VOL. XVII., No. 2 MONTREAL APRIL 1918

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED: FEBRUARY, APRIL, OCTOBER, DECEMBER

APRIL 1918

	Page
Topics of the Day	145
Social Backgrounds in Recent English Literature—R. M. MacIver	158
Strategy and Food Production—F. N. Hales	176
A Portrait—Archibald MacMechan	196
Back to the Land—J. A. Cormie	197
The Lost Legion—W. G. Peterson	204
Making the Boundary—Florence Randal Livesay	210
The Russian Revolution—F. A. Golder	217
In Memoriam—John Macnaughton	235
Resurgam—Lily Alice Lefevre	246
Thomas Hardy as an Artist of Character—H. L. Stewart	247
Epitaph—Aileen Ward	262
Twentieth Century Idols—R. Goldwin Smith	263
'Anita"—G. A. Sweny	272
On Getting Together—William Creighton Graham	284
An Invocation—Minnie Hallowell Bowen	298
Criticism and the Prophets—W. G. Jordan	300
Book Reviews and Literary Notes	311

University Magazine

MONTREAL.

SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL, Editor.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

SIR W. PETERSON, LL.D., K.C.M.G. R. W. LEE, M.A., B.C.L.
PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D. ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN, Ph.D.

To the Secretary,
University Magazine,
216 Peel Street, Montreal.

Please enter my name as a subscriber to the University Magazine.
Subscription Price, $2.00 per year, payable in advance.

To commence with.................................*Number*.................................

Enclosed herewith find two dollars.

Signature.................................

Address.................................

Every subscription to the University Magazine is an endowment to the magazine. This, because there are no stockholders—no dividends, no salaries to pay, and anything over goes to the writers.

Will you kindly suggest four names of persons who might become subscribers?

.................................Name

.................................Address

.................................Name

.................................Address

.................................Name

.................................Address

.................................Name

.................................Address

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

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

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: SIR W. PETERSON, LL.D., K.C.M.G., Principal of McGill University; R. W. LEE, M.A., B.C.L., Dean of the Faculty of Law, McGill University; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Editor: SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

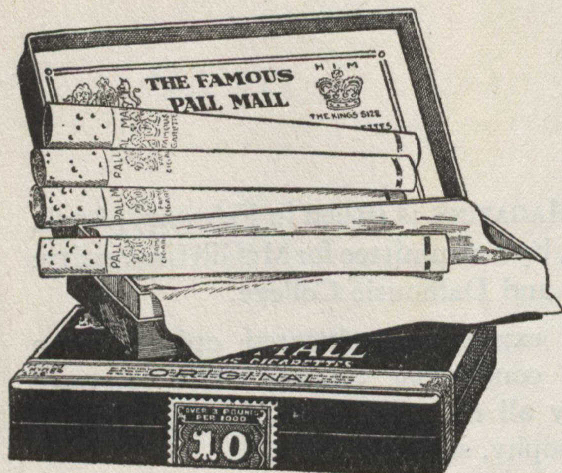
During the Editor's absence at the front the work of editing the Magazine is being undertaken by a local committee consisting of Sir William Peterson, Professors C. W. Colby, P. T. Lafleur, Dean R. W. Lee.

In our book review section, under the management of Prof. S. B. Slack, notices will appear of such new books as may seem to deserve attention, especially those dealing with Canada and with Canadian and Imperial politics.

The Editorial and business management is gratuitous.

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

All communications should be addressed to the Acting Editor, THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.



PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

THE UTMOST IN
QUALITY AND APPEARANCE

They lend to the most distinguished occasion an added touch of pleasure.

H. I. M.

THE KING'S SIZE

Ordinary Size
A Shilling in London
A Quarter here.

IN ATTRACTIVE RED BOXES OF TEN.

H.I.M.
The King's size
A long after-dinner smoke
35c per package.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE COLLAPSE OF RUSSIA

Russia has transformed herself into a Socialist Republic, and for the time being all our maps are out of date. Her Baltic Provinces are gone, along with Finland, the Ukraine, and Caucasia; Odessa and her Black Sea Ports are in alien hands; and her steady march beyond the Caspian, which was long thought to menace India, may now be taken up by the military power which practically holds Russia in thrall. The great colossus is shown to have had feet of clay. Unless any uprising develops in the near future, which seems rather unlikely, the Soviet vote just taken at Moscow will control the situation, at least to the end of the war. Society was once defined as "Anarchy *plus* the Policeman," and in Russia the policeman has been eliminated. Lenine and Trotzky have seen to that. The latter is said to have wanted to put up a fight, while Lenine avowed his readiness to "sign any treaty which would enable them to prepare for a new struggle." To encourage his followers, he even pointed out what powers of recuperation Prussia herself had shown after the victories of Napoleon. He also complains that he and his precious following have been left in the lurch by the masses of the population in the Allied countries, as well as by those of the Central Powers, —"workmen and peasants like ourselves." Instead of starting revolutions on their own account, they have preferred, he says, to follow military and imperialistic leading. When the war is over, it will be easy to show that the best results were secured by the nations whose soldiery knew what it was fighting for. That is where we are strong. There is not a Canadian in the trenches to-day who could not give a reasoned account of why he is there, in terms of British freedom. To this their German antagonists can oppose only the orders of their military masters, and their ambition to

own the world. As for the Russians, while we still have tears for the fate of the thousands whom a selfish and incapable oligarchy sent ill-equipped into battle at the outset of the war, the fact is now being emphasized that only an infinitesimal percentage of the population can either read or write. Their ignorance is such that they do not even know when they are themselves putting the yoke on their own necks. They have been as clay in the hands of the potter, and the potter now is German. In face of the many problems that now beset us, it is to be hoped that the solidarity of the Allies will be maintained. There is probably some small extent of cleavage at the moment, owing to the question of Japanese intervention. Some of the pacifists in England profess to believe that what they are pleased to call a "Japanese raid" in the East would be as bad as the German invasion of the West of Russia. On the other hand we all agree with President Wilson in wanting to help Russia, without blaming her present Government overmuch for tearing up treaties as "scraps of paper." The only difficulty is as to how it can be done. Meanwhile our great consolation, in what is undoubtedly going to be a most trying time, is that the place of Russia in the war has been taken by an older Republic than Russia. Her watch-word, like ours, is freedom, and freedom will in the end prevail.

DANGERS OF PREMATURE PEACE

No recent war-utterance has done more to strengthen and encourage us in the faith than that of Mr. Asquith, who was Prime Minister of Great Britain at the outbreak of the war. He is on record as having said, the other day, that if he had to do the whole thing over again he would not hesitate, even with the knowledge of the suffering and loss it would involve. Everything that has happened since August, 1914, has justified us in the course we then resolved to follow, with practical unanimity. Here, in Canada, it need not be a matter of surprise that certain differences of opinion reveal themselves from time to time in governmental circles in London. This is obviously what

took place in regard to the question of the relation of the civil to the military executive. But we must not on that account begin to speak of cabals on the one hand, and incompetence on the other. In the free play of forces, which is the great feature of the British system, we may be confident that a right solution has been or will be found. We may be proud, in fact, of both Lloyd George and Asquith. The great point for the enemy to grasp is that, in some forty bye-elections that have been held since the war began, no pacifist has ever won a seat, or has even dared to stand. England knows quite well what the "next war" would mean for her, started as it would be by an enemy who recognizes no obligations of either law or morality, and who would be quite capable of making a sudden attack without notice. The German successes in the East have probably made Lord Lansdowne realize that his suggestions are inopportune. No doubt, when the time comes, such an informal preliminary conference as he has advocated would be an excellent introduction to the formal gathering of peace plenipotentiaries. But the time has not yet come. Some peace feelers are out, and the German Emperor has publicly expressed his willingness to live in friendship with neighbouring peoples. But he did not fail to specify his condition—"that the victory of the German arms must first be recognized." This is just like Germany's attitude to the proposed League of Nations. Her spokesmen are quite willing to have such a League, provided that "we Germans" are to be its head, and provided also that they are to have full opportunity of stealing everything in sight before the League is constituted. They desire, in fact, to have an international *imprimatur* set upon their burglaries and atrocities of all kinds. France and England both know Germany through and through. They are equally desirous of peace, which is in fact what they have been fighting for since the beginning of the war. But, as Monsieur Clemenceau said the other day to the French Chamber, "It is not by bleating about peace that we shall destroy Prussian militarism." That is why the Allies

are prepared to write off their losses and go ahead with the war. They know that peace by victory in 1919, or even later, will be better and more enduring than peace by negotiation now. And they know that if Germany does not lose the war she wins it.

BOMBAST AND BLASPHEMY The German Emperor has once again been testifying to the efficient work of his senior partner,—the good old German god. He says that in recent events he "admires the hand of God in history." This is the hand, we suppose, that has stayed in the meantime the conversion of the German people to democracy, that has brought even Christian Socialists into line with the Junkers, and that will prevent guilty Belgium (save the mark!) from allowing herself to be used again as a "jumping-off ground for the enemies of Germany." One rather damning fact has emerged within the last few weeks. It has transpired that in the end of July, 1914, the German Government calmly formulated a demand that France should hand over to it the fortresses of Toul and Verdun as a guarantee that she would stay quiet in the war that was being trumped up with Russia over the Balkan question. It is being laboriously explained in Berlin that this demand was never presented by the German representative in Paris, and that it could not, therefore, have influenced the subsequent course of events. But that it should ever have been thought of, and actually put in writing, is a sufficient revelation of the bullying spirit that brought on the war. The still more recent publication of the private memorandum compiled by Prince Lichnowsky in August, 1916, for the edification of a few personal friends, is another most damning document. The Prince was German Ambassador in London at the outbreak of the war, and tried for a time to counter the manoeuvres of the war-lords at Berlin, who were set on provoking it on any pretext. He is now in disgrace for having told the truth to his own people. The Junkers were too many for him. And was braggadocio ever more fittingly joined together with blasphemy than

recently in a speech delivered before the Agrarian League at Berlin, by Herr von Oldenburg, who is reputed to be one of the boon-companions of the German Crown Prince? His words will endure for long as the climax of German madness: "We want no kingdom of renunciation; we want a kingdom of victory, success, and glory. It shall be in the words of the Lord's prayer,—a kingdom of power and glory, for ever and ever, Amen."

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR AND IRELAND Another German utterance to which attention may properly be called at this time is von Hertling's attempt to make trouble by ranking Ireland along with India and Egypt. This at a time when representative Irishmen have been invited by the British Parliament to say what kind of constitution they want for Ireland, with the promise that as soon as they agree among themselves, it will be a pleasure to let them have what they want! The German Chancellor might have given a thought to Prussian Poland, whose citizens have long been denied the right to live and prosper in their own land on equal terms with Germans in other parts of the empire. The Ireland which von Hertling has in mind is the Ireland of fifty years ago, when the rural population were mere tenants-at-will, with no security against rack-rents and eviction. It is the Ireland that to-day exists only for anti-British separationists. In an exhaustive study of the Irish agrarian question, Professor Bonn, of Munich, put on record, not long ago, his conviction that, owing to the generous use of the wealth and credit of the United Kingdom by the British Government, "the Irish tenants have had conditions assured to them more favourable than any other tenantry in the world enjoy." That was and is high praise from a German. And the only limitation which England sets to Home-rule in Ireland to-day, is that it must be Home-rule *within the Empire*. This is a fact which it would be well even for certain Canadian statesmen more fully to realize. What a blessing it would be if Germany and the German peril were now to prove the reconciler

between Ireland and Great Britain! Irishmen all over the world have only to look on this picture and on that,—Germany, in her relations to Poland, and England to the Ireland of to-day. The Irish cause is lamenting the loss of one of its stoutest champions, the late John Redmond; and in the course of an address delivered to the Irish League the other day in New York, on the occasion of his death, Mr. T. P. O'Connor praised his former leader's attitude to the war, adding that any Irish American who failed to support it would be a "traitor to his adopted land." The Irish in the United States are putting aside their secular grievances in order to make common cause with their fellow-citizens. It would be well if Irishmen in Ireland and elsewhere were to resolve to follow that example.

W. P.

THE TEUTONIC MORBUS

Is Teutonism curable? The question is of vital interest, for "God is the avenger of sin and not of nature," and if the Hun is really hunnish because he cannot help himself we shall have to count his quality amongst things inevitable, like mosquitoes and measles and many other things we could well do without. A reference to the *Germania* of Tacitus might seem too academic for this column were not the psychology of the German matter of present concern. We read there how the Chatti, anticipating the international morality of the modern Prussian, overwhelmed their good neighbours the Cherusci, law-abiding folk doubtless and believers in plighted faith—for Tacitus describes them as *boni æquique*, and is not *jus* the *ars boni et æqui*? These good-natured people, like the law-abiding nations of to-day, learnt to their cost that *inter impotentes et validos falso quiescas.* The most striking parallel, however, is seen in the claim of the aggressors to make a morality of their iniquity. *Ubi manu agitur, modestia ac probitas nomina superioris sunt;* or, as we put it to-day, "God is on the side of the big battalions." It would, perhaps, be impossible to establish an ethnological connection between the modern Prussian and his ancient prototype, but the per-

sistence of the moral type suggests it. "What is bred in the bone won't out of the flesh."

PHILOSOPHERS AND LUNATICS A writer in *The Providence Law Journal,* formerly a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, in an article under the title, "Fighting the Lunatic Philosophy of Germany," cites from Mr. William Archer's book "Fighting a Philosophy" some of the maxims of the new evangel collected by that author from Nietzsche and other sources. Whether Nietzsche was a good man or a bad man, a profound thinker or a quack, did or did not mean what he said, is not of the smallest importance in comparison with the fact that his apothegms pass current and find their obvious application in the conduct of his too docile fellow-countrymen. Here are some of the gems of the collection; they are not new, but it is well to repeat them in order that we may never forget what we are "up against." "The noble type of man . . . looks for no approval from others, but takes his stand on the judgment 'what is hurtful to me is hurtful in itself.' He knows it to be his prerogative to be a creator of values." "Ye say: a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you: it is a good war that halloweth every cause." "Might is right and is decided by war . . . War in itself is a good thing. God will see to it that war always recurs. The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral." "To us is given faith, hope and hatred; but hatred is the greatest among them." "Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the solace of the warrior. Everything else is folly. . . . Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip." But enough of this poor stuff. How silly it all is!

R. W. L.

THE NEUTRALITY OF THE VATICAN During the last few months, the London Press has not hesitated to speak its mind about the attitude of the Church of Rome towards the belligerent powers and voice the strong objection which has

been felt for some time throughout the British Empire against any Papal participation in the Peace Conference. The various Papal Peace Notes, when stripped of confusing verbiage, have been found in substance to be a statement of German peace terms. They have always been put forward at times when it would have suited the Central Powers to have made peace. "By no sophistry," says a leading London journal, "can the political activities of the Vatican be regarded as consistent with the principles of neutrality." Such sophistry was attempted by the Papal Secretary, Cardinal Gasparri, who said with regard to the invasion of Belgium by Germany that the Pope could not pronounce a general condemnation without proof. Does the Pope still require proof of the sinking of the Lusitania? Does he doubt the murdering of non-combatants on land, considering he has the word of Cardinal Mercier? Why did he receive the appeal of this courageous man early in the war with a stony silence? His is, at least, a callous neutrality, which shows a wonderful control of the emotions in regard to the sufferings of humanity. But latterly facts have been brought forward which place this attitude of neutrality in another and, from the standpoint of the Allies, still less favourable light. In reply to Cardinal Bourne's demand for evidence of the asserted Roman Catholic complicity in the anti-Ally propaganda which has been going on in Italy, Mr. Richard Bagot who has lived for years in that country has said: "One has only to procure and read the articles which during the whole of the years 1915 and 1916 appeared in the Italian clerical press on the War to satisfy himself as to the pro-German and anti-British and anti-French sentiments of the Italian clericals. To these publications must be added the innumerable pamphlets and leaflets, reviews and brochures of all descriptions which have been distributed wholesale, not only in the Italian cities, but even in the smallest and most remote country towns through clerical agencies." And from the same source we are told that the extracts from the last Papal Peace Note, "accompanied by insidious and unpatriotic comments, were clandestinely distributed among soldiers on leave and in the hospitals,

and to men called up to the colours who sooner or later would be going to the front." It cannot be plausibly contended that the Vatican has not sufficient authority over the clerical press in Italy to be able to prevent a propaganda against the Allies, and especially against England, such as has been carried on actively for three years. The Rome correspondent of the *London Times*, who was on the Italian front for some weeks when the Pope's Peace Note was published, has given similar testimony a couple of months ago. "I shall not forget," he says, "the language used about the Pope by an Italian General, a good Catholic, who knew how some of his men had been shaken by the actions of the Vatican." Additional testimony to the same effect has been given by wounded British gunners who have been sent back from the Italian front, who have declared that they were frequently urged by agents of the Vatican to desert their guns, i.e., to play the game for the Austrians and Germans. This Pontifical intriguing will only enforce the conclusion which the Allies had gradually been coming to, even before the recent disaster in Italy. In the secret documents, published by the Russian Bolsheviks, the following clause occurs in an agreement between Italy and the Allies: "France, England, and Russia will support the opposition of Italy to the admission of any diplomatic step on the part of the representatives of the Holy See tending to the conclusion of peace and to the solution of questions regarding the War." Surely there will be no going back on this decision!

LORD MORLEY'S WORD OF EPILOGUE In his stimulating work of "Recollections," Lord Morley allows a careful reader to construct some estimate of his character and temperament, at least on the intellectual side. And now and again he gives a sentence of direct description, as when he declares: "I am commonly a man of good, though pretty serious spirits," and, "I, for one, am never really depressed or sad when something serious fills the mind." Such confessions are interesting in connection with a passage in "A Word of Epilogue"

in the second volume, which must have surprised some of the author's admirers, who may see in it a weakening of his rationalistic beliefs. After a tribute to the civilizing influence of science and rationalism, and a fairly optimistic survey of the field of social development and action in the first volume, "good things which the decline of theologic faith has not impeded," Lord Morley finds "a painful interrogatory" to emerge. "Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hands for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? *Circumspice.* Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as ever to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catch-words veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath?" The pessimism of this passage strikes us as far less remarkable than the inconsequence of the reasoning, which is indeed strange in one of Lord Morley's mental rigour. The former is the expression of weariness and disappointment on the part of a man who feels himself out of harmony with the impulses of the majority of his countrymen, and who sees many of the things he has striven for temporarily, at least, undergoing ruin. But the view which pictures the "civilized" world as lying in the hollow of the hand of Darwins, Spencers, and Renans is extraordinarily inaccurate and misleading. The full influence of science and liberal philosophy is still limited to very few. *Circumspice*; and you will see that the many are still in the hands either of the churches or the newspapers, or of both, whose flexible policies can readily be made to coincide with the aims of a sordid diplomacy. Modern science and critical philosophy are only a few hundred years old. In many countries education is still not compulsory. Lord Morley might have remembered David Hume's prediction of the time it would take to leaven the resisting mass of superstition through the spread of realistic ideas. And perhaps Hume did not make sufficient allowance for the

mental inertia and indifference that have to be continually grappled with.

J. W. H.

GERMANY AND JAPAN It is now just twenty-three years since Japan received Port Arthur from a prostrate China. But even at the moment when the moribund Manchus made this concession, they knew that Germany was conspiring to wrest from the Mikado the spoils which he most coveted. No sooner had Japan been given title to Port Arthur by the government of Pekin than she was compelled to relinquish it under polite dictation from that singular league of Germany, Russia, and France which Mr. Garvin has felicitously styled the Horizontal Triplice.

Of this combination Germany was the promoter and the organizer. Nicholas II was then devoting to the prosecution of Asiatic projects as much ardour as one of his languid character could display. With heart set upon Port Arthur, he closed his mind to the Balkans and Constantinople, while the Wilhelmstrasse pushed him forward into policies which rendered him powerless on the Polish frontier. Meanwhile France trailed along after Russia to show loyalty towards her ally.

With perfect clarity of thought Japan saw at the moment, and has never ceased to remember, that German intrigue ousted her from Port Arthur in 1895. To this incident is traceable the trend of her foreign policy ever since, including the alliance with England, and the alacrity with which she proceeded to shove the Germans out of Tsingtau in 1914. The Japanese also had a good opportunity to see the Prussians at work during the suppression of the Boxer Rising. A little later they noted without any shadow of misapprehension the counsel which was given by Germany to Russia on the eve of the Russo-Japanese War. At the very moment when Lord Lansdowne was warning Russia that Japan was in earnest about her objection to Alexieff's encroachments upon Korea, Von Bülow told Russia that the Japanese were bluffing and could easily be brought to time by diplomatic firmness.

Finally, Tokio has never for one moment neglected to observe how Wilhelm II attempted to awaken in European chancelleries an apprehension of the Yellow Peril, in order that thereby he might be enabled the more easily to strengthen his position on the Bosphorus.

These are some of the facts which stand out in the record of Western and Eastern relationships since the Treaty of Shimonoseki. The collapse of Russia opens up new vistas by bringing within the range of possibility the creation of a marchland between Germany and Japan. Whether such a development would be likely to help Germany in the long run may well be doubted.

THE ALLIES AND AUSTRIA Whether Japan will organize, or attempt to organize for aggressive warfare the uncounted millions of China is one large question. Another is raised by the possibility that during the next decade there may be a narrowing of the eight Great Powers to three—or at least to the three main groups which would be represented by the Allies of the Western Front, Germany plus her vassals, and Japan with an ancillary Mongolia. But in the meantime we must cross our bridges as we come to them, and the vital issues still relate to Austria and Turkey.

To those of us who have long entertained strong convictions on the subject of Hamburg-Bagdad-Cairo, it is gratifying to see that this branch of political geography is now receiving much closer attention in the Western Hemisphere than has been accorded to it hitherto. The most important individual from whose eyes the scales have fallen during the past eighteen months, is President Wilson. All his recent utterances show that he has grasped clearly the significance to the United States of Germany's resolve to enter upon the Turkish inheritance. And at the same time when the President's addresses to Congress are showing a perception of first principles, André Cheradame is contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly* one of the most important series of articles which he, the unmasker of Pangermanism, has ever published. Hence there is reason to hope that before the close of this year the

real nature of Balkan and Turkish affairs will be more generally understood throughout this continent than ever before.

With Jerusalem in the hands of Allenby and with our troops high up on the Euphrates, we seem to be taking a firm hold of the lands to the south of the Taurus—subject to the risk of a flank attack from the side of Persia. But however great may be our success in Syria and Mesopotamia, it is the Austrian aspect of the situation which is essential. Obviously the Ottoman is powerless against the Entente apart from the aid which reaches him from Berlin, and in all matters of political strategy the main line is still that of the Danube.

Pro-Bulgars like Noel Buxton hold out hope of breaking up the alliance of the Central Powers by detaching the Hapsburgs from Berlin. "Austria is now faced on one side by a league of democratic nations which between them control the economic and political future of the world, and on the other by the prospect of being a minor partner in an impoverished and highly unpopular Central Europe, an institution with a shadowy present and a very problematical future. In these circumstances it is not unlikely that the Allies might tempt her by the offer of peace, co-operation, and freedom of commerce, in exchange for the cession of the Trentino to Italy and equity to the nationalities."

Thus argues Mr. Buxton, who seems to think that the Emperor Charles would find no opposition from Magyar magnates and the Pangermans of Cis-leithania were he to draw towards the Entente, and who seems equally to disregard what Hindenburg might do to him in such circumstances. On the other hand those who look upon Austria as a moral vacuum, and who believe that the Hapsburgs possess no power except for evil, will greatly prefer M. Cheradame's plan to overthrow them by encouraging the subject races to Mr. Buxton's programme, of coquetting with a family whose record in Eastern Europe is no less unmistakable than that of Tammany in New York—although this comparison may seem unduly insulting to the Sachems of Fourteenth Street.

C. W. C.

SOCIAL BACKGROUNDS IN RECENT ENGLISH LITERATURE

IN this paper I am concerned with one aspect of the time-spirit, as it is revealed in the English plays and novels of the age now so calamitously closed. During the nineteenth century a certain new sense of society was born in the minds of thoughtful men out of the travail of a great transition. The placidity of the Victorian era was apparent only—there was all the time much crumbling of old social edifices. The new triumphant science was shaking the old foundations of religion and therewith confounding that sense of social fixity which religion always assures. In the form of Darwinism its attack was carried beyond the outer trenches of religious dogmas right up to the inner defences of accepted morality. The ethics of Christianity had never been the general practice of Christendom, but none the less was Christendom moved by this flagrant counter-creed of the "survival of the fit." It was the latest of the subversive forces which science had been liberating for—or, as many had reason to think, against—mankind. Science had nursed the Industrial Revolution, beside whose far-reaching and yet unfulfilled effects the overthrow of dynasties and empires may well prove insignificant. By the middle of the nineteenth century it had already profoundly changed the condition of men's lives. Grimy cities, their stately centres of exchange and bank succeeded by massed tenements and ever-lengthening arms of brick back-to-backs along every iron way, with their tall chimneys and vibrant factories, with their network of wires above and of rails below—these had emerged out of the confusion of poverty and wealth, of helplessness and power, of fierce competition and serene monopoly which the new age had brought. It was no wonder that the old sense of social

stability, which made as it were a firmament of every social stage on which earlier writers had introduced their actors, gradually fell away, and was succeeded by that new attitude of which I wish to speak.

The new attitude brings a new treatment of the social background, of the relation between the characters and their social conditions. In the new work, as I shall try to show, the persons of the play or novel enter into a more vital relation to their social surroundings. We see not only the characters act and react on one another; we see also the social situation acting upon them all, and itself responsive to their actions. The social situation becomes itself as it were a *dramatis persona*, sometimes, as in Bernard Shaw, even the protagonist. It really complicates the matter very much. The older writers took their social backgrounds for granted, just as actors might take their stage, the boards whereon they tread, the scenes whereon they enter, whence they depart. They are strictly backgrounds, selected as foil or setting, as picturesque concomitant or romantic curtain, not as life-condition, of the characters. The backgrounds need description, not analysis. The characters pursue their courses in fine independence of them. It makes things simpler to treat the social *milieu* in this external way. It gives more play to the spirit of romance, which hates the necessities of reality. It allows the ethical interest to work out for the characters their appropriate fulfilments of happiness or doom. It makes story-telling easy, permitting the winds of adventure to carry the hero to that land where the intrigues of the wicked never succeed, and the deserving brave generally win at the last the virtuous fair. All this might be illustrated by the methods of almost any novelist before George Eliot or almost any dramatist before Ibsen.

Take the case of Dickens, for example. It is specially appropriate because Dickens does concern himself with social conditions. But his treatment is entirely without depth, because his interest in things as they are, but should not be, is always crossed by his desire to make the background merely

picturesque. His social world is a world of side-shows, of eccentricities. His attitude remains purely external. He wants to amuse and thrill and shock, to excite "pity and terror," not to reveal, not first to understand. For all his reforming enthusiasms, he still lacks the sense of society. For the true social interest is not in the appearance, not in the effect on the spectator, not in the coloured, variegated picture of diverse usages and institutions, but in their meaning for those who live within them, for those who apprehend them not with the fresh, curious, superficial eyes of strangers, but as the permanent texture of their lives. It is the difference between the views of the onlooker and of the inmate, of the traveller and of the native. Thus the traveller sees, let us say, the Chinaman engaged in hulling rice after his primitive, laborious fashion, and is pleasantly piqued by the novelty and the contrast, and by the inference, often unwarranted, of his own superiority. But he doesn't appreciate the situation half so much as the sweating Chinaman himself who conducts the operation, and is diverted by no such consoling reflections. The interest in picturesqueness is the enemy of social understanding.

The older literary treatment of the social background was eminently picturesque. It aimed at artistic effect rather than scientific truth. But the great subversive forces already referred to wakened a new social consciousness which led to a new literary treatment. In English literature we may perhaps find in George Eliot the first clear indication of the new manner. The social background means more for her, means something different. It is vital and disturbing. There is conscious maladjustment, acute struggle and disharmony, tragic dependence, as between character and social environment. The idea of evolution was in the air, and for all its talk of adaptation it was revealing to men their only too real maladaptations to the rapid social process which was bearing them along.

But I do not wish to linger over the history of the new spirit. I wish instead to bring out its character by discussing

from this point of view some of its more modern representatives. It really is a time-spirit, for in some degree it animates nearly all the greater writers of the age just closed, in such a way as to give a touch of obsolescence to the novels and dramas of the age before them. I said "nearly all the great writers," for I am aware of one real exception among them, and I may be permitted to develop my meaning by pointing out first why, and how, he stands as an exception.

The exception is Joseph Conrad. So far as I know his work, it stands aloof from the influence of which I speak. He is a socially detached writer, and the detachment is very significant. In the characteristically roundabout fragment called "Some Reminiscences" he writes: "Having broken away from my origins under a storm of blame from every quarter which had the merest shadow of right to voice an opinion, removed by great distances from such natural affections as were still left to me, and even estranged, in a measure, from them by the totally unintelligible character of the life which had seduced me so mysteriously from my allegiance, I may safely say that through the blind force of circumstances the sea was to be all my world and the merchant service my only home for a long succession of years." His whole history is one of "landfalls and departures," to use an expression of his own. Twenty years of impressionable youth in partitioned and disorientated Poland, himself a Pole and the son of an exile and revolutionary; twenty years of life at sea, where the necessity and liberty of the element that takes no impress from the hands of man abrogates the conflicting traditions of nationalities; twenty years of English life, amid the rich associations of an insularity so long happily undisturbed, where he passed from the wandering of the seaman to the sedentariness of the man of letters, and became the master of a language he first learned in adult life; such a career was well calculated to throw a man back upon himself, upon his own individuality—to detach him, in a word, from the time-spirit and the growing consciousness of social backgrounds. Partial transitions stimulate the consciousness of society, but

complete transitions have the opposite effect—in this respect cosmopolitanism works on a different level to the same conclusion as parochialism. Conrad's characters are also men driven in upon themselves—souls in isolation like Lord Jim, Almayer, Razumov. His interest is in the strictest sense ethical, the interest in character. His heroes are placed in situations where the background intrudes least on the working out of a given ethical situation, in situations where remorse and pity and fear can reveal their essential consequences in the lives of men. They live on ships, in the by-ways of the East, in the tropical forest, in exile. They are Aeschylean in their detachment, in their domination by the consequences of ethical situations. By using backgrounds in this way Conrad can reveal the romantic fulfilment or catastrophe of character, which in ordinary life is constantly frustrated or modified by the complexity of social interactions. He is able, in spite of the current of his age, to remain a Romantic. What kills romance—or rather what makes impossible the kind of romance the older novelists and dramatists loved—is just this intrusion of social environment. Environment, with its—to the romanticist—dull and irrelevant causality, breaks in on the programme of adventure; environment denies the clear-cut situation and the neat conjuncture of time and place and person; environment spoils the retribution of romantic justice no less than the reward of happy-ever-afterness.

