# TOPICS OF THE DAY

**THE BEGINNING OF THE END**

The long summer months have witnessed a complete change of position in the war, as between the Allies and the Central Powers. By midsummer the initiative had definitely passed to the former, and Germany—deprived of all effective aid from Austria as well as from Turkey—is now a beleaguered state. The lie with which she began the war, long prepared and deliberately provoked, has been converted into what is for her a stern reality: she is being attacked and hemmed in on every front. Let us salute, in the first place, the heroic defenders of Verdun, and the spirit of France by which their resistance was inspired. Never in all history has an attack so persistent and so intense been met by a defence so courageous and so devoted. Next, before speaking of ourselves, let us pay a well-deserved tribute to the generalship and the bravery of our Russian allies. Alike on the Eastern front and in Armenia they have been busy re-making that map from which the German Chancellor used to derive such comfort and consolation. The fall of Gorizia in August was a brilliant culmination of the efforts by which Italy had for long more than held the Austrians at bay. Her declaration against Germany, and Roumania's entrance into the war, have been most welcome features of the later record. As for Britain, the sea-fight off the coast of Jutland left her the undisputed and indisputable command of what we shall take leave to call the " North Sea or *British* Ocean "; while her unexampled efforts on land have not only been crowned with success, but have sealed with the life-blood of her sons and of her children from over seas her covenant of imperial unity. Whatever course the political development of the British Empire may follow in the future, no foreign power will ever again make the mistake of coldly calculating that the states of which it is composed would be incapable of joint action, even for the purpose of resisting unjust aggression.

**CANADA'S ROLL OF HONOUR**

While we cannot claim to have done much as yet to support the Fleet, Canada and the other over-sea Dominions have seconded with all their available strength the efforts of the Imperial Army. Australians, New Zealanders, Indians, South Africans, and the brave men from Newfoundland, equally with our gallant Canadians, have proved themselves more than a match for the trained and disciplined troops of the greatest military power in the world. They have shown of what stuff they are made. To speak more particularly of the Canadians, it may be recalled with pride that in the course of the summer Lord Tennyson published a letter in the *Times* in which a staff officer at the front placed on record, in the warmest and most enthusiastic terms, his admiration for their unflinching courage, both individually and in the mass, and for their supreme devotion. Our heroes have done their part in bringing the German war machine to a stand-still. We all knew that it would be so. And while sorrow and mourning have entered into many a Canadian home, it is some consolation to remember that those young lives, whose loss has made the country so much the poorer, were given without faltering or hesitation in the greatest cause for which men have been privileged to fight ever since human history began. Our young warriors died gloriously. They will not return to us, but their memory remains; and we shall carry our heads all the higher for the sacrifice they made on our behalf. They will be held in proud and ever-loving remembrance.

**THE SPIRIT OF GREAT BRITAIN**

It was the writer's privilege to command, during the "long vacation," a near view of the people of Great Britain, and at the same time to enjoy even closer touch with that portion of the Canadian army which was still recently quartered at Bramshott, on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey. Ineffaceable impressions have resulted, and unforgettable memories. Since the outbreak of war a complete change has come over the spirit of the British democracy. Lulled into a fatuous and fallacious repose by

the leaders whom he trusted, the average Englishman had been loth to believe that anything could happen in Europe of sufficient importance to call for his personal intervention. Wars and rumours of wars he thought he could well afford to leave to those whom they concerned. Even when the true nature of the German menace began to reveal itself in the devastation of Belgium, the question was still asked whether it would not be possible for England to keep out of the war. The record of Cabinet dissensions, if it ever comes to light, will furnish the best possible index of divided counsels at the time, on the part of the nation at large. Fortunately the great heart of the people did not take long to find itself. It realized that "those who refuse the sword must resign the sceptre," and it set itself resolutely to the task of opposing the enemy's idea of world-ascendancy. There was of course much confusion at the start, and many mistakes were made, mainly in consequence of unpreparedness. But the British democracy soon grasped the importance of the issue, and highly resolved that Europe should not be enslaved by becoming Germanized. There is no need to cry "Wake up, England!" The whole nation is roused as never before in its previous history, and it has achieved such a unity of spirit as no other issue could have brought to the birth. The self-sacrifice which led the working classes to forego their accustomed holidays in order to maintain the output of munitions was the crowning evidence of that unity. It effaced the bitter memory of the strikes that had made Britain's allies stand aghast during the earlier stages of the war. And it is an earnest of that solidarity, as between the classes and the masses, which ought to result from the happier conditions that are sure to follow the war. Meanwhile labour is playing its part nobly and unselfishly alongside of capital. The nation is one, because it is a nation in arms.

**DANGER OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS**

Those who know England best are apt to be a little impatient with the cheap criticisms that are sometimes passed upon her people by those

who know her least. Certain of our own Canadians seem, on their first arrival, to get somewhat out of temper with the eccentricities of the English telephone system, and never afterwards quite to recover their equanimity. They think meanly of British efficiency and organizing power, and keep wondering whether the leaders "really have their heart in the war." Signs of slackness are to them everywhere apparent, and they doubt whether the nation as a whole will ever get out of the rut in which it has been dragging on for so long. One critic was even heard to complain that the people did not walk fast enough in the London streets: there were no hustlers. Another even hinted —save the mark!—at graft. Such, however, were not the views of the men in the camps. They had enjoyed everywhere the kindliest of receptions, and were strong in their consciousness of being free and equal partners in a great adventure. In spite of minor regrettable incidents, magnified perhaps by transmission from mouth to mouth, and notwithstanding the latent dread of encountering some unwelcome indication of the assumption of British superiority, our Canadian soldiers know that the people of the homeland are ready to meet them more than half-way. What they find different from their own manners and customs they do not immediately stigmatize as bad. They are ready to make allowances for the accretions and encrustations of tradition in a country that has been in business for over a thousand years. And there are many traditions in which they are proud to claim a share. Those of them who attended the unforgettable memorial service for Lord Kitchener at St. Paul's must have felt the thrill of a common brotherhood and the inspiration of a united patriotism. And in the vast cathedral there must have been few, very few, who would wish to be quoted as persons to whom their overseas kinsmen seem beings of an inferior order. Equality of political privilege in regard to matters of common interest will be achieved in time, with good will on both sides. Meanwhile the average man in the homeland is ready to put both arms around his colonial bro-

ther,—if the latter does not object to the process. And we must see to it, on our side, that no root of bitterness is allowed to spring up to embitter mutual relations. We must translate into practice our belief and conviction that the nature and constitution of the Empire involve enormous possibilities which may be made to mean much for the orderly development of civilization and the march of human progress. We must make of ourselves, in short,

> A mighty brotherhood
> Linked by a jealous interchange of good.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION** Far be it from us to say a single word that might influence the contest for the position of President of the United States, especially as University men have, or ought to have, so warm a side to the present holder of that exalted office. For integrity, sincerity of purpose, and moral earnestness it would be hard to find any one superior to President Wilson. But we greatly prefer the manifesto of the American Five Hundred, and the public utterances of the ex-President of Harvard, to the address which Mr. Wilson delivered before the League to enforce Peace. *When this war is ended,* he will be ready, he says, to join any feasible association that shall guarantee the world against "every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations." That is cold comfort to those whose peace has been disturbed by German ambition! We may well ask, Why not now? To this question Mr. Wilson makes no reply. So far as he is concerned, Germany might have won the game and got away with her winnings! She would then have been in a position to ridicule Mr. Wilson's idea of drawing up a set of new rules. The President has nothing to say as to the origin of the war: in regard to that, his judgement is in a state of suspense. "With its causes and objects we are not concerned.... The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore." Was there ever such an instance of philosophical

detachment and aloofness? Freedom may shriek, but Mr. Wilson stands unmoved! And in the midst of all the roaring of the guns, he keeps on presenting his little bill. The war has touched American rights and American property, otherwise it could be disregarded! Even in the submarine controversy, while Washington has made a loud protest against the violation of the "rights of humanity," it limits its interest to vessels torpedoed *with American citizens on board.* In this way it has made a great moral issue dependent on a mere accident. And there is to be no more "Rule, Britannia!" for the British Empire, even though its very existence is dependent on sea-power. The "freedom of the seas," according to Mr. Wilson, must be vindicated at all costs. This is highly acceptable to Berlin, which continues to "strew the sea with mines, and call it freedom."

The fact is that Mr. Wilson has been unduly obsessed by the ruling idea of keeping his country out of the war. We know something of his difficulties, and for a time he had our sympathy. But most of his fellow-citizens have come by now to realize that freedom and democratic government have been at stake all the time in the war. He has remained unmoved. There are many things in regard to the war for which Britain feels grateful to America. Mr. Beck received several proofs of this in the tour he made recently through the British Isles. But what touches us most nearly on this side of the Atlantic is the fact that after the war we Canadians will be able to carry our heads higher than our American cousins; and they know it!

**IMPERIAL RE-ORGANIZATION**

The war has made the British Empire more conscious of itself, and it may rank in this respect as a great federating agency. When it ends in a peace that shall be worthy of the efforts we have made, the problem will be how to consolidate and render permanent the progress that has been achieved. The policy of drift commends itself only to those who are separatists at heart. What we have to do is so to organize our imperial

constitution that we shall be able to realize, and to translate into actual fact, those possibilities of unity that ought to make our Empire the greatest agency the world has ever seen for the development of democratic freedom. We shall then confidently take our place—and by no means the lowest—among the United States of Civilization. Mr. Lionel Curtis's book on the "Problem of the Commonwealth" has now been published, and has attracted in many quarters the attention it deserves. It is a logical and orderly argument directed to the attainment of a constitutional ideal which he has elsewhere indicated in the following words: "The people of Britain and those of the Dominions have yet by some solemn and irrevocable act to decide whether, in the last analysis, it is to this mighty Commonwealth as a whole or merely to the territory in which they live that their final allegiance is due." The essence of the new federation proposal is that the self-governing parts of the Empire shall be represented in one Imperial Parliament, which shall have powers of taxation for imperial purposes. The Government responsible to this Parliament is to be in charge of the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, the War Office, the India Office, and the Crown Colony side of the Colonial office, together with a Ministry of Imperial Finance. This is a very bold scheme of reconstruction, but now that Mr. Asquith is going to call in the aid of the Dominions to settle the question of the government of Ireland, anything is possible! The alternative is to rest content with a close partnership of constituent nation-states linked together by a common allegiance to the British Crown, and at the same time to go on developing the Imperial Council and the Committee of Imperial Defence. Those who support this alternative will be known as the Half-way-house men. They see in the Imperial Conference, holding stated meetings in London, the best opportunity for getting together representative Ministers from the various constituent States of the Empire to discuss foreign relations and other imperial matters. And they are quite definitely set on securing some central direction of such matters as trade, industry, trans-

portation and migration. Like many of their fellow-workers in the federation camp, they desire to see the British Commonwealth in reality one Empire, each constituent state retaining, of course, a large measure of fiscal independence, but all co-operating in the effort to realize the poet's ideal of "One Life, One Flag, One Fleet, One Throne." Either line of advance will make things difficult for the separatists, if any are left. Canada is fortunate in having had her true aspirations eloquently expressed by Sir George Foster during the short month in which he acted as High Commissioner in London: "We have grown step by step to be more united than ever. Let the movement go on, until the seal can be put on a constitutional union. Under the stress of a great war we have been drawn together to understand each other as we never have before, and the time will be opportune for organic indissoluble union."

**THE NEGLECT OF SCIENCE**

The summer in England has been notable for, among other things, a great outburst of argument on what is called the Neglect of Science. This is so important a topic that it seems to demand an article to itself, and may perhaps get it. It is a great tribute to the power of education that so many people should concur in the argument that the country would be all right if its education were not all wrong! The discussion has brought out many excellent points, and it cannot fail to do much good. Some confusion has no doubt been caused by the fact that many of those who are most energetic in the presentation of their views are really unfamiliar with the possibilities of the school-programme. They would be at their wits' end if they were asked, for instance, to construct a school time-table. Much of the difficulty arises from the obvious and inevitable multiplicity of desirable subjects. There may be as many as twenty or thirty which press for recognition in the curriculum of a good school, but everyone knows that, if thoroughness is to be the aim, there is no profit in trying to deal with more than seven or eight. So when a distin-

guished public servant states his conviction that Arabic should be taught at school, because so many young Englishmen go to the East, we take leave to utter a low whistle! The best basis for a later acquaintance with Arabic is a good training in language study. Who knows if the German Emperor's tirade against Latin was not his first step on the downward path that has brought him where he is to-day? As to science itself, we must avoid the gross materialism which has been the curse of modern German education, and which, among other consequences, has entirely banished chivalry from war. The making of high explosives is emphatically *not* the one thing needful. For the rest, it is not so much a question of science as of scientific method, which ought to apply everywhere. The memorizing of incomprehensible chemical formulae might prove to be as much of a bugbear to the average school-boy as the unintelligent conjugation of the Greek verb. It seems useless in this connection to try, as some of the disputants have done, to revive the dying embers of what is known as the classical controversy. There is no real or inherent antagonism between science and literature. The main issue concerns what it is possible to attempt, and the method by which the work should be carried out. The rest depends on good teaching. If we are to build more laboratories, and generally to spend more money on our schools, the war has shown us what the country is capable of; a continuation of our war expenditure for six months after peace is proclaimed, in the interest of education, would place the whole problem on another plane. But we must not forget the things of the spirit. The onward march of civilization is no doubt mainly due to man's gradual conquest of his material surroundings. It is in this region that the marvellous triumphs of modern science have been won, and no education is worthy of the name which fails to take account of them. But man is a "rational animal," and the story of his civil and political development, as well as his attempt to express himself in his moral, intellectual and

spiritual relations, cannot be neglected without grave risk to the "human" element in all good education.

**UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR** The Universities throughout the Empire have been doing their part in the war. It has been calculated that they have nearly 50,000 of their members on active service. And apart from their very notable work in medicine, surgery, and hygiene, they have placed their resources, and their facilities for research, at the disposal of the state for such matters as the testing of munitions and high explosives, the supply of dyes, and the investigation of problems connected with airships and submarines. The report of the London Committee of the Privy Council on Industrial and Scientific Research will be a surprise to many, and will give a new meaning to that much-abused word "academic." This subject received great attention at the May Conference of the Presidents of our Canadian Universities, and a resolution was passed offering the heartiest co-operation with the Ottawa authorities in any steps they may propose to take. It is expected that action will soon follow in the appointment of a Committee or Commission similar to the one which has just reported in London. The collapse of the German connection will give our Universities an enlarged field of usefulness in this and other branches of their work. Advanced graduate students who have hitherto gone to Germany ought now to be provided with what they want at home, if adequate resources are forthcoming. And in the years following the war, as Dr. Sadler has pointed out at Leeds, the historical and economic teaching of the Universities, which ought to include a training in public administration and finance, as well as the influence of their intellectual and corporate life, will be powerful factors in developing and consolidating the new feeling of imperial unity. There is also a further consideration. The revolt against German ideals in the United States will result in the migration of their graduate students elsewhere than to Germany. This will give our British Universities, especially

those in England, an opportunity which they should be prompt to seize. It is for them, in fact, the psychological moment. We may expect to hear more in the future of an exchange of professors, as well as of students, with the old land in preference to Germany. The effect on the relations of the two democracies cannot fail to be of the best.

W. P.

## KITCHENER

Him, if not England's wisest, then her best,
Who, when her hour supreme of fate did dawn
Could summon soul of oak, and ash, and thorn,
Framing her human bulwark, that the test
Does find each son at arms—to God the rest!
His shoulder from its Atlas load is torn,
Him now beside the mantling seas we mourn:
Ah, how at last we miss his stern behest!
But Fate, inscrutable, did cry "Enough!
If hap some human hold outmeasure his
Ere long our vaunted power but fable is:
We build our Prospero of mortal stuff.
Hearken, ye floods! Say, does the sea have room
To rest the heart of Kitchener of Khartum?"

CHARLES TWINING

# A CANADIAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

LIKE many other places on the lines of communication in France, Boulogne presents the outward appearance of a city in English occupation. Except for the indispensable officials, the French uniform is conspicuous by its absence at the front. The defenders of their country are with the armies of the Republic. Khaki is everywhere the only wear, and many who have donned the British uniform—in addition to administrative officials, directors of transportation, and members of various staffs—belong to one or other of the numerous base hospitals, situated in Boulogne or its immediate neighbourhood. At the present moment, Boulogne is one of the great clearance ports of France; and were it not for the transportation activities resulting from this fact, its principal industry might be said to be medicine and surgery.

The crossing was effected on three transports, convoyed by two destroyers, the first of which curveted about in front of the leading vessel like a dog in front of a baker's van. The dog is generally barking, and no doubt the destroyers would have barked too if any German submarine had been so foolish as to reveal its presence in the near neighbourhood! I was on the leader, and as the officer who, in virtue of his seniority, commanded the troops happened to be a McGill graduate, I had the privilege of being invited to the captain's bridge, from which I felt sure of being able to obtain a good view of anything at all likely to happen. But the "English Channel" is safe and will continue to be so if the Germans fail in their effort to change its name! No danger was encountered, either going or returning, and no hostile vessel put in an appearance. The story of the Channel nets will be a great one to write when the war is over. Near the French coast, a fleet of small fishing boats could be descried, pursuing their ordinary avocations; but the captain called my attention at the same

time to vessels of a larger build, which were evidently moving according to a concerted plan, and were trying to catch fish of quite another kind—"tin-fish," the captain said. They were sweeping for mines. As to the sneaking submarine, one method of detecting and afterwards destroying it is the employment of dirigible air-ships, one of which accompanied us on the return trip to Folkestone. It made marvellous speed, and its silver sheen in the summer sky was in marked contrast to the dark scowl of a nocturnal raider. On the way over we met two hospital ships, bringing back the wreckage of war to convalescent homes and other institutions in England. They are easily recognizable by their green paint and red-cross device; and as they passed us, the troops on board our vessel gave a cheer to hearten the poor sufferers on their way to "Blighty." I have seen such cargoes finally unloaded at Waterloo Station, and nothing could surpass the loving care with which they are welcomed, or the respectful and sympathetic demeanour of the crowd as the ambulance vans pass by.

Outside the harbour of Boulogne, one or two wrecks are easily discernible. They once were ships lying peacefully at anchor, but in the night an enemy torpedo had found its mark. Such are the triumphs of Germany by sea! On the quay itself the first thing that strikes the eye is the long array of English and Canadian motor-ambulances, many of them donated by private associations. They are part of an organized medical service the proved efficiency of which is one of the war's wonders. In the hospital where I was to be a guest for a few days, and where the Commanding Officer's own quarters were most hospitably assigned to me, convoys of wounded arrive more or less continuously in the evening and also through the night. It has over 2000 beds; and when there is a certain "liveliness" at the front, it will receive many hundreds of patients in a single day, evacuating at the same time a corresponding number. On the first evening of my stay seventy patients came in. The lighter cases are the first to arrive: they are known as "walkers." Then come the

"sitters," and last of all the severely wounded, on stretchers. I followed the first patient from the reception room, where his card was made out, complete in every detail, and his case indexed, to the bath, and then to the ward. In the bath-room the new arrival's kit is carefully rolled up, after his private and personal belongings have been placed in his own safe keeping; it is afterwards put through the disinfector. The patient himself dons hospital garb before entering his ward; but he will get his own kit back when he leaves, or something quite as good. The first care of the attendants, in whom I recognized many students of medicine, is to make the new arrivals comfortable for the night. After the jolting of the railway-train the first thing they need is rest, both for body and spirit; it will be time enough in the morning, in most cases, to do what may be needful in the way of surgery. And right skilfully do the surgeons carry out their part of the work! In fact it is the great reputation, not only of its Commanding Officer, but of the various departmental heads, and the number and high standing of their assistants, that has given this medical unit the reputation it enjoys in France. The operating theatre is as fully equipped and as ably officered as in any of our largest hospitals, while the X-ray department and the big magnet have proved themselves indispensable for enabling the surgeon to grapple with the difficult and often unique problems forwarded to him from the field of battle. Another interesting and important adjunct of the surgical department is the room in which is housed a large and varied collection of splints. Some of these clever and rapidly improvised inventions owe their existence to the ingenuity of the chief surgeon, who is well known also in civil life for his good work both in hospital and lecture-room, though it looked to me as though only in time of war could his resourcefulness be put fully to the test. From his colleague in charge of the medical wards I also received much enlightenment as to the general running of the hospital. He is an old campaigner, and nothing interested me more during my whole visit than the account he gave me of how the Canadians

had managed to hold their ground during the second battle of Ypres. For seventeen days and nights on end they kept the Germans off by their artillery fire, though if the enemy had only known how weak their line was, and how inadequately supported, they would not have had much difficulty in breaking through. A man is a hero who has lived through such a time as that! This particular hero is known to his friends as a poet. I think he is also something of a philosopher. And his medical work is no less well done because of the distinction he brings to it from other fields.

An army marches on its stomach, and no medical or other hospital could be well run without a good kitchen. This and other departments of the administration side, I had the opportunity of inspecting under the guidance of the Quartermaster, whose great ability and experience have made him one of the most valuable members of the unit. The daily and weekly expense accounts are kept with military as well as business exactitude, and after studying the various tabulations, I could not but commend the successful efforts for some reduction of expenditure, and for various economies in what is likely to finish as a war of economy all round. In company with the O.C. and other officers of the unit, I took various trips to the town and its neighbourhood. Boulogne was once a walled city; you can walk round it and count its towers and battlements. The old chateau of the Counts of Boulogne is now used as a barracks, and its chapel, crypt and dungeon are well worthy of a visit. In the last named we created some amusement by asking our French soldier-guide if he did not think it would be a good place for William! Such pleasantries are not ill-timed, for there is a look of sadness about the people, in spite of their grim determination, that contrasts painfully with the usual gaiety of France. It struck me that two out of every three of the women were wearing black. This was painfully evident when one of the factories opened its doors for the midday meal. In the near neighbourhood of this factory are the headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross in France. Here are stored all the

multifarious supplies which reach Boulogne both from Canada and from London. What an amount of loving care and foresight on the part of the workers and contributors throughout the world is represented in these stores! Nothing seems to be lacking, either in the way of medical and surgical supplies or creature comforts. The need is so great that in the month of July the contents represented a value of half a million of dollars. And no matter how full the warehouses may be, their whole consignment is cleared out and has to be renewed on an average once a month. Let the workers in Canada and elsewhere continue their angelic efforts in the full confidence that every ounce of the goods they supply reaches its mark, and that here, as in everything else I was privileged to witness, the work of administration is above criticism. I must not forget the nursing-sisters, of whom this unit can boast over seventy. A quiet tea in their delightful mess-room reminded me of many acquaintanceships, and I afterwards had the pleasure of addressing them, along with the whole staff and all the student-assistants, and many convalescents too, on subjects connected with their work in the war.

I visited also most of the other hospitals in Boulogne and neighbourhood, all doing splendid work on similar lines. In one of them it was especially interesting to meet and talk with a group of German wounded prisoners, whose quarters seemed to have been carefully selected so as to give them a good view of the shipping which constantly passes between France and that country which they fondly believed—because they had been told—had been quite sealed up by German submarines. All these hospitals are deserving of the highest praise. But none of them brought things so near to my heart as did my visit to the unit which I have made the subject of this sketch. On the last day of my stay, two men were brought in belonging to a Canadian regiment to which I had bidden good-bye but a short week previously at Bramshott. They had already received their baptism of fire. And they told me that one of their officers, personally known to me, had fallen a victim to a German shell which had caught their

last platoon just as they were leaving the trenches. I see him before me now as I grasped his hand at Liphook station, and told him that when I got back to Montreal I would tell his mother I had seen the last of him. Poor mother, and father, too! I have not yet been able to bring myself even to write to them.

All the hospitals, as I have said, are doing most magnificent work. But mine is a University hospital, officered by a large staff of specialists, whose high standing and power of co-ordinating science and medicine have given it almost a place apart. It was little wonder to me, and no small joy, to hear it described by the highest authorities as the "best unit in France." It is known as No. 3 General Hospital (McGill), and its commanding officer is Colonel H. S. Birkett, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

W. PETERSON

# THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF PRESBYTERIAN UNION IN SCOTLAND

IT is useful to recognize the exact position in which the question of Union between the two larger Presbyterian Churches stands at present. The Committees, which had charge of the matter, have been meeting for a long time and devoting themselves to discussion. At the beginning of their discussions they arrived at a momentous decision, viz., that neither Church at present was able, nor were the two in their present separate condition able, to meet the changed spiritual and physical needs of Scotland. This humble and sincere acknowledgment made by both sides must tell very powerfully on all thoughtful men. It implies that only grave reasons can justify the present condition of things.

Thereafter, seeking to make clear the causes which keep the Churches apart, they discussed freely and fully the differing ideals which have risen in the communions from their past history: national religion with its claims on one side, spiritual independence on the other. While a good deal of time was wasted on these discussions, much benefit came from them and from the spirit in which they were conducted. A real effort wasmade on each side to recognize the strength of the position of the other Church, and the limitations which inevitably attend that position. Is national religion, as at present embodied in the State Church, a national religion which fails to find room for the position and claims of half the religious community in Scotland, and which owns its inability to meet unaided the religious needs of Scotland—is such a national religion anything more than a privileged institution? On the other hand, can a Church which claims absolute spiritual independence really exercise it, so long as it continues to hold property,

since a Church which holds property on certain terms must come under the cognizance of the State law, whenever it ventures to change the terms on which it holds its property?

The long discussion did good. It made men acquainted with each other and with each other's attitude; and above all it made men see the advantages and the dangers which attend their differing ideals. Men are always the better for being compelled to say how an ideal will work.

The Church of Scotland Committee, however, came to closer issues by preparing "Articles Declaratory of the Constitution of the Church of Scotland in matters spiritual." They proposed that, if these Articles, with or without adjustment, were found acceptable by both Churches, their Church should seek to carry them through Parliament with the benevolent assent of the United Free Church. When this had been done, it would be possible for the two Churches to proceed to union on that basis. The Articles, even in their present condition, are so significant that they seem to merit to be printed at the end of this paper.

Naturally, since the document had only been prepared by a Committee, it was necessary to submit it to the Church of Scotland itself in order to see whether its members approved. The Articles were accordingly laid before the General Assembly, and, since they were as important as they were novel, were sent down by that Court for examination and report by the Presbyteries. At the same time, the Assembly gave authority that they should be transmitted to the United Free Church Committee, in order that any necessary explanations might be given and difficulties removed.

No sooner had the Articles been remitted to the Presbyteries than opposition began to show itself. The fact is not in the least surprising. We all know how, so long as Union is talked of in general platitudes at bazaars, etc., everyone is astonished, or professes to be astonished, at the delay in carrying it out. But we also know how, so soon as the proposals reach the stage of being practical, opposition appears. Men see what Union is going to cost and to take

away. Besides, all the silent people, who listen to remarks at bazaars and do not think it worth while to show their disagreement, feel it necessary to bestir themselves when the question is brought down to closer terms. And all the latent dislike to any change in the accustomed thing begins to make itself vocal.

Further, the Articles are in themselves so novel, and, if accepted, are bound to be so far-reaching in their effects that grave hesitation was justified and justifiable. I do not write with the knowledge of one who belongs to the Church of Scotland, and accordingly may mistake in interpreting its attitude; but I venture to think the opposition arises along two main lines.

All who fear any slight change in doctrinal matters have shown themselves suspicious. We have a large number of men here who still believe that the Church's doctrine is best guaranteed when it is placed under the protection of the Statute. They value the State connexion, because by it the Church's faith is guarded by the law. Liberty on the part of the Church to be guided by the Spirit within it in the reformulation of the faith by and for which it lives, seems to them to spell anarchy, or at least the possibility of disastrous changes. Such men have shown themselves sensitive to the danger of that new liberty on doctrinal questions which the Articles declare to be within the power of the Church of Scotland.

