coated *tabula rasa*. An election is the indenting upon him not of a certain

view of politics and statesmanship, but of certain pledges as to the village wharf, the most recent strike, the most desired bonus. As, under the needle of debate, his narrow thread winds round and in, to its inevitable stopping-point, he delivers his mandate, till his record is removed and replaced. He must not think for himself, or utter the latest convictions of a growing mind, the opinions of a solid and consistent political creed with its obvious applications to affairs as they arrive. The only consistency allowed him will be to repeat himself; and his chief value will lie, not in wisdom, but in the power to see that he does not advance in thought from the stage occupied by him at the time of his election, and does not express any views upon any subject if he did not express the same views upon the same subject on the hustings. Who calls this politics, or life, or free debate?

Only one remove from this condition is the Referendum. With all deference to the *Spectator*, this invention is the best contrived to run politics into the doldrums. It is surprising that so astute a statesman as Lord Lansdowne could have been moved to submit it as a way of dealing with differences between the British Houses of Parliament. If the Liberal proposals tend to make a farce of one chamber, the Conservative proposals, in this instance, tend to make a farce of both. The contagion has spread very rapidly. Mr. Balfour is now offering a possible Referendum on Tariff Reform, and we may expect in the future to hear the magic word in every case where, under former conditions, statesmen would be called upon to think and to abide by their thought. Instead of a Liberal government applying to circumstances the traditional and coherent views that constitute Liberalism; instead of a Conservative party urging the country to be true to old principles in new situations; we shall now see unlimited adoptions by either of any political waifs whose relief may bring to the benefactor a sufficient credit or applause from the million. Surely this will be disaster to the party system, and an utter subversion of responsible government! Men will be less resolute to stand by a principle when they have

the easy alternative of standing by a vote. It will be a dull prime minister that will not say: "Let me harken to the votes, and I care not what may be the laws of a people." With good health a wise man will stay in power for forty years, unless his predecessor's health permitted too long a similar wisdom. If the main end of a constitution were to enable statesmen to reign without thought or leadership, without creed or courage, then let us fall down and worship the golden image now being set up. Why formulate a policy, why take any responsibility or any risk, why face the fiery furnace of an election in which you must stand or fall by your creed, when this delightful device offers a Cabinet perpetual security, let the coins show heads or tails? Why think, when you can get a mandate? Why lead, when it is so much simpler to follow? Why risk being wrong, when it is so easy to be right?

Against such a travesty of politics even wrong-headedness would be a welcome virtue. If you dare to be wrong, at least you keep the country alive. And too careful an attempt to find out the people's will defeats its own purpose. He is the best representative who makes his own mandate. There is a certain pragmatic scorn of expediency, that commands the fates and the votes. He who knows his own mind has very little need to know the minds of other people. The theory of mandate, the principle of the Referendum, the payment of members, are forces that do not tend to make a man know his own mind. Under their influence it will be the aim of public men to be carefully, painfully, even lamentably, right. They will always strive to be on the safe side, which is the middle. They will always seek to follow public opinion, which never moves unless it be led. They will be the perfect representatives of democracy which, if it can help it, never thinks.

After all, it is with this word democracy that we must come to grips. Those of us who have made some study of the real meaning of freedom, and who think less of methods than of principles to be guarded and of ends to be attained,

will not bow the knee to a mere word, or take democracy too easily at its own valuation. In respect that it is liberty's pathway, it is a good pathway; but in respect that it is mere democracy, it is naught. In respect that it gives equal opportunities to all men, we may like it very well; but in respect that, like every other polity, it can give better inducements to the self-interested than to the self-denying, it may be a very vile thing; as vile, in fact, as we choose to allow it to be. This criticism of democracy is not quite the same as Touchstone's upon life, for, instead of democracy being a spare thing, there is often too much plenty in it.

I believe with all my heart in the right of a free people to muddle its affairs as much as it pleases. But I believe no less strongly in the duty of the best citizens to prevent that muddling as much as they can, and to use for that prevention all the influence their superiority may bestow. Whatever may be the prejudice against aristocracy as a word, surely no thinking man denies its necessity as a fact. The ideal nation is what Bagehot calls the "deferential" nation; where certain persons, by common consent, are agreed to be wiser than others. All men are not equal, and until they are equal, government by the best will be our only sure protection from government by the worst. The best need not give themselves airs; though for that matter, a quid of chewing-gum may be quite as supercilious in intention, and as objectionable in result, as a raised eyebrow. The best need not be compelled to have sons of like culture and calibre; though there is no good reason to prevent them from so conspiring with heredity. They need not be given titles; however venial a sin it be that dignity and wisdom should be clothed in graces and honour. All that is asked is that they should have minds and wills of their own, decently trained, thoroughly devoted, absolutely independent. Would the payment of members help to induce such men to serve the state? Would it not rather tend to make Parliament distasteful to them both in anticipation and in experience?

It seems to be assumed that while it takes long training to enable a man to look properly after his own affairs, no special study of principles is necessary to enable him to look after the affairs of all his neighbours. He may, upon this assumption, stride into the most vital questions of his time with no better credentials than his likeness to the majority of his constituents. Is not this an appeal, in the case of the infection of the body politic, not to the doctor, but to a hair of the dog that bit you? I hasten to repeat that it is the right of the body politic to be as ill as it may please. But if its object be health, who is the better guide,—the expert, with some knowledge of history, some stretch of vision, some reverence for a cause, some faith in great principles for ever hidden from small sagacities; or he who does not insult his neighbours by knowing more or looking higher than they; who will settle each question apart, and in the light of the narrowest expediency that may flare upon it; whose arguments will hardly fail to be clogs upon civilization, based on the maxims that, in politics, if the interests of the world be one way, those of the Empire, the Dominion, the Province, must be just the reverse; that whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are more lovely than national selfishness, such things must necessarily be impracticable for the children of this world in these generations?

I perfectly admit that these latter standpoints are not an essential part of the régime of payment, and that they might be conceived to exist without that régime. Many worthy and excellent men, moreover, esteem to be political virtues of the highest character those very attitudes and views; and would tell their countrymen that the note of nobility is not good politics, because it is not good business. Who shall question the disinterested character of those who say so? It is not their patriotism that can be criticised, but their notion of its requirements; and with all respect to them, worldly wisdom is generally a squinting virtue and shortsighted. In the long run it is penny wise and pound foolish.

In the main it is not the attitude of those who think statesmanship more important than politics. But such persons can only win constituencies by qualities that make them independent of constituencies. Is such an independence fostered by payment?

That brings us back at once to the question of leadership. Are members who are paid by the country likely to be members who will lead it? They will listen to the voice; they will not choose the path and give the call. Perhaps their idea of democratic government will be in its measure correct,—to give the people what they want, not what they need. Yet it is questionable whether they will know best how to find out the people's wants. Such an object requires more of active intelligence than of passive receptivity. If the people are divided into those who are organized, centralized, and articulate, and those who are unassociated, widespread, and comparatively voiceless; if, between noise and numbers, hearing is to be the arbiter, which of the suitors will win?

And, in the meantime, what about politics? What about the study of something more than a people's whims? Our needs are mainly connected with our heads and our hearts. Our wants are generally dictated by the stomach. The sturdiest independence finds it hard enough to resist the clamour of the stomach against even the highest interests of the heart. How long will a hired legislature withstand such appeals from the most assertive part of its master's organism? At its best is not the spirit that asks for the payment of members very close to that which would turn every government into a soup-kitchen? Does it not make a boast of this very fact, and look with scorn upon the doctrines of national plain living and high thinking? Does not our argument swing out sooner or later into those irreconcilable contradictions between the politics of quality and those of quantity, between the frugal integrity of statesmanship and a license that will go as far as the people will allow themselves, or others for them, to be taxed? We may substitute a competition between two different theories of state benevolence for the

ancient rivalries in *panem et circenses*, but will the result be really different? The people pay in the end. Once a wise man said: "The blessing of Judah and of Issachar will never meet, that the same people or nation should be both the Lion's whelp and the Ass between burthens." And we know that Issachar became a servant unto tribute because he saw too well that rest was good, and thought it the chief glory of a land that it should be pleasant. The knowledge of such consequences is politics, but it is not the sort of politics that is either popular or likely to be paid for by an electorate that is not taught.

Now I am not advocating a Parliament of prigs or of preachers, or rows of polished gentlemen afraid to take off their gloves for the dust of the matter in hand, and gifted with an immense capacity for being horrified by events and evolutions. The very trouble of modern democracies is the existence of too many finicky persons, whose excuse for refraining from politics appears to be a fear that their doctrines and their good name will not stand the test, and that they are not sturdy enough to prevent things from going to the dogs. Of course we do not want prigs in Parliament, but then we do not want them even out of it; and we run no measurable risk of having them in our chambers, just because they are what they are. But be very sure that we do want in Parliament something that cannot be paid for, an expenditure of something that cannot be indemnified, a point of view, a breadth of vision, a standard of thought, that are not on the market. On this continent, especially, we must take heed lest our optimism degenerate into contentment with an easy and uninspired democracy, feeling no reverence for anything that cannot be measured, weighed, sold, or salted down, no sense of obligations that are great, just because they have no sanction save in their own generosity and honour. We must be careful that we do not let our politics drift into little else than government of the vulgar, for the vulgar, by the vulgar. If the business of a nation be to build itself a house, the purpose will not be best accomplished by those

who would as soon live over a grocery shop. Still less can they be builders if the house of the nation be for more than the nation to dwell in. There are some old verses, splendid in their ruggedness, that we should do well to remember:

“ Let not your King and Parliament in *one*,
 Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
 Which is most worthy to be thought upon:
 Nor think *they* are essentially, the State.
 Let them not fancy that the authority
 And privileges upon them bestowed
 Conferred are to set up a majesty,
 A power, or a glory of their own:
 But let them know, 'twas for a deeper life,
 Which they but *represent*—
 That there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
 Veil'd though it be, than Parliament or King!”

This line of argument may be thought lacking in body. Let us come down, as is the apologetic phrase, to facts and examples. I suppose, that nowhere will you find a more perfect mirror of the sort of democracy now in training, at its best moments, than is that marvellous periodical the *Ladies Home Journal*. Perhaps all mirrors of democracy do in some measure distort the subject; if so, the distortion in this instance is fair and even flattering—emphasizing a pleasant rotundity of placid virtues, and a sincere desire to improve. Yet, though you judge the subject by this presentment, is it all that can be desired? Admit that in its rough way this continent has done much towards a state of civilization in which men may continually rise to higher stages—as instanced by the question on page 46 of one of the recent numbers of this journal, “Which is better: for a man to tuck the corner of his napkin under his chin, or between the buttons of his vest?” There we see the beginnings of that aim towards aristocracy, that is just what should be desired. But how far does the process go—at least in the domain of politics? Does it not stop at the point so unconsciously yet so eloquently shewn on page 6 of the same journal, where no less a person than a senator is made to address the governor

of his state in this fashion: "I tell ye, sonny, we're jus' servants of the comin' generation, that's all. . . . And so it goes, and they h'aint no end." Now this is, of course, quite true; yet, if the senator had been unpaid might he not have expressed himself with no less sagacity, but with more elegance? And trifling as this example may seem, does it not tell us that if this be the appropriate language of the chiefs of politics under the régime of payment, then perhaps there is something amiss? "Evolution" was once partly defined in this prodigious manner: as a process from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity. Does not the payment of members of legislature tend to reverse this process, and to give us in politics vagueness for clearness, flabbiness for backbone, uncouthness for character?

Of course we are told that to talk in this fashion is to cry for the moon, since the only remedy is to have among us men of leisure. Where are they? is the triumphant question. One might have answered, "At the races;" but perhaps, as the Jockey Clubs earn dividends, attendance at the pavilions is not leisure but good business. If you wish to know where are the leisure classes of a democracy, look in the bar-rooms at any hour of the day, look at the baseball grounds after three o'clock of any afternoon, look in the hotel rotundas, examine the motors flying countrywards, consider the golf-links even in banking hours, read the lists of those who sit by the week at Blue Bonnets, who roam by the month along the Mediterranean. Look anywhere and everywhere, from the bottom to the top of the scale, but not in the House of Commons. Perhaps I should say not in our own House of Commons, for undoubtedly you will find some of our men of leisure in a House of Commons that is not ours, led there by reasons that go hand-in-hand with the traditions that so far have prevented the payment of members in Great Britain. But, leaving them aside, and counting out everyone of those other persons of leisure whose holiday is temporary or necessary, and only possible because it is near their usual places of work, still how many remain! Their leisure is quite legiti-

mate; and, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George, they may be wealthy, yet golf in their hands will not necessarily become a crime. Nor is it sinful to rest on the Riviera, even though they may not be Chancellors of the Exchequer. But there they are. If the phrase "men of leisure" be objectionable, then let us refer to them as those who, in the main, dispose of their time not as they must, but as they will. They could dispose of part of it in the public service.

And think again of those who ought to be men of leisure, but who will not; who have served themselves until their coffers are overflowing, and who ought to change their labours for another service. If they are not members of a leisured class, in the best sense, what necessity forbids, and at whose compulsion do they endeavour to make our humbug true? Of course, if much is nothing, and more is everything, no payment could indemnify them for being members of Parliament; and by what right will the nation complain of the failure to serve, if it establish the notion that citizens are not expected to serve the state as an honour and because of the talents and opportunities that may be theirs, but upon contract and on the understanding that no sacrifice is involved.

Will it be said that the argument now appears to be asking for government by the rich? It would not be hard, at the outset, to maintain, as already hinted, that there would be nothing new in such a state of affairs. But let us keep to the most narrow and particular results of the payment of members. Mr. Balfour, in his recent Edinburgh speech, put it this way:

"Now, please, think for a moment how this matter stands. If the only result of paying members was to make it easy for the poor man with special qualifications and aptitudes for public life to get into public life, and if its effects began there and ended there, is there a man whom I am addressing who would not desire to see payment of members established to-morrow? But we know perfectly well that that is not the way the thing would work. What are some of the great evils and difficulties of the present system as it is now worked? In certain constituencies at all events (not, I think, to be found chiefly in Scotland), there is an amount of local work, or pleasure, or entertainment exacted from the member which is, I think, in some cases beyond

all reason, and there is in some other cases a payment in subscriptions which I think is also—though not again chiefly in Scotland—excessive. That is under a system under which a member comes forward and asks for the honour—sometimes the expensive honour—of a seat in Parliament, and under which that honour is given him by a particular constituency. If the constituency instead of giving the honour gave a salary, or if—and I do not suppose it would be thrown on local funds—the result of their selecting a man was that he should get a salary, if it was an object of patronage handed over by the constituency to their elected, you would alter the whole relation, and alter it for the worse, between the man who is elected and the man who elects him. The evil that I have described would be aggravated in the case of the well-to-do man. Every atom of a salary which he got from the state would go in local subscriptions. In the case of the man who was not well-to-do, he would be dependent more or less for his livelihood upon retaining the favour of those who had patronized him. That cannot be good, and it will have the effect of aggravating another of the evils under which we already suffer.

“Everybody who has watched the actual course of a contested election in a constituency where parties are fairly evenly balanced knows perfectly well the monstrous power which is given to a very small minority to exact a pledge from the candidate, not that he should support this or that great policy, but that he shall help their small and particular interest. I know nothing which is more corrupting, both to the electors and to the elected, than that process, and although I fully see the difficulties which attach to what is commonly known as minority representation, it surely is an extraordinary criticism upon our existing system that, while a small handful of interested people can turn an election one way or another on their own personal issue, huge minorities like the minority of the Unionists in Scotland are entirely and grossly unrepresented. We give every privilege to the little knot of people in an individual constituency; we ignore a great mass who under our existing system find no representation at all comparable either to their numerical strength or to their public spirit, or to any other quality which makes them useful, able, and independent citizens. That evil will unquestionably be aggravated if you bring into existence a class of electoral experts who depend upon the favour of their constituency for patronage and a living, and whose whole ability and ingenuity will be turned, not into the service of the State at Westminster, but into keeping together as large a flock of gentlemen who will support them in their constituencies as will secure them in the continued enjoyment of £500 or £1,000 a year. I confess that I do not believe that the slow and subtle poison that would be introduced into our system by payment of members can easily be exaggerated.”

I have quoted a trifle more than was necessary for the purpose in hand, which was to maintain that the payment of members would work quite as much in favour of the rich as would no payment at all; for the sum that would be the poor man's need could be used by the rich man as an exalted form of bribery, costing him nothing, but buying him a popularity, and therefore a comparative freedom from pledges, that his poorer rival could not acquire. The only difference then between payment and non-payment would be that in the latter case a rich man would pay for his own local generosity, while in the former the government would foot the bill; or, to put it differently, under the régime of payment, the country would give to a poor man for his necessities, and to a rich man for his whims.

Remember, too, that the only argument against a condition that might prevent the poor from becoming members of Parliament is founded on the principle that we ought to have all points of view represented therein. Then consider that, as soon as you pay your members a fixed amount to sit in the House, you cut them off from all that heretofore made them representatives of particular phases and schools. Even if it were in the public interest that a man's opinion should be more respected because he was a bricklayer than because he was a sane and respectable human being, you would not attain your object by paying him to abandon bricklaying. Exactly the same reasoning applies to the professional man of moderate income. By just the measure of the payment required to bring him to Parliament does he cease to be a representative of this or that profession, and an expert in such and such a point of view.

These, of course, are considerations that apply all the world over. On this continent, however, we have some special circumstances requiring particular notice. While the capitals of Europe are builded by history, those of the New World are discovered by compromise, and are the result of forces that take little heed of the country's centre of gravity. It is too late to sigh over the fact that a frenzied

mob of seventy years ago sent the Parliament of Canada to a city that is no metropolis, and that may never become one. In any event, whatever capital be ours, it is bound to be distant by several days' journey from some great body of the population. We are not in the position of England, whose metropolis, capital, centre of energy and centre of brains, are, but the same place; so that most of her members of Parliament can walk from Westminster to their homes.

But we must not exaggerate the difference, or overlook those points in which we might modify our national habits to meet the difficulty. In England the fact just referred to is mainly possible because constituencies far from London do not object to being represented by London men. It is of course impossible for Canada to be represented by citizens of Ottawa. They are not sufficiently numerous, and their city is not sufficiently significant. But why should not our leading cities, which are within measurable distance of Ottawa, be more generally called upon to supply members for constituencies farther removed? The objection that then the members would be too remote from their electors is one that can be urged against the whole situation of affairs in this country under every conceivable circumstance. Certainly, if the vital question be that of expense, then it is time to consider an abatement of our provincialism and sectional jealousy in the matter of representatives.

Perhaps too, on that score, a hint might be taken from the favourite prescription of a certain bluff soldier in a recently censored play. Not "shoot them down," but "cut them down," in numbers at least, we could proclaim as our policy when confronted with the fact that for a population one-seventh that of Great Britain we have one-third as many representatives.

But leaving such suggestions aside, the fact still remains that if there is an expense to be faced, unavoidable by any means, we have plenty of persons well able to face it, let us only bring them to the task; and plenty more whose readiness to face the margin of sacrifice will be the best evidence

of their fitness for membership. They will know that the healthiest political atmosphere is that which is most difficult to reach; that, to keep your politics on the heights and above the clouds, you need steadfast, trained, and devoted climbers; and to obtain them you must ask for some self-sacrifice, where honour and difficulty are the chief inducements. As for those, however capable, who cannot afford this sacrifice, let them find their consolation in the importance of the principle that keeps them out.

In Canada we have a position of our own. We recognize a distinction between payment and indemnity. Indemnity is a payment for what a man loses. Payment is an indemnity for what he does not gain. In theory the former is far less open to attack than the latter. It may be said with some plausibility that once a man has entered public life, his expenditure should not be increased by his public service. If he allow the state to repay his out-of-pocket disbursements, he is still one who has gained nothing by representing his constituents. He is still free, unhired, and, save to produce his hotel bills, unaccountable. He can boast that he gave himself to the service of his country. He can pronounce his opinions as opinions, not as merchandise. He can be as sagacious or as stupid as he pleases, and none but his constituents will have the right to complain. He may sit dumb all session, and the country cannot consider him in arrears. In fact the member who is merely indemnified has many points in common with the member who is not indemnified at all. Only, the great question is—does he exist?

The sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, which in Canada is given to every member of parliament is at least an indication that the dividing line between payment and indemnity tends to become somewhat blurred. Perhaps, however, we should look at the matter from a hopeful point of view, and should consider that when the added expense of board and lodging in Ottawa for a few weeks comes to \$2500.00 the rest of the scale of living of our members must be so high, and the incomes that afford it so substantial, that in this country actual payment will never be a necessity.

Seriously, is it not time that we faced the question outright, and saw where we stood? I do not for a moment pretend to have exhausted the points of view; but, in watching our own situation, and in looking across the water at those who so lightly urge a change from the old ways of England, which of us does not envy, and would not deeply and anxiously consider, if it were his country's boast, the proud position held for so many centuries by the Mother of Parliaments? It has been filled by those who have thought the free service of their country to be the highest, the most honourable duty to which any man could aspire. Who doubts that it is this feeling that has given the British chambers their immense authority at home and their incomparable prestige abroad; and that it is the fact of an opposite condition that has deprived our own legislature of so needful an influence and respect? Surely we must admit that the argument is not between popular rights and popular disabilities, but between a higher and a lower conception of public life. There is a false democracy having its way at present, spoiled on every hand by flattery and indolent complaisance. For all its wishes, it demands approval and fulfilment at whatever cost, as time's greatest offspring and the least. In the meantime, the real democracy, of which this spirit and all this generation are so small a part, is hinting to us that her ends are more important than ours; that modern business methods, in so far as they are shaping public service, are not fitting us to her uses, seeing that she demands a broader vision, whereas, if the public men of a country are professionals in politics, they will mainly be mere amateurs in statesmanship.

WARWICK FIELDING CHIPMAN

CERTAIN VARIETIES OF THE APPLES OF SODOM

I SHALL begin with two statements which are sufficiently general. The one is contained in the pretty expression of Walter Bagehot: a community cannot adopt a constitution any more than a child can adopt a father. The other is in the portentous words of Bishop Butler: things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be.

The world is so vast and its affairs so complicated that it is little influenced by what men can do. It moves like a glacier from the mountains to the sea, and glacier dwellers—if there be any such—would do well to take knowledge of the downward trend, and govern themselves in accordance with that, rather than seek out new inventions to thwart their inexorable progress.

Between Canada and the United States there has been a century of peace. That is a mere accident. The resolve of peoples to live in peace is the expression of a laudable intention rather than of a hope which has arisen out of a true reading of history. Those who dwell in separate communities can do something towards living in mutual amity; but they cannot do much, since men fight as dogs fight, not deliberately but in obedience to an unreasoning instinct which was fully reasoned out in the far off beginning of the race. Within a few months we are likely to be told that eternal peace is a law of nature, and we shall hear much talk from amiable, intellectual men of that international amity which we all really do feel, especially after dinner in luxurious surroundings.

For good or ill, democracy is the one form of government which is tolerable to English-speaking men. If, at any time, they endured another, it was only as a temporary expedient. When the question was in doubt, it was proper to sing the

glories of popular rule. Now that the strife is over, the time has come to examine the defects which are inherent in it.

That was sound advice which was offered by Sir Francis Baring to his nephew who was about to engage in a diplomatic career: "Now that you are a young man, you should write down not what has happened but what you think is going to happen, and you will be surprised to find how wrong you are."

It would be a business proper for a great writer to demonstrate how far wrong all enthusiasts were, who found in this device or in that the sovereign remedy for the ills which humanity lies under. The very enumeration of those devices would test the patience of the average man. Nothing has gone untried, from democracy and education to socialism, single tax, unbolted flour, Christian Science, exercises in breathing, and chewing the food to an infinity of attrition. One exception is to be made in the long record of failure. Those who had an enthusiasm for religion—that is for changing the character of the individual rather than his environment—were never wrong. This experiment might well be tried once more.

I shall, however, for the present, confine myself to an examination of that "experiment in freedom," which was made in the middle half of the North American continent, begun in New England, continued in the Thirteen Colonies, and attaining its fulfilment in our own time in the United States of America, not so much for the sake of pointing out its failures as to show "how far wrong" all theorists in government are liable to be, when they go contrary to the genius of the race from which they are sprung.

The new Republic was without a constitution, and its founders proceeded to adopt one, as a parricide would adopt a new father. They were as sincere as revolutionists ever were; but they saw a patriot in every bush. Their minds were inflamed. They saw visions and dreamed dreams. They strove to realize them; and it must be allowed that conditions more favourable for success never existed. They were in

possession of a virgin soil, a new world, and all the riches which it contained. If they had lost that enthusiasm of the earlier colonists who looked for the coming of the Lord amongst the rocks of New England, to inaugurate a new heaven and a new earth, they were resolved at least to create an earthly paradise. In such an atmosphere the tree of liberty grew up in a night, and the watchers discovered upon its branches fruits of various kinds. If they have turned to ashes in the mouth, then we shall know that they were certain varieties of the apples of Sodom. They were rich and glittering fruits.

The Thirteen Colonies revolted against the Mother Country, as it appeared, because Lord North had not made the simple discovery that George III was a fool, or, as some say, because a clerk had forgotten to post a letter. In reality the seeds of the rebellion were sown long before the colonists had departed from the shores of England. It was not due, either, to the accident of having crossed the seas. Indeed it was delayed for a century and a half by that event. The colonists left England to avoid a deliberate act of rebellion. Their fellow Puritans who remained behind rebelled within the next twenty years. Both rebellions were inevitable, because men have no patience. If they had patience, they would be as gods and not men.

The earlier rebellion was an extremely simple affair. The king knew too little, and the people knew too much. Their learning was the outcome of the Renaissance, and the best they knew was put into words by John Calvin in a little book of six chapters, published without a name, and bearing a Latin title which, being translated, reads "The Institutions of the Christian Religion." In that book Calvin proclaimed that all power, spiritual, ecclesiastical, and temporal, proceeded from the individual, in whose heart and conscience it had been deposited by God himself. That doctrine forced its way through three revolutions in England, and stands untouched till this day in every nation which answers to the name of modern.

The King was not aware that the reality of his kingship had been transformed into fiction; and the people were not yet aware that for purposes of government a fiction is better than a reality. That is a modern discovery. British institutions work well because they are based upon fictions which we all understand to be so. American institutions work with noise and friction because people think that they are founded upon realities. The kingship was a reality at the time when the king was the strongest man, the only man in short who could protect the people against the rising tide of barbaric invasion. They were willing to do homage to him and place their possessions in his keeping; and he assumed for his part the obligations of defending them. In the course of a thousand years a new situation arose and a fresh explanation of the sovereignty was required. That was found in an implied consent on the part of the governed to be governed. The fact is, as Sir Henry Maine so succinctly puts it, that the law was wholly changed; the fiction is that it remains what it was. Accordingly, British institutions are based upon facts in the frank guise of fictions. The American constitution is based upon a theory out of which have been created certain formulæ for Government.

The later rebellion also arose out of a new theory which was superadded to the old. It came from France through Diderot. He had it from Rousseau, and he in turn from Locke. The logical issue in Europe of this theory was the French Revolution. In America it was the Rebellion of 1776, and those succeeding years. The theory which instigated the rebellion against Charles was right. The theory which instigated the rebellion of the Thirteen Colonies was wrong. There was much in it which the people did not understand, but they caught at the words "all men are equal," as having their authority in the "Law of Nature," by which all men should be bound.

The Thirteen Colonies were at that time slowly drawing away from the Mother Country, and were beginning to derive their inspiration from the more alluring springs of French

fancy and surmise. The writings of Jefferson, above all others, show this infection with the semi-popular opinions which were then current in continental Europe. Out of a legal provision was created a political dogma, and the success which it won in America in 1787 was a direct instigation to its adoption in France in 1789.

The Roman jurists of the Antonine era laid it down as a juridical maxim "*omnes homines natura æquales sunt*," intending to affirm that the arbitrary distinctions which the Roman Civil Law had created between citizen and foreigner, between freeman and slave, had ceased to exist. What they meant was that before the law "all men are equal." The French civilians transferred the expression from the field of law into the wide region of political speculation, and read it in a new form, "all men ought to be equal." And this dogma was based in further misapprehension of the meaning of the "Law of Nature." It was assumed that a time really did exist, as described by Dryden, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," and that all human society was merely a degradation from that glorious condition. This delusion lasted long in New England, and under its influence Thoreau took to the woods like the melancholy Democritus, and declined to pay taxes or discharge his other obligations as a member of a civilized community.

This "Law of Nature" was merely a mistranslation of the Roman "*Jus Gentium*" or "*Jus Naturale*," which was a system of jurisprudence meant to cover the case of foreigners who were resident in Rome. They were excluded from the operation of the *Jus Civile* or Civil Law, and some method must be devised to adjudicate their causes, lest they should resort to armed force. The expedient which the jurists devised was a process of selection from the rules common to Rome and the various communities in which the immigrants were born. The result was a collection of rules and principles which came to be known as a "Law common to all Nations."

It is only when the fight is over and won that the real difficulties begin, as the victors of Naseby and Worcester

discovered, as the victors of Lexington also learned. After eleven years the last state of the Puritans of England was worse than the first—a short period it is true, but eleven years is only a little shorter than a hundred and fifty. They were without a constitution, but they had the supreme sense to realize that the best contrived constitution in the world is worse than none at all. They reverted quickly to those laws and customs which their race had evolved from the time of its earliest childhood. They healed the breach, and the national life proceeded to flow in its accustomed channel, where it is yet flowing in an increasing and ever deepening stream. The revolted colonies neglected to return to their allegiance, and they remain to this day cut off from the parent stem. It is yet too soon to say whether or not they are firmly rooted in new soil.

The Fathers of the Republic assumed the difficult rôle of political prophecy; and there is no task to which this generation can set its hand so profitably as investigating to what degree those prophecies have been fulfilled or are discredited. Washington in his Farewell Address to the Nation in 1796, declared: "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is to have with them as little political connection as possible. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course." Jefferson in writing to Thomas Paine in 1801 protested: "We shall avoid implicating ourselves with the powers of Europe, even in support of policies which we mean to pursue." Twenty years later, referring to the appointment of a minister to Brazil, he hoped for "a fraternization among all the American nations," and insisted upon "the importance of their coalescing in an American system of policy totally independent and unconnected with that of Europe." He thought the day was not far distant when they might "formally require a meridian of partition through the ocean which separated the two hemispheres," upon one side of which at least "the lion and the lamb within our regions shall lie down together in peace." The message of President Monroe in 1823 was

merely a reiteration of this resolve to maintain in America the blessed condition which Jefferson had described. The earliest essays of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, in the "Federalist" have this doctrine for their leading theme.

America would not go to Europe: very well, Europe will come to America. To-day the majority of the people of the United States do not belong to the race whose native tongue is English. If the inhabitants of New York be conceived of in the image of one man, 73 per cent. of him will be born of foreign parentage. The typical Chicagoan is 77 per cent. alien. In the chief cities three-quarters to four-fifths of the population are of foreign parentage. In all the North Atlantic States the proportion of alien born to natives is as 51 to a hundred. In Wisconsin it is 71 and in Minnesota seventy-four. These statements are made upon the authority of the census of 1900, as the returns for last year are not completed. It shows in further detail that the whole population in that year was 75,693,000 of whom 8,803,000 were negroes. Of these there were actually born abroad 10,460,000, or 13.7 per cent; and 26,198,000, or 34.3 per cent. were born of foreign parentage. The official estimate of population in 1908 was 87,189,000. In the preceding nine years the immigration was 7,441,000, of whom only 803,000 spoke English. Deducting the negroes in their increased numbers from the population, the returns yield a percentage of 56.8 as born of foreign parentage, and this estimate makes no account of population derived from continental Europe more than one generation ago.