Conrad's own "Reminiscences" reveal this quality of his thoughts. He remains, though in the finest manner, a spectator only. He suggests repeatedly that the object of the writer is "to reach the very fountain of laughter and tears," these being the emotions appropriate to the sympathetic and understanding, but always unembroiled, spectator. He expresses his wish "to hold the magic wand giving that command over laughter and tears which is declared to be the highest achievement of imaginative literature." His attitude is that of the artist—to create the right impression. "It is better," he boldly declares, "for mankind to be impressionable than

reflective. Nothing humanely great — great, I mean, as affecting a whole mass of lives—has come from reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity." This is the mood of one who looks on life as upon a spectacle. It has great artistic possibilities, of which Conrad takes full advantage. But it is just the mood which, as I hope to show, the characteristic writers of our own age have abandoned. Its limitations are well illustrated by one of Conrad's own works, "Under Western Eyes," in which the background is one of social crisis—a Russian revolutionary plot. In this book, Conrad, the Pole, whose own earliest impressions were coloured, as he tells us, by the sufferings of the last Polish rising of 1863, and by the arbitrary bureaucratic tyranny under which his family lived, yet maintains an attitude of so complete reserve that it actually fails not only in sympathy but in understanding. Their justification in the social background is wanting for revolutionary and reactionary alike, and the result is that, in the words of one of his critics, "the heart of the book is cold." Even in "Nostromo," that magnificent tale of South American life, the background of revolution is just a picturesque curtain in front of which personal ambitions and rivalries and gallantries and vanities work to their appointed end.

Mr. Hugh Walpole, in his little book on Conrad, remarks that "one of the distinctions between the modern English novel and the mid-Victorian English novel is that modern characters have but little of the robust vitality of their predecessors; the figures in the novel of to-day fade so easily from the page that endeavours to keep them." To this tendency he finds in Conrad an exception. I venture to suggest that the real basis of the difference is not a lack of vitality in the modern presentation of the characters portrayed, but a greater sense of their dependence on, and relation to, their environment. So they do not stand out against it in such clear outlines. The earlier mode of depicting character suggests—though I would not follow this simile so far as to imply any lack of artistry in a writer like Conrad—those

drawings in which the figures are demarcated by heavy crayon lines from their surroundings. This does give a sense of their robustness. It is an effect one often feels in stage presentations. The backgrounds, being as it were petrified, contribute a quality of preternaturally self-contained personality to the characters of the play.

From this whole tradition the characteristic writers of our own time have, in greater or less degree, drawn apart. In fact, it would be possible to classify our creative authors according to the degree in which they have abandoned the picturesque treatment of background, with Conrad at one end of the scale and perhaps Bernard Shaw at the other. But this is too vast a theme for a short paper, and I must limit myself to suggesting a few of the ways in which the new tradition reveals itself in recent literature. These are many and various and notable, and the choice of examples must in part be arbitrary. I shall make choice, for brief consideration, of writers who are very unlike in temperament and mode of approach, though they all exhibit the distinctive sense of society; giving special attention to that writer who seems to me to present its extreme development.

First I take Thomas Hardy as the finest example of those writers who limit themselves to a narrow social territory—in this instance, the richly historical region of Wessex, centred by his native town of Dorchester. The limitation enables him to write with the most intimate and faithful appreciation of the speech and custom and character of the countryside. At the same time it would seem that, the more a writer lives and feels within a single social *milieu*, the more does he accept as inevitable. In consequence, the greater he is within that range, the more fatalistic does he tend to become. But Hardy's fatalism is never complete. The sense of social disharmony is always present, and with it, though only in undertone, the spirit of revolt. There is no inevitability in the social life as he reveals it. It is a scene of ironic and poignant contrasts; brief troubled mortality set over against the immemorial imperturbability of nature; frolic and way-

wardness and tragedy of an hour staged amid the crumbling mellowed evidences of past life; strong human instincts driving men and women to shipwreck against the thwarting laws and conventions of their society. Sometimes, so intimate and loving is the description of character and scene, so strong is the sense of historic continuity, Hardy seems to attain the subjective harmony of the antiquarian or the romanticist. "The barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn." But this only intensifies the sense of disharmony, of unquiet dependence, of unequal strife, which is sure to succeed. "There is something external to us," cries Sue in *Jude the Obscure,* which says, "You shan't!" First it said, "You shan't learn!" Then it said, "You shan't labour!" Now it says, "You shan't love!" Hardy is fond, for example, of bringing his native back from the outer world, where different usages prevail, into the village life, as an element to disturb its quiescence. So Clym Yeobright leaves his jeweller's store in Paris to return to Egdon Heath, that "face on which time makes but little impression;" so Serjeant Troy brings back to Weatherbury Farm his superficial military accomplishments and fatally persuasive gallantries in "Far from the Madding Crowd;" so Jocelyn Pierston in "The Well-Beloved" discovers the incompatibility of his London-bred artistic fastidiousness with the ideas and customs of the "Isle of Slingers." Another way in which Hardy produces this effect of instability and disharmony is by bringing a man and a woman of different social standing together, united for a time on the common ground of passion, and then separated by the intrusive force of social distinctions, so irrelevant while passion lasts, so tragic when the deeper nature must endure the rebuff of the shallower and more conventional. This situation occurs in "Two in a Tower," in "The Woodlanders," in "The Well-Beloved," and most notably, in "Tess of the Durbervilles." It is an old enough theme of fiction, but in Hardy it takes on a deeper significance. It becomes the spring of irony, of questioning, of misgiving—finally of indictment. What

is indicted is the social scheme of things. The tragedy is not, as in Conrad, the fulfilment and vindication of ethical law. It is a more complex issue. If there is any vindication at all it is of the victim, not of the law.

So far the novels carry us, but they are not the end. For Hardy, after a quarter century of novel-writing, turned from prose to verse, and in the series of volumes beginning with "Time's Laughing Stocks" a new note is heard. The adoption of the freer form and of a wider background than the Wessex of the novels is full of significance. The sweep of the vision is extended. The burden of fate is lightened; the inevitability of the tragic conflict begins to yield. There is a gleam of comfort for the sympathetic heart—and always the dominant emotion of Hardy's spirit is sympathy—not from any dimming of perception but from the gaining of a widened vision. This is revealed most fully in the master drama of "The Dynasts," in whose great range the whole catastrophe of the Napoleonic era, in some respects so tragically reminiscent of our own, for the first time finds a worthy stage. The first volume of "The Dynasts" appeared in 1904, when Hardy was sixty-four years of age, the third in 1908. Henceforth let no man find consolation, when a genius dies at thirty or at sixty, in the thought that he had already delivered his message. Let him remember "The Dynasts" and leave the thought unspoken. Here at last Hardy enters into the thought of the world's few greatest ones, from Socrates onwards, that enlightenment is the world's first need. The "unwitting Will," the "Great Foresightless," works in the blind clash of the pathetic peoples, works through their narrow instincts, their contented ignorances, and sluggish loyalties, works through the blunderings and follies and ambitions of the presiding dynasts who devote them to long suffering and murderous death. But the Spirit of Pity is always present with its questioning—"Nay; shall not Its blindness break?"—unsilenced by the sage tradition of the Spirit of the Years; and to it is given the final chorus of prophetic triumph:

But—a stirring thrills the air,
Like to sounds of joyaunce there,
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashions all things fair.

This from the pen that wrote the famous ending of "Tess of the Durbervilles."

It might be well worth while to pause and examine the transition of thought herein indicated, but I am limited in this paper to suggesting topics rather than pursuing them. This plea must also be my excuse for the fragmentary consideration I now give to the next great illustration of my general theme, Henry James. While Hardy was faithful for so long to the social background of his nativity, James spent all his days in the search for the background he most needed—"the great good place" appropriate to his people—and his quest is one of the most curious and significant things in modern literature. It illumines from quite another angle the difference between the modern and the earlier attitude already suggested. As the older novelists—or as Conrad—might seek out characters, knowing that when these are right all will be well, so James seeks out backgrounds. If in some respects he is to be regarded as a cosmopolite, he is always the cosmopolite whose homing instinct is baffled but still strong.

The beginning of it was in that leisured home, here or there in New York State, where the father of Henry and of William James entertained the passing celebrities of Europe in their inevitable lecturing tour of the States, and superintended with broad and consciously cultural design the education of his so responsive boys. Henry James' biographical writings reveal most adequately the eager sensitiveness of his spirit, its wonderful capacity for the thrills of life in the experience of what to ordinary men are ordinary things. To such a mind the contrast of its young ideal with the "American scene" of those days, crude in assertiveness, rigid in its moralities, engrossed in material affairs, and generally lacking in

artistry, must have been sharp. His affluent detachment from the necessities of a career enables him to carry on the quest for a new environment. The earliest writings which James has included in the series of his collected works is appropriately named "A Passionate Pilgrim." It is, he tells us, "in the highest degree documentary." "I had as far back as I could remember carried in my side, buried and unextracted, the head of one of those well-directed shafts from the European quiver to which, of old, tender American flesh was more helplessly and bleedingly exposed, I think, than to-day; the nostalgic cup had been applied to my lips even before I was conscious of it—I had been hurried off to London and to Paris immediately after my birth, and then and there, I was ever afterwards strangely to feel, that poison had entered my veins." The words of his passionate pilgrim read like a confession: "I think I should have been all right in a world arranged on different lines . . . . I had the love of old forms and pleasant rites, and I found them nowhere — found a world all hard lines and harsh lights, without shade, without composition, as they say of pictures, without the lovely mystery of colour. . . . Sitting here in this old park, in this old country, I feel that I hover on the misty verge of what might have been. I should have been born here, and not there."

It is characteristic of a temperament like James' that he has to *find* his true environment, not to share in making it. He wanted the very opposite of what his surroundings seemed to offer. In revulsion from those "hard lines and harsh lights" he sought the thrill of fineness, the stimulus of *nuance*. His men and women must suggest rather than express, must infer rather than perceive. To one not suffering the same reaction there is an obvious lack of bodiliness in James, a rarefaction as well as a refinement. But there is no lack of reality—that is essential. His search for background is never satisfied with the illusion of the romanticist. It is the craving of the social being. That appears clearly from the sequel. He went to England for the fulfilment America denied, but "The Spoils of Poynton" and "What Maisie Knew" reveal the partial break-

ing of that spell. This particular search, which would find (and never help to make) the beloved environment, is anyhow doomed to failure. The best backgrounds that seemed left, for his particular purpose, were those international circles in which his chosen types, the civilized wanderers of many lands, the leisured, the star-and-gartered, the detached, the representatives of accumulated American wealth and accumulated European nobility, with all their coteries and dependents, might meet in pure absence of preoccupation with anything but their own susceptibilities and desires. Such is the material of "The Golden Bowl," "The Wings of the Dove," and other masterpieces of analysis. Most admirably did those scenes serve the purpose of the master analyst, but there was a penalty attached, the penalty of all recherchéness. One critic has remarked of James that his women "are all strangely sterile; they bear no children." It is true in a wider sense of all James' characters. They are strangely sterile and frustrate, beating with much intensity, but in the social void, their luminous wings in vain. And this fact, by none more clearly understood than by James himself, may serve already as a sort of justification for the attitude of the group of writers to which I turn for my next illustration—writers as much concerned as was James in the study of environment, but concerned in the making as well as in the finding of it.

The group I refer to consists of those writers who weave into plays and novels the stuff of politics and economics and other "dismal sciences" of the social kind. It is to-day a numerous band, and seems likely to hold the field. It offers many interesting studies in the new treatment of background, but none more interesting than that provided by Bernard Shaw. He has carried to an extreme the preoccupation with situation —I call it "situation" because in such a case it ceases to be merely background. For this reason I choose Shaw as illustrative rather than, for example, Wells. Because of the heroic quality of his mind Shaw stands nearer the primary current and remoter from the secondary currents of social tendency than the other writers of this group. The contrast

with Wells in this respect is particularly marked. Wells has temporary passions for all sorts of things. He discovered, with that lovable freshness of surprise which must be the happiest reward of imagination, the bicycle, the aeroplane, the infernal machine, the Industrial Revolution, Socialism, floor-games, the working of his own mind, and finally God. He is always terribly up-to-date, and suffers the inevitable consequence of speedy obsolescence. While Wells in a few decades will be merely a figure of Georgian literature, Shaw, I venture to believe, will be still an interpreter, a force. He has a rare fidelity to the greater truth as he perceives it, a wonderful stubbornness of conviction. Take his Fabianism, in particular. While other of his Fabian associates have hardened, like Sidney Webb, or softened, like Wells, or else been diverted by the cross currents to which the adherents of such a faith are so exposed, Shaw has pursued his original purpose inflexibly, not because it was narrow but because it was deep. With that purpose we are here concerned only so far as it affects his treatment of social background—which is very far indeed.

In the first place, Shaw is a Socialist, and only those who understand Socialism can understand Shaw. I have read very clever essays on Shaw which quite failed to comprehend him because the writers failed to comprehend Socialism. To comprehend Socialism—I do not say to accept it—is to conceive the possibility of a very different social environment from the present one. The difference between the Socialist and his fellow-men is that the former thinks there is a vital relation between a change of institutions and a change of heart. He believes that the attainment of the things which men really desire, the needs of their bodies and of their souls, depends very much on the kind of social order men live under, and that the abolition of many things men struggle against, poverty, oppression, and disease, depends very much on the establishment of a different social order. The programme does not concern us here—only the attitude towards environment. Once that is understood, much that seems merely defiant or

paradoxical or impious to the traditional "man in the street," imbued with the notion of the fixity of environment, or to the "academic mind," imbued with the sense of historical continuity, loses its air of perverseness. It really is a question of the things we take or refuse to take for granted. "When I look back at my youth," says Mr. Wells in "The New Machiavelli," "I am always astonished by the multitude of things we took for granted." The Socialist refuses beyond other men to take his social background for granted, and that greatly affects his treatment of it when he turns to literature.

The time when we all cease to take things for granted is the time when we are driven from one environment to another, so that the contrast impresses us with a sense of instability and of the possibility of further change. All through the nineteenth century there were forces at work to foster this sense in thoughtful men. Never indeed was there so violent a transition as the twentieth century has just been inflicting on its children, to stir the sense of instability even in the thoughtless. But the contrasts were marked enough to give this new quality to the literature of the age.

In the case of Bernard Shaw the transition took a special form. Born of middle-class family in John Bull's other island, after an education which, according to his own account, he picked up at home in spite of the interruption of "schooling," followed by four years in a land agency office, he sought John Bull's own capital, and planted himself there for the rest of his days. His native intellect, the challenge of new environment, and Sidney Webb explain the rest.

The young star of genius often rises in misty, foreboding redness, awakening suspicion and alarm, before it shows its clear brightness of the zenith. Then we learn that it was not the star, but our own atmosphere, that was troubled. This is usually the fate of those whose genius drives them athwart the folkways. But Shaw was never yet submissive to fate. On the contrary he did a remarkable, perhaps an unprecedented, thing. He achieved contemporary popularity as the exponent of unpopular doctrines. It is always hard to find any but the

converted to whom to preach—if they weren't already at least half converted they would not be there in the pews; but the unconverted flocked to Shaw. It says much for England that this was possible—that a man could flout tradition, could preach an unpopular gospel, and win renown thereby instead of crucifixion from his unconverted audience. There are countries in which it would not have happened at all. Even in England it was possible only because Shaw gave to his pill of unpopular doctrine the most wonderful coating of radiant wit. Nor did he escape the danger his method incurred. To many this austere moralist seems a careless libertine, this profoundly sane philosopher a superficial jester; and the intense meaning of his message is hidden from them by the iridescence of the form. It has been held that Shaw does not take himself seriously. That is his own secret, but I am quite sure *we* ought to take him seriously.

"My way of joking is to tell the truth. It is the funniest joke in the world." So Shaw tells us in "John Bull's Other Island." He turns his penetrating gaze on the whole web of relationships which constitute our society. He is not satisfied with seeing it; he must see through it. He would pierce, as it were, behind the apparent to the real background. His enemy is the unreal in life, that which pretends to be what it is not; the unreal, which the stupid and the selfish love, the selfish because it is the safeguard against disturbance, the stupid because for them it is reality. It is significant that Shaw identifies his enemy with romance. It is the name which make-believe takes in literature. It is the pictured curtain behind the players.

When I speak of Shaw as eminently honest I am not using the term in an ethical sense. Honesty in ordinary life is a matter of morals; in literature it is something else—an intellectual feat. In ordinary life a stupid man can be honest—perhaps even it is easier for him than for another; in literary expression only the most gifted can attain it. For there are many trodden ways down which our thought follows, and when it does break free there are many worn channels of speech

which wait to capture the expression. This honesty is not virtue, but power; and Shaw possesses it in supreme degree.

This is illustrated by all his characteristics. To take one example, he never, like Hardy, externalizes the will which is revealed in human action. He reflects it into no abstractions of outside powers. As Mr. Holbrook Jackson well says of him: "Just as there is no such thing as poverty, but only poor people; just as there is no such thing as happiness, but only happy beings; or no such thing as beauty, but only beautiful things; so for Shaw there is no such final and complete thing as the world-will, but only a world willing itself towards ampler certainty of its end. By this attitude he escapes the pitfalls of the god-idea which have crippled the world since the dawn of history."

We must go a step further, and admit that Shaw abandons background altogether. The social situation is in the persons, and they are always conscious of its being so. They are there to reveal the situation. It is all present as soon as they appear, and has only to be expressed. His characters just explain it all; they do nothing. They are words made flesh, but what is living in them is the word, not the flesh. Nothing develops in the play. All that develops is the spectator's understanding of the situation. There is therefore neither climax nor dénouement. This is true even where the theme is an evolutionary one, as in "Pygmalion." The subject here is the social transformation of a draggled cockney flower-girl, through the kind offices of a professor of phonetics, into a lady who can pass off at a garden party as a duchess. This social possibility is the situation, and it is splendidly revealed. Flash after flash of Shavian wit illumines it, as for instance: "The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls; in short, behaving as if you were in heaven, where there are no third-class carriages;" and again: "the difference between a lady and a flower-girl is not how she behaves, but how she is treated." To such a situation the ordinary dramatist would have contrived a romantic

ending, but Shaw has abjured all such unrealities. You are supposed in a play not only to create a situation but to resolve it, to round it off; and situations in real life refuse to be resolved. So Shaw is unable to end "Pygmalion" at all, even in five acts, and must add an epilogue to tell us what happened to Eliza. The ordinary play is expected to be self-contained; Shaw's never are. They grew less and less so as his manner developed. The Prefaces grew more and more wonderful, and sometimes there were epilogues. But even if this offends our dramatic susceptibilities we must excuse it when we remember those Prefaces.

The scene in Shaw where the background most emphatically disappears into the persons is, very appropriately, the Hell-scene in "Man and Superman," to my mind one of the most remarkable things in modern literature. But for Hell we might read Anywhere or Nowhere. The persons carry their situation about with them, and they might as well set it up in Hell as anywhere else, the advantage of the former location being that all pretence at *doing* anything can be there abandoned. The time for action being past, the characters in Shaw's anæsthetic Hell can enjoy a good talk over it all.

So the wheel has gone full circle. The background has advanced nearer and nearer until it has become the foreground too, until it has become assimilated in the persons. For Shaw, the social situation *is* the play. Other writers have made the social situation the background for adventure and romance, for the doings, that is, of detached or semi-detached personalities. Conrad could get rid of the social embarrassments of adventure by flying to the uttermost parts of the sea, but even when Shaw's characters make their bed in Hell, that lurid background also pales into a social situation.

I have tried to point out that it was the stimulus of changing environment, so freely offered by the age now past, which induced the attitude of which Mr. Shaw is the extreme exemplar. This suggests a concluding reflection. For another age of more sudden transition has broken. The catastrophe of the war has overthrown many crumbling

edifices of institution and custom. The transition has been too violent, is still too chaotic and unfulfilled, to have stimulated as yet any real development of the time-spirit in literature. The writers of our age have too soon been plucking, in Pindaric phrase, the unripe fruits of wisdom, when they have not merely added to the clamour of the crowd. But of this we may surely be confident, that, when the time does come for new literary revelation, the great interpreters yet to arise will carry on at least this tradition of the present —its deep concern with the relation to their social environment of the characters they portray.

R. M. MacIver

STRATEGY AND FOOD PRODUCTION

"THERE is far greater danger of the starvation of our Allies than of the starvation of the Germans. Every available inch of ground in Germany is cultivated, and cultivated by the aid of the old men, the boys, and the women, and two million prisoners of war.

"The arable lands of Northern France and of Roumania are being cultivated by the German army with an efficiency never before known in these countries, and most of that food will be added to the food supplies of Germany. Certainly the people suffer; but still more certainly this war will not be ended because of the starvation of Germany."—James W. Gerard, "My Four Years in Germany," Foreword viii.

The connection between food supplies and military strategy is so old and so obvious that a discussion of the subject at this time of day might well be deemed superfluous. Perhaps it is the fear of appearing in the light of a sententious Rip Van Winkle that has prevented statesmen and writers from dwelling upon so hackneyed a subject at any length. It was probably presumed that what is so well known in theory must perforce be constantly and at once applied in current practice.

Many a time the present writer, in the course of the last two years, has felt tempted to waste ink and paper in pointing out the implications of the title chosen for this article as regards Canada. Just as often he has been deterred by the reflection that, since everything has been said upon the subject by the economists a thousand times more cogently than he could restate it, and since the teachings of the economists are or should be part and parcel of the inherited mental equipment of statesmen, bankers, labour leaders, and all men of sense, the intimate connection between Strategy and Food Production, if not clearly grasped and worked out in practical

detail to-day, would surely be applied to-morrow in the shaping of domestic policy, and the co-ordination of Allied food-production policies.

Yet when it is remembered that the doctrine of the single front, in the realm of military strategy, axiomatic as it is, was more honoured in theory than in practice until Mr. Lloyd George's Paris speech, there may yet be reason to doubt if the doctrine of a single economic front, in spite of the Versailles conference, will be embraced with that ardent confidence in its truth which alone can produce unanimous, unreserved, and immediate co-operative action.

Indeed, in Canada, the teachings of the autonomy school, all the way from its eminent legal protagonists down to the riff-raff of mob-nationalism, raise annoying political obstacles in the way of any close economic co-operation with our European allies. Their dislike of the imperial tie, their consequent suspicion of advice from Great Britain because Great Britain is the predominant partner in the Empire, almost suggest that Canada might be of more real value to the Alliance in the struggle with Hohenzollernism if she were not a part of the Empire at all. Still, the intellectuals among the autonomists may be converted, while the mob can be ruled.

I propose to respect the prejudices of the former by resting the case in favour of economic co-operation, not upon the special relation between the Dominion of Canada and Great Britain, but upon the position of Canada as one of the Allies.

I.—Food and War

It was Napoleon Bonaparte who said that an army marches upon its belly. But if the sayings of Attila had been preserved, Napoleon would probably be found to have plagiarized the original Hun. Lloyd George spoke of "silver bullets," and said that the last hundred million would win. Was it Sir Sam Hughes or was it somebody else who first coined the phrase "Economy with efficiency?" Whoever it was, he was absolutely right. Efficiency means the attain-

ment of the greatest possible result with the least possible expenditure, whether of silver or of steel bullets, and everything leads back to food.

The armies in the field have got to be fed, the workers in the munition factories have got to be fed, the civilian population whose work helps to pay for the cause of war has to be fed.

In the last analysis, a long war, involving most of the nations of the earth, with the resources of these nations strained to the uttermost, becomes a problem in food chemistry and agricultural organization.

II.—Finance and War

Liberty Loans, Victory Loans, the accumulation of public debt, the depreciation of the mark, of the rouble, and of the lira, the menace of Russian repudiation, Germany's pyramidical system of finance, all these have impressed the truth upon the public mind that the last dollar will be at least as important as the last man.

III.—Food and Finance

Finance, in the main, is a matter of food. If food goes up in price, so must wages advance. Higher wages mean increased cost of all manufactured goods. Higher cost of non-military supplies contribute, together with enhanced food prices, to necessitate higher wages for workers on military supplies. A general advance in the price of foods is like the traditional stone cast into a lake. The ripples spread and spread. Every increase in the food bill causes a ten-fold increase in the cost of war, and diminishes to that extent the belligerent's financial reserves. The universal depreciation of currency is but another aspect of the scarcity and high cost of food. Gold has ceased to be the standard of value. Wheat has taken its place.

Of course this last phrase is not strictly accurate, if the word wheat is used in its ordinary every-day sense. It would

be better, perhaps, to revert to Adam Smith's word "corn." In the course of this paper when the word wheat is used it must be understood to mean any cereal, or any animal food resulting from a cereal, or any food crop competing with wheat for acreage and man power.

If it is true to say with Mr. Lloyd George that the last hundred million will win, it is even more true that in a war *à outrance*, to the last man and the last dollar, victory will rest with the side which commands a supply of abundant and cheap food. Cheap and abundant food—not abundant merely, but relatively cheap, is the essential prerequisite of victory.

V.—The German System

The words quoted as a sort of text for this article cannot be printed and repeated and pondered too often. There is no camouflage about Mr. Gerard's statement, no frills and no claptrap. The fields of France are cultivated by old men, boys under eighteen, and women, just as are the fields of Germany, and since 1914 not a single man of military age has been exempt from military service. But, unlike France, Germany possesses enormous additional reserves of farm labour. Two million prisoners of war employed in growing food in the Central Empires for the armies in the field and the civil population!

These prisoners of war are not getting $4.00 or $5.00 a day, and board, for work in the harvest field; they are not drawing the equivalent of $65.00 or $70.00 a month if employed by the season. They are not at liberty to work or to loaf just as they please, or to go on strike at the most awkward moment, just in the middle of the harvest, at the risk of destroying the result of months of labour. Individual freedom is a very fine thing, but it is extremely expensive compared with the German method, which is to feed their prisoners of war, when at work, just enough and no more, and to pay them a good deal less than the exiguous wage which used to be paid to the Polish women-folk in the beet fields before the

war. Brutally put, the farm-hand prisoners of war are slaves under military discipline. They may not be very efficient under such a system. But their inefficiency is probably counterbalanced by their cheapness, and the consequent low cost of the food they produce.

Then there is Roumania, Poland, Belgium, Northern France. "These arable lands are being cultivated by the German army with an efficiency never before known in these countries, and most of that food will be added to the food supplies of Germany."

Later chapters in Mr. Gerard's book throw lurid light on the methods by which this is done,—how the civil population of the "pays envahis" is forced to work for the German master, while the whole product of its labour is appropriated for German use. But it is not the humanitarian aspect of the situation that we have to deal with. It is the economic.

A typical German order has just reached me, which deserves to be quoted in full. Here is a translation of a proclamation by the German authorities, found after the retreat of the enemy in March, 1917, on the walls of Holnon, near Saint Quentin (Aisne), a commune of 600 inhabitants:

"HOLNON, 20th July, 1915.

"All labourers, women, and children, over 15 will be obliged to work in the fields every day, including Sunday, from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. Time off: ½ hour in the forenoon, one hour at noon, and ½ hour afternoon.

"Disobedience will be punished as follows:

"1. Shirking male labourers shall be collected together during the harvest in labour companies under inspection of German corporals.

"2. After harvest, shirkers to be imprisoned for six months; every third day their rations shall be bread and water.

"3. Shirking women shall be sent away to Holnon to work. After harvest, they shall be imprisoned for six months.

"4. Shirking children will be beaten with a stick.

"Moreover, the commandant reserves the right to punish shirking male labourers by beating them with a stick every day."

There are, of course, many other such orders in existence. By such methods, Germany has obtained food not hitherto abundant, but at least cheap, and without incurring any external debts. Moreover, the lands of Roumania, Poland, Belgium, Northern France are probably farmed with a view to the greatest possible immediate return, and with no sort of consideration for the productiveness of these lands in two or three years' time, when the war is over. In other words, Germany is getting the produce of the occupied countries at a very low labour cost, without any payment of rent, and is appropriating the whole value of unexhausted manures or of present fertility without return or replacement.

Incidentally this latter point is worth bearing in mind as one of the items in the Bill for Restitution and Reparation.

The present net effect of the utilization by Germany of agricultural lands in occupied countries whose future fertility, when the war is over, will be no concern of hers, is to cheapen the food supplies derived from those territories to the extent of the value of the fertility abstracted and not replaced. This fertility is an important element among Germany's hidden financial reserves, an element the effect of which is likely to be much more apparent in 1918 than in the year just closed.

"Certainly the people suffer," wrote Mr. Gerard six months ago, "but still more certainly this war will not be ended because of the starvation of Germany."

When Mr. Gerard received his passports, the food results of the conquest of Roumania had not developed. Nor could he have foreseen the completeness of the Russian débâcle. It is not so many weeks, indeed, since people were still discussing whether and when Russia would "come back." Whatever the causes of the final collapse, whether it is due to the clever manipulation of deliberate traitors or to a fatal

flaw in Russian national character, the inevitable consequence is only too plain.

Dissolved in helpless anarchy, reduced to insignificance, doomed to dismemberment, alike from the pressure of internal disruptive forces, and then (as the normal historical sequel to revolutionary anarchy) from the pressure of external forces, east and west, Bolshevik Russia, which designed to kindle the flame of revolution among the German masses, has succeeded only in compassing its own suicide, and in strengthening the grip of the Kaiser-bond upon a people dulled for generations to place national greatness above all other interests, and to despise nothing so much as national impotence.

Plainly, the granaries of Russia are now at the invaders' mercy. We have to face the fact that the German food crisis as regards scarcity is already a thing of the past. Henceforth the Central Empires, true to the strategical traditions of Attila, can live at the expense of conquered territories, obtaining by slave labour, partly civil, partly military, a supply which may be relatively abundant, or at least sufficient, and undoubtedly cheap.