Besides these, however, another party bestirred themselves. The Articles show a wholly generous readiness on the part of the Committee to surrender everything which implies privilege, while at the same time a strong desire is shown to retain the old historic status of the Church of Scotland. It is not a new Church which is to come into existence through this claim: it is the Church of Scotland which takes here a new attitude to its sister Churches, and abandons for a great end its privileged position. One cannot but recognize that a large number of men, especially in the country Presbyteries and more especially among the elders in these Presbyteries, have waked

up to this fact, and are suspicious that by such a step the whole position of the Church of Scotland is brought into danger. One cannot but feel that such men naturally have no great objection to privilege and are beginning to fear that their Committee has at least gone too precipitately. There is need for careful and deliberate explanation on the part of the Committee as to what the Articles imply and as to the larger aims they are meant to serve.

One needs to remember that on such questions as are involved in these Articles the United Free Church is more of one mind than its sister Church, for the simple reason that the questions have been so constantly discussed there. The Church of Scotland has not needed to debate or to declare its mind on these matters. Hence the United Free Committee has been able to speak and act with greater certainty as to its ability to carry its Church with it.

On a certain side, however, the United Free Church Committee is sure to meet with difficulty among the members of its own Church. It will be noted that in the Articles there is no mention made of the endowments, teinds and other properties which belong to the Church of Scotland, and that nothing is said as to what is to be done with these in the event of the Articles being accepted by Parliament. Naturally silence on such a question has roused the suspicion of what may be called without offence the political Churchman. There are a large number of men in the United Free Church who are a little weary of the long discussions on spiritual independence, but who will rouse themselves to eager interest whenever the question of the teinds is reached. Spiritual independence is apt to seem to them an academic affair, but endowments concern practical issues, dear to the hearts of practical men.

I do not profess to know how the Executive Committees propose to deal with this thorny subject, but the likelihood is that the Church of Scotland will claim and obtain freedom for itself with the implicit surrender of all privilege, and that the questions as to property and specially as to teinds will be left as purely political questions which the people of Scotland are to

determine for themselves. Certainly such a course of procedure would avoid the difficulty of having the Church, as a Church, pronounce on the subject. Here, however, it may be necessary to make certain principles clear to the United Free Church voluntary. He may need to define clearly for himself whether his objection to endowments coming from without (from the State or elsewhere) is not justified merely by the fact that the grant of such endowments has hitherto involved some control over the ends for which they were spent. Suppose that the endowments were given to a Church which at the same time was declared free in its creed and practice, does voluntaryism make it impossible to unite with such a Church? There might be an objection to the State granting any money without retaining control over the way in which it was spent; but that is a political matter, on which every man in Scotland, as a citizen, not as a Churchman, would have the opportunity to give his view.

These, I think, are the chief matters in connexion with the Articles which were emerging before the war. In the Church of Scotland the Committee was making great efforts to meet and deal with the Presbyteries and Synods which found difficulties over the Articles. Deputations were sent down to explain and answer questions, and these were meeting with very varied success. The United Free Church Committee was not able to take very much action, for, until the Church of Scotland had accepted generally the Articles, it was a little useless for the other Church to discuss too closely their terms. However, the outbreak of war put a stop to even the most limited activity. Men's minds in Scotland were engrossed by very different and terribly urgent questions; and it became necessary for both Committees and both Assemblies to put the entire subject aside and wait for a more favourable occasion.

Meantime, the war itself has done something, and may probably do still more, to ripen matters. Its action will be indirect, but will not be less powerful or pervasive. Thus it has brought about a great measure of co-operation between the

Churches, and, after it is over, will bring about the need for more. I do not here refer to the fact, which is somewhat unduly magnified in some chaplains' reports from the front, that the men have worshipped together very constantly and have accepted Holy Communion indifferently from the hands of Church of Scotland or United Free Church ministers; that they have lain in hospital and been attended with equal assiduity by men belonging to both Churches; and that they will be impatient, when they return home, of the continuation of a distinction which disappeared so utterly in the great day of their national effort. One may be allowed to question the force of such a prediction. After all, intelligent Scotsmen have always known how similar the ritual, worship and order of the two Churches were—have recognized that there were good and faithful parsons among the officials of both Churches—and yet have further recognized how behind these things there might exist a difference in principle which was worth maintaining.

What is a little more significant is the co-operation which is being found practicable at home. The Committees of the two Churches which have charge of the appointment of chaplains have worked on the whole into each other's hands. Thus in certain cases a chaplain has been taken from a country town or from a rural parish. If the district for which he was responsible was small and the man appointed belonged to the United Free Church, it has occasionally been found possible to appoint no one to the vacant charge, but to make the Parish minister responsible for the entire Parish work. In such cases he generally conducted service in both churches and attended to the pastoral duties of both congregations. The same thing has happened where the chaplain selected belonged to the Church of Scotland.

Such an act is in some respects a trifle, but it is wholly unprecedented among us here, and may have influence. Certainly it is well fitted to give thought to men. For it is a frank and public acknowledgment on the part of both Churches that they need each other's help and are nearly enough allied

to be able to accept that help without undue compromise. True, the help has been taken to meet a great exigency, but the strain on the two Churches will not pass with the cessation of the war. There will be need for mutual assistance then as well as now. Besides, such a step will help to create that temper of willingness to see the good, each of the other, that spirit of forbearance, which will make union, when it comes, much more tolerable and real. "Tolerable," for, speaking as one who has had experience of union, I know how the union of two Churches, no matter how closely alike they are, with its surrender of old ties, of valued habits, of close and tender associations, always must imply a great deal of sacrifice.

Another interesting step in the direction of greater co-operation has already been determined on and is to be taken during next winter. For some time it was felt by many in the United Free Church that some re-arrangement of our resources was absolutely necessary because of the depleted condition of our Colleges. The able-bodied students have been swept into the army; and it seemed somewhat of a waste to maintain a complete staff of professors in three separate Colleges, when the Church was calling out for men to take charge of pulpits, made vacant through their ministers having become chaplains. Accordingly, the proposal had been mooted to amalgamate at least two of the Colleges and, by bringing all the students together, to set free one College staff for other service. But recently a new proposal was made, viz., to unite the Senate of New College, Edinburgh (the United Free Church College), with the Divinity Faculty of the University, to have the students taught by certain members of the united staffs, and set free the others for war service. It is an interesting illustration of how the same situation often brings men to the same solution of a difficulty, that the idea was mooted in the University Faculty and the New College Senate at the same time. One morning, during the meeting of the General Assemblies, several of the professors of the Edinburgh Faculty met to discuss the feasibility of such a step, when a deputy from the New College Senate arrived to ask their opinion on the

wisdom of making a movement in that direction. Both bodies of men, responsible for the training of the students, had been moving to the same conclusion, without a word having been exchanged between even individual members of the two staffs. The authorities which have control of the two Colleges have now, with more or less cordiality, accepted the proposal, and the United Free Church College Committee has further authorized that the same method, if found practicable, be followed in Aberdeen. The result will be that in Edinburgh, at least, the students of the Church of Scotland and of the United Free Church will, during the coming winter, be educated together by a staff selected from the professors of the two Churches.

This, again, is a sign of the times which need not be and indeed ought not to be exaggerated. There are men who believe that union might begin in this way, by amalgamation of certain outward activities of the two Churches, and then proceed downward to the people. But that method has never commended itself, at least to the United Free Church, which has always rather insisted that Union, when it comes, should come from the whole people, and that then a United Church should remould its own institutions.

Yet the step taken has its great significance. The Churches have shown themselves willing, in a time of grave national necessity, to do their best to ease the tremendous strain. They have very plainly shown their faith that institutions do not exist for their own sake, but can be moulded and ought to be moulded, in order to meet worthily a great exigency. I believe that this temper, when it has once found vent, will not stop, but will go on to effect far greater things than what has yet been seen.

The strain, which is so severe on the ecclesiastical organization at present, will continue after the war, and in some respects will be much more severe after the war is over. To mention only one matter, which naturally interests and exercises a man whose business lies in training students, both Churches will then find grave difficulty in staffing their par-

ishes and congregations. Our students, both in the Universities and in the Divinity Halls, and our probationers have been swept into the army. They have not needed much driving, for the men on the whole have been singularly willing to go; and neither Church has attempted to put any difficulty in their way, since the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have claimed exemption for no man on the ground that he is a minister or a divinity student. Now this means that the supply of men for the Colleges of both Churches has been very seriously depleted, and, since the depletion goes back to men in the Universities, cannot be made good for several years to come. No doubt, exceptional means will be taken, by extra sessions in the Colleges, to push forward the needed men. But the fact remains that for some time to come we shall not be able to supply all our charges with men. The difficulty will inevitably raise with a new urgency the question as to whether so many charges are necessary in certain parts of rural Scotland. If the temper which has been willing to meet a national exigency during the war by exceptional means continues after the war, it may be easier to meet that strain and difficulty.

The strain, however, which will come after the war will involve much more than our ecclesiastical machinery. Some of the chaplains who have returned from the front have uttered very strong statements about the religious temper which has sprung up among the men in the trenches, and have insisted on the need of the Church being ready to meet the needs of these men more adequately and worthily. The phrase became one of the favourite phrases at the last General Assembly; and it appeared as though some men found a certain vague spiritual comfort in repeating how necessary it was that the Church should be ready. Perhaps a great many who used the phrase hardly realized its tremendous force. They seem to believe, or to be able to persuade themselves, that the men who return from this war will come back with a quickened religious life which will show itself in better church-attendance. They almost seem to believe that the young men will come back, willing or even eager to teach in the Sunday Schools and

to staff all the Church organizations. All such thoughts or ideas are likely to suffer a rude change.

Will the new life which will follow the war flow readily into the old channels of Church organization, or follow the old conceptions of religious service? It seems far more likely that the questions which that new life will urge will be questions of far-reaching social and economic importance. After the singularly patriotic and self-forgetting part which women have played in Britain during this period, they will never, can never, go back to the social and political place they once held. Men will demand new conditions for their life with a new urgency. One can only hope that the new brotherhood and new mutual respect which have sprung up between men who have worked together as officers and soldiers will continue after it has served its immediate purpose. One dares hope that the sense of a common fatherland, for the sake of which great sacrifices have been cheerfully made, will continue and be strong enough to enable the State to bear the tremendous strain which will come upon all its institutions from every side. But there will be need for patience and wisdom and union among all men of good-will. Is the Church ready for such a far-reaching set of issues? To be so, it must be prepared to see the religious side of movements which do not directly flow along its institutional channels. It must be willing to adapt its institutions in order to unify its forces and so meet the strain which is about to come on the whole fabric of our civilization. The more it shows itself now willing to modify old forms in order to meet the present abnormal needs, the more likely is it to be willing to go further, so far as principle will admit of it, in the time which is ahead.

These, however, are large and somewhat vague considerations. Perhaps it may be more useful to note how the war has touched directly the problems which have so long troubled the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, and how it has given both the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church reason for fresh thought on the perennial question of the relations between Church and State. Personally, I do not believe

that question can ever be absolutely "settled." In one form or another it will always recur and demand a fresh settlement. But we have all seen in Germany a Church which, because of its close connexion with the State, has been silenced. Instead of being a conscience to the State, free and able to set a higher ideal before its rulers, it has supported, always by silence and sometimes by positive approval, acts of the State which were in clear opposition to the public promises of that State itself. There has been no protest from the gagged Church against the faithlessness to its pledges which is the worst blot on Germany in this war. It is impossible to suppose that the individual men were less able to see these facts. The fault lies at the door of a relation between Church and State which has been rigidly and uniformly acted on.

Now this state of affairs has given grave cause for thought to many of the younger men in the Church of Scotland. They have had opportunity to realize that if, despite our great failures and grave national sins, such a condition is impossible in Scotland, this is chiefly due to the existence among us of Churches which were free. They are realizing how greatly the entire Church life of Scotland has learned and profited from the protest and position of these Free Churches. And they are learning accordingly how essential it is, in any future reconstruction of the Church in Scotland, to retain and safeguard the spiritual liberty which has remained the heritage of all the Churches in Scotland, because it was claimed and asserted by its Free Churches.

Not less surely has the war made some things clear to the United Free Church. One does not wish to take up a railing accusation against Germany, but one can in honesty only say that what we see of the influence of its Church amounts practically to the existence of such a thing as national irreligion. I mean that it amounts to the State as State being left wholly outside the action of all the religious sanctions and bonds which are vital for the individual. Men, therefore, have come to see the possibility of the opposite, viz., national religion. They

may well covet a Church which can speak for and to the nation, which is vitally related to all the national past and which is not only free enough but strong enough to speak to its present. They are anew conscious that for themselves they do not represent all the religious life of Scotland. I do not mean by this, that they do not include in their membership all the men of good-will. I mean rather that the Church of Scotland stands for and represents a type of piety which is distinctive, but which is also genuinely Scottish in its outlook and its feeling. We also without them cannot be made perfect; and, in any future reconstruction of the religious life of Scotland, it must be possible to include within the new forms all the national religious life, so far as that life is Presbyterian.

Men, I think, in both Churches are realizing more and more clearly how needful it is that they should learn from each other, and should be able to speak with a united voice. They are conscious also that never before was there greater need for a union of the forces which make for good-will among Scotsmen. These things make it tolerably certain that, when they are able again to approach the question of Union, they will approach it with a vastly quickened sense of its urgency and usefulness.

ADAM C. WELCH

## APPENDIX I.

### ARTICLES DECLARATORY OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN MATTERS SPIRITUAL.

I. The Church of Scotland is a branch of the Holy Catholic or Universal Church, believing in One God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only Begotten Son Incarnate for our salvation, and in the Holy Ghost, three Persons in the unity of the Godhead; owning obedience to its once crucified, now risen and glorified Lord, as the sole King and Head of His Church; proclaiming the forgiveness of sins and acceptance with God through faith in Christ, the renewing of the Holy Spirit, and eternal life; and labouring for the advancement of the Kingdom of God throughout the world.

II. The Church of Scotland adheres to the principles of the Protestant Reformation. The Word of God which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is its supreme rule of faith and life. The Westminster Confession of Faith, approved by the General Assembly of 1647, is its principal subordinate standard, subject always to the declarations in the sixth and eighth Articles hereof. The government of the Church is Presbyterial, and is exercised through Kirk-Sessions, Presbyteries, Provincial Synods, and General Assemblies. The system and principles of the worship, orders, and discipline of the Church are set forth in its authoritative historical documents.

III. The Church is in historical continuity with the Church of Scotland which was reformed in 1560, whose liberties were ratified in 1592, and for whose security provision was made in the Treaty of Union of 1707. The continuity and identity of the Church of Scotland are not prejudiced by the adoption of these Articles. As national it is a representative witness to the Christian faith of the Scottish people, and acknowledges its divine call and duty to bring the ordinances of religion to the people in every parish of Scotland through a territorial ministry.

IV. The Lord Jesus Christ, as King and Head of His Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hands of church office-bearers, distinct from and not subordinate in its own province to civil government. The Church of Scotland, while acknowledging the Divine appointment and authority of the civil magistrate within his own sphere, and holding that the nation acting in its corporate capacity ought to render homage to God and promote in all appropriate ways the interests of His kingdom, declares that it receives from its Head and from Him alone the right and power subject to no civil authority to legislate, and to adjudicate finally, in all matters of doctrine, worship, government, and discipline in the Church, including the right to determine all questions concerning membership and office in the Church, the constitution of its Courts, and the mode of election of its office-bearers, and to define the boundaries of the spheres of labour of its ministers and other office-bearers.

V. The Church affirms that recognition by civil authority of its separate and independent government and jurisdiction in matters spiritual, in whatever manner such recognition be expressed, does not in any way affect the character of this government and jurisdiction as derived from the Divine Head of the Church alone and not from any civil authority, or give to the civil authority any right of interference with the proceedings or judgments of the Church within the sphere of its spiritual government and jurisdiction.

VI. The Church has the inherent right, free from interference by civil authority, but under the safeguards for deliberate action and legislation provided by the Church itself, to declare the sense in which it understands

its Confession of Faith, to modify the forms of expression therein, or to formulate other doctrinal statements, and to define the relation thereto of its office-bearers and members, but always in agreement with the Word of God and the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith contained in the said Confession, of which agreement the Church shall be sole judge, and with due regard to liberty of opinion in points which do not enter into the substance of the faith.

VII. The Church of Scotland, believing it to be in accordance with the will of Christ that His disciples should be all one in the Father and in Him, that the world may believe that the Father has sent Him, and recognizing that other Churches, in which the Word is purely preached, the sacraments are administered according to Christ's ordinance, and discipline rightly exercised, have richly contributed to the spiritual life of the nation, owns and declares anew the obligation to seek and promote union with these Churches; and welcomes conference with them on matters affecting the moral and spiritual well-being of the community, and participation by their ministers on national and public occasions in religious services conducted according to the usages of the Church of Scotland; and finally affirms the right to unite without loss of its identity with any other Church on terms which this Church finds to be consistent with these Articles.

VIII. The Church has the right to interpret these Articles, and, subject to the safeguard for deliberate action and legislation provided by the Church itself, to modify or add to them; but the Church, as a branch of the Catholic Church, unalterably adhering to the declaration of faith and duty set forth in the first Article hereof, and solemnly recognizing its sacred trust to defend and to transmit the faith once for all delivered unto the saints, declares that acceptance of the Word of God as the supreme rule of faith and life, and fidelity to the fundamental truths of the Christian faith which are founded upon the Word of God and received in His Church, are essential to the continuity and identity of the corporate life of this Church. The Church also holds that Presbyterian Church government being agreeable to the Word of God, and consonant with the religious traditions of the Scottish people, is the only form of government of the Church of Scotland.

IX. Subject to the provisions of the foregoing Articles and the powers of amendment therein contained, the constitution of the Church of Scotland is hereby anew ratified and confirmed.

# CAPTAINS ADVENTUROUS

Captains adventurous, from your ports of quiet,
From the ghostly harbours, where your sea-beat galleons lie,
Say, do your dreams go back across the sea-line
Where cliffs of England rise grey against the sky?

Say, do you dream of the pleasant ports of old-time—
Orchards of old Devon, all afoam with snowy bloom?
Or have the mists that veil the Sea of Shadows
Closed from your eyes all the memories of home?

Feet of the Captains hurry through the stillness,
Ghostly sails of galleons are drifting to and fro,
Voices of mariners sound across the shadows,
Waiting the word that shall bid them up and go.

"Lo, now," they say, "for the grey old Mother calls us,"
(Listening to the thunder of the guns about her shore)
"Death shall not hold us, nor years that lie between us,
Sail we to England to strike for her once more."

Captains adventurous, rest ye in your havens,
Pipe your ghostly mariners to keep their watch below,
Sons of your sons are here to strike for England,
Heirs of your glory—Beatty, Jellico.

Yet shall your names ring on in England's story,
You who were the prophets of the mighty years to be,
Drake, Blake and Nelson, thundering down the ages,
Captains adventurous, the Masters of the Sea.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

# THE REAL GERMAN PERIL

AS the months pass by, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the military power of Germany, though never so great, is not great enough to accomplish even one of the principal designs for which it was built up. It is almost certainly destined to fail miserably, and that after the most stupendous expenditure of human life and treasure the world has ever seen. And yet, nothing has taken so great a hold upon the imagination of humanity as the apparent effectiveness with which Germany has put forth her strength. Time and again that effectiveness has brought her to the brink—the very verge—of decisive success. Not once or twice has the world held its breath in anticipation of that culminating stroke which would lay it at the feet of a system scientifically complete and a military art overwhelming in its vigour. Even to her enemies, and most, perhaps, to them, this diabolic perfection in the science and art of war has appealed with overpowering force, and it apparently bids fair to create a revolution in the thought and practice of her most formidable opponent—the people of England. Already, if we are to judge from the written word, that revolution in thought has gone far, and the Anglo-Saxon people, victorious in a material way over their most deadly enemy, seem in acute danger of being bound hand-and-foot—" in mind, body and estate "—by the pernicious politico-economic doctrines of a fallen foe. If such a calamity happens, it will not, of course, have been the first time in the history of humanity. Greece conquered the East, absorbed the most of her victims' vices, and perished irretrievably. Rome overwhelmed Carthage, caught the contagion of oligarchic despotism from her, and went down in slow decay. Spain, having cast out the Moors, at once adopted as a fetish the most prominent blot upon the character of the latter—religious zeal and intolerance—intensified it

a hundred fold, and lost her high place and good name forever. The Turks, at one time the most energetic of mankind, captured Constantinople and became almost immediately infected with the ineptitude and utter inefficiency of the Eastern Empire.

If one casts back to 1914 (it already seems ancient history) he sees all over the English-speaking world a proud and, apparently, an indefectible belief in the soundness of its political ideas. These ideas were founded upon one great corner-stone—the importance of the individual, and the absolute necessity of his material and intellectual freedom. Wherever the English language was spoken—in newspaper, magazine and book—unnumbered contrasts were drawn between the happy and dignified state of the people under British Parliamentary government, and the condition of wretched and enforced subservience of those who groaned under Prussian militarism, and whose individualism had been practically obliterated by, and absorbed into, the State. Indeed, for a whole year, these words, " subservience " and " militarism," were the chief reproaches hurled at the head of the German people. These were the real causes of the war—the demoniac mesmerizers of a race once mentally free and individualistic beyond any in the world. And these reproaches, past all doubt, were founded upon truth, and were actuated by an age-long and heroic national history. But these views are subsiding. They are now chiefly heard in the mouths of those who lag behind in the procession of sentiment, whose thoughts are but the echo of words already long-since spoken, and of the few who still dare to put their trust in principles which have never yet failed in our national crises and which are the product of twenty generations of real democracy. Listen to the latest and one of the greatest of the apostles of borrowed German political doctrine. It is Mr. H. G. Wells in the London *Daily Chronicle.*

"For everyone there are two diametrically different ways of thinking about life; there is individualism, the way that comes as naturally as a grunt from a pig of thinking

outwardly from one's self as the centre of the universe, and there is the way of thinking that every religion is trying in some form to teach, of thinking back to one's self from greater standards and realities. . . . . The former is the spirit of individualism and business and law, the latter the spirit of socialism and science—and khaki."

He should have added, "and Germanism." This is the sort of teaching that is springing up everywhere, not only throughout the British Empire, but through Anglo-Saxondom. Have the teachers of this mental pestilence utterly forgotten their breeding? Are the history and achievements of their nation and race nothing to them, that they throw away with petulant contempt the very principles by which these achievements were wrought, and accept with the insensate and gluttonous avidity of the animal so elegantly mentioned in the foregoing extract, doctrines that have already plunged the world into slaughter and are destined to ruin the foremost people of continental Europe! Have the British Empire, English law, literature, philosophy, commerce, wealth, freedom, power, even science itself—been built up by subordinating individualism to the state, as something of a "greater reality?" Although it is but school-boy learning, it would yet appear essential to remind these preachers of a debased and utterly discredited gospel, of the means by which their forefathers secured for them their present happy position. Was it the English or the modern Germanic or Wellian idea that induced the Pilgrims to settle in and found New England? Was it collectivism and devotion to the ideal of a "scientific" and military state that caused their descendants to occupy the whole breadth of America, even to the shores of the Pacific? Was it scientific governmental unity and efficiency that gave India to the English race, or Australia, or New Zealand, or South Africa, or any other considerable part of the British Empire, as it exists to-day? Was it individualism, or was it a conscious devotion to the aggrandizement of a great scientific and efficient power that caused Newton to spend a life-time in the unravelling of the natural laws of the universe? Would corporate and national efficiency, such as is idealized by these

poor captives of "German Kultur," have sufficed to accomplish any of these things, or a thousand others, no less well known and trite in their application as examples? Surely it is apparent to the meanest intellect that in the civilization of this world the individual is the only real thing. Communities, nations, empires are not real. They are mere abstractions, conventional terms used to designate a certain number of individuals living in certain places and under certain conditions, and without these individuals the state would not exist, and upon the character of these individuals the greatness or poverty of the state, in every sense, depends. Moreover, the individual is not merely the only real thing, but he is the only permanent thing in civilization. Nations are evanescent, they come and go—they decay or vanish utterly, but the individual remains, and if we are to learn anything from past experience it is that no amount of self-abnegation of the individual to the state, and no degree of the obliteration of the masses in a vain attempt at the apotheosis of the State can, in any way, render it more enduring; rather, it hastens to decay all the more surely, or collapses with terrific disaster, such as Germany now promises to do. I am almost ashamed to set down these propositions upon paper, so elementary are they, and so well known and well understood, one would have supposed, by everyone of intelligence born and bred under British institutions.

But it is not alone the suppression of the individual that the new post-bellum doctrine would undertake. It looks to more comprehensive methods, to a more direct interference of the government in the art of living. After the war England is to renounce free-trade, to set up an impossible tariff barrier against her sometime enemies, to inhibit their advent upon her shores and to trade with none but her friends and allies. Such are some of the puerilities put forward, not by shallow enthusiasts crazed by the passions of the moment, but, apparently, by some of the weightiest names of the country. It is needless to say that if England did this it would indeed be a leap into the dark; a reversal of that sane and liberal policy that has made her the leader, and, in every

good sense, the mistress of the world. It would be the madness of the gladiator, who, seeing his opponent at his feet, in an ecstasy of triumph plunges the sword into his own bosom. Germany now refers to England " as the hope of her enemies," and a truer characterization was never put forth. If England, indeed, occupies this proud position, she has attained to it by theories and methods far removed from those she would have thrust upon her by weak copyists and disciples of German unity, German efficiency and German collectivism. She will know, when she reflects upon it, that her glory and her honour and her supreme place have been conferred upon her, not by a mass of indistinguishable units blind to every incentive but national advancement, but indirectly and naturally by a long succession of her sons actuated, individually, by a high sense of personal duty and enterprise, by an exalted faith in the infinite worth of the human soul, by a never-ending devotion to an independent mind and a free conscience, and by a just appreciation of the fact that the state exists for the individual's happiness and well-being, that it is a thing of his own creation which he may mould as he will, and not something to which he is bound by servile bonds and in abject submission.

This, then, as I see it, is the chief German peril. She has obsessed the nations by the deification of the machine. She has eliminated the German man, and merged him into an insensate and soulless monster that is a mere travesty of humanity. She has prostituted science to most ignoble and devilish ends, and, like every cast-away of error, would, perforce, pervert the whole world to her own lost condition. Nor, as has been noted, has she been altogether without success in the propagation of her idolatry. From her, as from some great mechanism that pursues its way contemptuous of opposition and heedless of consequences, there proceeds a fascination against which both individual and nation must steel themselves by a constant remembrance of those just principles which have guided them hitherto from darkness to light and given them a strength and stability of place that may not be moved.

GEO. G. MELVIN

# THE MIND OF A POET

IN a well-known passage of the *Excursion* Wordsworth complains that the fair face of Nature is being mutilated and disfigured to serve the curiosity of a prying geologist:

> You may trace him oft
> By scars which his activity has left
> Beside our roads and pathways.
>
> He who with pocket hammer smites the edge
> Of every luckless rock or stone that stands
> Before his sight.