Another way of approaching this problem of race is through the immigration statistics. The total population in 1820, when the records began, was 9,638,000, of whom 7,866,000 were white. Of this 85 per cent. may be considered to have been of English-speaking origin. This population doubled at least twice in 70 years, which would yield 26 millions; and to-day would possibly amount to 36 millions. Add foreign-born British in 1900, who were 2,789,000, and to that their increase of 500,000, and to that another million

of British immigration since 1900. This yields a total of only 41 millions out of the whole population. The end is not yet. The Report of the Commissioner General of Immigration for 1909-10 shows that during that period the total arrival of immigrants was 1,104,570. Of these the Slavonic and Iberic countries supplied 723,942. Only 33,000 are classified as English. There was so much that was evil in Europe the Fathers would willingly do without the good which there might be—art, literature, manners. But these immigrants have brought their filthy European vices with them in the steerage, and the good has been left behind. Isolation was the first fruit. It was bitten upon, and the taste of ashes is in our mouths.

The next fruit that I shall choose is from the hand of Madison: "Where annual elections end, tyranny begins." The experience of a hundred years shows that the truth is the exact contrary: Where annual elections prevail, tyranny entrenches itself. The House of Representatives unwieldy in numbers, short in its tenure, and therefore inexperienced and unorganized, has yielded authority to that tyranny which has its seat in the Senate. If the Senate were elected annually anarchy would prevail, and tyranny would find a retreat which might be more obscure yet none the less impregnable.

The suffrage glittered in the early sun.—That was the fruit for the healing of the nation. The strong desire of the people to make known their wills was the fundamental assumption of revolutionary politics. It was the fundamental fallacy. It did not occur to any one that a time might come when the electors would not care much whether they voted or not, and that a machine of great power and vast complexity would be necessary for getting them to the polls. That is the genesis of the thing which is called Party. That a man should belong to a party is the first principle of the machine; and loyalty to a party, no matter how despotic it may be, has taken the place of an uncomplaining and unreasoning loyalty to a king. The Republican and Demo-

cratic parties to-day are proof against the influence which destroyed Federalist and Whig before the war.

Liberty must be sought without ceasing. To the founders of the Republic it was so precious that, once having been achieved, it was unthinkable that it could be filched away, that fidelity to a party would take the place of patriotism, that devotion to private affairs should take the place of public duty, that domestic comfort and the pursuit of wealth should replace the larger concern for the public good. To them, also, it appeared as a law of nature that the best men in the community would be eager to serve it, and that the people would be swift to demand their services. The Revolution was conducted by the best men, by men of character and prominence, by men who in some honourable way had lifted themselves above the crowd. The right they demanded was the right of filling their offices with the most competent men who had proved their ability in other vocations of life, by holding true to the traditions of their birth, by intellectual achievement, or even by the acquisition of property.

But under the influence of the theory that all men are equal, a new principle arose, that one man can fill an office as well as any other, and that the opinion of one man is as good as the opinion of any one else. Offices then came to be filled by men who had inherited certain opinions rather than by men who had proved their competency to discharge the duties of them. Spoils for the victor—that is the cry of barbarians, and bad government is the long prelude to overthrow.

There is a principle of commerce, known as Gresham's Law, which applies as closely to-day as when it was propounded by the financier of Elizabeth's time, whose name it bears. According to the terms of this law, when two media of different value circulate on equal terms the baser inevitably drives out its more precious rival. This principle applies with equal cogency to political life, and explains the automatic and progressive degradation of all popular assem-

blies. None escapes the inexorable operation of this law. In the German Reichstag, so late as December last, the expression, now become so familiar, was heard: Sie haben gelogen; das ist falsch. In the Canadian House of Commons during the present session the terms "coward," "lie," "public lying" were used in debate. One member suggested to another that they should engage in personal combat; and still a third was impelled to inquire if it might be considered that they were all a lot of "yahoos."

The situation in the English House of Commons is also ominous. Englishmen do not brawl; they stand aside in silence until the thing becomes intolerable. That explains the growing ease with which adventurous persons from overseas secure nominations from constituencies in England. At the recent election the evidence was very clear that native Englishmen are finding the House of Commons a less attractive place than it used to be. One-eighth of the candidates were Jews, if we can depend upon a list compiled by the "Jewish Chronicle," and quoted by a correspondent of the "Saturday Review." Some of these Hebrew names are, Goldberg Goldstone, Goldman, Henle. Others, such as Gourowski, Ralli, Beenacchi, Chiozza-money, betray a Greek or Latin origin. The fatherland of Messrs. Schwann, Holzappel, Reiss, Schunck, is obvious. Messrs. Astor and Seaverns are American. In addition, Mr. Joseph Martin, Mr. Max Aitken, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Hamar Greenwood, of whom we are all so justly proud, are Canadians.

Under the influence of this law, the best men in the United States have given place to an idle class of men with some capacity for intrigue, who tell the voter how to vote and whom to vote for. This small class of men select themselves, and they select their own boss, who will be the voter's boss too. They are no longer persuaded. They are commanded to support this or that candidate, not on account of his character principles but because he has been selected for them.

The early life of the Republic was fertile with ideas propagated by men like Hamilton, Jay, Adams; and, later

by Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. They were answerable to the people and felt bound to explain, reason, and persuade, to give advice and instruction, to carry on a continual campaign of education, rather than attempt to stay a tide of public folly when it was near full flood. The modern politician is answerable to the boss who selects him, and gives him permission to enter public life. It is the boss who puts one up and thrusts another down. He is the one who must be placated and appeased. That is the direct cause of corruption in public life; the people have surrendered their liberty into the hands of a tyrant who is often a coarse ruffian besides. The late Mr. Godkin, that faithful friend of democracy, was right when he declared: No man can serve two masters; and the power which gave him his place and can take it away is the master whom he seeks to serve in the way the master prefers. The Fathers of the Republic decreed that a candidate must reside in the district which he aims to represent, and this decree has been converted into an ingenious weapon against the people. When a public man incurs the hostility of the local boss his career is at an end, even if he could conceal his disgust and seek the favour of another boss.

The framers of the Constitution devised an Electoral College for choosing the President, to be "composed of the most enlightened and respectable citizens;" and it was presumed that "their votes would be directed to those men only who have become the most distinguished by their abilities and virtue." These men were expected to exercise an independent judgement, but now for an elector to do so would be considered an act of the basest treachery. The system broke down as early as 1804, when Burr for President, and Jefferson for Vice-President, received an equal number of votes, showing that party alignment was complete even at that time.

To make the bondage more complete no citizen is allowed to share in the selection of a candidate, unless he has voted with a certain party on a previous occasion. If he exercises

the inalienable right of independent voting he is excluded from the primary, which makes the organization of those who remain more complete and their power more tyrannical. The best that can happen is that one party is replaced by another without any alteration in its character.

Out of this theory of equality arose the practice of treating the legislature as a council of equals; but the body grew so large that acts of legislation were referred to various committees. No administrative officer, not even the President, is entitled to interfere with their deliberations. The President of the republic or the governor of a state may send a message, but it is in reality a rhetorical performance intended to impress the public mind with an idea of the writer's skill rather than a serious effort to inaugurate or direct legislation. When a would-be legislator introduces his Bill it is handed over to the tender mercies of a committee and he is not entitled even to speak on its behalf. No one is responsible for legislation or the conduct of the government, and the right of the private member to interfere is denied. A committee is not bound to report upon a Bill, and for what they reject they are not obliged to supply anything else. The business of the Committee is to impede. The power of legislation lies really in the hands of the Speaker who is not a judicial presiding officer or even a responsible minister, but a member of the party in power, concerned alone about carrying out the policy of that party. How different is all this from the intentions of the Fathers,—especially from that of Penn's "Holy Experiment of Pennsylvania, wherein an ideal democracy shall inhabit a free and virtuous state, and the people shall rule themselves!"

Consequently the course of the legislatures is one of automatic degradation as self-respecting men forsake them, disdaining to sit with other legislators who have attained to their high place, no one knows how or why, though all suspect that it has been by secret favour and intrigue. The withdrawal from the legislature of men of independent minds and independent means has had the inevitable result

that they are fallen into the hands of men who are both ignorant and poor; and it is amongst the poor and ignorant that the corruptor finds his readiest clients. From being a poor country governed by rich men, the United States has become a rich country governed by poor men, whose first business appears to be to make themselves rich. Compare this state of affairs with the deliverance of Hamilton, "that no man can be a competent legislator who does not add to an upright intention and a sound judgement a certain degree of knowledge of the subjects on which he is to legislate," and I think the significance of the title which I have chosen will be appreciated.

The fabulous and inexhaustible riches of the country has been the theme of every orator from the days of the Fathers to our own. Suddenly we are awakened to the fact that they are gone. The wheat fields of the West yield seventeen bushels to the acre, whilst the farms of England yield only thirty-nine. In August last the balance of trade went against the United States, and it is estimated that in five years it will be a wheat importing country. The truth is that the method of development which is employed in all new countries—Canada included—is not easy to distinguish from a sustained act of piracy; and the best exponents of this method were the Spaniards in their development of the Empire of the Incas.

In support of this general contention some specific statistics furnished by a correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* will be of value: The exports of pig copper from the United States to Great Britain, which in 1908 amounted to 142 million lbs., were in 1909 but 100 millions. To France the export of copper pigs in the fiscal year 1909 were but 102 millions as against 124 million lbs. in 1908. Of wheat the total exports fell from 100 million bushels to 67 millions in 1909; of flour, from 14 million barrels in 1908 to 10½ millions in 1909; of cattle 349,210 in 1909, valued at \$29,000,000, to 207,542 in 1909, valued at only \$18,000,000. Fresh beef went down from 201 million lbs. in 1908, to 123

million lbs. in 1909; of pickled pork 150 millions in 1908, to 52 million lbs. in 1909; of lard 603 million lbs. to 529 millions in 1909. In exports of manufactured iron and steel the falling off was even more remarkable, the total value exported having from 184 millions in 1908 fallen to 145 millions in 1909. Raw cotton exported in 1909 was greater than in 1908, but the cash value was less. Foodstuffs as a whole formed, in 1879, 52 per cent. of the total exports; in 1909 they formed but 27 per cent. It is easy to manufacture when there is a virgin soil to produce food. What will happen under competition with the world on equal terms remains to be seen. The Commission of Conservation which was created after so much labour has ashes rather than fruit to conserve, and is affording us a new reading of the old fable about the foolish man who locked his door after the thief had gone with his booty.

The Fathers looked for a continuance of that sound domestic life familiar to them under the tradition of Puritanism. But that domestic life was a glittering fruit compared with the ashes in which it is fallen in a community where one marriage out of every twelve is terminated by divorce, and maternity, as Dean Walton suggests, is so commonly looked upon as the last calamity which could fall upon an innocent and unsuspecting wife. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, which appeared to the Puritans in so hideous a guise, is to-day the strongest bulwark of the domestic life. It has restrained us in Canada, where the rate of divorce is less than four per cent. of what it is in the United States.

The contrast between the high hopes from law administered by judges elected directly by the people for short terms, and the results as disclosed in the daily reports which any one may read, are too obvious to require mention, especially in face of the President's declaration—I do not mean Mr. Roosevelt—that “the administration of the criminal law in all the States of the Union is a disgrace to our civilization;” and of Mr. Justice Brewer's protest, that a restriction which it was proposed to put upon the Court of Equity was “a step backwards towards barbarism.”

The high hopes of the Fathers were extravagant. Even in so far as they were reasonable, they failed, because the generations following them have sinned. Those generations eat the bitter fruit, and the teeth of their children are set on edge. They committed the sin of enslaving their fellow-men. The fearful nemesis of the negro hangs over the nation. His voice went up to Heaven, and Heaven has heard. However it may be with personal sin, political sin is slow of forgiveness. Protest as they like that the sin was not of their doing, it is they who endure the burden, and will transmit it to their children. Not even the sacrifice of a million lives sufficed to wash away the stain. We have heard it said that all men are born equal. There can be no social equality when intermarriage is out of the question, and without the possibility of social equality political equality is impossible. The law which was unable to protect the negro is now unable to protect the white, for we read of a white boy having been hanged in Newark, and the telegraph pole to which he was hanged covered with iron to prevent it from being carried away in pieces as souvenirs.

The formation of poisons as a by-product of functional activity is a phenomenon in every vital process; and the tradition has gone too long unbroken, that democracy automatically purges itself of the evils which it creates. This cleansing process must be performed consciously and with deliberation by the best citizens, else it will not be done at all. The common saying is that there is a special Providence which watches over drunken men and the United States; but Providence, whilst long suffering and slow to anger, in the end punishes the profligate, even to the third and fourth generation.

I have said, with an iteration which must have become tiresome, that the United States possesses its full complement of saviours; but they work with a spasmodic activity and become discouraged, the task is so great. The "Committee of Seventy" which led the assault against Tweed; the "Committee of One Hundred" which broke the "gas ring"

in Philadelphia; the "Citizens Union" which returned to the charge in New York in 1897; the "Federation of Chicago"; the "Citizens' Association" of Boston; the "Reform League" of Baltimore; the "Municipal Associations" in Cleveland and other cities; the "Insurgents" of to-day all attest the saving power which is in the community. But that power requires to be stimulated to activity, by having brought to bear upon it the general sense of mankind. It will not do, either, to say forever that the disorders in the United States are merely the excesses of youth. Surely at some time a nation, like an individual, becomes grown up, and incapable of pleading for immunity on the ground of childish irresponsibility.

Seventy years ago De Tocqueville remarked that the United States was even then showing signs of age. As a political community it is now one of the oldest in the world. In comparison, Portugal, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan are but of yesterday. In all these years the constitution, so cunningly devised by Hamilton with its "checks and balances," has also grown old and rigid, and any unusual strain breaks it down. It broke down in 1861, when South Carolina asserted the sovereignty of the state on April 10th. In 1876 it failed to provide for the election of a President. Democracy has risen above the barriers which the Fathers erected, and government is carried on only by the employment of those extra constitutional devices of which Tammany Hall will serve as an example. If it were not for this machinery, as Mr. Ostrogorski points out, "the constitutional mechanism itself would work in the wrong way or would revolve in empty space."

Fortunately, the people of the United States, unlike the Chinese and the Haytians, have not become insensible to criticism. For a hundred years the new republic was utterly forgotten by the world. It was left to itself to suffer in isolation, without sympathy, without advice, and with scant criticism. The people resented criticism as a bitter affront, and counted the most dispassionate recorder amongst the

worst of their enemies. As a result of this frame of mind criticism was estopped, because it merely aroused anger, and caused vituperation. But all this is changed, and there is now a searching of heart, which betokens repentance and reform. Foreign friends of democracy can do, and are doing, much to assist in this process by faithfully dealing with the conditions which they observe.

The people of the United States have enjoyed the blessings of democracy so long that they take for granted that they are automatic. They have encountered its perils and they have failed to meet them. The world looked to them for a "new experiment in freedom," and the world is confused and disappointed. We in Canada, and in England too, are face to face with the same perils, worse perils, perhaps, because our democracy is more complete, its machinery more simple, and therefore more easily seized upon.

Democracy has never succeeded, or monarchy either, where the "best men" followed their own pleasure and allowed the worst men to seize the reins of government. Unless the intellectual men descend from the pedestals which they have erected for themselves, and the rich men return from wallowing in their own pleasures, the fate of these democracies, the United States, England, and Canada, will be—in the ominous words of Mr. Kipling and of an earlier prophet—as the fate of Nineveh and Tyre. Therefore it is well for us to regard fixedly the ashes to which the Apples of Sodom inevitably fall.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

CANADA AND THE FRENCH-CANADIAN

AMONG the indirect results of the South African war, of a decade ago, were two which have had a vital bearing on the relations between Canada and the Empire. In the first place, the events of 1899 so inflamed colonial patriotism that within an astonishingly short time Canada and her sister dominions were sending contingents across oceans to aid the Mother Country in her struggle with the Boers. This outburst of patriotic fervour following close after Canada's tariff enactment of 1897, whereby preferential concessions were granted to Great Britain, gave an impetus to imperialism, a movement seeking closer Empire relations—at least among the self-governing units of the Empire. The second result, referred to above, was even more unexpected. Because of the war and the sending of Canadian soldiers to South Africa many French-Canadian leaders were led to define their attitude towards the British Empire.

Notwithstanding their repeated expressions of loyalty and the statement of one of their leaders, that "the present attitude of the French Canadian is one of content,"¹ the bulk of Canada's French population will never love the English. The wholesale acceptance by French Canada of a Canadian nationalism in preference to one of a more British or imperial complexion is not due, however, to events of recent years. The situation can be explained only by reference to the commonly known fact that Canada is peopled by two races, which are dissimilar in language, religion, and traditions, as well as in origin. The races are descended from the two great European nations which for hundreds of years were hereditary enemies.

¹ Mr. Henry Bourassa, *Monthly Review*, October, 1902.

For a century and a half the presence in Canada of a strong French element has directly influenced the political policy and development of the country. Since the decisive battle on the Plains of Abraham, England has squarely and with unwonted sagacity and firmness faced the problem of dealing with an alien and conquered race. Although, as Parkman has said, "a happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by British arms," yet Great Britain totally failed either to annihilate or to assimilate the French settlers left in the country in 1763.

Guarantees in regard to religious privileges figured prominently in the treaties which handed over the French colony to Britain. The capitulations of Quebec and Montreal began by protecting the vanquished from all danger of that religious persecution of which they stood most in dread. The treaty of Paris in 1763 confirmed these preliminaries and formally recognized the right of French Roman Catholics to continue their religious practices within the limits of English law. Finally, the Quebec Act, passed in 1774 by the British parliament, established permanently the civil, political, and religious rights of the French in Canada. These privileges include the official recognition of the French language, the French civil law, and the established Roman Catholic Church. The status of the French Church in Canada may be regarded, therefore, as resting on a species of *Concordat*, and the Quebec Act is virtually a treaty as well as a law. England's strict observance of the provisions of the Act has rendered British rule entirely to the taste of the Roman Catholic Church; and a tacit understanding may be said to exist between the two powers, civil and ecclesiastical. The Church, on the one hand, keeps the French-Canadians, practically all of whom are of the Catholic faith, loyal and contented. The British authorities, in return, have left the Church so free to exercise her authority in the Roman Catholic province of the Dominion that it remains as it were a special preserve for the Church.

This *entente* may be said to form one of the most vital elements in Anglo-Canadian relations. To be sure, when her own interests have been endangered, the Church has defended them fiercely, even at the risk of destroying Canadian unity. This was shown during the stormy controversy waged over the Manitoba School Question in 1896. The Roman Catholic divines plunged into the election campaign of that year which was to determine the outcome of the question. The bishops first issued a collective order inviting the electors to support only such candidates as would pledge themselves to restore Separate Schools to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba. Mgr. Langevin, in the course of an address at Montreal, said: "All those who do not follow the hierarchy are not Catholics. When the hierarchy has spoken it is useless for a Catholic to say the contrary, for if he acts that way he ceases to be a Catholic." "Your duty is clear before you," urged Father Charlevoix, in a sermon preached at New Richmond, Quebec. "You have to choose between the commands of your bishops and the misrepresentations of their enemies. You have to choose between Christ and Satan. If you despise Christ by disobeying the bishops, you must suffer, as the consequences of such action, the retribution that is sure to follow."

On the other hand, the Church has a complete and openly expressed regard for British sovereignty. The blessing of God is called down upon her English rulers by the Church in her religious services. Rarely has a foreign rule been accepted more absolutely. Despite the anti-British sentiments of scattered ignorant and isolated up-country priests, the liberality of the Quebec Act has assured to England the unceasing loyalty of the French-Canadian Church from the time of its enactment over a century and a quarter ago. "British rule suits us perfectly," declared a Canadian ecclesiastic of high rank. "Thanks to it, the position of our Church in Canada is excellent." During the American War of Independence, French-Canadians, encouraged by their priests, fought for England, and all attempts

to win them over to the opposite side failed completely. In the War of 1812 French and English-Canadians fought side by side to drive back the American invaders. The Church, moreover, has abstained from associating herself with insurrectionary movements in which religion has had no vital interest. Thus, in 1837, the Church withheld its approval when Papineau, the Quebec patriot, raised a revolt in behalf of French Canadian liberties; the Church took a stand uncompromisingly on the side of British rule.

The presence of the French in Canada also exerted an influence during the preliminaries of the confederation of the provinces, consummated in 1867. In Canada there was lacking that spontaneous national consciousness which would make the idea of union irresistible, and which, a generation later, brought about the federation of the Australian colonies. Confederation was mooted originally in Canada, with her rival races, as a device for minimizing the racial friction between Ontario and Quebec; and to establish a political system under which each province would be able to preserve its British and French nationality respectively.

The old problem of satisfactorily adjusting the relations between the Anglo-Saxon and the French elements in the population of the Dominion does not seem to be losing its difficulties. To be sure, the two races have united in evolving, within the space of a generation, a Canadian national sentiment which affects a kind of moral hegemony over the younger nations of the Empire in all matters relating to the imperial connexion. But with the more rapid growth in numbers of the English-speaking population the question of the rights of the minority party will become increasingly difficult to handle. The continuance of the exceptional privileges enjoyed to-day by the French seems likely to be threatened by the ever-increasing English majority at the polls; particularly so, if the tendency towards a loosening of the British tie progresses.

The population of Canada, at the present time, is estimated at about 7,000,000, of which number approximately 2,000,000 are of French origin. Their great stronghold is, of course, the province of Quebec, containing as it does the bulk of their race. The French population is augmented through immigration to so small a degree that it is practically negligible. On the other hand, of the 300,000 immigrants who entered Canada during the past year, considerably more than half were from the United States and the British Isles. Although the French of the Dominion have had and still have a remarkable birth-rate, the odds are so strongly against them that they must abandon the idea that they will ever prevail by force of numbers. Their future is assured, but it is becoming increasingly evident that Canada will never again become French and that the Anglo-Saxon will remain irrevocably in a majority.

Another line of cleavage exists between the two races. If we except the Irish element, which is quite considerable, it may be said that, speaking generally, the French of Canada are Roman Catholic and the British Protestant. This is one of the outstanding facts in the political situation of the Dominion. So great is the control of the Roman Catholic Church over the lives of the French-Canadians that it may be regarded as the principal factor in their evolution. Immediately following the conquest by Britain, the Church, convinced that the only way to keep the race French was to keep it Roman Catholic, adopted a policy of isolation as a means of safeguarding a racial individuality threatened on all sides by the forces of the New World. Dispersion and absorption are the dangers which have unceasingly menaced the unity of the Canadian French. In its efforts to segregate its people from the rest of America, the Church determined wisely to devote all its energies to maintaining its hold over the souls already belonging to it, rather than to attempt the more difficult task of making converts in the enemy's camp. To secure this end, the Church has multiplied the barriers preventing its people from coming

into contact with the forces of Protestantism or of Free Thought.

In the eyes of the Roman Catholic clergy of Canada, modern France is a source of danger not less great than Protestant England. Despite their undying love for the land of their origin and their preciously guarded French traditions, the France of to-day is regarded with a feeling akin to fear, because of its free-thinking tendencies. The effort to minimize the influence of France on the French of Canada is especially difficult by reason of the community of language between the two. For this reason, the Canadian French Church exercises a strict censorship over books imported from Paris. Renan, Musset, and other French authors have come under its ban; with respect to Zola, it has been said by an Archbishop of Montreal that his "name should not be so much as mentioned even from the pulpit, and his books should not be admitted, not merely into any Catholic, but into any decent, respectable household." The secular school in France, the law against religious societies, the rupture with the Pope, and the separation of Church and State have strengthened the determination of the Canadian clergy to prevent a contamination of their charges by contact with official France. The dangers incident to living in a Protestant country under the flag of a Protestant power also must be combated perpetually. In this instance, language forms the outworks protecting Canadian Roman Catholicism. The policy of the Church, in this matter, is to continue to keep the mass of the French ignorant of the English language, and also to impose all hindrances possible in the way of marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants.

The Canadian French Church is a powerful organization playing a not unimportant role in the evolution of even the Dominion as a whole. Were it not for the co-operation of the clergy, it would be impossible to secure a satisfactory equilibrium between the rights of the French minority and the British majority. The policy of the Church

has been summarized by André Siegfried in his illuminating volume, "The Race Question in Canada," as consisting of three articles. In the first place, it stands for a "complete and final acceptance of British rule." As mentioned above, the Church is in the enjoyment of a guaranteed security and liberty. The privileges it exercises would not be conceivable under the constitution of a state in the United States. Secondly, the "complete and final severance from France." Although the love of French-Canadians for France is ardent and lasting it is also of a platonic character. A return to France of to-day, with its free thought and radicalism, would result in a sort of bankruptcy for the Church. "I love France," is the word of a French-Canadian clerical of high rank, "but for no consideration on earth would we willingly fall under her domination." In the third place, the Church insists upon "the passionate defence of the integrity of the French-Canadian race." Had it not been for the faithful service of the priests, the race, in all likelihood, would have long since disappeared through dispersion or absorption. To-day the maintenance of Roman Catholicism appears to be as essential to the continuance of the French race and language in Canada as a century ago.

A grave problem, however, is involved in that fact. The French-Canadian race, it is true, has been perpetuated largely through the protection of the Church. They have been made, as a people, virtuous, law-abiding, and industrious, as well as prolific. But the price paid for the protection and service of the Church is exorbitant. As a class the race has been kept in a state of intellectual childhood and its members are still subject to antiquated doctrines and methods, due to the purposeful policy of the Church. The evolution of the French-Canadian race, however, has been interfered with thereby; this is especially serious in view of its rivalry with the Anglo-Saxons of the Dominion, who long since escaped from such thralldom. The French of Canada have before them two lines of development, either

one of which is attended by disturbing results. Either they will remain strict Roman Catholics, guided in all things by the Church, and thus find it difficult to keep pace with the development of their British fellow-Canadians; or else they will break loose, partially at least, from the authority of the Church, thereby endangering their existing unity and placing themselves more under the influence of Protestantism and Anglo-Saxon institutions.

However, in order to guard against a wrong conclusion being drawn from the foregoing, it should be stated with emphasis that the French-Canadians occupy an important place in the public life of the Dominion. Many of Canada's most eminent statesmen, of the past as well as the present, have been devout French Roman Catholics of the province of Quebec. Such men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the prime minister of the Dominion, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, the postmaster-general, Mr. Henri Bourassa, leader of the French nationalistic movement, Sir Lomer Gouin, the premier of Quebec, stand fully abreast of the best and most progressive elements in Canadian statesmanship. Since the Act of Confederation, in 1867, the French have always sent about one-fourth of the federal representation to the House of Commons at Ottawa; and they control the political management of the province of Quebec, which is the largest in Canada in territory and the second in wealth and population. For a decade or more, the most prominent figure in the British Empire, outside of the British Isles, has been Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who combines in his person, to a remarkable degree, the virtues and graces of the two great races of Canada. And it is doubtful if the tone of the Canadian House of Commons has ever been raised higher than it was, by two Frenchmen, during the months following the sending of Canadian Troops to the Transvaal. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, eloquently assailed by his compatriot, Mr. Bourassa, for involving Canada in the Boer war, replied in a masterful speech achieving in this discussion one of the greatest successes of his career.

Having considered the watchful policy of the Roman Catholic Church in its guardianship over the French, and recalling the fact that Canada is peopled by two races so dissimilar, the question arises as to the relations between these constituent population elements. It may be said, in general, that race prejudices have had more than their rightful share of influence in determining the results of electoral campaigns. A notable example showing the truth of this statement was afforded by the federal election in November, 1900, when the people of Canada declared their judgement upon the first administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The contest turned largely upon the despatch of Canadian troops to serve in the Anglo-Boer war; the soldiers having been sent by a government at whose head was a French-Canadian. The French province of Quebec was hostile to the war, and was represented as "seething with disloyalty and honey-combed with sympathy for Britain's enemies." On the other hand, the English province of Ontario was aflame with loyal enthusiasm and proud of the Canadian contribution of troops to the cause of England. Nevertheless, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government which equipped and despatched the soldiers to South Africa carried fifty-eight out of the sixty-five seats in the "disloyal" province of Quebec, and only thirty-four out of the ninety-two seats in the "loyal" province of Ontario. The French-Canadians, therefore, had the appearance of being the strongest supporters of a policy of which they did not approve. Manifestly, the French province had voted for Laurier because he was French and the English province had voted against him because he was not English.

The feeling of rivalry between these two adjoining provinces is traditional. After a hundred and fifty years of life as neighbours, under the same laws and flag, they remain foreigners, and, generally speaking, have little more love for each other now than they had in the beginning. To be sure, a degree of intercourse is necessary between the townsfolk of the two races which gives rise to an increase

of small amenities and in many cases to real friendships. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, however, with masterful tact, has unwaveringly preached the doctrine of race unity, addressing himself to both races. On July 13th, 1910, in the course of his tour in Western Canada, the premier visited the small French-Canadian parish of Ste. Anne des Chênes, in Manitoba. In this Roman Catholic hamlet of 1,000 inhabitants with its race mannerisms and customs, its quaint architecture, and revered sanctuary, the French-Canadian prime minister spoke on the race issue. "We are sons and daughters," he said, "of the Old World—English, Irish, Scotch, and French. We love the past, we revere those gone before, but our duty is in the present. We have a great new country, our heritage. We are all Canadians. Under the British flag let us unite—every one of us, whatever our origin, loving the old not the less but our own the more—to make of our homeland, Canada, *le pays de justice, de liberté et de bonheur.*" On an earlier occasion, while visiting the Mother Country at the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, he referred to the same issue in a manner almost too optimistic. "There is no race supremacy among us," he declared. "We have learned to respect and love those against whom we fought in the past, and we have made them respect and love us. The old enmities have ceased to exist, and now there is nothing more than a spirit of emulation."

It is unfortunate, however, that occasionally a French-Canadian visionary or anti-British patriot will voice sentiments calculated to stir up the ashes of race strife. For instance, in July, 1902, there appeared in the *Revue Canadienne* an impassioned article depicting the French ideal with much vehemence. The author rejoiced that France and England are hereditary enemies, he gloried in British humiliations in South Africa, and exhorted his fellow-French-Canadians to remember the blood shed to preserve their liberties. He expressed a confident hope that the French in Canada and New England would be strong enough in time to possess the east coast of North America. In the

meantime, his compatriots were urged to turn their backs upon Anglo-Saxon ideals and institutions, and to refuse even to use the English language. To illustrate his own contempt for those who yield to such temptations, he related an experience of his in a Chicago restaurant. Overhearing some Germans speaking in English, he and his companions forthwith arose and walked out into the street, disgusted at such a concession to the Anglo-Saxon. Those who proffer such counsel, fortunately few in number, may be imbued with a noble patriotism, but they clearly are not the truest friends of the French-Canadian. For good or for evil, the dominant race and dominant institutions in North America are Anglo-Saxon, and it is folly to shut one's eyes to facts.