VI.—The Allied System so far

Circumstances, of course, have been against us. The long-continued neutrality of the United States, which enabled them, with a clear conscience, to take the fullest advantage of the necessities of the European Allies, the cherished autonomy of all the nations of the alliance in matters relating to commerce and domestic finance, the lingering shibboleth of "Business as usual," have all contributed to bring about the ridiculous position in which we Allies now find ourselves at the beginning of 1918.

In a bare military sense we are indeed Allies. There are Canadians, Anzacs, South Africans, Indians fighting side by side with British, French, and Italians. There will be Sammies as well by the time this article is printed. The armies are more or less under unified control. Military strategy is being, or is already co-ordinated.

Yet all the while we are in a very real sense waging economic war one with the other. And there is nothing to choose between us. Not a single one of us can show clean hands. Why mince words? Let us honestly recognize the evil. The industrial nations, Great Britain in the forefront, stood to make enormous profits out of Russia. The United States for two years minted the blood of France. But the United States was at least a neutral. How about Canada? It may not be altogether true that the war was our financial salvation. We may not have been so near collapse in 1912-14 as most of us felt. No one will deny that we are in an immeasurably better position do-day. We have made a fortune and made it out of our Allies.

If this war was a trifling adventure, a mere ripple on the surface of everyday affairs, there need be no sting in such a reproach. But the high principles at stake, to be decided now or never, world control by Prussia on the one side, freedom for all, including the Germans, on the other, leave no room for national self-seeking in the political or the financial sphere, while the determined character of the enemy, his masterly organization, his unbroken military power, his growing economic self-sufficiency, his uncompromising realism in all matters, require us to become at least as realistic as himself, and to ask not whether this economic separation is right, but whether it is logical.

I intend, therefore, to leave the ethical question on one side altogether, and to confine myself to the psychological and economic aspects.

"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his soul?" How can each separate Ally benefit financially at the expense of some other Ally, or group of Allies, if by so doing he cripples the finances of the whole organization and helps the enemy? What would be the use, to North America, of famine prices for food stuffs, sold it is true exclusively to Great Britian, France and Italy, if such famine prices caused Germany to be victorious? The question answers itself. Nor is the danger by any means visionary.

We have seen, in the case of Russia, how the inferior industrial development of one of the Allies, coupled with a continuance, in spite of war and alliance for war, of the ordinary commercial relations between Russia and Western Europe, made it certain that, whichever side won, the Russian mujik would for generations to come have to pay an overwhelming proportion of the whole cost. This was one of the chief factors in Russia's defection. May not similar causes produce similar effects again? We would be blind, indeed, if we were to shut our eyes to such a possibility. What more natural? What, in a sense, more just? Are we not all fighting for the same cause? Should we not all equally share the common burdens? If these questions are currently raised in each country as between citizen and citizen, are they not certain to be raised as between one ally and another? We know, as a matter of fact, that they are. And we have, consequently, to face the psychological effect of knowledge that one nation or group of nations benefits financially at the expense of others. Such a condition endangers the alliance. It is, therefore, bad strategy.

The matter does not end there. Passing from reserves of "morale" to reserves of finance, let us see in what way our particular agricultural policy, be we citizens of the United States, or citizens of Canada, affects the general course of the war.

VII.—Piling up External Debt

Unlike the Central Empires which can feed henceforth at the expense of conquered countries, without incurring any external liabilities whatsoever, the European Allies can obtain their food requirements from North America only, through the agency of the usual commercial motives and forces, and by piling up in the United States and Canada external debts of staggering magnitude. Moreover the North American Allies have been left free to deal with their food production system without interference or advice from the other Allies, and with the consequence that food production on our side of the Atlantic has been left so far to take care of itself. The

result is known to all. Wheat has advanced to treble its pre-war price. Bacon has advanced in a like proportion. Most other foods, as was to be expected, have followed in the wake of wheat. Is this a proper matter of self-congratulation to us as potentially the chief wheat producing state? Surely not. For it is not merely the case of a transference of credits from one Ally to another, which credits can be passed back again without deduction or loss. It is not merely a matter of inter-Allied book-keeping in which the amount owed from A to B to-day can be transferred to-morrow from B to A without any diminution in the total resources of the partnership. Very far from it. We have referred already to the influence of the cost of food upon the general finance of war. We have seen how a general increase in the price of food is but the starting point for a series of cost increases, the total volume of which can scarcely be specified. We have indicated how rising food prices re-act upon one trade after another, until the original impulse returns once more to the starting point and contributes, other things being equal, to enhance the cost of production of food, and hence its ultimate price.

Elaborate economic argument would be out of place in an article of this nature. It is quite unnecessary, indeed it would be absurd, to contend that the rise in food prices has been the *sole* cause of the rise in price of general commodities. But no one can deny that it is obviously a *vera causa*, which must in any case be taken into account even by those who argue, with Professor John Shield Nicholson of Edinburgh,* that inflation of currency preceded and therefore caused the subsequent steep rise in the index numbers for general commodities. For if we concede that the rise in price of food-stuffs was rendered possible and initiated by over-issue of Treasury Notes in Great Britain, and of other forms of currency, it is still plain that increasing food-prices were

* See "Journal of the Royal Statistical Society," July, 1917, Statistical Aspects of Inflation, by John Shield Nicholson. In the very important discussion which followed the reading of this paper, a discussion in which most of the leading authorities on finance took part, opinion was about evenly divided between those who accepted and those who rejected Professor Nicholson's theory.

bound themselves to react upon the price of all other goods into which food enters as a raw material. The sun exerts a pull upon all the bodies of the sidereal system, but this does not preclude interaction between adjacent members of that system. The influence of increasing food-prices upon the tendency of the index numbers for all commodities cannot and will not be denied, either by the adherents of Professor Nicholson's theory that inflation of currency has been the chief cause of rising prices, or by those who decline to admit a causal connection between the two phenomena.

It would, as a scientific problem, not devoid of practical bearings, be most interesting to discover the precise part played by increase of food-prices in the steep upward tendency of all commodity-prices since the beginning of 1915. The task would require all the skill of a perfectly equipped statistician, blessed with infinite leisure, and with an erudition for transcending all the sources of information at present available.

For our present purpose, it is sufficient to state the problem in the form of a choice between three alternatives, for clearly there are only three hypotheses that can be imagined as to the effect of an increase in the price of food upon the price of other commodities:

(*a*) The total resulting increase in manufacturing costs is less than the increase in the price of food.

(*b*) The total resulting increase in manufacturing costs is exactly equal to the increase in the price of food.

or (*c*) The total resulting increase in manufacturing costs is greater than the increase in the price of food.

Now it cannot be denied that hypothesis (*a*) may be realized as a temporary condition. Wages do not rise continuously, but *per saltum*. In the long run increased cost of living must create successful agitation for higher wages. This is happening, in fact, every other week or so.

It might also happen that high prices for food caused such improvement of machinery, and substitution of automatic devices for expensive labour, as to counteract the pull of food-prices. That this has happened in many instances,

everyone knows. That such results have been a mere ripple on the stream of tendency, the index numbers are there to prove. Index numbers of wholesale prices for all commodities rose from 136.5 in January, 1914, to 253.5 in December, 1917.*

Hypothesis (*a*) cannot be sustained. Hypothesis (*b*) is so improbable as not to deserve discussion. Remains only hypothesis (*c*), the foundation for which lies in the fact that under normal conditions the consumption of a given value x of food-stuffs results in the production of a value $x \times n$ of manufactured goods.

The presumptive proof of hypothesis (*c*) lies in a comparison between the index numbers for food-stuffs and the index numbers for all other commodities, into which food enters as a raw material. I say advisedly the presumptive proof, for the complete proof could only be established if the magnitude of n were known. It would be quite possible by statistical enquiry to discover the magnitude of n at any given time, and it is hoped that such an enquiry may be made before long. The present writer does not know whether n is equal to 2, or 10, or 20. At least everybody knows that it is greater than 1.

Now the fact that the index numbers for food-stuffs and for all other commodities have followed the same general course, and risen by a nearly equal percentage, constitutes the rough proof of hypothesis (*c*). For let us suppose that the consumption of $1,000,000 worth of food results in the production of goods to the value of $10,000,000. Then a rise of 50% in the index number for food ought not, under hypothesis (*b*), to add more than $500,000 to the total value of goods produced, ought not therefore to increase the index number for goods by more than 5%. In general, whatever the value of n, if the total resulting increase in the price of manufactured goods were exactly equal to the increase in the price of food, any percentage increase P in the index number for

* "Labour Gazette" for January, 1918, p. 47. In the same period index numbers for grains and fodders rose from 140.9 to 314.1; for animals and meats from 194.2 to 311.8; for dairy products from 179.9 to 253.9; for other foods from 125 to 255.

food would result in a percentage increase in the index-number for manufactured goods $= \frac{P}{n}$.

But, as a matter of fact, the index numbers for food and for all other commodities have followed a roughly parallel course. In so far as there is a relation of cause and effect between the two phenomena, we are amply justified, merely by comparison of the index numbers, in presuming that the total increase in the cost of manufactured goods resulting from increase in food-prices vastly exceeds the latter.

The relation between magnitude of original impulse and magnitude of total effect may be difficult, perhaps impossible, to define quantitatively. But we need no such exact determination to be reasonably sure that every extra \$1,000,000 cashed in by Canada or the United States as the result of enhanced food prices, indirectly costs the European Allies far more than a single million, and drains their financial reserves to a degree out of all proportion to the local gain in Canada or the United States.

Now it is a fallacy to suppose that in a war *à outrance*, to the last man and the last dollar, the resources, whether military or financial, of the different partners can be kept separate, and considered separately. No! Our resources are in reality pooled. They are in fact one and indivisible. It is a case of Allied total resources versus Teutonic total resources. Canada in this case, by force of circumstances, is no more separate from Great Britain or France than Bordeaux is separate from Paris, or Quebec from British Columbia.

It follows then that a deduction from A's total reserves, which is not exactly counterbalanced by an equal increase of B's reserves, is equivalent to a net loss suffered by A and B in partnership. Since the local gain to North America due to increased food prices cannot possibly equal the indirect loss to the European Allies, it is clear that a high price of wheat and bacon, being detrimental to the Alliance, through decrease of the total financial reserves, is in reality detrimental to the United States and to Canada.

If, therefore, it is of vital importance to the food-importing Allies that there be available a supply at once abundant and cheap, it is of at least equal importance to the food-exporting Allies. Nor is there need to go, in support of this assertion, beyond pure economic analysis. It is a matter, not of fine feelings, but of simple self-interest, and it is fortunate, indeed, that it should be so. For as to fine feelings there may be endless controversy, just because there are endless shades of it. But an economic proposition is either true or false, and is susceptible of proof one way or the other. There is no room for quibble or equivocation. Here at last we are rooted in realism, and found an impregnable basis for any promising offensive.

VIII.—The Food-Offensive in Canada

Are we going to launch such an offensive at last? And if there is one in preparation, have our general staff any clear grasp of the principles involved?

We possess the greatest potential wheat reserve in the world. What have we done so far to actualize it? Before the war, we cultivated barely one-tenth of our colossal wheat-field. We have not appreciably increased this proportion since the war began.

Consider carefully what that means. Canada used to be spoken of as the "Granary of the Empire." It would have been truer to say the reserve granary, the potential granary of the Empire, a source from which vastly increased stores of grain might be drawn in the hour of need. Such indeed was the fundamental strategic idea of our east and west transportation system. What practical application has the strategic conception of our railroad builders received since 1914? The answer is that as a State we have done nothing. Such an assertion, put in honest black and white, is bound to cause pain, perhaps to raise a howl of execration against any man rash enough to make it. Yet note how much more immense are our responsibilities as a State to-day than the railroad builders ever imagined! For we, even to a greater extent

than the United States, to-day hold the key to the Allied position. It is no longer towards Great Britain alone that we stand in the relation of the potential granary; it is toward the whole Alliance. By our action as a State to-day in transforming the potential into the actual, we can hasten the victory of the Allied cause. Our agricultural policy has ceased to be a purely domestic concern. It ranks in importance with, nay it vastly exceeds in importance, purely military action. The agricultural policy of Canada is the keystone of Allied strategy.

As a State, I have said we have done nothing. This is strictly true in the sense that any effort to increase food supplies has been left entirely to the farmers, as individuals, under the usual impulse of motives of gain. State action has begun and ended with a vast expenditure of printers' ink in appeals to patriotism. We have relied hitherto on the most chaotic form of voluntarism, without co-ordination, without systematic control.

The truth is, we have never yet had a clear strategic plan for our national food-offensive. We have not got one yet. Government by advertising is still the order of the day. The farmers are deluged with statistics to prove that bacon is wanted, that wheat is wanted, that livestock of all kinds are wanted, that unlimited markets hunger for produce of every sort, and that prices cannot but remain steady. But when the farmers ask for contracts, they are met with a *non possumus.* When they urge the Government to organize a supply of labour, they are met with another *non possumus.*

Imagine, if such a caricature does not savour too much of buffoonery, imagine a commander-in-chief with such a system as this. Imagine him explaining to each corporal the general object of a contemplated offensive: "You know we want to get to Berlin. Bear that in mind. Think of it night and day. Prepare. I know nothing about your equipment. I don't know how many fit men you have under your command. That is none of my business. All those details you must settle for yourself. But when the command rings out 'over

the top,' the Allies expect you to do your duty." The silliness of such a picture requires no comment. The luckless corporal might go over the top, or he might elect to stay where he was. The army would dissolve in endless confusion. Nothing would happen, unless it was defeat.

And yet it is precisely this helpless want of co-ordination which vitiates to-day the whole of our food-offensive plan. The individual farmer is the corporal of our military metaphor. The general objective is explained to him with more or less persuasive eloquence. No arrangements of any solid value are made to ensure the certainty of his getting there. The multiplicity of appeals conflicting with one another not only bewilders him, but leads him to disbelieve the competence of the leaders.

Without a real scientific basis, the food-offensive must fail. It is useless to cry for millions of additional pigs if no steps are taken to increase the acreage of cereals. It is useless to cry for 200,000,000 more bushels of wheat unless facilities are created in the way of labour and machinery. It is worse than useless to cry for more poultry or eggs unless there is a surplus of grain not required for human breadstuffs that may be profitably used in rearing chickens, or producing eggs.

All these objectives have got to be co-ordinated. It is a purely scientific problem, easily capable of solution by the proper experts. It has so been treated in Germany since the war began, aye and long before the war. It is so treated in England and France to-day. There is nothing novel about the basic principles of the problem. There is very little novelty even as to its application to Canadian conditions.

What, then, stands in the way? A couple of weeks ago, the reorganization of the Food-control Board filled the western farmers with renewed hope that a strong plan of campaign would be initiated without any further delay. State purchase of tractors, the removal of duty on power machinery—that is all that has happened so far. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.* To provide rifles and ammunition is, indeed, one of the steps in the creation of an army,

but it is a long way from being the whole plan of campaign. And after all the State purchase of tractors turns out to be nothing more than an ordinary commercial transaction. They are to be distributed among individual farmers. The corporal is to have a howitzer battery placed under his control, to do what he likes with. He may or may not co-operate with his comrades to the right and the left. He may or may not make the best use of his battery in the interests of the whole army. We have followed the British precedent in State purchase of tractors, but we have not followed the precedent set by Mr. Crothers in State-control, and State-operation of tractors. And yet we are all well aware that one of the chief obstacles to economy and efficiency in production throughout the West is the unnecessary duplication of machinery, the enormous depreciation on implements, which from the small size of the average farm, and from bad organization, do not cover more than a fraction of the acreage they would be capable of working.

A constant stream of delegates has poured into Ottawa throughout the winter. Procession has followed procession: breeders' associations, grain-growers' associations, labour associations, provincial premiers. The attitude of our Government so far has been to play the part of umpire between the claims of conflicting interests, to strike an average of divergent views, to act as mere clearing-house of opinion. Our Canadian *Soviets*, our committees of workmen and merchants, have been invited to issue instructions to the General Staff, and the General Staff has publicly disclaimed any ambition to frame a comprehensive policy on its own initiative. If this be Democracy, then Bolshevikism is the last word of Democracy. But Bolshevikism in a few short months has shown itself to be its own complete refutation—a self-destructive, toxic medium, producing nothing but the germs of its own decay. To make the world safe for Bolshevik Democracy is a contradiction in terms. Rather must the world be purged of it. But if we take a profounder view of the democratic ideal, if we hold fast to the doctrine that rights imply

obligations, that the individual is but part of an organism and finds self-expression in the State, that the final purpose of the State is Order and Justice, that Justice implies not only equality of opportunity for individuals, but as a corollary equality of sacrifice, we have swung to the very opposite pole of Bolshevikism, and of Laurierism. We have realized that military conscription, and any other form of conscription, whether of labour or of general economic resources, are of the very essence of democratic doctrine. We have taken the first step towards a national state of mind which alone can render possible the application to a food-offensive of a reasonable strategic plan.

How far we have fallen short is a matter of common knowledge. The qualities of leadership which placed military conscription upon the Statute Book appear to have exhausted themselves in that effort. The spokesmen of organized labour have hoisted the Bolshevik banner, ranged themselves on the side of Lenine and Trotsky, and declared against the conscription of labour. War and the Draft have strengthened the position of the Unions. So far, they fail to see anything wrong or illogical in taking full advantage of the circumstances, and no one has the courage to ask them the pointed question: "At whose expense?" Ministers have explained that to supply farmers with draft labour for personal profit would be impossible. The farmers may be credited with enough common-sense and uprightness to know that it would be outrageous. They have never demanded any such thing as unlimited personal profits, combined with limited wages for labour under quasi-military discipline. But they know that increased production is impossible without a fluid supply of labour, and they know that cheaper production is impossible without regulation of labour-cost. Are they not themselves labourers? What right have town-dwelling labour union spokesmen to decide or even to advise what labour in general shall or shall not do? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. When the farmers press upon the Government the creation of a labour-army, they are not so illogical as to

desire to vote themselves outside its ranks. There are 700,000 labouring farmers in Canada. What fraction of this total do the spokesmen of organized labour represent? By what misuse of words, by what travesty of the primal rights of citizenship, do these representatives of a privileged class—regarded in normal times by the farming interests as a mere parasitic body fattening unfairly at their expense—manage to fob themselves off as the true and only disciples of pure Democracy? And how does it come about that no Minister has the moral courage to resent such an insult to his intelligence, and read to organized labour the lecture it richly deserves?

The utilization of Indian Reserves is a good scheme, so far as it goes. It is most important perhaps in British Columbia, where large areas available for immediate cropping, and of the best quality, are in the hands of the natives. But will our real Canadian aristocracy—the *peaux-rouges*—who toil not, neither do they spin, accustomed for generations to the lordly and lazy existence of receivers of tribute, shake off in a moment the sloth and slackness of nature and habit? They can be told, indeed, what the Germans would do to them, and to their rights, and to their lands, if the Germans ever got control of this country! Still, viewed from any angle, the Indian Reserve scheme is but another case of choosing the path of least resistance, and putting off the day of decisive action. If we hold fast to the view that the Battle of Democracy is the white man's burden, if we disdain to avail ourselves of help from our Chinese allies, or other industrious races of a different colour from ours, it seems hardly logical to arouse the Indians from their age-long economic apathy. There are countless acres of the white man's inheritance, either privately owned but untilled, or State-owned and waiting for the plow. At the time of writing, no scheme has been propounded by our General Staff for dealing with any part of these areas. And so long as no such scheme is formulated, the Food-offensive hangs in the air. Discussion of the basic principle upon which it must be founded is outside the

scope of the present article, the purpose of which is to point out a crying need, and to define an ideal, rather than to catalogue the means.

It has been argued that a supply of abundant and cheap food is essential to the Allies if they are to be placed on a footing of equality with the Central Powers in this respect in the coming years of this war. For let us never forget that the war is yet young as compared with other wars in which the same powers have been engaged. In making our plans let us dismiss all ideas of peace. It is this constant peace talk, recurring every few weeks ever since the Battle of the Marne, which has hitherto nullified our efforts. Let us hope for peace to-morrow, but let no such hope prevent us from organizing on the assumption that peace will not come for several years.

It has been proved that high prices for foodstuffs, quite apart from relative abundance, convey no advantage to food-exporting Allies, since the net effect is to drain the total financial resources of the Alliance to a degree out of all proportion to the local gain.

It has been shown that the agricultural policy of food-exporting Allies is an integral part of the general military strategy.

It has been pointed out that the Canadian wheat-field assumes in consequence an importance of startling magnitude. It has become the key-position.

It is our duty and our interest to produce vastly more, and to produce at a much lower cost. The food-offensive plan must be laid out with the same scientific precision as a military offensive. There must be full co-ordination of objectives, and intelligent control. We must jettison, once and for all, the haphazard camouflage with which real estate in the past sought to fill up vacant territories. We must put patriotism in production upon a strict business basis, in the same way that khaki-patriotism has been organized by conscription.

F. N. Hales

A PORTRAIT

A close-lipped man; yea, somewhat saturnine;
  A good deal of Mephisto in his air;
  A red Satanic beard; cropt, scanty hair;
A forehead plowed by many a thoughtful line;
A Highland accent with a humorous whine;
  A scholar's stoop; a disconcerting stare;
  Inclined to stoutness (but he does not care);
And Highland legs to prop the whole design.

A far-known name for Highland courtesie;
  A Highland welcome for the favoured guest,
    Who visits him within his Island cell,
Embowered in lush potatoes, wild and free.
  Mephisto—may be!—to advantage drest,
    But Mr. Greatheart underneath the shell.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

BACK TO THE LAND

IN these days of high prices—$14 flour and 50c. bacon, for instance—the words "back to the land" have a magical sound, as if the mere utterance of them after a dismal dinner-table conversation would solve the problem presented by the said flour and bacon. "Back to the land" is a satisfactory solution of the present dietary problems of the race to every one except the man who has been there recently. He knows that it is easier to say "back to the land" than it is to go there, and very much easier than to stay there, except under certain happy conditions connected with a plentiful supply of cash or credit with which to possess himself, and to keep himself possessed, of cattle, horses, and a great variety of essential—and expensive—implements. With the price of wheat fixed above the two dollar mark and likely to remain there till the war is won, and for some time after, and other products at a similar level, it seems a good proposition to present to discontented city-dwellers.

There is more involved in the project of creating a tide of migration from crowded city streets to the green fields of the open country, than just preparing a course, in the hope that a stream of city folk will perceive that they are doing, like water running down hill, the easy thing, and that the common sense policy is to move as quickly as possible away from the congested area of limited scope into the extensive opportunities of, say, a quarter-section homestead. If what is desired is merely a migration from a place where, at certain times, people are not very greatly needed to one where there is always work to be done, the feasibility of the scheme would be more easily assured. But the movement of population for a considerable number of years has been in the opposite direction. The country folk have been flowing in a vast tide from the open fields to the crowded streets. The natural

course, under present conditions, appears to be away from the land, not back to the land. Are the levels to be disturbed by some huge engine, after the manner of a school-boy experimenting with a syphon constructed out of a rubber tube and two glasses partially filled with water, raising and lowering alternatively the glasses to prove the course of the flow of liquid? If the movement from the city to the land is to be a natural free migration, is it not necessary, first of all, to determine the cause of the flow of population in the other direction, with a view to changing the conditions so that they will not only destroy the tendency to crowd to the city but actually create one to move away from it?

That the course is at, present, down hill to the city there can be little doubt. The trek from the country fields to the city streets did not set in seriously until about 1870 in the United States and somewhat later in Canada. The six cities in the United States of over eight thousand in 1800 had grown to over five hundred in the century. In the last two decades of the nineteenth century, the population of the United States had increased by about fifty per cent., but the number of cities had grown by ninety per cent. In Canada the evidence is even more emphatic, and Canada is a young country whose development is just commencing and whose greatest visible resource is an enormous area of fertile but unoccupied land. Canadians face, with seven millions of people, the industrial conditions confronting the United States when her population was seventy millions; and, until the coming of the great war, the stream down hill had been gathering both volume and speed. So important did this movement appear to the members of the Canadian Senate that they appointed a select commission to investigate the causes of rural depletion, and made the discovery that, while the rural population of Canada had increased, during the last census period, by 554,436, all of this increase was confined to the four western provinces and to Quebec. The decrease in the rural population of the other provinces was not less that 74,959. Ontario alone had lost more than fifty thousand of

her rural inhabitants, and New Ontario was largely settled during that period. Nova Scotia lost more than fourteen thousand, Prince Edward Island more than nine thousand, and New Brunswick more than three hundred. The drift is plainly evident in the older sections of the new provinces of the west. Even on the prairies, city building has begun in earnest. With a population of one and a half millions, there is to be found the third largest city of the Dominion, and at least nine others of over eight thousand inhabitants. The forty-ninth parallel is not a dividing line in this respect. It is to the double fact of the extraordinary growth of cities, and the corresponding decay of the open country, that both nations owe many of the political and social ills which have so urgently beset them.

This migration from country to city has not only lowered the number of people living on the farms, but it has resulted in degeneracy in the life of the country, which has produced stagnation and sterility in much that is vital in the best traditions of country life. A concrete example has been given by a rural investigator in Manitoba, which has a special interest because Manitoba is a comparatively new community. A survey of a small area, twelve square miles, chosen for no special reason, showed that of twenty-two farm houses only eight were occupied by owners, four by tenants with families, three by unmarried tenants living alone, three by the families of hired men engaged for the summer only, and four were empty. Such a condition indicates not only depletion but degeneracy. Examination of country life in widely separated parts of the United States and Canada makes it plain that this case does not stand alone, that in all parts of this continent there is something wrong with the life of the open country.

What is wrong with the open country? The fundamental cause of rural depopulation is, of course, the modern industrial system, which, creating a market for the products of the factory, has brought great numbers to the industrial centres. The large factories have absorbed or starved out countless

numbers of little shops, and the improvement in farming machinery has increased the amount of work one man can do. Under modern conditions a measure of depletion of the rural sections is inevitable. There are other causes, of a secondary nature, which have worked together to create an unnatural speed for a natural movement. Consideration must be given to these conditions, which have started the country folk joy-riding to the city, before "back to the land" can be anything more than sounding brass.

Take for instance the whole question of the public school education in the country. Speaking of public school education in the United States, Sir Horace Plunkett, whose words must always be received with respect, has said, "if this attraction—the attraction of common work and social intercourse with a circle of friends—is to prevail in the long run over the lure which the city offers to eye and ear and pocket, there must be a change in rural education. At present country children are educated as if for the purpose of drawing them into the town . . . The education given to rural children has been invented for them in the town, and it not only bears no relation to the life they are to lead but actually attracts them to a town career." President Roosevelt's Commission declared that "everywhere there is a demand that education have relation to living, that the schools should express the daily life, and that in rural districts they should educate by means of agriculture and rural life subjects. It is recognized that all difficulties resolve themselves into a question of education." The President demanded a new kind of school in which the children shall "prepare for country life, and not, as at present, mainly for town life." For Canada, Dr. J. W. Robertson, Chairman of the Technical Education Commission, has said, "the system of education in the country schools is not of the sort that prepares young people to live in the country with advantage." The common school of both nations directs the country youth to the university and the teaching profession, and does not—to use a country phrase—"head him" for the farm.

A more important condition is that of the barrenness and sterility of the social life of many country communities, which has made existence there intolerable for their young men and women. The "gas-light theory," as it is called derisively by those who account for the cityward movement entirely by economic causes, the theory that young folk flock to the city streets as moths to the candle, does account for much of the unrest. Who can expect a group of high-spirited and ambitious young men and women to be satisfied with the opportunities for social intercourse afforded by the ordinary country district? With half the farms occupied by people not there long enough to get acquainted with their neighbours —if they happen to have any inclination to social activity, which is seldom the case—and the other half shorn of their young men and women, their places taken by hired men and women, the necessary avenues for normal social life are, to say the least, somewhat limited. The motor car and the rural telephone have together produced the long-distance farmer, who moves into the neighbouring town and manages his farm through a foreman. This meets his need in a very satisfactory manner, but only aggravates the case of his neighbour who cannot follow him to town, and who still cherishes the old-fashioned notion of country life with its spacious homes, open hospitality, neighbourly neighbours, independent of towns and all their follies. This brings to mind a sentence from the pen of Thomas Nixon Carver: "Next to war, pestilence, and famine, the worst thing that can happen to a rural community is absentee landlordism." However much the gas-light theory may be derided, so long as the race continues to populate the earth with young social animals, they will only remain in contentment and efficiency where there is a suitable opportunity for the expression of their social instincts. "Point out a young man in this neighbourhood whom a nice girl would like to marry" was a challenge of just such a girl in a badly run down district. When young men prefer to be counter-jumpers to graingrowers, and young women rush to training classes in hospitals, business colleges, and normal schools, not,

so they say, alone for the money that is in it, but to escape the sheer lonesomeness of a sterile country life, it is worth while to examine all that is involved in "back to the land."

Even more important among the forces emptying the country and congesting the cities are the economic and industrial conditions under which the farmer works. It is not so much the long hours of farm labour, which are rapidly passing away, giving place to a more reasonable day's work, of which complaint is made. The Irishman who, on his first night at a new place, declined with thanks an invitation for breakfast at four o'clock A.M., on the ground that he was not in the habit of taking more than one meal in the evening, had a real grievance. But the ten-hour day is beginning to prevail in many districts. Careful surveys of country life in the United States establish the fact that a very large proportion, placed as high as seventy per cent by some, of the farmers of the Republic are not making money. Taking into account the interest on the investment—a very heavy investment compared to that of the merchant in the neighbouring town, whose goods he buys—a reasonable return for his own labour, it may be said that under ordinary peace conditions the business of farming was economically unprofitable. How many make a return of five per cent. on their investment, after making a moderate allowance for their own salaries, as business managers of the concern? The farmer appears to be handicapped from three different directions. There is first of all the heavy toll levied on behalf of the manufacturing interests in the form of a protective tariff. In Western Canada, this has been estimated at two hundred dollars per farmer per year. Added to this is the cost of distributing his products to the people who use them. Mr. James S. Brierley, in the University Magazine for February, 1918, quotes a report relating to one year's farm production in the United States which shows that the farmer receives 46.1 per cent. of the consumer's price for his wares. Mr. Brierley says, "if Canadian farmers fare no better, our basic industry should not have long to wait for substantial relief." The relief has not

yet been granted, and it may fairly be said that it is long overdue. Farmers in Saskatchewan were paying nine per cent. and ten per cent. for their loans, when railroad companies were getting money, because their bonds were guaranteed by Dominion and Provincial governments, for less than five per cent. Relief of even two per cent. in interest charges would add a very great deal to the stability of the great Canadian industry.