Just as the poetic and the geological interest in scenery are so different as to make one impatient of the other, so when we look upon a work of art a certain antipathy arises between him who seeks only to appreciate or to adore, and him who insists upon analysis or criticism. And there is a sense in which to analyze, or to play the critic upon such sacred ground appears to be profane. It is possible, of course, to be scientific in everything—to turn the *Ninth Symphony* into material for a lecture on the production of sound, to examine the Cathedral of Notre Dame with the cold eye of an architect, to see in the Sistine Chapel only so many illustrations of the laws of perspective and the phenomena of colour contrast. But we feel somewhat ashamed when we permit ourselves to think thus, and the psychologist of poetry might fitly recall, in a sense even deeper than was originally intended, the words of him who said

> I think they love not art
> Who break the crystal of a poet's heart,
> That small and sickly eyes may glare and gloat.

Yet for good or ill such sacrilege belongs to the modern spirit, nor do I think that Keats was speaking really to the point when he reproached Newton for discovering the true cause

of the prismatic colours, and thus destroying all the poetry of the rainbow. We cannot refrain now-a-days from taking things to pieces; we are no longer content with the immediate contemplation even of beauty or of sublimity; we want to get behind the scenes, to discover how the effects were produced, even though, as we escape from our primitive wonder, we may in some degree forfeit our capacity to enjoy.

At first sight no enterprise of this sort could seem more rash than to place upon the dissecting table the mind of a poet. The problem in one form was tackled by Plato, and in the end Plato gave it up as defying all analysis and all solution. In the *Ion* he reaches some such result as this, that, like New Jerusalem, poetry has descended out of heaven from God, that we need not frame categories to imprison that which no one—not even the poet himself—can understand, that upon certain men beloved of the Most High the wind of that inspiration bloweth where it listeth. "We may not speak of it, we saw it." Yet this warning is not so formidable as it appears, for the question of the present paper is far more modest than that of the *Ion*. I do not presume to ask how poetry is produced, in the futile sense of looking for rules which a man must follow in order to become a poet, just as he must learn certain technical principles in order to become a carpenter. I inquire, not how the poet works, but what is the specific nature of the thing which he produces, what exactly is that element in his creations which enthralls us as we read and haunts the memory as we leave it. How is he contrasted with the writer or the thinker in prose? What is the quality which is peculiar to him, which stamps his order of craftsmanship?

Probably no two persons would give quite the same answer, provided, that is, they spoke straight from their own experience, and not in the phrases of conventional "literary criticism." We make upon poetry very different demands, and we obtain from it very different satisfactions. The present paper is the work of one well aware that his own standpoint is narrow and specialized; he writes as a psycho-

logist who has found for himself in his own way a perennial source of joy in the poets, and who wishes to analyze the fascination which he feels.

In the first place, the poet is an artist in words even as the painter is an artist in colours, and his craft, like any other fine art, seeks to provide us with a spiritual luxury.

Let us consider for a moment two periods, very different from each other, but each of which we should all agree in calling unpoetical. Primitive man used his words for a strictly utilitarian purpose. Language, like everything else, has been shaped by evolution, and in its beginnings can have been little more than an instrument for life. Some of the higher animals seem to have a rude mode of communicating with one another by sound, and the least developed cave-dweller could produce noises with the lip, the palate, and the throat, by which his needs and purposes were made known to his fellow. At the very origin of things we may be sure that talking was not indulged for talking's sake. It was for the sake of action, and it would not go much beyond what action required. In those days mankind was faithful to Matthew Arnold's law that "conduct is three-fourths of life," for only on such terms could life have been preserved. As Professor James put it, man is not primarily a thinking, or a feeling, but a behaving organism. The forms of behaviour that are safe had yet to be discovered, to be systematized, to be hardened into habits strong enough to be relied upon as second nature. Our ancestor, to use Nietzsche's phrase, must needs "live dangerously"; through the forest, on the mountain, in the sea, he was perpetually running risks with himself; he had no leisure for the luxurious elaboration of his speech, any more than for that of his architecture, his sport, or his music. Very soon indeed he made such leisure, for beauty—as he conceived beauty—had its strong appeal for the savage, and, owing to a reason which we shall notice, his imaginative impulses were specially alert. But language in its first infancy must have been coarsely practical; any sign or combination of signs was good enough to go on with if it

would serve to get one food and shelter, to summon one's comrades to the chase, or to deceive the enemy whom one wished to kill. There is no poetry about such a state, there is only utility.

And there is a far later stage of human development about which just the same may be said. It is a commonplace that poets do not thrive in a commercial society. There it is not the urgent necessities of life, it is the rush after material success and material wealth, which is hostile not only to poetry but to every other artistic thing. The objects of Nature have then become interesting to us—as psychologists say—not from their primary but from some derived meaning, and the meaning is one which links itself to some utilitarian purpose. We look on a mountain, and the engineer wonders whether a tunnel could be profitably driven through it, and a saving thereby effected for some industrial concern; we think of the lightning in terms of electric traction, of the sea as a highway for commerce, of sunshine and rain as affecting the returns of the Board of Trade, even of human beings and their qualities as furnishing data for statistics and averages. That vision of things as they appeal to uncorrupted sense, as we may suppose them to have appealed to our ancestors before our complex civilization overlaid them, the vision which is still the birthright of childhood, has faded from the eyes of civilized man. It is this thought which inspired those striking lines of Wordsworth:

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth and every common sight
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.
> It is not now as it has been of yore;
> Turn whereso'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

Thus at two periods, the one very early, the other very late, in mankind's growth, the pressure of the material

exercises a tyrannical force over the current of our thoughts. It is in those elements which such pressure suppresses that the germ of poetic faculty seems to lie.

What are these? One of them is just disinterested curiosity, the love of tracing our way through the nooks and corners of Nature, and of describing them with all the colour and detail which they present to the eye of immediate sense, quite irrespective of any purpose which they can be made to serve. One realizes this, I think, when one remembers that science itself can at times become poetical. When a scientist describes the crust of the earth for the guidance of a mining syndicate he is prosaic in the extreme; he is concerned with the derived meanings of that which he has before him. But if his object is to discover and to arrange in series the fossil animals, or to reconstruct a picture of the cavemen, and so widen our horizon backwards over the unthinkable past of our race, we speak with propriety of his developing for us the *romance* of science. If an astronomer by turning his telescope on the heavens has discovered some truth to facilitate navigation we feel thankful to him, but we do not class him with the poets; for he has but made Ursa Major and the Morning Star subservient to the needs of a shipping company and of Atlantic travellers. How is it that when he conducts us through regions of stellar space, where no fact could possibly be learned and no inference could possibly be drawn that will have the slightest bearing upon human uses, when we have wandered with him over inconceivable distances where "other systems circle other suns," we feel that he has exercised for us just that imaginative faculty by which the poet carries us beyond the bounds of time and space? The fact that a discovery is useful should not derogate from its dignity nor does it. But that aspect in which science may be called romantic is just that in which it shares the disinterestedness, the directness, the immediacy, of the poet's love of Nature for her own sake.

One sees this with special clearness in the poetry of Wordsworth. To him was given in a very high degree the

power of reversing that process which has thrust the derived meanings into such prominence that the originals are hard to recover, and bringing us once more into touch with the sensorial richness of the world. In this way the work of a descriptive poet gives to the mind an experience like the breath of the open country to a tired factory artisan. Hence too it has been argued with great justice that as civilization advances poetry tends to decline. "It produces," said Macaulay, "an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age." He maintains that Milton was not helped but immensely embarrassed by the weight of his erudition, or—as I have put it—by the multitude of acquired meanings with which his mind was filled. "Milton knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions."

But not only does the language of a hurried prosaic time refuse to dwell upon the finer details of Nature; it ignores as equally superfluous the subtle interplay of the mental world. Hence it has no place for what may be called the riot of imagination, the putting together of pictures, each element of which, like each element of a dream, has been drawn from common life, but the whole fashioned into a new combination. It is an irreducible fact of our experience that this building up of novel rearrangements, this "make-believe," as the child calls it, provided it be carried out with fidelity to nature, is a source of aesthetic delight. To quote Macaulay again, "Truth is essential to poetry, but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just, but the premises are false. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative; they abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by *Hamlet*, or *Lear*, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor

Red Ridinghood." The poet assumes, to begin with, perhaps a wholly incredible situation, like that of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, or *Christabel*; he who cannot get over the initial difficulty of assuming this, he who cannot stop reminding himself that the whole basis is "untrue," should know that poetry is not for him. He is like the mathematician who read *Paradise Lost*, and said that he failed to see what it proved. But if one can make the assumption, and forget that he has made it, he will have the same delight as in exploring a new country where the scenes are different, but the old human nature is eternally the same.

When the subject matter is actual fact, for example, in an historical drama like *Julius Caesar*, or *Henry VIII*, this imaginative element is wanting. What then shall we say constitutes in such a case the poetic treatment? It is possible even to construct a narrative poem. Apart from the accident of metre or rhyme, how does this differ from narrative prose? Here, just because so many of the other circumstances are identical, we seem to have our best chance to isolate that element which is specifically different.

The etymological sense of the word "poet" is just "maker"; he is one who makes something. And it seems as if the great mark of poetic narrative lies in that which the poet adds to the facts. He may see them, and make others see them, as Milton saw and depicted the sins and struggles of man, *sub specie aeternitatis*. He may bring them together, as Virgil brought together the old Roman myths, as symbols or foreshadowings of a great idea,

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

They are the "clothes," as Teufelsdröckh would have said, under which a spiritual movement is half concealed and half revealed. Hence Herodotus's *History*, and Carlyle's *French Revolution* are in their way works of genuine poetic art. If Thucydides, who is of course equally concerned with motives and with the philosophy of events, strikes one as unpoetic, this is because the underlying principles of which he speaks

are by comparison so sordid—scramble for power, for trade, for colonies,—all that a German writer means by *Realpolitik*. We miss the idealism, the touches of feeling and emotion, which belong to the essence of poetry. Yet the distinction is clear between the veracious chronicler,—Nietzsche's "objective man," who keeps everything of himself out of what he reports,—and him who looks through the other end of the telescope, to whom the facts are nothing more than so much material which he may use to exhibit will and character and destiny. For this purpose the poet must commit that which is, to the scientific historian; almost the sin of sins; he must pick and choose among his facts, selecting those which are most effective for the picture which he means to place upon the canvas. Thus, as Aristotle has told us, the truth of poetry is not the truth of fact; it is essentially a setting forth of the *universal* element in life.

Here it is perhaps worth while to notice that the poets have been among the most minute observers of mental action. In a sense they are our most subtle and most vivid psychologists. One can even point to cases where they long anticipate the mental scientists. Take the curious tendency known as "ideo-motor impulse," an impulse to act on the bare idea; an extreme type is the *idée fixe* of the insane. But it is to some extent a feature of normal life as well. Shakespere had noted it before it was noted by the professional psychologists. What else had he in view when he made Horatio remonstrate with Hamlet for consenting to follow the ghost?

> What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
> Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
> That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> think of it;
> *The very place puts toys of desperation*
> *Without more motive* into every brain
> That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
> And hears it roar beneath.

Again, scientists have discovered, and have told us in their technical phrases, that the nervous system may function vicariously, that when one part of the brain is disabled its work may be to some extent undertaken by another, and that thus the senses make good one another's defects. But did we not read long ago in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

> Dark night that from the eye his function takes,
> The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
> Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense
> It pays the hearing double recompense.

And who does not remember the blind man in the *Excursion*, advancing "towards some precipice's airy brink"?

> But, timely warned, he would have stayed his steps,
> Protected, say enlightened, by his ear.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> proof abounds
> Upon the earth that faculties which seem
> Extinguished do not therefore cease to be,
> And to the mind among her powers of sense
> This transfer is permitted.

Writers about genius, especially Carlyle and Frederic Myers, have emphasized the spontaneous uprising, without conscious effort, of thought-products which are transcendently effective. Might they not well have illustrated from the autobiographical lines of a great poet?

> A hundred times when, roving high and low,
> I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
> Much pains and little progress, and *at once*
> *Some lovely Image in the song rose up*
> *Full formed*, like Venus rising from the sea.

How many of those psychologists who, from Plato downwards, have spoken about the psychological effects upon character of surroundings, beautiful or gracious, might have been thankful to light up their exposition with the lines on Lucy:

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend,
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

And who that has struggled to understand the doctrine of Kant will not welcome the crystal clearness with which Coleridge puts the principle of a mind making experience rather than being made by it?

Thy soul received
A light reflected as a light bestowed.

. . . . . .

It were a vain endeavour
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west;
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passions and the life whose fountains are within.
O Lady! we receive but what we give
And in our life alone doth Nature live.

Especially delicate is the poet's portraiture of the differences of moral feeling; the cynic in *Lara*, with

that sarcastic levity of tongue
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung;

the censorious man with

that desire which ever sways
Mankind the rather to condemn than praise;

the pride which

steel'd itself as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others' half-withheld esteem;

the weariness of satiety in *The Giaour*:

The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught;

or in *Mazeppa*:

> For he who hath in turn run through
> All that was beautiful and new,
> Hath nought to hope and nought to leave;
> And, save the future (which is viewed
> Not quite as men are base or good,
> But as their nerves may be endued)
> With nought perhaps to grieve;

or the innocence of the sleeping babe in *Cain*:

> *thou* hast not plucked the fruit,
> Thou knowest not thou art naked;

or the curse of remorse in *Manfred*:

> Though thy slumber may be deep
> Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
> There are shades that will not vanish,
> There are thoughts thou canst not banish,
> By a power to thee unknown
> Thou canst never be alone.

One must check the tendency to go on like this, for the store is literally inexhaustible.

But though the poet is often distinguished by minute and affectionate observation of Nature, or again by the subtle analysis of mind, it hardly needs to be said that these qualities alone do not constitute his character. The botanist excels in the one, the psychologist excels in the other; yet our many excellent treatises on psychology and botany are far enough from being poetical. Insight of this sort is rather an indispensable condition than the specific quality of a poet's work. His art is essentially an art of *expression*, and of what I called at the outset *luxurious* expression. He is a manipulator of words; he manipulates them in such a way that they become, not, as in everyday use, mere approximations, mere rough and ready counters of thought, nor yet, as in science, clear-cut technical terms for concepts of the reason, but rather symbols to the imagination, multiplying their force through artful juxtapositions, conjuring up pictures, vivid, warm with feeling,

rich with colour. There are no rules for the *callida junctura*, but without it you have no poet.

The great imaginative instruments are simile and metaphor. Man, as has been truly said, looks outward before he looks inward; he has long been a student of external objects before his thought returns upon itself. This order of precedence has reacted upon language. Words were primarily used to denote things, the parts of things, the changes of things outside us; with a view to this they got their form, their inflections, their shades of meaning. Thus when one began to describe the inner life of mind no terms were available; language had been monopolized by material things. One had to make the best shift one could; hence our psychology is filled with terms that have spatial implications; we speak of the movement of thought, of the ups and downs of emotion, of grasp or span of knowledge, of streams or chains of consciousness. As Professor James pointed out, we tend to think that as the words are so the thought must be, and to refuse recognition to dumb or anonymous psychic states. The great majority of our terms are no longer considered to be metaphorical, for the similitudes which they contain have been worn out by use. No one with the slightest taste, for example, will any longer dwell upon what was once a glowing and brilliant metaphor, the imaging of the state as a ship, that must be steered among rocks and breakers. The fine gold of that figure has been so dimmed by familiarity that it no longer arrests, it only bores and disgusts the eye.

But there is no more distinctive mark of poetic gift than the power to bethink oneself of such likenesses as will be at once new and faithful. They impart, more than anything else can, a vividness, a pictorial effect, an imaginative illusion. Most aesthetically pleasing of all is the power, so richly possessed by the Lake poets, of detecting and working out delicately shaded analogies between the world of human purpose or struggle and the world of nature. To find in the external an image of the internal, to conceive in this way the essential oneness of all creation, to discover—as a great

critic has put it—"that mode of existence in which soul and body are one and indivisible, in which form reveals"—this is what gives its value to much of our finest poetic wealth. For example, Wordsworth's picture of the Solitary:

> the tenor
> Which my life holds, he readily may conceive
> Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain brook
> In some still passage of its course, and seen
> Within the depths of its capacious breast
> Inverted trees, and rocks, and azure sky;
> And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
> And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
> Numerous as stars; that by their onward lapse,
> Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
> Else imperceptible.

Could anything be more perfect than Byron's comparison of the hectic flush to

> the unnatural red
> Which autumn plants upon the perished leaf;

or Shelley's picture of the individual soul:

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

It has often been confidently declared, and it has also been hotly denied, that when each is taken on its highest level the mind of the poet is closely akin to the mind of the philosopher. In a sense there is, of course, an historic quarrel between the two. On the one side you have remorseless reason, the man who "faces facts," looks with a calm cold eye upon things as they are, formulates truth as he sees it, no matter what winsome fancies that truth may contradict, what fond impulses it may condemn, what castles in the air it may forbid the imagination to build. To him the mangling of human affections, the blasting of human hopes, the intensifying of human fears, all count as nought provided some new law can be unearthed, or some new theorem can be demonstrated. On the other side you have the seer of

visions and the dreamer of dreams, the witness for the heart against the intellect, for the intuition that outruns evidence, believing where it cannot prove. He lives in a sort of fairyland,

> Has sight of Proteus rising from the sea
> And hears old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Not reason but feeling is to him the "eye among the blind," thence he draws his "authentic tidings of invisible things," and when he considers the other type of mind at all it is to describe it in such words as those of the *Poet's Epitaph*:

> Philosopher! a fingering knave,
> One that would peep and botanise
> Upon his mother's grave.

This contrast may be traced back to the days of Xenophanes of Colophon, and it was probably that old sneerer who first set it in strong relief. But by the word "philosopher" was meant at first very much what we mean by "scientist," and the assailants of "poetry" had in view those spinners of legend about natural events whom scientists were obliged, in the first instance, to discredit. The antithesis is still further emphasized by Plato; yet hardly any writer of the ancient world is more given than Plato to crown a philosophical argument with a burst of pure poetic fancy. But philosopher and poet, as their offices are now understood, have been brought far more closely together. They have come together, in part, through a common antagonism to those prevalent moods which are both unphilosophic and unpoetical, the mood of the practical man for whom each day's business is sufficient unto itself, the mood of the narrow scientist, forever dividing and forever isolating, though in this way he must needs miss the wood for the trees. To poet and philosopher, on the other hand, the one thing needful is to reach a satisfactory attitude, not towards the separate parts but towards the whole, to sum up the total significance in terms of human values, human interests, human aspirations, to get—in a word—a *religion*, meaning by religion, as Carlyle said, not a set of articles which one will not object to sign, but something which one "believes in his heart and knows

for certain about this so mysterious universe, and his own relation thereto." The philosopher does this through reasoning step by step, the poet seems to do it through flashes of insight; but the work of each at his best is the same, to bring home to us some answer, with which we shall be content, on the eternal problem, what we are, whence we come, and whither we are bound.

Hence the truth so often repeated that the greatest poetry is *religious* poetry. One might almost say that it is the *only* poetry. The religious motive is very obvious in such writers as Milton, or Tennyson, or Browning. But it is none the less present in the work of those who are in the ordinary sense of the word anti-religious, provided they have enough compass and enough depth to belong to the genuine poetic order at all. If they are not mere "idle singers of an empty day," they offer us—whatever it be worth—some theory of things, some gospel of life. Shelley is a striking example. Amid the shrill impiousness of *Queen Mab*, or *The Revolt of Islam*, whatever is powerful and arresting is just the effort to cast in artistic and emotional form a new theory, a new worship, a new system of purposes and of hopes. He is indeed of the earth earthy, but he has made earthiness into a religion, and the main nerve of his song is the effort to be the poet of earthiness, with no dogma but the dogma of human solidarity, no faith except faith in the progress of man, no command but the command to be free, sympathetic, self-reliant, no hope but the hope of a mundane millennium. He is the bard of French Revolutionism, reading to us its momentous human moral, his fancy, not less than Wordsworth's, "dreaming o'er the map of things." The universe is to take a fresh start, it is the year One, traditions, civil and ecclesiastical, are to be repudiated:

> The world's great age begins anew,
> The golden years return,
> The earth doth like a snake renew
> Her winter weeds outworn;
> Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
> Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

No more dogma; it was enough that

> those who suffer with their suffering kind
> Yet feel this faith religion.

If man must have a cult let him return to the awe-compelling Nature-worship:

> A roofless temple, like the fane
> Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,
> Man's early race once dwelt beneath
> The overhanging deity.

No longer let us look for "Heaven, a meed for all who dare belie their human natures." Let us accept our place as items in a series, riveted together through inexorable law:

> How wonderful! that even
> The passions, prejudices, interests,
> That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
> That moves the finest nerve,
> And in one human brain
> Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
> In the great chain of Nature.

Let man cease to worry over the transiency of things; above all, let him reject those opiates by which a false hope had heretofore been sustained:

> Ask why the sunlight not for ever
> Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
> Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
> Why fear and dream and death and birth
> Cast on the daylight of this earth
> Such gloom; why man hath such a scope
> For love and hate, despondency and hope.
>
> No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
> To sage or poet these responses given;
> Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost and Heaven
> Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
> Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
> From all we hear and all we see
> Doubt, chance and mutability.

A strange sort of religion this indeed! Is it possible that Byron, with a mind so much stronger than Shelley's, had

his impious friend in view when he made Harold speak of the possibility that

> as holiest men have deemed, there be
> A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
> To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,
> And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore.

The extreme dubiousness of the "lore" any present-day reader can see who will turn to Shelley's speculative fragments in prose. But though a very crude philosopher he was a very true poet. As Burke said of the Deists, his system has gone long since to "the vault of all the Capulets." We have turned back, as Carlyle said we must, to the verity of verities, that "a God made this world and a Demon not." But it is not the special system, however true or however false, that just now concerns us. It is the fact that every genuine poet speaks to the heart of his age in the way that may be given to himself, upon the things which supremely matter, that a fascination greater than that of the most exquisite cadences of song comes to us because deep is calling unto deep, and that in consequence the only poets who can last for ever are those who have seen most clearly and declared most faithfully the truths by which men live.

These are disjointed comments upon poetry, proceeding from the special point of view of a psychologist. I know not how far I may have offended against the canons of taste which constitute what is called aesthetics. But I have thought it best and most sincere to speak of the poets as I have personally found them, even as he of old spoke to Israel, not in conventional phrase of "the God of our fathers" but of "Him Who dwelt in the bush." Let me bring what I have said very briefly together. Language, as specialized to either the uses of practical life or the uses of scientific thinking, is what we call prose; and, psychologically speaking, the mark of prose everywhere is the utilitarianism of purpose in those who employ it. In this sense we can have prosaic thought just as truly as prosaic language, and the great mass of persons in any strenuous age are, either by constraint

or willingly, prosaic thinkers. They reflect not for reflection's sake, but because they must act; their reflection, in consequence, will not go much beyond the minimum that action requires. So too the words in which their thought embodies itself will be the quickest rough and ready phrase by which what they look upon as important or essential in their ideas may be sufficiently conveyed. Plainly a great deal is thus suppressed, and it is these suppressed faculties and suppressed ideas upon which the poet works. He reveals to us unnoticed and hitherto unsuspected sources of enjoyment in natural things; he makes known to us subtle differences, subtle lights and shades in our own mental life; feelings which were unconsciously there become for the first time vocal; aspirations are given for the first time a distinctness; imaginative pictures are spread before us in which we identify as in a mirror those ups and downs of our own soul which we could no more otherwise have seen than we could look upon our own faces. He produces in short an illusion, an illusion helped out in vividness above all by metaphor and simile, by the melodies of verse, by the innumerable artifices which belong to poetical technique. And, as was to be expected, the most profound interest of all attaches to that side of the poet's art which has to do with the deepest, the most universal, the most significant elements in the life of the spirit. As Coleridge so often insisted, it is our reaction towards Nature which gives Nature her meaning:

> Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
> And would we aught behold of higher worth
> Than that inanimate cold world allowed
> To the poor loveless ever anxious crowd,
> Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
> Enveloping the Earth,
> And from the soul itself there must be sent
> A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
> Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

HERBERT L. STEWART

# A TREATMENT FOR INSOMNIA

INSOMNIA, the revenge of nature, as one might call it, upon super-civilization, is a distinctive product of our day and generation. No one ever heard of it in the free out-of-door life of a couple of centuries back, nor did it beset the fox-hunting or corn-raising eighteenth century squire's bedside, though he might know that his wheat was spoiling with the smut or that he had a duel to fight next morning.

Yet here and now it is amongst us, to all appearance for good, or what amounts to the same thing, till we alter our manner of living, and is no more to be got rid of, as so many know to their cost, by the use of medicaments with Greek names however jaw-breaking, than is a club foot or a bad conscience. Then, again, what practitioner can argue with you in his brisk, helpful way, as he might over a tumour or a cough, that he sees a decided improvement in your case since last visit; that your insomnia is really much better though you don't notice it yourself, and so on?

All this being indisputable, a course of treatment is here set forth free of expense and which, though but a palliative, is yet quite as likely to produce the end aimed at as many costly drugs and costlier doctors.

And here let me admit that my plan, consisting as it does of a mild mental exercise only, is not to be considered strictly original. Suggestions in the same direction, but of a crude half-baked sort, have long been in vogue, such as for the sufferer to try adding up a thousand, number by number, or to repeat the creed and ten commandments backwards; but in practice such uncivilized schemes are insupportably tedious, and cannot even be counted on to work with any certainty. They need development, variety, less of the flavour of Turkey rhubarb and more imagination, if the hypersensitized mind is not to return to its morbid round of dreary arithmetical

calculation as to the number of people that can be squeezed into a couple of twelve foot rooms at a forthcoming tea, without laying them out in layers, or, it may be, if the harrowed mind be of the male variety, how the war is going to affect prices next season when the crop of buckwheat or "hog products" comes due.

Not to waste our time and space over preliminaries, like too many of our preachers, I may say that the scheme here propounded is not for the poet or litterateur, with whom or their like it would certainly not work—would in fact do harm rather than good—but for the ordinary, commonplace individual of either sex, who has no brains to spare from life's avocations and is only too willing for the nonce to be rid of market quotations and domestic anxieties.

In brief then the plan is to try a little composition in prose or verse, not exactly original, for that might involve some expenditure of intellect, but by way of emendation or expansion of pieces you know already but are disposed, for one reason or another, to find fault with, your mind we assume being equal without strain to the task of correction but not of sustained literary effort.

Eschewing parody, that favourite hunting ground of the third-rate literary mind, let us consider for a start Professor Carruth's well-known pantheistic lines, "Each in his own tongue," of which the final stanza reads as follows:

> "A picket frozen on duty,
> A mother starved for her brood,
> Socrates drinking the hemlock,
> And Jesus on the rood:
> And millions who, humble and nameless.
> The straight hard pathway trod,
> Some call it consecration
> And others call it—God."

This poem has been widely celebrated and admired, but it may occur to you (whether rightly or wrongly does not at present matter) that it needs summarizing,—something of the nature of a more comprehensive conclusion,—and so, after a

night's effort, or until sweet sleep shall your eyelids close, you work off and recall next morning a stanza or so like this as your own idea (or Spinoza's) of a winding up:

> Thus ever the quest of the ages,
> Since time itself began
> Of the earliest coming, the presence here
> And the ultimate goal of man.
> Some see it a gleam of a larger hope
> Not lost beneath the sod;
> Some call it a breath of eternity,
> And others call it—God.

Lines like these may not be altogether bad, good enough even to print if they were only quite original but, wanting the afflatus of first creation, they are of no value and so you have no occasion to keep awake over the reflection that in them anything is being lost to the world.

Next night that you find the drowsy god avoiding you, you may have decided in advance to look into the absurdities, or, shall we say, the weak points of our sentimental song writers including some of the most popular and melodious. We will pass by the notorious "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell," which has already fallen before the talons of the parodist, besides having been the puzzle of commentators for the last sixty years, and look into the equally well known, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good bye," the opening line of which specifies clearly enough the time of action:

> " The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking "

and the second stanza is equally explicit:

> " From distant towers the midnight chiming
> Where sinks the world to calm repose "

while the third commences with the words:

> " The sun is up, the lark is soaring."