In view of the rivalry, an incurable rivalry it would appear, between Canada's two races, and because of the antecedents and spirit of the French portion of the population, it is clear that the future of the Dominion is and will continue to be vitally affected by the attitude of its French inhabitants. Their will on such questions as the future of the imperial tie, Canadian independence, and annexation by the United States, cannot be ignored. By examining the attitude of the French-Canadian people towards each of these issues it will be possible to generalize to some extent upon the future political status of Canada. Although it is futile to attempt definite predictions in the field of political development, it is possible to observe national tendencies and to see the direction in which they point; and thereby to form an opinion as to probabilities.

In the first place, with reference to a possible future Canadian independence, the attitude of the French population may be quite clearly defined. It has been shown already that the French Church seeks a permanent bond with Great Britain based on the guarantees of the Quebec Act. After another decade or two, with an increasing inflow of Anglo-Saxons from the United States and Great Britain, it is hardly probable, under an independent govern-

ment, that any one race or religion should be permitted to enjoy such privileges as are the lot to-day of the Roman Catholics of French Canada. Therefore, it may be stated, with a degree of certainty, that the Roman Catholic Church, the strongest French influence in Canada, would throw its weight, without doubt, against a movement towards absolute independence. The severance of the British bond would bestow on the French few benefits not already enjoyed and it might easily be accompanied by the loss of many existing privileges. Mr. Bourassa, the brilliant leader of the French-Canadian Nationalists, frankly admits that although the word "patriotism" is lacking in his regard for England, the Frenchman in Canada is loyal because the advantages of such a policy seem greater than under any other feasible system. "Our loyalty to England can only be, and should only be," he declares, "a matter of common sense." In another connexion, with respect to the status of Canada, he affirms that the French-Canadian "asks for no change—for a long time to come, at least."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy providing for a Canadian navy has been much criticised, by certain organs of the Conservative party, as being anti-British in its purpose. They argue that the development of a separate navy for Canada will tend strongly towards a complete independence, and that the premier's real intentions, although cleverly veiled, have an unmistakable separatist character. This view, however, is totally untenable in the light of his speeches and career. From a non-partisan point of view, Sir Wilfrid's naval policy may be summarized as follows: In Canada's relations with the Mother Country he has always insisted unequivocally for the greatest measure of autonomy consistent with the maintenance of the British bond. Since the form of Imperial defence—co-operation—which is most in conformity with the dignity of the self-governing states is the development of their individual resources, this has been the plan adopted by Canada, as well as by Australia, her sister state. As far back as 1902, at the Colonial Con-

ference in London, Sir Wilfrid Laurier courteously but absolutely refused to discuss the question of imperial defence, feeling that the policy of direct contributions to the British, or an imperial, navy would "drag the Dominion into the whirlpool of militarism, that plague of Europe." No less an imperialist than Viscount Milner, in addressing the Canadian Club in Toronto in October, 1908, declared that he had no sympathy whatever with the statement that colonial navies and armies would tend towards separation. He argued that the development by the colonies of their own defence resources would in the end be to the best interests of the Empire.

Canada to-day enjoys, practically, although not theoretically, legislative and administrative independence. She makes her own tariffs; she taxes the products of Great Britain and her sister colonies as she pleases. Canada negotiates with foreign states for reciprocity arrangements; and she took a long step towards the management of her own foreign affairs by sending Mr. Lemieux, in 1907, to Japan, relative to the question of immigration. The virtual independence of Canada and her sister dominions has been acknowledged by the British government. The colonial secretary, at the Colonial Conference of 1907, concurred in the principle laid down by the British prime minister that "the essence of the imperial connexion" is to be found in "the freedom and independence of the different governments which are a part of the British Empire." By severing the tie with Great Britain, Canada would secure to herself few privileges and powers not already hers. On the other hand, she would forfeit the prestige, now enjoyed, arising from a membership in the largest empire in the history of the world; and she would be forced to take her place among the nations as an independent unit relying upon her own resources. This would necessitate enormous financial expenditures in the establishment and maintenance of naval and military forces, a diplomatic service, and many lesser accompaniments of sovereignty. Therefore, since the exist-

ing British connexion is thoroughly satisfactory to both English-speaking and French-Canadians, the eventuality of an absolute independence for Canada is so remote that it may be passed over as merely a far-off possibility.

A second political evolution which Canada may undergo is annexation to the United States. Historically, there seems little justification for faith in this contingency. Both in 1775 and 1812 British dominion in Canada was preserved, in the face of American invaders, by native Canadians. Again, in 1867 the idea of a confederation of Ontario and Quebec expanded into the conception of a federation embracing the whole of British North America largely through a determination to remain under the Union Jack rather than accept the Stars and Stripes. The dangers of American aggression appeared acute at that time; the hostile temper of the American North towards England found expression in Fenian raids against Canada; the Elgin Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated by the United States; Congress passed a bill for the admission of the Canadian provinces as American states; and it was suggested that England hand over Canada as compensation for the *Alabama* damages and other offences against the victorious North. Finally, as late as 1895, the Venezuela controversy resuscitated the old feelings of distrust and defiance. The interpretation of the Munroe Doctrine by Secretary of State Olney, to the effect that no European power could be tolerated any longer upon the American continent, was regarded by many Canadians as a denial of their right to choose their own political connexions. The Canadian population elements which have uniformly defended the British tie in preference to a possible union with the United States during the past hundred years and over, have been the French-Canadians and the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists—who were the exiled Tories from the victorious Thirteen Colonies.

The force of the historical tradition, however, is losing ground. Relations between the two Anglo-Saxon coun-

tries in North America are amicable, and the United States is fast coming to a realization that Canada with her resources and recent development must henceforth be treated as an equal. Never has this been shown more clearly than during the tariff negotiations between the two countries during the spring of 1910. It is significant that, at this time, the initiative was taken by the government at Washington, in sharp contrast with the experience of the thirty years following 1866. At the present time, the President of the United States and various lesser leaders of the government are advocating closer commercial relations with Canada.

Despite the masterful advocacy of annexation with the American Republic by the late Goldwin Smith, the present national tendencies in Canada do not point towards such union. Among the many well-known arguments advanced in favour of annexation are: the geographical contiguity of the two countries; increasing commercial relations along natural lines, north and south; the general identity of race, language, and institutions; the community of interests in the fisheries, coasting trade, and waterways, which would result; the cessation of smuggling which would accompany the assimilation of the excise and seaboard tariff. It has been urged further that such union would render unprovoked hostility by the United States against Great Britain practically impossible; also, that it is perfectly obvious that the forces of Canada alone are not sufficient to assimilate the French inhabitants.

The feeling which prevails among the French when they think of the United States is a mixture of admiration and distrust; admiration of her extraordinary material development and a distrust of her uncompromising nationalism. Thanks to their stubborn energies, the French-Canadians have secured for themselves a gratifying status in Canada, living an existence fashioned to their own liking, and maintaining their own language, religion, and traditions. Therefore, proud of such results, the French are

afraid of imperilling them by any change in the political situation of their country. They feel that a union with the United States might have for them undesirable results, since it is scarcely likely that the French would be successful in securing from the American republic such privileges as are theirs to-day under Great Britain. Furthermore, their influence would be lessened. Instead of forming one-third of the population, as they do in Canada, they would represent less than one-fortieth of the hypothetical state. The dangers of such union, however, would probably be preferred to the evils believed to be inherent in any scheme of close imperial federation. Under the United States system of administration the French-Canadian feels that he would, at all events, be able to preserve the self-government of his own province. The question of such union with the American republic is discussed by Mr. Bourassa in his candid and suggestive treatise entitled "*Grande-Bretagne et Canada.*" "A young nation," he declares, "has nothing to lose and everything to gain in having an alternative choice in achieving its destiny. Under the British régime we are able always to change our allegiance. Once we become Americans, the union is absolute, at least for a long period."

All things considered, the French, therefore, will continue, probably for an indefinite period, to show opposition to annexation proposals. And the English-speaking Canadian, at heart, is not much less of a Canadian nationalist than his French brother. But all seem agreed that closer commercial relations with the United States are desirable. It should be borne in mind that a commercial union of the two countries might conceivably pave the way for closer political relations at some future time. This desire for better trade arrangements with the United States, however, does not blind the Canadian to the claims of the Mother Country, as Mr. Fielding, the Canadian minister of finance, showed in a recent speech in London.¹ "In not

¹ Speech at Dominion Day banquet, July 1st, 1910.

one of our arrangements is there a line or a word which interferes with the right of Canada and the Mother Country to make preferential arrangements whenever they should do so. . . . We shall have future negotiations with other countries, but whether they take place with the United States or with any European country, depend upon it Canada will stand for that principle which she helped to establish, that the commercial relations between the Mother Country and the colonies are a part of their domestic family affairs with which no foreign country has a right to meddle."

In attempting to read the political horoscope of the Dominion the would-be prophet is forced, therefore, to dismiss as improbable, at any rate in the near future, both annexation to the United States and an absolute independence. Accordingly, by the process of elimination, the third solution is selected as the most likely one to prevail. A continuance of British connexion in some form or another would seem to meet satisfactorily the needs and desires of Canadians of both races. The French ask for nothing better than the perpetuation of a rule which has enabled them to expand so gratifyingly. The loyalty of the English-speaking inhabitants is a mixture of a natural race sentiment and a reasonable self-interest. Hence the *status quo* stands a good chance of lasting, provided the Mother Country does not return to that policy of colonial intervention which succeeded so ill in the past.

Mr. Asselin, a French-Canadian, discusses this issue in his pamphlet, entitled "A Quebec View of Canadian Nationalism." "We all, or nearly all agree," he says, "at the present time, that the existing political relations of Canada with the Mother Country need little change." In a recent speech, referring to Anglo-Canadian relations, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said: "If the time ever comes, and may God forbid it, that the old home is in danger, our hearts and brawn will be ranged at her side against any enemy, no matter whence that foeman hails." On an ear-

lier occasion he declared. "Whilst remaining French, we are profoundly attached to British institutions." Another eminent French-Canadian — Sir Etienne Pascal Taché — once uttered a phrase which has become famous and which trenchantly describes the political attitude of his compatriots. "The last shot fired on American soil," he affirmed, "in defence of the British flag would be fired by a French-Canadian."

It should be emphatically stated at this point that despite their satisfaction with British connexion, the French-Canadians, almost to a man, and many of their English-speaking neighbours, are resolutely opposed to imperial federation in its various aspects. The ideal of the imperialists may be defined as a conception of the Empire as an organic whole, consisting of nations independent in local affairs and having distinct individualities, but by virtue of certain great common interests developing a common policy and a common life. They would have all matters having an interest to the Empire at large, such as commerce, defence, and immigration, subject to an imperial management in peace as well as in war. Lord Milner, in the course of an address before the Canadian Club of Montreal, in November, 1908, outlined his ultimate ideal for the British Empire as "a union in which the several states, each entirely independent in its separate affairs, should all co-operate for common purposes on the basis of absolute unqualified equality of status."

The widespread opposition to the idea of political, economic, and military federation is founded on the growing spirit of nationalism in Canada and her sister dominions. Canada is a colony essentially loyal and British, but passionately jealous of her liberties and thoroughly determined not to relinquish the least particle whatsoever of her autonomy. Even at the time of the decision of the Alaska boundary controversy in 1903, this determination to guard Canadian rights revealed itself. In the belief that her interests had been sacrificed by Britain, many newspapers

in the Dominion openly advocated the severance of British connexion and the proposal that Canada begin to fly on her own wings.

The imperialist, in urging as his fundamental principle a unity of action for common purposes, is advocating a policy which, in the eyes of the colonial, would imperil his rights of self-government. The attitude of Canada with reference to a military federation is, briefly, that she desires to enter no scheme for imperial defence which might interfere with her present freedom. By entering into such a compact she might find herself involved in wars occasioned by friction between Japan and Australia, between Great Britain and Russia, in Asia, or between various other possible combatants. Since no colony can be really self-governing which has not control of its defence forces, and as the desire for self-government is the strongest motive in colonial politics, therefore, the dislike in the colonies to any idea of military consolidation is almost universal. In harmony with this sentiment the Dominion, within the past decade, has assumed the expense and responsibility of garrisoning the naval ports of Halifax and Esquimaux; and recently Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government has adopted the policy of a Canadian navy—owned and controlled by the Dominion. The policy, therefore, is nationalistic rather than imperialistic. As quoted above, the premier's own words show, however, that Canada would loyally fall into line at any time that the Mother Country might be endangered.

Economic or commercial imperialism is the supreme hope of the advocates of imperial union. They believe that the road will be opened to the desired ideal by some scheme of preferential trade within the Empire. Canada established, in 1897, the principle of extending to the Mother Country preferential privileges, a policy now general with the self-governing states. Curiously, however, Canada, despite the preference she is extending to Great Britain and several British dependencies, stands aloof from

schemes for placing commerce on a common Empire basis. The principle of preferential trade lies in a system of mutual concessions in respect to tariffs, for the purpose of serving best the interests of the Empire as a whole. Here again, the imperialist runs foul of the national self-assertion characterizing the autonomous states. Canada wishes to enter no tariff arrangement involving her in any common action, but desires simply to be left free to make her own arrangements with the Mother Country and sister colonies on terms of equality, entering into any specific agreement which by her independent action she approves.

A political federation of the Empire meets with even less favour than a commercial or military union. The project as yet is visionary. It has been urged by hostile critics that it would be practically impossible to determine an equitable basis of representation in the imperial council or parliament; that India and the crown colonies, in justice, also should be represented, thereby increasing the difficulties; and that it would be a superhuman task to satisfactorily harmonize the differing interests of the widely separated portions of the Empire. The Liberal premier of Ontario, in May, 1901, discussed this question at a meeting of the British Empire League, in Toronto. "In a federated Parliament of the British Empire, Canada would be subjected," he declared, "to the decisions of the representatives of all parts of the Empire—of men, that is to say, who have no knowledge of our social conditions or of our national aspirations." In the words of Mr. Asselin, the Quebec nationalist, "The idea of an imperial parliament legislating, even on some subjects only, for all the British realms, may appeal to the imagination, but no one as yet has shown how such legislation could be passed without the bigger and more powerful partners over-riding the will, now of this and now of that, colony."

The influence of the French-Canadian upon the course of imperial evolution was seen in an earlier recognition of the nationalist principle by the statesmen of the Do-

minion than by those of the other self-governing colonies. His loyalty towards Great Britain is one of reason and gratitude. Towards the Empire he has no feelings whatever. Therefore, as may naturally be expected, sentimental arguments in favour of imperialism do not appeal to him. Looking at the problems of imperialism from his purely Canadian standpoint, he naturally takes an attitude hostile to any scheme of closer Empire relations.

The road of Canadian political development seems to be leading, therefore, towards a paradoxical status; towards an independence accompanied by a voluntary continuance, by Canada, of a connexion with Great Britain, small though it be. Canada has little reason to complain of the usual course of her ordinary political life, and in the main she is satisfied with the government of the Empire as conducted from Westminster. Although imperial federation, either in the lump or by instalments, seems unlikely, yet the Empire is surely tending towards an ideal no less desirable, and much more practicable. The hope of many, both in Great Britain and the colonies, is a league of free states—Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—girdling the world, which would be held together mainly by mutual advantages and partly by sentiment. Canada would possess nationhood and political equality with the United Kingdom, instead of being in subordination to the Colonial Office. There would be co-operation in war and peace under agreed conditions, and the likelihood of misunderstanding and strife would be minimized. Although but a dream, it is not inconceivable, and if it is ever realized, its coming will place the relations of the self-governing portions of the Empire on a more equitable and desirable basis. "We are going to build the British Empire," declared Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on July 25th, 1910, in the course of an address in the Canadian West, "on the rock of local autonomy, and that local autonomy is consistent with imperial unity."

THEODORE H. BOGGS

AT AN UNMARKED MOUND

Dust unto dust? Nay; shallow-laid, she stirs,
I guess, when springtime and the streamlets call,
Even though, the while, her ever-thickening pall
Is wrought by the deft needles of the firs.
Ashes to ashes: still, I fancy hers
Must glow if any human breath at all
Shall breathe upon them, though the winter fall
A fathom deep, and doubly sure inters.

Faint as she whinnies in this studied rhyme,
Yet if a human child but shed a tear
For her, she rises, answering tears with mirth,
To roam through pastures green the livelong year;
So she lives on, till, in a little time,
All living turns to earth: earth unto earth.

A. M.

IN PARIS

LET me describe briefly in half a dozen pages the half dozen things which strike a Canadian, or an Englishman, most strongly when he spends half a year in Paris. And first come the deep divisions of French thought and French society.

French logic is very keen, inexorable, and, like all logic, very narrow. It divides, as with a hatchet, those problems and those causes, the different aspects of which seem, to the hazy but wider instincts of the Englishman, to melt into one another, and to be indivisible and, therefore, incapable of solution, except by the compromises which the genius of England loves, and France abhors.

And, first and foremost, a Frenchman seems to be of necessity "a clerical" or "an anti-clerical." I have never met, to my knowledge, half a dozen specimens of either of these strange genera of mankind among English-speaking races. Is there a "clerical" or an "anti-clerical," who reads this magazine? This battle of the Latin races of France and Italy, or Spain and Portugal, is unmeaning to us all. Nor is it altogether the fault of the Roman Catholic Church that it divides the Latin races. That church exists in England but not the division; the church exists, but only a semblance of the division in Ireland. Besides, the division is not only in religion and in ecclesiastical matters. It may be said to begin there: it does not end there.

However it be, in Paris that fight is at present irreconcilable. The "clericals," some years ago, by great effort erected a gorgeous church on the heights of Montmartre, the church of the Sacré Cœur. It dominates Paris, and stands out conspicuous for miles; you see it from the Rive Gauche, from the other side of the Pont de Solferino. As you climb up the sordid streets which surround the church,

within fifty yards of the front door you are confronted with a statue. You fancy in your simplicity that here is a Christian saint or martyr, specially connected with the adoration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, probably St. John, who reclined thereon at the Last Supper. How grossly has British simplicity and Puritan devotion deceived you! This is a statue, instead, of the last martyr of free-thought, the Chevalier LaBarre (I think) was his name, and he was burnt by the church one hundred years, and more, ago. The "anti-clericals" and the municipality, which is "anti-clerical," deeply resenting the building of the church, have answered it by promptly erecting this monument in front of the church, to give the lie eternally by its presence to the Christianity of the church behind it.

Either religious bitterness must be very bitter, the *odium theologicum* and the, perhaps greater, *odium atheologicum* must be very odious, where such things are possible, or else the spirit of controversy is extraordinarily childish and amazingly crude. Each explanation probably is in part true; but, however else it be, it is all very French.

Or, again, within a few hundred yards of Notre Dame stands another hero and martyr of free-thought—Etienne Dolet—also burnt by the church. In the floods of last winter—attributed by the clerical and royalist papers to the present government and the incapacity of their Jewish engineers—the waters mounted to St. Etienne's feet, and threatened to swamp him. Appropriate squibs followed. "Cet homme," wrote one wit, "n'avait aucune veine; brulé dans la chair par l'église: noyé dans la pierre par les libres penseurs." In that jest lies a real dilemma for the thinkers of France. A professor at the university said to a friend of mine that even a professor at the university must take sides; even he, then, must either burn his intellectual fingers still by siding with the church, and roasting heretics (albeit in a modern fashion), or he must submerge his intelligence and instincts in the shallow and muddy waters of atheism.

For example, the question of poor Joan of Arc came before the public during my visit, and the question of her visions. To the clerical she was a saint on the high road to full canonization. She was just a lunatic to the anti-clerical "intellectual"; and saints much more saintly than poor, simple Joan are just lunatics to the narrow logic of the French "intellectual." To the lazy, hazy English mind, as in English proverbs, genius and hallucination may naturally meet; the sublime and the ridiculous are often but a foot apart. The French logician abhors so slovenly, so mystical, so British, a habit of thought.

I turn to French politics. "The Republic," said Thiers, "divides us least." It still does; but how portentously deep, nevertheless, even under a republic, are the divisions! Everything, and everywhere, is politics. "There is no newspaper here," said one of my students to me in Paris. There was not; there were only political pamphlets: pamphlets going down daily to the bedrock of politics: discussing daily with dialectic zeal and intellectual passion the philosophy of monarchy and the philosophy of republicanism—most able, most philosophical, most bitter, and most excellent reading, infinitely less tame than the Canadian newspaper, but not newspapers. Politics everywhere: the Steinheil trial was then on: at the bottom of it was politics. The play of "Chanticleer" came on; and even there there was politics. The Royalist paper roundly denounced it. It took me some time to find out why: but I gradually gathered that the writer, having written before the Bonapartist play of "L'Aiglon," was thenceforth anathema to the Royalists of "L'Action Française." Or, again—a still more recondite explanation—the Jews, who were guilty of the flood, were trying to distract public attention from their misdoings by enchanting the population with a clever play not written by a Jew, not suggestive therefore, even indirectly, of Jewish iniquities. The Royalist paper, having discovered the plot, denounced the play; for the Frenchman—like the Athenians of old, *Περivolιαὺς περισσευόντες*,—is too clever by half. No suspicion

is too wild, no explanation too far-fetched, to be harboured in his ingenious imagination.

We British have no imagination and no logic in our politics. They are just lukewarm and full of tame compromise. "These wretched islanders," wrote Mirabeau *père*, "do not know, and will never know, till their miserable system has brought them to utter ruin, whether they are living under a monarchy, or a republic, a democracy, or an oligarchy." I fear me, it is even worse with us; we not only do not know, we do not even care. It is possible, indeed, that at the present crisis the population of England would agree that they were governed by a tyranny; but there the agreement would cease; half of them would say it was the tyranny of Lloyd George and the labour members, and the other half, the tyranny of the House of Lords. But the dissentients would agree cheerfully to any decent compromise which the statesmen can patch up even yet. Their distrust is of the fanatics, the extremists, the logicians.

The flood itself flowed full of politics. The "camelots du roi," the Royalist organization of the people, organized relief for the sufferers. The relief became a Royalist propagandum: not unnaturally it was resented, and often resisted, by the authorities. More wounds were made over the healing of wounds: even in works of charity faction shouted loud.

It was an open question whether the flood, had it lasted, would have swept away the Republic—possibly; it is hard for a stranger to judge how firmly the present system, or any system, of government is seated among a people whose intellectual youth spend the hey-day of their minds in digging up the political potato to see how it is growing, and in advocating passionately the planting of a different kind of tuber. It was said by the Royalists, of course, that the government was tottering. It was said that, even before the flood, about Christmas time, all the motors entering Paris one night were arrested and searched for the Duc D'Orleans (or Philippe VIII as the camelots call him). It was probably

a newspaper canard, even as the flood itself was much greater on newspaper than in Paris, and in imagination than in reality.

But everything seems possible to a people continually in extremes. The present premier was a socialist agitator three years ago, breaking policemen's heads. Now he is calling out the police and saying things to make the socialists jump. Then he was shedding policemen's blood; now he is shedding socialist-ministers. What more can you expect of half-educated demagogues with intellects still but half-baked? There is not a man of Mr. Asquith's calibre, or Mr. Balfour's, in French politics, except in the Senate.

The bitterness of Labour and Capital is greater even than elsewhere. The anti-capitalist paper, "La Guerre Sociale," exults frankly in every policeman hurt, in every strike which endangers property and stability, in every chance of damaging the government of France in foreign wars. France's wars are French workmen's opportunity.

The bitterness of the police and the magistracy, on the one side, meets the bitterness of the private citizen, especially of the socialistic citizen, on the other side. One would suppose that all Parisians were university students: there is so much feeling against the police.

The case of Liabœuf occurred while I was there. I read it carefully. I believe I am right in saying that it was a difficult case, a very mixed case; that the young fellow was not originally an "Apache," far from it, that he was originally deeply sinned against by an unscrupulous police, too active, too eager for convictions; but he was just an "Apache" to the friends of order, just a martyr to "La Guerre Sociale." There is a charming novel by Anatole France concerning the tyranny of the police, "L'Affaire de Crainquebille." Crainquebille is a huckster of vegetables, who halts his barrow to collect his debts. "Circulez!" cries the policeman, but Crainquebille cannot lose his sous, and he lingers. He is arrested and protests. "You cried 'Mort aux vaches!'" thunders the officer. "I cry 'Mort aux vaches!'" stammers

astonished Crainquebille. "Yes: there you said it again," and off he goes before the magistrate. A professor has witnessed the absurd scene, and intervenes in the witness-box, to explain it all. To the magistrate all professors are suspect. Crainquebille is sent to gaol for insulting authority.

I take another theme: the scientific zeal; the intellectual passion; the keen intelligence of the French; the scholarship; the love of books; the legion of book-stalls; the legion of readers thereat; the spirit which is materialized in Paris in bricks and mortar in the Pasteur Institute: in the Sorbonne with its endless free lectures: in the Collège de France attended by hosts of people, so that police protection was necessary at first, when gentle little Abbé Loisy began his "conference" on the higher criticism—curiosity, interest, and excitement ran so high. This particular excitement had worked itself off by my time; only forty quiet persons like myself listened to the quiet lecturer expounding the diversities of the ancient view of sacrifice. Then there is the Institute and the forty Immortals, who meet and read papers to one another; and shed tears together over the exquisite pathos and eloquence of the Immortal papers; and I try to fancy to myself forty elderly Englishmen weeping together over their essays, but I only succeed in calling to mind the passage of Mr. Chesterton, where a schoolboy who recites his piece with much French fervour and dramatic zeal, is accompanied by the comments of his neighbour whose head is buried in profound shame for him, behind the uplifted desk: "Oh, shut up! shut up! shut up!"

Pasteur himself illustrated this, the noblest, side of Parisian life. When Germany defeated France he was deeply dejected and talked incessantly of revenge, and by revenge he meant the setting of French medical science on a higher pinnacle than German medicine, the restoring to France at least her intellectual throne. He set himself to work with redoubled French patience and French genius, and achieved his most honourable and most French ambition.

The French Chamber of Deputies illustrates the same side of the French mind. One of my friends and former students took me there to hear Mr. Jaurès on the question of primary education. From a very long speech of over an hour I appreciated greatly an acute appreciation of the Greek historian, Herodotus, as a man of discursive intelligence and many-faceted mind; but I thought, when the orator sat down at last, and mopped his brow, that I could name a modern intelligence not less discursive and irrelevant than that of Herodotus; but I could not fancy myself, during that intellectual peregrination, in the comparatively matter-of-fact and business-like atmosphere of the British House of Commons.

And remember the scenes of the great Revolution, when hosts of priests, moved by the resistless passion of the hour for intellectual honesty, came forward and renounced their vows and confessed that their religion had been conventional and a fashion with them. What other nation is capable of so much intellectual idealism? of being stirred so deeply by the sense of the unreality of religious professions? It is only a partial answer to retort that the passion was as narrow as it was deep, that no man with a spark of statesmanship will pull up a religion before he has another, well-attested, to put in its place. The French have never possessed sound instincts; or, at least, they have never trusted them; they are extraordinarily sincere in loyalty to their logic.

I come to a third, and different, feature of the Latin mind, its naturalism. With all the intellect and keenness of the French, there is also the spirit of the child, or, as Plato preferred to say, of the natural man, of the democratic man, who is everything by starts and nothing long, mankind's epitome; who is a moral democrat, acknowledging no hierarchy in his impulses and instincts, no higher and lower, no better and worse, none is after or before another. The great Revolution itself was so strong, and so weak, because it was a revolt simultaneously against all authority, moral not less than political, against God not less than against Louis.

The Parisian has been for ages the spoilt child, the "enfant terrible" of Europe, or the vain beauty tormenting with her whims and vapours her dull, masculine admirers in London and St. Petersburg: "How am I looking to-day? Is this style of government becoming to me?"

"Work out the man," says our sober, national poet, "and let the ape and tiger die," but the Parisian has no idea of losing the picturesqueness of life by sacrificing the tiger and the ape. "Scratch the Parisian, and you will find them," said Voltaire; and we can read between the lines of his own work that he knew something of the inner mind of these picturesque and interesting creatures. Was he not himself a susceptible Frenchman, alert to all the passions that still disturb, with echoes from distant ages, the unstable equilibrium of our double nature?

And this reference to the naturalism of the French suggests the often talked of "gaiety of Paris." The gaiety of Paris is in part an undeserved reproach, due to the visitors to Paris from the United States and from Great Britain. Every visitor finds the Paris he deserves, as every nation is said to have the Jews whom it deserves; and a large number of these visitors find Paris in a few notorious music-halls, mere shambles and slop-pails of sodden sensuality, which are run for them and not for Frenchmen. A Frenchman does not take his pleasures sadly. He is too much a child and too light-hearted; but I doubt if he takes them there.

A more serious charge against Paris is that its real theatres are so seldom open to our young women, to our women generally; and that is strange, for the Frenchman is a domestic creature and enjoys domestic life. You see him happy with his wife and children in the Parks or at a café, more than you see the same thing here or in London; but I suppose that the Frenchman, while he practises the domestic virtues, suspects that they are dull in theory, a very poor material for literature—and he thinks so much of theory and of literature! Now, an Englishman, of course, is the exact opposite. His deep,

practical instinct, his profound, political insight, and his moral aspiration—what the Frenchman is pleased to call his hypocrisy—all combine to make him exalt in theory the domestic virtues: they do not compel him to practise them quite in the same degree. The French seem to find these virtues too tame, too obvious, too dull for literary handling. The opposite vices, conversely, are racy, entertaining, diverting; therefore from his theatre he demands, and his wife even—his irreproachable wife—demands with him the forbidden themes which shock the political and prudish Puritan of Great Britain, the theme of “le mari qui trompe sa femme,” “la femme qui trompe son mari;” and they harp on this one theme—a theme a trifle threadbare anyhow in a wicked world—with a most damnable iteration. During all the weeks which I passed in Paris I saw but one play perfectly innocent and perfectly charming, full of humour and of pathos, and acted with all the perfection of French acting, the play called “Sire,” which ran for several weeks at the Comédie Française and was a joy to see and to remember.

The French practise the domestic virtues, but they will not sacrifice their scoffing spirit for them; nor will they make more serious sacrifice in their behalf. It was observed during the Reign of Terror, it was observed again during the later Reign of Terror, the White Terror, in 1871, when the bloody-minded Versaillese overturned the blood-guilty Commune, that few sacrifices of life and liberty were made for the domestic virtues. “Not a son,” it was said, “rose to avenge a father: not a husband to defend his wife: not a father to rescue his child: and this is a country where swords would once have leaped from their scabbards” (and probably would still leap) “for the sake of a mistress or an epigram.” Even a Frenchman, apparently, has his *mauvaise honte*; even he too is ashamed of emotion, provided it be the emotion connected with the domestic virtues. The dulness of these essential, but prosaic, virtues paralyzes the arm and chills the blood of Frenchmen. They cannot bear to seem prosaic, prudish, Protestant, and Puritanical; they love to shock the British mind.