Is it proposed that city folk, whose knowledge of the complicated business of farming and the skilled industry of agriculture has been acquired from the window of a railway carriage or a six-weeks holiday with country cousins, should, without any training or experience, undertake a business in which persons with ability and experience do not always succeed? In these days of specialized industry and skilled labour, is it reasonable to suppose that any one can succeed at the highly specialized business of farming? A successful farmer is a mechanical engineer, a scientific agriculturalist, and, what is still more important, a business manager. Why should it be thought that the principles of modern commerce and industry can be abandoned when one moves from one department of the country's business to another? Business experience and scientific training are not more necessary in any business than in that of the modern farmer.

If one has all that is necessary in the form of agriculture education and a parcel of land, the financial difficulties in the way of the movement are still considerable. Whatever our forefathers may have accomplished with simple implements and limited means, a modern farmer cannot make way without a complete outfit of implements and power, and with the present requirements of diversified farming an almost equal outlay in farm stock. Three acres and a cow will not provide for a twentieth century family in Canada. "Back to the land" involves not only persuading people to leave the city for the country, but making it possible for them to remain there.

JOHN A. CORMIE

THE LOST LEGION

WE had dreamed of war; now we lived amidst its realities. We had often read of battles; now, at last, we fought them. The Oxford don, learned in the latest theory of the true inwardness of the battle of Marathon, gave his mind to planning a trench raid which should be better than the other fellow's. It seemed months since that hot sunny afternoon in August when we marched off from our Surrey parade ground to a bourne at which even the brigadier could only vaguely guess. So much had happened since then!

In reality, it was only a fortnight, but already we had looked upon our dead. For war had gripped us swiftly, pulling off his mask and suddenly disclosing the hideousness of the face beneath. One night upon an ancient highway death had spoken out of the darkness—swiftly, mercilessly, with no chance of retaliation. Back in rest billets we had counted our losses. Strange to think that the friend who had shared your blanket upon the stone floor of a cellar in Ypres a short twenty hours ago would never ask for anything again! The papers were right then! This is war!

Slowly, half dazedly, the battalion, which had never moved before save circumspectly to the sound of whistle or long drawn-out word of command, adjusted its mind to the new conditions. The flinty stones of the Belgian roads hurt its feet in the frequent treks from one night's rest to another. This is war.

But the sudden hardships were more than counter-balanced by the novelty of it all. The windmills, the Flemish farm houses, the long straight roads with the lofty poplars on either side, we had never seen anything like this before. Surely the horrors of which we had read must be far removed from these quaint towns and smiling orchards. One would have thought so; but we knew.

None who has been there will ever forget the first few days at the front. They will live daily in the memory forever, vivid, bright-hued though it be with the colour of blood or of the scarlet poppies which grow in the fields and disused trenches around Ypres. Looking back, they seem to be more than half of one's life. Each incident, and there were many such, stands out clear-cut in cameo-like relief.

Do you remember, O my friend, that reconnaissance we made together the first time we were in the trenches? How you stopped to talk to a mere General while I, pushing boldly past, wandered up a sap? At the head there was a periscope and through it, under the tutelage of a friendly N.C.O., I had my first glimpse of the enemy, or rather of the enforced habitation thereof. Then, in answer to my low call, you sped the General on his way in peace and came to me, stepping delicately the while with those long legs of yours over the interjacent obstacles. You too had a "look see," and expressed entire contentment with the view. Did the thought cross your mind that perhaps now we might go home in peace? Strange to think now of the fascination held by the first view of that scarred line of dirty grey soil and broken rusty wire for those eyes which were to close forever amid the thunder of the Somme!

One knew how he met death even though not there oneself. There had been an incident somewhat similar to his.

German shells falling along a front line trench in Flanders, and a company commander who rushes out of his dug-out to see that his men are safe. Re-assured on this point, a laugh and a joke for the unique fowl, which was to have been the chief feature of a marvellous dinner, flung high upon the top of the wrecked company kitchen. Comedy.

German shells dropping along a front line trench in Picardy. A company commander who rushes out of his dug-out to see if his men are safe. A whizz-bang pitches right at his feet. Tragedy.

The two were strangely mixed in that life, as in this war, but through them both there run the same grand loyalty and

devotion to duty. He lies at Contay; the most gallant soldier and the very greatest gentleman whom any of us will ever know.

But the Somme was not yet for us and new faces appeared from England to take the places of the old. Fresh friends were made and old ones found again. Men last seen in Canada were discovered in other divisions of the corps. One found again the regiment which he had left at Bermuda upon the ramparts of Ypres. It was curious, moreover, to see how the personal peculiarities of some came more and more to the front under the conditions of active service. Jones, who was darkly reputed to be something of a poet himself, could always be trusted to produce a book or magazine from the depths of his pack, so if you could find the candle you need not go to sleep too soon. How convenient again of Patterson to always carry around with him more kit than he could ever possibly need even for a second hundred years' war, so that a lost trench coat could always be replenished from his ample store!

Over it all was an atmosphere of fellowship and open-air health. Some there were, however, who were fit neither physically nor spiritually to be members of the British Expeditionary Force. Useless to expect to command others when one cannot command oneself. These, however, did not last long.

For the younger ones among us the novelty of the life was its great attraction—even though they did not phrase it to themselves thus. There was so much that was new to be done and seen. Even the ordinary routine of life took on a fresh colour of romance from the new surroundings.

Life in the back areas behind the trenches and on the lines of communication approximates more nearly to that depicted in the novels of Stanley Weyman than anything else on earth. The solitary cavalier riding on duty through the sunny land of France comes at evening to some ancient town. He rides at sunset through the gate-way and at dusk of the short wintry day reaches his lodging in some inn. His horse is stabled in

the court-yard along with others. Then dinner in the long low wainscoted salle-à-manger, the light of the candles reflected from the keen ruddy faces of the diners, officers from perhaps twenty different regiments. Then a night's sound sleep in bed. Up betimes in the morning to ride off after a light breakfast. So rode d'Artagnan when he was here! Then the bustle, confusion and excitement of it all; the sights to be seen on the roads! Imagine the quiet of some little Flemish village behind the line broken by the blare of a military band, all the remaining inhabitants turning out to see an Ontario battalion marching through to the strains of the Marseillaise.

The regular soldier took a quiet professional joy in seeing all the paraphernalia and frillings of war laid out for his inspection on a scale previously undreamed of.

All this may be the lighter and brighter side of war, but the ability to appreciate its picturesqueness goes far to sustain us when confronted with the reverse side of the shield.

But it is the other memories that will dwell with most of us forever. Memories of friends whom we were never to see again, though unwittingly we bade farewell to them casually, as if for an afternoon. It is of the boys who will never come marching home that those of us who survive will always think, whenever in the happy years to come the great war is mentioned—the boys who have "gone West;" further West than Canada. God grant that they have reached those western isles, the islands of the blest.

The death of battalions at the front is, however, worse even than that of individuals, to those who survive. There were two battalions in the Canadian Army Corps which went up the slope of the Vimy Ridge on the 9th of April, 1917, with the knowledge that what might be left of them when the day was over would be broken up to make room for fresh units from Canada. Theirs was an austere devotion like unto despair.

Such things are not conducive to that esprit-de-corps which lies at the base of all military organization. It is treachery to the memory of these young heroes whose bodies,

clad in the uniform of the regiment they loved so well and for which they died so gloriously, lie far within the German lines. You know the story of Kipling's and the pity felt by the Sikhs for the sahib who, though a soldier, was without a regiment. What shall they answer in Valhalla when asked the name and number of the regiment for which they gave their lives so gladly? We who survive feel that the strongest link with our dead is broken in our hand. For we are all that is left of the Lost Legion and we are scattered throughout the army—the one not witting where the others are.

We are bound together, however, by the fine cord of memory, for together we first entered upon the great adventure. And what memories they are!

For the Lost Legion before it disappeared from the Army List had served in each of the three great theatres of war of the Canadian Corps, Flanders, Picardy, and the Artois. We can remember together Ypres gleaming white in the moonlight like a dead city of romance, and the quaint Flemish countryside known equally to our forefathers in the days "quand Malbrouck s'en va-t à guerre."

Together we marched down to the Somme and saw from afar the great golden Virgin of Albert which still stands bent, but not broken, above the plain of Picardy. To some of us the greatest contrast our lives have yet furnished has been to pass in a single day out of the noise and fury of the battle of the Somme to the majestic, mediaeval peace and quiet of Amiens cathedral, set in its quaint old square.

Then the winter shut down on the armies and for long we saw no further than the Vimy Ridge. Bleak and grim it lay across our path through the long months of snow and rain—limiting the vision of those who cling like ants to its side, to a few yards. Bleak and hostile it looked in the grip of an iron frost, but when the snow fell it grew strangely familiar to Canadian eyes. Then the spring came. The barrier was broken and we emerged upon the promised land.

To-day, in June, the writer came back from the trenches across the Vimy Ridge. It is a beautiful summer's day. In

La Folie wood the birds are singing and the grass is dotted with flowers, red, white, and blue. Bright-winged insects fly past one's head. Only occasionally does a shell now burst on that ground once daily so rent and riven.

Pausing on the top of the ridge one has a view of the whole theatre of the surrounding war—of the rolling plains of Douay scarred with the white chalk seams of the trenches of the opposing armies. In the distance Lens and Avion are burning. Here is peace, and birds and flowers.

This is a view which few of the Lost Legion have ever seen though may of them died to realize it.

As I came back I thought of these, of our Bayard—our knight "sans peur et sans reproche" who sleeps by the Somme; of the gallant boy who fell here gloriously leading his men that bleak February day; of many others.

And it seemed to me that they were all around me, that once more I marched in the midst of the legion that was lost. And I knew that all was well, that such a legion could not be lost for ever, and that somewhere, sometime, perhaps beyond the sunset and stars, the "Assembly" will surely sound for us again.

W. G. Peterson

MAKING THE BOUNDARY

ESCAPES OF A RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST IN 1905

"PAUL ROZVI POLÈ"—"The Man who is as the Wind in the Fields"—under this pseudonym the nationalistic poet, Paul Crath, B.A. (now a Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada), helped to sow the seeds of the present revolution in Russia. His was the hope and momentary triumph of 1905; the realization of bitter failure; although the work was not in vain, for many reforms were carried out owing to the inception of such a revolt.

The peasants sang his songs before him, not knowing him as the author. So well was the secret kept that he bade fair to become a national tradition: "If we have no great Hetmans now," said a peasant to a gathering addressed by Crath himself, "Nalivaiko returns to us in Rozvi Polè."

Of noble descent on his mother's side, and with wealth and large estates to be inherited from his father—who held the high official position of Agrinom, deputy minister of agriculture for the South—with uncles generals in the Russian army, the boy Paul Crath was the subject of secret fears when his parents took counsel together. They had had revolutionary sympathies long before, in the seventies, but when there was no more hope they had accepted conditions and had tried to lift Russia out of the slough, only by way of developing the agrarian population.

"We must keep Paulo from the whirlpool that so nearly sucked us down; we will not teach him Ukrainian; he must speak only Russian. Let us give him plenty of English and French books, Dickens, Jules Verne, Scott, Zola, but we will see to it that no volume of Shevchenko is ever in his hands."

So, like the little princess of the fairy tale, they hedged him round from what was verily a danger. "I was six before I knew a word of Ruthenian," said Mr. Crath to the writer.

"And I forgot what little I knew when I studied Russian in its place in school. At twelve I found a book written by Taras Shevchenko, the great national poet of the Ukraine. I did not understand it. My uncle Dmitri, a man of radical sympathies, would sometimes call me to him, as a little fellow, take me in his arms and sing what seemed to me a wonderful song—a chant of prairies and rivers, mountains and high grave-hills. There I first knew Ukraine in song, but I thought it was a beautiful, legendary, far-away country. I never dreamt that I was myself living in this poetic land. Later on again I found Shevchenko and—my song! And it was of 'mine own people' that he wrote. His spirit thrilled me, and I wondered how I, too, might fan the latent fires. Some time after, my cousin Waldemar, a youth of my own age, joined me at the Gymnasium. There was one boy there who always in our play wanted to be 'Hetman of the Ukraine,' and I always vigorously disputed with him the title. "You are not very brave, you look too much like a woman," I cried. My cousin upheld me. "Paul is the only one for a Hetman."

"Later, in the grim world of realities, I felt myself like one walking in a dream—the people were ignorant, dull, and heavy; it was as if I were in the Sleeping Kingdom of the fairy story.

"At sixteen, I wrote my first poems in the Ukrainian language. In 1902 the Revolutionary Ukrainian party was organized; it was chiefly composed of University students. One of our leaders in Lubni was Nicholas Porsch; he converted me to his way of thinking. It was verily a re-birth. Now I had found the way.

"From my father's estate and private purse I obtained money for the Cause, though it was given me for other purposes. I did much preparatory work for the Revolution, distributing pamphlets as I rode by night over the countryside. The police knew me to be a Nationalist, but did not believe me to be a Revolutionist. It was at this time that I heard everywhere the songs of "The Man-who-was-as-the-Wind-in-the-Fields." They were sung in many districts,

and I was often thrilled to hear them far afield. My revolutionary poems were also published at this time and distributed secretly.

"When I left the Gymnasium various students' revolts prevented my more than temporary attendance at the universities of Kiev and Warsaw. On my return home, my father said: 'Paul, my son, you were born years before your time. Go to America; learn what life means.'

"But life soon taught me. The Russo-Japanese war caught me in its net. Every university student had the privilege of serving just one year. After four months, before Mukden, I was wounded, and so my forced service for the Czar ended. The Revolution was almost ripe. In the Poltava Government I organized night attacks on the estates of nobles, and on detachments of police. Dragoons, Cossacks, and Infantry sought us high and low, but we were indistinguishable from the peasants around us, and they were loyal fellows. After a time the police even feared to look for me, for the whisper was everywhere that I was a 'swamp-devil.' This was because in the daytime I slept in marshes, where people were afraid to venture, and by night I crept forth, suddenly appearing from nowhere. 'No bullet can kill such a one,' they cried. Later the Government put a price of a thousand roubles on my head.

"Soon fever attacked me and I knew I must leave my lair if I would live. The nearest hospital was in Kiev. Then, too, we needed cartridges, and I had to send my men a leader in my place. Four of us set out one day, taking the open steppe; and it was one of these who, learning of the ransom offered, sought to betray me. I escaped for the time, but later was arrested. I became very ill, lying as I was on planks in a wet cellar, my prison-house. But the police chief was my father's old friend. 'Well, Paul,' he cried, 'better one cut off my head than that I should see you such a terrible fellow as they say you are.' 'Dear Wasyl Wasylitch,' I made answer, 'it is all a mistake. You think I killed a great lord? Not so. It is near Christmas, I would see my mother

and I am a sick man, as you see. Send for my father and let me go home.' My appeal saved me; my father came and knew his son as Rozvi Polè.

"He was able to take me home. Later the Revolution broke out afresh. The peasants again thought me a devil, since I had escaped such a net. But I knew it was no longer safe for me to remain in my father's house. A high Government official, who had before tried to befriend me, hid me so securely in his home that no one but himself knew where I was. But after three or four days he told me he was afraid to harbour me longer.

"Then I sent for my coachman, a trusty fellow, a man who loved me. He brought with him a fine, heavy sheepskin coat with a collar reaching over my ears and buttoning over the mouth. There were two rings of soldiers guarding the town—but we had a race-horse in the handsome phaeton, and we were desperate. The road went downhill to the railway embankment, which was guarded by two pickets of soldiers, one on each side.

"Half-way down the decline my companion turned and said: 'Well, Paulo, to live or to die now. Goodbye in either case.' Then he made the reins into a hard ball and struck the horse on its flanks. Crazed, she ran full tilt for the picket, the coachman crying out at the top of his voice 'Help, help, stop her!' The picket sprawled this way and that—the second picket was even worse—and we had passed.

"I walked on to the nearest town where lived a woman of revolutionary sympathies, a Mrs. Prendel. She, ardent in her hopes for her country, helped me there to organize a troop of dragoons. Still, though fearful of failure, we would make one more effort. 'Finish the work,' was our one thought. At Krilov we roused the people, and there was bloodshed. Then I went to Kiev to get one hundred pounds of dynamite, and found it had been removed by some one unknown. There I was called all manner of ill names. The Revolution had failed, and I, one of its prophets, was without honour. I

worked successfully to get some of our boys freed, but going back to Krilov found I had no dragoons, found no fellow-woman to aid me—Mrs. Prendel's house was in ruins.

"Garbed as a peasant, I walked fifteen miles back to my home, defeated, but not despairing. A railway passed the estate, and there was a station on our grounds. At ten that night my sister and I boarded the train. She bought first-class tickets. I lay down, covered myself with blankets, but I was not disturbed. Gendarmes—stupid creatures—searched all the other compartments, but they never dreamed that a fugitive would travel in luxury. So to Kiev and thence to Odessa. And sinister enough the sight that met my gaze, for at all the chief stations en route on every telegraph pole hung a lifeless body. Mostly, as I learned, these were former railway officials.

"It was not money, not presence of mind, that saved me when I had been hiding in Odessa for three weeks. My Austrian passport, on which I had been relying, had been taken to save some one else, and there was no one in the whole city to give me shelter at night For in the old Russia one must have a passport before a bed could be obtained in any hotel or lodging-place. Night after night I crept shivering into bath-houses by the sea, for cramped and fitful slumber. By day I dozed on the seats in the park. With any kind of a passport I could have fooled some one, but with none I was helpless. My wound in the chest, given me in a night attack on a lord's house, was by no means healed. The thought of death became almost a happy one. Anything was better than the purgatory in which I was living. 'I will give myself up to the police,' I said, on the morning of the twenty-first day. 'What is the use of existing this way?' So thinking, I turned my steps to the police station—some one called to me by name and I recognized Miss Stetjenka. She had lived in my old home—Lubni. Her father, a physician, was revolutionary in sympathy (he was, by the way, a leader in this, the last Revolution). She, like an angel met on the road to death, led me to her father's home; and he put me to bed, fed, nursed, clothed me, and set me on the last stage of my journey.

"Just a word, perhaps, of some of my crossings of the boundary during these perilous days. At one time between Lemberg and Kiev there was but one line left whereby revolutionists might make their escape, and there was first the boundary to make and pass. I had to wait two hours in a restaurant, the worst place imaginable, filled with detectives. My passport on this occasion had been accepted, but I was still in danger. I ordered wine, the best of everything, until the table before me was half covered. And after that a meal in keeping with my supposed lordly station. How affronted was I over a bit of burnt onion—immediately ordering the removal of such an insult to my aristocratic taste. While I kept butler and waiters dancing attendance on me, I watched with a sick feeling of suspense a fellow masquerader, a woman, evidently new at the game of carrying off a false passport. She was so nervous when a gendarme interrogated her that she first attracted my notice; then she shrunk into a corner and sat in who knows what silent torture. And soon the fearful menace was at her throat: 'Madame Solnikoff.' She jumped as she heard her real name pronounced and murmured half audibly 'Yes!' 'Then why have you the passport of Madame U——?' and they led her away. I who sat eating and drinking like a lord, with death at my elbow whispering 'And what next?' drank one more glass—'To the health of Madame Solnikoff, my sister.'

"Sometimes it was not so tragic. On one of my crossings of the boundary, I escaped in a boat from Kiev and went to Katerinoslav, and later to Petrograd. There was then the cheap 'cabby' in the city whom one could hire, and there was also a cabman of another class, who expected five dollars a trip and whose horses were like racing steeds. I picked such a man and such a horse and ordered him to drive, early that morning, to the Finland station. Arriving there, I saw two gendarmes on guard, one on each side of the door. Like a rain of silver there fell on the snow a handful of coins, and the cabman sprawled on the ground to pick up the largesse. In the glory of such generosity I passed the guard and looked

about for a porter. It would never do for me, so great a personage, to carry my own small bag and hatbox. I beckoned to the gendarmes. Something in my voice commanded them, some more than hint of good money to be had bent their backs. I bought my ticket and they carried my baggage on the train, where my silver flashed again into waiting hands. But when I passed the boundary—yes, it was a relief for sure to be Paul Crath, a revolutionist, fleeing from Russia and safe for the moment.

"It was not money that saved my life on that other journey when I had dyed my hair to suit my false passport. The latter was carefully inspected, and I was allowed to take my place on the train. I sat next a little Jew. Suddenly I felt the searching gaze of a gendarme who was watching me from the front of the car. He was not quite satisfied. At the same time the little Jew whispered 'The guard suspects—he's watching you—don't look at him.'

"If I but lifted my eyes to return his gaze I was lost—I knew it—and I felt too, that in another second I must look, the dreadful fascination was too great. Then, with a sigh, I turned myself to stone—I leant back against the seat as if exhausted by fatigue or illness, and the danger for me was past."

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

NO event in 1917 surprised the world so much as the Russian Revolution. The so-called revolutionists did not expect it, and when it came they did not know what to do with it—a fact which explains in part its unsteady course ever since. On the other hand there is no mystery about it. What happened is simply this. The soldiers in the capital refused to shoot on the people. Astonished and frightened by such disobedience, the authorities abdicated their power. It is the purpose of the present paper to tell what happened to the army at Petrograd, to the Duma, and to the Tsar.

THE ARMY.

To understand what took place in the army it may be well to give the story of the Preobrazhentsi. At Petrograd this regiment is stationed in two different barracks, one is called the Tavricheski and the other the Millionnaia. In the first mentioned the soldiers acted without the officers, and in the last with the officers.

On Saturday morning, March 10, a telephone call was sent to the Tavricheski barracks asking that several companies should hold themselves ready for duty. Ammunition was distributed, but it was understood among the soldiers that it was not to be used. Fortunately for the men they were not called upon to fire either on that day or on the next; they were nevertheless nervous over the situation, for fear they might be ordered to do so. Early Monday morning, as the soldiers were drilling, the Volyntsi—the men who had killed their officers an hour or so before—appeared, and after

NOTE—As adding interest and significance to the present article it may be stated that the author, Professor F. A. Golder of Washington State University, was resident in Petrograd during March 1917, and from his intimate knowledge of Russia possessed exceptional means of collecting authentic information.—ED.

much persuasion won the Preobrazhentsi over to the side of the "people." By that time another regiment, the Litovski, quartered alongside, also came over on the side of the Volyntsi. The three joined forces and started out to get others on their side. It was up to them—either they had to succeed or they were lost. On their march they attacked police stations, destroyed the furniture, burned the papers, roughly handled the police when found, seized the arsenal, divided some 30,000 revolvers and 40,000 rifles among the mob, opened prison doors and let out the political prisoners as well as the murderers and thieves, burned the court-houses with all the important papers. Two of the regiments they visited were not very eager to come over to their side, and as a result there was some shooting, which resulted in the death of several soldiers. In crossing the Liteiny bridge they were fired upon from a machine gun and a number dropped. Before the day was over they marched, without their officers, to the Duma to offer their allegiance.

The case of the Preobrazhentsi, who were quartered in the Millionnaia barracks, was a little different. On Friday several companies were stationed, in charge of Captain Skripitsin, to guard one of the bridges leading to the Winter Palace. When the crowd came to the bridge the officers and soldiers engaged them in friendly conversation, joked with them, and begged them to move on. The crowd took it good-naturedly, cheered the soldiers, and went on. Towards evening another mob came that way. In the meantime, however, a colonel of police with his men appeared and lined up in front of the soldiers, and, as the crowd approached, he gave the order to charge. Seeing this, Skripitsin went up to him and requested that he should at once remove his men. The colonel became enraged. "What? I should move my men! On the contrary, you should support me—you should shoot. I order you to shoot." "The first shot that is fired," said the captain, "will go through your head," and turned from him. This was enough for the colonel; he left the spot and reported to the chief of police. On Saturday and Sunday these soldiers

were also on guard duty, and handled the crowd in a satisfactory manner. On Monday morning several companies were again called out to do guard duty. About eleven o'clock in the morning, when it became known that many regiments had gone over to the side of the people, the officers held a meeting to decide what course they should pursue. Captain Skripitsin proposed that the best thing to do was to keep the army organized and in condition to render assistance in case of need. He therefore suggested that the officers should take their men out on the Winter Palace Square and invite other regiments to join them there. This was done, and 1,500 soldiers, headed by their officers, marched out to the palace. Three of the officers requisitioned an automobile and rode off to the different barracks to lay their plans before the other regiments. Their proposal was warmly seconded, and soon one regiment after another reported there. In the meantime, Captain Skripitsin decided to go to the chief of police, Khabalov, and persuade him to call in his men, who were still shooting with machine guns from tops of houses. The poor gendarmes did not know what was going on in the streets. They had been for several days in their hiding places with orders to shoot, and were therefore quite ignorant of the new condition of affairs. On entering the cabinet of the chief of police, Skripitsin noticed a number of police officers of high rank, pale, frightened, nervous, and bewildered, sitting around. Khabalov, when he saw him, shouted out, "Listen! it is necessary to act with firmness." "The soldiers will not shoot," said Skripitsin. "Will not shoot? Order them to shoot!" thundered Khabalov. "On the contrary, we will tell them not to shoot," quietly answered Skripitsin.

"What!" exclaimed Khabalov, "I arrest you!"

"You may do as you like," replied Skripitsin, "but it is the general opinion, and it is our duty to tell you so, that none of us will fire on the people. To quiet them it is necessary to make them just concessions and not to fire on them. This method is played out."

Khabalov, like other members of the autocracy, knew but two ways of treating people—arresting and shooting them—and now that these two methods were no longer effective, he did not know what to do, and turned to Skripitsin for advice. He wished to know what he should do—whether he should notify the Minister of War or perhaps even the Emperor. Skripitsin gave him a look of contempt and returned to the Winter Palace Square. There he found many regiments ready to be of service to the country and to the Government, but as yet there was no Government. For the time being there was little for them to do, and so towards evening they returned to their barracks. When the Preobrazhentsi were once more at home, the higher officers had a meeting to determine what to do next. It was reported that members of the Duma were forming a Government, and the question was—Shall the officers stand by the new organization? After a little discussion it was decided to go over to the popular cause, and this decision was told to the petty officers, who reported it to the soldiers, and they greeted it with lusty hurrahs.

While this was going on the Grand Duke Kyril Vladimirovich, pale and tired, came into the messroom where the officers were seated. There was an attempt made at conversation, but it dragged; finally one of the officers stepped up to him and said: "We think it would be dishonourable on our part if we did not tell you that we have gone over to the side of the Temporary Government, which we shall from now on serve honourably."

"For the salvation of Russia this is the only thing to do," said the Grand Duke; "I am most heartily with you in this . . . We pleaded, we prayed, but it was all in vain. To what sad condition have they brought the country!" There was nothing more that they could say to one another, so the Grand Duke went home. The officers tried for an hour to telephone to the Duma to announce the stand they had taken, and to ask that someone in authority should be sent to them to tell them what to do. About two in the morning General Engelhard, appointed an hour before commander of

the city forces, made his appearance to thank them for the stand they had taken, and incidentally to tell them that their attitude finally decided Rozdianko to head the Executive Committee of the Duma. The next morning, Tuesday, the whole regiment, with its colours, officers, and bands, marched to the Duma to promise their loyalty and support to the new Government. On the way they were cheered, people wept and laughed, waved handkerchiefs, threw up their caps—the army was now the army of the people, liberty so much longed for was now theirs. When the regiment came to the Duma there were big-hearted Rozdianko, patriotic Miliukov, and eloquent Kerenski to greet and to thank them. This is the story of the Preobrazhentsi and the part they played in the revolution, and with some minor variations it is the story of nearly every regiment in the capital except the Cossacks, who remained neutral during these days and would not at first come out on the side of either party.

THE DUMA.

At the same time the Duma began an attack on the Government in general, on the Ministers in particular, and even on the royal family. The Imperial Council, usually the tool of the powers that be, started a little revolt of its own. Nearly every department of Government was in the hands of either stupid, inefficient, or corrupt men, and they blundered and mismanaged to such an extent that it was not difficult to pick flaws in their administration, and all classes, even honest Monarchists and extreme Conservatives, were disgusted. The cities were threatened with hunger, the armies were underfed, and yet the Minister of Agriculture did not grasp the situation, and did not seem to understand that there was such a thing as the law of supply and demand and that the country could not be fed by legislation alone. The bitter criticism and open denunciation of the Government were talked about in the streets, and undoubtedly affected the events that followed. It was expected that the boldest members of the Duma, such as Kerenski and Miliukov, would be arrested; but

nothing was done, there was the usual vacillation. When the disorders got pretty well under way, that is by Monday, March 12, the Empress and the Minister of the Interior made use of the signed blanks left by the Emperor to dismiss the Duma. But it was too late—that body refused to be dissolved and called on all the members to remain at their posts. At the same time they were thoroughly frightened, and Rozdianko, conservative by nature and weighed down by a sense of responsibility, was worried no less than others. It was difficult to get him to make an open and bold stand before Tuesday morning. It is reported that Chkheidze, who was for a long time presiding officer of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, went about wringing his hands and saying, "All is lost. All is lost!" This is true of many of the other leaders; they, like the soldiers, expected something terrible to happen to them, and when nothing happened they became more courageous. While they sat there scared, some one announced "The soldiers are coming!" and many became quite excited, not knowing just what to expect. Kerenski, without coat or hat, ran out and called to them, "We are with you, we are with you!" It is difficult to say who were more scared or more relieved at this announcement—the soldiers or the members of the Duma. It was the soldiers, who were frightened, without home and without leaders, that really forced the Duma to act. Then again the Duma had to do something—the old Ministers were hiding, the army disorganized, and the Duma, dissolved though it was, was the only institution still standing. During Monday, soldiers without officers, and citizens without work and food, came to it for advice, help, and protection. It was no time for the members to think of themselves when so many others were looking to them for aid. At half-past two in the afternoon, Monday, March 12, Rozdianko called a meeting of the Duma, at which it was decided that some action should be taken to keep order and to create some source of authority. In view of the fact that there were few members present, it was agreed to have a special committee, made up of the

officers and important men of the Duma, select another committee. This was done immediately in the office of Rozdianko, and a Temporary Committee of the Duma to keep order in Petrograd was appointed, and was composed of twelve members with Rozdianko as chairman. This committee at once issued an appeal to the people to keep order, and other such general advice. That night the committee met again to take further action, and it was proposed that an Executive Committee should be organized with Rozdianko as chairman. He hesitated, he was tired and worried, and did not know what to do; he still hoped that the Emperor would act, but finally consented when he heard that the regiments of the city were with the Duma. The Executive Committee was made up of the same members as the Temporary Committee, with the addition of Colonel Engelhard, who was made military commander of the city.