That is to say, this too constant lover makes his interview of farewell extend to twenty-four hours, with a hint of further

continuance: "I could not leave thee though I said, 'Good bye, sweetheart, good bye.'" Here, one would think, is a chance for the insomnolent to exercise his improving touch, if ever there was one, but mayhap the lover, too, poor soul, is trying a cure for insomnia of his own devising and ought not to be interfered with.

The poet Moore, most prolific of song writers, has produced one upon "The meeting of the waters" at Castle Howard, Co. Wicklow, which has attained to great favour and commences with the lines:

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
> O! the last shade of feeling and life must depart
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

Yet he seems immediately to become alarmed at the comprehensiveness of this eulogy, for in the second verse it appears that

> "It was *not* that nature had shed o'er the scene
> Her purest of crystal and brightest of green"

and we are made aware by degrees that "it"—that is to say, I suppose, the real cause of his rapture—was the presence of certain unnamed individuals, friends of his own, but in whom the public can take no possible interest.

Let us match our wits against Tom Moore's (nobody is going to know of our presumption) and try a different continuation, from the point where he commences his string of negatives:

> Here wide have I wandered when twilight was long,
> And the braeside re-echoed the wood bird's wild song.
> Where the far mountains melted in tenderest blue,
> And mammon's proud turrets were sunk from my view.

There is a sort of anarchical touch about this last line that ought to stiffen things up and help to redeem the poem from the charge of too sugary sweetness. But how are we going to continue? Well, this is the sleepless one's own business, not mine. I have given him a very fair start, but my system

will never get a fair trial if he has all his work done for him in advance.

Should it appear that your nocturnal restlessness is owing to increasing domestic expenditure, with its attendant worry and reproach, it may turn out a mistake to keep trying to reconcile yourself to the inevitable and calling philosophy to your aid, as, of course, will be suggested to you by well-to-do friends. The probability is that philosophy is a spirit that will not come when you do call to it and the effort may have the effect of aggravating your symptoms. A better plan might be, if you are of an ironical turn, to start out with something in this vein:

> As through life's devious ways we go,
> Philosophy is rot.
> If man "wants little here below,"
> Sweet woman wants a lot!

By following this unedifying but effective course through three or four stanzas you may end in working off your saturnine humours with a hearty laugh and also attain, ere many hours have gone by, to soft oblivion of your daily care.

But it may be that you never made a couplet in your life, that you know nothing of poetry. This need be no drawback. Many who do not care to make this admission are in reality in the same predicament. Yet supposing that, like Grosvenor, you "do not like poetry"—that you positively detest it, even this need not be whispered in the ear in closets: it is by no means to your discredit nor need it be any hindrance to trying the system. All you have to do is to fall back upon good honest prose.

In trying "conclusions" with the novelists, the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" at once suggests itself, but this plainly is too much of an undertaking. Our object is to put the patient asleep and not to drive him into a fever. There are, however, many other tales going the rounds whose endings are hardly more satisfactory and which might be experimented upon in the way of improvement. What became of "Kim," for instance, the hero of Kipling's thrilling story of that name?

He is brought, a bright quick-witted boy, half English, half Hindi, after adventures, to a certain river's bank where his Buddhist preceptor and patron dies to slow music and the author makes his own escape, in accordance, doubtless, with the canons at present approved by novel publishers if not by the public, whereby every story has to end with a jerk or a snort, and for the reader to show any further curiosity is to mark himself as entirely behind the age. Nevertheless, being unfashionable, let us enquire what is to become of this slim little soul with his honest rascality, his shrewdness and his slang.

Does he take his glib tongue and insinuating manner to the wholesale merchants, and get a stock of goods on credit or, perhaps, by eking out the little hoard of copper coins remaining from his partnership, start a tiny sweetstuff and tobacco shop and, prospering greatly as the years go by, make his final bow to the reader as Sir Ramsetjee Kim of Bombay and Kimberley, Baronet, patron of three livings and son-in-law to John, third Earl of Scrimpham? Well, no, this would be altogether too commonplace, too orthodox. Anybody could make a fortune and marry a title.

A more satisfactory winding up every way would be to make Master Kim, having served his hoary patron loyally till the final close, now appropriate the old man's rosary, spectacles and petticoats when they can be of no further use to him, and start out as a saint or pilgrim on his own account. What a fascinating vista of possibilities is here opened up! Not alone might his adventures "fill a volume" but, what is more to our purpose, might put you to sleep every night for a month.

The Begum of Travancore comes along in state and, catching a glimpse of the devotee's fresh young countenance through his filth and supposed decrepitude, sends a palanquin bearer to find out the meaning of so great a marvel and to command the interesting fakir's immediate attendance at her litter. What will follow next—Don Juan redivivus? Perhaps, but not necessarily.

The Begum may be elderly and virtuous yet still be unable to restrain a certain liking for Kim's looks and ways. She compromises by appointing him high priest to the principal idol at Travancore, where for a time his ministrations prove most acceptable, but presently the newly installed hierophant makes the discovery that the idol's eyes are in reality rubies of surpassing lustre and value. He will pick these out, replacing them with bits of brightly tinted glass cut to size, and, mounting his dromedary, ostensibly on a begging trip for the monastery, will make his way with his booty to Pondicherry, a French settlement.

The youthful and interesting high-priest does not show up again at Travancore, as expected, and a rumour that he was seen ascending to heaven fails to convince. But the stolen jewelry is now safe in a bank's strong vaults awaiting shipment to the order of Kim & Co., Paris, and, a generous advance having been collected on the property, Mr. Kim has grown much too English and well dressed to be poisoned with impunity, should any such idea be mooted,—etc., etc.

In "No. 5 John St.," a story that attracted attention a few years ago, an unnamed young aristocrat goes to live for experiment in the slums of London on what he may be able to make by his daily labour. Here an Amazonian and good looking flower girl, a straight-living daughter of the pavement, falls in love with him, as is not unnatural, and he, in his virtuous, lackadaisical fashion, is clearly drifting in the same direction despite his title and his valet in the background.

Something decided has to be done as we near the last chapters, and that quickly. Belgravia cannot be allowed to wed with Billingsgate unless the writer is prepared to be laughed out of court, and so poor Tilda is exploded by an anarchist's bomb and thus got rid of.

But surely this is exasperating. Anarchists do not blow pretty girls to pieces in London. They know too well where they are comfortable to risk it. Yet what else is there for it? Female athletes cannot pine away into a consumption or fall, by the moon's pale unreal light, over the parapets of

rivers. Conclusions that might have satisfied the ingenuousness of fifty years ago are now gone stale. In short, here is an opportunity of the choicest kind for the unwilling night thinker to get in his work.

To come down to the realm of everyday possibility.—Which of us has not observed some newly wed couple, ill assorted, unmated, perhaps of widely different age, and wondered what the upshot of the association was going to be? One such instance the writer noticed at a large summer hotel lately. The bride, plainly wealthy, was somewhere between seventy and eighty and had an air of dogged resignation to whatever might befall. The husband, about a third of her age, wore a new suit and a sulky, hangdog manner as of a person who had made a fool of himself and did not relish the consequences. He had taken a younger brother into the party as it seemed for protection.

What is to be the outcome? The groom can hardly expect to get a divorce, with alimony, from the most obliging of courts. The wife has clearly made up her mind in advance to put up with anything except separation. What then? How is this young man going to pass the years of matrimony if, from morn till twilight bound he feels the heavy hours toil round even during the honeymoon? Poker and gambling of a surety to commence with, and later, stock jobbing —ending, mayhap, in a huge purchase of some high explosive company's shares. Explosion caused by German emissaries at the company's works follows just as the young couple have arrived to look over their new property. Tremendous crash! No munition works left. No scoundrel foreign emissaries. No newly wed couple. Nothing!

This is up to date. This is seeing the "No. 5 John St." man and going him one better. But, hold! What is this absorbs me quite, steals my senses, shuts my sight; what langours o'er my eyelids creep? Tell me, my soul—can this be——sleep?

HENRY CARTER

## THE COWARD

I don't know what I seen, or done—
I only know I had to run,
And if, in running, I'd been shot,
The name of hero I'd have got.

But now my glory days are dead,
And I am branded *coward*, instead—
Because a something, with my name,
Drove me from Hell to lasting shame.

Funked it! No, that could never be.
The man who done it wasn't me.
God! Shoot me now! I fear no gun....
I don't know what I seen, or done—
I only know I had to run.

A. Beatrice Hickson

## THE LETTER

He took it from the pocket of his coat,
And kissed it,—just before he fell asleep,
I saw—and something, rising in my throat,
Came pretty near to making this fool weep.

Strange, how a trifle wakes such cruel pain!
It seemed to stab and break my heart well nigh—
To think she'd never see his face again,
Whilst I must live, who only prayed to die.

A. Beatrice Hickson

# SOME ENGLISH BOY POETS

WHEN I went to a High School in Ontario, rather more than thirty years ago, we had a class which was styled "English Literature." I remember two poems in particular which we considered: Gray's Elegy and Goldsmith's Traveller. Here is how we studied them. We analyzed every sentence they contained. We parsed every word in them. Then we held a sort of insect-hunt for figures of speech—alliteration, metonymy, simile, aposiopesis and the rest, and to this day I can tell the difference between a metaphor and a simile. (One begins with "like" or "as" and the other doesn't; it is a most valuable piece of information.) Perhaps we learned parts of the poems by heart—upon that my recollection is indistinct. Of course we hated Gray, Goldsmith, and all their works. Burke's most celebrated work was "taught" at the same school, and I remember one boy, who afterwards became a Member of Parliament, observing that Burke would have been a fine man if he had not reflected so much. Later in my life I was a High School teacher myself, and while I hope I used somewhat better methods of teaching, I learned that to make young people understand and enjoy good writing, whether poetry or prose, is not an easy task.

Recently I have become acquainted with the work done at the Perse School at Cambridge and am in a state of wonder at the methods adopted and the success achieved in causing boys to understand and love literature; I am anxious to share that wonder with others—if possible with some of the teachers of to-day. I derive my information from the five "Perse Playbooks" which have appeared between 1912 and 1915. The smallest of these books has fewer than forty pages, the largest is of some two hundred pages, and the publishers are W. Heffer & Sons of Cambridge. Such are the preliminary commercial facts of the matter. Let me now state the preliminary literary facts.

The Perse School is one of the old Grammar Schools in which England is rich. In part it is a boarding school, but it has day boys as well. The youngest boys are nine or ten years old, and it prepares lads for the Universities. While its methods in general are revolutionary the results are orthodox in one way—its boys pass the usual examinations, and in the competitions the school carries off its share of prizes and scholarships. A boy who attends, while gaining the benefits which it is my business to describe later in this article, is in no danger of losing touch with the world in which he lives. The Headmaster is Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, a scholar of great repute. The master whose work in English is the subject of this notice is Mr. H. Caldwell Cook. A few years ago a number of the boys acted in public, the special points about the performance being the excellence of their acting, and the fact that they had written the plays themselves. So eminent an actor as Sir F. R. Benson, so great a Shakesperian scholar as Sir Walter Raleigh, so noteworthy an authority on folk-lore as Mr. Cecil Sharp, found these plays and the actor-authors deeply interesting. In 1912 the first of the "Playbooks" was printed; it contained two short plays, one, "The Cottage on the Moor," written (in prose) by the boys of the Sixth Form, one, "Thor's Hammer," written (in blank verse) by a group of younger boys whose average age was twelve years and a half. Included also was a ballad, suggested by an incident in the first-named play, written by a junior boy. In the same year was published the second Playbook, with rather more than thirty poems, some by juniors, some by seniors. In 1913 came a third, with three plays, "The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies" by Sixth Form boys, and "Baldr's Death" and "Freyr's Wooing," by younger lads, and fourteen poems, all by the little boys. Again the big boys' play is mainly in prose, while the youngsters stick to blank verse. The fourth book, in 1914, contained specimens of the prose work done by the school. The fifth, issued in 1915, contains over one hundred and thirty poems, besides a considerable number of snatches of verse. All told, we have five plays, and about two hundred poems, ballads

and songs, in addition to a considerable amount of prose work. Ninety-five boys are named as authors. It is not a case of a few gifted or precocious boys; it is, first, a communal affair, and, secondly, nothing less than this, that a vein of poetry and romance has been uncovered in the average boy. "Quite seventy per cent. of our secondary schoolboys between the ages of ten and fourteen can write creditable poetry, and all you have to give them is permission," writes Mr. Cook. "Some initial encouragement, and subsequent correction and advice are valuable if sparingly and tactfully given." But enough of explanation; the main purpose of this article is quotation.

I have remarked that the little boys prefer blank verse for their plays. From "Baldr's Death" I extract a soliloquy by Loki:—

> Now reigns my evil spirit over me,
> For good being crush'd and smother'd in my breast,
> Dies like a wild flower trampled under foot,
> And evil devils cry out for revenge.
> Revenge me for my children's injuries
> I will against these silly simpletons;
> They who have banished my three children hence,
> Aided by cunning of the underworld.
> Fenris the Wolf they bound with dwarf-wrought chain,
> Shaped on the anvil of the prying elves.
> And Jormungandr, mightiest of my brood,
> They threw into the sea, to wallow there,
> Stirring the deep with his tempestuous tail.
> And Hel, my only daughter, they cast forth
> Down to the misty depths of Niflheim,
> To overlook the tribes of coward dead.

This is fairly competent blank verse for boys of twelve and thirteen. From "Freyr's Wooing" I take a courtship scene. Gerda, Freyr's bride, has come from the frost-bound land of Jotunheim, and here is the lovers' dialogue:—

> GERDA. . . . .
> The very hour I left that cold, bleak land
> I felt the soothing influence of thy reign,

For all my way was marked upon the ground
By snow-flakes golden-hearted. What are they?
FREYR. They are the daisies, starring for thy feet,
The heaven on which they walk. And they are thine.
GERDA. I was attended on my happy way
By flashing jewels, and a choir of song.
FREYR. Those jewels thou hast seen, floating in air,
Or flitting in and out among the trees,
Are feathered minstrels, who with mellow throats
Are fluting homage, knowing they are thine.
GERDA. And o'er my head light clouds went sailing on
To guide me hither.
FREYR. For the clouds are thine,
Nay, Gerda, all my power upon the earth
Lies at thy feet, for I myself am thine.

The chief author of "Baldr's Death" is Ralph Drennan, who was twelve years and seven months old at the time. The chief author of "Freyr's Wooing" is A. J. Storey, who was twelve years and ten months. All the boys of the forms concerned bore a full share in suggestion, criticism and emendation. The acting was worked out in the same communal way. But perhaps I had better let Mr. Cook speak:—

"It is a fatal error to buy a ready-made play, have it learnt by heart, and acted without ceremony in hired costume. Your play should be in hand for at least a term, and it will do nothing but good to keep it building throughout the school year. The workers should be a single form whom you can have collectively under your control without tiresome arrangement. The historical period in which the play is set is of importance in a hundred ways, and may either be determined by the courses of History, Geography, and Literature going on; or, if it is done on a large enough scale the play circle might include such study of those subjects as it required. It is advisable to allow the subject and the style of the drama to spring naturally from some immediate demand, small though it be, so long as it becomes general. An interest in castles and heraldry for example may always be counted upon, and this might grow into a drama of mediæval times. The spontaneous division of a form into Cavaliers and Roundheads will always yield a sturdy play.* Our own concern with the Northern Gods originated mainly in the curiosity of a single boy whose father could read the Edda. When the group has such an interest in common a tale is easily found or

* "The Cottage on the Moor" is a Royalist and Roundhead play.

invented. The most meagre story will do. Look to the characters and they will take care of the plot. Now elect or select the cast, and let each person of the drama realize who and of what kind he is. . . .

"When the story has been assimilated in every piece and part it may be acted through roughly with the aid of notes for dialogue, in prose or verse as proves easier. But though rugged verse is easy, they are few who have the requisite command of prose for such a service . . .

"I must deal briefly with the authorship of the plays and poems in this book. 'Baldr's Death' came first in order of time. It began as classwork with Form IIIB on the wave of enthusiasm which followed the production of 'Thor's Hammer.' The story, cast, plot and sets were fully discussed and mainly determined, and several speeches had been written when last term came to an end (Christmas, 1912). This term's promotion distributed the cast among three forms so that full collaboration became impossible. Then we resorted to a method which, though perfectly admissible when openly confessed, introduces great complication into the question of authorship. One boy took over all the available plans and material and proceeded to work the play into its present form, adopting, revising or discarding the speeches we had, but composing by far the greater part himself. He worked sometimes by himself at home, but quite often under my supervision at tea-time in my room. It is clear then that the whole play might have been composed at my direction; and so in a sense it was, only my chief aim was always to stimulate original production, and my chief share throughout has been in rejecting passages or disapproving of suggestions that were evidently unsuitable."

I have quoted Mr. Cook at length because to us Canadians, wistful as to whether the youth of our land can obtain similar advantages, the question how these results have been produced is as interesting as what they are. It should be added that Mr. Cook himself is a poet.

From communal dramas and blank verse let us turn to lyric verse. I take first a poem, "Cloudland," by Donald Wakeling, twelve years and three months of age:—

High up in cloudland,
Ever so high:
You hear the birds whistle,
And the lark his cry.
High up in cloudland,
Ever so high:
You hear the wind howl,
And the old moon sigh.

This little poem is very characteristic. It is but a momentary thought; perhaps there is something odd about "You hear the birds whistle;" and then there is the sudden intense note of poetry and romance in the unforgettable last line. Uneven—and piercing. Let me now quote "The Skylark," by Adrian Tuffield, a boy of exactly the same age:—

He clears his voice with a sip of the dew
That lies on the grass when the day is new;
Then spreads his wings and soars on high,
Till he's naught but a speck in the vast blue sky.

His musical notes come fast and free,
In a strain of sweetest melody;
He pours them out so rich and clear,
That his thrilling song the world may hear.

To guard the nest his mate must stay,
But her heart is cheered by his roundelay;
When sunset comes with its rosy glow,
He'll leave his heaven for his love below.

Yet another boy of twelve years and three months, Donald Turner, produced the following poem. Its title is "Hall." This is the name of a school-fellow, and the word was set at random as the theme of a poetical exercise. In some way it struck the vein of mystery and romance which lies in boy nature:—

Dark and dreary was the night,
    Not any star did gleam,
But over the hills a mysterious light
    Came like a fearful dream.

And you could hear the maiden singing
    A sweet and old, old song,
And the rafters of the hall were ringing
    While she was singing long.

And now there came an ancient knight
    A-riding up the hill,
And he would stop and think of the fight
    That the maid was singing still.

Mr. Cook remarks on the resemblance between this poem and Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper." The boy—who had

never heard of Wordsworth's poem—has conceived the very striking idea of making the knight who listens to the song a sharer in the battle which is its subject. A companion idea, that of the poem living and strong while its maker is dead, is struck out by a ten year old boy, Reginald Apthorpe, who thus handles the well-known story of Taillefer at Hastings:—

From out the Norman ranks there rode
A minstrel gaily dressed,
He went by the name of Taillefer,
And his helmet bore a crest.

He whirled his sword as on he came
And threw it high in air;
He sang a good old song of France
Which stirred the Frenchmen there.

With flashing sword he slew two men,
And with the host marched on;
But while they sang a sword-blow rang—
And Taillefer was gone.

The blade was buried in his heart,
But over his body swept
The host still singing the warlike strains
Which were made by him who slept.

Ten years old, and the boy wrote a poem like that! But strange things are done by these children. Tom Lawton, aged eleven years and nine months, apparently had never heard of Blake, but nevertheless did a "Piping Song."—

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping loud with glee,
Came a shepherd piping loud,
A merry shepherd he.

And he sang a merry song,
A merry song sang he.
He sang right out with all his might
And filled the air with glee.

Oh, piper, sing that song again,
That song so light and free;
Then make a pen and write it down
For Littleman and me.

"Littleman" is a school name for a boy under thirteen. To change from the mysterious and romantic, let me quote next from a bird poem—the volumes are rich in these—by Colchester Mason, a lad of thirteen. Young Mason, by the way, had shown a poetic turn and had written several interesting but unchild-like poems before he joined the school; under its influence he wrote nature-poems such as the "Song of the Sky":—

When the morning breaks
And the world awakes,
And men to their labours have gone,
The lark soars high
In the clear blue sky,
Singing a beautiful song.

When the labourers eat
In the standing wheat,
And the sun has reached its height,
The birds above
Sing songs of love,
As they wheel in airy flight.

When the sun goes to rest
In the golden west,
And darkness falls o'er wood and plain,
The birds return
From brae and burn,
To sleep in the nest again.

When the world is still
Through valley and hill,
And the labourers are all asleep,
The mournful tale
Of the nightingale
Echoes through the darkness deep.

A poem in which observation of nature and love of fairy imagery combine is "Autumn" by Stanley Nelson, aged twelve years and nine months:—

Little brown elves
In little brown hoods
Are stealthily creeping
Into the woods.

They touch the green leaves
  Before it grows cold,
And their green hues change
  To crimson and gold.

The little brown leaves
  Have all settled down,
And the little brown elves
  Are in Elfintown.

Eric Francis, ten years and three months, contributes a harvest poem, the second stanza of which reminds one of one of Stevenson's "Happy hearts and happy faces":—

The golden corn stands high
  On mountain and on plain,
The olive trees with berries thick
  Bend with their weight again.

Singing a song of harvest,
  Dancing hand in hand,
Children shout and play and run,
  Till winter chills the land.

These poems are written by children, not by grown-up people, and by ordinary little boys, not by geniuses. This poem illustrates one childish quality, the unevenness of the poetic flow. "The olive trees with berries thick" perhaps are not convincing; but what praise is too high for the music and the directness of the second stanza?

Much use is made by the teacher of the old English and Scottish ballads, and the boys write like so many minstrels. Robin Hood ballads are numerous; there are several versions of "Edward, Edward," one of which has remarkable power and directness. And if I were to assert that the following first saw the light on the Scottish Border two centuries ago, could many of my readers contradict me with confidence? Yet it is part of a ballad by Tom Lewis, twelve years of age:—

Oh hae ye heard of John o' the Byre,
How he rade out and came hame nae mair?
The hawk's in his mew,
The hound's by the fire,
But never more hame came John o' the Byre.

And Douglas Hyde, eleven years and seven months, gets a very free melody out of the ballad metre in "The Country Fair," one stanza of which I quote. It was suggested by an annual fair:—

> When all the leaves were green, sir,
> And the world was upside down,
> The fair was in the country, sir,
> So I went into town.

Here I may pause to note one or two things about Mr. Cook's methods. His teaching is rooted in play; he is very proud of the freedom which reigns in his class-room. Folk dances are encouraged and are a great help. But I had better quote a few snatches from one of his introductory essays:—

"After the repertory of miniature plays known as Shakespeare's Songs, and the Play-songs made by the Littlemen themselves, one of the best collections of Play-songs is Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses.' Of some fifty available poems in this book we have before now had over forty by heart in the First Form, as well as a score of poems from other sources. A scroll is kept, upon which the titles of the Play-songs are one by one inscribed. But no poem 'counts' until it is known freely by heart and has a play-setting; because a game, like a fiddle, is no good until you know how to play it.

"A poem which looks attractive at first sight may prove, on being tested, not musical enough to stand group-recital with sticks.* We give them a very fair trial nevertheless, and do not drop them until the end of the current term. You would be surprised to see how many poems which satisfy even an exacting reader, cannot stand the test of our recital . . The speeches made by the playboys on the motion for rejection are little gems of literary criticism from the technical, reciter's standpoint. Their principal reason for discarding a frequently-tried poem is that 'it cannot be said rhythmically.' They have to prove their case, of course, and their reasons would almost convince the author himself . . .

"The poems which are favoured come in for frequent recital; and this *turns them gradually into Play-songs.* These favourites are played again and again. It has been estimated that one group of boys sang 'Philomel,' 'Full Fathom Five,' 'The Barge,' 'Ship,' and some others no fewer than two hundred times each in the year. With few exceptions the Play-songs on our scrolls are drawn from but three sources, Shakespeare, Stevenson, and Littleman."

* The sticks are for marking the rhythm.

"Philomel" and "Full Fathoms Five," of course, are Shakespeare. I am unable to identify "Ship" among the poems published, but may quote "The Barge," which is by Reginald Apthorpe, a prolific young person who did this when ten years and five months:—

Gliding Gliding Gliding,
Over the water deep,
Came a barge with dark brown canvas sails
And her name was *Land of Sleep*.

Slowly Slowly Slowly,
She moved by the Waveney's bank,
She forged her way through rushes and reeds
Growing both high and rank.

Sinking Sinking Sinking,
The sun went down in the west,
And the men in the barge hauled down her sails
And sleepily went to rest.

Has not our ten year old caught the very rhythm of sleepiness? Had an older poet written this you would say he had selected his vowels with painful care. While on this matter of vowel sounds and imitative harmony, note Lawrence Smyth's onomatopoeic fragment, "The Wind." The lad is eleven years and two months:—

Screaming through tree,
Bush and brier,
Howling the wind went over the lea,
Never to tire.
Wild is the sight that meets your e'e,
O'er the bleak mire.

Who taught this lad to run so to "e's" and "i's"? Mr. Cook disclaims the credit. Here is Cyril Vincent on "June"; he was thirteen when he wrote it:—

Now June is here,
And all the day
In meadows green
The children play,
And laugh the whole day long.

And in the night,
When all is still,
The nightingale
Sings upon a hill
His wakening song.

I love to hear
His happy tune,
I love to be
Alone in June.

I have been quoting exceedingly melodious verse. Let me by way of a change cite a couple of rugged but sincere stanzas, by Douglas Harris, a little over twelve:—

The storm had continued all day
Making the place look dull,
Till out of the house came two maids
Who made the place look happy.
The trees were waving
Beneath the winds.

Till day, day, and the night;
But it stopped at last.
And the moon came out so bright
That I forgot the past.
Leaving the land
Splushy and covered with water.
It made me feel so dull.

"Splushy" seems to be a portmanteau word, a union of "splash" and "slushy." Here the verse is by no means melodious, but the lad has felt something, and is honestly trying to express it. My mind goes back once more to my High School days, to a particularly clever, witty boy, with an unusual gift of appealing to the sympathies and risibilities of a crowd. At some school entertainment he weighed in with several yards of "original poetry." It was appalling doggerel, about "My girl Hanner, who plays the pianner." It was hailed as particularly amusing. It remains to me a sorrowful memory, partly because of the sheer badness of it, partly because so promising a boy could compose and exhibit such dreadful stuff, partly because an audience of young people who were being "educated" liked it. What now adds to my

regret is the thought that had we been trained as these English boys are trained, my old friend would have written, not the dreary drivel about Hanner and the pianner, but poems as good as those I have quoted; and in particular it occurs to me that little Harris's rough lines are so infinitely superior to the rhyming jocosities which constitute my sole recollection of poetical composition in an Ontario High School.

It must not be supposed that all the selections given are excellent. The Playbooks are a record of work by school-children, and there are examples of childish verse and childish characteristics. Boys must be started on the path of composition, and the master observes that "Any boy will attempt four lines; and if they prove worthy he will gladly add another stanza or two." To prove it, he gives a number of such trifles. I quote the very first of these:—

One day,
Lively and gay
I went to play
Among the hay.

Very quaint indeed is a quatrain on "Trafalgar Day":—

O, how sweet is glory
When you are fresh and gory!
O, it is very sweet
To capture a fleet.