Perhaps it is to shock English prudery that the useful, and even necessary, conveniences of the streets, which our prudery refuses to our streets in Toronto, flaunt themselves at every corner in the streets of naturalistic Paris. Sometimes, I shall confess, as I took my walks in Paris and looked in vain for post-boxes—which are only to be found in obscure tobacconists' shops—and was confronted instead with these other and more homely hospitalities, my thoughts would turn for a moment to far-off Toronto, and I compared and contrasted the different conveniences of the streets there; in Paris I began to wonder if the whole population was afflicted chronically with those distressing maladies which begin with the Greek preposition *δία*. In Toronto, conversely, I remembered a people for whose prosaic needs no provision was thought quite seemly, who might even seem to be angels inhabiting the heavenly Jerusalem, disembodied angels, freed from earthly cares and carnal needs, and tempered only by a curious passion for dropping post-cards to lower worlds at every corner; a pillar-box at the corner of Jasper St., a pillar-box at the corner of Sardonyx St., a branch post-office at the corner of St. Chrysoprasos. But—to be serious again—there is a deep significance in this scorn of British prudery; for prudery—like British compromise and common sense—is instinctive, not reasoned, not logical; and the French demand reason and logic. They are not satisfied with instinct; they hate the slovenly thinking which belongs to races who are not concerned to think carefully, who are content to be governed by instinct in place of logic, and to be very full of shame and prudery, because these are primary instincts.

To return to Parisian gaiety. Paris may be gay in a sense. At any rate gaiety has its turn. I do not think it is happy. I think it is less happy by far than London—and this is a fifth mile-stone in my survey of Paris. “In the orphanhood of the soul,” says Plato, “the flatterer’s voice is loud.” Paris is orphaned in soul; and the flatterer—in Plato’s parable—is the body and its passions; and these

do not make a people or an individual happy, but they make them, or they make him, gay with a fitful gaiety; and so Paris has a certain fitful gaiety; but nevertheless is unhappy and orphaned in soul; for it has not found a creed to replace its dead parent-creeds. It is torn asunder between rival creeds, each equally impossible, each equally extreme and fanatic. Paris is doubly orphaned in soul, for it has not yet found a satisfactory political system. The present system has this immense evil, that there is no figure which, however common-place and unheroic in itself, can yet be idealized and admired as the incarnation of the glory which once was France, no figure which can stand apart from politics and just be France.

In England, even in Italy, thousands of simple people—women and children, not to say men also—surround the reigning monarch with the romance which comes of a simple and faithful heart. They are proud of him or of her—to the good, always, of the romancer; to the good, no doubt often, of the object of romance. But in Paris, where the president has been but a party leader, the accursed party system, and the bitterness of parties, and the irreverence of Frenchmen, make such innocent respect and the wholesome illusions of constitutional monarchy—if they be illusions—impossible. The British visitors were shocked at the insults thrown in Paris at Britain's cherished names during the Boer war. They need not have taken them to heart; the insults were no worse, not more irreverent, not more brutal, than the scoffs which are thrown daily at their own president, and ex-presidents. There is no shelter for a president under the republican system in France, no reverence for his place. As a result (and a cause) of this system no man of personal distinction has recently occupied the presidential chair, only worthy peasants and second-rate bourgeois. If any one doubts the wisdom of constitutional monarchy, if any one leans to an elective monarch or president, let him go to Paris and learn better. Let him compare it with London or even with Rome.

Paris is orphaned and unhappy; but part of its unhappiness is also due, I think, to its consciousness of poverty; not of the intense, grinding poverty, perhaps, of some parts of London, but of an all-pervading poverty. It is conscious that there is no great mass of comfort and of comfortable people, such as exists in Great Britain, and Canada, and the United States. It was rather pathetic to hear the people talk of this. We are not rich here, they seemed to say. We are just workers, and students, and scholars; and we are proud of that. We have not, indeed, anything else left to be proud of. We can only be intelligent and natural; but we try to be these things and neither dull nor hypocritical.

I think it is this poverty which makes Paris sometimes seem less democratic than London: it is not of course less democratic: it is much more democratic: the logic of the people and their idealism insists on liberty, fraternity, and equality, as our people never have insisted, and perhaps, one may be allowed to hope, never will; for it is not only a very difficult but a very dubious ideal, full of envy and jealousy. But the French parliament will not go to-day the length of our parliament in social betterment. They will not vote old-age pensions, for example, except on a contributory system. Their French thrift resists the idea: it is only British extravagance which with a light heart will make war on thrift. Their memories of '48 resist the idea; for France tried in '48 some of the extreme experiments which Great Britain is only now approaching; but their poverty also resists. Accordingly, they will not protect labour as it is protected in Great Britain. For example, the hard night-work of the bakers was being canvassed when I was in Paris; and people thought it strange, in the fierce divisions of French society, that the Archbishop of Paris should lend his help to the agitation against it, or that the agitation should prosper; for people are accustomed to work hard, even to slave, in Paris. It has not occurred to them so to pity the workers, as the comfortable, well-off people in the United States and Great Britain often pity them, and therefore agitate so hotly for social betterment.

It is not a happy city but a very divided, very distracted, and, on the whole, a very poor city; and that last circumstance also makes against happiness. People have not the time nor the heart to be happy, and helpful, and sociable, like the average Canadian, and like hosts of Americans and Britishers. Life is too hard, I mean, for people to be as obliging as they are here. You do not see smiling faces in the street cars, you do not meet obliging people there. If you are a young girl and pretty, of course it is another question, but otherwise there is a perpetual wrangle in the cars for one's rights, and a perpetual wrangle for the seats; and the logic and system of the Frenchman insists that all kind of regulations and red-tape be devised for the scientific solution of these wranglings; and this makes Paris seem a very fussy place to people accustomed to the optimism of America, to the go-as-you-please of Canada.

I gave up trying, for example, to rent the apartment I wanted; for I saw it would take six weeks to get a lease drawn up; so I rented instead from an American, who took four minutes and a half to write one. The lessor was a person of business habits; not a whit more inclined to give away an apartment than a Frenchman; but one who did business in an American way, expeditiously, and naturally, and without red-tape, without lawyers. Similarly, I gave up sending packages by mail to this country. It was not worth the trouble and the time. It took a whole morning to get a package through. First of all, I had the wrong sort of string; secondly, the wrong variety of paper; thirdly, insufficient duplicate or triplicate invoices; fourthly, an inadequate number of seals, or too many. I was vividly reminded of the hours I have wasted in the Toronto Customs department; but there it was because the officials were not going to hurry for fellows like me; in Paris, on the other hand, the delay seemed to be an honest, whole-souled endeavour to live up to the elaborate paraphernalia of the office. The officials were wrapt up in the mint, anise, and cumin of the post office and it took an age to unwrap them. Some-

times they would put themselves out to help me, to tell me where I could buy the right sort of paper in which to wrap a book for Canada, a trinket for India; but life became too short for books and trinkets on these terms. I either ceased to send them, or employed instead that supernumerary and extraordinary tradesman, who exists, I should suppose, only in France, and who has come into existence for just these very emergencies, the *emballeur*, or packer who has studied faithfully all the thirty-nine articles of the post-office creed, and is the hierophant of its labyrinthine mysteries.

A final cause for Parisian unhappiness, and a seventh candle in my candlestick, is the sense, if I am right, among the people that the non-Parisian elements, and even the non-French elements of the population are so prominent now in Paris. There is an endless tirade in the opposition papers—with which I feel myself in partial sympathy—against the four estates which run France, and especially run Paris, the Jews, the Protestants, the Free-Masons, and the Strangers (by a delicious Hellenism called *Metèques*), none of them typically French, still less typically Parisian, none redolent of the soil; interlopers more or less, rich cosmopolitans not French at heart, citizens of the world, sojourning in Paris for its galleries, and its gaieties, its theatres and its music, not of France; so flaunting their foreign gold and foreign comfort that even the satisfaction of sharing these things with them is but a bitter coating to the pill, and cannot make it very palatable. “It might be better to be poorer and more French,” these critics seem to say; and so I certainly thought myself. Personally, I should like the city better, if it were even poorer—and it is poor, and sordid, and squalid enough already in great patches—if only therewith it retained more local colour, if it were more French, and less American and cosmopolitan; if only one could escape, for example, more completely that hateful Rue de l’Opéra, where villainous pimps and panders, “the putrescent scum of all creation,” pounce upon the Anglo-Saxon visitor—for whom alone they exist—and thrust upon him their indecent

post-cards and dirty photographs, where almost every man is an American or an Englishman. Long since, indeed, the Hudson and the Thames have emptied into the Seine: Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.

And though you may still see the noble river beneath its nobler bridges, flowing in the clear air of autumn, with the Louvre on the right bank, flooded with afternoon sunlight, with the majestic towers of Notre Dame in the centre, and with the Institute on the left bank, and all the picturesquely narrow streets, thereto adjoining, Rue de Seine, Rue de Mazarin, Rue Bonaparte, Rue Delphine, Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie; though the river be at its best; though delicious, hot chestnuts are selling at the street-corners, and cheap wine in every café; though second-hand book-stalls are open by the score all along the riverside, and the tone, the air, and even the smells of a literary and learned and book-loving people are all about you—with now and again an awful whiff of garlic—in such an autumn and in such an hour and mood one wishes one had been born some half-century earlier; one wishes one could have seen Paris when it was really Paris, when it was still truly French.

MAURICE HUTTON

AN EXCURSION TO LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE

BETWEEN lectures, the notice board in the Salle des Pas Perdus was a centre of attraction for students, mastering the conditions governing the excursion to La Chartreuse—most attractive of all the Saturday pilgrimages arranged by the *Comité de Patronage des Etudiants Etrangers*.

Excursionists were offered a choice in the manner of going; *Caravane A.*, *bons marcheurs*, to go by way of Voreppe; *Caravane B.*, *marcheurs ordinaires*, to walk from Saint-Laurent-du-Pont; *Caravane C.*, those who desired carriages from the latter place. We of the Empire registered in the *Caravane C.* The daily climb from the Meylan tram station to La Molacarre had quite cured us of earlier ambitions to qualify as *marcheurs*. It did not need an exuberant imagination to invest that route, baking between high stone walls whereon sported myriads of lizards, with some of the characteristics of the figurative one known to our Calvinist progenitors as leading to a locality with which Grenoble, in summer, has at least one feature in common.

The Slav, German, and Italian members of our community at La Molacarre, having registered in A. and B., regarded us with no little contempt, which gave place to consternation when they were informed by the secretary that the *marcheurs'* train for the initial stage of the journey was due to leave Grenoble at 4 A.M. As the earliest tram passed Meylan at 5 A.M., our *bons marcheurs* and *marcheurs ordinaires* had a preliminary tramp of six kilometres in the small hours of the morning.

At dawn the châtelaine, who had served coffee and rolls to pilgrims from 1 A.M., smiled sleepily at us, the last

of the flock, as we left her to a day in peace—a joyful day during which she need not prop up the “j’s” and “d’s” of the Germans; remove the little vowel cushions from the final syllables of the Italians’ French; urge to greater steadiness the wobbling progress of the Anglo-Saxons through French vowels; or, by passing the fine-box, change to French the tempestuous discussions, sustained in their own tongue by the warring cubs (Orthodox, Socialist, and Jewish) of the Bear.

Dawn and sunrise in the Dauphiné compensate richly for the getting-up-to-be-executed sensation that succeeds the peal of an alarm clock at three in the morning. Below us lay the incomparable valley of Graisivaudan, Grenoble at the western end, asleep and still in shadow, guarded by Fort Rabot and the Bastille; Domène in the full light of the dawn; the Isère winding from village to village, silvery and *affairée* in the eastern distance, still and shadowy towards Grenoble. Across the valley, the snow-capped chain of Belledonne made a gleaming background for the dusky fortress-crowned summits of Les Quatres Seigneurs. Behind us Saint-Eynard rose perpendicularly three thousand feet; its grim fortress silhouetted against the yellowing sky seemed the very embodiment of the martial spirit of Grenoble, whose frontier regiments, officered by men of spare form and concentrated gaze, lack in the spectacular as much as they convey an impression of deadly effectiveness.

The shivering Dauphinois of the early tram pulled up his coat collar and murmured complainingly, “*Pas gentil!*” as we banged open a window, allowing the morning air to replace, to a slight degree, the hot and vitiated atmosphere. The Dauphinois’ dread of a *courant d’air* is exceeded only by his ability to live and thrive without it. At the P.-L.-M. station we found a surprisingly large number of pilgrims who wore their badges with the classifying letter turned from the light of day. We attributed this to unwillingness to bear the stigma of *Caravane C.*, but the sight of our Molacarre friends with *their* badges turned

enlightened us—these had all missed the *marcheurs'* train.

As we passed out of the P.-L.-M., Grenoble was well awake, and the ubiquitous *gantière* busy at her window with her little glove machine, helping to pile up the million and a quarter dozens sent annually from that city of gloves.

From Voiron we climbed a succession of hills, and looked down on valleys of arresting loveliness. The engine of the steam tram, doubling and twisting to master the ascent, climbed like a dogged little Fate till it puffed into the main street of Saint-Laurent-du-Pont, almost brushing the houses in passing, and turning into a sort of passageway euphoniously termed *gare*. As the inhabitants of this town are neither alert nor lean, how they escape a heavy mortality from that little engine is a mystery.

Carriages were awaiting the members of *Caravane C.*, and our friends of A. and B. waved us *au revoir* as they started on their belated tramp to Chartreuse. Our sleek horses, three abreast, mounted steadily and seemingly without effort, encouraged by the driver's occasional caressing, "Youp-Yee!" The fine condition of horses in the Dauphiné, and the wide-spread care to protect them from flies and excessive heat, refute, for that part of France at least, Pierre de Coulevain's accusation of cruelty, which, however, must be true regarding the dogs, whose exceeding nervousness would indicate continued ill-treatment.

Following the left bank of the Guières-Mort we passed the distillery of Fourvoirie, which, with the monastery, passed out of the possession of the Pères Chartreux on their expulsion in 1901. The trade mark of the celebrated liqueur became, with the distillery, the property of La Compagnie Fermière de la Grande-Chartreuse, the expelled monks manufacturing at Tarragone, in Spain, from the recipe given them by Destrées in 1607, but with a new mark. The civil tribunal of Grenoble declared, in 1905, after a long, legal struggle, that, while the trade mark rested in the hands of the liquidator of the congregation, the secret process of manufacture was a *propriété insaisissable*.

From Fourvoirie through l'Entrée du Désert the gorge of the Guières-Mort is so narrow that the roadway had to be cut out of the base of the gigantic right wall. Mounting gradually to Pont Saint-Bruno where the Guières-Mort is crossed, the Route du Désert follows the windings of the stream; the gorge on the left grows ever deeper and the wall of rock on the right ever higher, while at every curve the noble *massif* of Chartreuse shows a grander beauty. Even the Scottish tourist, who had been permitted to join the party from sheer inability to understand that he could not do so, cautiously admitted the grandeur of the scenery. But we edged nervously to the right when, from time to time, our carriage wheels neared the low parapet separating us from a sheer descent of many hundreds of feet. At Pont Saint-Bruno we rested and enjoyed the giddy sensation of looking down on the stream—so far below that no sound of its rushing waters reached us. From Croix Verte, where the road to Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse forks, we walked to the monastery in the interest of the tired horses. There we found those of *Caravanes A.* and *B.*, who had caught the early train, stretched happily on the grass, eating lunch *tiré du sac* and not at all fatigued after their long tramp.

In a circle of pine-covered mountains, dominated by the majestic Grand Som, is the monastery—a wonderful monument to the patience and indomitable spirit of the Pères Chartreux. The order was founded in 1084 by Saint Bruno and his little band of six, who pushed their way from Grenoble through the forest, blazing the route now traversed by thousands of automobiles. The Bishop of Grenoble gave up to Saint Bruno and his successors the valley and mountains of Chartreuse, but the history of the order is the history of their misfortunes and their supreme heroism. In the 12th century a landslide buried the monastery, killing the greater number of the monks; in the 14th century the new monastery was destroyed by fire, as was the valuable library gathered with infinite patience. Rebuilt in stone with assistance from Edward of England and Charles of

France, it was burned in the 15th century, and owing to the religious wars of the Dauphiné, the end of the 16th century arrived before the monks could gather their resources and build again. The total destruction by fire in 1676 of this last structure decided the Chartreux on the present group of isolated buildings, comprising mainly the convent with its cloisters, cells, chapels and refectory, and the Hôtellerie.

The Chartreux are allied to the Benedictines, with some of the severer features of the first Cenobites. They unite in the chapels for prayer, but work separately, each in his cell; they speak only on Sunday, and except on Sundays they take their meals in their cells. They never eat meat. Marcel Reymond says of them, "Bien avant les alpinistes du XIX^e siècle les Chartreux du XI^e siècle ont aimé les bois, les rochers si ailleurs les hommes se sont plu à décorer leurs maisons de peintures et de sculptures, ici une telle tâche semblait inutile; un grand artiste avait rendu toute œuvre d'art superflue. Ils avaient compris, bien avant nous, la plus grande œuvre d'art du Dauphiné, c'est l'œuvre de Dieu." While we met Dauphinois of all shades of opinion, nowhere did we hear anything but strong condemnation of the government in its dealings with the Pères Chartreux, who were known for their far-reaching charity and their unobtrusive lives.

At one o'clock the dining-room of the Hôtellerie swarmed with a multitude, jabbering in many tongues, thus, under the influence of hunger, sinning against the inexorable canon of the university regarding the use of French at all times. In this polyglot assemblage were young attachés, budding interpreters for foreign embassies, army and naval officers, to all of whom French was a condition of advancement; regularly matriculated students in arts taking the *cours de vacances*; professors and heads of faculties of modern languages, in Grenoble to observe the work done at the *Institut de Phonétique*; and many teachers—the latter invariably termed *professeur* with a courtesy very soothing

to the sensibilities of the bearer of a title that inspires pathos in the editorial, and wit in the funny columns of our press. Russians, Germans and Italians predominated, with students from Austria-Hungary, Britain, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Spain, Turkey, America, New Zealand, Japan, Egypt, Armenia, Turkestan, and, in very fact, from the uttermost parts of the earth.

With the soup we resumed our good manners, and French, spoken with every conceivable accent, pounded the enduring ear-drums of the dean of the Faculty of Letters, the president of the Comité de Patronage des Etudiants Etrangers, and the secretary, all of whom were enthusiastically toasted. Then we toasted each other, and "Prosit," "Alla sua salute," "Za vache zdorovié," "ègueschéguère," etc., replaced "A votre santé." The Anglo-Saxons wrote "Your health" on scores of menu cards—words as unintelligible to many of the pilgrims as their contributions to our cards were to us.

After lunch we went over the convent, visiting the cells, chapels, and refectory. We passed through the great Gothic cloister, which, till after the expulsion of the monks, had never been entered by woman. Perhaps we felt guilty of a discourtesy to the dead Chartreux, lying in the cemetery so near; perhaps we were unwilling to accept a privilege when those who might protest were helpless; possibly a few of us silently begged a pardon from that indefinable presence—the soul in walls which have sheltered beings moulded by a single strong purpose; in any case we passed through in silence.

Early in the afternoon *Caravanes A.* and *B.* shouldered their sacks and departed, while the luxurious of *Caravane C.* loitered in the fields of the Chartreuse valley as far as possible from the automobiles and their Baedeker-laden occupants. It is a wonder that, between guides and Baedeckers, the sanatoria of the Dauphiné are not filled with the mentally sick. The Dauphinois himself is ignorant of much that is "a, b, c," to the traveller, but he gets to

the heart of things that do not exist for the sojourner in hotels and the dweller in automobiles.

As we descended, we picked up here and there, exhausted pilgrims. They paid fare to Saint-Laurent-du-Pont in silence and we refrained from jeering—a moderation not shared by their comrades of the sack and cane who derided them mercilessly. At Saint-Laurent-du-Pont we waited in the intensely hot little passage-way, flattening ourselves against the wall to avoid being scraped off by the engine of our train. Here all three *Caravanes* entrained for Voiron, whence, owing to the delayed Lyons train, we departed an hour late, and thus missed the last tram to Meylan.

From Grenoble we trudged up the side of the valley, whose villages were now spots of soft, twinkling lights, foot-sore *marcheurs* and shirkers of *Caravane C.* alike inclined to silence—the former occupied in formulating a means of reaching the dense understanding of the *Compagnie de Tramways Grenoble-Chapareillan.*

As we turned from the main road the familiar call came down to us ever so faintly from La Molacarre, and our vigorous return call was promptly answered by a light on the villa terrace.

M. Ross

JOHN SYNGE

IN the spring of 1909, under an operation in Dublin, John Synge died in his thirty-eighth year. With Mr. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory he was one of the pioneers of the Irish National Theatre movement, and, to anyone interested in the course of modern European drama, his death, at the very crystallization of his art, seemed little short of a disaster. We had looked for so much to come from that imagination, and we have to rest thankfully content for the little he has given to us.

For it was only a few years ago that John Synge found the perfect medium for his self-expression, and now, with the curtain rung down upon his life and the posthumous publication of his last piece "Deirdre of the Sorrows," there are only half a dozen plays to his signature, one slender volume of poems, a book on the Arran Islands, and some casual magazine articles newly collected and published in the recent complete edition of his writings. So it is an interesting moment to glance back at the man and his work, and to try to realize how, in so short a while, he has fashioned for himself a place in dramatic literature.

In an admirable preface to "The Well of the Saints," Mr. Yeats tells of his discovery of John Synge in a small upper chamber of a house in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Synge was the poor artist, content with bare necessities, seeking a means of expression and finding none, while he worked at French and German literature, thus losing the true picture of life through the varied reflections from the mirrors of other minds. Before Paris, Synge had led a Borrovian existence "wandering among people whose life is as picturesque as the Middle Ages, playing his fiddle to Italian sailors, and listening to stories in Bavarian woods, but life had cast no light into his writings."

He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, but like the Scholar-gipsy—

“Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
 Who tired at knocking at Preferment's door,
 One summer morn forsook
 His friends, and went to learn the gipsy lore,
 And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood,
 And came, as most men deemed, to little good.”

So it was much the same story with Synge.

But once found by Mr. Yeats, this was the advice given to him—“Give up Paris; go to the Arran Islands. Live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression.” So, about the year 1900, Synge went to those islands off the Galway coast, which at that time were probably the most primitive part of Europe, and there he lived the life of the peasant, listening to the beautiful English which had grown up there, and had taken its vocabulary from the time of Malory and the translators of the Bible; and there he absorbed the atmosphere of the life, an atmosphere so remarkably poignant in his plays. Content with listening to the people of the islands, combining as they did the Irish imagination in expression with the phrase and vocabulary of the Bible, he blended absolute nature with his art and finally took to the Irish National Theatre his first piece, a play in one act, “The Shadow of the Glen,” which first saw light in the autumn of 1903.

This piece is a little segment of peasant life, there being only four characters: Dan Burke, an old farmer and herd, Nora Burke, his young wife; Michael Dara, a young herd, and a Tramp, while the scene is laid in the last cottage of a long glen in county Wicklow.

From the rising of the curtain, one realizes what atmosphere meant to Synge. At the back of the stage—the setting being an interior of a peasant's cottage—is a bed with a body on it covered with a sheet; Nora Burke alone in the

dim twilight, moving to and fro in casual occupation: the peat fire: some glasses and a bottle on the little central table, and a wild, wet night without, when the door blows open. One feels from the very outset, as in the first few lines of such tales of Poe as "The Fall of the House of Usher" or "The Pit and the Pendulum," a sense of oppression, anxiety, almost fatalism; a sense of the goddesses weaving the inevitable thread, a sense that "the moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on."

So one half anticipates the knock at the door and the entry of the tramp with "Good-evening to you, Lady of the House." "Good-evening, kindly stranger, it's a wild night, God help you, to be out in the rain falling."

Then in their dialogue it transpires that Dan Burke has just died, and Nora is left alone "with a hundred sheep beyond the hills and no turf drawn for the winter." "He was an old man," says Nora, "and an odd man, Stranger, and it's always up on the hills he was thinking dark things in the mist." So the Tramp is given some whisky and a pipe, and told to wait with the corpse while Nora goes out to whistle for "a kind of farmer has come up from the sea to live in a cottage beyond . . . and I'm wanting him this night, the way he can go down into the glen when the sun goes up and tell the people that himself is dead."

No sooner is she gone out than the corpse is seen to move; it apparently comes to life and cries at the terrified Tramp, "Did you ever hear another woman could whistle like that with two fingers in her mouth? I'm destroyed with the drouth, and let you bring me in a drop quickly before herself will come back." Dan Burke has played this trick on Nora because he suspects her of being too friendly with Michael Dara, and he condemns her as "a bad wife for an old man, and I'm getting old." A step is heard on the path, the Tramp is sworn to silence, Dan returns to his state of simulated death, and Nora re-enters followed by Michael, who is far too fearful even to look on the face of the dead. Soon the Tramp settles himself to sleep in

the chimney; Michael and Nora sit down to count out what money there is in the house, and to discuss their future life together.

Michael.—I'm thinking it's a power of men you're after knowing if it's in a lonesome place you live itself.

Nora.—It's in a lonesome place you do have to be talking with some one and looking for some one in the evening of the day, and if it's a power of men I'm after knowing, they were fine men, for I was a hard child to please, and a hard girl to please—and it's a hard woman I am to please this day, Michael Dara, and it's no lie I'm telling you.

Michael.—Was it a hard woman to please you were when you took himself for your man?

Nora.—What way would I live, and I an old woman, if I didn't marry a man with a bit of a farm, and cows on it and sheep on the back hills?

Michael.—That's true, Nora, and maybe it's no fool you were, for there's good grazing on it, if it is a lonesome place, and I'm thinking it's a good sum he has left behind.

Nora.—I do be thinking in the long nights it was a big fool I was that time, Michael Dara, for what good is a bit of a farm with cows on it, and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out from your door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain.

Michael presses his case, and it is a strong one. He will marry her, and they will live with neighbours and friends and forget the mists. But Nora is a true type of Synge's characters. She is killed by the keen sense of her position. The gate of appreciation is open to her, but the door of opportunity stands relentlessly closed. She is a Child of Destiny, and the realization of that, coupled to the poetic imagination of an Irish temperament, has created for her a world of dreams and castles in the air, yet castles ever indefinable, unclear, uncertain, shrouded, as it were, in the impenetrable mists.

“Why would I marry you, Mike Dara? You'll be getting old and I'll be getting old, and in a little while, I'm

telling you, you'll be sitting up in bed—the way himself is sitting—with a shake on your face, and your teeth falling out, and the white hair sticking round you like an old bush where sheep do be lepping a gap."

Dan Burke can stand no more. He rises, spiritlike, from his thirsty tomb, freezing with horror Nora and Michael in his vengeful eloquence, till finally he gives Nora her congé, "You'll walk out now from that door, Nora Burke, and it's not to-morrow or the next day or any day of your life that you'll put in your foot through it again." Michael Dara shows then the craven that he really is, and it is left to the awakened Tramp to take up arms for Nora. In one of the finest passages of the piece he asks her to come with him:

Tramp (going over to Nora).—We'll be going now, Lady of the House—the rain is falling but the air is kind, and maybe it'll be a grand day by the grace of God. . . . We'll be going now, Lady of the House, and the time you'll be feeling the cold and the frost and the great rain and the sun again, and the south wind blowing in the glens, you'll not be sitting up on a wet ditch, the way you're after sitting in the place, making yourself old with looking on each day, and it passing you by. You'll be saying one time, "It's a grand evening, by the grace of God," and another time, "It's a wild night, God help us, but it'll surely pass" . . . and you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm, . . . and there'll be no old fellow wheezing the like of a sick sheep close to your ear.

After a valedictory to Dan Burke, Nora goes with the stranger tramp through the door and out into the storm, leaving Dan and Michael to bring down the curtain drinking each other's health and prosperity. And Nora, the untamable woman of the glen, who was "hard to please," has gone in search of the unattainable dream with the tramp as guide, philosopher and friend.

To compare John Synge, in any detail, with Ibsen would be somewhat profitless, but in one or two general cases it

is not altogether without interest. Nora of "The Doll's House," after logical reasoning, tearing veil after veil from before her eyes, leaves her husband to await "the miracle of miracles;" Nora of the Glen, offering no attempt at resistance, with no reasoning and no logic, swayed by the poetry of the tramp, spurred onward by her imagination and ever searching for her "land of heart's desire," passes out into the world, acting without knowing why or reckoning the wherefore: and again, in the tramp, there is an essence, a trait of that mystical "stranger" in "The Lady from the Sea," for he too, symbolized an ideal, a dream, and all came near to being sacrificed for it.

Beautifully acted by the Irish company—who know the proper meaning of a minor key and half lights—these folk of the glens live and move and have their being before your very eyes, and all the while, partly due to the acting, partly contributed to by the accident of Irish speech on English ears, the effect of poetry and destiny is ever foremost in the mind. As language plays so large a part in Synge's writing it is essential to quote passages at greater length than is perhaps customary, so as clearly to define the spirit of the dialogue and that strange new rhythm in phrase and sentence which, when new to the actors, puzzled them, but which now could never be dissociated from the characters and movement in John Synge's art.

Early in the following year, 1904, his second piece was produced, a peasant tragedy in one act, "Riders to the Sea." In perfection of dramatic art it is probably the finest one act play in the English language. The scene is on a small island off the east coast of Ireland, and the only comparative literature one can find for it is Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*. The little play turns on the tragedy of the sea, the ever-present destroyer of these small island folk. Maurya, an aged woman, has lost four sons to the sea; and now it is rumoured that Michael, too, has been drowned. Two daughters remain and one son, Bartley, who is on the point of sailing to the mainland for the sale

of horses bred on the island. Old Maurya tries to prevent his going, feeling a presentiment that he too will perish like the others. She does not give him her blessing as he goes, but later, urged on by her daughters, takes a short cut to a spot he must pass as he rides down to the boat. While she is out, Cathleen and Nora identify some clothing washed ashore as belonging to Michael, and all doubt is now dispelled as to his death. Maurya re-enters in a state of despair, describing what she has just seen:—

Maurya.—I went down to the spring well and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare, with the grey pony behind him—the Son of God spare us, Nora!

Cathleen.—What is it you seen?

Maurya.—I seen Michael himself.

Cathleen.—You did not, Mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

Maurya.—I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare, and I tried to say, "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly and "The Blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the grey pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him and new shoes on his feet.

Cathleen.—It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed surely.

Nora.—Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God won't leave her destitute, with no son living?

Maurya.—It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . .

Soon a keening—that Irish wailing cry rising and falling like the wind—is heard outside; women come into the hut and kneel down keening. Men follow with a board for stretcher and Bartley upon it, for he has been knocked over a cliff through the grey pony running amuck. He is laid silently upon the table, and all wait for Maurya to move. Slowly she rises from her stool and begins sprinkling holy water upon his body:

Maurya.—It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking. . . . They're all together this time and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on the soul of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world.

(She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.)

Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that! No man, at all, can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied.

(She kneels down again and the curtain falls slowly.)

In all plays, tragic and otherwise, not the least point of interest is the effect on the audience as a psychological crowd. At present we are only on the threshold of that science. Dr. Gustav le Bon has written a book on it, but has not directly applied it to the theatre. Mr. Walkley, the *Times* dramatic critic, in his book on "Dramatic Criticism" has touched upon the subject, admitting the study of it to be in its infancy. But not even after a tragedy at the little *Grand Guignol* Theatre in Montmartre, not even during the harrowing scene of solitary confinement at the first night of Galsworthy's "Justice," have I seen such an effect produced as by this tragedy of Synge's. When the curtain fell, no one in the theatre clapped, no one moved for some minutes. Nobody seemed to dare to make a sound. There was an absolute stillness, as every mind was centred on the pathetic resignation of old Maurya, and only gradually did one divorce his mind from the concentration of the audience as a unit, then another and another, till some one got up from his seat, somebody else started the clapping and we realized it was only a play after all. For with such a

piece, so interpreted, the element of the stage and foot-lights was totally eliminated, and we were witnesses of a tragedy of life reflected from the mind of a supreme artist.