On the same day, Monday, and almost at the same hour that Rozdianko called the Duma to order, labour representatives and members of socialistic groups formed the Council of Labour Deputies and selected a Temporary Executive Committee. This body called a meeting to take place in the Duma building that night, and invited representatives of the soldiers to be present; and the outcome of this gathering was the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies which has played such a prominent part since. There came into being almost simultaneously two organizations, each claiming the right to govern the country.

After the short session mentioned above, the Duma as a body became inactive. But its members, appointed by the Executive Committee of the Duma and later by the Temporary Government to various committees, did excellent work, as did members of the Council. For two or three days leaders of the Duma, Council, and Temporary Government were busy, making speeches to the thousands of citizens and soldiers, who came singly or in companies, with or without officers, on foot and on horse, to offer their allegiance to the new Government. Among their other functions was to

receive and arrest the members of the old Ministry who were ferreted out by the soldiers, and were brought to the Duma in automobiles, freight trucks, or afoot. Protopopov was almost the last to give himself up, and when he did he handed to Kerenski a map of the city on which were marked all the places where the machine guns were placed. With this in hand the soldiers removed all the guns and the gunners, and there was no more firing from tops of houses. Kerenski had his little revenge. About ten days before the outbreak of the Revolution, he made a speech in the Duma in which he attacked the Court. There was good reason to believe that the Minister of Justice, Dobrovolski, planned to have him arrested and sent to Siberia or to punish him some other way. Kerenski's friends became very anxious, and tried to bring influence to bear to save the man. For some reason or other Dobrovolski delayed action, and when the Revolution came Kerenski was made Minister of Justice and had Dobrovolski locked up.

Meanwhile little was known of the Tsar's intentions, and the future was very uncertain. There were still fears that loyal regiments would be brought into the city and restore the old order of things. Rozdianko and his committees, as well as the Council of Deputies, were agreed that the Tsar should abdicate, but they differed as to the form of the government that should take the place of the autocracy. Most of the members of the Executive Committee of the Duma were for a constitutional monarchy, while the Council wanted a republic. The Executive Committees of the two organizations met, and had heated discussions on the subject. A Temporary Government was formed, composed of unusually able men, and, taking them together, they were the equal of any other contemporary cabinet of that period. They were:

Prince G. E. Lvov, Prime Minister, with the portfolio of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

P. N. Miliukov, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A. F. Kerenski, Minister of Justice.

N. V. Nekrasov, Minister of Railways.

A. I. Konovalov, Minister of Commerce and Industry.

A. A. Manuilov, Minister of Education.

A. I. Guchkov, Minister of War and Temporary Minister of Marine.

A. I. Shingarev, Minister of Agriculture.

M. I. Tereschenko, Minister of Finance.

I. V. Godnev, Controller.

V. N. Lvov, Ober-Procurator of the Holy Synod.

On March 16 the new Government published its programme, which declared amnesty to political and such-like prisoners. It guaranteed freedom of speech, press, conscience, labour organization; it removed religious and racial disabilities; it promised a constitutional convention on the bases of equal, secret, direct, universal suffrage, the organization of a popular militia, local government, the same right to the soldiers as to other citizens, and the retention in the capital of those soldiers who participated in the Petrograd revolution.

THE TSAR.

Where was the Tsar during this time? A few days before the outbreak of the disorders he started for the front, entrusting the government to the Ministers and to the Empress, with whom he left signed blanks to dismiss the Duma in case of need. When it became known what was going on at the capital the Emperor and his close advisers did not take it seriously, and regarded it as a little disturbance which could be put down very easily. General Alexeiev, the commander-in-chief, counselled the Tsar to make concessions, but in vain. On Saturday, March 10, the Emperor received two telegrams, one from his Prime Minister and the other from the military commander of Petrograd, asking for additional power to handle the situation. He gave them full power to use all the instruments at their command to stifle the revolt. On Sunday morning the President of the Duma, Rozdianko, sent this telegram to the Emperor: "Condition serious. In the capital anarchy. Government paralyzed. Transportation, food, and fuel completely disorganized.

General discontent grows. On the streets disorderly shooting. Part of the soldiers firing on one another. Urgent that someone, who has the confidence of the country, be given power to organize a new Ministry. No time to lose. Every delay is dangerous. I pray God that the responsibility of this hour fall not on the wearer of the crown." At the same time he telegraphed to all the commanders of the armies at the front to use their influence with the Emperor to act. They acknowledged his telegrams and said that they had put themselves in touch with the Tsar. No answer came from the Emperor other than the order which the Duma received announcing its dismissal, but it refused to be dismissed. The advisers of Nicholas counselled him not to make concessions, not to give in, and not to be bluffed. Monday morning, March 12, Rozdianko sent another telegram: "Situation growing worse. Necessary to take immediate steps; to-morrow may be too late. The last hour has come, when the fate of the country and of the dynasty is to be decided." The only reply was the ordering of a regiment of tried and loyal soldiers, each of whom had won his cross of St. George, to Petrograd to help put down the disorder. That same day telegrams came from the Minister of War and from Tsarskoe Selo announcing that all was not well and that the imperial family was in danger, and requesting that the Emperor return immediately. A little while before it had been arranged for the Tsar to start for home on Wednesday, March 14, and there have a talk with Rozdianko and possibly make concessions, but in view of the new developments orders were given for a train to be ready to go as soon as possible in charge of General Voekov. This train was composed of two sections, and left Mogilev between four and five o'clock in the morning of March 13. On the way telegrams came from a number of members of the Imperial Council asking the Emperor to appoint a responsible Ministry, but no more notice was taken of that than of Rozdianko's appeals. As the train drew nearer the capital, word was received that the Duma had appointed a Commissioner to take charge of the railways.

and that the station master of Petrograd had ordered that the imperial train should proceed not to Tsarskoe Selo but to Petrograd. About midnight, March 13, it was learned that the first section of the train was in the hands of the revolutionary soldiers, and that it was impossible to proceed. The Emperor was awakened and the state of affairs explained to him, and, after consultation, it was concluded to go to Pskov, where General Ruski had his headquarters. In the meantime a telegram was despatched to Rozdianko asking him to meet the Emperor at a certain station, but this meeting did not take place, for two other men, Guchkov and Shulgin, were sent on that mission.

It was about eight o'clock of the night of March 14 when the Tsar reached Pskov, and there held a consultation with General Ruski. The Tsar said that he was now ready to agree to a responsible ministry, but Ruski told him that it was already too late for such concessions. The conversation lasted a good part of the night, in fact till nearly four o'clock of the morning of March 15. Ruski then got Rozdianko on the telephone and for two hours they discussed the situation, which was reported to the Emperor. By that time telegrams had come from the commanders at the front advising him to abdicate, and an act of abdication was forwarded to him from Mogilev. He then agreed to abdicate in favour of his son, and a telegram to this effect was prepared, but it was never sent, for word came that two representatives of the newly organized Government were coming to Pskov.

These gentlemen left the capital at three o'clock on March 15 and reached their destination at ten o'clock at night. It was their plan to have at first a talk with Ruski, but as soon as the train came to a standstill one of the aides of the Tsar came aboard and invited them to the imperial car which stood near by. In the car were two imperial officers, and soon the Emperor himself came in, greeted and shook hands with the newcomers, and requested them to be seated, placing Guchkov by his side. While they were being seated General Ruski came in, so there were six people at the interview

that took place. Guchkov was asked to make his report, and, without referring to the past and without any bitterness, in a calm and dignified way, he proceeded to paint a picture of the present situation. When he concluded the Tsar asked, "What shall I do?" "Abdicate from the throne," replied Guchkov. This, as has been pointed out, had already been agreed upon. After a pause the Tsar said, in a matter-of-fact way, that for the last two days he had been thinking on the subject and until three o'clock that afternoon had been in favour of abdicating in favour of his son, but since then he had changed his mind, because he did not feel that he could stand the separation from his child. He then paused for a moment and turned to his auditors to know whether they got his meaning, and ended by saying that he would abdicate in favour of his brother. The Commissioners did not expect this reply and were a bit disturbed, but after thinking over the matter they came to the conclusion that they had no right to interfere with a father's love for his son. At the same time the point came up that if the family were separated the young man when he grew up might feel very bitter about it. Another question was raised, whether the oath of the regent could really bind the Tsar when he grew up. After all these questions had been considered, it was decided to accept the Emperor's suggestion to allow him to abdicate in favour of his brother. When this point had been settled the Tsar asked what assurances the Commissioners could give him that his giving up the throne would quiet the country. They were somewhat confused by this question, and answered that although they could not guarantee anything, yet they believed that the situation would improve. The Tsar did not push the matter any further, but went out into an adjoining car and signed the act of abdication which had been ready since morning, but which he changed so as to fit the new situation, that is, in favour of the brother and not the son. He returned a few minutes later and handed it to the Commissioners, saying, "Here it is; read it." They made some suggestions as to minor changes which he accepted.

Two copies of it were then struck off on a typewriter; one was given to Ruski to keep and the other the Commissioners took with them. When this was done all present shook hands and bade each other good-night. During all this time the Tsar was the only one of the six who was composed and cool; he was friendly rather than otherwise, and that struck the Commissioners with astonishment. As they were leaving, Shulgin looked at his watch, and it was just twelve minutes to twelve of the night of March 15 and 16.

By three o'clock in the morning of March 16, the new Government at Petrograd knew of the Tsar's abdication in favour of his brother, Mikhael Alexandrovich. Late in the forenoon several members of the Government went to see the grand duke to ask him to accept the crown. He refused, partly because he knew that all the members of the Government were not in agreement; some, like Kerenski, were in favour of a republic. He said that it would be better to wait until a constitutional convention met to decide on the form of government and on the fundamental laws.

On the following morning Nicholas Romanov asked Guchkov's permission to return to Mogilev, the military headquarters, and this was granted. His reasons for wishing to go to Mogilev were these: in the first place he wished to take leave of his friends there, and in the second place it was not safe to proceed to Tsarskoe Selo. He planned to go from Mogilev to Kiev to see his mother, but she came out to him on the 17th and remained with him the rest of the time that he was at that place.

When the Commissioners took leave of the ex-Emperor, he gave his word of honour that he would not communicate with anyone in cipher; but two or three days later it was learned that he had not kept his promise and that he had sent a ciphered telegram to his wife at Tsarskoe Selo. Guchkov at once brought the matter to the attention of the Temporary Government, and, after this point as well as other matters had been taken into consideration, it decided to place the ex-royal couple under arrest. Four members of

the Duma were commissioned to go to Mogilev to fetch the distinguished prisoner. They left on the night of March 20 and reached their destination the following day about three o'clock. They went at once to the office of General Alexeiev, who knew already the object of their mission, and who informed them that the imperial train was ready to start as soon as they gave the word. The ex-Tsar was at the time taking tea with his mother, and Alexeiev went there to inform them of the orders of the Government. Nicholas said nothing against it, and, after taking a sad farewell of his mother, stepped from her car into his own. He said a few words of thanks to his officers and soldiers whom he was leaving behind, and then the train pulled out. It was then nearly five o'clock. There was no noise, no outward manifestations of joy or sorrow, although everyone was oppressed with the seriousness of the occasion. All during the journey there was the same solemness; people at the stations talked barely above a whisper. It was like attending a funeral. The Tsar was outwardly composed, as usual, except when the train neared Tsarskoe Selo, when he began to show signs of excitement, but that may have been due to the eagerness to see his family, rather than because of the events that had taken place. When the train pulled into the station, the Emperor took leave of those near him, and as soon as it stopped (11.30 a.m., March 22) he and his adjutant hurried to their automobile and drove off to the palace.

While the Commission above mentioned was bringing the Emperor as prisoner, General Kornilov was ordered by the Government to go to Tsarskoe Selo and inform the Empress that she was under arrest. He started Tuesday morning, March 21, and was received by Alexandra Fedorovna at 10.30. She came in dressed in black, looking rather sad and tired, for in addition to the political upheaval she had the care of her children, who were ill. She did not greet anyone, but asked them to be seated. Turning to Kornilov she said, "How can I serve you, and to what do I owe the honour of your visit?" He got up and started to tell her that he had been

commissioned by the Government to read her its decision as to her immediate future. Hearing this, she too got up and said, "Speak on; I am listening." Kornilov took out his paper and read about her arrest and about the Commission which was on its way with the Emperor as a prisoner. When he came to this place she called out for him to say no more. Many months before that Kronilov was a prisoner of war and had suffered much at the hands of the Germans, but after untold misery he escaped and reached Russia more dead than alive. He was sent for by the Emperor and asked to relate his experiences. Among other things, he told of the way the Germans mistreated the Russians, but the Empress would not believe it and ordered him to halt. When she tried to stop him this second time he hesitated, and finally determined that it was now his turn and that he would have his say, and that she should listen to him whether she wished to or not. When he had concluded she asked if she might have a few words with him alone. She desired to know what plans, if any, had been made for the children—would they receive medical attention? what disposition would be made of the servants? He assured her that the children should have all possible medical attention, but that the doctors would come and go under guard, and that the old servants would be dismissed and others put in their places. She begged that for the sake of the children the servants should not all be taken away, but Kornilov, for reasons of state, would not give in on that point. He also ordered that there should be no more direct telegraph communication with the palace, that the royal family should not use the telephone, and that the Empress's mail should be censored. After arranging for a palace guard he went back to Petrograd.

After the Emperor had been brought to Tsarskoe Selo, it became a question what should be done with the family. The Empress desired to go to the Crimea, at least for a time. The members of the Government were in favour of removing them from Russia, and it was announced that Kerenski would take them there as soon as the children's health improved.

By that time, however, the Council of Workmen and Soldiers became strongly entrenched, and the more radical elements would not listen to this plan, and insisted that the family should be locked up in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Temporary Government, for very good reason, was afraid to hand them over to the guard there, and on that account the family was left at Tsarskoe. This was not satisfactory, for there was always danger that the lawless soldiery or some Radicals dressed as soldiers would break into the palace and kill the inmates. In August, when it seemed as if the Germans might get into Petrograd, there was the additional danger that they might get the royal family into their power. These are some of the reasons why, on the morning of August 14, Nicholas Romanov and family were sent into Siberia.

It so happened that on the evening of the same day two members of the American Railway Commission to Russia and the writer started for America across Siberia. When under way we learned that the imperial train in two sections was ahead of us. Although we moved slowly enough, and were falling behind schedule, the train of the Tsar was still slower, so that we caught up with it on August 17, about nine o'clock in the evening. Our train could not get by, for the small stations we passed had not sidings enough to accommodate the two Imperial sections, and therefore we followed behind. In order to get a last look at the distinguished prisoners I put out the lights in our car, which was the last one, and waited. It was just midnight when we came to "Siding No. 18," five or six versts west of Tiumen, and there sidetracked, side by side, were the two sections of the imperial train. Guards were seen on the steps, but none of the members of the royal family were visible, not even through the windows, the shades of which were drawn. I could not but recall the two times when I had seen His Majesty; the first time as he reviewed troops, and the second time when he declared war on Germany and Austria. Then he was a mighty man, the autocrat of millions of people whose lives were in his hands, an Emperor whose opinion was listened to

with awe the world over. Now he was being taken as prisoner to Siberia, the place to which he had sent many men who were better and more richly endowed with friends than himself.

On the morning of August 20 the porter of our car reported that the Tsar had escaped, that the country was alarmed, and that our car would be searched. An officer in uniform was already in our car asking all kinds of questions of the porter. About nine o'clock we came to the city of Krasnoiarsk, and there we found a chain of soldiers lined in front of the station, allowing no one to approach our train, and permitting none of the passengers to leave it. Half a dozen soldiers, with a petty officer at their head, came in and announced that they would search our car in the name of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies of Krasnoiarsk. Some little time before, this city had declared itself a republic, and was not taking orders from anyone on earth or in heaven. When they failed to find in our car the object of their search we were allowed to go out on the platform, and from the crowd assembled we learned that we were suspected of smuggling out the Emperor. It was not difficult to convince some of them, at least, that we were innocent. We showed them the Petrograd evening paper where it was stated that the Emperor was being sent to Tobolsk, and thus proved to them that we Americans had nothing to do with the affair. One of the soldiers with whom I talked was quite angry with Kerenski. "Now that Russia is a democracy," said the soldier, "what right had Kerenski to move the Emperor without consulting the people?" It was a difficult question to answer, and I let it pass. In the crowd were several Russians of the extreme radical type who had recently come from America, and who had little good to say about the United States. From them we learned that soldiers were guarding the bridge across the Ienissei River, with orders to blow it up in case our train should attempt to go on without first stopping at the station. This gives an idea of the disorganization of Russia. Each city, each council, each soldier does as he pleases. The leaders of the Council were still suspicious

of us, and placed a guard on the train to watch us. He kept his eye on us all the way to Irkutsk, where our car was once more searched.

It was not difficult to explain why we were suspected. For reasons of state, principally those of safety, the Government at Petrograd did not notify the people along the Siberian line that the Emperor would go through their country. When his special train drew up along the stations the inhabitants could not help but inquire the meaning of it. The soldiers on guard had been instructed to say that it contained "The American Mission." In the course of the summer the Siberians had seen the special train of the Root Mission, the Railway Mission, the Red Cross Mission, and therefore accepted the explanation. Some of the soldiers, however, could not keep the secret, and let it out that the Emperor wa sbeing taken to Siberia. There were then two versions—that the train contained the American Mission, and that it held the Emperor. Putting the two together the Radicals at Ekaterinburg concluded that the American Mission was running away with the Emperor, whether with or without the approval of Kerenski did not matter to them. They at once telegraphed to the Council at Krasnoiarsk to get us dead or alive. As we happened to be the only Americans on the line that had any claim to be called an American Mission, and as we were travelling in a special car, they pounced on us. What they would have done with the Emperor had they apprehended him, neither the men of Ekaterinburg nor those of Krasnoiarsk had any clear idea. The poor fellows were disappointed, not because they failed to find him, but because the Tsar did not run away; for according to all the rules of the game he should have done so, as did the King of France during the French Revolution.

F. A. Golder

IN MEMORIAM
LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE*

ON the 28th of January last, Lt.-Col. John McCrae, Lecturer in the Medical Faculty of this University, and an officer of the Canadian Army, died in the military hospital at Boulogne. He died of pneumonia after an illness of four days, on the spot where he was working, the hospital to which he was attached as an active member of the staff—just as much in the valiant service of his country as if he had fallen fighting at Vimy Ridge or Passchendaele.

In these times we are so constantly hearing of deaths, and of deaths too of those who have died for us, that such news has ceased for the most part to make much impression on our minds. We have become case-hardened. Our quite limited capacity is nearly exhausted,whether for the sorrow or for the gratitude that are daily due. It has grown to be an old story. The abominable war, which came upon us like a thief in the night, four years ago, and shows no sign yet of reaching an end, has sadly blunted us. But this news was a pain and a shock to all of us. It came so suddenly. We had not in the least expected it. He was so young and strong, in the prime of life, in the full ripeness of his fine powers, his season of fruit and flower bearing. He had done so much already and we were sure the best was still to come. It was a shock not to us only who knew him well,—many of us as a personal friend. There are few indeed in Canada of those who can think or feel at all, or for that matter in the British Empire, and even the United States, who were not quite freshly and keenly stirred by the tidings of this death. For it is scarcely too much to say that the name of John McCrae had already become a household word wherever the English language is

*An address delivered at the memorial service held in McGill University on Monday, 4th February, 1918.

spoken. Everybody knew "In Flanders Fields the Poppies grow". The man who wrote that poem has a great funeral indeed and many mourners. All who speak his mother-tongue are standing in spirit with uncovered heads before his grave.

"The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men" says Pericles. "The inscriptions on headstones in their native land are not their only record. Even in strange lands an unwritten memorial of them still lives on, not graven upon stones, but in every human heart."

The very best tribute to John McCrae is the plain statement of the facts of his career. The facts will speak for themselves. They will not need much comment, but will convey their own message both of comfort and inspiration. He was born at Guelph, in Ontario. He came, as his name shows clearly enough, of that Scotch-Canadian stock which has done much for Canada and for the British Empire—the stock which produced the explorers and pioneers of our great Northwest and finished the work of these by building the Canadian Pacific road, that is to say, by giving its permanent and effective shape to the real Canada. It would have been hard to find a more typical bearer of all the best gifts and traditions of his race. Among other things he was of course a Presbyterian—true blue, and one who knew very well, for he was always an eager student of history, especially military history, what was meant by the inheritance implied in that somewhat formidable name. He never lost the simple faith of his childhood. He seemed to have by nature a happy immunity from the almost universal epidemic of doubt. Few men of brains I have known were ever so entirely free from the old measles of the clever young fellow ever since the days of Aristophanes, the callow superstition that the really superior person, the man of critically wiped nose, must *de rigueur* and at all costs assume a sternly negative attitude to all forms of religion. I do not think he troubled himself much about the difficulties that arise for most of us in finding our way to clearness on this great problem. Being a poet he took it in a

large sense. He was so sure about the main things, the vast things, the entirely and obviously indispensable things, of which all formulated faiths are but a more or less stammering expression, that he was content with the rough embodiment in which his ancestors had laboured to bring these great realities to bear as beneficent and propulsive forces upon their own and their children's minds and consciences. The changes which may be necessary did not interest him much—the very considerable and radical changes which for my part I think *are* necessary and vital in order to recoin those great fundamental convictions into small change, as it were, to restate them in terms that shall make them more living and *current* energies in us at our time of day. He did not trouble much about this recasting process. He was not that kind of mind. He did not feel called upon to co-operate by his personal labour in the difficult and delicate task. His instinctive faith sufficed him. He had no impulse to go poking about foundations and digging up roots of flowers. And, indeed, his life was so active otherwise, his mind so completely absorbed in the richer spectacle of full-bodied life, that he had no time for logic-chopping and herbarium work of abstract speculation.

He was not merely fortunate, if I may say so with modesty, in his stock, but also, and still more so, in his house and home. He was not the only colonel in the family. His father, a very well and still more favourably known man in Ontario, is Colonel David McCrae. He has the great sorrow of surviving his noble son, a sorrow lightened, nay, swallowed up, by the thought of his son's glory. He would have fain gone to fight himself had he been of age to do so. He did raise a battery and took it over to England. But he was too old—over seventy. He sent his bright boy with his full consent and blessing. That is the tradition in the country he hails from. Scotland, with a population of four millions, has six hundred thousand soldiers in the field. Canada, though we did not used to take her very seriously from the military point of view, has now one of the most brilliant armies in the world fighting over there. But in spite of her having

a good deal more than four millions of population she had not yet got six hundred thousand soldiers. Col. David McCrae is not only Scottish but Highland Scottish, the blood that has long enjoyed a special fame for loyalty. He knows the old song, and I am sure it speaks the thought of his heart. "I have but one son, my gallant young Donald, but if I had ten they should follow"—where their King, their country, and their God demand that they should go. All the writers and readers of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE would wish to send him not only a message of deepest sympathy in his bereavement, but also the assurance that we share to the full his pride in his dear and gallant son, who was one of the most valued contributors to this Magazine. "In the barren winter of old age not gain, as some say, is the master passion, but glory."

John McCrae was educated at the Guelph Collegiate Institute and at Toronto University, where he graduated as B.A. in 1894, as M.B. in 1898. To these degrees he added the much coveted title of M.R.C.P., to attain which he went over to London and passed a brilliant examination there. So his name stands on the long and glorious list of alumni who have carried the flag of Toronto University to immortal honours in this war: it belongs to that inner circle of the noble company who have been faithful unto death. He worked hard at College, not only at his bread and butter studies, but in the Arts course, which he never regretted having taken as the best possible preparation, not merely for these but for something much larger, for intelligent and devoted citizenship, and for the really humane and cultivated life. Like so many of our McGill medical luminaries, Sir William Osler, Sir Andrew Macphail, and others, he was much more than a doctor. And he was all the better a doctor because he was a great deal more. The years he spent on his general education were not the least profitable part of his academic course. He greatly refined and strengthened there his inborn love of letters, his natural disposition to take a wide outlook on the world. He acquired tastes and knowledge which made him a happier man and laid the foundations for the better and more

widely shining part of the fame which he will leave behind him.

He had scarcely finished his training in hospital when the South African war broke out. That meant for a while an end of medical study for him. He "threw physic to the dogs," at the summons of what seemed to him a still higher call of duty. For he was not, like many, in the least vexed by doubts as to the righteousness of that much discussed and still perhaps quite debatable struggle. His point of view was that in that case we were face to face with an inexorable alternative. We had our choice of two things, either, in the deadlock for which *they* were certainly to a large extent responsible, to persuade the Boers as gently as possible that one Boer was not the military equal of three Britons; or else to go out of the imperial business altogether, as the Germans, who had a great deal to do with making that trouble for us, would have been delighted to see us do. At any rate, he found in South Africa a valuable supplement to his academic studies. He became a soldier and a good one. Joining our overseas troops of that time, as a Lieutenant of Artillery, he saw a great deal of service at Belfast, Lydenburg, and some eighteen other places, won the Queen's medal with three clasps, and rose to the rank of Major commanding the 16th Battery in the Canadian Field Artillery. He was a brave, capable, and highly intelligent officer. Colonel Keenan and many other of his comrades there would bear quite clear testimony to that. But the best proof of all is this. When the present war broke out he of course, without a moment's hesitation, put himself unconditionally into the hands of the authorities to use him in whatever capacity they thought best. In spite of the eminence he had attained in his medical profession during the long interval, and the comparative rustiness which might have been supposed to have settled upon his military accomplishments in the meantime, they had the greatest difficulty in deciding whether to take him as a soldier or as a doctor.

The South African war was perhaps the best part of John McCrae's schooling. Under that stern second Alma

Mater he graduated with highest credit, and came back having attained his full majority in a double sense—not only as a Major of Gunners, but as a fully-developed, resolute, and widely-experienced man. Is there, after all, any other school of manhood like an army with decent traditions on active service?

In spite of our well-meaning friends, the pacifists, I am inclined to think there is not. At any rate, John McCrae extracted from it pure profit that needs no apologies or reserves. Among many other things, it was in South Africa that he came to know the British Army, and above all the British private soldier, at close quarters. He had been an eager reader of military history from childhood. Among the best of all his poems, and he never wrote any that was not good, was the one contributed to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE on Albuera. His nearer acquaintance with his heroes did not disenchant him. He found them quite all his boyish fancy had painted them. He brought back from the war a confirmed and abiding belief in the courage and devotion of the old Island breed. That curious self-disparagement which is apt to be a more or less amiable mania with us,—amiable at least as compared with the truculent self-complacency of our enemies—was not at all a disease he was predisposed to. He was never one to talk of the degeneracy of the British people, or the decline of the British Army. He had read too much and seen too much for that. He had taken the trouble to acquire that wide and accurate knowledge of the facts which is often the best cure for pessimism. He did not need, in order to steady his drooping faith and spirits, to wait for the splendid exhibition surpassing everything even in the glorious past, by which the "old contemptibles," in incredibly inferior numbers and equipment, stood up to the German inundation with bare breasts, like a wall of granite, and blocked its way to Calais.

He came back, too, just as good a Canadian as he had been when he set out, but certainly, as will be the case with the great majority of our gallant young men who have done their

full duty in the present crisis, much more of a Britisher than ever he had been before. He came home an Imperialist. In the ears of many good sort of people the word has a sinister sound. It suggests the brutal insolence of national pride and aggrandisement, the instinct of domination over other races. There is really very little danger of that under our institutions, he thought. Our vice for a long time has surely been quite the contrary of that. We are to look rather to the Foolish Virgins than to Herod for our warning example. The world in general is beginning to recognize that it is so. British Imperialism—especially in contrast with its only practical alternative—is quickly coming to be seen for what it is, a very mild reality under a rather clumsily aggressive name. For it simply means that the British people believe in the value of their birthright, which they take to be, as it now manifestly is, identical with the maintenance of freedom and decency in the world, and are, therefore, prepared to face the responsibilities that birthright implies, and give up their lives, if need be, rather than be false to them. With John McCrae, too, as with most simple men, it meant a deep instinctive loyalty to the past, the call of the blood, the sacred claims of the old cradle of our race, the home of our ideals.

> From the dim sheiling and the misty island
> Mountains divide us and a world of seas;
> But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning."

In spite of his great interest in war and his brilliantly proved capacity for it, Major McCrae, as he then was, hung his musket in the chimney corner, as soon as the fighting was over, and went back to his old love, his medical studies. He was like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," that very dangerous being the type our civilization has tended to produce, an essentially peaceful person,—

> Who, though he be endowed with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
> To home-felt pleasures and to quiet scenes.

In 1902 he came to us here in McGill as Doctor Adami's right hand man, in pathology. How admirably he acquitted himself in that position, and what excellent scientific work he published, both in collaboration with Doctor, now Colonel Adami, and in his own name, is well known to the medical profession. I will only say that he was universally recognized both by his colleagues and by his students as one of the very best lecturers we had in the University. At the same time he carried on a private practice as a physician, in which capacity I can speak of him with personal knowledge, because he was my doctor. Here, as elsewhere, he "touched nothing which he did not adorn." All his patients were his friends. His kindly presence and his sturdy strength in a sick room were better than any tonic. No wonder his practice went on steadily increasing. In a city which has always been famous for its doctors he had already, like his brother, Dr. Thomas McCrae, of Philadelphia, become a marked man in his profession—not only locally, either—and was on the plain highroad to the highest eminence in it.