Some of my earlier examples are better than the lyrics of many adult poets now writing, and the foregoing artless lines compare very awkwardly indeed with such finished work as

I see them return to the harbour again
With their brown sails wide to the breeze.

But—this small Englishman has felt a thrill of Nelson's glory, and has given some expression to it. And from such beginnings spring the other poems. I quote another snatch, which contains evidence of actual observation:—

When I was going to detention
I passed a regiment of soldiers,
Then the captain said, "Attention!
And put down your shoulders."

To tell soldiers to "put down their shoulders" is exactly what a drill-sergeant would say; I never before have seen this point mentioned in print outside of a drill-book. That boy had seen what he was describing.

But even in these beginnings we see progress. "Little Me" is another of these anonymous morsels of rhyme:—

When I am put to bed at night,
I have a most disastrous fright,
I see a goblin here and there,
Sitting on a wooden chair;
But when I wake in the morn I see,
Nobody there but Little Me.

And we note the beginning of the free music of the more advanced playboys in "The Bells of Bow":—

Ring the bell —ring it long,
Ring the bell —bring forth its song.
First the high note —then the low,
And so do ring the bells of Bow.

And in "The Yellow Moon" we have another extraordinary flash of poetry—a marvellous parallel to a well-known expression of Wordsworth's:—

As I walk out on a starry night,
My heart it jumps with glee,
For up in the sky ever so high
The clear yellow moon I see.

I have made frequent reference to the communal spirit which governs many things in the school. Much of the best of the verse in the Playbooks is the result of group influences and group composition. One of my own memories is a bit of group song-making by grown men. I was at a species of impromptu smoking-concert, or sing-song, attended by members of the Parliament of Canada. All were on good terms with each other, all were in high spirits, all were singing choruses, and at last all fell to composing a topical version of a popular song which was having its vogue at the time. With no one man having the full credit they hammered out, after repeated efforts, two stanzas, one of which was very singable,

and so pleased were they with their work that they sang it steadily for two hours. Exactly what our remote ancestors did in the long winter evenings! These boys do the same sort of thing. One form of twelve year olds in one lesson worked out a nursery rhyme. "Some boy began it while they were reading Nursery Rhymes, and one by one the others came out and added each a stanza. The game was kept going until every boy had taken a part." It is not difficult verse; I give one out of the twenty-six stanzas:—

Willie boy he went to school,
Went to school, went to school,
Willie boy he went to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

One can see the class shouting out the old, old air, as boy after boy finds another rhyme to "school"—"rule," "stool," "fool," "pool," "cool,"—and fits the new word to the formula. Here comes in a very interesting point. It was an object to have all the boys contribute; the list of Willie's adventures at school, or perhaps the list of rhymes, ran out untimely, and the master suggested that Willie's mother be introduced, questioning him at the end of that day; thus the whole story could be repeated:—

His mother said, "Willie, what did'st at school?
What did'st at school? What did'st at school?"
His mother said, "Willie, what did'st at school,
On this cold and frosty morning?"

Here we have the master's function. The boys are doing it themselves, but at the critical moment he gives the necessary push onwards, or the necessary twist to the course they are steering. At the other end of the scale, the blank verse of the play is partly communal, every line having been considered and debated, improvements coming from all quarters. And finally, here is part of a very pretty carol. First I quote Mr. Cook's note:—

"Written at a tea-party conference by a group of IIa boys as part of a play, The Cherry Bough. But the master's help in this piece was consid-

erable. We have here, I believe, an example of pure collaboration, since neither the master nor the boys could have made this carol alone. The time will be found in ' Novello's School Songs,' No. 954."

O, Mary Mother mild,
Thou maiden undefiled,
Didst trust thy Holy Child
To a lowly manger.

The oxen standing by
Looked on with simple eyes,
And stilled His infant cries
With a gentle lowing.

The wise men from afar
Beheld a guiding star,
And came with gifts of myrrh
And a store of spices.

A little space must be given to the teaching of prose at the school. The results here are not so amazing as in the writing of verse, but none the less are excellent. Here is a short "study" entitled "The Bracken":—

As I dozed in the bracken listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, the "chink-chink" of a stone-chat fell upon my ears. A pheasant startled by a passer-by flew over my head with a loud whirr. In the silence which followed a field-mouse crept out in search of food, and was promptly seized by a weasel, which had been on the look-out for a meal. The tramp of the labourers returning from work proclaimed that it was nearing sunset, so gathering up my possessions I returned home.

Stanley Finch wrote this when eleven years and four months old. About a year later this young monkey, hearing it read out, wanted to change the word "proclaimed"—on the ground that it was "journalese!" It is to be wished that he had desired also to excise "promptly"—that meaningless word. Here is a description called "The Diver":—

The diver was standing on top of an old elder tree with his feet together like some statue in mid air, with his hands over his head ready to dive. Then down he went like some bird flying when the spring is new.

Then he went in with just a slick of the water, making bubbles rise. After that I saw a shadowy form moving under the water. Soon he came up, and laughed, and said, "Oh, do make haste, the water is beautiful." Then he swam away, and I got in.

This writer is Harold Taylor, twelve years and eight months. Eric Ennion, of the same age—a prolific writer—did the following sketch of "The Nightingale," which is used in the school as an example:—

Softly we close the door, and turn the key. We tread noiselessly along the little path, close to the hedge, to the little fir and beech copse at the end of the lane. Last evening the nightingale sang in the coppice, and we go again to hear it.

At last we come to the mossy stile and listen.—"*Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, tereu,*" floats from a tiny larch. There is a rustle, and the little songster goes to seek his mate and nest. Happily we return home, for we have heard the nightingale.

By the time these lads are twelve or thirteen they are definitely striving for style. Mr. Cook gives a series of imitations of an antique manner. Among the works read in class was a translation of Beowulf, and in it occurs the Lay of Finn; the boys re-wrote and expanded this translation. Here are a few paragraphs from the opening episode:—

Fairer than cool dawn was Hildeburh, daughter of Hoc, and much loved among her kinsfolk.

Proud, indeed, was Hoc, King of the Spear-Danes, to have so gentle a maiden to his daughter. And there was one who durst look upon her with his eyes, by day and night. A man mighty under helmet was he. Finn by name, son of Folcwalda.

So it fell on a day that Finn, the famed shield-warrior of the Frisians, made himself ready to seek Hildeburh.

Under the pale moon he fared forth, set out from his own land; the wind was blowing strong. Yea, indeed, so furious was it, that twice he was hindered from launching his ring-prowed ship. But on the third day Finn went him into his ship; cleft the mighty waters. The sea-boards cracked, and she was carried on the wings of the wind. She floated like a swan, her graceful prow sank into the trough, now rose again on the white crest of the waves, for wild were the waters.

This stylist is Robert Burns, aged fourteen years and nine months. The careful reader will notice faults, and the passage as a whole illustrates afresh the extreme difficulty of writing rythmical prose; but after making all deductions it is a wonderfully successful piece of conscious imitation, with two or three extraordinarily poetic touches.

Again, how are these lads taught to write thus? Verse is mysterious to most of us; all of us who have been teachers have tried to get children to write decent prose. How does Mr. Cook do it? To my great personal pleasure, he is most disrespectful towards English grammar.

In the use of the mother-tongue the necessary correctness in grammar and syntax is very largely achieved by a sub-conscious process. We speak correctly without having to think about it. But in learning to speak a foreign language attention to form of expression is conscious. In the mother-tongue there is so much daily practice that accuracy in all usual forms of speech has become habitual. Why then labour to study these through lessons on grammar and syntax and sentence-analysis when they can safely be left to look after themselves, and so set free the mind consciously to seek higher forms of self-expression? . . . . The truth is that teachers of the mother-tongue are to be charged with making easy things difficult, and shrinking from the difficulty of those things which are really easy. They make school life a time of dull, valueless labour, when it might be, as I endeavour to show, a time of gladsome play, yielding results not only valuable as a training but of high intrinsic merit . .

The craze for English grammar, which is not yet a thing of the past, can be explained in several ways: (i) Teachers from old habit look upon English as though it were a foreign tongue. (ii) With the use, under the direct method, of conversation and free composition, the time formerly available for the study of grammar is somewhat curtailed; and so the English lessons, if we are not watchful, are to be used as an additional training ground for the formal studies which are necessary in the other languages taught.* (iii) English teachers sometimes have no real notion of what they want to teach in English; and so, as a child who does not know the use of a plaything, they devote their attention to pulling it to pieces.

Another pleasing thing is that the verse-writers write their poems without being troubled with "figures of speech," or the rules of scansion. "Form IIIB [the authors of one of the plays] has never consciously encountered an iambic pentameter, and fears neither trochee nor anapaest." Which is better, to be able to answer examination papers about iambic

* Latin and Greek are taught at the Perse School by the direct method. It may be added that the practice of the school is to begin these languages at a somewhat later age than is customary in England; Latin when the boy is twelve, and Greek when he is fourteen. The results attained are extraordinary. Government reports have been published upon these aspects of the work done by the school.

pentameters, or be able to write iambic pentameters without knowing what their name is? Iambics such as these:—

> Summer and song together on the hills
> Have flown with her and helped her faithfully.
> I flew among the highest mountain peaks
> And summoned forth the eagles and the goats,
> The wolves and bears and all that live so high,
> And made them take the solemn binding oath.

The idea that these feats are the work of youthful geniuses has been repudiated. But here comes a subtler attack. Perhaps the school selects the clever boys and concentrates attention on them—a fatal fault, if so it be, in these days of legislating for the average. I am not an advocate of the Perse School; I never have visited it, nor have I met anyone who has seen it at work; I am confined to these five books,—these specimens of work, Mr. Cook's five prefatory essays, and the Headmaster's two introductions. So I say that I do not know whether this charge (which I have heard made) is justified or not, but I do say that such facts as are before me tell against it. Ninety-five boys are mentioned as the authors of plays, poems or prose studies which are quoted; of these eight belong to the Sixth Form, i.e., are seniors, and 87 belong to junior forms. In addition, about fifty fragments are quoted anonymously. The thronging numbers of little poets and essayists apply an arithmetical disproof; it is not reasonable to suppose that a school of ordinary size has quite so many exceptionally clever junior boys. Again, nearly all the boys who compose these entrancing poems when they are little cease to write verse when they pass from boyhood into youth. A comparison of the numbers, eight against eighty-seven, shows this; further, the poems of these older boys, while good enough, and showing an admirable degree of culture, lack the clear, fresh note which is so remarkable in the work of the youngsters. I may add a few further figures. Of the 87 juniors 44 appear as writing poems only, 22 have prose only to their credit, and 21 are authors of both poetry and prose. Even these figures are incomplete, for one or two plays

and several fine poems are composite. When so many boys in one community write, it is more reasonable to conclude that the masters have tapped some new vein of child nature than that their school possesses so inordinate a number of precocious or specially able children. Perhaps I may analyze the figures even further. Out of 171 poems five were by boys who were nine years old at the time of writing; 25 by boys of 10; 39 by boys of 11; 67 by boys of 12; 24 by boys of 13; nine by boys of 14; one by a fifteen year old, and one by a sixteen year old. Surely if it is a matter of cultivating clever boys, while we might have this rapid rise to the prolific age of twelve, we should not see the even more abrupt drop to silent fifteen. If we consider the quality of the poems, it also is to be noticed that many of the best are by the younger boys. Moreover, a number of the best poems are by lads who appear once and once only. Perhaps I have laboured this point enough; but before I quit it I may quote a passage from Mr. Cook. He has been contending that "the Spirit of the Group" is responsible for much of the work done:—

". . there are two other boys who also miss the composition lessons of this Form. The first did belong to a group whose activity is just now in abeyance. He is one of 'the Gods,' and composed last term two of the nine fine chapters in the *Lay of Finn*. Since then, owing to absence on one day in the week, he has not made one of any active play-group. In consequence he is still trying as unlessoned homework to write studies of the Northern mythology in the Beowulf style. But as that game is not being played just now there is no body of persons to support him in the spirit of the thing. So he who could handle his style as a master last term, now finds himself helpless when cut off from the group. He has seen this himself, and more than once complained this term that the strength was gone out of him and his hand had lost her cunning."

There is something deeply mysterious in childhood. Why do children preserve in their games, in their point of view, in their method of reasoning, the characteristics of primitive and mediæval man ? And, lest this mystery be not sufficiently difficult, how is it that, whereas the twentieth century little boy is remarkably different from the twentieth century man, the twentieth century little girl is remarkably like the twentieth

century woman? Mr. Cook remarks that an audience of boys bears a strong resemblance to the audiences to whom Shakespeare played and for whom he wrote; he hints that the revival of Shakespeare may come from his being performed by boys. Looking over his five Playbooks one is struck with the freshness of the vein of poetry which has been tapped. The boys take to the ballad form, apparently by instinct. They throw themselves into the spirit of the Norse adventurers. Their observation of nature is clear and fresh. Above all, they have the true feeling of romance. That spirit, the flower of mediæval life, seems their very own. I must close an article which of set purpose has been little but quotation with two or three citations more—this time of this vein of romance. "Puck" Mason—so called because he acted that worthy's part—is twelve years old, and has produced only one poem of note. Here it is; it was composed on his namesake's lines:—

> Yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
> At whose approach, Ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
> Troop home to Churchyards; damnéd spirits all,
> That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
> Already to their wormy beds are gone;
> For fear lest day should look their shames upon . . .

This is how young Mason throws himself into this magical passage:—

> See how the night is drawing to its end,
> And dawn appears.
> A weary way these ghostly spirits wend,
> Broken with fears.
>
> For these are damnéd spirits who do hate
> The light of day,
> Hiding their dreadful shame and bitter fate
> As best they may.

That is the eery side of romance. Do you want romance with a spiritual note? Read "Evensong" by Cyril Stubblefield, aged eleven years and one month:—

I went to bed last night
By the dim candle light,
I heard the old church bell
Go Pell, pell, pell.

After the bell ceased ringing
I heard the choir-boys singing
Their evening psalms,
As they walked round carrying palms.

Then on the windows of glass,
As each one seemed to pass,
I saw the angels of God,
Each one carrying a rod.

This school, this teacher, it seems, have found out how to tap a well-spring of beauty in ordinary human nature. Clear, fresh, direct, shallow and untroubled, but sparkling and limpid, there gushes from the minds of these children a fount of poesy. I close with one last poem—by a lad of eleven and a half—Douglas Simmonds:—

The sun's last ray has left the sky,
  The red has vanish'd fast,
And now to rest the birds skim by—
  These are the very last.

The wind moans through the trees all bare
  Playing a mournful tune,
And now comes out with icy stare
  Night's mistress, Lady Moon.

C. F. Hamilton

# IMPRESSIONS OF WARSAW

IN recording a few impressions gained during a stay in Warsaw shortly before the outbreak of war, I must pay tribute to a little friend, native of that city and sculptress, who shall be here known as Karasinska, who keen for our appreciation of things Polish and intimately acquainted with the byways of Warsaw became the indispensable illuminator of our rambles therein, where much that was of interest had otherwise escaped us.

We arrived at the small and shabby station at the north end of the city, and were vociferously greeted by a hovering swarm of hungry porters, who quarrelled among themselves in a strenuous competition for service, and swept us along with our bags to the dusty carriages outside, where rows of uncivil cabmen, in dilapidated blue coats with silver buttons, awaited their prey.

Flat and forlorn stretched the plain on either hand, a neighbourhood strewn with the rag and tag ends of industrialism and rubbish heaps, and derelict freight cars, like aged labourers in a well-earned repose.

The Nalewki up which we drove to our abode in the Krakowskie Przedmiescie is one of the main thoroughfares of the poorer shop-keeping class of Jew, where both Pole and Russian throng in countless numbers. They seemed to exude from the very pavements in dust-choked swarms. Shoddy buildings line this long street like low brown banks to a muddy river, enclosing the surging current of dense humanity that pours itself in unceasing and unresting flow between its narrow boundaries. One's carriage is borne this way and that upon the noisy flood, swerving from collision with a tram, dexterously avoiding the annihilation of a pedlar's cart to almost wreck upon a shoal of eager Hebrews who, absorbed in conversation, have overlapped the sidewalk and inextricably

mixed themselves with passing traffic. Long black gowns hide meagre forms, and low round hats sit tight above cadaverous faces and uncut locks, with a curl pulled forward from above each ear and pasted flat upon the cheek. These side curls are characteristic of the Pollak Jew, but the black felt hat that is ubiquitous at Cracow is here not so frequently worn.

Occasionally a passing face attracts by its intellectual forehead, its sensitive mouth, and far-seeing eyes that seem to pursue an unattainable object above the babel of the moving throng. Intense concentration each on his respective occupation is noticeable in many, as thinness of body distinguishes the majority, and deplorable dirtiness is common to all—not the picturesque filth and coloured raiment of the smiling children of the South; nay, merely monotonous here is the universal shabbiness, black shadows with dusty hair flitting past in dejected apathy, faces soiled as 'twere with great unhappiness, and in whose furrows is inscribed the tragedy of a race.

Arrived at our destination, I reflected on an observation previously made to me by a Muscovite friend concerning Warsaw which typified the attitude, though by no means universal, of the ordinary Russian toward that city and things Polish. Following the question as to what we expected to see in Warsaw, we were assured "that there was nothing there, that what it had possessed of value might now be seen more advantageously in St. Petersburg and Moscow." We subsequently proved some truth in this upon more than one occasion. The net of the despoilers has flung far and wide, gathering in its meshes many a pearl fished from the troubled waters of Poland. In company with Karasinska, one day I was traversing the tedious sequence of uninteresting apartments in the Zamek-Krolewski, formerly the palace for the kings of Poland, now the residence of the Russian Governor of Warsaw (and lastly I suppose in the turn of events occupied by the new Teutonic administrator). My companion paused before a massive picture frame upon the wall, enclosing empty space. "There," she exclaimed, "and there also," pointing to others, "are the homes of lost treasures, from where the

robbers have carried away the inhabitants." The portraits to which she alluded had been cut from their surrounding frames and transported to the galleries of Russia, save those —pictures of Polish patriots which had been destroyed. With pathos in her blue eyes she remarked, " We artists must work faithfully to replace for our poor country all that which has been lost to her."

In one of the reception rooms my attention was drawn to the Polish eagles carved above the immense doorway. Approached from a distance this emblem was screened effectually from observation by a monstrous chandelier, which, hanging directly before it, successfully achieved the purpose for which it was intended. This seemed to cause my little friend some entertainment.

Standing later in the shadow of the palace's pink-brown façade on the square of King Sigismund, we watched the sunlight glancing off the bayonets of passing soldiers. A splendid company, giants in khaki, red line on the trousers and tilt to the cap, swinging along to martial music under the very nose of poor old King Sigismund, who, now a bronze figure on a lofty pedestal, from where he surveys the doings of his square, refused to recognize them. " Fine fellows," I thought aloud. " What fighting qualities they must possess!" " They are Russians," said Karasinska, " for Polish soldiers,— and my brother is one, are kept in Russia."

On our way home she told me of her grandfather, as a student one day returning from the university in company with a well-beloved friend. Having paused to separate upon a street corner, they kissed one another, her grandfather whispering some words of affection in their native Polish—the forbidden tongue. Hardly had the phrase escaped him than an ungentle hand was laid upon his shoulder, he was taken from the side of his unhappy compatriot and eventually committed to a Russian fortress. We were silent a little after this melancholy story. " Times are changed," I at length observed. Karasinska nodded in acquiescence, but her lips parted in a thoughtful smile.

'Twas June and a sabbath morning. I was sitting in the public gardens, the Ogrod Saski, that beauty-spot upon the face of Warsaw, watching the white of falling waters in a mighty fountain against the vivid green and black of further trees. There had been rain, and conclaves of pleased petunias here and there rejoiced not modestly at all, but in a riotous ecstasy of colour. Transparent cloud shapes like soap bubbles floated high up here and there in the blue bowl of the sky. I heard the tramp of marching feet,—a company of soldiers, Russian soldiers, with their tilted caps, passed by over the crunching gravel. I followed them into the open square, the Plac Saski, where stands in lordly splendour the new Greek Catholic cathedral of St. Alexander Nevski.* Up its broad white steps they mounted and disappeared within its round arched portals. Like a gold crowned potentate of old Byzantium upon a marble throne the gilded dome rose gleaming from the white lofty walls, and beside it, five lesser cupolas, like aspirants for an honoured place, thrust up their burnished glory to the morning sun.

The towering belfry of the church, from which though detached it is not isolated, being more neighbourly than aloof, flung out a rushing tumult of tempestuous bells. Half barbarous, wholly triumphant, resistlessly they poured into one stormy cataract of sound. Who that has heard the bells of Russia can be indifferent to or soon forget their wild, sweet clamour! Not to the senses, alone, appealing, but captivating the imagination by their ardent pleading. A vision rose—it seemed I was again in Moscow, that city of ten thousand bells that set the air vibrating with the exultant uproar of their tongues. 'Twas Easter Day, the tripping, crashing, clanging bells proclaimed it, tumbling out into the sunshine over the sparkling, gilded roofs, like happy children on a holiday; some plaintive, like the fluttering, eager noise of birds escaping from a golden cage, and some like voices in a joyous roundelay. Then white walls, blue domes and spangled, the glittering of

*Since the German occupation this church has been re-christened, and is now known as St. Heinrich.

cross and crescent, a winding river and the dust of plains that mistily the scene enfolded. I was again in Poland beneath the lonely belfry, and it seemed to cry in loud, insistent and expostulating tones, "Behold, exotic though I be and grafted on this land, my stock is vigorous. I am not easily uprooted, for beneath me is the seed of Russia."

Within the church among the standing worshippers mingled the soldiers I had seen. Reverent in attitude and rapt in their devotions, their voices blended in passionate intensity with the melodious intoning of the long-haired priests, who, in robes of golden damask, like stiff and gorgeous figures of mediæval saints, sent clouds of incense rolling up to the dark mysterious and lynx-eyed Madonna upon the glittering screen. Following the upward and adoring gaze of a man in my vicinity, I encountered a watchful pair of eyes, presumably belonging to the Deity, staring intently down into my own from the interior of a cupola. This decorating of the inner dome with an enormous head of God or Christ that completely fills it, in painting or mosaic, is characteristic of the Russian churches. In the cathedrals of St. Savior and St. Basil in Moscow, where this design is executed with remarkable sincerity, it obtains an effect both striking and impressive. But somehow in this church in Warsaw, referring as well to its mural paintings, accuracy of detail and perspective has occasionally been sacrificed in the magnitude of the proportions—hence a result that is not altogether pleasing nor artistic. No sooner had I moved from under one dome, where an immense pair of eyes of saint or angel made me feel uncomfortable by their reproachful gaze, than I found myself beneath another cupola where yet a stare more vast and stony sought to penetrate the secrets of my miserable soul. I felt of a sudden unaccountably guilty and hastened from the cathedral.

We did not altogether share the enthusiasm of our little friend, Karasinska, for the native churches of the Roman Catholic faith, in many of which absence of stained glass, the plastered walls, prosaic pews and tawdry ornament all combined to have an unpleasing effect. To most, however, adhered some

story or legend investing each with a particular interest—one is possessor of the urn that holds the heart of Chopin,who, though dying in Paris, his adopted city, yet bequeathed this legacy to his native land. Another has a gloomy chapel which contains a life-size figure of our Saviour on the cross, carved in one piece from an ancient oak with the burning realism of those days when men wrought what they believed and brought a reverence to their endeavour. More than one legend clung about this Christ; 'twas claimed the drooping head would raise its wondrous face to bestow a blessing upon the soul of a pure worshipper.

In the church of St. Joseph, which was burnt in the Swedish wars but re-erected in 1782, so beautiful is a sculpture in Carrara marble of the entombed Christ that a special chapel has been built for its reception, and a monument erected in the same church to commemorate the creator, Oscar Sosnowski.

In the narrow Swietojanska, one of the old streets of Warsaw, you will discover one of the earliest of its churches, the Gothic cathedral of St. John whose foundations were laid in the thirteenth century. Though it has been restored and altered since that period, it is not large nor imposing, crowded in by lesser dwellings which detract somewhat from its beauty. Aspiring to the air and sunshine from its poor surroundings, its façade tapers into slim circular towers that rise one above the other, topped by delicately carved crowns, the whole resembling the pipes of an organ to which the low flat porch beneath supplies the keyboard.

The interior of this church is adorned with excellent sculpture and paintings, chief of which is the altar-piece by a Venetian master.

Poverty in the surrounding district is very great. Where a church in Warsaw is entered by a flight of steps they are usually flanked on either hand by the sick and miserable who here waylay the prosperous on the road to their devotions. Friday is the beggar's red-letter day, for through all the week that is the only day on which he may demand an alms.

In the course of our rambles we came to the conservatorium, a tall gloomy building of weather-beaten stone. "This," said Karasinska, "will become renowned, for here our beloved Paderewski received a part of his musical education." The buildings stand upon the foundations of an ancient castle to which a peculiar legend is attached. It is said that from its gloomy dungeons at times there rises a long drawn-out and sobbing cry which changes when the wind is still into a melancholy song. As the story goes—in olden times there was imprisoned here a famous princess, one of the inhabitants of the castle, whose form was changed for some irregularity of conduct into that of a golden swan. Her release might only be accomplished through the ability of some gallant knight to refrain throughout a day's length from the performance of one single brave or generous deed. But so perfect were the reputed manners of the period that out of three who volunteered their services not one successfully performed his mission. Lastly there appeared a fourth, a courteous knight and Christian gentleman, who on completion of the day devoted by him to the suppression of all tender hearted promptings had regained the castle, when witnessing the struggles of a child that had fallen over into the waters of the moat he thoughtlessly plunged to its assistance, rendering invalid thereby his all-day career of stony-heartedness. So to this day at intervals the voice of the imprisoned maiden may be heard ascending from the midnight of her keep in mournful lamentation

Tag-day again! Why, only the day before yesterday—but what avails it to protest in foreign tongue against the paper daisy pinned on you by a persuasive butterfly in the person of a charming damsel daintily attired! Her fair compatriots flutter up to you at every other corner with youths of their acquaintance decorated like perambulating meadows, who smile and bow apologetically as they shake their trays with a suggestive rattle and cast a hopeful eye upon the stranger.

"It takes many a kopek to assist the poor of Warsaw," observed Karasinska, adding that the holding of frequent "tag-days" had proved a successful method of obtaining funds for home charities, which were almost altogether dependent upon local support. Generosity has ever been characteristic of the Poles, where the welfare of their less fortunate countrymen has been concerned. More than one stale shabby coat displayed its tag, the yellow daisy, whose wearer, proudly fingering it, was conscious of having thus added his mite to the relief of a yet needier brother.

This day's proceeds went to the "Association for the Promoting of Native Industries," whose exhibition in a shop on the Alejo Jerosolimska showed fine specimens of the weaver's art, which, through the skilled workers of Warsaw, attains a very high standard. Homespun blankets of superb quality and pattern were ranged alongside of rare embroideries in both silk and silver thread, whose intricate designs cost not a little, doubtless, to the patient brains that wrought them. Besides heavy woven materials in sombre hues and lighter fabrics of delicate texture there was some remarkably fine work upon leather. The poorer Poles depend largely for their subsistence upon the product of their looms.

There was a little tea-room in the street Jasna, possibly now non-existent since the tidal wave of war engulfed Warsaw, sweeping away with it things happy and pleasurable, which was called the Kawiarnia Egyipska, its interior decoration and furnishing being carried out in Egyptian style. As I remember it, adherence to this idea was tastefully observed to the minutest details, with an effect both charming and unique. Velvety carpets of Egyptian blue smothered the sound of footsteps, enabling one to appreciate the excellent orchestra. The "Book of the Dead" unrolled itself, chapter by chapter, as a deep frieze upon the blue walls, and graceful columns raised their lotus-blossomed capitals toward a starry firmament, the ceiling. Spread-winged scarabs adorned the chairbacks, and solemn sphinxes upheld the tables upon which stood nosegays in miniature urns, while hawk and ibis shared the weight

of candelabra. A decorative menu card showed Isis and Osiris proffering Russian pastry and French chocolate in the Polish tongue, while the familiar words "five o'clock" inserted themselves within the royal cartouche.