But to judge John Synge from these two pieces would create an unfair opinion of his pessimism and "unhappy" vein which is by no means the only one, howsoever one may choose to advocate or deprecate it for the theatre. His next piece, "The Well of the Saints," might perhaps be classified as a symbolic, philosophical comedy, of a very different texture, but of somewhat similar material to Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." This latter piece was primarily a satire on Ibsen carried to excess; it shows us what harm can be done by misplaced idealism indiscriminately acted upon in every-day life, at the same time raising the perennial problem as to whether life is worth living under the mantle of happy illusion, or whether, stripped to the bare foundation, uncomfortable facts should be faced as they really exist; as Dr. Relling says at the end of the play, "We should be quite happy in our poverty if it was not for the fools who come pestering us with the claim of their ideal." There is one other point of similarity between these two plays. Hjalmar, in "The Wild Duck," had a common trait in Scandinavian people; namely, a fixed belief in himself, his "invention," his dreams, which, constantly in mind and frequently alluded to, has developed into an ever-present reality without its possessing the least tangible foundation. The same trait is found in the old clerk in "John Gabriel Borkman," who is hopefully kept alive by his dream of the great play at which he has been working for years. And so it is with these creations of John Synge; Nora of the Glen is for ever dreaming, and Martin and Mary Doul, the two old blind beggars of "The Well of the Saints," finally prefer their dream to the reality. It is not necessary here to enter into detail, the theme of the play being simple enough and the comedy of it the outcome, as it should be, of the normal clash of character.

The scene is laid in a lonely mountainous district in the east of Ireland, a century or two ago. Martin DouL and Mary, his wife, are blind wayside beggars—an old, dirty, decrepit pair existing, *sub Jove*, on the coppers of the passers-by and the charity of their neighbours. But they have been made to believe that they are a fine looking couple; Mary DouL has been called “the Beautiful Dark Woman down in Ballinatone,” while Martin makes boast that “Timmy the Smith was after praising my hair.” Through the village comes a “Saint”—a peripatetic priest—bearing holy water from the well of the Four Beautiful Saints on a small islet off the coast, and with this he has the power of healing illness, of curing the blind and maimed. Soon his bell is heard tinkling down the road as he comes to the old couple, and, touching their eyes with the water, restores their sight. Surrounded by the jeering villagers, Mary and Martin DouL gaze with horrified wrath upon each others’ complete ugliness, railing at one another till the priest has to intervene. And now they must work for their living, so Mary goes to gather sticks, and Act II opens with a delicious scene between Timmy the smith, and Martin DouL, who has been apprenticed to him. Having been idle all his life, he naturally finds any attempt at work impossibly uncongenial, so when Timmy is out he tries to make love to Molly Byrne—Timmy’s chosen—and becomes the laughing-stock of the place. Timmy discovers this and threatens to turn him out, but the cure has not been completely effected, and old Martin, as he feels the blindness coming upon him again, ridiculed to exasperation, gropes his way off the scene with a Parthian shot at his tormentors:—

Timmy.—Let me not find you here again, Martin DouL. It’s well you know that Timmy, the smith, has great strength in his arm, and it’s a power of things it has broken a sight harder than the old bone of your skull.

Martin DouL (standing a moment with his hands to his eyes).—And that’s the last thing I’m to set my sight on in the life of the world, the villainy of a woman and the bloody strength of a man. Oh,

God, pity a poor, blind fellow the way I am this day with no strength in me to do hurt to them at all. Yet, if I've no strength in me, I've a voice left for my prayers, and may God blight them this day, and my own soul the same hour with them, the way I'll see them after, Molly Byrne and Timmy, the smith, the two of them on a high bed and they screeching in Hell. . . . It'll be a grand thing that time to look on the two of them; and they twisting and roaring out, and twisting and roaring again, one day, and the next day, and each day, always and ever. It's not blind I'll be that time, and it won't be Hell to me I'm thinking, but the like of Heaven itself, and it's fine care I'll be taking the Lord Almighty doesn't know.

At the opening of Act III Martin and Mary meet at their old place by the cross-roads, both in blindness, and, after mutual recriminations, agree to agree and be friends. But the saint is on his way back, and hearing that their faith was not strong enough permanently to overcome their blindness, offers to them more holy water; Martin, to the amazement of the onlookers, refuses:—

Martin Doul.—What was it I seen when I first opened my eyes, but your own bleeding feet, and they cut with the stones? That was a great sight maybe of the image of God. . . . And what was it I seen my last day but the villainy of Hell looking out from the eyes of the girl you're coming to marry—the Lord forgive you—with Timmy, the smith. That was a great sight maybe. And wasn't it great sights I seen on the roads when the north winds would be driving, and the skies would be harsh, till you'd see the horses and the asses, and the dogs itself, maybe, with their heads hanging, and they closing their eyes—

Saint.—And did you never hear tell of the summer, and the fine spring and the places where the holy men of Ireland have built up churches to the Lord? No man isn't a madman, I'm thinking, would be talking the like of that, and wishing to be closed up and seeing no sight of the grand glittering seas, and the furze that is opening above and will soon have the hills shining as if it was fine creels of gold they were, rising to the sky.

Martin Doul.—Is it talking now you are of Knock and Ballavore? Ah, it's ourselves had finer sights than the like of them, I'm telling you, when we were sitting a while back hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch, or when we'd be smelling the sweet beautiful smell does be rising in the warm nights, when

you do hear the swift flying things racing in the air, till we'd be looking up in our own minds into a grand sky, and seeing lakes, and big rivers, and fine hills for taking the plough. . . . For if it's a right some of you have to be working and sweating the like of Timmy, the smith, and a right some of you have to be fasting and praying and talking holy talk, the like of yourself, I'm thinking it's a good right ourselves have to be sitting blind, hearing a soft wind turning round the little leaves of the spring and feeling the sun, and we not tormenting our souls with the sight of the grey days, and the holy men, and the dirty feet is trampling the world.

Such is the summing up of Martin Doul's blind philosophy, after he has knocked the cup of holy water from the priest's hands as he was wishing to heal Mary Doul; and now they cast off the dust of the place from their feet and leave, the two of them together, for "the towns of the south, where the people will have kind voices maybe, and we wont know their bad looks or their villainy at all."

From a comparative point of view "The Well of the Saints" is a great, original, dramatic poem as well as a comedy full of the highest humour, in which the characters develop almost line by line in the strength of the author's touch. Yet for all its philosophy and poetry, as in Ibsen, so in Synge, the symbolism never supersedes the interest in the people of the play, their doings and their dreams, but is rather an ever-moving undercurrent to the main stream of action.

A short two act sketch, "The Tinker's Wedding," we may pass over without comment. It is an early work rewritten at a later date, and in style and dramatic force it is unworthy of comparison with the rest. Though amusing to read, it seems to miss that indefinable essence of the stage when acted, but perhaps this failure may partly be attributed to the fact that the Irish company do not include it in their repertoire, and when I saw the piece played it was at one of half-a-dozen special performances at His Majesty's Theatre with an English cast.

Many people who have just heard the name of John Synge connect it with his most notorious play, "The Playboy of the Western World." At once a comedy and a tragedy, a satire on Irish western peasant life and a dramatic poem, it would seem to be the work of genius necessary to ignore dramatic rules and rise triumphant. There is nothing like it that I have ever heard of, so it cannot here be treated comparatively. It is unique in its humour and language, and at first blush, unless one is acquainted with Synge's other writings, it appears almost too *outré* to be possible from any standpoint. How far it is true to life, has been a matter of fierce dispute—so fierce on its first production in the little Abbey Theatre in Dublin that the audience split into two camps, those who judged it a masterpiece of art and those who considered it the grossest of libels on the distressful country. Rising from their seats, they smote one another on the cheek, Irish-wise, I should imagine, careful to avoid the side that was smiling, and uproar held sway. This vilest of libels was Christie, the Playboy, who came bedraggled and footsore to the house of Pegeen Mike, whose father was a small country innkeeper. There he told the tale of a life passing all endurance, with an old "Da" who worked him night and day in the fields; who had threatened him with a decidedly moth-eaten widow as a wife—for she had some shekels—and who beat him all the while till he finally offered resistance to the tune of raising the "loy" and cleaving in twain the paternal skull. So Christie—who has a marvellous turn for talking—becomes romantic pot-boy at the inn, and all the local girls and "one widow woman" come to gaze upon this heroic murderer. So self-confident and flattered he becomes that life seems to be all jam, and he knows no match, what with winning the running and "lepping" at the races and having three fine women after his hand in marriage.

But Act II brings retribution in the shape of the father, his head swathed in bandages, vowing vengeance if he do but find a craven, lying, cowardly son of his who hit him

out in the fields whilst his back was turned. The ever-hopeful widow scents trouble and despatches father on a false trail, from which he does not return till the end of the third Act. Meanwhile, Pegeen has thrown over her previous swain for Christie, and in the third Act they have a beautiful love scene which is sheer poetry, and probably the finest passage in any of the plays. As it could only be given in full to be properly appreciated, lack of space scarcely permits of its reproduction here, but in it is found the full realization of Synge's imagery and of his command of rhythmic language. Eventually, the Playboy goes out with his father, but though every one is disillusioned sadly as to his mighty doughtiness, Pegeen has come to love him for his poetry: "Oh my grief, I've lost him surely. I've lost the only playboy of the western world."

Before glancing at his last piece, "Deirdre of the Sorrows," which, since it is legendary, has, in a sense, a place apart from his other plays, let us try to see where, dramatically speaking, stands John Synge, who so splendidly expressed a life that had found no expression. But perhaps, before considering relatively this conclusion, the premise should be defended—Did Synge express dramatically any part of life? As regards the language of the plays, Synge always maintained that he used no phrase, no word, that he had not heard himself in the mouths of fisherfolk in the Arrans, tramps in the western counties, or in an old Wicklow house, through a chink in the floor of which he had listened to the servant girls talking in the kitchen. That he blended it with his art, that he wove these casual threads on the loom of his imagination, is as beyond dispute as it is legitimate in any branch of art. Life, seen by such a sensitive artist as Synge, we cannot sit in judgement upon because we, when we look, do not find it the same. As Mr. Yeats says, "He tells us of realities, but he knows that art has never taken more than its symbols from anything that the eye can see or the hand measure." As regards London criticism, though the *Times*, at any rate lately, has shown him great ap-

preciation, yet some papers have adopted the smile superior, including the *Saturday Review*, in whose columns Mr. Beerbohm expressed himself as "pleasantly touched" by the Irish players. And since any giving way to appreciative enthusiasm is hardly in the best of taste to-day among some of the Higher Intellectuals, it was rather left to the more sincere and less fashionable papers to wax warm in praise and admiration. But it is not my intention here to quote second-hand London pronouncements on John Synge—for it seems to me that a sounder and a broader view of dramatic ideals can be found in Paris, in Mr. Henri Bataille's preface to a volume of his plays, for which the following is the text he has selected: "C'est toujours par ce qu'elle contient de vérité qu'une œuvre nouvelle choque ses contemporains. C'est toujours et seulement pour ce qu'elle aura contenu de vérité que cette œuvre est appelée à subsister dans l'avenir." And with that as text, let us turn to the conclusion of his argument—a conclusion that vindicates Synge to the uttermost.

"Qu'au milieu de tout cela [i. e. human struggles, conflicts, sensibilities, ideas] bien au centre, à côté de l'Homme, il y ait, personnage invisible auquel il faut restituer désormais toute son importance, le Destin, non plus le Fatum antique, mais le faisceau co-ordonnée de ces lois immuables de la nature qui président éternellement à nos actes, dont elles sont les régulateurs impassibles. En un mot, que se dresse enfin très ressemblant aux modèles, vaste et simple à la fois, sincère toujours, le seul vrai drame, le drame des Consciences et de Destin."

The Drama of Human effort and Human limitation: In such a category fall our blind beggars, our woman of the glen with her limited environment and her boundless dream; old Maurya with her pagan philosophy of resignation, realizing that human effort and prayer have availed her but little against destiny; and, as in the legend of Deirdre, destiny triumphant over all endeavour and volition. And it is for this that these unhappy, superstitious people of

Synge's creation fall back upon their dreams. Nora of the Glen is "intoxicated by a dream which is hardly understood by herself but possesses her like something remembered on a sudden awakening;" while Martin and Mary Dougl far prefer "looking up in our own minds into a grand sky," to their eternal vindication of Dr. Relling, and refutation of Gregers Werle with his "claim of the ideal."

But once justified, one cannot return to Synge's position in drama without a word of comparison with Mr. Yeats, his "discoverer," who is the corner-stone of the Irish literary movement initiated some twelve years ago. Where Synge is the dramatic poet, Mr. Yeats is the poetical dramatist. In the poem of a compatriot of his, Mr. Yeats must ever be regarded as one of "the music makers the dreamers of dreams, wandering by lone sea breakers and sitting by desolate streams, world losers and world forsakers"

Such a poem as his famous "Land of Heart's Desire," cannot but lose more than it gains in stage presentation. To read with imagination it is as perfect as anything written, but the theatre needs coarser, more tangible material, and as one sees in the earlier pieces of Maeterlinck, some things, however intrinsically beautiful, are of too delicate, too fine a texture to face the ordeal successfully: so it is with "The Shadowy Waters." "The Hour Glass" is a morality play, and as such cannot be here judged from the standpoint of the drama proper. With "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan," take away from the personality of the old woman made young the symbolism of Ireland, and the dramatic *raison d'être* is gone. In "The King's Threshold," that tale of Seanchan the poet and his endurance for the honour of the muse, the dramatic element again is too small, too thinly woven among the poetry to permit of its being an effective stage play. Mr. Yeats comes nearest to the theatre when he is furthest away from himself—in such an entertaining sketch, for example, as "Pot of Broth." But no comparison between Synge and Yeats is in the least detrimental to either.

Their arts lie along different paths through the same field, though they occasionally touch one another; each in his way has created a phase of literature. The delicious farces of Lady Gregory have, too, a place apart. As farces they are of a far finer vintage than anything England has tasted for many years, and are essentially racy of the soil. One comes to a better realization of how each of these leaders of the Irish school fits into the scheme of things entire, when, in one evening, the versatile little company perform, say, two pieces of Synge, intermingled with "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan" and Lady Gregory's masterpiece "Hyacinth Halvey."

At the present time the English stage is at sixes and sevens, the old order changing and—we sincerely pray—giving place to the new. The "Propagandadramatist" screams his wares at every corner, and battle royal is the order of the day between the Aristotelian critic and the so-called "New School." Out of the resultant chaos we hear one new dramatic voice crying in the wilderness; a few sparrows, to whose future we pin our fainting faith, sit on the "housetop" of the seldom-acted, condemned to an occasional "short-run" flutter. And all the while the Shavian owl, eternally hooting his self-admiration, dwells with a select coterie in the desert of his self-esteem. Not that we are by any means without hope—though few to-day look for it from the latter quarter—but the hope has so long been tinged with the autumnal tints of Patience, which we sometimes cannot but feel is indeed a too near sister to Despair.

So it is altogether refreshing, cheering, and not a little comforting to turn away from that wearisome Shavian trombone solo, from the playwrights that peep and mutter, and from all that ceaseless cant talked and written about the drama and art and the censor and Mr. Shaw—to turn from it all and to look at the quiet, unassuming success of this handful of Irishmen who owed their very stage existence to a ten years' subsidy from Miss Horniman. She, with her repertoire company in Manchester and this Irish company, has achieved more for British drama in ten years than all

that London has done, excepting perhaps Mr. Granville Barker's brief tenure of the Court Theatre. But it certainly is not within the scope of this article to look either at the despondent or the new-springing, hopeful side of English drama in its present transient condition, but rather to attempt a humble, incomplete tribute to an author whose place is now assured.

Just two hundred-and-fifty copies, printed by Miss Yeats at her Cuala industries, have been issued of "Deirdre of the Sorrows." The legend of Deirdre, of Naisi and his brothers, is an old tragic myth of Ireland, and Synge died before revising his version of it. Deirdre is a peasant girl, Conchubar, the king, in love with her. But it has been foretold that she must bring ruin upon Naisi and his brothers, and the slender story turns on the theme of her marriage to Naisi in the face of Conchubar's offers, of their seven happy years of exile together, and of the ultimate treachery of Conchubar, their murder, and Deirdre's death by her own hand. It is all pre-ordained—as Deirdre realizes at the end of the second Act:—"Woods of Cuan, woods of Cuan, dear country of the east! It's seven years we've had a life was joy only, and this day we're going west, this day we're facing death maybe, and death should be a poor, untidy thing, though it's a queen that dies."

The play was first produced in Dublin last spring, and during the summer in London, and from all accounts Miss Maire O'Neill, the perfect embodiment of Nora of the Glen, has created a poetical triumph as Deirdre—despite the fact that some of the illustrated papers only found space to condemn the piece as "dreary and depressing." If there is a place for good comedy, good farce, and for such comic opera as Gilbert inspired, why should tragedy be almost hunted from the stage to-day? John Galsworthy's "Justice" is immensely "depressing" in a conventional sense, yet it is unanimously admitted to be the finest piece of the year. And if John Synge is in any sense "depressing" or pessimistic, there is at any rate no touch of morbidity about him, no

vein of that arch-pessimism Strindberg gave to Sweden—nothing sentimental, mawkish, unclean. To-day among the varied opinions as to what the drama should be, it is amazing to find how many intelligent people of education expect it to appear “grateful and comforting, for infants, invalids and the aged.” But for those who think otherwise—or stop to think at all—in a broader sense than that in which Arthur Symons reads all art as an “escape from life,” John Synge’s work seems sometimes perfect. After an unavoidable day of the inevitably obvious, to see those plays acted or to read them at home is assuredly an escape from life. The brilliant green of the fields is on either hand, and murmuring strange, excited words pass before us the old, blind beggar and his wife; Pegeen Mike, swayed by the poetry of the Playboy; then Nora of the Glen, with her Stranger Tramp, still searching for the ideal of her dreams; passing, all of them, along the small, grey, winding Irish road, till, with it, they are caught up into the evening mist drifting down upon the distant hills.

J. E. HOARE

PHILIP SIDNEY AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

IT is perhaps not strange that historians have depicted most famous men either in very dark or very glowing colours. Any one who has attempted to make himself acquainted at first hand with a great man of the past knows how inevitably one is overcome by a sense of the futility of the effort, unless it be in those rare instances where an abundance of autobiographical material exists. If it is the most delicate of human tasks for a contemporary to give a convincing, unified presentation of the infinite complexity of a great character, aided though he be by personal acquaintance and that comprehension of the environment which is possible only to a contemporary, the biographer of him who died centuries ago is foredoomed to failure. Conscious that the lights which might once have guided him in his effort to sound the abysmal deeps of personality have been long eclipsed, and that he must content himself with the mere husks and wrappings of the spirit he would know, he takes refuge in relegating his subject to a simple category, and in presenting him to his readers as a paragon of goodness or of badness, of weakness or of strength, of self-sacrifice or of self-devoted ambition. The dead past effectively buries its dead.

It is perhaps for these reasons that we are inclined to attach an exaggerated importance to the facts connected with a man's life, however lacking these may be in real significance. We seem to be better acquainted with him if we know that at one time he was here and at another there, if we know the names of his friends and the exact amount of his income. And, indeed, it would be captious to assume that this kind of information is altogether valueless. It may serve to amplify more or less fragmentary knowledge, or to

stimulate and direct the imagination in its efforts to realize more vividly the great man's environment. At worst it gratifies a very natural curiosity.

The biographies of the great Englishmen of Elizabeth's day have a far-away story-book atmosphere, and it can hardly be said that they make us acquainted with their heroes. Sir Philip Sidney, for instance, has come down to us in the guise of a knight of faery-land. We think of him as the challenger in the tournament, or as the hero of the most daring battle-charge of a military age, or as the most gracious representative of the chivalry of the Maiden Queen. In him Arthur has come again, and twice as fair. The inevitable result of this apotheosis is a certain alienation of our sympathies. We prefer Launcelot to King Arthur. In such a case there is a positive sense of satisfaction in the discovery of information which relates the great man to the work-a-day world and emphasizes the common, human elements of his character.

It is the aim of the present article to present a picture of Sir Philip Sidney's school-days. While collecting materials for a "Life" of Sidney the writer discovered an unpublished manuscript which proved to be of very unusual interest. It is stitched together in book form and contains, besides the covers, twenty pages, of which the last two are blank. On the outside of the front cover is written "The Account of Mr. Philip Sidney's Expenses since the 3rd of December, 1565, until the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, 1566." Page one records those "Sums of money received by me, Thomas Marshall, your Lordship's humble servant, to the use of my young master Mr. Philip Sidney since your honour's departure with my Lady from Westchester towards Ireland, namely, Monday the 3rd of December, 1565, until Michaelmas next ensuing, anno 1566." Pages two to eighteen, inclusive, are devoted to "The Account of such sums of money as I, Thomas Marshall, have disbursed for my young master Mr. Philip Sidney beginning upon Tuesday the 4th of December, 1565, and ending at Michaelmas next ensuing, anno 1566"

Philip Sidney had been enrolled as a student of Shrewsbury school on October 17th, 1564—the same day on which Fulke Greville, who was to become his most intimate friend during the remainder of his life, and James Harrington, his first cousin, became students of the same institution. The period covered by the accounts, then, is approximately that of the boy's second year in the school. The manuscript is literally falling to pieces as a result of damp, and a large irregular section, somewhat triangular in shape, has been eaten out of the lower part of each sheet. Fortunately, the number of items that are irrecoverable is comparatively small. Before proceeding to examine the contents in detail, however, it will be necessary to know something of the school which Philip was attending.

One or more grammar schools had probably existed in Shrewsbury from very early times. A Guild School had been kept by the Drapers' Company, and it is almost certain that the Collegiate Churches of St. Mary and St. Chad—both of which are mentioned in Domesday—each had a grammar school; otherwise they would have failed to perform one of the essential functions of such institutions. Moreover, from the Chantry certificates of Edward VI we know that the neighbouring Salop parishes of Wellington, Oswestry, Saint Leonard's in Bridgenorth, Madelay, and Newport, each had its grammar school taught by a school-master or priest. But the Chantries Acts of 1545 and 1547 had swept away most, if not all, of these foundations, and in the first three years of Edward VI's reign the failure of the Protector and the Council to carry out their good intentions regarding new institutions had caused a cry of protest to go up from every part of England. Under the Duke of Northumberland a considerable number of schools were re-founded, and of this number Shrewsbury was one. It is a significant fact that the chief credit of this happy issue was accorded to a draper and a bailiff of the town, and that the endowment of the new school was derived from the tithes of the dissolved Collegiate Churches of St. Mary and St. Chad.

The charter of the Free Grammar School of King Edward VI in Shrewsbury was granted on February 10th, 1552, in response to the earnest petitions of the bailiffs and burgesses of the town and of many people in the surrounding country. A small endowment had been settled upon the new seat of learning, a timber building was purchased by the bailiffs for £20, some adjacent houses were rented, and under the head-mastership of a certain "Sir Morys" work was begun at once. During the next ten years we know almost nothing of the school. Sir Morys was succeeded after a few months by John Eyton who had to be "avoided"; the name of his successor is not known. The real history of Shrewsbury School begins with the appointment to the head-mastership on June 21st, 1561, of Thomas Ashton, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the year 1562 he enrolled two hundred and eighty-nine boys, and in each of the succeeding five years the admissions averaged about one hundred. In other words, there were probably about four hundred boys under Ashton's charge at any one time during Philip Sidney's residence in Shrewsbury, and so great was the reputation of the school that Camden, writing in 1586, could call it "the largest school in all England for the education of youth." Of Ashton's two assistants, Thomas Wylton, who resigned in 1568, and Richards Atkys, who held the position until his death in 1587, we know little more than the names, and we have no reason for assuming even that they were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, although Atkys continued to hold the position for ten years after the promulgation of the ordinances of 1577, which required the third master to "be B.A. at least." At any rate, Ashton's personality towered far above that of his colleagues, and it was his ideals that shaped the character of the school. When he resigned the head-mastership in 1571 to enter the service of the Earl of Essex, his continued interest in the welfare of the institution which he had virtually founded showed itself in many ways. He continued to watch over its finances, he secured a suf-

ficient additional endowment from the crown to place the school on a stable basis, and, most important of all, he drew up ordinances which were to remain in force for more than two hundred years, and which gave him the opportunity not only of determining the path which was to be followed in the present but also of suggesting, incidentally, ideals for the future. In his last years Ashton had earned the admiration of the Queen, of Burleigh, Leicester, and Bedford, in his conduct of the affairs—political and private—of the Earls of Essex, and the first Earl showed his appreciation of the schoolmaster's worth by leaving him an annuity of £40. He died in 1578. "He is a man, God be blessed for him, that hath done much good in Shropshire," wrote a certain Shrewsbury draper when Ashton resigned his charge.

What Philip Sidney's estimate of his schoolmaster was is not recorded, but we may feel fairly sure that he shared the sentiments expressed some thirty years later by one of his school-fellows, Andrew Downes, then Regius professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Referring to Ashton, Downes says: "I name this gentleman, who has now been long dead, that I may do honour to his memory, for after God and my parents he is the person to whom I am most indebted for all the literature I possess. Whatever I have of humanity, or of any good in me, proceeds from him; nor do I feel so grateful to the Almighty for anything else as for this, that by His providence I enjoyed the advantage of a preceptor of whom all his scholars may be justly proud. Amid all the misfortunes of my life, of which I have had an ample share, I consider it as a supreme, indeed an unparalleled felicity that my father put me when a boy under the care of this most excellent person."

It is not strange that Philip Sidney's father was anxious to place his son under the care of such a master. Sir Henry had been appointed Lord President of Wales in 1560, and almost every year his official duties led him to spend some time in Shrewsbury, where his residence, the Council House, was just opposite the school. For instance in 1562 we read

in the Corporation Accounts: "Paid for wine, an ox, feeding of horses, and other necessaries given to Sir Henry Sidney, Knight, Lord President in the Marches of Wales while he was here in the town in the month of August, on account of his favour to the town—£12 10s. 8d." In this way he would become acquainted with the character of the school, and it is just possible that he had known the schoolmaster even before this time, as there is some reason to believe that Ashton had previously acted as tutor to the sons of Sir Andrew Corbet, a member of the Council, and a warm friend of Sir Henry. No doubt, the possibility of having his son within easy reach of Ludlow, the chief seat of the Lord President, was also an argument in determining Sir Henry's choice of a school.

When Philip Sidney entered Shrewsbury the growing fame of the institution and the excellence of the instruction were in striking contrast to the external equipment. The timber building in Ratonylstone—still called the School Lane—which had been purchased by the bailiffs in 1551, together with the adjoining houses which were rented, constituted the entire school premises until 1582, and although an anonymous chronicler of Shrewsbury refers to them as "situate near unto the Castle gate of the said town upon a goodly prospect," Thomas Ashton, writing to the bailiffs in 1574, and urging the necessity of more substantial and commodious quarters, has to refer to the existing building as "old and inclining to ruin" and its location as "an evil place." To reach the school the boys had to pass the common gaol of the town. In the ruinous timber houses the danger from fire was so great that one of Ashton's ordinances forbade the use of candles. Sanitary arrangements, if we may judge from the letter just referred to, were almost entirely lacking. There were no residences either for masters or boys, there was neither chapel nor library, the students were "tabled" by the householders of the town, who were given rather extensive authority over their young charges. In spite of all defects, however, as we have seen, the school flourished.

Ashton's ordinances, to which reference has already been made, did not come into force formally until February 11th, 1578, but negotiations on the subject between the ex-headmaster and the bailiffs had extended over a period of seven years, and we shall not be far wrong in assuming that the picture of the school-life which may be drawn from the ordinances is substantially that of a few years earlier, when Philip Sidney was one of the scholars. His school-mates were drawn from every rank of society. The majority were from the middle classes, but there were also sons of lords, knights, and gentlemen. Shrewsbury was a free grammar school, that is, there was no charge for tuition (except a graduated scale of entrance fees), and elementary instruction was not given, although at a somewhat later period "an accidens schole for begynners" was established. Most of the scholars had no doubt passed through the Song Schools and Writing Schools of the time. The boys who came from a distance—the great majority—boarded about the town and suburbs, and their "hosts" were obliged to "cause and see all suche their children or tablers to resorte to their parishe church euerie sondaie and holidiaie to heare devine service, at morninge and eveninge praier." In a general way they were probably expected to stand *in loco parentis* to their "tablers"; for example, in 1582 the bailiffs made a proclamation "that no scholars, boys nor prentices should that night (election evening) go abroad to disquiet the town with unreasonable noises, fightings, and disorders which were wont usually to proceed as that night"—under penalty of £5 to each householder who let them out.

"No slogardie a-night" was permitted in Ashton's school. From the Purification (February 2nd) until All Saints Day (November 1st) the boys were required to be in their places at the school by six o'clock in the morning, of the approach of which hour they received warning by the ringing of a bell for fifteen minutes. During the rest of the year school began at seven o'clock, but was closed an hour later in the afternoon. The boys probably had their break-

fast before coming to the school, for the statutes make no mention of an interval for this purpose, and in a non-residential school such a plan would not have been practicable. As soon as the bell ceased ringing prayers were "sung and said every morning devoutly upon their knees." The second and third schoolmasters conducted this service each for one week in turn. The roll was then called and absentees were punished by the master "according to his discretion and their deserts." The head schoolmaster began his work an hour later. One is not surprised to find among Philip Sidney's expenses the item, "For wax sises to burn in the school a-mornings before day—4d.," although the later ordinances prescribed that "no candle shall be used in the said school for breeding diseases and danger and peril otherwise." Eleven o'clock was the hour for dinner and work was resumed at a quarter to one, the school bell having again been rung for fifteen minutes. Again there were prayers and roll-call, and the afternoon session in winter closed at half-past four, "if daylight will serve thereunto," in summer at half-past five. Nor were these long hours relieved by extended vacations; the school broke up only at Christmas for eighteen days, at Easter for twelve days, and at Whitsuntide for nine days. The weekly holiday was on Thursday when "the scholars of the first form before they go to play shall for exercise declaim and play one act of a comedy." On Sunday, as we have seen, the boys attended their various parish churches; if in any particular church, however, a sermon was to be preached they were all expected to hear it. Several monitors were appointed for each church "to note as well their absence as misbehaviour in anything." There is no reference in the statutes to any wider extension of the monitorial system as it was known in several other English schools of the time, at Eton and Westminster, for example. Failure to return promptly after vacations, wilfulness or obstinacy concerning the laws of the school, and betting, open or covert, were all severely punished, usually by expelling the offender. To what extent the rod was used we have no information;

at Eton we know that Udall's severity constituted one of his claims to fame.