But it was not only, not even mainly, in his profession that he was a marked man. He seemed to find time for everything; had no dead minutes in his day. I have seldom known a man of more really genial nature, or one who picked things up so easily. Full of humour, he was always ready for enjoyment himself, and highly capable of ministering to the gaiety of others; fond of all the things worth while, animals and children and music and books—all the real books, poetry and history mostly (he could not abide most modern fiction), —most staunch in his loyalty to his friends and his principles. It was in 1908, in the course of an extended trip in the Hudson Bay Country, with Lord Grey and him and some others, under the most primitive circumstances, such as brought very searchingly to light just what was furthest down in a man,

that I had my best opportunity of coming really to know him. There, and in the Pen and Pencil Club, which he used to delight occasionally with his verses, and where he was just as eager, if not more so, in his interest in other people's productions, as he was in the ventilation of his own. He had, to quite an unusual degree in such an active and productive person, the charming faculty of being a good listener. For, though almost unceasingly active, he was never restless. A certain broad-based, eupeptic, kindly receptiveness and sunniness of nature, now and then condensing as it were till it broke out into a song,—such was the prevailing impression of his personality. He was a thoroughly well-constituted person. εὔκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ' εὔκολος δ' ἐκεῖ.

He was, however, highly capable of indignation, and of an extremely forcible expression of indignation. He was destined to find full scope for that most indispensable quality. When the insolence of German pride and greed let loose this most horrible of all wars upon an incredulous and utterly unprepared world, he knew what to do. He was in the midst of all the happy and fruitful activities I have described— in this as in many other ways a perfect typical representative of all his people. But like them, or at least like all of the best of them, he did not hesitate for one instant. He picked up in a flash the truculent and insulting gage which the monstrous Bully had flung with brutal contempt into the face of England, Liberty, and Law, and went straight for his gun. Though it was throwing away fair certainties and prospects still fairer, and scarcely less certain, he *forsook all and followed,* asking only one thing, where he could render the best service of which he was capable. He would have much preferred to fight, but knowing well that he was not the best judge, he allowed others who had all the facts before them to choose for him. They wisely determined on availing themselves of his proved skill as a doctor, though, as has been said, he was so thoroughly competent to take the other part that it was hard to strike the balance. He had nevertheless his full taste of the firing line, and more opportunity than appeared on the surface, too,

of turning his military experience to good account. For he was attached to Col. Morrison's artillery brigade. The Colonel was a great friend of his, who was perfectly well aware how much he knew about guns and often availed himself of his amphibious medico's knowledge and cool clear judgement in such matters. They were in the famous second battle of Ypres, in a very hot place indeed. After that first memorable gas attack, in which Guy Drummond fell, they were pushed up in support to fill the gap left by the poor Senegalese, the black troops fighting for the French. They dug in there on the hither bank of the Yser canal, behind the sand heaps formed by the piled-up dredgings of the canal; their dugouts on the backward slope, their guns in front. It was a very exposed position much in advance of any other artillery. But the facilities for observation were, of course, correspondingly good, and they were able to do fine work in the way of breaking up the massing of troops on the German side before attacks were launched. In seventeen days they lost about half their guns and half their men. Nevertheless, they stuck it for seventeen days, eating and sleeping somehow, with no time even to pull off their boots. The first day they said:—"Can we stand it for another twenty-four hours?" So did they say the second day, and every day till the end. But they did stand that Hell and stick it for seventeen days. Then they were relieved. That is the kind of young man, thank God, Canada turns out; and that was the sort of man John McCrae was.

Was alas! They moved him to what seemed comparative safety,—and there he died. To the philosophic eye, the worst thing about war, particularly in the incredibly amateur fashion in which it has hitherto been waged and provided for, or not provided for at all, by our astounding English-speaking peoples, is this, that it is an ingenious arrangement for automatically eliminating the best and leaving us with the less good upon our hands. The spring has been taken out of our year in McGill:—

> Bare ruined quires where late the sweet birds sang.

Dry sapless branches, creaking in the cold wind. Our glory is departed, so many of the brave, the beautiful, the young have gone. It is autumn with us. One after another our flowers are falling, falling. We hear

> The ground swirl of the withered leaves of hope,
> The sweep of death's imperishable wing.

Is it not too great a price to pay?

"He that spared not his own son but gave him for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things. For thy sake we are killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Cross is bitter, its losses are a great deep, but its gains are infinite and incommensurable. It hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive them.

Such was the faith of St. Paul and John McCrae. Natures less rich and large, sharp, metallic, gimlets of criticism might resist the radiant poetry of that faith. A poet like him could not. And in the strength of it he has left us an immortal memory. He had the happiness, too, to find a snatch of immortal music in which his memory will fly on wings of its own, so long as the English-speaking peoples tell of the great war to their children. Everybody knows it, but I cannot close without writing it down. It is his epitaph, his message from the grave he fills in our service, the grave to which he has given beauty and a living voice.

> In Flanders fields the poppies blow
> Between the crosses, row on row,
> That mark our place; and in the sky
> The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
>   Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We loved, felt dawn and sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
  In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
  In Flanders fields.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

RESURGAM

A stir, a struggle beneath the soil,
  A tremor of Life begun,
A blind up-springing of leaf and bud
  Till the air and the light are won,
Through stress and darkness, through storm and rain,
  The flower shall find the sun!

A hope, a whisper of Love divine,
  A cry from the earth-bound clod,
A strong uplifting of heart's desire
  To the stars from the tear-dewed sod,
Through loss and sorrow, through doubt and pain,
  The soul shall find its God!

LILY ALICE LEFEVRE

THOMAS HARDY AS AN ARTIST OF CHARACTER

NOT long ago the writer of this article heard Thomas Hardy referred to as a man "whose plebeian origin is apparent in every novel he has composed." Alas for such *a priori* judgements The last representative of the great Victorian fiction always assumes, indeed, the tone of a son of the people, and one would never learn from himself how renowned his family had been in the annals of England. In such matters a curious psychological interest belongs to that useful publication, the British "Who's Who." The sort of autobiography which each distinguished man supplies to it is an index of himself. It brings out the points which he wants to have noticed by those who concern themselves with his personal record, and anyone who turns over the pages for an hour will get light upon the variety of self-feeling which is cherished by the British notables. Thomas Hardy is almost silent on a pedigree which smaller men would have brandished before the world. From quite other sources we learn that the Hardys have been conspicuous in Dorsetshire for several hundred years, that Clement le Hardy was lieutenant governor of Jersey as far back as 1488, that our author's ancestors on the maternal side were county folk for many generations. And almost anyone else would at least have mentioned one representative of the line. Every schoolboy has read of the last hours of Nelson at Trafalgar, and of the pathetic scene in the admiral's cabin, every detail of which was burned into the memory of the nation that Nelson had saved. When the great seaman had been struck by a French bullet on the deck of his flagship, and had been carried in a dying state below, he sent for a favourite officer whom he preferred to the official second in command, and among his last recorded words were these: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

The novelist was born in 1840, and he is among the many great English writers who have owed nothing to either the historic schools or the historic universities of England. His early teachers were local people quite unknown to fame. His later education was of the spasmodic sort which could be got by attending evening classes at King's College, London, whilst he was occupied in office work during the day. For at the ago of sixteen he was articled to an ecclesiastical architect, and for some years his main business was to study, measure, and sketch old church fabrics. This interest has remained with him, as can be seen from the affectionate detail with which he describes in more than one of his novels some ancient Gothic or Norman pile. We could almost have conjectured that "A Laodicean" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" were written by one with more than common knowledge of architecture, and more than common love for its artistic side. Before he devoted himself to literature he had pursued his profession to such purpose as to have won a medal from the Royal Institute of British Architects, and a prize from the Architectural Association for design.

His first literary venture was a short story in *Chambers's Journal*, published in 1865, and since then he has not wavered in the choice of his real calling. His only vacillation seems to have been between prose and verse, and though his execution in the former sphere is that by which he must live, his poems often reach a high quality. Moreover, almost all that he has attempted, whether in prose or rhyme, contains a single unified purpose, teaches a single moral, embodies a single art. In the rural retirement of Dorchester he has for a quarter of a century combined with the work of his pen the duties of a justice of the peace, dispensing we may be sure the even-handed equity which springs from so sympathetic a knowledge of the life of the labourer and the artisan, and deriving from the experiences of the magistrate's bench much material which he has known how to use for our instruction. Approaching his eightieth birthday, he cannot be expected to give us much more on the great scale. But his countrymen,

whose literature he has so enriched, and the public far beyond the confines of England for whom he has made English rural life so vivid and the agelong questions of humanity so arresting, must wish him a calm repose at the end of his days. Some of us would add the hope that to one who has struggled so long and so hard with the darknesses of man's lot, there may come, in the old pious words, "light at eventide."

Hardy's predominant concern in most of what he has written is with simple and simple people. He explained this himself, nearly thirty years ago, in an article in *The Forum*. In the poorest class, he tells us, character is easily read, conventional pretence is absent, acts are the undisguised outcome of feelings. Effective portrayal is thus facilitated. Mr. W. L. Courtney has remarked that in the Wessex Novels there is "a general distaste for the fine ladies and gentlemen, whom Mr. Hardy cannot sympathize with, and therefore cannot draw." Not very many of this type are presented to us at all, except in "A Group of Noble Dames," by no means the most successful of our author's works. He is attracted to the yeoman farmer, the serjeant, the petty naval officer, the bailiff on an estate, the shepherd, the woodcutter, the struggling artist, the peasant. His best strokes in drawing the upper social class are in the comments of unconscious wit which those below make upon those above. Hardy may be compared to Dickens in his inability to fashion the likeness of a "gentleman," an analogy which we realize all the more when we see it argued that there is one such character, Eugene Wrayburn, that may be called a success in the whole range of Dickens's work from "Boz" to "Edwin Drood." With all his dislike of an aristocrat, Thackeray has given us Major Pendennis; Hardy could never have created him. He likes to drive home Disraeli's point that the real old English families survive to a great extent in the peasantry. Was not poor John Durbeyfield able to boast in the village ale-house that not a man in the county of South Wessex had grander or nobler "skillentons" in his

family than he?[1] Like George Meredith, Hardy would chuckle at the thought of ducal blood in business, and how we may be ordering butcher's meat of a Tudor, or sitting on the cane-bottom chairs of a Plantagenet.[2]

Not seldom we have a direct sneer at the old families as a class, in particular at their pretension to an hereditary endowment of manners, or of honour, or of virtue. Ethelberta had the "diadem-and-sceptre bearing" which was thought peculiar to one born in a house whose vestibules are lined with ancestral mail.[3] Alas! Ethelberta's father was a butler. Those diners-out who saw in her *distingué* poise a token of aristocratic descent were being handed their soup by him who had transmitted to her whatever natural gifts she possessed. When would people realize that a bear may be taught to dance? Parson Swancourt found the infallible test for gentle birth in a nice discrimination of sauces, for "an unedified palate is the irrepressible cloven foot of the upstart."[4] Our author knows well the ingrained reverence of English country folk for squire and clergyman, but thinks it one of the quaint superstitions that must be got rid of. When a comet appeared, Nat Chapman was sure that it was no portent of famine, for "that only touches such as we, and the Lord only consarns Himself with born gentlemen . . . If 'tis a token that He's getting hot about the ways of anybody in this parish, 'tis about my Lady Constantine's, since she's the only figure worth such a hint."[5] Hezzy Biles, the farm labourer, looks back with true servile regret upon the time when bishops were less condescending than they have since become, when at a Confirmation both episcopal hands were not laid on the head of "every Jack Rag and Tom Straw," but "it was six chaps to one blessing." "The great lords of the Church in them days wasn't particular to a soul or two more or less."[6]

One of the very few peers that Hardy has drawn for us is Lord Mountclere, a sort of twin brother to Thackeray's

[1] "Tess," I. [2] Cf. "The Egoist," I.
[3] "Hand of Ethelberta," I. [4] "A Pair of Blue Eyes," IX.
[5] "Two on a Tower," XIII. [6] Ibid, XXII.

Marquis of Steyne. The old roué has become a bit shaken in his figure by years and merry living, till he has come to resemble a puppet show with worn canvas, where the movement of the hangings has begun to reveal what is passing inside.[1] There is none of Scott's relish for that good old English sport by which the gentry have so long been separated from the *parvenus*. Hardy sees in a shooting scene something akin to a Malay running amok, where the victims are harmless, feathered creatures, and the whole performance is supremely unchivalrous towards "our weaker fellows in Nature's teeming family."[2] To not a few the voice of the plebeian will be unmistakable in this. And the middle class man with aspirations upward is shown little tenderness. He who would supplement the consequence due to wealth by affecting a fictitious pedigree is like one who builds a ruin on a maiden estate, or like an antiquarian who has his antiques fashioned to special order at a Birmingham manufactory.[3] It was a high and rare distinction in Clym Yeobright that his effort at intellectual rise had no purpose of social advancement; for him plain living was always enough, and high thinking was its own reward.[4] One feels that the red brick Baptist chapel built by John Power from the proceeds of commerce was a worthier achievement than his daughter Paula's enterprise of restoring a Norman keep, and though Paula yields to the common impulse of human love, we are shown what she still remained in her doleful regret to George Somerset; "I wish my castle wasn't burnt; and I wish you were a De Stancy!"[5] Perhaps the novelist's real opinion on British aristocrats is not far from that of Sol Chickerel; "the useless lumber of our nation, that'll be the first to burn if there comes a flare."[6]

But if Hardy cares little for the ways and doings of his own class, he cares much for the life of the peasant, and has dwelt with affectionate interest upon its endless detail. A

---

[1] "Hand of Ethelberta," XLI. [2] "Tess," XLI.
[3] "A Pair of Blue Eyes," II. [4] "The Return of the Native," III, ii.
[5] "A Laodicean," VII, §5. [6] "Hand of Ethelberta," XLVI.

devoted admirer of the Wessex Novels remarked to me some time ago that an hour with "Tess" or "The Woodlanders" is as restful as an afternoon among green fields. Hardy is at home, and he makes his reader at home, with the milkers on a dairy farm, with the shepherd at the lambing time, with the waggoner behind his team on a country road, with the "reddleman" as he sets the mark of his brush upon young cattle for the fair, with the company at the village inn and the fiddler who plays the reels. He has noted how the labourer, with no watch to guide him, can guess the time of day by the shadows, the winds, the clouds, the movement of oxen, the crowing of cocks, and a hundred other sights and sounds of which the over-civilized are unaware.[1] He shows us the procession of country girls in the twilight of old Midsummer's Eve, going out according to time-honoured myth that they may meet the phantoms of their future husbands.[2] He can make us think we hear the quaint discussions in the barton, when seventy or eighty cows are filling as many pails, and when such problems are raised by the milkers as whether the churning is always a failure if someone in the house is in love.[3] Or we listen to argument as to whether the presence of a stranger makes the milk go up into the animal's horns, and how in that case a like deficiency should be found in cows that have no horns at all, until a jester cuts things short by propounding the riddle why the horned give more milk than the hornless. The solution "because there are more of them" convulses the simple folk with merriment. Sometimes the talk is of Providence sending as much meat as there are mouths to be filled, but too often placing the extra meat in one family and the extra mouths in another.[4] The critics say that Dorsetshire peasants never talk so, but it is a little venturesome to teach a man who has spent his life there how the natives comport themselves, and a close examination will make clear that the peasant aphorisms come from Bible and Church, which have always supplied thought to the country

[1] "A Pair of Blue Eyes," XIV. Cf. "Far from the Madding Crowd."
[2] "The Woodlanders," XX. [3] "Tess," XVII. [4] "Desperate Remedies," XIII.

poor. Hardy knows, too, the oddest of rural habits and rural superstitions. He has been to the cottage where the possession of ornate coffin stools in readiness for the last rites of the cottager proclaims, like a row of ancestral portraits, the social superiority of the house.[1] The tenant is a copy-holder, not removable at will. He has heard the dark conjectures when a crow has flown by in the afternoon, and seen the alarm if a birth has taken place before the moon is full; for does not everyone know the law "No moon, no man!" He shows a housewife hastening to wake the bees in their hive if a death has occurred in the house, for otherwise the bees, too, will pine away before the year is out.[2] He understands the lingering reliance upon "The Complete Fortune Teller," and the fear with which that august volume, so precious by day, is carried to the outhouse before the cottage door is locked at night.[3] We meet with the quack on his rounds, selling a pot of coloured lard as an infallible cure for a bad leg, and charging a guinea for it, on the ground that it is obtainable nowhere except from an animal that grazes on Mount Sinai, and cannot be captured without much risk to life and limb.[4] Or we are presented with the more repellent sides of folklore, like the belief not many generations ago that a withered arm could be restored by touching with it the neck of a person who has just been hanged, for this would "turn the blood and change the constitution."[5] And we see the ghastly device, such as Sir James Fraser has so profusely illustrated from the Scottish Highlands, where the effigy of some hated person is subjected to torture, in the malignant expectation that the original will suffer the like.[7]

In thus deliberately choosing his scenes from humble life, Hardy is in sharp contrast with the English novelist who, for twenty-five years, has been his only possible rival. George Meredith takes us into the world of *ton*, and when Hardy takes us there he proves a far inferior cicerone. He could no more

---

[1] "The Woodlanders," II. [2] "The Return of the Native," III.
[3] "Interlopers at the Knap." [4] "Tess," III.
[5] "Jude the Obscure," I, iv. [6] "The Withered Arm."
[7] "Return of the Native," III, vii.

have given us those comedies of fashionable talking, fashionable acting, and fashionable thinking whose psychological exactness is so perfect in "Diana of the Crossways," or "Beauchamp's Career," than Meredith could have woven the plot of "Far from the Madding Crowd," or risen to the tragic power of the last fifty pages of "Tess," or reached the pathetic depth of "Life's Little Ironies." We need both types of fiction. Scott's "person of quality" and Dickens's person of no quality are alike God's creatures, although perhaps, as has been ironically said, they may be equally His creatures without being in the same degree His masterpieces. But such as they are, we have them with us, and the more truly we know them the better.

It has been well pointed out that in a novel by Hardy the background in external nature is of the essence of the whole, that human beings are but features of the landscape, that the characters grow out of the soil. The intellectual standpoint is almost animistic. We adopt again the attitude of mind which preceded all sharp distinction of "souls" and "things," taking reality, organic and inorganic, as knit together by a single principle. When he becomes in any degree devotional, Hardy becomes pantheistic. One sees this, perhaps, in his remark that Heliolatry, the worship of the Sun as lord and giver of life, is the most reasonable of all cults.[1] The sublimities are for him in the mountain, the sea, the desolate waste, and he returns again and again to the thought of the enduring character of these as contrasted with the human individual who flits for a moment across them. Jude stands at Fourways in Christminster, to reflect how on that very spot men had stood and talked of Napoleon, of the loss of America, of the execution of King Charles, of the burning of the martyrs, of the Crusades, of the Norman Conquest, and possibly of the arrival of Julius Caesar. The country roads of Wessex along which a waggoner drives his load are the same which once echoed to the tramp of the soldiers of Vespasian. But all is of yesterday when compared with the everlasting heath.

[1] "Tess."

As one stands on the summit of Egdon, all that he can see has continued as it now is from unimaginable time; with a permanence like that of the stars overhead. The very trifling irregularities in the formation are finger-touches of the last geological change.

This sort of feeling for nature suggests various analogies and contrasts. Hardy is not in the least like Rousseau, who preferred rivulets to rivers, and took pains to avoid any natural scenes which might disturb a contented mind. Rousseau, indeed, felt a delight in torrents, and forests, and mountain slopes, but his was the delight of a child with the roar of waters and the waving of a thousand branches in the gale.[1] He was as far as possible from developing any Wordsworthian harmonies or discords between such scenery and the spirit of man. He positively feared to let his mind work in this direction, hating even to look at the open sea, because the thought of its violence and its infertility made him sad. In the literature of our own time the Hindu poet, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, often inspires a mood of nature worship that is not far from Hardy's. Tagore reproaches the western world with having built walls around the human spirit, with having forgotten its kinship with the whole, and thus having set man and nature in an unreal antagonism.[2] We have, he thinks, at once created for ourselves an artificial problem, and shut off the sole source of its solution. In the East, on the other hand, while the superiority of man is equally recognized, that superiority is seen to consist not in the power of possession but in the power of union. Hence, for example, India has chosen her places of pilgrimage wherever there is in nature some special grandeur or beauty, "so that her mind would come out of its world of narrow necessities and realize its place in the infinite." There Tagore would find the true sustenance and healing for mankind in its wild rebelliousness; like Oscar Wilde, he would turn to his brother the wind, and his sister the rain, to Mother Earth that she may cleanse him in great waters and with bitter herbs make him whole.[3]

---

[1] "Confessions," IV, 297. [2] "Sadhana," p. 9. [3] Cf. "De Profundis," p. 101.

Hardy, with his strong western intelligence, is very remote from sentimentalism like this. Tagore's soul in nature has no meaning for him, for nature, as science by itself reveals her, has no soul, but only savage and devastating laws. What becomes then, one may ask, of her worshipful aspect? There is no answer. Not by this route can the moral enigmas be solved. It is the ultimate dilemma of those who speak one thing from the intellect and another from the heart.

Our novelist, too, is often appalled by the humiliating import of cosmic majesties for our race's pride. What is man, whose breath is in his nostrils? And wherefore should he be accounted of? Swithin St. Cleeve, as he gazes through his telescope, and appreciates more and more justly the vastness of the space that it reveals, distinguishes several stages in the emotional effect—dignity, grandeur, solemnity, awfulness, ghastliness. "Those who exert their imaginative powers to bury themselves in the depths of the universe merely strain their faculties to gain a new horror."[1] A similar feeling comes as we realize the immense sweep of past time. When Harry Knight, in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," is clinging to the edge of the precipice, and has given himself up for lost, he catches sight of an imbedded fossil that stands forth in low relief from the rock. It is one of the early crustaceans called Trilobites. Countless years separate the life of that creature from the life of the man who stares at it, and who is to perish on the same spot. Aeon after aeon, which knew nothing of human dignity, must have elapsed between. He was to be with the small in his death.[2] A characteristic touch of dramatic power.

Yet such grim realism as characterizes Hardy is often lit up with flashes of humour, and that by no means of the sardonic type, which we might have expected from the imagination that gave us "Jude" and "Tess." True humour, indeed, can hardly be sardonic, for its superiority over wit lies just in that human sympathy which prevents it from being harsh, inconsiderate, merciless. The man who is merely a wit is

[1] "Two on a Tower," IV. [2] "A Pair of Blue Eyes," XXII.

dehumanized; he will be stirred to mirth by the absurdities of his own grandmother, just as the sheer scientist, according to Wordsworth, will peep and botanize upon his mother's grave. The humourist, if he sees absurdities in such a quarter at all, will see them under a kindly light, against a background of affection, and gratitude, and reverence. Hardy loves his race too well to laugh triumphantly at its expense. Poor mankind, he thinks, has been placed in desperate dilemmas by ironical Fate, and if he cannot help pointing out the diverting inconsistencies in our action, our character, our sentiments, he does so as one of ourselves, well aware that he himself enjoys no immunity from the same genial ridicule. His psychological touch is both subtle and sure. Which of us, for example, has not met the counterpart of Sir William De Stancy, of whom the innkeeper said that, "like all folks who had come to grief and quite failed, he was full of good advice for others, and had all the rules how to succeed in life far better at his fingers' ends than folks who had succeeded!" Economy, says our novelist, was what Sir William had never practised, but after exhausting all other practices, he raised an altar to this, as the Athenians did to the unknown God.[1] Which of us has not observed, without noting it, those waistcoats "of praeternatural length from the top to the bottom button which prevail among men who have to do with horses?"[2] Or those ladies who are not more than seven and twenty by candlelight, but by day—forty if an hour!"[3] We have talked, too, with those rural parishioners, who like a mild latitudinarian clergyman, not vehement enough in his calling to "put the parish to spiritual trouble," and dislike one like Parson Tarkenham who "so teases a feller's conscience that church is no hollerday at all to the limbs."[4]

Hardy has been minutely observant of some curious phenomena of drunkenness. We know too well that "conversation carried on in the emphatic and confidential tone

[1] "A Laodicean," IV, iii. [2] "Hand of Ethelberta," I.
[3] "A Pair of Blue Eyes," XXVI. [4] "Two on a Tower," XIII.

of men who are slightly intoxicated"[1]; that mood for Scripture parallels which made Joseph Poorgrass compare himself, with his double vision in such a state, to "a holy man living in the days of King Noah, and seeing two of every sort entering into the ark";[2] and we have encountered profane swearers who have never had their practice so aptly theorized as in the words of the maltster in "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Nater requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life." We recognize, too, what our author means, however little we may endorse the sentiment, when he makes Clerk Crickett declare that his ecclesiastical office has destroyed his capacity as a humourist; "Enteren the Church is the ruin of a man's wit, for wit's nothen without a faint shadder o' sin."[3] But perhaps the most irresistibly ludicrous passage in all that Hardy has given us is the musing of poor John Durbeyfield, whose pride of race had been inflamed by the learned clergyman's proof that he was of high Norman descent, but who found himself in beggary before a heedless world. It is worth quoting in full:

"I'm thinking of sending round to all the old antiqueerums in this part of England, asking them to subscribe to a fund to maintain me. I'm sure they'd see it as a romantical, artistical, and proper thing to do. They spend lots o' money in keeping up old ruins, and finding the bones o' things, and such like; and living remains must be more interesting to 'em still, if they only knowed o' me. Would that somebody would go round and tell 'em what there is living among 'em, and they thinking nothing of him! If Pa'son Tringham, who discovered me, had lived, he'd ha' done it, I'm sure."[4]

Much might be said of the different types of human character which the Wessex novelist has chosen to bring before us. Women, perhaps, have a grievance against him, like the women of Athens against Euripides, for the low female figure which is so persistently depicted. It is true that the

---

[1] "Desperate Remedies," XIV. [2] "Far from the Madding Crowd," XLII.
[3] "Desperate Remedies," XXI. [4] "Tess," L.

sorrows of the less fortunate women are treated with an exquisite tenderness. Few can read such a story as "The Son's Veto," and endorse the reproaches of male arrogance by which the author has sometimes been assailed. He has many a character, like Tess, or Elizabeth Jane Henchard, or Anne Garland, who is thoroughly lovable. And he has recorded with admiration many a subtle trait of the highest womanhood. For example, he remarks of Bathsheba Everdene: "She was of the stuff of which great men's mothers are made. She was indispensable to high generation, hated at tea parties, feared in shops, and loved at crises."[1] We know the "stuff" he means. But it is perhaps notable that he emphasizes its value as the hereditary pre-condition of greatness in men. He refers more than once to the woman's pleasure in "recreating defunct agonies, and lacerating herself with them now and then."[2] And he sees the most cruel satire on the female sex in the fact that "the most wretched of men can in the twinkling of an eye find a wife ready to be more wretched still for the sake of his company."[3] Yet with all their merit Hardy's women have little independent force, far less any notion of a life in which marriage shall not be the main interest. His heroines are almost all pliable, emotional, unfit to take a final or determined stand apart from sex feelings or sex passions. No one like George Meredith's Diana appears, and though perhaps we may be thankful to have no Diana, we should like to see someone that excited our real respect, like Jane Eyre. Grace Melbury is the nearest approach, and yet how far Grace falls short. The capricious and vain Eustacia Vye is much more to our author's mind as typical, and the comment is almost justified that women are made a mere item in that network of snares by which man's course has been beset. Hardy comes near to saying so himself, when he makes Jude exclaim that "the normal sex-impulses are turned into devilish domestic gins and snares to noose and hold back those who want to progress."[4] Once he depicts a woman who at least starts with

[1] "Far from the Madding Crowd," LIV. [2] Ibid, XII. [3] Ibid, XVI.
[4] "Jude the Obscure," IV, iii.

a firm life theory of her own, but she is the monstrous Sue Bridehead, into whose eccentricities it is as needless as it would be unpleasant to enter. On the other hand, we have in abundance those women whose sole concern is husband-hunting, and who sometimes taunt one another with their disappointments in the quest. We have the tale, for instance, of the clergyman's refusal to marry Andrey Satchel while he was drunk, and the bride's sobbing protest that "If he don't come drunk, he won't come at all."[1] And we are not spared examples of a still coarser contrivance, like that of Arabella in "Jude the Obscure."

Hardy's men, too, are brought before us almost exclusively in the sex relation. When his rustics are not coining epigrams on Providence they are often satirizing marriage. One of the quaint jests is that matrimony itself resembles the church service by which it is solemnized, for in each we begin with "Dearly beloved" and end with "Amazement."[2] Reuben Dewy declares that when one has resolved on marriage, the choice of a partner is not difficult; "take the first respectable body that comes to hand—she's as good as any other; they be all alike in the groundwork; 'tis only in the flourishes there's a difference."[3] Our author looks upon matters of sex as the great disturbing interest in life, and he does not anywhere portray on a great scale a career which is even predominantly free from this trouble. His novels might be summarized as an exhibiting of the confusions which are no one's fault, but which lead to irreparable pain, because the imperious passion of love has been chaotically sown by impish gods in the human breast, and can neither be eliminated nor yet be controlled. Once indeed, he tells us that a noble *camaraderie* would arise, if men and women before marriage had been associated not in their pleasures so much as in their labours. To begin with knowing the rougher sides of each other's character, so that romance might grow up in the interstices of hard prosaic reality, would

---

[1] "A Few Crusted Characters." [2] "Desperate Remedies," VIII.
[3] "Under the Greenwood Tree," II, viii.

produce a love stronger than death. But he significantly adds in parenthesis about this substantial affection, "if it arises at all."[1] He has no doubt that such unity is rare. Discord is the rule. It is part of "the coil of things."

Here, however, we leave Hardy the novelist, and touch Hardy the philosopher. To pursue this aspect of his work would require a separate article, or rather many articles. He has a clear cut and absolutely uncompromising world view, of which the chief intellectual drawback is that it would reduce to a vain show just those heroisms and nobilities and limitless aspirations in which, despite his creed, he so fervently trusts. Probably those will be least content with his cosmic scheme who have drunk deepest of his moral enthusiasm. For in the end they cannot be held together. But those who, like the present writer, think Hardy's philosophy of life radically false, can join in admiration for the vividness and charm with which he has depicted that which he is powerless to interpret.

H. L. Stewart

[1] "Far from the Madding Crowd," LVI.

EPITAPH

He lived and sang; and tender, smiling words
Were on his lips: what need, O Death! to choose
This flower bright blossoming? the bees, the birds
Will miss him—him whom all were loth to lose—
The waves, and the great wood, the star-girt sky,
The tearful roses and the dreamy Mays,
And ah! the mother-heart that for him cries—
All, all sigh since he's gone. The yesterdays
Flutter and float around his place of rest,
And gentle grasses yearn for his behest.