Very popular was this tea-room with the young people of Warsaw, who assembled with gay chatter under the artificial palm trees. Pretty smartly dressed girls ate ice cream in company with their male associates, and seemed to amuse themselves much the same as in America, for the fair sex in Poland enjoy a greater liberty than do their Russian sisters.

There are excellent restaurants in Warsaw, and as for bun shops, their name is legion. Tiny little places, most of them, literally choked with confectionery, and crowded so closely together that in some streets, as in the Marszalkowska, one sees them side by side in flourishing rivalry. They brought to mind the luscious abundance in the bake-shops of Germany by their variety of pretzells, doughnuts and crullers, and rum-cakes oozing delightfully under pressure. The rich cream and pastry displayed by the delicatessen shops in Moscow are here not so much in evidence.

Apropos of the fine Hungarian wines which are quite a specialty of Warsaw, there is an old Latin-Polish saying "Hungariae natum—Warszawa educatum," of which we sought the truth in company with Karasinska.

The Stare-Miasto (market square) at which we presently arrived through numerous small streets, lies in the older portion of the city, to the north-east, not far from the Vistula river. Here something of the character of Warsaw in the fifteenth century is retained, affording an interesting glimpse of earlier days. The market, not differing much from any other in that it is noisy, crowded, dirty and picturesque, is surveyed, it would seem, with disfavour by the tall and ancient dwellings which enclose it. Through the eyes of their serried windows and the mouths beneath of gaping portals they wear an imploring expression like faces of deaf mutes longing for utterance to relate of happier times. Hoary veterans,

these houses, which have witnessed the passing of more fortunate days and now hold each other closely for mutual consolation amid the encompassing poverty and squalor. Shoulder to shoulder some rise to six stories, wonderfully narrow, out-at-elbows and begrimed—they yet proclaim a faded aristocracy, wearing the badges of past distinction in bits of old sculpture upon their fronts and Latin inscriptions on stone plates above their arching doorways. One, abutting on the street called the "Narrow Danube," was formerly a royal residence that sheltered one of the princes of Mazovia. Another, in process of repair, has been preserved as a museum, through the efforts of some Polish people, and boasts a carved oak staircase worth a visit in itself. Number twenty-seven, however, was the house we sought, for beneath it lies a famous cellar dating from the year 1610, and containing rare old wines of Hungary. It is the property of the Fukiers, one of the oldest families in Warsaw, in whose possession it has been for generations. We read the sign, "The House of the Ship," above the doorway and raised a weather-beaten knocker for admittance. In the dusk of the interior an old carved model of an ancient frigate hung directly overhead, the relic of a previous sea-faring owner, and behind it a steep and narrow staircase wound darkly upwards like a tunnel to the upper stories. It is a mystery how the people of those days throve at all within their ill-lit dwellings.

Beneath the arched ceiling of a room upon whose walls hung many a quaint and valuable old print, we proved the flavour of some Hungarian wine to be all that and more than was claimed for it; our host meanwhile, Karasinska translating, regaling us with tales of famous gatherings and of various celebrities who from time to time had visited his cellars. He conducted us later through their pitchy darkness, to which we descended, groping, as it were, back through the dust of centuries, following the flickering candle of our guide from one cell to another, where the wine of successive periods was stored. In the last of these he struck another light, flashing it up over the rows of shelves to show the ancient bottles sitting quietly

(one could not expect them to move out hastily at more than forty roubles a bottle!) where hands had placed them in sixteen hundred and ten, and festooned with cobwebs so immense as to make shudder all save the most inveterate wine-bibber.

A stranger to Warsaw would not seek its Art Gallery for the purpose of studying the old masters, though amongst them there were some fine examples of Durer and Rembrandt; the latter-day artists, full as they are of aspiration and promise, will be likely to possess for him a greater interest and their achievements afford him a livelier pleasure. There has been excellent work accomplished by Polish sculptors of to-day, whose goal of ambition is usually the Paris Salon. Modestly did Karasinska direct our notice to the fine specimens from her own hands that were exhibited in the Warsaw Gallery—one a splendid type of peasant maidenhood with her long braids, deep-set eyes and graceful form as yet unspoiled by years of stooping in the fields of labour. Another—the peasant, wrinkled and bent, tilling his soil, with a long string of straining oxen—studies from nature at her summer home near Alexandrov.

In this gallery were two landscapes in oil that have become for me an ineffaceable memory, although I cannot rightly remember the name of the artist who was their originator. Not alone remarkable were they for technical superiority and a masterly handling of colour, but as the expression of a powerful and inspired soul seeking to interpret life through the manifestations of nature. I found in both these paintings an unconscious symbolism. In the first, a wide expanse of rain-soaked fields with drunken furrows staring up at the sullen dawn. Thunderous clouds are brooding over the havoc they have wrought on the exhausted land. Some drag their heavy draperies about them, for the storm is lulled, but the tops of mighty poplars catch and rend their flying garments and shivering in distress shake their pale hands at the menacing heavens. But beyond the mists and trees swaying in passionate grief, above the dull sapphire hills in the infinite distance there gleams the advancing glory of the new-born day.

In the second picture late afternoon sunlight floods with rare glory a scene radiant in spring, and spreads itself luxuriously over the deep steady waters of a pool whose surface is imperceptibly disturbed by floating myriads of animalculæ. A willow, reddened with the flowing sap, leans down from the bank and laves its long arms in the stream, while timid birches with their white feet at the water's edge peep over at the reflection of their new buds' ineffable green. Here nature is in a mood of peace and tranquility and the new life goes singing in her heart. In the first picture I fancied that I saw Poland exhausted under the storms of history, overhung and menaced by the clouds of war and prostrated by their devastating rain of lead; her worn-out soil had yet produced indomitable souls who, rending aside the shroud of oppression, had thrust their heads into the lightnings of battle and hurled defiance at their conquerors. Shall their ambitions remain forever unfulfilled, their cherished hopes unsatisfied! Let us see there in that background the dawning day of enlightenment, when peace and justice rule the hearts of men and Poland shall be restored in all her broken parts to national unity. In the other painting I saw the realization of this long-deferred dream, where in the spring of resurrected nationality the sun of emancipation reaches to the depths of consciousness and stimulates to new and eager growth the potentialities of racial character and genius.

Where the busy thoroughfare, Krakowskie Przedmiescie (Cracow Suburb) merges its activity into that of the narrow and noisier Nowy-Swiat (New World) there stands a more than life-sized statue by Thorwaldsen of Copernicus, the illustrious Pole. I never saw this monument but that I felt a thrill of satisfaction in the beholding. The great astronomer in a seated posture holds a spheroid on his knees. With natural ease and dignity he rests upon his marble base, embodying the very spirit of contemplation in the serene indifference that his whole attitude expresses toward his environment. A simple garment is folded gracefully about the figure and turns back in a wide flat collar from the throat.

The head, whose beautiful contour is enhanced by its smooth hair falling in curls about the neck, is tilted slightly backwards with the eyes of the profound thinker lifted to the sky. Five centuries retreat—one sees the earnest savant at his window, a discoverer in the night, with his body upon earth and his mind among the stars. O, happy Copernicus! I suppose that still you sit there absorbed in the mysteries of the extended skies, while round your base the ebb and flow of the destiny of your troubled race break into mighty waves that cannot even touch you with their spray but leave you moveless. "Some day," observed Karasinska, regarding this statue, "we shall have one of Ignace Paderewski, but a Polish sculptor shall conceive it,"—"and rare talent must he possess," thought I, who would emulate this noble conception of the Dane's.

Continuing along the Nowy-Swiat in a southerly direction a carriage soon brought us into the pleasant driveway Aleja Ujazdowska, with its parks upon one side and the well-kept gardens of its wealthy residences upon the other. Alas, how sad and great a change must since have swept over this once peaceful, happy avenue, for so many of those smiling homes are now closed in shuttered gloom, and many a gardener that I saw busy over his tall sweet peas will return no more. The sun filtering between the great trees bordering the roadway sparkled on the rolling spokes of handsome equipages and lit up many a fair face enjoying her daily drive, where the same sun now glints upon the helmet of the haughty Prussian as he takes his airing. Benches along the curbstone accommodated modest and lesser beings who came out to watch the flittings of the prosperous. Tall boys in socks and knee pants with large silk bows under their chins ran after hoops, and young men of the shop-keeping class strolled about with linked arms and bunches of little pretzells dangling on a long string from their buttonholes.

A Russian church is passed and then the Botanical Gardens before, descending abruptly upon the left through a green tunnel of over-arching trees, one reaches the beautiful Park

Lazienki. This was in old times the hunting ground of the Mazovian princes, and though yet a picturesque and frequented spot is reminiscent of a vanished gaiety. Its small artificial lakes, where once the hunters sought refreshment when heated with the chase, reflect the pillared whiteness of a little palace in their midst, erected in the eighteenth century on the site of the old bath house. Built by King Stanislaus, it was purchased later from his successors by the Emperor Alexander I. On an island in one of the ponds is found a stage for theatrical performances, and facing it across a narrow strip of water, a stone amphitheatre. Elsewhere, upon a bridge, one sees a warlike horseman, who, on nearer view, proves to be the valiant Sobieski in stone, trampling victoriously upon the prostrate body of a Turk. This statue, with its quaintly triumphant air, was begun in the reign of the aforesaid king, but not completed until a century later when it was placed here by order of King Stanislaus. Not till then did the young sculptor, to whose chisel its completion had been entrusted, become aware that though he had mounted the gallant Sobieski upon a dashing charger, he had neglected to provide him with spurs. So overcome with chagrin was he at the mortifying discovery that his dead body was found later floating in the Vistula.

The pride of the park lies in its magnificent trees, framing glorious vistas on every hand, but over all—park, ponds and theatre—brooded a spirit of melancholy. Waters that once bubbled sparkling are now nearly stagnant, with here and there a desolate swan floating disconsolately, and persistent pleasure-seekers in creaking punts, who pushed themselves about upon the torpid surface. Dampness exhaled from the dilapidated theatre, whose seats seemed occupied by the faded ghosts of laughter-loving folk; and though exquisite in summer the bright beds of flowering life, here and there, like drops of milk and wine upon the green, they threaten to be overwhelmed by the uncut grass surrounding them.

In the country south of Warsaw many a noble, who prefers wintering in the city, makes his summer home, and in this

direction lie some beautiful estates. One of the nearest to Warsaw is that at Willanow, which, among others, made the objective for delightful excursions in the open cars of a little narrow-gauge railway. In the days of clover-scented June, we passed by green and waving fields where peasants in bright smocks stooped to gather, and over which the sweet winds rushed with the breath of farther meadows, and myriads of insects hid and hummed unseen amid the lush and undulating grass. The country unrolled on either hand with a soft and even beauty; here and there a mighty elm upheld the hedge and little brooks were heard confiding in the willows.

The park at Willanow is not a large one, but here we sauntered by a quiet and little river and a towering yew hedge, or sought the enchantment of its gardens, or sat beneath benign old trees that Sobrieski planted more than two hundred years ago. And adorning all of this is the palace which he built of snowy whiteness, low with terraced roof and set-in pillars in the walls, and in its interior he placed the treasures he had brought from Rome. Many a time has the property changed hands since 1377, when the princes of Mazovia owned it. To-day its occupant is successor to the late Countess Augusta Potocka, the original of the well-known portrait, whose ancestors sleep under a Gothic tomb not far away among the trees. Now, after the ravages and spoliation of the great invasion, I wonder what has been its fate!

Unhappy Warsaw! Not proudly placed like Buda-Pest, nor modelled like superb Berlin, nor yet distinctive as is Moscow, the child of Russia, it nevertheless retains an honoured place within the traveller's memory. For there its dingy parts, with its industrialism and its mournful history will fade, while remembrance will keep the old substantial palaces and legends, its art, its gardens and the stately river by its side, and, above all, the culture and hospitality of its people and their ever-ready welcome to the stranger.

IRIS L. MUDGE

# THE SWORD IN THE LAND OF SONG

## WHAT ITALIAN PATRIOTISM OWES TO VERDI'S OPERAS

WHEN the news was flashed across the world that Italy had drawn the sword in favour of the Allies, the name which sprang at once to the mind of a student of musical history was not that of King Victor Emmanuel III or Signor Salandra, or even Garibaldi, but Giuseppe Verdi.

History has been lavish in her witness to the truth of Sir Christopher Musgrave's sentiment that "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws." Only fifteen years before Fletcher of Saltoun wrote the letter to Montrose in which the words are quoted, Lord Wharton boasted that he had "sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms" with his ridiculous doggerel "Lillibulero." It would have been at once more graceful, and not have implied inanity on the part of his fellow-countrymen, had he acknowledged the debt which the words he wrote owed to the music which Purcell composed (or, as some maintain, adapted) to them.

A century after "Lillibulero" had proved the unmusical English to be more susceptible to a song than any other nation had ever shown itself to be before, "La Marseillaise" achieved an effect in France which was scarcely less dramatic and—in regard to the words, deservedly—more enduring. For time as it passes only seems to emphasize the definiteness with which Rouget de Lisle's song becomes accepted as the national anthem of liberty over half the world. And lest it be thought that only the older civilizations could be powerfully swayed by music, it is well, when humming "Yankee Doodle," to remember that this simple ditty is clear proof of the contrary. For if it did not, like the clarion blasts of Israel, cause the walls

of a great city to fall, it had an almost equally miraculous effect—it made, or largely helped to make, the national consciousness of a great people to rise.

One must not interpret the word "ballad" as used by Musgrave too literally. Equal influence has occasionally been exercised by one of those larger and more academic works in which popular songs have very often received their first hearing. History does not record any sensational result as following the performance at the Cockpit in Drury Lane in 1658 of the opera "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," or in 1659 of "The History of Sir Francis Drake," and Flecknoe's "Marriage of Ocean and Britannia." But their *daily* performance was connived by a Puritan Government which prohibited ordinary stage plays; indeed, it is said to have been secretly encouraged. And this was in all likelihood because Cromwell, who, despite the vandalisn of his followers, was a great lover of music, and doubtless aware of its power over the populace, was contemplating a war with Spain. But whatever room for doubt there may be in connexion with these earlier works, there can be none in regard to the famous "Beggars' Opera" produced in 1727: for the influence which its scathing satires on social and political foppery exercised over the nation was an outstanding feature of English life of the period. And as the music consisted entirely of popular airs it was a singularly apt illustration of Musgrave's contention whether taken literally or in wider sense. To avoid suspicion of an oversight, perhaps the famous "battles" between Germany and Italy as represented by Handel and Buononcini in London in 1750, and Gluck and Piccini in Paris in 1762, should be alluded to. But these were cases of politics influencing art rather than of art influencing politics. The first case of an opera directly causing a political uprising would appear to be that of Auber's Muette de Portici, better known in this country as "Masaniello," the work in which a French composer suddenly rose to a height of dramatic passion of which he had never previously been thought capable, and which, produced in Brussels (Aug. 25, 1830) resulted in the Dutch being

driven out of Belgium. St. Cecilia, however, has not been unmindful of poetic justice; and Italy, the birthplace of opera as now understood,* can claim, not a mere riot resulting from a single opera, but that her greatest national movement in modern times has been largely inspired by the master-works of her greatest composer.

When, in 1814, the Russian and Austrian soldiery, devastating Italy, passed through the little hamlet of Roncole, the women took refuge in the church. Finding even this sanctuary no safeguard from brutalities and murder, one of them hid herself and her yearling infant behind some lumber in the belfry. Thereby she prospectively saved to the world some eight of its operatic masterpieces; and to her country one of the greatest forces in the evolution of its national consciousness.

For the lad thus saved was Giuseppe Verdi, the composer whose works exercised a greater political influence than those of any other of music's masters. His operas were a more potent patriotic factor, and more of them were suppressed or altered, in reluctant obedience to police orders, than was the case with the output of any other maker of music. The Milanese, the pioneers of Italian revolution, seized upon his third opera, *Il Lombardi*, dealing with the Crusades, as an expression of their own longing to throw off an oppressive yoke, and received it with tumultous applause. The next, *Ernani*, had a republican flavour—it was an adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*. The police declared that they could not allow a conspiracy on the stage, and only sanctioned the performance after many alterations in both words and music had been made. The changes were not sufficient, however, to prevent the Venetians—the opera was first produced in the city of islands—from showing themselves as patriotic as the Milanese.

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* In England opera had an origin different from what it had abroad. It was not the outcome of an endeavour to revive the Greek drama with chorus, but a development of the Masque, an out-door play with music. Unfortunately, after the death of Purcell, whose operas had a style of their own, national characteristics were strangled by the over-mastering genius of Handel, who, in his operas was purely Italian.

Little less successful—after some intervening failures—and even remarkable for the patriotic fervour it aroused was *Attila*, produced in 1846. The demure crowds who heard this opera merely as a work of art outside the Peninsular Kingdom had little conception of the *furore* its political allusions excited in Italy itself: especially the line:—

*Cara Patria gia madre e Regina.*

At Venice especially the overcrowded house was excited to frenzy by the opportunity of letting the Austrian Government know its feelings! Clapping of hands, shouts, cries, screams, stamping, were heard from every corner; while hats, bonnets, fans, books of words, flowers, newspapers, flew from the galleries to the stalls, and from the stalls back to the boxes on the stage—the din drowning both chorus and orchestra.

The Austrian police were now keenly on the alert, and an adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'Amuse* was only allowed to appear when its Italian title had been altered from *La Maledizione* to *Rigoletto*, and Francois I had been boiled down into a Duke of Mantua! Another of Verdi's royal heroes, *Gustave III*, was required to undergo an even greater change: for fear of identification with Napoleon III he had to be metamorphosed into an American official—Governor Richard of Boston! Nor was this all. "*I Vespri Siciliani*" was objected to in Italy on the ground that it might suggest another revolt, and a different libretto, *Giovanna di Guzman*, had to be substituted. It was never a great success. Curiously enough in Paris, despite its representing a defeat of the French, it met with considerable appreciation.

Meanwhile, at the height of the excitement about Gustavo III, which Verdi had at first refused to alter, some inventive genius discovered that the composer's name formed a patriotic acrostic:—

Viva Vittorio
Emmanule
Re
Di
Italia.

Needless to say that by this means fuel was added to the fire, and the cry "Viva Verdi!" with its now double meaning reverberated through Italy and Sardinia.

An interesting proof, were it wanted, of the extent to which Verdi was looked upon as a patriotic asset and the musical apostle of Italian nationalism, is furnished by the consternation and jealousy with which his countrymen regarded a feature peculiar to some of his later works. This was a supposed leaning towards German methods. A note of warning "Wagner in the air" was audible in Italy after the production of *Otello*, and became a cry of alarm after *Falstaff*.

Though the fear was not altogether unnatural, there was at bottom no cause for doubting the musical loyalty of the popular idol. Enthusiastic crowds are not remarkable for careful discrimination, and those of Italy mistook technical development for a pandering to outside influences. But to develop an art, as Verdi did that of the opera, is not necessarily to lessen by an iota its nationality. The robustness which Verdi imparted to Italian opera appeared as early as his *Nabucco*, 1842, long before Wagnerian influence had begun to spread. Two years later, in *Ernani*, he used recurring themes to emphasize important moments in the action,—years antecedent to the time when Wagner made the *leit-motif*—which he did not invent—a thing of his own by his consummate use of it. It is in *Aïda* that Verdi makes his nearest approach to Wagner—an approach which Sir A. C. Mackenzie declares to be "very subtle, for it is extremely difficult to discover;" while, as regards the *leit-motif* the same authority pronounces the two subsequent and last operas, *Otello* and *Falstaff*, to read "like direct protests against its use," and in other respects to be "quite un-Wagnerian." On the other hand, the individuality of the "grand old man of music," as Verdi was affectionately called, is stronger in his later than in his earlier works. He died January 27th, 1901, his funeral being attended by three hundred thousand people.

CLEMENT A. HARRIS

# AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING A NATIONAL DEMENTIA

IN spite of many ingenious conjectures and much careful analysis, no one seems to have yet discovered what is the nature of the curious twist in the mind of Germany that has made her more unlike every other nation than the Mile End costermonger is unlike the Cossack of the Don, or the African Hottentot is unlike the New York stockbroker. The outward points of resemblance to the white human being, his clothes, habit of eating with a knife and fork, and general attributes of an unfeathered biped, make the real and innate dissimilarity of the German only all the more startling.

We cannot account for this peculiarity by merely describing it as insanity. The ordinary human being, unlike the man of science, may not consider he has satisfactorily accounted for a phenomenon by placidly sticking a label on it. But looked at from a purely abstract point of view, the attitude of the German mind of this generation presents an interesting study. The highest characteristic of the German is not what he has been taught to regard it himself, a superiority in every detail to all other minds, nor, as its admirers in England and America consider it, a superlative capacity for invention and organization: it is merely an aptitude for taking pains, a phrase by which some one once mistakenly defined genius. This aptitude he possesses to a point of perfection unapproached by any other nation except possibly the Japanese. So while it is not soothing for other nations, such as the French and the English, to see their inventions appropriated and skilfully commercialized by others, they have but themselves to thank. They are too easily bored; a German is never bored.

This capacity of the German people that they seem to have been born with, and have certainly developed by

training, is a logical human attribute and can be accounted for. Unfortunately, taken in conjunction with the curious moral perversion of the German mind referred to, it finds a field for an enormous amount of mischief like great muscular strength in a criminal lunatic. And at the same time it greatly confuses any attempt to discover the nature of that moral perversion; its manifestations are plain but seem to obey no known laws. One can understand how a child will deny having been near the pantry, while tell-tale jam-stains are visible on its mouth. But we cannot understand how a nation at war will declare that poisoning by gas-fumes causes a painless death, when the very audience it is addressing can see men dying horribly painful deaths from such poisoning. The German seems, when explaining his conduct, to be quite unaware that two contradictory propositions cannot support a theory. There must be something mentally unsound in being satisfied with an argument based on the contention that Germany did not violate the neutrality of Belgium, and also that she did so because it was vitally necessary she should forestall France who was going to do so. Either proposition reveals her as logically and morally deficient, since she was at the time in armed occupation of Belgium on her own initiative. Nor could France's (supposed) criminal intention excuse Germany's criminal action against a third party. But to assume that the two propositions taken together can belong to any process of reasoning, is to obliterate axioms as essential as the law of the cohesion of matter. One cannot appeal to an intellect taking such an attitude, because it is impossible to ascertain what one has in common with it. If a peddler charges two cents for two apples, but on your buying four cents' worth, gravely assures you that while two and two make four in cents, they only make three in apples, it would be impossible to deal with him on any basic price; each individual transaction would be subject to a law of its own. For if two and two only make three in apples, but four in cents, what might happen to carrots? Even Newton or Napier would have been incapable

of telling us how many cabbages could be had for sixty cents at the price of two for fifteen.

At the risk of becoming over-diffuse, it will be necessary to pass in review a few actual cases revealing this unique attitude of mind into which the German intellect at large has fallen. A rather typical instance is that of the Kaiser's describing the British Expeditionary Forces as "General French's contemptible little army," and yet exhorting his own enormous military organization to devote its entire attention to walking over it. If the Kaiser's army is so enormous and irresistible, why use it all for so trivial a purpose? But he wants respect and awe for the size of his army, and contempt for that of the British; he wants both and, like a child, he must have, or appear to have both. That both cannot be involved in one proposition does not strike him. The mental deficiency here evidenced is essentially that of an incomplete or child's intellect: and it is entirely beyond all human reason to predict the result of ranging such a quality alongside the undoubted intellectual activity of Wilhelm II. It may be only amusing, and it may be illimitably dangerous. It has been both.

There is a similar note of mental unsoundness in Professor Munsterberg's screed, concerning the entire regeneration of American life by German idealism. It appears that every reform of value that has been adopted in America is the result of German idealism. The Professor is careful to itemize the abolition of big crackers on the Fourth, and level crossings, the campaign against waste of national resources, race-suicide and intemperance. He expends no time in argument, merely stating all this as a fact. It is the result of German influences.

But suddenly the war broke out. All is threatened with wholesale destruction. As the Professor pathetically observes: "Fire-crackers burst; the passions sway; the fire-eaters shout." The demand for military preparedness, it appears to him, "may perhaps be hasty. Yet," he continues, "it cannot be denied, however noble the pacifistic ideals are,

their promoters have not succeeded as yet in proposing a single plan by which war would be abolished, and yet at the same time possibilities be given for the healthy growth of progressive peoples, and for the *historically necessary reduction of decadent nations.*"

Now, I contend that the Professor's statements are something more than merely illogical. He asks if the interruption of the Germanic influence against the spirit of lawlessness and recklessness throughout the United States may be not as dangerous as the spirit of enmity against Germany. The obvious retort that much of this enmity has been intensified, if not occasioned, by a German influence for, and not against lawlessness, the forging of passports, fomenting of strikes, perjuring of testimony, defence in the daily press of the murder of American citizens, and the like, never seems to occur to him. For a man of the education and intelligence of Professor Munsterberg to dig such a pit and then triumphantly walk into it cannot mean ignorance, but it may mean something infinitely more portentous.

For, be it observed, this peculiarity is evidently a quality of German education, and a particularly adhesive one. Not only does it stick to Germans long after they have left their own country, but we find it in men of learning born under a democratic form of government, but of the German school of thought. Under its influence, a professor of one of the first seats of learning in America has been recently able to declare (after a visit to the country) "that it may be said, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the Germans have taken no pictures out of Belgium." He makes many other statements of considerably greater general import, concerning the state of agriculture, the destruction of property, the burning of Louvain, etc. But I cite this one as characteristic of the curious Germanic intellectual twist: that this American professor should deliberately affirm a universal negative under such circumstances. As a far more probable one, it would be safe to hazard the guess that nowhere in his career has he made a declaration of similar import on any other subject.

Situations of peril will produce panic, and in a panic the necessity for relief looms so large that one is often indifferent as to the means taken to ensure it. The situation of Germany is grave enough, and the example of Mr. Winkle who endeavoured to obtain help when Mr. Pickwick fell through the ice, by running at full speed across the country, shouting "Fire" at the top of his voice, might be cited in extenuation of some of her inconsistencies but that similar instances have antedated her present danger. The spoiled child attitude towards the belongings of others is a case in point: a mere desire to possess appears to constitute a right to take them—if possible. The familiar story of the Palestine Bible, now in the Berlin Museum, which Wilhelm II "borrowed" from the mosque of Hazireh, through the influence of the Sultan, and failed to return, alleging that it was much better in Berlin, may possibly have been artificially coloured to tempt the public appetite; one cannot be sure of invariable fairness to an absolutely unscrupulous enemy. But I have before me a column on chess by Emanuel Laskar, in the *New York Evening Post*. There is incidental reference to some curious letters published by a German chess magazine, bewailing the fact that there is no German chess opening. One of the correspondents accounts for this by explaining that in chess matters, as in so many others, Germans have been modest in the beginning, and always inclined to honour others, and keep themselves in the background. As a set-off to this self-imposed disadvantage, he suggests that one of the English openings—the Evans Gambit—should in future be known as the "German Game." Another correspondent, however, prefers appropriating the Ruy Lopez (Spanish) opening, which should be known as the "German Opening," for one reason, because "the richness, depth and beauty of its variations show many parallels with the German character" (though nothing from this correspondent concerning a modest position in the background). To all this one can only find the solution that Mr. Whibley applies to Germany's appropriation of Shakespeare: the syllogism "All good things are

German; Shakespeare is a good thing, therefore Shakespeare is German." And yet it is no solution.