Of the school sports our only information is contained in one of the statutes to the effect that "the scholars' play shall be shooting in the long bow and chess play, and no other games except it be running, wrestling, or leaping, and no game to be above one penny or match above four pence." It was the Renaissance period in the popularity of archery, as of many other things, and Ashton was probably of the same mind as his great contemporary schoolmaster, Roger Ascham, that "if a man would have a pastime wholesome and equal for every part of the body, pleasant and full of courage for the mind let him seek chiefly of all others for shooting." Evidently he did not share Ascham's enthusiasm for cock-fighting—a sport which seems to have been popular at Eton. One of Philip Sidney's expenditures was "for certain bird bolts for to shoot at birds." The Severn flowed close by the school, and we may suppose that the young Salopians were accustomed to cleave with pliant arm the glassy wave, but this is mere speculation.

The course of instruction for Shrewsbury boys, like that provided in all other grammar schools of the period, was almost exclusively in the classics. The statutes prescribed the study of Cicero, Cæsar's Commentaries, Sallust, Livy, and "two little books of Dialogues drawn out of Tully's offices and Lodovicus Vives by Mr. Thomas Ashton" for prose; and for verse, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Terence; in Greek the text-books were Cleonarde's grammar, the Greek Testament, Isocrates ad Demonicum, or Xenophon's Cyrus. The headmaster was given discretion to depart somewhat from the prescription, however, by substituting for these authors "some of them mentioned in the table for manner of teaching to be read in the school," a document the discovery of which would surely prove interesting. In which of the seven classes of the school these various authors were read we are not told; but Thomas Marshall's accounts record the purchase by Philip Sidney, in his second

year, of "Ashton's doing of Tully's *Offices* and Lodovicus," Virgil, Sallust, and Cato. Other items show us that the boy's studies were not confined to the books mentioned in the statute. The purchase of a French grammar and of "example books for phrases and sentences in Latin and French" points to his study of at least one modern language, in which we also know that he could write a letter to his father; he had probably begun the study before coming to Shrewsbury, for Aubrey tells us that as a child he had the best tutors procurable, and we know that his sister Mary had a French tutor at Penshurst before she was eight years of age. "Example-books for the secretary hand," suggests the origin of the beautiful handwriting which distinguishes his letters from all those of his contemporaries which are preserved in the Public Record Office. Unlike the gentlemen—and statisticians—of the sixteenth century, he did not hold it a baseness to write fair; on the contrary, he esteemed the writing of a legible hand a matter of great importance. "I would, by the way, your worship would learn a better hand," he wrote to his brother Robert in 1580; "you write worse than I, and I write evil enough." "Radolpho Gualtero Tigurino" was a text-book on quantity and prosody. The well-known Puritanism of Ashton and Atkys, as also of Lawrence (who became a master at Shrewsbury in 1568), is attested by Philip's purchase of Calvin's Catechism. That there is no mention of Greek books is not surprising, for they would be studied only in the last two years. It is probable, however, that Philip never acquired more than a smattering of that language. Writing to Languet in 1574, he says that "there are some things also which I wish to learn of the Greeks which hitherto I have but skimmed on the surface." Languet answered, "About the Greek language I cannot advise you. It is a beautiful study, but I fear you will have no time to carry it through, and all the time you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which though it is considered a less interesting language than the Greek, is yet much more important for you to know." To this

Sidney replied: "Of Greek literature I wish to learn only so much as shall suffice for the perfect understanding of Aristotle. For though translations are made almost daily, still I suspect they do not declare the meaning of the author plainly or aptly enough; and besides I am utterly ashamed to be following the stream, as Cicero says, and not go to the fountain-head." Accordingly, it would seem clear that neither at Shrewsbury nor Oxford had he given much attention to Greek. Of music, to which two hours a week were devoted at Westminster, there is no mention, and it is not probable that it was included in the curriculum, for in later years we find Philip bitterly regretting the deficiency of his education in this respect.

It remains substantially true, then, that the education of a Shrewsbury boy was almost entirely confined to Latin. The "versifying" and writing of themes or epistles, which constituted part of the regular Saturday programme, and, indeed, during school hours all exercises—oral or written—were in Latin. "All men covet to have their children speak Latin," wrote Ascham in the "Schoolmaster", and the practice of restricting young children to its use, which he condemns, was, we know, all but universal. Colloquial Latin was learned chiefly from the comedies of Terence, and at Shrewsbury the weekly exercise in declamation from one of his plays was no doubt looked on, in part, as a preparation for the yearly Whitsuntide play. It was performed in the "Quarrel", a piece of land near the Severn, and under Ashton's superintendence acquired a great reputation. Both the Shrewsbury corporation and the Drapers' Company contributed at times to the expense of the performance, which, on one occasion at least, was repeated throughout the Whitsun holidays, and attracted large numbers of people to Shrewsbury. It is probable that Ashton's interest in his boys' Latinity was not his primary concern in the giving of the Shrewsbury play, in which work he seems to have been engaged even before his appointment to the head mastership.

Any attempt to estimate the influence which his Shrewsbury days exercised on Philip Sidney's later life must necessarily be tentative, but it is surely not fanciful to ascribe something of the insatiable desire of learning which characterized his brief career to his former head-master's similar enthusiasm and to the atmosphere which pervaded the school. "The principal care, then," wrote Ashton to the bailiffs in the letter from which quotation has already been made, "is to make provision for those which shall go out from this school, for their further learning and study," and in announcing his determination to have scholarships established in Oxford and Cambridge, he reminds them "how the poor are forced to give over this learning and study, for that they can have no place in neither university, in any college, in default neither the shire nor the school aforetime hath made provision therefor." It speaks well for the scholarship of the school that among Philip Sidney's companions were Fulke Greville, Andrew Downes, and John Meighen, who was to occupy the position of head-master for more than half a century, that Lawrence, on resigning his post in 1583, could boast that within twelve years he had sent over one hundred students to Oxford and Cambridge, and that Camden in 1586 could refer to Shrewsbury as "the largest school in all England for the education of youth." We may also assume that the pronounced Puritan atmosphere made a strong impression on the boy, and that he learned here the attitude of aggressive hostility to "Papists," which, in spite of his kindly tolerance of spirit towards individuals, characterized his whole public life. We can picture him at this time as he appears in the beautiful Penshurst portrait of himself and his brother Robert, a serious, thoughtful boy, perhaps too much devoted to his studies and meditation, too little given to mirth, religious more than boy beseeemed, and withal somewhat haughty and reserved, conscious of the noble blood from which he was descended on the mother's side, and proud of his high-minded father, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland. "Though

I lived with him and knew him from a child," says Fulke Greville, "yet I never knew him other than a man: with such staidnesse of mind, lovely, and familiar gravity, as carried grace, and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind: So as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which had they usually read or taught."

From Thomas Marshall's book of accounts we know many of the details of Philip's life during the greater part of the second year that he spent at Shrewsbury. In the early summer of 1565, Sir Henry Sidney had been appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, but the difficulty of raising the money which he had stipulated should be given him if he was to stamp out the rebellion of Shan O'Neill, had delayed his departure. At last, on November 17th, he reached Chester on his way to Ireland; Lady Mary accompanied him, though the earlier plan had been that she should wait in England until her lord was established in Dublin. For nearly two months the Lord Deputy and his wife were prevented by contrary winds from crossing. One of his ships containing stuffs and horses valued at £500, was totally wrecked, and altogether he counted his losses as in excess of £1500. Always prone to melancholy, Sir Henry wrote to Cecil on December 3rd that he had no mind for Ireland, and that he had never been so weary of any place as of this in which he was stayed, where neither meat, drink, nor good lodging was procurable. Perhaps his spirits were the more depressed by the fact that on this very day he had parted for an indefinite period from the boy whom he styled *lumen familie sue*. Philip, accompanied by two schoolboy friends, had come up from Shrewsbury to bid farewell to his father and mother, and they left him at Westchester on Monday, December 3rd, when they started for the coast in the hope of effecting a passage. On January 9th they were still at Holyhead, but at length, on January 13th, they reached Dublin.

Philip, together with his friends and Thomas Marshall, a servant under whose supervision he had been left, remained in Westchester for two days and a half. That he had been ill a short time previously we learn from one of the first of Marshall's entries: "Item, for a yard of cloth to make Mr. Philip a pair of boot hose, having none but a pair of linen which were too thin to ride in after his disease—3s. 4d." On Wednesday the little nags which the boys rode had all been shod, various bills had been paid, and in the afternoon the party set out. That night they spent at Chirke at "one Mr. Ed[war]ds" and the next day they were back in Shrewsbury.¹ Several items representing Philip's expenditures immediately after coming back to school are not recoverable because of the mutilation of the manuscript, but the following suggest the resumption of his studies after an absence of some duration, possibly caused by the "disease" already referred to: "Item, upon Monday the 10th day for the mending of the lock of Mr. Philip's coffer, and for an iron bolt for his chamber door, 12d. Item, upon Thursday the 13th day for black silk buttons 8d., for quills 2d., for a black silk lace 2d.—12d. Item, for gum, gall and copperas to make ink, and pot for the same, 6d. Item, for a pen and inkhorn and sealing wax, 6d. Item, for two quire of paper for example-books, phrases and sentences in Latin and French, 8d. Item, for wax sises to burn in the school a-mornings before day, 4d. Item, for mending a glass window in his chamber, 4d."

Another December entry introduces us to Philip's *famulus*: "Item, for a pair of shoes for Randal Calcott who attendeth on Mr. Philip with me, who since he came hath not put your lordship greatly to further charges besides his diet, shoes and washing, 12d." Randal seems to have been hard on shoes, for between Christmas and Michaelmas Marshall had to buy seven pairs for him each costing 12d., whereas Philip's ordinary shoes cost but 10d. His washing amounted to 2s. 6d. for each three months—just half the cost of Philip's.

¹ His Shrewsbury laundry bills are reckoned from December 6th.

The accounts furnish us no information as to the cost of "diet," but a total expenditure of 14s. 6d. for shoes and washing for nine months does not seem extravagant, even if we make allowance for the much greater value of money at that time.

Philip, meanwhile, was making preparations for spending his Christmas vacation away from Shrewsbury. He was "polled" by the barber, he bought three dozen silk points and "certain bird-bolts for to shoot at birds," and with Marshall bought cloth "to make him a coat to wear with his cape against Christmas, not having any fit garment to go in." He spent the holiday at Eton, near Wroxeter, the beautiful seat of Sir Richard Newport. Sir Richard was the son of Thomas Newport, of High Ercall, High Sheriff of Shropshire, and Lady Newport was the only daughter of Chief Justice Bromley. Their daughter Magdalen was later to become famous as the mother of two famous sons—Edward, Lord Herbert of Chirbury (who was born at Eton), and George Herbert, the poet. Her brother Francis was born in the same year as Philip, although he did not enter Shrewsbury School until 1569. Of Philip's visit to the Newports at this time we have no details, unless we are to conjecture from the following entry that the bird-shooting of the boys had resulted in a slight accident to Philip: "Item, the 11th day (of January) for an ounce of oil of roses and another of camomell to supple his knee that he could not ply or bend, 6d."

The only interesting information to be derived from Marshall's accounts during the winter and spring months has to do with the books purchased by Philip, and these we have already mentioned. The Whitsuntide play for the year was "Julian the Apostate", and it is recorded that "Queen Elizabeth made progress as far as Coventry intending for Salop to see Mr. Ashton's play, but it was ended." Perhaps the presentations were brought to an abrupt conclusion on account of an outbreak of plague in the school referred to by Marshall on May 30th: "Item, for when we went [to the house of] Sir Andrew Co[r]bett and that of Sir] Richard Newpo[rt] when the scholar]s were sick. 4d."

The entry which immediately follows is lost, but from the next two items we know that three weeks later Philip had returned to Shrewsbury: "Imprimis, the 21st day, for a Sallust for him 14d. Item, for perfumes to air the chamber with when we came forth of the country after the young gentlemen were recovered, 12d."

Shrewsbury's experience of these epidemics was as frequent as that of other English towns. In 1563 by a resolution of the corporation it was "Agreed that a proclamation shall be made. . . . that if any person inhabiting within the town or franchise do go or ride to London, or any other place where the plague doth remain, that he shall not return and come within 4 miles to this town or franchise before 2 months be fully ended. . . . and that no person inhabiting within the said town or franchise do receive or lodge any person that cometh from any place where the plague doth reign, nor receive into their custody any wares, apparel or household stuff that cometh from any such place upon pain of disfranchisement." I have found no reference, except Marshall's, to the plague in 1566, and we may assume that it was of short duration. In 1575, however, the MS. chronicle records that "the Queen's Majesty went a progress towards Shrewsbury, but because of death within a four miles of the same she came no further than Lichfield," and there was a very serious outbreak in August and September of 1576. So seriously did these constantly recurring plagues interfere with the work of the school, that one of Ashton's ordinances required that "a house shall be provided within the county for the masters and scholars to resort to in time of plague," and during Meighen's headmastership a country house for this purpose was built at Grinshill, a few miles from Shrewsbury. As we have seen, Philip Sidney spent the three weeks during which the school was closed in June, 1566, partly at the Newports, partly at the home of Sir Andrew Corbet, of Moreton Corbet, Shropshire. Sir Andrew was a special friend of Ashton and of Sir Henry Sidney, and was a member of the Council in the

Marches of Wales. Of his numerous family of boys, Vincent, the third son, had been born in the same year as Philip Sidney and was at this time in school at Shrewsbury; Robert, the eldest son, was later Philip's companion in Venice, and in a letter introducing him to Languet, Philip refers to him as his cousin and "my greatest friend, a man of high birth, but one who, as Buchanan says: 'In excellence of parts outdoes his birth.'" We shall not be far wrong in assuming that Philip found his enforced vacation a not intolerable experience.

Towards the end of June, Marshall was much occupied with providing a very unusually elaborate addition to the rather meagre wardrobe of his young charge, as the following extracts from his accounts will show: "Item, the 25th day, for making of his green coat whereof the cloth came from my fellow Knight, 2s. Item, for a quarter of green sarcenet for the collar and to face it, 14d. Item, for a yard of fustian to line the body of the same, 10d. Item, for a yard and an half of cotton to line the skirts, 12d. Item, for buttons thereto, 8d. Item, for 14 yards of lace to compass it about, 22d. Item, for 4 skeins of silk, 8d. Item, for canvas for the collar, 1d."

Such an unusual expenditure for dress pointed to coming events of unusual importance. The first of those took place in early July. Philip was a "tabler" in the home of Mr. George Leigh, a Shrewsbury gentleman, and was now invited by his host to stand in a kind of boy-godfather relation to his son. Marshall's account is as follows: "Imprimis, upon Thursday the 11th day, at the christening of a son of Mr. Leigh's who beareth his name, given to the midwife 20d. and to the nurse 20d., and more money was offered to the mother but it would not be taken—my Lady Newport being godmother, 3s. 4d." In later years Philip's name was to be borne by many infants ranging in dignity from the sons of William of Orange and the Earl of Pembroke to the son of Tarleton, the jester, but Philip Leigh was surely the first of those who were thus made immortal.

The remaining pages of Marshall's MS. (more than half of the total) are filled with the details of Philip's visit to Kenilworth and Oxford on the occasion of the Queen's famous visit to the university in August and September, 1566. Great as is the intrinsic interest of the narrative, it is only indirectly related to the story of Philip's school-days in Shrewsbury, and a recital of the details of what must have been the most memorable of the boy's experiences at this period of his life would carry us beyond the limits of a magazine article. No account of his school-days, however, can be in any sense of the word adequate if it ignores the influence exerted on him in this formative period by the characters of his father and mother. Serious, high-minded, upright in all their acts and thoughts, they coveted no good thing for their son so much as that he should grow up to be a God-fearing, self-respecting man, a worthy scion of the great families from whom he was descended. Of Lady Sidney's relations to her eldest-born we know little. At the end of Marshall's book she has signed her name, "M. Sidney," probably to indicate that she has examined the accounts and found them satisfactory. On the same page she has written in her own handwriting in two successive lines "[G]od grant me grace to" and "God grant me grace"—the succeeding prayer has completely faded from the manuscript, but it requires no great effort of the imagination to conjure up the scene of the pious mother dedicating herself anew to the task of instilling into her young son those ideals which alone could give lasting happiness, as she had learned during her own short life of tragedy and sorrow. To the late spring or early summer of this same year we may with a fair degree of certainty assign the following letter—the first written by Sir Henry to his son.¹ If we remember that the Lord Deputy's efforts to crush the rebellion of

1. (a) It was first printed by T. Dawson, London, 1591. Referring to the copy which is preserved in Shrewsbury School Library, Fisher says, "It appears from the title-page that the letter was written in 1566." (b) Collins prints the letter "Ex Autog. apud Penshurst," and gives it the caption, "Sir Henry Sidney to his son Sir Philip Sidney, at School at Shrewsbury, An. 1566, 9 Eliz. then being of the age of XII years." (Philip was not twelve years old until November 30th, 1566.) (c) In

Shan O'Neill were being constantly thwarted by intrigues at court and by Elizabeth's continual upbraidings, that he was writing to Leicester to express his "hope of a speedy redemption from this my miserable thralldom," and that his health was so seriously undermined that he was in physical pain a great part of the time, the letter takes on a peculiar interest. It reads as follows:

"Son Philip: I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And now, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

"Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour; whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that you are accustomed to do in that time.

"Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you do read, as well as the words; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter, and judgment will grow as years grow in you.

"Be humble and obedient to your masters, for, unless you frame yourself to obey others—yea, and feel in

that year "Old Master Onslow" was Sheriff of Salop and "Master Justice Corbet," a Justice of the King's Bench, was Recorder of Shrewsbury. Both would have official apartments in the Council House. (V. Fisher *op. cit.* p. 11) The opening sentences of Sir Henry's letter suggest a period a few months after his arrival in Ireland and Lady Sidney's hope that Philip's good master might govern him "yet many years" almost precludes the possibility of assigning the letter to a later period.

yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you.

“Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost.

“Use moderate diet so as, after your meal, you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest, being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself enflamed. Use exercise of body, yet such as is without peril to your bones or joints; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you grateful in each company—and otherwise loathsome.

“Give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you are most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is often-times harder to be cured than that which is given by the sword.

“Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner and procurer of speech; otherwise you shall be accounted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory with respect of the circumstance when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefastness than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath ramparted up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips—yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins and bridles for the loose use of that member.

“Above all things tell no untruth; no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty. And let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is to your shame. For there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

“Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you as you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother’s side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family. Otherwise, through vice and sloth, you may be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man.

“Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I find that this light meal of digestion nourish in anything the weak stomach of your capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with other food.

“Commend me most heartily unto Master Justice Corbet, old Master Onslow, and my cousin, his son. Farewell! Your mother and I send you our blessings, and Almighty God grant you His, nourish you with His fear, govern you with His grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country!

“Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God, H. SIDNEY.”

“A postscript by my Lady Sidney, in the skirts of my Lord President’s letter” was appended as follows:—

“Your noble, careful father hath taken pains with his own hand to give you, in this his letter, so wise, so learned and most requisite precepts for you to follow with a diligent and humble, thankful mind, as I will not withdraw your eyes from beholding and reverent honouring the same—no, not so long as to read any letter from me. And therefore, at this time, I will write unto you no other letter than this; whereby I first bless you, with my desire to God to plant in

you His Grace, and, secondarily, warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind these excellent counsels of my lord, your dear father, and that you fail not continually, once in four or five days, to read them over.

“And for a final leave-taking for this time, see that you show yourself as a loving, obedient scholar to your good master, to govern you yet many years, and that my lord and I may hear that you profit so in your learning as thereby you may increase our loving care of you, and deserve at his hands the continuance of his great joy, and have him often witness with his own hands the hope he hath in your well-doing.

“Farewell, my little Philip, and once again the Lord bless you! Your loving mother, Mary Sidney.”

The beauty of the family relationship which is suggested in this letter is perhaps unique in the sixteenth century. Lady Jane Grey's account of her relation to her parents furnishes us with a strange contrast to the picture given above. “When I am in presence either of father or mother,” she says, “whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell”. . . . and again she declares “whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me.” It has been suggested that the disingenuousness which characterized so many of even the best men of Elizabeth's day traced its origin in no slight degree to the prevailing harsh discipline to which children were subjected. From such an unhappy experience Philip Sidney was spared. It is a thousand pities that we know so little of his relations to his mother; to his father, however, we know that from his youth up he was an intimate com-

panion and friend. *Noblesse oblige* became early the master-light of the son's life, as it was that of the father's. To a remarkable degree we find the dominant traits of Sir Henry's character reproduced in his son—his pride of family, his engrossing conviction that only in disinterested service for prince and country could a man find a worthy end toward the achieving of which he could bend the whole of his energies, his enthusiastic belief in the elevating influences of art and literature and the study of antiquity, his uniform kindness towards all those of whatsoever degree with whom he came in contact, his high, religious seriousness. When Philip, probably in the spring of 1568, entered Christ Church College, Oxford, he might justly have been accounted a fortunate youth,—fortunate in his birth, in his parentage, and in the ideals of character, of religion, and of scholarship which had constituted the environment of his school-boy days at Shrewsbury.

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

A SONG OF DAYS

Rain at dusk, and rain at morn,
 Blown across a storm-gray sea;
 Sleepless night, and day forlorn,
 Lovers, pity me.

Daffodils, a flood of gold,
 Blossoms on the hawthorn tree,
 All of joy my heart can hold,
 Lovers, pity me.

Sunless calm on field and wave,
 Quiet sky, and quiet sea,
 Chill brown earth to fill my grave,
 Lovers, pray for me.

CLARE GIFFIN

DREAM CHILDREN OF LITERATURE

THE title is not wholly mine. Part of it I have borrowed from Charles Lamb, who dreamed in his own inimitable way the immortal John and Alice. But it is a title that can be applied to a great throng of other little folks than the winsome children of Lamb's reverie. Fortunately, Lamb is not the only creator of child characters; before and since his day a varied and endless procession of children has marched joyously or sadly through literature. The child is no longer a novelty in poetry or in fiction; it is an accepted character; and it is more than the creation of a dream—it is as real as life. The number of famous dream children who laugh and cry and play in the literature of our race is almost inestimable; the delight they have given to child readers and to grown-ups is almost immeasurable. What a pleasing group they would make if they could be gathered into one room of an afternoon or an evening! What a mingling there would be of joys and tears, of strength and weakness, of happiness and suffering, of playfulness and melancholy! And the group would be typical of real childhood with its varying lights and shades. Yet this rare group of Dream Children is but little known to the child reader of to-day. Indeed, it is neglected or ignored in home and school. As an influence upon child life it is no longer seriously considered; with its members the modern child has grown strangely unfamiliar and unfriendly, and with the majority of them he has not even a bowing acquaintance. All the more unfortunate for the modern child! All the more shameful for the modern grown-up!

The modern child's lack of intimacy with the Dream Children of literature is a striking tendency of the time, and is not without its explanation. One of the most re-

grettable facts of the present day is that poetry is passing out of life. We live in an age in which romance and mystery find but a scanty welcome. We believe in so-called "practical" training rather than in feeding and developing the imagination. In our hurried search for marketable, tangible results of education we fail to catch "the far-off interest" of the study of poetry and romance even in the curriculum of childhood. We love the seats of the market-place better than the walls of Troy; we think it more profitable to sit with the money-changers in the Temple than to ride abroad with Douglas and his men; trying to learn what makes the aeroplane go is with us a nobler business than trying to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery; and even dinner at the Château with the modern crowd is a more important incident in our holiday ramblings than an hour upon the Plains of Abraham with the ghosts of vanished nation-builders. This modern attitude of the grown-up has been extended even to child life. There is an endeavour to make children abruptly into men and women at the expense of childish wonder. When little Paul Dombey first went to school he was asked by the magnificent Dr. Blimber, "Shall we make a man of you?" But little Paul replied, "I would rather be a child." There are many Dr. Blimbers in the world to-day, and many children with a desire like little Paul; there are many little Gradgrinds who are bidden never to wonder.

In Canada with its great commercial development, and its myriad lights from iron, and gold, and brass, and blazing ores threatening to dim the "light that never was on sea or land," this modern tendency to banish mystery and romance is becoming more and more noticeable. Principal Peterson has recently been making a plea for the study of poetry in the schools; other educationists too have protested against the passing of wonder from child-life. Romance and poetry have largely disappeared, and with their passing have gone the Dream Children of literature as amusing and ennobling companions of the modern child. Fairies who dwell in the wood beyond the hills, mythical

and real heroes, dream children of fiction, are no longer the fashion. Even the little, gray grandmother with her soft cap and her lullabies has vanished, and with her has gone her store of strange tales that, like the widow's cruse of oil, never seemed to grow less. She is but a sacred memory of old-fashioned grown-ups, a relic of the old-fashioned life; she is not a possession of the average modern child; indeed, if she does remain "a last leaf upon the tree," bridge and its accompanying polite diversions leave her little time for fairy tales. From the modern home the Dream Children of literature are rudely barred; their names would be unknown if they sent in their cards. And the school in this respect is little better than the home. The tragedy and pathos of the fairy tale have been dispelled from the school, and a world of vulgar high lights has been substituted. Mystery has been dismissed from our child world, and childish romance has been largely banished from our libraries.

A plea for child literature in Canada and for the Dream Children of literature needs no apology. It is in literature that the child finds true companionship, for he is by nature lonely. There is perhaps no other human being as lonely as the thinking child. He is in a world of grown-up people, in a place of pathetic isolation, face to face with a mystery that the grown-ups can't explain. He asks questions but he gets no answer and he goes back to his loneliness to ponder on the problems for himself. The grown-ups tell him that some day he will understand, but they only mean that there will come a day to him, as there has come to them, when he will cease to ask questions, and when he will find commonplace solutions or give up expecting answers as the "shades of the prison house" begin to close upon him.

In the first part of "Suspiria de Profundis," which he calls the affliction of childhood, De Quincey gives us a picture of the emotion that possessed him in his own childhood—an emotion that is common to the majority of children. "God speaks to children," he says, "in dreams and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude above all

things, when made vocal by the truths and services of a national church, God holds communion undisturbed with children. Solitude, though silent as light, is like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk these mighty galleries alone. The solitude therefore which in this world appears to fascinate a child's heart is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which already he has passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude, prefiguration of another. Deeper than the deepest of solitude is that which broods over childhood, bringing before it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, within the gates of death."

De Quincey was himself an explorer in the continent of childhood; he interpreted the incidents and emotions brought to him by memory; he believed that the realm of childhood should be annexed to the domain of poet and novelist, and that belief was shared by his contemporaries.

In literature the lonely child may meet many of his own type; indeed there is no end of the famous little lonely wanderers he may find there. Wordsworth is perhaps the greatest creator of the lonely child; he has given us Lucy Gray, whom he "chanced to see at break of day," a solitary child, alone in a wilderness of heath and sky; with her lantern she goes to town from the moor on which she lives that she may light her mother back through the snow; but she is lost among the frozen hills, and her little footsteps are traced at length to the bridge over which she has fallen in the darkness. There is Alice Fell, the lonely child of Wordsworth's ballad—the little waif who steals a ride behind the poet's post-chaise, and who grieves deeply because her

tattered cloak has been caught in the wheel and ruined. The incident is simple enough—an everyday happening in child life—yet Alice Fell is one of the famous figures in the procession of forlorn dream maidens. There is the other Lucy, “the maid whom there was none to praise and very few to love,” the girl who “dwelt alone,” and whose death made so great a “difference” to the poet. There is the little, lonely maid in “We Are Seven,” eating her frugal supper by the grave of her lost play-fellows; there is the solitary Highland lass reaping in the fields; there is the lonely wondering boy—“Ye knew him well, ye cliffs and islands of Winander”—the boy who blew mimic hootings to the owls and wonderingly listened to their echoes; there is the lonely wanderer in “The Excursion” who, “from his sixth year. . . . in summer tended cattle on the hills.” Wordsworth gives us a vast assembly of solitary, wondering children, all of whom appeal to the lonely child reader.

Although the Dream Children of fiction are largely products of the last century, and are few in number before Goldsmith, they exist nevertheless in the oldest English literature. Professor Child’s collection of English and Scottish popular ballads contains many pathetic stories of children, and although the ballads have sadly passed out of life with the old-fashioned grandmother, there are still grown-ups who remember these favourite cradle stories of a delightful but vanished past. Who of us can forget the secret putting away of the babes in the ballad of the “Queen’s Marie”; or the shudder of the murder in the “Cruel Mother”; or the tragic incidents in the “Child’s Last Will”; or the slaughter of the babe in “Lambkin”; or the touching story of little “Hugh of Lincoln,” whom the wicked Jews, angered because of his singing, cruelly put to death? The ballads are a treasure house of tales of children, all touched by the pathos of loneliness and helplessness and misfortune.

There are few children in Shakespeare, but those he has created are all of the innocent, lovable type. The two Princes in the Tower are mere shapes of boyish helplessness.

The sympathy of the child reader goes out to them to-day, as they steal fearfully among the grim old stones, and at length drop into a deep slumber—the proverbial sleep of the tired child—so innocent indeed that even their murderers became poets as they slew them:

“Lo, thus,” quoth Dighton, “lay those tender babes;
 “Thus, thus,” quoth Forrest, “girdling one another
 Within their innocent alabaster arms:
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which in their summer beauty kiss’d each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
 Which once,” quoth Forrest, “almost changed my mind.”

Perhaps Shakespeare’s most delightful child is little Arthur. He is the type of the active, curious boy; but he strives in his childish innocence to show his love for Hubert, and he soon brings tears to the eyes of even his would-be assassin. The child reader to-day cannot fail to be moved by his life-like helplessness in a society of plotting, wolfish men, his sad inheritance of misery, and his pathetic death when he leaps trembling from the walls and falls upon the cruel stones. Little Macduff in “Macbeth” is another of Shakespeare’s famous children, but we somehow feel that he is a stage child whose questions and answers are scarcely in keeping with his tender years.

One of the most real Dream Children of literature is little Matthew, son of Christian, in the second part of “The Pilgrim’s Progress.” He is a typical boy. Where is the youth experienced in the delights and the pains that attend the secret feasting on early apples in their “salad days” who has not sympathized with Matthew? He is indeed a strangely dull grown-up, too, with but a dim recollection, to whom Matthew’s eating and suffering, and dread of doctors no longer brings a memory of “a lad that is gone.” Christian and his wife, with their two boys Matthew and Samuel, come in sight of the lions, and “the boys that went before were glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the lions, so they stepped back and went behind.” When they come

to the Porter's Lodge, they are catechised by Prudence in the old-fashioned way. Matthew, the eldest boy, falls sick of the gripes; and when the doctor who is summoned asks Christiana what he has been eating, she is unable to explain. "Then said Samuel, the younger brother, always ready to tell tales, 'Mother, mother, what was that which my brother did gather up and eat, so soon as we were come from the Gate that is at the head of the way? You know that there was an orchard on the left-hand, on the other side of the wall, and some of the trees hung over the wall, and my brother did plash and did eat.'