O paths whereon he one time trod, farewell!
O valleys, hills, and halls now desolate!—
O hand that we shall clasp no more, farewell!
O stars of Night that for him used to wait!
O dear old home where apples used to swing!
Croon low farewells to him. O scented breath
Of Springtide, pray for him! Song birds a-wing,
Sing, that he may awake from realms of death.
Perchance his spirit, when the sun has set,
Shall wander near and know we ne'er forget.

AILEEN WARD

TWENTIETH CENTURY IDOLS

A CRITICISM OF IDEALISM AND MATERIALISM

THE building of idols and the worship of them has been a perennial habit of the race. The so-called heathen world made for itself graven images and before these it bowed down. There are, however, other idols than those made with hands, more refined images distinguished as those of the mind. Such images have obsessed the life of the race, both Jew and Gentile. As it was in the beginning, it is now. They are innumerable as the gods of a Hindoo temple. Some are petty; others great. Some are worshipped by the few; others by the many. Of those which have an altar in our temples of thought to-day, probably the two most representative are Idealism and Materialism.

The world has been under the spell of the great illusion, Idealism. Idealism has been warmed in the sunlight of imaginative genius until it has survived paramount in the hearts of men for millenniums. In the progress of human intelligence from ignorance towards understanding, those who thought a step ahead of the race found it convenient, if indeed they did not think it incumbent upon them, to postulate where they did not comprehend. Hence sprang the worship among earlier races of nature gods. Hence arose in the East the belief in relentless Fate. How well the latter illusion is depicted in Euripides' tragedy "Medea"!

The first great builder and worshipper of Idealism was Plato, probably the most consummate illusion worker of history. Initiated by him in a systematic way in the fourth century before Christ, Idealism captured the quick fancy of the Greco-Persian philosophers and religionists, and was transmitted by them to Christianity. Of the many dogmas to which the early Christian Church became victim, the

Idealism of Plato became supreme. During the late middle ages, the Scholastic fathers fell back upon it in their theoretic defence of the Church.

Spinoza, who thought himself free from traditional authority, built his whole logical world-system upon Idealism. When its power over the minds of men had been undermined by the great radical English school, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, Immanuel Kant, Idealism's greatest representative since Plato, fearing that men were rapidly tending towards agnosticism, endeavoured to re-establish the sway of this illusion in his system of the "transcendental."

A true definition of any system is as comprehensive as the system itself. Idealism, however, may be most fittingly defined in brief by saying that it is an endeavour to make the unreal real, and the real a shifting shadow of the unreal. Plato made his position clear in his allegory of "The Cave," familiar to students. Human experience was to him a mere shadow of what was going on in the imaginary "real" world. To him the realm of sense was not trustworthy. Something else, he thought, must be appealed to, a "pure intelligence." From this dogma of Plato theories of the "Ego" or "synthetic activity" or "transcendentalism" of succeeding centuries sprang. The presupposition that sense experience cannot be trusted, that a theoretical entity must be postulated, is one of the crimes of the ages. It is a crime, because its inevitable goal is confusion and agnosticism. While men continued to distrust sense, they began to question the authenticity of the ideal or supernatural or transcendental, because they could find no evidence for its existence. What was left, therefore, but agnosticism?

This theory of the ideal "substance" gave rise to the famous Arian controversy, in which the Platonist Athanasius won. The same metaphysicial "substance" was the dogma upon which Spinoza built his world-philosophy. Both gave it an entity, while it was no more than a category. Immanuel Kant worshipped the same idol in his transcendental philosophy, in which his "synthetic activity" was injected into man

and set up behind nature. Idealism has survived Kant. In this Twentieth century it is a losing cause in our universities and pulpits and in the world of literature.

John Locke was a man born before his time, when he shook the foundations of Idealism. After a lucid analysis of experience, he declared that "substance" was something, he knew not what. He arrived at this conclusion after he had discovered that when the sensuous attributes of an experience were eliminated nothing was left. That is the inevitable terminus of consistent thought. Actual experience, which involves sensations and feelings in their time and space relations, comprehends everything. The Idealist, however, still clings to his something, he knows not what.

Is the modern agnostic, therefore, reasonable in his standpoint? It appears that he has justly exposed the lack of evidence for the existence of the transcendental. His mistake is that while he shook himself free from traditional authority, concerning the transcendental, he clung to the other tradition, that sense experience is unreliable. It is better to have no belief than one without foundation. The agnostic, however, is invited to explore this long discredited realm of actual experience and discover whether Plato and his long line of disciples did not err. Perhaps in actuality he will discover something better than Idealism presupposes.

Reality. Are our sensations and feelings reality? Anomalous as the question may appear, when baldly presented, it is the rock upon which thinkers have broken themselves from the beginning. Indeed, an implicit denial of such a statement is the popular standpoint, even to-day. The importance of this problem can scarcely be over-estimated, even for the man who declares that he does not occupy himself with such matters. It is important, because on the answer, for the unprejudiced, depends whether their attitude shall be one of honest agnosticism or unassailable conviction. The unthinking, who constitute a large percentage of the human family, have plenty of convictions, but they have not duly considered whether they are unassailable.

A comprehensive survey of the theoretical systems of Plato, Spinoza and Kant may not be given space here. Their fundamental position, however, is the same. They refuse to accept actual experience as the reality, but must seek a source. Doubtless many of the readers of this article are at one with them in this respect. "It is evident," they say, "that there are two worlds, the internal world of ideas and the external world of facts." The systems of the Idealists may vary in detail. Kant made God the medium of experience between man and nature. The explanation with which the man on the street is familiar, however, is one that blends metaphysics with science. Take the problem of vision, for instance. The phenomenon of sight is popularly understood to be the effect of three well defined processes. The physicist talks about wave motion from the object to the eye, the physiologist concerns himself with the chemical action, "set up" by this motion, in the retina of the eye, which is transmitted to the optic nerve. Then the psychologist has his interesting field, taking sensations and feelings and noting how they correlate and associate in the complexities of experience. Finally, metaphysics is appealed to, to link these processes together in causal relation in the order given. This explanation is simple and it pleases the Idealist, because it systematically demonstrates his theory. The difficulty is, however, that it is not scientific.

One of the first principles of science is that there shall be uniformity in causal relations. Does this exist in the chain of antecedent and consequent given above? Is there no hiatus? Motion, which is mechanical, can be traced from the object to the eye and from the eye to the optic nerve, but this group of psycho-physiologico-physicists fail to show how a movement becomes a sensation, how a motion becomes something that is not a motion, how a motion becomes something that is qualitatively different. The fundamental law of science is thus broken.

This group of scientists see an object and then turn right-about and explain the seeing by the thing seen. Is it not

putting the cart before the horse? The object and every step in the psycho-physical chain is a series of experiences. Experience comes first. It was because of this and for other reasons, that prominent scientists have lately taken the stand that all elements of science are fundamentally psychological. The objects treated, not only by the psychologist, but by the physiologist and physicist as well, are sensations in certain time and space relations.

The man who recognizes experience (his sensations, etc.) as reality can no longer doubt. He is on the rock bottom of fact. The elements to the chemist are gold, silver, hydrogen, oxygen. He classifies them, puts them into categories. He begins by calling them all substances or objects, for substance is nothing more than a category. One of these substances is yellow, malleable, durable, attractive. He finds that there is nothing discoverable about the experience other than is comprehended in sensations and feelings in certain time and space relations. Why go beyond these elemental facts and assume something that is without content,—about which nothing can be said? Why assume an "inner man," "another world," "another god," when man and the world and God are comprehended in the actual, in the complexity of experience, pregnant with wonder and delight, with majesty and power, with glory and promise, with evolution and aspiration? There is neither agnosticism nor apostasy for him who recognizes the real in experience, and who needs conceive no source for consciousness.

The Actualist sees no distinction between the external and internal, simply because there are not two worlds, one ideal and the other real. There is one world, that of experience, and it is the actual world. Everything is psychological. There is no source of experience.

What are the reasons for the attitude that has for so long discredited the authority of sensuous experience? The chief reason lies in the fact that men are fallible. "We have illusions," say the Idealists. What then is an illusion? Is it experiencing something that is not? No, it is rather a

misinterpretation of facts. A favorite illustration is the mirage. The thirsty desert traveller sees a lake far ahead. He covers the distance between and finds no water. He was deluded, not because the lake did not exist, but because he failed to take into consideration certain atmospheric conditions. The desert dweller, who learns about these conditions and knows his local geography, has no delusion. To him a mirage is just a mirage. And so it is in all phases of life. Imagination, which is memory, possibly in certain changed relations of time and space, is a big factor in the sequence of experience. Misinterpretation is responsible for error. Knowledge is a progressive, living thing. Its safest development lies in the experiencing of events from as many standpoints as possible, for this leads to a gradual elimination of error in judgment. Is it not a wiser course to seek to interpret rightly sensuous facts, which are the ultimate elements, than to presuppose the transcendental and work logically therefrom?

"An object presupposes a maker, a work presupposes a worker," is a familiar dictum. What else, however, can be said of the maker and the worker than is discovered in the object or the work? Nothing. A fundamental error of the Idealist is found in his notion that experience is a synthetic process. Hence Kant's "synthetic activity." Experience is always analysis. One cannot analyze presuppositions, because there is nothing to analyze. Man has only facts to analyze, and when he reaches the ultimates they are facts, not theories. It is in the process of analysis of facts and their time and space relations that experience develops.

Even were the Idealist to grant that the distinction between internal and external as applied to mind and matter is merely logical, he will still insist that the ego is a necessary presupposition, if not to construct a mental world, then to construct experience as it is. Is experience, however, a construction in the sense that it requires an ego? Kant said yes, and postulated the "synthetic activity," which means a "builder up." Experience is, however, an analytic process.

A simple illustration will show this. When the reader studies an apple, he does not first discover the colour, then the size and shape. He sees a complex object. Each and every presentation we have is a complexity to begin with. If we study it, the process is one of analysis. Why then the necessity of postulating a "synthetic activity?"

Finally, the Idealist complains that in the statement,—"I see an apple,"—the ego is implied. Again he confuses logical distinctions with actual entities. Our mode of speech is handed down to us. To be understood we must speak the language of the past. Des Cartes argued that,—"Because I think, therefore I am." But he pointed out no distinction between "I" and what I do, between I and the apple. The apple is actually part of experience, which is "I"! The "I" could be dropped out of speech, because sensations and feelings in their time and space relations constitute experience, and I and experience are identical.

Now that the presuppositions of an independent external world and an ego are found unnecessary, the Idealist assumes the deity and asserts that we must presuppose him. This is the crime of crimes. It places the deity beyond the pale of the actual. When he pauses to consider, the wayfaring man though a fool repudiates the assumption emphatically. He is conscious of the deity in the unspeakable riches of experience, that is, in his sensations and feelings in their time and space relations. Why then presuppose the deity?

In its development into an influential world conception, Materialism followed Idealism, perhaps as a natural sequence, an inevitable reaction when Idealism began to lose its sway over men's minds. It appears, however, that Materialism is an idol no more substantial than its antecedent. Viewed closely it appears to resemble Idealism. They have common ground. How Idealism and Materialism have fought in the past! This is another irony of history. The illustration of a dog barking savagely at his reflection in a mirror is irresistible. There are radical points of distinction between the two schools. The Idealist places God in or behind man and nature, while

the Materialist leaves him out. Fundamentally, however, they are one, because each seeks a source of experience. The Materialist considers his view commonsense. Here is a sensitive, physical organism, man. There is physical nature, of which he is a part. Certain impressions in one way or another affect the sense organs and are conveyed therefrom to the brain. The school has various views as to how the brain cells receive and maintain these impressions and associate them into experience. In any case man is part of nature and dependent on it for experience and there is an end of it. Incidentally there is no room for God in the self-complete natural system.

Of course the inconsistencies noted with regard to Idealism apply here. The Materialist, as does the Idealist, fails to bring forward any evidence in defence of his position. Science fails him. Everything fails him, because he tries to leap outside experience, which he finds impossible, if he is to make any assertion at all. Even in his elaborate arguments, despite his assumed premises, he is talking all the time in terms of conscious relations.

Modern Materialism had its inception in a line of philosophers who followed Locke. They were not satisfied when told to leave the substance of things as something they knew not what. Since the ego and deity of Idealism could not be substantiated, they repudiated that system and determined to seek the ultimate in nature. They proposed to turn from metaphysics, but their first and fundamental principle was as metaphysical as the principle of their opponents. Consciousness, they affirmed, was the product of matter and matter was the external world around us. God was not indispensable. A "synthetic activity" had no function. Matter was all. Materialism had taken a step forward in the twilight, and then missed its way, and it carried science with it.

The scientific spirit, however, was too sincere to endure Materialism for long. Method began to tell against its assumptions as it had against Idealism. Chemists, physiologists, and physicists discovered that hydrogen, nitrogen,

oxygen, that nerve tissues, that vibrations, wave lengths and atoms were not the ultimates, but that these could be reduced to sensations. That was the beginning of a revolution. As the centre of gravity of the universe had in the minds of men been transferred from the transcendental to matter, so it was discovered later to be not in matter but consciousness.

These were strides in the evolution of thought that outstripped Galileo's revolution concerning the heavens and the earth. When once the standpoint is attained, philosophers and scientists alike become fundamentally psychologists. The physicist is free to call phenomena such as force or motion of bodies with which he deals the realm of matter, if he so chooses. The physiologist is at liberty to name the chemical action in the retina of the eye and in the nerves the realm of matter also. The psychologist may designate colour, sound, taste, hearing, touch, and feeling and their relations in his own way, but they are all coming to recognize that they are fellows in the same limitless field of Actuality, which is comprehended in the elements, sensations, and feelings in their time and space relations.

R. Goldwin Smith

"ANITA"

INTRODUCTION

The late Colonel Sweny is known to the readers of this Magazine by some spirited verses published in the early months of the war. He had several years before issued, for private circulation, a poem called "Prepare," which was a stirring call to arms in the face of a national danger which he, like other followers of Lord Roberts, knew to be imminent. The editor of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE obtained his permission to select some stanzas from this poem, and they were published in October, 1914. To the best of my knowledge, this was the first and only occasion, until the present, that any verse or prose of his has been published in the ordinary way.

The son of a veteran officer of Waterloo, the late Colonel Sweny, after a lengthy and honourable military career, resigned the command of the Royal Fusiliers Regiment, and established himself permanently in Toronto in 1885. His army life had coincided with a time of comparative peace, and his only experience of active service was in the brief, but rigorous, Abyssinian campaign.

The typical British officer of those days could not be described as intelligently curious or imaginative, but Colonel Sweny was obviously both, and the story published below is one of several which preserve in all their freshness the conditions as he observed them in the India of well-nigh sixty years ago.

With leisure and ample means, Colonel Sweny could have occupied a commanding position in the public life of Canada. It was not lack of energy, but the genuine modesty of his character, that determined his choice of a life of comparative retirement. A lover of honest sport, he was, in the

pre-war days, prominently connected with various athletic organizations. At the time of the South African War, he threw himself energetically into the work of the Canadian Red Cross, and this last grave crisis found him with weakened body but undiminished spirit devoting himself to the same great cause.

The English universities and the army have always been a great school of character, and their traditions lived on in Colonel Sweny unimpaired through the lapse of years. It would be false to say that he had not his prejudices—indeed, they were a vital part of his personality, and contributed not a little to the pungent vigour of his conversation—but he managed to arrive at a very satisfactory philosophical accommodation with the more innocent innovations of modern life without sacrificing any of the inflexible standards of rectitude and justice that he brought from an older to a newer world, and from an older to a newer time. An octogenarian's death is always a severed link with the past, but with Colonel Sweny not only an individual but a type has died, and for a lost type there may be substitution, but no recovery.

P. E.

Chapter I

"LET the Sahib who cometh with a message from my lord be seated." The speaker was a beautiful Cashmiri woman, whose grace and perfection of form deeply impressed all who saw her, but above all the man she addressed. She was about twenty years of age, the period of life when beauty attains to its meridian in women of the East. Her bearing was that of a princess as she waved her hand in the direction of a chair. The spacious chamber into which the visitor had been shown was bright and airy, marked by many indications of refinement, and was the reception room of a bungalow in the military lines of Ahmadabad. The woman had appeared before him suddenly from behind a purdah, concealing an arch which opened into an adjoining

room, and as she lifted the curtain and stood before him he bowed before the extraordinary brilliance of her beauty, which was even heightened by an air of sadness, and tension of expectation, which she could not conceal. She spoke with a quiet dignity that revealed her complete self-control and an indomitable will. Her costume was that of an Indian princess. Her heaving bosom was restrained by a bodice of silk on which a tender tracery of flowers was worked in gold thread. Her sari or over-garment, also of silk, with colours charmingly blended, was neatly folded around her fragile waist to form a skirt, and then carried over her head in a graceful sweep and falling nearly to the ground. Her small feet were encased in slippers of cloth of gold. In her ears were loops of gold, each holding a pearl of price. On her arms were many bracelets of silver and precious stones, and around each of her ankles a massive bangle of wrought gold, superbly chased, the work of Mahratta sunars or goldsmiths. On the hands, which were small and delicately fashioned, there were no ornaments save only a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand.

The man she addressed was an Englishman, young and handsome, the type of his countrymen at their best, whose slender moustache showed that in years he was not much her elder. He was in riding dress, and there were traces that he had recently ridden far and hard. He seated himself in the chair indicated, and for a few moments regarded the woman earnestly as if her charm had fascinated him into silence. With an effort he began speaking. "Anita, I have come from him, at his request, to tell you what fate has decreed. I left him, three hours since, riding relays, in order that he may catch the next ship leaving Bombay. News of the death of his eldest brother rendered his immediate departure for England necessary; as now he becomes a Maharaj in his own country. His preparations were so hurried, and also because he could not face the pain of parting from you, that he sent me back to you to tell you that what he had already prepared you for, in a measure, had come to pass."

A quiver ran through the woman's frame as her arms became rigid and her hands clenched. "Has my lord indeed departed? Without one word of farewell? How could he—Oh! How could he do it?" Looking down she clasped her hands together, wringing them with nervous energy. "For he loved me! He loved me!" she cried. "O the gracious lord! He loved me!—and now I shall see him no more."

As if to soothe her, the man said, "Anita, it is true that he loved you." Then, drawing herself up lest she should display any sign of weakness, she threw back her head and her eyes flashed out upon him. "True? Aye, he loved me as the honey-bee loves the flowers! Hath he not kissed my lips a thousand times, and said, 'From thy sweetness I gain strength, and the light of thy eyes dispels my darkness as I gaze upon the moon face of Anita!' Can my lord's words be forgotten by me? Aye, he loved me! From the hour in which his eyes first fell upon mine, in the mountains of my country, I knew that he loved me, and he became my deity! I have had no other god but him—the gracious one, to whom I gave myself, a willing sacrifice, to be his own. And on that day when he said, 'I love thee! dost thou love me?' I looked into his godlike eyes and spoke not, *for he knew*. And then he put this ring upon my finger, saying, 'Wear this after the manner of my own people, so that all men may know that I do thee no wrong, but that I have espoused thee for my own.' Then I said, 'The ring is nothing, and vows are of no avail. Behold, I am thine by love and love only, and my life is thine to do with as it shall seem good in thy sight, and if my lord so wills it I will die at thy bidding.'"

"But he seeks not thy death, O foolish one," said the young man gravely. "These were his words, and therefore hearken to them. 'Tell Anita,' said he, 'that because of my love, I feared the parting from her, but duty and honour—the honour of my people—call me from her. That now I am a prince amongst my people, and must return to my own country by the command of fate. This tell her.'"

"Aie! Aie!" wailed Anita; "I will treasure his words as a love-token, for they are wise and true, and honour and fate —who shall withstand it?—take him from me." And then again she drew herself up, and her words flowed from her as the waters of a pent-up torrent which has broken through the dam which restrained it, and in a tone of fierce reproach: "And who and what art thou, O base born! that thou shouldst think of thyself and thy sorrows, when my lord is grieving for thee, and because he can no longer rest upon thy bosom and have thy voice singing to him sweet songs of love? Out on thee, ungrateful one! Behold, Sahib, the handmaiden of my lord. Write thou to him after the manner of the Sahib Lōg: Thus saith Anita: 'Let not my lord be troubled because of me, but let him fulfil his destiny, and Anita shall be worthy of the love he gave to her.' And as for thee, Sahib, accept my gratitude for these words which thou hast brought to me from my lord, which shall not be forgotten." And when she had said this she covered her face with her sari and left the room through the archway from which she had entered, dropping the purdah behind her.

For a moment the young man sat motionless lost in thought and gazing at the purdah, then, coming to himself with a start, he picked up his whip and topee and left the house, saying in evident agitation, "Poor child! Poor Anita! I do not like the looks of things at all. What will happen?"

Chapter II

On the following day the young Sahib again visited the bungalow of Anita, and dismounting from his horse threw the reins to his gorawalla and flew up the steps. He struck the door sharply with his riding crop and was admitted by the ayah Ayesha. "How, and where is thy mistress?" he demanded with some impatience. "Huzoor," she answered, "she hath risen early, and has gone to see her brother, Kahim Khan, who leaves to-day with his master. And they go to the jungles of Udipūr and will not return for two moons.

And she is much troubled thereat, but when I said to her, 'Persuade thy brother to stay, and let his Sahib take another shikari,' meaning all things for the best, and for her comfort, she turned upon me in wrath saying, 'The advice of fools is as the cackling of hens!' and I answered not, for her eyes flashed out the light of reproofs, and she left me. But behold, Sahib, she cometh even now from the compound of the Sahib her brother serveth, and if thou wilt enter I will tell her that thou art come seeking her." He put a piece of silver in her hand as he entered the house, and she said, "Huzoor, thou art to me as my father and my mother! But beware thou talkest not to her of love this day, as is the way with widows and women deserted, lest she turn upon thee with her dagger-tongue, or with that which she carries concealed in her bosom —for when I tried to comfort her, saying, 'Behold, Anita, thou art still a beautiful woman, and many eyes speak love to thee; even as I saw love in the eyes of him who came to thee yesterday—for surely he loveth thee—and only thou art blind'—she spurned me with her foot and cried, 'Hold thy tongue safely within thy teeth, Ayesha, thou base born, lest I slit it with my dagger, and then thou shalt speak foolishness no more.' And I fled from her, being afraid. But do thou bide thy time and all will be well, for surely she is a woman." The Sahib smiled at her evident terror, and passing into the reception room sat down.

In a short time he heard voices, and the purdah was lifted, and Anita entered the room. He rose to meet her and extended his hand, which she touched with the tips of her fingers, and then carried her hand to her forehead saying, "What does the Huzoor desire of his servant?" She stood erect before him with her eyes steadily fixed on his. He answered, "I desire your attention, Anita, whilst I further declare to you the will of your lord as contained in this paper which he gave to me for my guidance. Will you not consider me your friend also, seeing that I was his friend, even as a younger brother, who knows what his wishes are concerning you." Anita pointed to the chair, and placing a cushion from

the divan close to it sat down at his feet, saying with a sigh of weariness, "Speak, Huzoor, and thy servant will hearken to thee." And he looked down upon her, and her beauty and her grace filled him with emotions he could only with difficulty suppress—but she saw him not, for her eyes were downcast, and she saw only the plain gold ring upon her left hand, which she turned with the fingers of her right hand, round and round. And the Sahib said, "Thy lord hath provided thee with a dower, a great sum, for thy care and sustenance and thus he saith." He unrolled the paper and read aloud: "'If Anita desires to return again to her own country and live with her people, see to it that arrangements be made and that money be remitted to her by the Shroff, even as she shall direct. Or she may now purchase jewels, which when she arrives there she may sell, as she shall have need of money. But if she shall prefer to live in Ahmedabad with her brother Kahim Khan, her natural protector, you shall pay to her or to him as she shall desire the sum of ——'"

"Stay, Sahib!" broke in Anita, "Read no more! My lord is a mountain of bounty, and his hand is ever open to fill my desires, and the poor and needy have never asked from him in vain. But why should I rely upon his goodness? Know, moreover, that to return to my own country with gold and jewels would mean for me either death or bondage, which my spirit could not bear. For I am the spouse of a Maharaj," she added proudly, "and to live with my brother is not possible, for he hath a duty to perform to others, and were I to claim his protection, I should become an encumbrance to him in the sacred duty he must carry out. It is, therefore, good that I should be alone. Even now, I have taken leave from my brother, and I shall see him no more, for to-day he departs with his Sahib for the jungles of Udipur, and when he returns I shall be no longer here to greet him. The command of fate is upon me to follow the path of life alone until I reach the end. Therefore, I pray you, my lord's friend and brother, to permit me to dwell here alone for a little time, that I may recall the happiness of the past and until my lord

embarks on the Kala Pani. For I too depart on a long journey. And I need not the money my lord left for me, but it shall remain with thee, to do with as he shall direct hereafter, when I am gone." And as she ceased speaking she rose and looked at him smiling sweetly and said, "Will the Sahib write a chit to my lord containing the words Anita has spoken? and add also that Anita's love still burns within her bosom as it ever did, and that she goes upon this long journey for his sake, hoping that she may see him again?" She paused and added sorrowfully, "But he will see me no more." Then, as if inspired by the thought of seeing him again, her great eyes blazed out the light of a great desire, and her breast heaved with emotion. He who looked upon her caught his breath, and remained speechless, wondering. At length he recovered his composure and said, "Anita, I am truly your friend; will you not tell me where you are going? If I knew I could perhaps go or send one to you in case of need." She answered, "Whither I am going, I know not—but my lord in his goodness hath lifted up the curtain of my mind, and hath given me light. He hath told me, in times past, of a better land where those who truly love shall see those who love them, and without being seen by those they leave behind; and such my hope is—that land I seek. Knowest thou of such a place?" she asked breathlessly, but not waiting for a reply. "But Allah will lead me to it if I beseech him unceasingly—for he hath pity on the afflicted. It must be so, for my lord hath told me. Moreover, he said—nay, he read it once from his Koran—that his God was a jealous God who visited the crimes of the fathers upon their children. But I know not whether this be true, but if so, then I am now accursed. For there be many kinds of love—the love of the child to its father, who has begotten it, which springs from reverence of one, its creator; and the love of the child for its mother, by whom it is fashioned and with whom it has been one, whose breasts nourished it, and whose love begat the like; and the love of a sister for a brother, which I now know, and which exists in those of the same blood.

But O, Huzoor! there is a love which transcends all these, and this also have I known, which comes into one as a consuming fire, and which burns up the heart, until only ashes remain. And if Allah is jealous, and is displeased at those who love thus, because he demands the first place in all things from his creatures; then, for this cause, he has avenged himself on me, and has taken my earthly god from me. For I loved him more than all else—yea, more than Allah! And because Allah is mighty and just am I now stricken."

As she ceased speaking her head was bowed down upon her breast. But he who listened to her remained silent in the presence of so great a sorrow and not knowing how to comfort her. But yet hoping to do so and assuage her grief he said gently, "Surely, Anita, time will heal, and rob thee of all sorrow." And she turned on him fiercely, saying, "If time can steal sorrow from me, shall time also rob me of love?" and she pierced him with her eyes, reading his thoughts; his eyes fell before hers, and he remained silent. Then she laughed wildly in scorn, and said, "Thou hast not the courage to tell me all the truth that lies hid within thee. Thy friendship is not strong enough to help me in my need." "Nay," said the man with overpowering passion, "you shall hear the truth, for I also love with the love of which you have spoken. Up till now, honour and duty have closed my lips, for thy lord was my friend. But now my love has read your thoughts, and tells me whither you go and why, and I long with a great desire for the life you throw away so that you may live and know how greatly I too can love." And she stood as one stunned by a blow, whilst the full meaning of his words was revealed to her. And a great change came over her face full of tenderness towards him, and great tears fell from her eyes. "O, unhappy one!" she said softly, "O unfortunate! My own sorrow is not great enough to keep out pity for thee! But of the love thou seekest I have none to give. This only will I say, if thy love is so great a thing as thou believest, I will beseech time to heal the sorrows of those who mourn." And she came to him and kissed his hand, and placing it on her forehead she bowed low and departed from him.