Reflection on this theme seems but to multiply instances indefinitely. In the attempt of the German element in Chicago to force a mayor of their choice upon the city it really seems as if some sardonic demon had whispered disastrous counsel into the ear of the unlucky political machine. That not one of its members could have been found to warn the rest that American voters would not tolerate any implied influence of foreign prince or potentate would be inconceivable —if it were not German. But presumably there were none, or they were disregarded; and manifestoes were printed surmounted by the portraits of Wilhelm II and Franz Josef. It would have been much wiser to have issued counterfeit manifestoes decorated with the lineaments of George V, appealing for votes on the other side. For the majority against the German nominee was the highest ever known in an election for mayor in Chicago.

And it is not necessary to search for proofs such as these; the only difficulty lies in selection, so many are they. After the formal German appropriation of Shakespeare, the *Deutsche Tagezeitung* still feels called upon to declare that: "It is a crying necessity that German should replace English as the world language," otherwise "the death-knell will sound for civilization." It appears that in Britain's colonies the English language has effected "the complete animalization of the human species." Once victorious, "there remains a task for the German than which none is more important: that of forcing the German language on the world.....it acts like a blessing, which, coming direct from God, sinks into the heart like a precious balm, and ennobles it." Such a blessing, and the method of bestowing it is reminiscent of Dr. Grimstone's assurance to Paul Bultitude, that he would establish a spirit of trustful happiness and unmurmuring content in his school if he had to flog every boy as long as he could stand over him. Similarly is the *Frankfurter Zeitung* genuinely pained at the want of recognition on the part of the

people of Northern France for German "tactfulness," and mournfully reflects that "when at noon there is music played by a German military band, not a single citizen, young or old, stops to listen." All of which appears to "mock our efforts to accustom them gradually to the misunderstood benefits of German Civilization." The *Deutsche Tagezeitung's* reference to the Deity is characteristically German; we must, however, refrain from translating Gott into God, just as we have ceased to regard Kultur as culture. Gott seems to be a ferocious spiritual adjunct to the Prussian Army, bearing a rather disagreeable resemblance to the god of smallpox and hail-storms known to certain Orientals. Some of Germany's most unaccountable outrages have been perpetrated against America. But like much of their conduct elsewhere, it follows no line of consistency at all, for sometimes they appear also to be anxious to keep on good terms with America. The one deduction that can be drawn from the extraordinary unsoundness of Germany's intellect is that a very large part of her energy is engaged in nullifying and being nullified, by another large part. She performs marvels of tortuous secret service work, and then exposes it all to gratify her taste for domineering attitudes. When Germany has recovered from the war, says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "she will undertake a widespread, well-engineered work of education in America, as to the relative merits of Germans and Britons. If necessary, the mailed fist will also be applied to American aberrations." There is no doubt of it, given the promise that Germany is ever in the position to do it. But why does it not occur to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that her chance of ever getting into such a position is much diminished by her expressing such an intention? Had Germany been able to carry out her original plan of campaign, such pronouncements would not have mattered to her; if you have knocked a man down and are sitting on his neck, you can disregard his accusation of treachery, in that you did it while apparently only knocking at his door and sitting at his table. Neither would it have been necessary to explain to utterly helpless neutrals. Indeed,

some German propagandists really appear to regard the German programme as irresistible, and to consider that since the allotted time has elapsed, her enemies are thereby automatically subjugated. Others, and particularly German Americans, take the opposite view, and Mr. Viereck, of the Fatherland, is printing a deathly dull fiction, of literary merit about on a par with Jack Harkaway, showing that it is Britain, and not Germany, who intends to apply the mailed fist to America.

If this phenomenal attitude of the mind resulted in nothing but bungling, it might be in some degree comprehensible—on the contrary it has produced some amazing successes. Germany's control of her commerce raiders by means of the wireless, her supposed use of the British secret code whereby the Goeben escaped, and her tireless, vast and intricate system of espionage, are testimony to the incalculable danger to humanity at large, had her system been as nearly perfected as she supposed. For she seems to have paid the minutest attention to such details, for instance, as moral influences. Much of her apparently haphazard bombardment was probably used for the effect that the deafening noise had upon the enemy. Her use of gray-haired old men and half-drilled youths in the second attack of Ypres, had (whether intended or not) a distinctly moral effect of disgust upon the British soldiers, obliged to bayonet troops who "squealed like rabbits." The refusal to exchange prisoners and the ill-usage of them, with a hint of worse, as the pressure on Germany increases, is another moral asset; so is the fact, stated so pathetically by M. Maeterlinck, that the Town Hall of Brussels is mined—it might be even worth while to investigate as to whether the composition of the numerous coal tar products that Great Britain so unsuspectingly has purchased for years from a nation that hardly disguised her aim of undermining the Empire by any conceivable means, was of the same nature as those supplied to other nations, or used by the Germans themselves. And the difficulty in being unable to find any stable viewpoint from which to estimate anything German,

has counted strongly in her favour; some of her absurdest statements, put out for home consumption, have been innocently assimilated by ourselves. Such claims as the occupation of Paris by the Germans, which imposed on the sailors on the Leipsic, the sinking of some of Admiral Sturdee's squadron, and the loss of a battle cruiser by Sir David Beatty, which are accepted as facts by most Germans, do not, of course, impose on us, as we have proof to the contrary. But what may be called the Immortal Weddingen Myth has apparently been swallowed whole by everyone, innately ridiculous as it is. It was, of course, to the interest of Germany to impress us with a notion of the terrible efficiency of her submarines—so the loss of the Cressy, Aboukir, and Hogue were all attributed to one submarine. Now, some of the survivors of these vessels declared that two or more submarines were seen, the disaster occurred in the early days of the war when Germany had not begun to lose her submarines, and had many; it occurred when she had had but little actual practice in submarine warfare, and Commander Weddingen's U boat was a comparatively small submarine carrying but few torpedoes—yet on no other evidence than Germany's unsupported statement that one U boat did it all we seem to have accepted it unquestionably. In view of the ease with which we can disprove many of her other claims, we should have known better.

Cases arise and multiply with each one cited—cases so conclusive that it is with reluctance that one is compelled to omit them. But with every one quoted, and those that the reader can adduce for himself, the conviction grows and hammers itself home that some influence hitherto unrecognized, has seized upon the intellect of the German nation, and distorted it, changed it as hideously as the features of those reflected by the demon's mirror were changed in Andersen's story. Astonishing and inexplicable as this influence is, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is now basic and inherent in the character of the nation. It is not that Germans make such astounding and self-contradictory misstatements that staggers us. It is the fact that they actually, as far as one

can see, believe them to be true, perhaps relieving in some degree the moral delinquency, but enormously aggravating the import as regards damage to the community.

It is plain that there is something abnormal in the German intellect, some medium in which it is working that renders it alien on certain points, from the mind of any other nation. It is at once strange enough and formidable enough to invite the wildest hypothesis.

Some years ago a curious theory was discussed by Mr. Ambrose Bierce (who deserves to be much better known than he is) concerning the phenomenon of the bodily and absolute disappearance of certain unfortunate human beings from our ken; he gives at length several cases as being well authenticated. He accounts for such happenings (partially and indirectly) by a theory which is probably not all his own, indeed, I think he cites it as one already advanced. I have, however, met with it nowhere else; and if Mr. Bierce has disinterred it from some interminable cumulus of scientific matter for the advantage of the desultory reader, he is the more to be commended.

The theory postulates that the whole of material existence, as we know it, is permeated by something called luminiferous ether. This medium is absolutely necessary to anything of which we are cognizant. It permeates glass or light could not pass through it; the distance between us and the remotest star, and even a vacuum for the same reason. Everything through which sound or heat can travel exists in it. In short, it is essential to everything of which our senses inform us.

But if it were possible that this medium were not absolutely homogeneous; if there existed in it gaps or "pockets," interstices; a field is at once opened for the widest speculation. For anything entering such a space would cease to exist, that is as we understand the word, since we should no longer have cognizance of it. We could no longer see, touch, taste, smell or hear it. If a living creature, it would not (necessarily) be dead, since to be even dead requires the medium of luminiferous ether to be dead in. It is necessary here to guard

ourselves against any accepted notion of locality in connexion with such a vacuity; that is, we must not suppose it to exist between any two given geographical points, so that a man's having (apparently) tumbled into one, and disappeared under the eyes of his agonized family (as once occurred in some place in Ohio, U.S.A.), would not imply that another man passing the same spot would equally vanish. Indeed, those searching for the unlucky absconder referred to evidently passed and repassed the same spot with impunity. And Mr. Bierce either directly implies or actually states that these vacuities exist only in the fourth dimension of space.

Now, it must be remembered that, speaking of the ordinary human being, all our conceptions of anything existent are determined by three dimensions of space only. Were we able to form our conjectures within four dimensions, we might find that all previous relational notions were incorrect, that a protocol is as material as a popgun, and a dining table as evanescent as a dream. Such being the case, it would be possible to conceive of certain of our attributes, by dint of unhealthy over-stimulation, involving themselves in the fourth dimension, while the remainder of us continued in three only. The intellect, or even part of the intellect, could be thus transposed, and the body and all other attributes remain apparently normal. I say apparently, because the translated attributes would probably continue to exercise some influence over them and might gain such an increase of power as to entirely dominate the rest. It appears to me that there could be no combination of conditions so likely to bring about such a result as life under the Prussianized system. The squeezing of the insides of all young heads, as the Papuan squeezes the outsides of infant heads, into one pattern, the saturation of every soul with the general principle enunciated by Treitschke, that the only faculty worth while is force, and that force (German force) is above all restraint or appeal; the subordination of every detail of instruction (for it cannot be called education) to these and like principles, until the criminal loses itself in the absurd (such as the teaching of

German school children to shout while singing because shouting is virile and dominant); the hope held forth that the cruelly heavy taxation on Germany was to be borne only until a sudden onslaught against an unready neighbour would enable Germany to recoup herself by pillage; all this exercised through the existence of at least one generation has so artificially developed certain attributes of the modern German that his intellect is subject to the disease of overstimulation, much as is the liver of a Strasburg goose. Writing of Frederick the Great, Macaulay gives it as his opinion that we could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant; but to be ruled by a busy-body is more than human nature can bear. Yet backed by bayonets, human nature in some portion has had to bear it, and here is the result. And Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who has spent a good deal of his time in Germany, and studied the conditions prevailing there, gives his opinion as to the pass to which the Prussian system has brought her, in the following words:

"I cannot sufficiently emphasize to what an extent bitterness is the note of modern German life—of that modern German life whose only discoverable arts of importance are the bitter, vigorous and obscene drawings of *Simplicissimus*, the bitter and terrifying lyrics of the most modern German poets and the incredibly filthy—the absolutely incredibly filthy—productions of the German variety stage. Imagine then this population, whose cultural high lights—for the bitter drawings and the bitter poems and even the obscenities are things of an amazing cleverness—imagine then this embittered population, whose cultural high lights are all products of malignity, this population filled with megalomania by the traditions of 1870 and the writings of Richard Wagner, inspired to a religion of materialism, and of egotism by misreading the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, this population without rest, without joy, without ease, and without any ceasing from the passion for money. Imagine then this population, whose traditions of discipline are such that they can seriously style the military serfdom of a Teutonic prince's

Bankgenossen the highest ideal of liberty; imagine them preached to by officials, preached to by the entire state, by the entire professoriate, preached to incessantly, day in and day out, year in and year out, to the effect that the only means of getting rich is waging war. That was modern Germany until August 4th, 1914."

That is what we think of it. Let us hear what one of Germany's foremost essayists, Lucia Dora Frost, has to say concerning the system which has flung Europe into the present agony. She writes: "Prussia is something particular without being anything peculiar . . Prussia is a system and a style . . the exemplary form for a concentration of all human and material forces into a dynamic machine, and this machine's application to colonization . . . To act in a Prussian manner means always to walk faster than is natural, to be braver than brave, to strike down what is about to fall, and always to attack first . . . . In Prussia alone everything was combined: keenness of spirit, intellect and solidity. Hence Prussia became what it is unwillingly, the maker of history in Europe . . . England has misused her power for a policy of British interests."

Now, I do not claim that all this deformed method of reasoning is new. It is as old as the hills, and will probably be as everlasting. It is the means by which Balthazar Gerard persuaded himself he was doing right to murder William the Silent. It has been the justification for most of the religious persecution the world has seen; it enabled the chief priests and elders to persuade themselves that they were acting from disinterested motives in demanding the murder of Christ, and King John to account for his extortions from their descendants by drawing their teeth. Nor is it to be supposed that all Germany fell willingly into this hideous lockstep of moral slavery. The large percentage that did accede to it would be astonishing, if we did not recognize the completeness of this "dynamic machine." Hundreds of thousands suffered it through their helpless youth, and crossed the Atlantic on the earliest opportunity. But some of the finer and purer intellects could

not face a future of walking faster than is natural (the direction being that which leadeth to destruction) nor the striking down of those about to fall (having some lingering recollection of a precept to raise them up). And as testimony of infinite pathos, we have the damning record of the prevalence of suicide among young children in Germany, the choice of self-extinction at the time of life when one's outlook is even absurdly optimistic, rather than face life on the Prussian model. Perhaps they could see in advance what we now behold in close retrospect, that the inevitable result was moral dislocation. What must be the dominant principles in a nation producing such results as the following?

On September 2nd, 1914, some British troops arrived at the chateau of Mr. William Payne (an American), situated at May-en-Multien, 38 miles from Paris. Not even the officers entered the building, but slept in the chauffeurs' bedrooms, and in other of the outbuildings. Three American flags were displayed conspicuously over the chateau. The British left on the next day, having done no damage, and shortly after the Germans arrived.

Mr. Payne states that no words could describe the condition of the chateau and grounds after the Germans left. He uses about half a column, and evidently has some capacity for descriptive writing, so we can conclude he has done his best before admitting failure. It makes interesting reading for those who admire the Prussian dynamic machine. We find that everything of value had been taken away or destroyed: silverware, mirrors, glassware and china; the lace, tapestry, linen, ladies' clothing, etc., cut up and used for bandages, soaked with blood. All bureaux, desks, sideboards and closets had been broken open or smashed. The gardens were strewn with empty bottles and with indescribable filth: pieces of linen, and scraps of rare old lace, used for purposes unmentionable; of all the rare old wines in the cellars not a bottle remained. The only difference that we can see over having a thousand hungry swine or monkeys turned loose on the estate, lies in the fact of the systematic destruction of

everything that could not be used or carried away. Now, there could be no military asset in all this, nor do we think that any troops but those of the Kaiser would have been capable of it. It was evidently the outcome of personal taste and education, since the owner of the property, Mr. Payne, was an American, and no enemy. Nor had America, at that time, begun to protest against her citizens being robbed and slaughtered. The episode forms an interesting study in criminology, for those in whom a passion for science can overcome the feeling of physical disgust at reading the details. The story of Louvain, and of nearly every Belgian town, is too well known to do more than refer to.

Yet we believe it was with real indignation that the German Government cried out against the introduction of Oriental and African troops into the war. The Kaiser's own move in a similar direction, which brought about the proclamation of a Jehad, or holy war, resulted in a massacre of the helpless Armenian population on a scale that has never before been conceived possible, and which reads like some horrible imagining of a mind in delirium. So far from denying this, Count Reventlow has described it as "strong, justifiable and necessary measures."

It may be claimed that all these charges are based on the inherent circumstances of war; that in moments of supreme ecstasy the personality of a human being or of a nation may become transfigured; a Berseker rage may seize upon the spirit. But this can be less of a plea in Germany's case than in any other since Germany has made a scientific and dispassionate study of war the paramount object of her attention; very little is there that is not the result of foregone arrangement. And even if we leave this point in dispute and turn to her civil life before the war the same perplexing anomalies await us.

The German settler in the United States has (until recent activities in connexion with munition factories) always figured as a law-abiding citizen. The inference has been that the German at home had had similar respect for the laws of

his country. Statistics, however, point rather strongly in the other direction. According to "The Statesman's Year Book" the total record of crime in Germany in 1909 shows 544,191 cases, compared with a total for the same year of 11,862 for England and Wales, having over half the population. And it is noticeable that over 200,000 of these German crimes were crimes against the person. Nor can we regard the cause of morality as being much indebted to the dynamic machine so much admired by Lucia Dora Frost. For in the same decade the record for illegitimate births in England was 37,041, against 178,115 in Germany. Divorce petitions in England were 965 against Germany's 20,340. According to the New York Times there were a million illegitimate children under 14 years of age in Germany at the beginning of the war. And descending lower we find in Mr. G. B. Shaw's tedious and twice-told accusation against England, "Common-sense about the War," a reference to certain institutions tolerated to the number of forty in Berlin that one hesitates to transcribe: sufficient it is to say that the existence of such places supplies an explanation for some of the more bestial of Germany's abominations in the quiet homes of Belgium and Northern France. The efficiency of civic government in the Fatherland that we have heard so much of for years also appears as a myth, for we find that in Berlin, Frankfort, Hamburg and other large cities, the lunacy rate and death rates from tuberculosis, diphtheria and other zymotic diseases are from two to three times as high as they are in London, Glasgow, Manchester or other large towns in Great Britain.

There is one thing that we have suspected for some years: the Prussian military system has been pursued until the whole of Germany has been, in athletic parlance, "trained stale." Yet here again we are confronted by a paradoxical situation: it had an entirely unexpected result. It did not in the least affect the efficiency of the army. But something was obliged to break, and instead the entire moral responsibility of the nation went by the board. From the Prussian angle of view this was no loss at all; indeed, it removed a few awkward

restrictions upon a sudden, cataclysmic victory. The point is, however, that the line of events flew off at an unforeseen tangent, and that point brings us once more to the inexplicable incomprehensible factor in the national mind of Germany.

FRANK FOSTER

## F COMPANY

Along the iron road of war
A bright battalion wends
Beneath the sun, beneath the stars,—
My Company of Friends.

The armies of the world go down
In dim, grey legions led,
But these are marked amid the host
As though they walked in red.

No captain leads, no watchword's passed,
No muster call is heard,
But every morn I cry them "Hail!"
With dawning wind and bird.

And every night when silence falls
Around the evening lamp,
Within my sheltered thoughts I light
The watch-fire of their camp.

They may not know the rank they keep;
—Their ways lie wide apart;
They never meet except within
The bivouac of my heart.

Yet in my love their lives are bound,
They march beneath my star,—
My little company of friends
Upon the road to war.

CLAYTON DUFF

# THE BERGSONIAN METHOD OF INTUITION

*"It is an incorrect and perverted usage of the 'symbolic' when it is set in opposition to the 'intuitive' mode of thought; for the 'symbolic' is only a species of the 'intuitive.'"*—KANT.

"THERE are," says M. Bergson, one of the popular philosophers of the day, "two profoundly different ways of knowing a thing. The first implies that we move round the object; the second that we enter into it. The first depends on the point of view at which we are placed, and on the symbols by which we express ourselves. The second neither depends on a point of view nor relies on any symbol. The first kind may be said to be *relative* ; the second, in those cases where it is possible, to attain the *absolute*." The latter is intuition or "the kind of intellectual sympathy by which one places oneself within an object in order to coincide with what is unique in it and therefore inexpressible." For example, in self-knowledge, "there is one reality, at least, which we all seize from within by intuition and not by simple analysis. It is our own personality in its flowing through time—our self which endures."*

Having accepted or established this thesis, M. Bergson's philosophy goes on to report through the imperfect medium of language the knowledge arrived at by intuition, and to condemn in consequence the pretended knowledge which rests on a combination of science and common sense.

Before giving some reasons for not adopting M. Bergson's method which seems to be an off-shoot of a romantic tradition in philosophy, and to have as its basis a proposition of Descartes, we shall attempt to throw some light on the

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*Quotations from "Introduction to Metaphysics." English translation, 1912. Similar utterances can be found in "Creative Evolution."

meaning of intuition, if only negatively, by marking it off from what it is not. M. Bergson has suffered in this respect even at the hands of sympathetic interpreters, as must almost inevitably be the consequence of employing a word which, like intuition, has been used so loosely and in such different senses in ordinary life, as well as in philosophy and theology. And M. Bergson himself, by constant employment of figurative language and metaphors, has not always helped to clarify the understanding even of his followers.

In the history of thought the term intuition has been used in, at least, four well-defined and clearly distinct meanings. Firstly, it has sometimes and unfortunately been taken as equivalent to sense-perception or the immediate apprehension of physical objects or mental states, as, for example, when one perceives a cat, or is aware of some emotion or impulse or train of ideas which runs its course in our mind (as it is said). Thus Kant frequently used the term intuition to cover what is meant by perception. Descartes thought that he had an immediate apprehension or intuition of a soul (as distinct from the body), which psychology has not yet found; and Berkeley thought it was only necessary to open his eyes to intuit a God who resembled the mind of certain theologians. A second interpretation of intuition has tended to regard it as synonymous with instinct or instinctive knowledge, as, for example, the intuitions of a hen with regard to the chickens it is hatching or that of a youth towards the object of his affections. Thirdly, intuition is used, and this is, perhaps, the most philosophical interpretation of the term, to indicate knowledge of a self-evident character such as the first principles of reasoning, mathematical axioms, etc., which are known with complete certainty, and which neither require nor can acquire any further foundation. Finally, the term has been used in a very wide and vague sense from the time of Plato down through Spinoza and Schelling to the present day, to indicate a sort of mystical approach to truth in which emotional promptings are conspicuous and which may culminate in a kind of indescribable

and ineffable illumination. Thus leaving aside the poets, we have the intuitive science recommended by Spinoza and the mystical "insight" recommended by some of our neo-Hegelians to help out the inadequacies of their logic. And psychologists sometimes refer to the "flash of intuition" or imagination that leads the scientist to a new discovery, which has then to be tested by logic and sense-data.

Does M. Bergson employ intuition in any of these senses? And if so, in which?

The late Professor James was disposed to say in the first sense; in the sense of a "turning towards sensation, that flesh-bound thing which rationalism has always loaded with abuse." But this rather indicates James' own predilections than the view of Bergson in whom the contrast between intuition and intellect is deeper than that between perceptual and conceptual knowledge. There would be nothing new in Bergson if this were all that were meant by intuition. But with him, intuition is more esoteric than perceptual knowledge. It appears frequently to coincide with the second of the above meanings. "By intuition, I mean instinct," says Bergson, "that has become disinterested, self-consciousness, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely." (C. E., p. 186.) How is it then distinguished from intellect or intelligence? Well, "intelligence remains the luminous nucleus round which instinct, even when amplified and purified into intuition, forms only a vague nebulosity." Intuition is thus a sort of fringe or penumbra of intellect. "Intellect is characterized by a natural inability to understand life." "Instinct is alone knowledge at a distance. It has the same relation to intelligence that vision has to touch." M. Bergson thinks greatly in visual images and is disposed at times to arrive at an estimate of reality from an analysis of his own psychology. Although he expressly rejects all theories of matter and mind, he yet espouses the belief that the external world is a series of images. ("Matter and Memory.")

Elsewhere he tells us that science and metaphysics are re-united in intuition, which, as Mr. Bertrand Russell wittily remarks, is best seen in ants and bees and M. Bergson, whereas most of us are condemned to the use of intelligence. This sort of intuition seems to suggest something of the romantic mysticism of Schelling in whom the metaphysical effort transcended reason. Yet M. Bergson protests against his doctrine being regarded as mystical. Intuition requires sympathetic insight, we are told: it is attainable only through undoing what intelligence has performed. "The metaphysical intuition, although one can reach it only by means of material knowledge, is quite different from the *resumé* or synthesis of such knowledge." In one place we are informed: "Intuition is mind itself, and in a certain sense, life itself." (C.E., p. 282.) Is it really possible to say what it is? M. Bergson gives more descriptions of intuition (which according to him alone can follow reality and life in all its sinuosities) than Herbert Spencer gave definitions of force in his First Principles. In the attempt to describe it, image is added to image, metaphors are piled up on metaphors to an extent that is unusual, even among the poets. In this, Bergson is a true disciple of Schelling and Hegel. Of the result it may be said what has been said of Plotinus: that "he can never find the last conclusive word for it, and has to fall back on the thought that it is unspeakable, and that his words can only stimulate the hearer to make the experience for himself." This would both support Bergson's view of the incommunicability of such first hand experience and refute his attempt to write a metaphysic, owing to the limitations inherent in the human intellect, and its indispensable instrument of discourse.

That the act of intuition is difficult as well as the communication of its results is clear to every reader of Bergson, even if he had not insisted on it himself.* The phrase

* Some one has said that if intuition is not clear it is not French. But the same might be said regarding Bergson's doctrine of time and pure change, which, so far as I can see, no one has yet rendered intelligible. To such a circular argument the answer is that the meaning of intuition is not clear, and that this is not the fault of the French language. There is a foreign and even Oriental element in M. Bergson which shows the intellectual kinship with Schopenhauer. Indeed

" intellectual sympathy " used in its definition (?) seems to suggest that intuition involves ascribing to nature or reality a psychical life somewhat similar to our own. Only by so animating it can its outer shell be penetrated, can it be understood from the inside or " sympathetically." Knowledge, if it can be called such, would imply a coincidence of ourselves with the generative act of reality; so that the only way to know an object would be to become it. This would seem to be an echo of the old thought of idealism that there must be an affinity between the human mind and its object if the former is really to have knowledge. The fallacy of this position has often been exposed. It involves for one thing a false interpretation of the causal principle. By a parity of reasoning, if we are to know " brute " matter we must be " brute " matter. In M. Bergson's case there is an additional difficulty, inasmuch as he more than once suggests that each individual must exercise intuition for himself, if he would know what reality and presumably also what intuition is. The attempts of Mr. Wildon Carr and Mr. Leroy to show that Bergson's position does not involve solipsism or thoroughgoing subjectivism, which excludes a common meeting place or agreement between the experiences of different intuitionists and percipients, have not, I think, been successful.

We shall pass over these difficulties of interpretation as well as the Dualism that is inherent in the Bergsonian metaphysic in order to see the act or process of intuition at work in Bergson, since the tree may be tested by its fruits, even though it may not be possible to define the character of the tree. Bergson maintains that the results of intuition and instinctive beliefs are far more trustworthy than those which depend on the activity of intelligence; and he attempts to prove this in two ways: firstly, by depreciation of the method of scientific analysis and proof, and by emphasizing the view that intelligence is designed only to secure biological success; and

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Bergson has derived much from German sources. His alogism and his *élan vital* show an immediate connection with Schopenhauer's theory of knowledge and his doctrine of the will as ultimate reality. His theory of matter reminds one of Fichte. His biologism also brings him into close connection with Nietzsche. Much of Bergson's philosophy has been developed in opposition to Kant.

secondly, by pointing to remarkable feats of instincts in the lower animals and to characteristics in the world which he maintains can be apprehended by intuition while they remain baffling to intellect (as he understands it). Bergson evidently assumes at times that intelligence is obliged to follow exclusively the law of identity.

In agreement with some biologists and physicists who make occasional excursions into the field of philosophy, M. Bergson holds that intelligence is a purely practical faculty which has been developed in the course of the struggle for survival and hence cannot be a source of truth. It is thus assumed, without any evidence, that a historical growth and biological origin are necessarily incompatible with epistemological validity and value. The burden of proof rests with the assertors, who appear to overlook the fact that it is only through the decried intelligence that we know of or can formulate any theory of the biological ancestry of man. If the intellect is misleading (a will o' the wisp or a "Zauberlaterne," as Schopenhauer said) the whole of this and kindred theories, including Bergson's criticism of science, are presumably groundless. As a matter of fact, capacity for this kind of knowledge and for epistomology generally is not more difficult to explain on received biological theories of origin than is capacity for pure mathematics. Neither M. Bergson nor anybody else is able to show that the latter science is illusory.