"'True, my child,' said Christiana, 'he did take thereof and did eat, naughty boy as he was. I did chide him and yet he would eat thereof.'" Then Mr. Skill, the doctor, made a purge. "And it was made up into pills, with a promise or two, and a proportionate quantity of salt. Now he was to take them three at a time, fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of Tears of Repentance. When this Portion was prepared and brought to the boy, he was loth to take it, though torn with the gripes as if he should be pulled in pieces. 'Come, come,' said the doctor, 'you must take it.' 'It goes against my stomach,' said the boy. 'I must have you take it,' said his mother. 'I shall vomit it up again,' said the boy. 'Pray, sir,' said Christiana to Mr. Skill, 'how does it taste?' 'It has no ill taste,' said the Doctor, and with that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue. 'O Matthew,' said she, 'this Portion is sweeter than honey; if thou lovest thy mother, if thou lovest thy brothers, if thou lovest Mercy, if thou lovest life, take it.' So with much ado, after a short prayer for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it wrought kindly with him. It caused him to purge; it caused him to sleep and rest quietly; it put him into a fine heat and breathing sweat and did quite rid him of his gripes."

Bunyan's picture is not merely a glimpse of the life of his own day or of a Puritan household; it is a picture as well of the modern child—the lad who is the same in our day as in Bunyan's—the boy who is always with us.

Dickens has, perhaps, given us the largest and most varied multitude of Dream Children, attractive alike to boy and girl readers. Endowed with the keen sense of a reporter, he knew that the power to bring tears to the eyes of people was a safer and surer road to fame and success than the power merely to amuse or to entertain. To effect his purpose of tears he uses childhood, and he introduces into his novels a whole gallery of pathetic and helpless children. Childhood always suggests weakness, and when Dickens drew the figures of children, their tenderness, their weakness, and their innocence naturally presented themselves as the material in which he could most skilfully work. He had an almost divine pity for the fears, the bewilderments, and the hardships of the dependent little lives. His child characters never fail to win the affection of his readers. Sometimes he displays his skill in morbid conceptions: his children are not always at play; more often they are in hospitals or in graveyards; usually they are in misery; but their condition does not greatly matter; they have the strange power to attract the sympathy of grown-up and child readers.

In the multitude of the child creations of Dickens a few childish figures, better known than all others, at once rise to the mind. There is Little Nell, the school-girl's queen of children. Who of us in girlhood has not wept over her? No other child in real life or in fiction has ever called forth such widespread and genuine lamentation. Even Jeffrey, the hardened old critic of Dickens's day, wept over this little child, and was not ashamed of his tears. Dickens intensifies the little girl's nature by bringing her into contrast and subtle companionship with her imbecile grandfather. And from the time when she begs us to tell her the way home to the day when she lies dead among the winter berries, she is the same simple, wondering, attractive child. "When I die," she said, "put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always." "You do well to speak softly," says her old grandfather, "we will

not wake her. I should be glad to see her eyes again and to see her smile. There is a smile upon her young face now but it is fixed and changeless. I would have it come and go. That shall be in Heaven's good time. We will not wake her." So there she lies asleep, among the winter berries and the green leaves, still tenderly beloved by child readers.

There is Paul Dombey who in his childish simplicity never wished to grow older. In many ways Paul is a little old man, and he is not without his prototype in real life. Tiny Tim is one of Dickens's braver children. With his crutches and his irons he limps about, a frail and suffering child, fore-doomed to death from his cradle; yet he sings his song and gives his toast with the more fortunate at the Christmas dinner. There is David Copperfield learning the iron discipline of his new Murdstone home; there is Nickleby, and Smike, and the Marchioness, and Oliver Twist, the charity boy. Dickens's assembly of Dream Children should be known and loved by the child readers of to-day.

It is in American literature, however, that the Canadian child reader finds the most companionable types of Dream Children. Both are products of the same soil; both are surrounded by the same atmosphere and conditions of life; and if they have nothing else to unite them, they have at least the bond of the native heath. Lowell, in his *Little People of the Snow* and *Stella*, has given us a glimpse of American childhood. Holmes, in his *School-Boy*, has given us a charming memory of his youth. Whittier's portrait of the Barefoot Boy and his tender recollections of his boyhood in "School Days" are dear to child readers to-day, although they are a mature man's memory of childhood; and his "Snow-Bound" rests entirely upon his remembrance of boyhood days. The poems of Longfellow concerned directly with childhood are few in number but they receive from child readers a ready response. "My Lost Youth" is filled with memories of a past that is more or less the common heritage of boyhood—the town by the sea, the black wharves, and slips and tossing tides, the Spanish sailors, the strange

ships, and the magic of the sea; the "Hanging of the Crane" has a glimpse of childhood; the "Wreck of the Hesperus" has for its chief figure a child, the pathetic little maid who with her father "sailed the winter sea;" and "Hiawatha" has a delightful sketch of Indian boyhood.

Hawthorne is the American author, however, whose work appeals most strongly to the young. His "Grandfather's Chair," his "Wonder Book," his "Tanglewood Tales," and his version of the Greek myths will be among the immortals of literature because they have won the unwavering affection of children; whatever may happen to the great bulk of American books produced in the last century, these surely will endure; for although the toys are old the children are always new; they will always turn with delight to the old store-house of mystery; they will always treasure the key that unlocks the ivory gate. Hawthorne was a lover of children; even in his loneliness, in the darkness of his early struggle, his fancy played about them; he always insisted that the old should remember the respect due to the young; and perhaps his deepest ambition was to write for an assembly of child readers. In one of his early note-books he indicates his intention "to picture a child's reminiscences at sunset of a long summer's day, his first awakening, his studies, his sports, his little fits of passion, perhaps a whipping, etc." In another note he describes an incident in one of his solitary walks: "Another time I came suddenly on a small, Canadian boy who was in a hollow place among the ruined logs of an old causeway, picking raspberries, lonely among bushes and gorges, far up the wild valley; and the lonelier seemed the little boy for the bright sunshine that showed no one else in a wide space of view except him and me." It was for such lonely boys that he wrote his strange tales. One of his earliest short sketches, "The Gentle Boy," contains the whole history of a lonely childhood. In the "Twice-told Tales" his picture of little Annie's ramble is an evidence of the companionship the solitary man found in children. The "Snow Image" shows his deep sympathy

for childhood. Even in his great romances he has not forgotten children, and here he has sketched a number of favourite child figures. In the "House of the Seven Gables" is Ned Higgins whose cent transforms Hepzibah from a gentle woman to an ignoble shop-keeper; in the "Scarlet Letter" is little Pearl, the child who is so vital to the story. She shows the dread consequences of sin. "She could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder." Without little Pearl, the greatest novel this continent has produced would be incomplete.

These are but a few of the famous Dream Children of literature whom the child reader of to-day should meet. There are many others, too, all of whom possess an elusive charm and beauty. One must not forget little Alice who made up such wonderful things from the wonderland of her fancy; one must not forget Tom Brown amidst his boyhood fights and school-day scenes; there are Dick and Bill in the "Vicar of Wakefield"; there is also Casabianca who stood so long upon the burning deck; there is little David Balfour in the midst of his misfortunes; there are many naughty children, mischievous but lovable, little Budge and Toddy and the impish Flibbertigibbet in Scott's "Kenilworth"; there is the immortal Huck Finn; and there are many good little children like Timothy of the Quest and Little Lord Fauntleroy; there is Little Boy Blue blowing his horn, and Silverlocks narrowly escaped from the three bears, and little Red Riding Hood, all the most famous people in the world; there is the most recent addition to the group, little Anne of Green Gables, who seems destined to immortality.

That these famous Dream Children of literature are not well known to the modern boy and girl, that their acquaintance is not encouraged in home and school, is regrettable. The practical has its place, undoubtedly, in the child's life and development; but the wonder-world also has its place, for it is the real world to the child.

Nearly a century ago Charles Lamb, writing to Coleridge on the tendencies of his time in child education, uttered a protest which should be echoed in our own day. "Goody Two Shoes is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newberry's hardly deigned to reach them off an old, exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge—insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B's books convey—it seems, must come to a child in the shape of knowledge, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learned that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like, instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which make the child a man while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think of what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history? Hang them! I mean the cursed, reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child." If Lamb could write to-day his protest would be even more emphatic.

Lamb knew well that the child of his day should not necessarily be divorced from practical endeavour nor from training in practical things. But he knew, too, what we moderns frequently forget, that wonder is also an essential element in human development, and that it stretches the mind and sets all the faculties on tiptoe to catch the bright visions that float just out of reach. The Dream Children of literature should be known by the child readers of our day. They should be his daily companions; with them he may be alone but never lonely, for they lead him to a dream world beyond the hills to which every normal boy and girl is always looking with wistful eyes. Under their magic spell, like that of the Pied Piper, the crowded city street stretches out to the open

country where wonderful deeds are done, or to the wood where the pipes of Pan are always playing, or to the shores of mystic seas; the home—bare or luxurious—changes at once to the House Beautiful with its open, ivory gate; over everything is a luminous haze, and there are “hollow tramlings up and down, and muffled voices heard, and shadows past.” The memory of these Dream Comrades and their surroundings will linger with the child reader, and will help to keep his mind fresh and his imagination alive when the days of drudgery come—so surely and inevitably. And the grown-ups, too, to whom the evil days of drudgery and struggle have at last come will find an enduring delight in the company of these Dream Children, for they at least bring to them a fleeting memory that they were once boys and girls. Modern, prosaic life we have always with us; it is a rarer privilege to enjoy again the best things of our own childhood. We are all more or less like little Paul Dombey; if we have sense we are not anxious to grow up; like him, we, too, “would rather be a child,” and we battle with maturity and do our best to remain children. It is something for us, surely, to be able, through the magic of child literature and wonder, to live now and then, like Lamb, with our “dream children,” to breathe again their enchanted air, and for the moment to believe ourselves lovable and beloved. It is a dream world, this world of the Dream Children of literature, and yet, “for that very reason it is an abiding world, a mansion of the mind, filled with lovely forms and furnished for our delight,” whether we be children or grown-ups.

MARGARET NEILSON BROWER

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE

TO the *Westminster Review* for October, 1852, Herbert Spencer contributed an essay to which was given the title of "The Philosophy of Style," and in which he reached the conclusion that the principles of a good style lay in the economizing of the reader's attention and sensibilities. Although this has been given a wide interpretation by some critics, it has received almost universal acceptance. Illustrating, perhaps, the aphorism of Pope that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," I venture to assert that Herbert Spencer's essay is unphilosophical in treatment and his conclusion erroneous in fact.

A priori, the doctrine that the essence of a good style lies in the economizing of the reader's attention and sensibilities is one which every trained mind would reject. Style in writing is an art; as much an art as style in painting, sculpture, or music; and we should suppose that the fundamental principle of one art is likely to be the fundamental principle of the others, of all art. We should be astonished by the dictum that the underlying excellence of a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, or a Turner, lies in the economy of the beholder's understanding. We should give a positive denial to the statement that the fundamental excellence of a Beethoven symphony or a Mendelssohn concerto is to be found in the economy of the hearer's attention and sensibilities.

If Herbert Spencer had applied to his examination of the fundamental principles of style a similar train of enquiry to that which he pursued in his discussion of the principles of good and bad conduct, the result must have been different.

In Chapter III of the first volume of the "Principles of Ethics," he asks, "In which cases do we distinguish as good, a knife, a gun, a house? We call these

articles good or bad according as they are well or ill adapted to achieve prescribed ends. The good knife is one which will cut; the good gun is one which carries far and true; the good house is one which duly yields the shelter, comfort, and accommodation sought for The goodness or badness of a pointer or a hunter, of a sheep or an ox, ignoring all other attributes of these creatures, refers, in the one case, to the fitness of their actions for effecting the ends men use them for, and, in the other case, to the qualities of their flesh as adapting it to support human life." On this distinction between good and bad, disagreement is not conceivable, and it is precisely this distinction which should be applied to the goodness or badness of style, as well in the art of written expression as in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and music.

Style in writing is good or bad according as the language and form are well or ill adapted to achieve the prescribed end; namely, the purpose of the writer. So of the other arts. A painter's style is good when his efforts are well adapted to the end he has in view—the production, for example, of a perfect portrait; and music is good or bad according as it is well or ill adapted to the composer's object, which may be assumed to be in some measure to arouse the emotions and delight the sensibilities of the listener. It is in this sense also that we use the word "style" in our every-day comments. We say a runner's style is good when all his movements are calculated to promote speed with economy of exertion, and bad when they are not. A man dresses in good style when his clothes are chosen appropriately for the immediate duty or purpose he has in view. A preacher's style is good when his sermon is given in words and form well adapted to the persuasion, exhortation, and conversion of his congregation.

We shall see that Herbert Spencer fell, for a wonder, into a pit which was dug, I think, by that ancient philosopher, Aristotle, and which has ensnared all who have taught the principles of style in the two thousand years and more which

have elapsed since the "Rhetoric" and the "Poetics" appeared. But, first, what is style?

Style, when it connotes the art of writing or speaking, and not the individual manner of a writer or speaker, a school or a period, or a literary genre, is the art of adapting expression to a given purpose. Some such definition as this may be found in the dictionaries—I know not; but this is what we mean when we speak of style in an absolute sense. This definition seems the tritest of trite statements, but it is precisely this which is lost sight of in treatises on the subject. I find, for instance, in a text-book which lies before me, and which is largely used in the curricula of schools and colleges, that "Style is just the skilful adaptation of expression to thought." This is close enough to our definition to be acceptable. But, on the very next page, the author asks, "What adaptations of style are essential?" Now, if we substitute for the word "style" in the question, his own definition of that word, we have: "What adaptations of the skilful adaptation of expression to thought are essential?" Which is absurd.

When the American professor enumerates the cardinal qualities of style—clearness, force, and beauty—he is in complete accord with the Greek philosopher. "The first and indispensable quality of a good style," says the professor, "is Clearness." And Aristotle says: "Let excellence of style be defined as consisting in its clearness." This statement common in some form to all the writers on style and accepted as gospel, is entirely wrong. *A priori*, we should suppose that that which is the first and indispensable, the fundamental, quality of style in writing is also the first and indispensable quality of style in the other arts. It is. The first and indispensable quality of style in writing, as in all the arts, is fitness. Confining our tests to the domain of expression in writing, we shall see that this fitness is a very different thing from clearness. And here it may be pointed out that the pit into which the philosophers and the makers of text-books have alike fallen is the ridiculous assump-

tion that style appertains only to those writings which may be conveniently included in the term "literature." This assumption might be equalled in absurdity by the assumption that the principles of architecture had to do only with the building of cathedrals and houses of parliament. Yet cathedrals and parliament-houses are perhaps more common among the structures of the civilized world than works of literature among the mass of writings by and through which the myriad activities of some hundreds of millions of human beings and the momentous affairs of states and nations are carried on.

Turn we to the most important writings in our language, the statutes of our country, which govern our personal conduct, our relations with our fellowmen, our daily life, from the cradle to the grave. They contain much—such, for instance, as the definitions of crimes in the Criminal Law—which is written in the plainest English, without a vestige of technical terminology. Hundreds of years have gone to the making of some of their clauses, every phrase of which has been the text for the arguments of thousands of skilled advocates, and every word the subject of numberless decisions of judges who have spent long lives in estimating the value and deciding the meaning of words. Here we may find, perhaps, the most perfect examples we possess of "the skilful adaptation of expression to thought;" that is, in this case, to the purpose of the lawgivers. If style is not here, it is not anywhere. Now, what draftsman of a statute concerns himself with the economy of the reader's attention and sensibilities? Clear he must be, but his aim is absolute exactness or precision. Again, in international treaties, which are at least as important as an essay by Newman or Ruskin, and in the immense number of agreements made between great mercantile corporations or individuals, and involving the settlement of important interests, the ingenuity of trained minds is brought to bear with scrupulous industry and care on the adaptation of language to the purpose of the document. There is no thought here of economizing the reader's attention.

All that is sought is exactness, precision. But it may be said that exactness in constitutions, statutes, treaties, and agreements, is synonymous with clearness. I do not think so. Clearness is here the consequence, the accompaniment, if you will, of precision; but every legal draftsman knows that, at times, clearness must, to some extent, be sacrificed to precision. Let us pass, however, to other very important writings. If we look over the official records of the diplomatic correspondence of nations, we find that in times of crisis—for example in an ante-bellum period, when two countries, concealing their full desires and intentions, are seeking to gain time for warlike preparations—the quality in the international communications which most arouses our admiration is the deft obscurity of the language in which they are clothed. “Vague demands and veiled threats.” We recognize that the first and indispensable quality of style in such correspondence is lack of clearness. The like absence of clearness, the like vague obscurity, is expected in the utterances of statesmen compelled to speak on public questions concerning which they have not reached a definite policy. We applaud this one and say, “His speech was clever: he did not give himself away.” And of that one we say, “He made a bad break: he let the cat out of the bag.” The same quality of obscurity is frequently indispensable to the attempt of the lawyer to “cloud the issue.”

Within the realm of pure literature itself, the quality of clearness is not indispensable. Metaphor, metonymy, simile, and allegory, while frequently and successfully used to give force and promote clearness, seem to be essentially, or perhaps I should say primarily, opposed to clearness. When a child hears for the first time of two quarrelling neighbours that “the pot is calling the kettle black,” he requires an extra mental effort to comprehend the meaning and application of the simile. I think this additional mental effort is always present where a metaphor is new or unfamiliar. But whether such common figures are or are not *per se* opposed to clearness, we cannot entertain any doubt with respect

to such figures as sarcasm and irony, or to the wealth of allusion and the dainty quality of elusiveness which are the peculiar charms of some of our best authors. And what of the myriad instances where the author intends to leave his reader in doubt?

Enough has been said to show that neither in the mass of writings which we call "literature" nor in the more important and more carefully composed writings which affect our conduct and our well-being, is the quality of clearness indispensable. More than enough has been said to show that, however desirable it may be to promote the economy of the reader's attention and sensibilities, it is as far from being the fundamental principle of style as it is from being the principle of the binomial theorem. The only indispensable quality of style, the fundamental principle, is fitness. Flaubert saw this clearly. Others have seen it. "Proper words in proper places," said Swift. "Fitness is the thing," ejaculated Walter Pater in a long essay devoted to showing that style consisted in almost every quality under the sun except fitness. Aristotle saw it, and the long procession of textbook makers. But they saw it "as in a glass darkly." That "style must be adapted to the occasion" is a statement which, in varying phrase, falls from all of them. They did not see that this is tantamount to saying that fitness must be fitted to the occasion. Where we are conscious of style, we shall be certain to find fitness: where we discern fitness, there is style.

WALTER VAUGHAN

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL LIBRARY

“IT is a fact, pregnant with meaning, that the nations which possess the most extensive libraries maintain the foremost rank in civilization.” Canada enjoys the dubious distinction of ranking with Siam and Abyssinia in at least one respect,—none of the three possesses a national library. This wealthy, young nation, proud of the educational facilities it offers, lacks the very keystone of a really national system of education. Proud, too, of our intellectual heritage, we have forgotten that England and France possess the greatest national libraries that the world has ever seen. Here some one will surely object, for it is a popular delusion, that we have a national library in the Library of Parliament. But is the Library of Parliament a national library? Does it fulfil, or is it intended to fulfil, any of the functions of a national library? No one familiar with the work of the great national libraries of other lands can believe this. The Library of Parliament is a legislative library, pure and simple; it was created to serve the needs of parliament, not of the public. So absolutely is this the case that when some one raised the question in the House of Commons a few years ago, both the prime minister and the leader of the opposition declared that even the slight privileges then allowed to the public should be abolished, and the library preserved for the exclusive use of parliament. Recognizing the purely legislative character of the Library of Parliament, there is nothing to criticize in the attitude taken by the leaders.

On the other hand, if this were in any real sense a national library, one could not too severely condemn such a position. As it stands, the discussion really has helped to pave the way towards a movement for a national library,

by removing from the Library of Parliament even the shadow of a function that was other than legislative. A legislative and a national library combined in one does not necessarily constitute an anomaly. The Library of Congress at Washington furnishes a brilliant example of such a combination. But it is a rare combination; one that only the genius of the present Librarian of Congress has made practicable; and one the ultimate wisdom of which is open to question. In most countries the practice is to maintain a national library and a legislative library as separate and quite distinct institutions, each devoted to its own peculiar functions. In Washington, the Library of Congress is not only the national library and the library of Congress, but it also embraces the national archives. In Ottawa, we have a legislative library, and a national archives, under separate management, and it is doubtful if any one familiar with the operation of the two institutions would think of recommending their combination under one head, either as they stand, or as parts of a still greater organization to include also a national library. What is really needed is a Canadian national library, working in harmony with the two existing institutions, but filling its own field, a field which belongs neither to the national archives nor to the legislative library.

Lest there be doubt as to the peculiarly isolated position of Canada in this respect, let us see what the attitude of other countries is towards a national library. We may exclude, for the present, the United States and the great nations of Europe, and confine ourselves to such countries as are more or less on a level with Canada in wealth and population. Most of them, it will be seen, are less able than we are to support a national library. The Koninklijke Bibliotheek, at The Hague, contains over half a million volumes. This magnificent national library is open the year round to all students who may wish to take advantage of its privileges. It not only offers every facility for research within its walls, but permits students to borrow books for

work at home, and this privilege is not confined to the capital. The Koninklijke Bibliotheek is, in the truest sense, a national library. It is maintained for the benefit of the people of Holland. Books may be borrowed by residents of The Hague for a period of two weeks, and students elsewhere in Holland are permitted to keep books for a month.

The people of Switzerland, in their Stadt Bibliotheek at Berne, possess an equally efficient and broadly accessible national library of some two hundred thousand volumes, housed in a new building carefully planned to meet all the needs of such an institution. The books in this library are absolutely free to residents of every part of Switzerland. A student in the most remote hamlet may send a request to the capital for any work he needs, and if it is available, he gets it by mail, without any unnecessary formalities or other expenses than the actual cost of transportation. He may borrow as many as six volumes at a time.

The Kongelige Bibliotheek, at Copenhagen, offers the use of its 650,000 volumes to all the people of Denmark. Its books are preserved in a splendid building, equipped with every modern facility, and they are carefully classified and catalogued. As in Holland and Switzerland they are available to students throughout the country.

What has been said of these countries applies pretty generally to the national library of Sweden, at Stockholm (320,000 volumes); to the Norwegian national library at Christiania (100,000 volumes); to the national library of Greece, at Athens (305,000 volumes); to the Bibliothèque Royale at Brussels (600,000 volumes); and to the Bibliotheca Nacional at Lisbon (400,000 volumes). That it applies also to the great national libraries of England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria, and Spain, goes without saying, but the object here has been to confine consideration to the smaller countries of Europe, which in population and wealth stand more or less on a footing with Canada. In so far as they are weaker than this country, the comparison is damaging to us and to our self-respect; all the more so, since, over some

of them at least, we have been inclined to feel an intellectual superiority. If the small countries of Europe have been able and willing to build up strong national libraries, and make them so actually national that every citizen may reap the benefit of their accumulated treasures, the isolation of Canada is humiliating indeed.

But we have not yet sounded the depths of our humiliation as a civilized—one cannot honestly say an intellectual—nation. If we have felt ourselves rather superior in most ways to the smaller countries of Europe, the feeling has been even more marked when we have condescended to think at all of the countries of South America. What must we feel, then, when we discover that each of the South American republics possesses its *Bibliotheca Nacional*? The national library at Buenos Ayres contains a quarter of a million books, pamphlets and manuscripts, including the most complete collection of works on South America. An annual appropriation of about \$85,000, with an efficient staff, and a broad and intelligent system of administration, enables the institution to take its proper place as an important part of the educational system of the country. The national library at Santiago, with its 145,000 volumes of printed and manuscript material, and its excellent bulletins and special publications, is performing the same service for the people of Chile. So is the national library at Rio de Janeiro, for the people of Brazil; and, in a lesser degree, the interests of the citizens of the other South American republics are served by the national libraries at Lima, Bogota, Quito, Montevideo, Caracas, and Asuncion. Let it be repeated that these are national libraries, not legislative or parliamentary libraries. In most, if not all, cases in Europe and South America, a legislative library is maintained quite apart from the national library.

Mexico, too, has her *Bibliotheca Nacional*, with some two hundred thousand volumes, housed in one of the most beautiful buildings on the continent, classified according to the decimal system of Namur, accessible to the students

of the country, and supported by an annual appropriation of about \$65,000. Here, also, the national library is not intended to serve the needs of the Houses of Congress, each of which has its own special legislative library. Even Cuba may boast of its national library; and, to reach the very lowest depths of our humiliation, the despised little Central American republics of Costa Rica and Honduras each possesses what we lack—a national library.

May we bring Japan into the discussion? Japan is now recognized as one of the great nations of the earth; but is any Canadian content to admit that this people, whom we counted only a few short years ago as semi-barbarous, should teach us how to make the most of available educational facilities? Content or not, we cannot do otherwise than admit that we have done nothing, where they have been singularly successful. The Imperial Library of Japan, with a quarter of a million books, embraces not only the classics of Japan and China, but also the cream of European literature. It is preserved in a handsome, modern building, embodying the best features of European and American libraries. It is open all the year round; its books are freely accessible to all the people of Japan; and it has already exerted a powerful influence upon the growth of public libraries throughout the empire, and upon the intellectual development of the people.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect the Commonwealth of Australia to attempt the establishment of a national library until it has had time to settle in its much-discussed national capital; but at any rate the governments of the two principal states of the Commonwealth have long since proved their faith in national libraries. The Public Library of New South Wales is supported generously by the state, and its books are not merely accessible to the people of Sydney, but may be borrowed by country libraries, groups of students, or individuals, anywhere in New South Wales, free of charge. The Public Library at Melbourne performs the same service for the people of Victoria. Each of these

libraries contains about a quarter of a million volumes, and this number is growing rapidly from year to year.

The Imperial Library at Calcutta (100,000 volumes), in which both Lord Curzon and Lord Minto have taken a deep and intelligent interest, is designed to fulfil the duty of a national library to the people of India, native as well as European. It still falls a long way short of the requirements of such a huge constituency, but it is being developed along right lines, and that is, after all, the main consideration.

It is clear, then, that the rest of the civilized world has found use, and good use, for a national library. Are we Canadians either so inferior, or so superior, to the rest of the world, that we cannot use, or do not need, such an institution? Surely not. Those of us who are healthy-minded believe that as a nation we are neither better nor worse than our fellows; and that the things that are good for them, broadly speaking, are good for us. What almost limitless possibilities of usefulness would follow the establishment of a properly-constituted Canadian national library! With the experience of the greatest and most efficient foreign libraries before us, we could borrow from each those features that would most readily adapt themselves to our own peculiar needs. We could, as Japan has so successfully done, adopt our neighbours' successful practices, and reject their failures.

Broadly speaking, the Library of Congress—or, as it is now generally called, the National Library of the United States—offers the most useful model for our guidance. In practical efficiency, and in adaptation to the requirements of a democratic population, that library stands easily first. Moreover, in the geographical distribution of its constituents, it faces a situation very similar to our own, and entirely different from the position occupied by the great European libraries. The national libraries of England and France, for instance, are reference libraries, in the strictest sense of the term. No books may be removed from the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Nationale upon any pretext whatever. Such a system, in which there are manifes

advantages, is admirably adapted to those countries; but it is not at all adapted to the needs of Canada or the United States. It is no particular hardship to the student in the British Isles or France, wherever his home may be, to travel to London or Paris for the works he must consult. On the other hand, to many students in the United States or Canada it would be a practical impossibility to visit personally the national libraries in Washington or Ottawa. In one case, the extreme distance is not more than five hundred miles; in the other, it may be anywhere up to three thousand miles.

Facing, then, this very practical problem, the National Library of the United States has, though not before long and grave consideration, come to the conclusion that when its constituents cannot come to it, it must go to them. That has been a momentous decision; one, indeed, of the utmost consequence to thousands of students. As we have seen, the same practice has been adopted by the national libraries of several other countries. In their cases, however, it is of comparatively slight importance; while on this continent it is of vital significance. To Canada, as to the United States, the circulation of books from a national library to students outside the capital, would be of supreme importance. In fact, the measure of its practical efficiency would depend more upon the acceptance of the idea of a national circulation than upon any other principle of library administration.

Such a principle does not necessarily involve the unrestricted circulation of books from the national library throughout the country. No national library can depart altogether from the principle of a reference collection. There is a safe mean, however, between the rigid rule of a purely reference library, and the scattering of books broadcast. Such a mean would be found in this country by making the national library the centre of a system of which the provincial libraries, or the principal municipal libraries, would be members. A student, say, in Edmonton, or St. John, would apply through the provincial library, or the

public library, as the case might be, for a work in the national library, and the book would be sent to the local library to be used there, the borrower paying transportation from and to Ottawa. The local library would become responsible to the national library for the safety of the book. Similarly, college libraries would have the privilege of borrowing books from the national library for their students.

Out of such a practice would develop the principle that public and college libraries should restrict their accessions to books of direct interest to their local readers or students; provincial libraries would include a wider range of subjects, suited to the general needs of the province; and the national library would embrace the whole range of human knowledge, including the innumerable body of special treatises, reports, pamphlets, etc., which, because they are only very occasionally called for, cannot profitably be given shelf-room in any collection that is not national in scope, and that yet must, sooner or later, be of importance to some special student.

One dare not attempt, in this limited space, to outline the many directions in which such national libraries as that of the United States have not merely justified their existence, but become factors of great value in the lives of the people. The following passages, however, from an address by Dr. Herbert Putnam, to whose splendid executive ability and broad grasp of essentials the national library of the United States owes its phenomenal success, will serve better than any words of mine to illustrate the opportunities for usefulness of such an institution:

“ Suppose there could be a collection of books universal in scope, as no local library with limited funds and limited space can hope to be: a collection which shall contain also particularly (1) original sources, (2) works of high importance, for occasional reference, but whose cost to procure and maintain precludes their acquisition by a local library pressed to secure the material for ordinary and constant need, and (3) the ‘useless’ books; books not costly to acquire, but of so little general concern as not to justify cataloguing, space, and

care in each local library, if only they are known to be preserved and accessible somewhere. Such a collection must include also the general mass of books sought and held by local libraries—the books for the ordinary reader, the daily tools of research. Its maintenance will involve processes—of classification and cataloguing—highly costly. Suppose the results of these processes could be made generally available, so as to save duplication of such expenditure upon identical material held by local libraries.

“A collection universal in scope will afford opportunity for bibliographic work not equalled elsewhere. Such work centred there might advance the general interest with the least aggregate effort. The adequate interpretation of such a collection will involve the maintenance of a corps of specialists. Suppose these specialists could be available to answer inquiries from all parts of the country as to what material exists on any particular subject, where it is, how it may be had, how most effectively it may be used.

“There are various bibliographic undertakings which may be co-operative. Suppose there could be at Washington a central bureau—with approved methods, standard forms, adequate editorial capacity, and liberal facilities for publication—which could organize and co-ordinate this work among the libraries of the United States and represent them in such of it as—like the new Royal Society Index—is to be international.

“If there can be such a thing as a bibliographic bureau for the United States, the Library of Congress is in a way to become one; to a degree, in fact, a bureau of information for the United States. Besides routine workers, efficient as a body, it has already some expert bibliographers and, within certain lines, specialists. Besides its own employees, it has within reach by telephone a multitude of experts. They are maintained by the very government which maintains it. They are learned men, efficient men, specially trained, willing to give freely of their special knowledge Of these men, in the scientific bureaus at Washington, the

National Library can take counsel; it can secure their aid to develop its collections and to answer inquiries of moment. This will be within the field of the natural and physical sciences. Meantime, within its walls it possesses already excellent capacity for miscellaneous research, and special capacity for meeting inquiries in history and topography, in general literature, and in the special literature of economics, mathematics, and physics.