In man, intuition or instinct is seen at its best in regard to other people's characters and dispositions, that is to say, where it is directly useful. Here it sometimes acts with astonishing rapidity and effectiveness. The most striking instances which Bergson, like Schopenhauer, brings forward from the life of the lower animals all bear directly on survival value. Now, of course, intellect has also a survival value; both instinct and intelligence, which are not wholly distinct in origin (apart from the minds of certain *a priori* and spiritualistic philosophers who pay little heed to the teachings of comparative psychology), have generally speaking been developed because useful, and they are useful because, and in so far as, they are in accord

with fact, i.e., truth, and harmful when they are not. On the whole, instinct diminishes in value as civilization increases. It is, broadly speaking, of greater extent and importance in the uneducated than in the educated, in children than in adults. In dogs its operations probably exceed anything to be found in man. "But those who find in these facts a recommendation of intuition (or instinct) ought to return to running wild in the woods, dyeing themselves, and living on hips and haws." This would really be following M. Bergson's recommendation of undoing the work of intelligence. The ultimate ideal of existence would be that of the polyp, in which the distinction between the animal and external reality tends to disappear, the "intuited time" would be best described by negatives, and the "freedom," which some of our philosophers find so praiseworthy in Bergson, would coincide with the total elimination of cognition. Thus would be settled finally the vexed question—unsettled only for those who are unable or unwilling to follow the results of physiology and psychology—of the freedom of the will. For cognition at the vanishing point involves no problems of knowledge or of action.

We shall now inquire whether intuition or instinct possesses the infallibility ascribed to it by Bergson. Do the instances which he adduces and discusses with literary skill and which have imposed and probably will continue to impose on those who know less of biology and psychology than he does, support the alleged superiority of instinct over intelligence as a guide to knowledge and the affairs of life? Let us briefly consider the case of intuition in human beings and then review some of the notable instances of it in the lower animals.

In the former, M. Bergson considers that the best instance of it is to be seen in acquaintance with ourselves, in self-knowledge. When we can enter truly into and take possession of ourselves we are, he tells us, free. But he has immediately to admit that such experiences are extremely rare. Apart from M. Bergson, the imperfection of such self-knowledge is notorious. Many persons have in their natures qualities and

propensities hidden to themselves and yet obvious to their friends, as the Scotch poet well knew when he wrote:

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel as ithers see us!
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us
> An' foolish notion!

Intuition is frequently all the more deceptive just because it has a quality of irresistibleness that is lacking to logic in the case of beings in whom reason is for the most part only potential. In the matter of the affections, intuition is regarded as the great guide by many, who say that love enables different personalities to see into one another's "souls." Still in such cases deception is sometimes practiced with success; and even in the absence of any desire to deceive, the experience of mankind tends to show that in many cases the supposed insight was illusory and that the more tentative methods of intelligence guiding and inhibiting instinct are sometimes more satisfactory.

On turning to instinct in the lower animals, we notice that M. Bergson appears to choose " sympathetic " instances from writers which he has not examined in detail for himself. To comparative psychology some of these instances are known as cases of " blind prevision." But this does not suit our philosopher, who maintains, so far as we can see without any evidence being offered, that the evolution of instinct presupposes some effort more or less conscious on the part of the animal.

One of the cases cited by Bergson to show the marvellous capacity of instinct and its superiority over intelligence is that of the well-known Ammophila wasp, which stings caterpillars at certain nerve centres in such a way as to paralyze them without killing them, in order that they may be stored up as food for the wasp larvae. The *result* is that escape of the caterpillar is prevented and putrescence of the food is avoided. More detailed investigation of the instance shows that the facts are not so clear and unambiguous as Bergson assumes. Some of the caterpillars are not stung at the right centres,

and in some instances the food is stored up in hermetically sealed chambers where it can be of no use to the wasp larvae. Thus the wasp does not always show the knowledge of an experienced entomologist, or even of an ordinary carpenter. Now, this is just what might be expected, if instinct is a product of evolution, depends largely on inherited structure and chemical changes, and is, in consequence, to a certain extent, imperfect, and not always purposeful. Bergson seems to think that such instinct is more marvellous than other organic products, partly, perhaps, *because it discloses a resemblance to intelligent human activities.* He shows himself to be a genuine metaphysician of the old school by resorting to a method of " interpretation " and supposing " a *sympathy* between the Ammophila and its victim, which teaches it from within, so to say (!), concerning the vulnerability of the caterpillar." (C. E., 183.) He thus indulges in one of those pretended explanations which consist in a purely verbal description and is almost as weak as the method of ascribing the soporific qualities of opium to a *virtus dormitiva.* To explain the origin of the sympathy, which operates like a *deus ex machina*, is at least as difficult as to explain the instinct on psycho-biological grounds. But metaphysicians like Bergson will adopt any suggestion, however lacking in evidence, rather than admit a lack of knowledge. To suspend judgement or admit ignorance is irreconcilable with the everlasting *Hang der Metaphysik* to account for everything, including the metaphysician himself.* Bergson believes that it is better to go back to the Aristotelian theory of nature rather than to stop short before instinct as before an unfathomable mystery. That is to say, better adopt an untenable theory than none. The alternatives are not exhaustive. Leaving out of account what comparative psychology has to say on the subject, I should prefer Addison's statement to Bergson's speculations

* A critic of Bergson has given a delightful argument on Bergson's method to show that the philosopher cannot exist, because, assuming the infinity of space, it can be shown that he cannot be in Paris or at any definite place in the universe. This argument, although fallacious, is no worse than what Bergson sometimes employs in the interest of his own speculations.

when he said: "I look upon instinct as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but as an immediate impression from the first Mover to the Divine Energy acting in the creatures." This is at least clear and relatively modest. Its only drawback is that it cuts away the possibility of a scientific treatment of the phenomena.

A hen that hatches out a brood of ducklings has presumably intuitions which seem "to place her inside them and their desires." She is not limited by the "analytical method of science." But when the ducklings take to water, the hen becomes flustered, is left helpless on the land, and her intuitions are found to be illusory. Many parents have similar illusory intuitions regarding their children. Nor is this surprising; for such instinctive intuitions are useful just in habitual surroundings and have to be modified by intelligence as soon as the environment changes in such a way as to render habitual modes of action untrustworthy. It seems to be a well-established proposition of psychology that intelligence, involving in its earliest phase the capacity to learn by experience, and later the ability to apprehend relations, is indispensable to the welfare of the animal where non-habitual modes of action arising out of unfamiliar situations are necessary.

Bergson takes a strange view of intelligence, and limits it by a pure assumption, when he maintains that it can only deal with things in so far as they resemble what has been experienced in the past. Intuition, on the other hand, is able to apprehend the uniqueness and novelty that belongs to each new moment of reality. As a matter of fact, fresh moments of reality are given to us in sensation and do not require us to postulate any peculiar method or faculty of intuition. If intelligence were really limited, in the way Bergson assumes, it would be impossible to understand historical events, since such events may all be regarded as unique. Bergson's view involves an untenable interpretation or application of the principle of causation, which

he thinks requires a repetition of similar phenomena. Modern logic does not support this view; it would exclude an application of causation in history. The law of the determination of changes does not require either for its validity or applicability that the same changes be repeated. Historical facts, which do not repeat themselves, are understood by science, which involves not merely analysis, as Bergson seems to think, but synthesis as well. A fundamental error in his criticism of science is the assumption that intelligence is identical with mere analysis. In all scientific method analysis and synthesis go together, and, outside of pure mathematics, their results must be controlled and tested by observation and experiment. Even hypotheses, the dynamical factor in science which frequently result from what are called " intuitions " or imaginative combinations—doubtless due to the functioning of brain paths not yet understood—must be subjected to the test of facts if they are to be regarded as anything more than convenient fictions. Important additions to truth are sometimes suggested by intuitions, but unsupported " intuitions " are no guarantee of truth. The " synoptic grasp " is all the more adequate the more perfectly the preceding work of analysis has been done. M. Bergson overlooks all this. The superiority of the intuitive metaphysical method consists in its celerity. A favourite device of Bergson's is to assume that a given number of explanations exhausts all possible accounts of some group of natural phenomena, to point out difficulties in a certain number of these, and then assume that the remaining one, which he supports, is the sole explanation. He rarely sees any objections to his own hypotheses.

For Bergson's own peculiar doctrines of time, of change, and the freedom of the will it would be hard to find any basis either in fact or in the conditions of experience. His doctrine of freedom, if I understand it, is a surrender of the whole position, since one is freest at the vanishing point of cognition, and if you attempt to define what freedom means, you will, as Bergson pleasingly admits, inevitably find yourself committed

to the opposite doctrine of determinism. Some of our professors of philosophy have welcomed M. Bergson's pronouncements, because it has relieved them of a mental difficulty. They enter into themselves and "feel" free: and they continue to be free so long as they remain safely entrenched within a morass of incommunicable feeling.

But we shall not now discuss the fallacies contained in this and other doctrines of Bergson. It is not too much to say that a large part of M. Bergson's philosophy and its method is based on a keen appreciation of the errors of science and the difficulties that arise for any system of knowledge which aims at completeness. It appeals to those who dislike the restraint that scientific method places on undisciplined phantasy. It flourishes by emphasizing the shortcomings of knowledge and by overlooking the imperfections and limitations of intuitions and instincts, which, of course, may be most useful in prompting and stimulating intelligence. Errors connected with intellectual activities are seized upon as showing the bankruptcy of reason, while the results of instinctive activities are lauded to the skies. "Instinct alone is knowledge at a distance." A good test ought presumably to be afforded by our astronomical knowledge; but our knowledge of the stars without the use of the telescope is very limited; and it is notorious that some of the most brilliant discoveries in this field have been due to logical inferences from mathematically defined premises. Is there the least evidence to support the view that insects are capable of such knowledge or of detecting the presence of argon in the earth's atmosphere? It might be supposed that instances of telepathic communication supply illustrations of M. Bergson's proposition. In the very few verified instances, however, it has been found that increase of distance has an unfavourable effect on the results, and that the closer in space the "subjects of the experiment" are, the more intense is the "intuitional rapport," which not improbably depends on the presence of intervening, although so far undetected, atmospheric vibrations. If the insects, including stinging wasps, are presumably at the very centre of reality and life, why is it then that these creatures do not advance,

but keep in the same monotonous round? The speculations of M. Bergson throw little light on this phenomenon.

The many allusions to mathematics, biology, psychology in Bergson's works have undoubtedly strengthened his philosophy among careless and "fashionable" readers. They have imposed on philosophers who know less of mathematics and the experimental sciences than M. Bergson himself. But they have not impressed favourably those who know of these things at first hand. Mr. Bertrand Russell, who speaks with authority regarding mathematics, says, very drastically, regarding some performances of Bergson: "So long as the main object of philosophers is to show that nothing can be learned by patience and detailed thinking, but that we ought rather to worship the prejudices of the ignorant under the title of "reason," if we are Hegelians, or of "intuition," if we are Bergsonians, so long philosophers will take care to remain ignorant of what mathematicians have done to remove the errors by which Hegel profited."

While there is a great difference in the procedure of Hegel and Bergson, there is also something fundamentally common to the spirit of both. The former tried to produce a fusion between a pseudo-poetry and pseudo-logic; the latter despises logic. On the other hand, Hegel would undoubtedly have subscribed to a maxim of Bergson's that philosophy is not constrained to scientific precision, since he made such liberal use of it in his own Philosophy of Nature. Bergson, too, follows the Hegelian dictum that "Philosophy dwells in the region of self-produced ideas without reference to actuality." Consequently, he is able to give an *a priori* refutation of psycho-physical parallelism and to maintain that consciousness is independent of cerebral structure. His method of refuting theories from which he dissents is well illustrated in his dismissal of the view that memory is physiologically conditioned. He denies this because it would involve the storing up of images and words in the brain cells; and, of course, he has not much difficulty in pointing to objections against this supposition. As if this, the crudest form of the psycho-physical theory of memory, were the only one in which it could be

maintained! It would be an equally good way of dismissing any theory of the localization of cerebral functions to say that it involved the phrenological hypothesis of Gall. Bergson takes no account of the scientific canon that in the case of rival hypotheses it is desirable to criticize those which you consider erroneous in their strongest form. His own hypothesis of the relation of " mind " and " matter " rests largely on images, metaphors and very doubtful analogies.[1]

In his desire to have us believe that intuitions are always right, Bergson reminds us of the neo-Platonic philosophers of pre-mediæval days. How is it then that history shows some of the intuitions of Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Descartes, and even Newton, to be wrong? Different men have different intuitions on the same subject. They cannot all be right. How are we to distinguish the weeds from the fine plants except by a test of observation and experiment? Some of M. Bergson's own intuitions, such as that pain is an effort to repair damage and it is always located in that part of the body where it is felt, appear to have no better basis than the old instinctive belief that the moon was placed in the sky in order to afford light by night. Hegel had an intuition that it was a perfection of the earth, to possess only one satellite: a view that establishes the closest connexion between modern and ancient philosophy.[2]

The attempts to defend M. Bergson's use of "pure intuition" by the general argument that it is not legitimate to criticize it from the standpoint of the symbolic procedure of science is easily met by the reply that neither he nor any one of his disciples has as yet shown how it is possible to get

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1 Here is a sample of one out of many. The philosopher compares the relation between the brain and thought to that between a hook and a coat hung on it; and infers from the contingency of the latter the contingency of the former relation. Thus a solution is arrived at by assumption of a simile.

2 What the method of intuition, uncontrolled by objective experience, can achieve is well illustrated in the Prussian school of historians from Treitschke downwards. A recent disciple of the school, who in his apotheosis of the Prussian shows the influence of Hegel's philosophy of history, admits that it requires a strong dose of intuition to establish this thesis, "because positive documents for it are lacking." (Driesmans.) The militarists and certain theologians who unite in maintaining that war is the divine and redeeming tonic for mankind also have to fall back upon intuition or "opinings," because they lack the necessary knowledge. Anyone else has as much reason for supposing that he is the angel Gabriel, or that to him alone has been given the key of knowledge.

on without "symbols," or how, without making use of the despised intellect and a certain amount of scientific method dependent on it, it is possible to answer questions which Bergson regards as important, such as: What are we? Whence do we arise?

A merely dumb and inarticulate intuition can at best satisfy only the vague cravings of its individual possessor. If it remain incommunicable, it can have no value for knowledge in general; and were we condemned to such a situation, it would be vain for M. Bergson to write and reason about metaphysics and problems of science. And there is besides this an important consideration which makes against the attempt to find in instincts and intuitions the basis of philosophy.

The theoretical understanding of the world, which is the primary aim of philosophy in common with science, is not a matter of great importance to animals, to human savages, or even to practical men (who are for the most part those that practice the errors of their forefathers). It is not likely, therefore, that the quick and rough methods of instinctive or intuitive reactions, which bring out our kinship with remote generations of animal and semi-human ancestors, will here find a suitable field of application. Philosophy and science, so far from showing up our affinity with the biologic past, are, on the contrary, highly civilized pursuits, demanding for their success a liberation from the life of instinct as well as a certain detachment from all mundane hopes and fears. In them rapid and unanalyzed convictions and intuitions are least deserving of acceptance, however comforting or desirable they may appear. Their results, if they can lay claim to being anything more than pleasing dreams, must be tested by methods based on sense-data and logic, which it seems many philosophers, who are either greatly hampered by the traditions of the past or who follow the line of least intellectual resistance, still consider to be synonymous with the logic of Aristotle or, stranger still, with the logic of Hegel.

J. W. A. Hickson

# ECCLESIASTES

Under the fluent folds of needlework,
Where Balkis prick'd the histories of kings
Once great as he, that were as greatly loved,
Solomon stooped, and saw the dusk unfold
Over the apple orchards like a flower.
"O bloom of eve," he said, "diviner loss
Of all light gave us, dove of the whole world,
Bearing the branch of peace, the dark sweet bough,
Endure a little longer, ere full night
Comes stark from God and terrible with stars,
Eternal as He or Love. Now no one wakes,
But a lean gardener by my apricots,
Sweeping the withered leaves, the yellowing leaves
Down the wind's road.
Perish our years with them,
Our griefs, our little hungers, our poor sins,
Leaves that the Lord hath scattered. He shall quench
The fierce impetuous torches of the sun,
Yea, from our dead dust he shall quicken kings,
Loosen new battles, sharpen spears unborn,
Shadow on shadow. But His stars remain
Immortal, and Love immortal crowned with them."

Night came, and all the hosts thereof. He saw
Arcturus clear the doorways of the cloud
And One that followed with his shining sons
In the likeness of a gardener, that strode
Over the windy hollows of the sky
And with a great broom drave the stars in heaps,—
The yellow stars, the little withering stars—
Faint drifts along the darkness. New stars came,
Budded, and bloomed, and fell. These too He swept,
And all the heavens were changed.
Then Solomon stood
Silent, nor ever turned to the Queen's kiss.

M. L. C. PICKTHALL

# BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

## POEMS.

*Alfred Gordon. Mussen, Toronto, $1.00. Pp. 120.*

Several of the poems in this volume have appeared in the pages of this magazine, which can now look back on a goodly number of books of verse, issued by its contributors. His *Dedication* not only prepares us for good workmanship but for an interesting development. He has passed from the spell of "Swinburne and Dowson, Symons, Oscar Wilde,"—"From decoration and embroidered rhyme, to some poor reading of the minds of men." With growing strength and independence he has gained a truer perspective and a winning sincerity. Mr. Gordon has given us examples of his work in these stages, covering a wide range of moods. The war supplies the theme for many poems, varying from fiery denunciation to the paraphrase of Mr. Clutton Brock's *France*. But, perhaps, the poetic core is to be found in the more personal pieces: in (to mention only two) the passionate piety of *The Little Church*, and the delicate fancy of *Magic*.

## THE LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

*Malcolm William Wallace, Associate Professor of English Literature, University College, Toronto. Cambridge; at the University Press, 1915.*

This book takes its place at once as the standard life of Sidney. It is based on first-hand examination of the sources of information, including some not previously available; it sets the events of Sidney's life against an adequate historical background; and it traces his career and estimates his character and significance with lucidity and discrimination. No previous biography of Sidney has united these three merits.

Professor Wallace's specific contributions to our knowledge of Sidney are of considerable importance. His discovery at Penshurst of a MS. account of Philip's expenses, while a pupil at Shrewsbury, makes real for us the routine of the boy's school-days and the excitement of his visits to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth and Oxford, when the modest equipment supplied by his father is replaced by a whole wardrobe of sumptuous clothing, the gift of the powerful favourite. Of especial interest to admirers of the ballads is the entry for September 8, 1566, when Sidney with his tutor and servants was at Chipping Norton, on his way from Oxford at Shrewsbury:

"Item, given by Mr. Philip's commandment to a blind harper who is Sir William Holles' man of Nottinghamshire ..... 12d."

Every reader will agree with Professor Wallace that in all probability, Sidney had this incident in mind when he penned that *locus classicus* of ballad criticism:

" Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness. I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet it is sung, but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style."

A slight defect in chapter IV, which is devoted to this journey, is a lack of consistency in regard to modernizing the names of places visited. For example: the MS. form " Killingworthe " is altered to " Kenilworth," but no hint is given that " Brumegeame " is the local form of " Birmingham " (cf. the modern colloquial form " Brummagem "). Similarly, " Kittermaster " is not changed to " Kidderminster," and no attempt is made to identify the curious form, " Belie." Perhaps it refers to Bedey, in Worcestershire, which was a possible halting-place at that stage of the route.

Professor Wallace's second discovery strongly confirms our previous impression of Sidney's high continental reputation as a champion of militant Protestantism. Certain enigmatic passages in the correspondence of Sidney and his guide, philosopher, and friend, the humanist, Languet, are shown by means of a passage in the correspondence of the Spanish ambassador and Philip II to refer to negotiations for a marriage between Sidney and a sister of William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Both Sidney and Orange were eager for the match, which would have been a bond of union between England and the Netherlands, but Elizabeth was unwilling at this time (1578) so openly to antagonize Spain, and refused her consent. The incident is highly significant of Sidney's aims and high standing in the politico-religious struggles of the time.

To Sidney's career as a man of letters Professor Wallace also brings his quota of information. He establishes a strong probability that Sidney was, for a short time, a student at Cambridge, and there became acquainted with Edmund Spenser; and he proves, from a casual reference in a 17th century MS., that the H. S. who revised and expanded Sidney's *Arcadia*, was Henry Sandford, Secretary to the Earl of Pembroke. These are not important points, but they illustrate the accurate scholarship of the book.

In its very detailed treatment of contemporary history, this biography inevitably suggests Masson's encyclopaedic *Life of Milton in Connection with the History of His Time.* Professor Wallace equals Masson in careful scholarship and clear presentation, and avoids his tendency to narrate every event in which the subject of biography might conceivably have been interested. With the exception of the long chapter on Sir Henry Sidney's administrative difficulties in Ireland, the historical passages are in due proportion to the biographical and are really essential to any satisfactory

account of Philip Sidney's mind and conduct. Praise is also due to the biographer for eschewing that sentimentality which led Masson to picture imaginary scenes and episodes of Milton's life.

"On Monday (September 9th, 1566) the travellers reached Stratford-on-Avon in time for dinner, and those sentimentally inclined may speculate on the possibility of Master Philip's having here caught sight of a child, at this time aged two years and some four months, who was to become even more famous than the hero of our story." But Professor Wallace does not need such speculation in order to lend interest to his subject. Sidney's personal relations to his distinguished contemporaries, Burleigh, Walsingham and Leicester, were closer than those of Milton to Cromwell. He was the ornament of Elizabeth's court, the ardent champion of the Protestant cause, the encourager of colonization and discovery, the refiner of English romance and English poetry, the promoter of Humanistic ideals in criticism.

> "The poet's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword,
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state."

In illuminating these and other facets of Sidney's many-sided nature, Professor Wallace has not only conveyed an adequate idea of his achievements and significance but has made his book a rich and comprehensive summary of the characteristics of the Elizabethan age.

Has the biographer succeeded in presenting a life-like portrait of Sidney, the man? We must not be misled by the mass of detail, which might seem at first to obscure the outlines of the picture. Almost all the facts are essential, either for the background or for the main figure, which, as we read, slowly takes form until in the delightful Postscript, it stands living before us. We understand the influences that formed Sidney's character:—his father, the loyal, efficient administrator; his mother, conscious of high birth and royal neglect, but pious and loving; his classical training at school and college; and his development through foreign travel and the friendship of a Protestant humanist, Hubert Languet, from a raw youth to an accomplished courtier and statesman, the friend of princes. We see his character tested by prosperity in the suite of the unscrupulous Leicester, by adversity under straitened circumstances and the loss of the queen's favour, and by thwarted passion nobly repressed in the Astrophel and Stella episode (which Professor Wallace convincingly presents as a genuine experience, and no mere literary creation). Then Sidney begins to assume his rightful place in the service of his queen and country, a place which he fully attains when he goes to Flanders to offer his life for the cause of liberty. Professor Wallace now summarizes the impressions of Sidney, which have been gradually forming, in a few telling paragraphs. The universal attraction of his personality is attributed to his high-mindedness, his simple and

earnest piety and patriotism, his love of the beautiful, both in art and in conduct, his kindliness, and, above all, his other-worldliness, expressed in the motto *Vix ea nostra voco*, the unreality of the material and the reality of the unseen world. And, lest Sidney should appear too perfect to be human, the biographer adds that he was improvident, somewhat hot-headed, and inclined to be arrogant and egotistical. This admirable portrait is the culmination and the abundant justification of the whole book.

**THE GATE OF ASIA.**

*W. Warfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1916, $2.50, pp. 374.*

This book describes a journey undertaken by the author from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea. It is a pity that the date of the journey —which appears to be 1913—is not added in the title. Such a work, especially at the present moment, cannot fail to excite interest. The history of this district goes back to such a remote past and involves so many different centres of civilization that we are not surprised to find occasionally statements which are not in accordance with usually accepted facts. We are told, for example, that Sparta is one of the places that most of us think of in connection with Greek Art and Literature; that in 608 B. C. King Sardanapalus was defending the last vestiges of Assyrian power; that the Emperor Julian crossed the Tigris two centuries later than 360 A. D.; that the Romans under Pompey besieged and took Van in 67 B. C. and slew its King Tigranes.

There are other items of information for which we should like to know the writer's authority, e.g., that Hystaspes was the father of Cyrus; that Mithradates was a Parthian; that Tamerlane was a descendant of Genghiz Khan; that the word Yazdan is clearly a corruption of the Persian Ahuramazda; that the old Urartian language has been deciphered and the numerous inscriptions translated. Does the author in the last case refer to the attempts at decipherment made by Dr. Mordtmann? The English, too, offers grounds for criticism: we find, for example, "he camped upon us until we should be able to hire him to get off"—meaning apparently "pay him to go,"—"whom we soon discovered wanted our passports," "the women lived aways in the secrecy of their apartments," "they slid down just like sliding down a railway embankment," "to present him the gun as a memento," "against whom they are at deadly feud." Other curious uses of words are "a tremendous culture," "an undulating head," "a burly moustache," "Mosul, the modern Nineveh," "a large shower," "invulnerability"—apparently in the sense of inviolability—and "ark," by which the author seems to mean "citadel." We hasten however to say that the book is written in a decidedly racy style and ought to be of absorbing interest,

especially at the present time when the fate of the whole of the districts described is trembling in the balance. The work ought to help to dispel many illusions from which English people have suffered too long; they may learn for example the true inwardness of the Young Turk movement. We commend the following, too, to those who still believe that the Turk is "at all events a gentleman:"—"When we went out to take pictures and look around the town we were followed by a hooting mob that we could shake off only by returning to the inn and ordering the great wooden gate shut behind us. Such treatment is almost unheard of among Arabs, who are always quiet and courteous. It is rare, too, among the Kurds, who have a high sense of hospitality and will not annoy a guest. But this town of Kifri, like many of the larger places in this region, is largely Turkish." The description, too, of Armenia, and the horrors of its treatment by the Turks, coming as it does from a neutral and an eye-witness whose visit was so recent, should be studied by all. The book is full of just and correct observations which bear witness both to the humanity and intelligence of the author. We will close by quoting one remark which is quite true and may be the means of saving the reader at some future time from an unnecessary expenditure of his cash:— "Many grow quite rich in this way (i.e. by raising money in America for "schools and orphanages"), by local standards, and one man actually brought $15,000 back to within a few miles of his native valley, where he was robbed of his last cent by a delighted party of Kurds. Like their Moslem neighbours these people ought not to be judged according to Western ideals. Oriental charity is altogether selfish. Alms are given for the benefit of the giver, who does not trouble himself to what use his money is put, but looks upon the recipient as a convenience through whom he is able to acquire merit. So these mountain men cannot understand why the charitable should care whether the money goes to schools or orphanages or not. According to Eastern ideas the Lord will not reward them the less for their charity if the money is used rather for the comfort of the collector."

## THE BLACKEST PAGE OF MODERN HISTORY.

*Armenia: Events of 1915: The Facts and Responsibilities: by G. H. Gibbons. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 75 cents, 1916, pp. 71.*

It would be well if this little work were read by all who are following the fortunes of the war, and that means by everybody. For nowhere, even in the present time of distress, have the blighting effects of cruelty been more painfully evident than in Armenia. We recommend a study of the book to our readers. It is a pity that the publishers were not able to issue it at a lower price.