“The library is already issuing publications in book form. In part these are catalogues of its own contents; in part an exhibit of the more important material in existence on some subject of current interest, particularly, of course, in connection with national affairs. Even during the period of organization, fifteen such lists have already been issued. They are distributed freely to libraries and even to individual inquirers.

“The Library of Congress is now primarily a reference library. But if there be any citizen who thinks that it should never lend a book to another library—in aid of the higher research—when the book can be spared from Washington and is not a book within the proper duty of the local library to supply—if there be any citizen who thinks that for the National Library to lend under these circumstances would be a misuse of its resources and, therefore, an abuse of trust—he had better speak quickly, or he may be too late. Precedents may be created which it would be awkward to ignore.”

This address of Dr. Putnam's was made nearly ten years ago. Since then, what he suggested as possibilities have become accomplished facts, and these are only a few of the directions in which the National Library of the United States has now taken its place as the greatest single educational factor in the country. Allowing for differences of degree, what has been done by the National Library at Washington for students all over the United States, might as readily be accomplished by a national library at Ottawa for the people of the Dominion.

There is always difficulty in breaking ground for a new project, however worthy and however real the need that it would fill. There exist, however, certain circumstances which, assuming a sympathetic attitude on the part of the government might serve as a foundation. It is well known that for years past the Library of Parliament has been so crowded for space, books being shelved two and even three deep, that its usefulness has been seriously affected. The architectural plan of the present building makes it practically impossible to add to the shelving within the chamber, and absolutely impossible to enlarge the building itself. It is thought necessary, therefore, either to find room elsewhere for the books crowded out of the present chamber, or to build a new library. These are the alternatives that have hitherto presented themselves. But there is a third alternative. Let the government adopt the policy of a national library; erect a suitable building for its accommodation in some central locality; and remove from the Library of Parliament to the national library all books and other material that would properly find a place in such an institution, but which serve no very useful purpose in a pure legislative library. Of the books at present crowded into the Library of Parliament, probably two-thirds could be removed to a national library without affecting the value of the collection for legislative purposes. This would leave, say, one hundred thousand volumes in the Library of Parliament, embracing all material which would have any definite value as legislative material. Any other work that might occasionally be required for parliamentary use, would still be readily accessible in the national library. Here, then, we would have some two hundred thousand volumes as the nucleus of a Canadian national library, a nucleus around which it would be possible in a few years to build a noble collection of books.

To go even one step further, in anticipating what might be, an ideal site for a national library lies ready to the hand of the government. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has repeatedly expressed the opinion—one which every intelligent person

must share—that the building occupied by the Printing Bureau is an eyesore, and should be removed. Now, from the practical point of view of the Bureau itself, we have the opinion, embodied in the recent report of the Secretary of State, that the present building is inadequate, and that the needs of the Bureau demand a larger building on a more commodious site. It would be a comparatively easy matter to secure a satisfactory site for the Printing Bureau elsewhere, leaving the present site for a national library building that would harmonize with the existing buildings on Parliament Hill and with the new departmental block which is to face Major Hill Park. The national library would then be within easy reach of the archives, the Library of Parliament, and all the government departments, and, as has been done in Washington, it could, if necessary, be connected with the other government buildings by pneumatic tubes, for the conveyance of both messages and books.

If it were thought preferable to adopt the Washington plan, and combine the national and the legislative library in one, the proposed site would still be the best available. The present library chamber could then be used purely as a reading-room, similar to the reading-rooms in the British Museum and the rotunda of the Library of Congress. The bulk of the books could still be removed to the national library building, and conveyed thence by pneumatic tubes to the reading-room on Parliament Hill, as they might be called for.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

OUR ANXIOUS MORALITY

WE hear so much at the present time about the unsatisfactory condition of the general moral outlook of humanity, so far, at least, as our western civilization is concerned, that even the ordinary person, as well as the theologian or the philosopher, is stimulated to reflection upon the matter of the guarantees of the moral stability of our entire social system. Are things as bad as they are often portrayed to be by those who arraign our entire commercial morality, our international ethics, and the degeneration that is to be seen on both the upper and the lower levels of society? And, in particular, with both the free thought and the practical materialism of our times, are the guarantees and the sanctions of the moral conduct of peoples and of individuals in as satisfactory a condition as they were in bygone ages—in the days of faiths and ideals and great national and social achievements?

I will try to render my meaning and point of view somewhat more clear by a partial reference to the contents of an article upon our Anxious Morality published, some time ago, in one of the London monthlies by Maurice Maeterlinck. It has since then appeared as an essay in a small volume entitled "The Measure of the Hours," so that, in its present form, it is accessible to all. In itself, and apart from the clearness and subtle fascination of its manner, the essay, I think, cannot be said to be either remarkable or new. It rests, in the main, upon the idea of certain stages or planes in the evolution of morality that have long been more or less definitely recognized by writers upon sociology and ethics and the philosophy of history.

Maeterlinck's first, and most typical, contention is the idea that we have arrived at a stage of human evolution

that is almost unprecedented in history. A large portion of mankind, and that the most influential portion, is forsaking the religion in which it has lived for centuries. This, of itself, he holds, is no new thing, for men have often before now passed out of one crumbling temple into another. The really new thing about the present situation, he thinks, is that we are to-day abandoning a building to go nowhere.

His next step is to pass over, almost altogether, what are commonly called the extremes of egoism and altruism. That is to say, he believes neither that men in general are purely selfish in all their thoughts and in all their ways, nor that an absolute altruism of the Tolstoi order is the one thing that can save the world from anarchy and confusion.

Then, thirdly, we have his philosophy of history that makes us think of Comte's Law of the Three Stages of Human Evolution, and of similar things in Lessing and Goethe and other men. Our morality is, as he conceives it, founded upon three distinct stages or planes in the evolution of our unconscious and our conscious reason. At the bottom, there is the lowest plane, that he calls the commonsense plane—the morality of each man for himself, the morality of practical, solid egoism, of every material instinct and enjoyment. There are on this level only two apparent goods, health and riches, and only two apparent evils, sickness and poverty. All other things, all other realities, are believed, as it were, to flow from these things, and to be dependent upon them. It is a state, contends Maeterlinck, beyond which many men never go; and beyond which many men, after the complete death of the religious idea, will never go.

Then there is the second stage—that of the morality of good sense which is, in his eyes, a little less material and a little less animal than that of commonsense. It looks at things from a slightly higher standpoint, perceiving, as he puts it, beyond the limits of niggardly commonsense. It observes that man can no more lead a solitary life than any gregarious animal, and that his life cannot possibly be reduced to that of a mere unjust and uncompromising struggle. It still

makes a sort of selfishness, or utility, the starting-point in the matter of relations with other people; but it sees the sentimental, or the spiritual, side in human relations, and it knows that men are moved by joys and sorrows that exist only in the imagination. It is willing to make concessions that do not, strictly speaking, fall within the limits either of commonsense or of abstract reason; and, in doing this, it prides itself that it is in possession of the very summits or heights of all human reason; but of course its firm persuasion is that it is absurd and unlawful to busy itself with morality, once the latter has gone beyond the practices of daily life.

One of the most deeply marked characteristics of our time, according to Maeterlinck, is the ever increasing, and the almost exclusive, confidence which we place in those parts of our nature which he thinks of as commonsense and good sense. In this, I think, he is perfectly right, although I hope to show a significance in enlightened commonsense that he does not seem to be aware of. This confidence, however, he continues, was by no means a feature of past centuries. Then commonsense was, as it were, restricted to the narrowest and vulgarest portion of man's life, the rest having its foundations in other portions of the mind, notably in the imagination. "The religions, for example, and with them the highest portions of the morality of which they are the chief sources, grew up at great distances from the tiny limits of good sense. The height to which they so rose was, of course, excessive, but the question is whether our present contrary excess is not as blind."

Now, it is needless to say that there are, in all this, many points that suggest discussion and reflection. To begin with, there is (1) the position that the Christian world is forsaking religion, and is, therefore, going nowhere. Then there is (2) Maeterlinck's attitude in respect of egoism and altruism—that the world is not ruled entirely by selfishness, and that the idea of mere altruism defeats itself. Both Nietzsche and Spencer, for example, are of this latter opinion. (3) There are his views upon commonsense and

good sense, and upon the obviously somewhat complex and unsatisfactory character of our present day morality. It is, in his eyes, a sort of amalgam, or spurious compound, a poor substitute for the real thing; and we are all a miserable and calculating lot compared with our heroic ancestors and the men and women of the days of the grand enthusiasms. And then there is (4) his philosophy, or method of producing the morality, of the higher sentiments, in regard to which we are, in his opinion, so sadly lacking to-day. This we have still to consider.

As for the first point, of the choice between the traditional supernaturalism and "nothing", this is, of course, a thorny subject in respect of which there is endless prejudice and error and exaggeration. A volume could well be devoted to it, not to speak of several paragraphs. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my opinion that the spirit of Christianity, as distinguished from the letter, is to-day far more influential than Maeterlinck's words would seem to imply. It is likely, too, owing to the growth of the ethical and the constructive spirit of the times, to become greater in the future than the present indifference to dogma and clericalism would seem to indicate. Then, I cannot think, for several reasons, that if mankind were to give up official and external Christianity, it would necessarily be going nowhere, nor does Maeterlinck, who also believes, as we shall see, in the essentially ethical nature of man, independently of all merely dogmatic or institutional religion. But this raises the fourth point, that of his philosophy of the higher sentiments or the mystic reason. I shall first describe this and then criticise it, for it is only half right, and therefore, seriously defective.

In addition, he would contend, to the morality of commonsense, and in addition to the morality of good sense, that there is a third form, or plane, of our experience which embraces all that exists, from mere good sense to the heights of heroism and goodness and love, of inward probity and dignity. This, he thinks of as an influence above that

of the mere reasoning faculties, as a whole region answering to something altogether different from mere reason and common sense. It is that influence which connects us with the unknown depths in ourselves, and in the world of our social experience, and which is, perhaps, preparing us for the surprises of the future. It is the mystic reason, in short;—surely the same thing, we would add, as the natural light of Descartes and the Stoics and of many other philosophers, and, for that part of it, of the author of the fourth Gospel. It is this Gospel, we may come to conclude, or the spiritual religion of which it is so perfect an expression, that is, after all his apparent denials, the true religious affiliation of Maeterlinck.

But how does it work, this mystic reason? What is its binding force, as the moralist or as the man of common-sense might ask? It is here, I think, that the whole doctrine of the mystic reason breaks down, and with it, all mere cultural or æsthetic or optional morality. It is, to Maeterlinck, only an instinct with the rest of the instincts; but it is indeed absurd, he admits, that our more elevated instincts should not enjoy the same privileges as any of our lower instincts. It is even probable that they are as indispensable as the others to the accomplishment of our destiny, in respect of which we do not really know what is useful and what is useless. But this is as far as he can go in the matter, and he frankly admits that nothing is decided by these mere suppositions. We may follow our higher reason, as it were, or we may not. The good-will of men is simply endless. They are often ready to sacrifice all the rights that they held, from the point of view of common sense and good sense, to be specific and final. "What if the too scrupulous man be deceived by him who is unscrupulous, the too loving and the too indulgent and the too devoted suffer at the hands of him who is less so? In what does this effect strike upon the profound life of the better man? He will lose some material advantage by it, but he would lose much more by leaving uncultivated all the region which extends beyond the morality of good sense."

The higher morality has thus become, in other words, a matter merely of the higher sentiments, and it is only the man who has these higher sentiments who is at all likely to discharge the higher kind of actions. But we are supposing, be it remembered, the case of the average man who has given up orthodox Christianity and supernatural religion. How is this man to feel any binding force about a morality that is merely a matter of taste or æsthetic perception, and about whose utility he may, with Nietzsche and many other outspoken people, be profoundly suspicious. We all know that modern reform has exposed the uselessness of much sentimental philanthropy. It is possible, in short, to over-value mere altruism. Indeed, it defeats itself. We can all, too, see the truth in Nietzsche's phrase about the philosopher of to-day being a man whose mind is "dry, clear and without illusions." With the alleged disappearance of the sanctions of supernatural religion, it is not likely, however, that our higher sentiments can take to feeding upon another set of illusions—the changing, say, of our social order, to keep alive the weak and the disinherited and the degenerate. If man, too, be merely an effect of nature and not in any sense a cause or a creator of a new order, as science is supposed to teach; if all truths are (as pragmatism insists) but guesses at the best, or irrefutable errors; if God is dead, as Nietzsche puts it to the poor hermit in Zarathustra, the ideal of life is certainly not any longer that of love for one's wretched fellow-creatures, but rather (what it is, only too manifestly in the case of many to-day) that of living freely and dangerously—strikingly, originally, ingeniously—in any way, in short, but that of the dull routine of the faithful and the obedient. Hence, the popularity of the literary characters of authors like Bernard Shaw or Ibsen or Tolstoi, or, for that part of it, of the originals and the eccentrics and the criminals in Gaboriau and Sherlock Holmes. These people amuse us; they are interesting; they are, at least, doing things, however abnormal or artificial they may often seem to be.

Anything, in short, for the untrammelled life or for the interesting life, as things go nowadays or as they are supposed to go.

By way of an illustration of the quixotic or the pathological conduct, to which a mere morality of the mystic reason may lead, when unguided by a true sense of duty and by the good, or the commonsense, which Maeterlinck rightly distinguishes as the mark of our age, let us take from Nordau's "Degeneration" the story of the would-be generous action of a typically disillusioned man of the world of to-day or yesterday. This story Nordau attributes to one of the short tales published in the German edition of Tolstoi's collected works.

One glorious evening in July, in front of the Schweizer-Hof, in Lucerne, Prince Nechljudow heard a street-singer whose songs touched and enraptured him deeply. The singer is a poor, small, hump-backed man, insufficiently clad and looking half starved. On all the balconies of the sumptuous hotel rich Englishmen and their wives are standing; all have enjoyed the glorious singing of the poor cripple, but when he takes off his hat and begs a small reward for his artistic performance, not one person throws even the smallest coin to him. Nechljudow falls into the most violent excitement. He is beside himself over the fact that the singer could beg three times for a gift, and no one gave him the smallest thing, while the greater number laughed at him. It seems to him an event which the historian of our times should inscribe in the pages of history with indelible letters of fire. He, for his part, will not be a participator in this unprecedented sin. He hastens after the poor devil, overtakes him and invites him to drink a bottle of wine with him. The singer accepts. "Close by is a small café," says he, "we can go in there—it is a cheap one," he continues. "The words, 'a cheap one,' involuntarily suggested the idea," relates Nechljudow in his diary, "not to go to a cheap café, but into the Schweizer-Hof, where were the people who had listened to his singing. Although he refused

the Schweizer-Hof several times in timid agitation, because he thought it was much too grand there, I persisted in it."

He leads the singer into the splendid hotel. Although he appears in the company of the princely guest, the servants look at the badly dressed vagabond with hostile and contemptuous glances. They show the pair into the saloon on the left, the drinking-bar for the people. The singer is very much embarrassed, and wishes himself far away, but he conceals his feelings. The Prince orders champagne. The singer drinks without any real pleasure and without confidence. He talks about his life, and says suddenly: "I know what you wish. You want to make me drunk, and then see what can be got out of me." Nechljudow, annoyed by the scornful and insolent demeanour of the servants, jumps up and goes with his guest into the handsome dining-room on the right hand, which is set apart for the visitors. He will be served here and nowhere else. The English, who are present, indignantly leave the room; the waiters are dismayed, but do not venture to oppose the angry Russian Prince. "The singer drew a very miserable, terrified face, and begged me, as soon as possible, to go away, evidently not understanding why I was angry and what I wished." The little mannikin sat more dead than alive near the Prince, and was very happy when Nechljudow finally dismissed him.

Now, it is easy indeed to see how foolishly this Prince behaved from beginning to end. A hot meal, of course, in a cheap restaurant, in a corner somewhere, without waiters and scenes and champagne, would have been more sensible. And so forth. Nor was it neighbourly love, as Nordau remarks, that Nechljudow displayed. He did nothing pleasant or useful to the singer. He tormented him. He only satisfied himself. He wished to revenge himself on the hard-hearted English people, with whom he was furious, and he did so at the expense of the poor singer. Part of the present point of the story, too, to my mind, is its bearing upon the precepts of that lofty morality of which Maeter-

linck has spoken, without defining it otherwise than by saying that it "presupposes a state of heart, rather than a code of strictly formulated principles." He can, at best, in fact, only touch off the essence of that higher, or inward, morality by the posing of a single question: "And when do you intend to put a stop to the injustice in which you live?" The action of that Prince shows us, as it were, the dangers of the mere mystic reason, or the mere higher imagination, when taken as a guide in seeking to bring to an end a piece of social injustice. The Prince was guided merely by his egotistic imagination. I do not say that the imagination or the mystic reason of other people would not have prompted them to act differently; but I do say that the imagination alone of any man, even if moved by a better ideal (say that of Bishop Myriel in "Les Miserables") than that of the Prince is not of itself enough either to establish morality upon a firm basis, when the belief in the supernatural is gone, or to guide the individual into the right course of conduct with the starving singer.

To bring out this more clearly, let us think of some of the ways in which high-minded or liberal people of to-day endeavour to develop (for of course it is not wholly absent) the higher morality in our supposedly materialistic and selfish world. There is the appeal, for example, made in different ways and different places, to country and empire and race and so on, but this is powerless with the intellectuals and the disinherited who see in humanity, and in the working classes of all countries, far bigger things than any efforts at national self-preservation. Then there is hero-worship and the heroic instinct which is still quickened into potency when an Edward the Seventh dies with the old duty words upon his lips, or a Florence Nightingale, who waives aside the idea of a grave in Westminster Abbey. This, too, is good, and there is, fortunately, everywhere a hero or a heroine now and then. Then there is scientific philanthropy, with its great record of the application of intelligent sympathy and organization to things like crime

and poverty, and tuberculosis, and the health of school children, and clubs for working-girls in cities, and so on. But this, too, has its shortcomings, it appeals neither to the religionist, with his justifiable talk about the "new birth" and about "twice-born" human beings, nor to the materialist nor the selectionist who would save only those worth saving, allowing nature to go on killing off the undesirables.

The Editor of this MAGAZINE once said to the writer that one really good man living some fifty miles away from any big city would do more than anything else to educate and to save it; but humanity has given up all its belief in goodness that avoids the work and the rough-and-tumble of ordinary life. Then there are the people in every country who do a good work by devising ways and means of keeping alive "the virtues of war" in "time of peace." But they are checkmated by the International Peace Society people who bid us fight social evils with all the spirit, and all the skill, and all the courage of modern warfare, and who would kill off the war spirit altogether by turning it into an heroic desire for social service.

Then there is the indirect method of supporting the higher morality by attacking the supposed exactitude of science, or the apparent inutility of all our science, when applied, for example, to such a simple matter as the forecasting of the weather or the forecasting of the probable heredity of one single human child. This is partly resorted to by Maeterlinck himself when he pooh-poohs the procedure both of science and of good sense in endlessly asking reasons for the utility or the inutility of the higher qualities of human nature. They may, as a matter of fact, be far more useful than we can see or imagine; although we know only too well that biological ethics have failed altogether to prove any absolute coincidence between life-furthering actions and moral actions, and between pleasure-bringing actions and vitality-increasing actions. This so-called discovery of "the struggle for life," in which men seek the source of a new

morality, is, "at bottom, but a discovery of words," the very expression itself being likely to change or to disappear in less than fifty years.

But it is really quite useless to go on enumerating examples of the efforts made to-day to generate a moral idealism and enthusiasm in men by objects and aims, any, or all, of which may be questioned by the modern intellect. The aim of morality must, somehow, be seen to be a universal aim, an aim that nobody can question without ceasing to be human. Country, and race, and neighbourhood, and civic reform, and the abolition of war, and the beauties of art, and the harmonies of the mystic reason, the knightly quests of the olden time, are all good enough in their way; and they are all part of the content, or the possible scope, of the moral ideal; but this ideal itself is not, and cannot be, constituted by any one of them, or by two or three of them taken together.

The only possible basis for morality, in other words, is not so much any kind of rational certainty as to the calculable effect or outcome of certain actions, as the simple fact that it is somehow within the power of man not to allow human conditions and situations to drift with circumstance; but to control, to some extent, their future development, or even to originate and sustain an order of things higher than the merely natural order. The Prince in our story, to be sure, had, in a sense, this very feeling, but he was still, so far as its guidance was concerned (and all feelings require to be guided), under the influence of belated and imaginative conceptions about himself and his order as the dispenser of all blessings to the lower classes, and of the kingdom of heaven as consisting in eating and drinking. The moral man, however, is a man who protests against all merely "spectator" or passive views of human activity and of the universe generally, and who has awakened to the consciousness of himself and other men as agents in the present, and as makers of the future of humanity. The old religions went too far in the direction of the worshipful or mystical

contemplation of certain divine beatitudes and provisions that were supposed to save men without much effort on their part, just as the newer science (or the newer popular science) has gone too far in the direction of the deification of an unconscious nature which has evolved man and left him to the same animal struggle that supposedly gave him birth. Sometimes, of course, we are led to believe that the teaching of evolution is all to the effect that man has won his place in the cosmos by endless struggle and effort, and by the risks of endless free choice—with the inference that his future evolution will doubtless continue to be dependent on the same heroic attitude that has always been the key-note of survival and success.

The one thing, however, that is most needed by the morality of to-day is just as firm a repudiation of the supposed dogmatic certainties (they are really highly hypothetical constructions) of science in respect of man's essential nature, as the earlier repudiation of supposedly absolute religious systems and dogmas by the Protestants and the humanists of modern times. All scientific morality is vitiated by the fundamental fallacy of what we may well call the "spectator" view of the universe, the view that forgets the fact that nearly everything that we know about the world is seen through our own experience and through the categories and points of view that we devise to make it intelligible to ourselves. And this is the case apart altogether from the confessed failure of the ethics of evolution, either (1) to prove a coincidence between moral actions and life-giving actions; or (2) to invent any satisfactory description of the characteristics of morality in terms of merely natural processes. Ethics, in short, as we would express it, rests *not* upon the fact of our being understanding beings with views and sentiments about things that fall below the dignity of our own nature, but upon the fact of our being active beings with an initiative and a guiding power that we cannot for one moment consciously surrender—upon the simple fact that it is quite meaningless for us

to think of God or of nature apart from the idea of ourselves as factors at work either with the one or with the other.

There is, doubtless—and any thoughtful man will at once see it—a great danger here in this repudiation of all semi-exact, or the cut-and-dry, theories of theologies and of natural science as principles or rules of conduct. The moral man is indeed guided by a right, or a rational, impulse, that is, so far, independent of the constructions and the hypotheses of dogmatic theologies, and of materialistic philosophies, but he is in no sense an irrationalist or a misologist (Plato's term), or a despiser of good sense and of exact knowledge. A philosophy, in short, is needed of this whole position about man being an acting and a creating being as well as a mere knower, as a being who, in a moral regard, often acts away ahead, as we say, of his creeds and of his formulated knowledge. The physician, for example, does this, who keeps up a losing fight in the night over some darling child that may, at the best, do but little good in the world.

Ordinary morality rests, of course, on faith,—faith in the moral instinct, faith in well-doing as its own sanction and its own reward. When this faith is weak, as it is in us all when we are tired and sceptical and cynical, we are certainly all the better for the sanctions and the consolations of religion and philosophy. No lover of his kind can, therefore, view with indifference the alleged supplanting of religious faith by pseudo-science—real science never attacks religion, being too busy with its own increasingly specialized investigations. The moral instinct, therefore, being in our day weakened by pseudo-science and by secularism and commercialism, certainly stands in need of the support of philosophy, at least in the case of the thoughtful who would face life without illusions and also with no fear of knowledge. This does not mean, of course, that we are going (as metaphysicians are only too apt to do) to make our morality dependent upon speculative insight or speculative conclusions. This would be just as bad, if not much

worse than, the state of things we were trying to get rid of in the case of the utilitarians and the would-be scientific people. What we are thinking of is simply and solely the consideration that the moral man, being, by his very procedure, something of a metaphysical animal (that is, a being who in his actions goes beyond mere physical or scientific considerations), undoubtedly stands in need of a philosophy to the effect that the world, as a whole, is not intelligible from a merely material or physical point of view.

In this sense, the famous words of Schopenhauer, to the effect that the first creed of every just and good man is, "I believe in a metaphysic," are but the most literal truth conceivable. It is, let us admit it, to the lasting disgrace of our western thought that it has not yet, as a whole, risen to the height of an intuition—I will not say a thought—that India had ages before our European idealists. The intuition I refer to is the feeling that the so-called outer world of atoms and forces and matter is simply unthinkable without the inner world of the perception and the thought that attributes to it all its supposed qualities and forces and dispositions and laws. And one of the worst sins of this same western materialism of ours is that so many of our thinkers are vainly endeavouring to satisfy their souls with the husks and viewpoints of Darwinism when interpreted into the ridiculous position that the actual and the visible are the ethical and the ideal. It is not from the actual world at all that we take the thought of the ideal; "is" and "what happens" are not the same as "ought" and "what ought to happen." It is, on the contrary, from the ideal and the purposeful in ourselves that we credit nature, or the actual, with a power of selection, and with the phenomena of evolution, and ascent, and descent, and what not. We are ourselves, in other words, eminently at least a part of the world; or rather, we have certainly never known any world which we have not tried to spell out in terms of our own nature. And as for primeval, cosmic dust and milky ways and radio-active particles, and so on,

all these things are only so many hypotheses that are more or less useful in explaining the world and the phenomena that we see round about us here and now. And, of course, by the way, there are very few sane scientists who think that even these primal elements of things were made otherwise than by the power of a Creator who chose such a method of developing the universe, that also includes us and our purposes.

Granting, then, that we do, and with the most deliberate consciousness, adopt this somewhat lofty attitude about the moral man as the maker or the creator of an order higher than the natural, what, in the absence of all the dubious substitutes for morality of which we have been talking, is the determinative principle of the conduct of this man as a social agent of to-day. To this question there is but one answer, first: the "universality" (or the precedent-establishing impartiality) that the deepest thinkers have seen to be bound up with morality; and, secondly, the "good sense" which Maeterlinck has so rightly described as the special characteristic of our time. A man's duty, that is to say, in the case, for example, of relieving a hungry man, is to act, first, as a man should act towards his fellows, as if he were (as he is by his very human nature) a legislator or a director of things, instead of a passive spectator—like the Levite or the Pharisee in the Bible story. And then, and at the same time, with the common, or the good, sense that sees that it is neither right nor fitting to do for a man anything that he can do for himself. The street singer should, in other words, get his crust from society if physically exhausted, and then be made to see to it that he does something better than to seek to sing his way through the world. And, of course, if this destruction of vagrant street-singing means new municipal arrangements in the city of Lucerne, these new arrangements become the duty and the ideal of every intelligent citizen. And the moral man, being, by his nature, something of a reformer, will help to bring about this new stage in the social

conditions of his city or immediate environment. It is thus certainly, if you will, a moral maxim of to-day that every man living within a certain area or community should do his share towards the organization of the political and social and ameliorative agencies of that community. The active recognition of this maxim would be the best way of helping to "bring to an end the social injustice in which we live." I am just as certainly my brother's keeper as I am my own; and if I do not act upon this assumption, my children will suffer in the public streets, and I myself will not be able to pursue my own calling to the best advantage.

But the world of our social usages and institutions, having been devised in the interest of "freedom" and "respectability," rather than that of an enforced or compulsory perfection, cannot possibly be so perfected in its arrangements and devices that no one shall go "down hill," or that any one shall be deprived of his power of choosing, within certain limits, his own life. Our existing civilization, as it were, is the product of men's vices as well as of their virtues. We are going to err, in other words, if we allow ourselves to entertain the idea of an absolutely certain and calculable success in our efforts with ourselves and with others. Yet the very glory of morality is its uncertainty. Without a measure of uncertainty, it would lose its freedom and its interest and its voluntary character. The uncertainty of the outcome does not, too, relieve us of the obligation of seeking to do something, something, moreover, that will not merely interfere, but actually help, in a more or less fundamental way, to make, for example, the recipient of charity, a better and a more active man. This last qualification about all the help that we seek to give to ourselves being (in idea at least) fundamental help, help of the right sort, of course, makes morality difficult, and rightly so. It is very far from easy to be good and to do good to-day, and the people who say it is so are thinking merely of the irrational and unintelligent charity and goodness of the

past. But to repeat, this very element of difficulty, the difficulty, namely, of entertaining only such good impulses as pass muster before the bar of good sense (for man, indeed, has nothing higher as a practical guide or criterion) does not, as we have said, relieve us of the obligation of doing something. We cannot, as it were, sit still, or pass on the other side of the road. The soldier who must make a move, pays, of course, for a false move by his life; so does the woman who bears a child. And the moral man is hourly in the same position as an expectant mother or as a soldier on guard.

Having thus sought—doubtless somewhat summarily—to rest morality upon the conception of man's personality, as essentially normative or regulative, it now behooves me, in view of the limits of time and space, to draw my argumentation to a close.

Is morality, after all, in such a perilous condition as the title I have chosen to use would seem to suggest? To me, this question will now mean: Is the man who conceives of himself as called upon (in the old and best sense of the term person) to play a real part, a wisely administrative part, in the affairs of the world, in actual danger of disappearing from our civilization—in view, that is to say, of the alleged decline of religious faith, and of the alleged spread of materialistic science, and in view of the flaws in the various devices of our time for the regeneration or the elevation of the mass of the people? As thus put, I have no hesitation in saying that, in spite of a great deal that is continually alleged about the scepticism and the fads and the corruption of the time, I think the question ought to be answered in the negative. Our various theories about the rise and fall of religious and scientific philosophies and social politics have had, as yet, very little hold or effect upon the heart or will of the people. And, of course, it is here, in the heart and will, rather than in the head, that the source of morality is to be found. The people, therefore, and mankind generally, are, in the main, just as moral and just as immoral as they have ever been. And, all things

considered, they are, on the whole, more likely to become more moral rather than less moral. For, while I am not at all inclined to withdraw what I have suggested about the paramount need of to-day of a philosophy of man as an active, as well as a thinking, being, I cannot but think that by far the greatest discovery of the time is the discovery, both in literature and in life, of the man who, in plain English, regards himself, not as a thing or a tool, for anything or for anybody, but as a being resolved to play a part, a being who is for ever an end in himself, rather than a means to something or somebody outside himself. I find this discovery, for example—to go no further afield—in such phenomena as the following: the immense, white-heat agitation for social righteousness in the conduct of public business; the contention that all so-called private functions are in many regards also public functions; the discovery of scientific reform that the only permanent reform is the creation of free and responsible individuals; and, last but not least, the gradual change that has come about everywhere in what we may call the literature of “Nationalism.” The Recessional Hymn of Kipling, for example, might be taken as an epoch-marking sign of this change in the case of the literature of our British Nationalism. And similar things might easily be pointed out in the literature of other countries.

Everywhere, in short, I think, it is possible to show, in the realm both of theory and of practice, what I should like to call the re-discovery of the morally responsible individual. His value in business and in politics is to-day declared to be above all price, and in fact, there never was a time when his value for all positions of leadership was as great as it is to-day. And my point is not merely that the demand for this man creates the supply, but that this kind of man is actually beginning to make his existence and his activity felt, in the most unique and the most irresistible manner.

W. CALDWELL