CHAPTER III

And early the following morning before dawn came a Ramooshi to the dwelling of the Sahib knocking, and said, "O Huzoor! come now, for the ayah of Anita would have speech of thee," and the Sahib rose hurriedly and went, and as he entered the house of Anita he heard the voices of mourners, and the wailing of women, and the beating of breasts. And his heart failed him, for he *knew!* And Ayesha came to him weeping, and he said, "Where is she?" and she said, "Come, and I will show thee." And she led him to Anita's chamber. Then he said, "Go close the mouths of the mourners and leave me alone with her." And she left him, and he went in and closed the door. And there he remained until the sun rose. And when he came out of the chamber, he called all the servants together, and commanded them to prepare Anita for burial, and to make all needful preparations; and he was as one who talked in his sleep. And when the evening was come, she was taken to the place of burial, and the Sahib followed the bier which bore her, alone. And when all was done he bowed his head and remained for a time standing at the foot of her grave in silence, and then departed to his own house. And he sent a messenger to the house of Anita to bring to him the ayah Ayesha, and she came. And he bade her sit at his feet where he sat, and when she had done so and folded her hands in token of obedience he said to her: "Tell me now all that thou knowest; conceal nothing from me, and it shall be well with thee." Then she answered, "Huzoor, when thou hadst departed from the house, I heard my mistress clap her hands together, and I went to her and found her weeping, and I said, 'Why weepest thou beauty-destroying tears because a man hath told thee of his love? Surely he has long loved thee, and I have seen it in his eyes long since; but now let me prepare the bath for thee, and then I will anoint thee with the precious oil scented with attar, and I will comb thy hair and stain thy nails with henna and touch thine eyes with collyrium. And I will array thee

in thy richest clothing and sing to thee of love and thou shalt put on a wreath of orange blossoms, and then I will go to him and say, "Anita waiteth for thee."' And she looked strangely at me and answered, 'Do as thou hast said.' And I laughed joyfully and hastened to obey, and with hot water I performed her ablutions and prepared to dress her in her gold-woven raiment, but she said, 'Not that one, O ayah, but bring me the bodice and sari I wore on my bridal day; that will I wear.' So I brought it and arrayed her, and I wound the chaplet of orange blossoms around her head and arranged her wonderful hair, and behold, when I had done all my service to her I put the silver mirror into her hand and said, 'Look now upon thyself and see, for surely thou art a houri fit for Paradise, and when he shall look upon thee his heart shalt melt within him as wax before the fire, and thou shalt reign over him as a queen reigns.' Then she smiled upon me and said, 'Thou hast done well and faithfully, and now hearken to my commands. Thou shalt leave me thus to-night, and when the dawn is near thou shalt send to the Sahib and bid him come to me before the dawn so that no man shall see him, and when he cometh bring him here to me and thou shalt have thy reward.' And then was I overjoyed, and I took her hand and kissed and placed it upon my head and said, 'This will I do.' And I left her near the midnight hour and went to my husband and told him all things, and said to him, 'Now, when the gong in the lines is stricken thrice by the sentry go thou to the Sahib's house and bring him to her and see that no man seeth thee; and if he should say, "Who sent thee?" say thou "Ayesha the ayah of Anita sent me, and waiteth for thee at the house."' And he said, 'O light of my eyes! thus will I do, and we shall receive the reward of good actions.' And whilst we were just speaking we heard the voice of Anita singing the love-song she sang the night of her nuptials, and my husband smiled at me and said, 'Women forget.' But I answered him not. And then when she had ceased singing we heard nothing more until the sentry struck the gong thrice in the lines. Then I said to him, 'Go!' and

he went, and when he was gone I went into the house even to Anita's chamber and listened, but all was still within. So I opened the door of the chamber and said, 'Behold, I have done as thou hast said, and he cometh.' But she answered not. Then I took up the *butti* which was burning on the shelf and carried it to the bedside and saw her lying on the bed, and I said to her again, 'Awake, for the time is come and the Sahib cometh,' but she answered not. Then a great fear fell upon me, for I saw the jewelled handle of the dagger she wore in her right hand, and her hand was on her breast, and I cried aloud and fled, and brought her women together, saying, 'Thy mistress Anita is dead,' and they lifted up their voices and mourned, beating their breasts; and then, Huzoor, thou camest and I know no more, for I became as one dead with fear and grief, for evil tongues abound and one might say, 'She is slain by thee, and thou hast robbed her of her jewels and her silver and her gold.' But thou knowest, Huzoor, that thy servant is a poor woman who has done no wrong." And she looked into his face inquiringly, and saw that it was as the face of the dead. And he said gently, "O Ayesha! thou art free from wrongdoing, and she who is dead preserved thee from evil. Go now, take care of the house, and all it contains, until the *hookum* of the sirdar comes, which shall dispose of it all, and here is thy reward." Then the Sahib put gold mohurs into her hand, and she left him and closed the door gently behind her. For a moment she stood listening, rooted to the spot by the sounds which reached her from within the room; then moving away she murmured, "The god Siva hath laid his hand heavily upon him—may he yet, by the favour of Vishnu, find peace in the woman he loves!"

ON "GETTING TOGETHER"

AT the close of the recent Victory Loan Campaign, the Committee for the Island of Montreal was addressed by Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, at a luncheon held in the Windsor Hotel. In the course of his address the Minister made two very striking statements. They were striking because of their intrinsic significance, and because they sounded a note not often heard in the ante-bellum utterances of our statesmen.

In referring to the work of the Victory Loan organization and to the work of carrying on the war in general, Sir Thomas said, in effect:—

First—"We are learning these days what we can do when we get together."

Second—"We are slowly coming to realize that the only ultimate benefits we shall derive from this war will be spiritual. The religion of Jesus, the religion of sacrifice and service, will be ours in a new sense."

That these opinions were deeply held and sincerely expressed none who heard could doubt. That they are sound only the superficial and the careless can deny.

The sense of human solidarity is growing. War laughs at many of the distinctions by which ante-bellum society subdivided itself. These distinctions were not without value and still struggle hard for recognition. But war will inevitably crush those that are artificial and unworthy. Distinctions in real value alone will survive. One has only to contrast the old days with the present to find illustrations of this trend in social evolution. For example, the recognized aristocracy of to-day, that which formerly was known as society with a capital S, is different from that so called before the war. The struggle has provided a criterion. In answer to the occasion real aristocracy has freed itself from the horde of

spurious "climbers" and "hangers-on" who sought admission to the charmed circle by what they had rather than what they were. An aristocrat to-day must have shed his blood, dispensed his treasure, and surrendered his time to the common cause. One who has not these qualifications is cut off from that order—title or wealth notwithstanding. Any sane individual who has observed British society at first hand must admit this.

But not aristocracy alone is thus changing. The other orders have pressed through the gates of "The Great Opportunity" and have achieved a level in the essentials as high as, if not higher than, aristocracy itself.

The professional world has cast aside its gowns and hoods and donned the uniform of service. The brilliancy and accuracy of its science, the inspiration of its ideals, have been transmuted by service into concrete and valuable results. The Minister of National Service in Britain is a professor of McGill University. The scientific skill of Lieut.-Colonel Nasmyth, C.M.G., is recognized throughout the British Army as of inestimable value. The army is full of officers of high rank who formerly passed their lives in the practice of Law. And the picturesque figure of Canon Scott will surely find an important place in any intimate history of Canada's fighting men.

From the world of commerce and trade have come in legion the men of broad vision and marvellous executive powers, whose services have been invaluable in problems of economics and organization. The youth of business have vaulted from counter and desk to the command of battalions and brigades. The blood of crusaders, the courage and gallantry of ancient chivalry, are not confined to any one order.

Labour, from the very first, and more than ever within the last few days, has consciously displayed the real dignity and nobility which has always reposed behind its leathern aprons.

And Woman is in very truth in a class by herself. She has been simply—wonderful.

Yes, we are learning what we can do when we get together. Men and women of all classes by getting together have created what we believe is the finest army in the world. They have brought about central control in transportation and industry, in a most amazing and highly inspiring manner. They have made gigantic strides toward a like control of the production and distribution of food and other resources of nature. In a word, they, under the hand of God, are making the world over, constructively invoking the dawn of a new order, surely and quietly relegating to the background the order that was.

If these remarkable achievements be admitted, it is not difficult to realize the truth that our gains from the war will be spiritual. For these things are but the visible outcroppings of a new and wonderfully rich vein of spiritual attainment. Indeed we are slowly learning that it was no empty or deluded gospel which proclaimed that real value in human life is to be found in those "unseen things which are eternal." One does not desire to be guilty of the sin of thoughtless optimism, nor yet to be seduced by a blind idealism. One must go about with open eyes and face the ugly facts of hate, bloodshed, profiteering, profligacy, waste, disease, infidelity, and selfishness—the putrid pus of that hidden ulceration which gnawed at the vitals of human society until it burst to the surface in war. Yet the new spirit of our times will not be denied. It has already presented credentials which cannot be gainsaid. Moreover it must never be forgotten that these ugly excrescences which lead the spiritually myopic to unwarranted pessimism, are in a real sense the proper results of the ideals and teachings by which our lives were formerly ordered. We did not lack our prophets, "Voices crying in the wilderness." We merely ignored them, until it had almost been written of us, "The people are destroyed for want of knowledge."

The eruption of these internal ulcers in open war has been our salvation. They have been driven out by the strong medicine of the Great Physician, medicine which never fails when it is actually taken. This medicine is

a medicine of the spirit. It is compounded of sacrifice and service, with a strong tincture of love to make it palatable. Let any man spend one night in a trench even on a "quiet sector of the line;" let him glance into a field dressing station or walk down a hospital ward; let him steal in to vespers in some French Cathedral and watch the faces of the worshippers, nearly all women and all in black; let him step into a rest hut in London and observe "Milady" who dispenses coffee from a shining urn; let him ride in an ambulance driven by a "Chaufferine," who is glad of the big leather gauntlets that conceal the grease and grime of her hands; let him visit the home of an English gentleman and observe the almost meagre fare where abundance once reigned and might reign now were it not for honourable and self-sacrificing adherence to the mandates of the Food Controller—in short, let him move about anywhere with his eyes open, and with due regard to true perspective, and he cannot but be convinced that to-day the curative elements of Christianity are being inwardly applied and outwardly manifested as never before, and the body politic undergoing an internal cleansing which is already resulting in external cleansing also.

Since, then, we may see for ourselves the increasing tendency toward human solidarity, and the concomitant renascence of genuine practical religion, it may be of interest to enquire what is the position of organized religion in relation to these developments. And for the purposes of this enquiry let us concern ourselves entirely with those Churches which do not admit the supremacy of Rome.

I

Let it be said at once that the Churches have never failed in insight with regard to the spiritual values of the war. Those whose memories and habits permit them to recall the tone of the pulpit message as far back as August, 1914, will remember that there was no hesitation and no considerable disagreement in the interpretation of the spiritual significance

of the hour. The need of discipline, the opportunity for sacrifice and service, the resultant raising of ideals, were even then foreseen and urged from our pulpits. The clergy proved that they knew their Bibles in the spirit even better than the letter. Trained by the study of the Prophets to seek for the spiritual significance of political exigencies, they struck a note that was genuine. Led by a deep-seated admiration and love for Jesus, and schooled to faith in a God whose leading of humanity is seen in all history, they were quick to grasp the spiritual obligations and possibilities of the situation. In proof of their sincerity they sent their sons or went themselves in large numbers to practise what they preached, and by so doing have been able, in many cases, to find something infinitely more worthy of being preached. It was right that they should do this. It was fortunate that they did. The sentiment created by their agency was a very powerful factor in the success of our conduct of the war in its early stages. The same agencies have continued to be a powerful factor in maintaining public sentiment. The service they rendered and are rendering has never been fully understood, widely appreciated, or properly recognized.

This omission, however, is not due to prejudice but to stress of circumstances. As in the days of Isaiah, so now. The prophet's function is the spiritual. The functions of the people and their rulers are the practical. One does not defend this distinction between the secular and the sacred. It is the result of a profoundly mistaken conception of the nature of religion. It is merely pointed out that it exists. Many have been heard to deplore that the clergy and the Churches did not do more in this struggle and talk less. With some this criticism was inspired by a vague recognition that the distinction between sacred and secular is fundamentally wrong. But with others it was the result of a narrow, one-sided point of view, a prideful tendency to belittle organized religion, and bow before the obvious power of human institutions. This phase was, however, to be expected. We were passing through our growing pains and coming to realize our physical stature

as a nation and part of a great Empire. "The heathen heart that puts its trust in reeking tube and iron shard" manifested itself with new confidence.

Indeed, it is only *now*, now that the struggle has lengthened out indefinitely with the hardening of our resolve to have nothing but a real peace, now that great revolutions have come in a night and swept away our best laid plans, now that real sacrifice is demanded, now that the flesh is being shredded from our souls by the merciless lash of real war—it is only now that the General Public is coming to realize the spiritual significance long since perceived by all spiritually minded men, and faithfully preached by the clergy of all the Churches.

One has heard complaint of lack of leadership in the modern pulpit. So, no doubt, they may have complained in Isaiah's time. The fact is, that in the sphere in which it was trained to give leadership the Churches and their clergy did not fail. The best proof of this is found in the response of our people. Where such influence was not brought to bear the response was very different indeed. Let it be understood, once for all, that the enthusiasm of our early days in the war, and the steady accession of free service to our cause, was in no small part due to the inspiration of our Churches. Those who complain of lack of leadership should be investigated. They will then be found to be suffering from a mild form of the familiar human malady, egotism. The trouble with them is not that they cannot find spiritual leaders if they look for them, but simply that they rather fancy the job for themselves. A leader must have loyal followers. Even Jesus Christ himself was no exception to this rule.

It is true then that the Churches have always realized that "the only real benefits we shall derive from the war will be spiritual." It would have been queer indeed had they failed to recognize that. But what shall we say of the other great trend in modern experience and thought? May it be said that the Churches are also learning "What they can do when they get together?"

The truest answer to that query would probably take this form: "So far, the Churches are only learning *what they cannot do when they do not get together.*" Such an answer, it will be seen, is not unduly pessimistic or without hope of better things. The Churches are learning this negative lesson in many ways. Chief among these is the facing of problems which demand for their solution not only spiritual insight and the will to serve, but above all the spirit of "getting together," of sinking petty differences for a great end, of insisting on concrete results from spiritual forces.

Religion should be the foe of waste. Yet the human energy and material resources wasted by the Churches as they work at home is surprising. If one could gather statistics of the valuable time consumed by hard-worked officers, N.C.O's and men, in asking, answering, writing down, filing, consulting, telegraphing, and otherwise keeping tab on the denominational situation in the army alone, the result would shock all thinking men. If one could obtain statistics of the time wasted by the ministers and executives of the Churches in keeping tab on the same thing, in juggling and fighting for their respective rights, in denouncing the failures and shortcomings of each other, in expensively competing for the approval of "Tommy," who, himself, is mystified by the whole business, the result would be appalling. If one could accurately compute the number of tons of coal, the amount of electrical energy, the surplus of man power, the duplication of plants, consumed or rendered necessary by excessive competition among the Churches; if one could estimate the spiritual deterioration, the moral wear and tear, the mental perversion caused by petty jealousies, unchristian lobbying, exploitation of influence, involved in the attitude of overt suavity and covert irritation, that the present system renders necessary between Churches; and if one could measure in terms of cost the mental depression and heart-sickness that many of the clergy themselves suffer, because they know these things—the computation would not make pleasant reading for people whose flesh and blood are being offered up without distinction for the freedom of the

world. Let who will deny the essential truth of these statements. Most people know in their heart that they are true.

Should these statements be criticized as too general and sweeping, let us get down to a concrete case. Can the Churches of, let us say the city of Montreal, demonstrate that they are doing anything definite, tangible, and adequate, for the betterment of social and economic conditions of that city? The Y. M. C. A., the University Settlement, and other organizations apart from the organized religion of the Churches can answer that question in the affirmative. The Churches cannot. Missions they have here and there, and many consecrated, even heroic individuals, struggling hard, and doing a great deal of good in proportion to their size and resources. But the problem has never been tackled by the Churches with the seriousness that a great corporation would tackle a similar important problem in its business.

Yet who can doubt that the problem exists in Montreal as in all great centres of population? To touch on only one phase of it, there are streets in Montreal which a prominent man, one of the sanest and best balanced of men, has said can be likened to nothing else but a picture from Dante's "Inferno." Darkened, silent, and ghastly houses; furtive, depraved, and ruined women, creeping from shadow to shadow; sin-scarred faces peering through broken shutters and raising talon claws in invitation; merry-eyed, rosy-cheeked, blasphemous children fated to be the prostitutes and apaches of another generation—these are not pictures of the imagination, but actual things that anyone may see for himself.

II

What is the trouble? Have the clergy lost the spirit of Jesus? Emphatically, No! Can the laity not be touched with the fire of zeal for social service. Most assuredly they can! Then what *is* the trouble?

The trouble is that these things are rooted in the economic order. They are the troublesome aftermath of a society based on selfishness, a society which, as we have seen, the war is going to change. Yet society which called these things into being and gave them root in human desires must in turn eradicate them. But they cannot be eradicated unless the causes are studied and a definite constructive social programme adopted. To fight them singly is like cutting one thistle in a ten acre field.

The real hope for the solution of this problem lies in "Getting together." This is the age of great combinations in politics, and above all in business. The development of associated and corporate enterprise in business has been natural, and productive of greater good than harm. Who will deny that the combination of great groups of capital, especially for the purpose of dealing with foreign nations, is a measure of common sense and discretion? Who likewise can deny that in this age of corporate organization in business, and of colossal combinations in politics, movements that are bound to bring in a social as opposed to an individualistic age, it will be folly for the Churches to base their economy and keep it steadfast on the bases of individualistic or semi-individualistic systems, long since antiquated in every other realm of life and growth? If the Churches will but "get together," see the vision, and have the courage to begin the march towards it, the men of the world will back them to the finish.

If so much may be said of the Churches at home, the same may also be said of the Churches in the Army. The Chaplain Services have never been understood or properly appreciated. The work which the Director and his assistants have carried on, if its history is ever truly written, will be shown to have been a splendid achievement, performed in spite of the greatest difficulties. Not only was their task itself a difficult one for physical, geographical, and psychological reasons, but the spirit of the Churches at home has introduced unnecessary and very serious difficulties into the practical

methods of dealing with it—and all this in spite of the very best efforts of the leaders of the Churches to obviate these faults, which are faults of a system rather than of individuals.

It is, for example, an opinion widely held by those who have experience, that the best possible results in the Chaplain Services in time of war, can only be obtained by appointing to each unit a "padre" whose job will be to look after that unit and no other. Only in this way can the "padre" get the spirit of his unit. Only thus can he be a vital part of it. Only thus by serving and proving himself through the early stages of organization, and through the stress of hardship and danger, can he grow into that position of confidence which will make him the servant and inspiration of all ranks. But this system cannot be carried out. Why? Because the heads of the Chaplain Services could not organize and direct it? No! There is a sound organizing ability among the clergy, as among the laity. Any one who doubts this need only visit the canteens organized by the Canadian Chaplain Services in France. Is it because the Government will not meet any extra expense involved? No! The reason is nothing more nor less than denominationalism. The Churches will not "get together." The result is that Chaplains are brigaded. They have no unit or mess of their own. They are "nobody's darling." They are supposed to cover a whole brigade when one battalion is all any man can handle efficiently. And if they are able to commend themselves to the mess of some particular unit and join its fellowship, they are exposed to the suspicion of having "slighted" the other units of the brigade, and their work will suffer accordingly. The writer has had experience both under the battalion system and the brigade system, and is convinced for this and many other reasons that the shortcomings of the work of the Churches among the soldiers are to be laid at the door of their unwillingness to "get together."

The Churches have also been learning "what they cannot do when they do not get together" by observation of what other organizations who have this master secret have accom-

plished. The Army itself is the greatest object lesson in this respect. The Army ultimately asks only one question, "are you a man?" If one is able to answer satisfactorily, there is no difficulty in finding a place for him in this most complex of all human organizations. Though composed of men of all creeds, races and types, its multitudinous ramifications all return to one centre from which its entire economy and every move are directed. That such an organization could have been completed in the space of three brief years is the one answer necessary to the belief once current in Germany that the decadence of the British people had reached a final and hopeless stage. It is also a standing rebuke to those who belittle the "brass hat." Whoever has moved for even one day along the lines of communication, and observed the bewildering complexity of this thing that has absorbed so much of our manhood and womanhood, has seen what men can do when they "get together" in a cause which God can approve.

Yet another object lesson is seen in the work accomplished by the Y. M. C. A. The writer is not one of those who makes a fetish of this institution. He has seen its work and knows for a fact that it is by no means perfect. Those who have made it what it is need not assume for themselves any superiority. What they have done could have been done, and possibly better done, by the Churches—*if they had learned how to "get together."* The Y. M. C. A. has discovered this secret, the lack of which is the curse of the Churches. Because it was undivided this organization could formulate a unified policy. Because, for the same reason, it could formulate a policy that was broadly humanitarian and expressive of the fundamental Christian ideals, it has drawn men of all kinds into its support.

In the recent Y. M. C. A. drive in the United States, when fifty million dollars was raised for its war-work, a captain of one of the most successful teams was the managing director of a brewery. The Y. M. C. A. uses everybody to whom it can communicate its own enthusiasm for good works. And because it can command this support, it is able to do

work *that forces itself upon the public consciousness*, a consideration which is more important, even from a religious standpoint, than many realize. A course in scientific advertising would do the Churches no harm. After all, their great work is to advertise to the world the benefits that will accrue to the individual and to society from adopting and following the laws of God as manifested in Jesus.

To the lessons daily being learned from the Army and the Army Y. M. C. A. are being added the achievements of the worlds of finance, commerce, and industry, wherein the chief factor that makes for growth and success is the factor called by Sir Thomas White, "getting together."

III

If then, it be true that the lack of this essential element has cost the Churches so much in the past, and is costing them so much in the present, what shall we say of the future? It is regarded as axiomatic that post-bellum society will present to the Churches problems before which those they now wrestle with uncertainly, will pale into insignificance. There must certainly come great changes in the social and economic order. Many of these changes are upon us now. The triumph of democracy, which is one of the avowed aims of the Allies, entails many vital changes in national and international polity. Of more local problems there is an abundance. There is the problem of education, the problem of the widow and the fatherless, the problem of disease and health, and a hundred others of equal difficulty and importance.

Now it may be averred by some that the majority of these are problems which do not concern the Churches. To this one would reply—every one of these problems concerns the people. And what concerns the people concerns the Church. The prophet Isaiah once made a great deal of fuss about an alliance between his country and Assyria. Yet in the same sense it might have been and no doubt was charged

that that political movement was no concern of his as a leader of religion. But he knew, at least subconsciously, *that real religion and life are one and the same thing*, and that everything that was vitally linked up with life was the immediate and profound concern of religion.

Should this position be allowed then obviously the Church must take a hand in all these problems, or stand by and see other organizations grapple with them and take the lead. The result will at least be a serious arresting of the progress of organized religion, if not its decline and death. For the temper of the coming age will be overwhelmingly pragmatic. Only that which "works" will commend itself to the coming generations. And the danger is *that if the Churches, which are now popularly accredited as the representatives of Christianity, do not demonstrate pragmatically that Christianity "works," those who are directly entrusted with the tasks of reconstruction may miss the opportunity of doing their work in harmony with the laws of the Kingdom of God.* For the Kingdom of God is at hand. Never was the world so ready for it. And the principles of Him who first preached it are practical to a degree. Where they have been tried they have never failed. They can never fail because they are God's. And though it take a thousand years and a hundred wars, He will finally drive them into the human brain, for the peace of the human heart, and the salvation of the human soul. The question which confronts the Churches to-day is: "Shall we get together and do this work *now*, or shall we stay apart and talk about it for another five hundred years?"

In conclusion, let it be said that the writer holds no brief for Church Union. He is not speaking for any party or for any Church. He speaks only his own personal conclusions, and is sensible of the fact that his judgement may be wrong. As a minister of one of the greater Churches of this country, he considers his own Church as well able to stand on its own feet and "carry on" in the old way as any other. As a minister he will always be loyal to his own communion while separate communions exist, and if necessary will fight for his

own as hard as any one else. But as a man he is loth to give his life to any organization or group of organizations which have decreed ultimate failure as to their destiny because they would not "get together." Moreover, he does not think he is alone in this. The Churches complain that the youth of this country are not flocking to the Church as they are to Medicine and Law and Science and Business. The other day, it is said, Dr. Tory, while preparing his plans for an Army University, asked an audience of soldiers in a Y. M. C. A. hut how many of them were desirous of going into some form of Christian work. About seventy men responded. It would be interesting to learn how many of the seventy desired to enter *Church* work, and to compare them man for man with those declaring for other professions. If the Churches want men, real men, who have had a big experience and have come to find God through searching for Him in an hour of need, they have to-day an opportunity such as they never had before. If the Churches get these men now it will insure a succession of the right kind of men in the future. But it is to be very gravely doubted whether the Churches as they are at present can swing this movement amongst the boys in the Army into line. And if they do not do this the reason will be—because they cannot "get together."

Let us not say "cannot." In these days all the world is doing the impossible. Such things are the only things worth doing. If Democracy can be saved from the menace of the Paranoiac of Potsdam; if flesh and blood can face undaunted the fury of the barrage; if nations can revolutionize their economy by an order-in-council backed by a people united in one great cause—then surely, provided the same energy, courage, and indefatigable perseverance be given to the task, we *can* save the Churches from themselves. If we do not, it is because we will not.

Laity and clergy should realize that such an effort is not only highly desirable but necessary. The supreme opportunity of the centuries is ours. If it is allowed to pass, such another may be long in coming. The writer

does not claim to be "a prophet or the son of a prophet." But he believes, with all his heart and soul and might, that it is high time to "get together" in real and powerful unity—unity which, like that of big business, co-ordinates all types of activity, and directs them to a common end.

One word more. It may be that if we neglect the summons of the hour, the Fuel Famine will, by the grace of God, become serious enough to freeze within us the fevers of denominationalism, and huddle us together by main force to keep warm.

> "God works in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

William Creighton Graham

AN INVOCATION

O God in Heaven! who gave the choice to men in days gone by
To look to righteousness and live—to wickedness and die!
Look down from Heaven Thy dwelling-place whence Thou this hour dost give!
Open thy people's eyes to see, their hearts that they may live.
Thou art! Thou rulest earth and heaven! No other god shall stand
Wrought by man's vain imagining to rule at Thy right hand.
Where are the gods the heathen made? The kingdoms and their sway?
The still small voice that called them forth spake and they passed away.
But Thou remainest—Uncreate—Immutable—Alone—
And Principalities and Powers shall bow before Thy Throne!
The heathen raging furiously Thine ancient cause assail,
Strengthen Thy people's arm to fight that it may still prevail:
Our fathers put their trust in Thee, in Thine eternal might,

Let not the shining of this star go down in mortal night!
The jaws of hell are open wide—Thy people enter in—
Take Thou the trembling souls that pass and cleanse them
from their sin!

If Thou hast once again upraised a race to be Thy Rod,
To turn a stubborn Israel who sought another God,
If only by the hardened heart and by the darkened sight,
By foemen's iron confidence in that for which they fight—
The false ideal, the high-throned lust, the arrogance of will,
The deep pre-visioned infamy that broadened and was still:
If only thus through unknown dark may come the larger day
And by this road of agony the weak shall find the way—
Then, let the Winepress of Thy Wrath be trodden and the
blood
Of broken, crushed humanity pour out its crimson flood,
That in a world forgetting Thee, Thy purpose shall be won,
From everlasting Thou art God! Thy holy will be done!
O God in Heaven! Because Thou art and willest us to be,
Into the furnace of this death we enter willingly;
Thy holiness and truth remain, Thy mercy will not fail,
Nor shall through our unworthiness the gates of hell prevail:
O God in Heaven! who spoke of old in thunder and in flame,
Guide Thou the nations in this hour to glorify Thy Name!

MINNIE HALLOWELL BOWEN

CRITICISM AND THE PROPHETS*

THIS is the first volume in a series under the general title "The Canadian Library of Religious Literature." We understand that it will include a number of volumes on a variety of subjects and that the term "Religious" will not be interpreted in any narrow theological sense. The names of the editors, as given here, are Rev. Drs. G. G. Pidgeon and H. Symonds, along with Professors R. E. Welsh and W. S. Milner. They tell us that "'The Canadian Library of Religious Literature' is an attempt to make a distinctively Canadian contribution to the thought of the day. Canada is rising to national self-consciousness and is developing a type of thought and expression peculiarly her own." So far as scholarship and careful work is concerned, we may say at once that the first volume of the series sets a high standard, but that we cannot expect in it any specially Canadian flavour. The author is a good representative of the type of scholars produced by the Presbyterian system in Scotland, many of whom, after post-graduate work at Oxford or in Germany, have found their life-work on this side of the Atlantic. Neither is the subject specially Canadian either in its nature, implications, or applications. It is quite clear that, in Canada and the rest of the world, if society is to have a stable basis and a progressive spirit, the moral principles wrought out with so much toil by the Hebrew prophets must receive a clearer recognition and fuller application. It seems a pity also that when we talk so much about "evolution," and have to walk between the two extremes of thin "Ethical Societies" on the one side and a grotesque "Millennium Dawnism" on the other, fuller attention cannot be given in our Arts Courses

*"The Prophets of the Old Testament," by Alexander R. Gordon, D. Litt., D.D., Professor of Hebrew, McGill University, and of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis, Presbyterian College, Montreal. Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, pp. 356.

to the growth of moral and spiritual religion, which involved the toil and sacrifice of men who in their day were the real leaders of humanity. Surely the part played by Israel in the history of civilization is as real and important as that of Greece and Rome, and some knowledge of it is essential to a well-rounded system of education. We may be told that sectarian prejudice stands in the way, and we have to confess with shame that such prejudice complicates the solution of many of the world's political and social problems. With regard to the Old Testament, on certain broad lines there is a large measure of agreement among the scholars of all nations and churches, and gradually, as in other spheres, this will be accepted by the large body of non-technical students. Professor Gordon does not claim to make an original contribution or any revolutionary suggestions: in the sphere of criticism the strength of his book for the purpose in view is rather in the sober fashion in which he takes his stand on results that have been painfully acquired by scholars during the last century. Only those who attempt similar tasks can appreciate fully the amount of painstaking work involved in this comprehensive review with the accompanying translations and notes, and they are likely to know also something about the long history of criticism that lies behind it, and has rendered it possible.

One small point may be discussed briefly. When a book is published on an Old Testament subject, the writer or editor of a series has to decide the form that shall be given to the sacred name, the name of the God of the Hebrews. The English version uses "LORD" and the American Revisers prefer "Jehovah." Now in a scholarly work where emphasis is laid on the fact that here we are dealing with a national God who takes his place in a historical development, the conventional "Lord," which comes to us from the Greek versions, is clearly out of place. Further, the scholar knows that "Jehovah" is an impossible form; it is a word made up of the consonants of one word and the vowels of another. The name "Yahweh" seems to be as near as we can come to the original sound; it may be said that this is objectionable

because it is new, foreign, pagan, and so on, but that is just as true of the form "Jahweh" used by Dr. Gordon and other scholars, and was originally true of "Jehovah." Professor E. F. Scott gives "Jahveh"; Dr. A. Duff, "Iaweh"; Professor McFadyen in recent volumes prefers to retain Jehovah. Jahweh, at any rate, seems to me to be an unsatisfactory form in English; it is used largely by Germans, but with them J has the sound that we give to Y. Of course, to an author whose book is appealing to the general reader, any of these new forms may appear to be not only foreign, but to some extent irreverent and repulsive. It may, however, be argued that the time has come for disregarding a popular prejudice of that kind, when the great purpose is to impress the reader with the truth that the sacred name was once a real name, intensely personal and national, and that by the teaching of the prophets concerning the nature of God and religion it came to be a symbol of the Lord of the whole world.

Dr. Gordon indicates clearly the scope of his volume in the following words: "Individual prophets have received brilliant exposition at the hands of English-speaking scholars. There is still room, however, for a comprehensive treatment of the subject, which allows the prophets to speak for themselves. The present volume seeks to fulfil this ideal, within necessary limits. The course of prophecy is traced from its first morning beams, till the light disappears in the rosy flush of Apocalypse; the prophets are set on the background of their time and portrayed in their sharply contrasted personality and experience; but the stress throughout is laid on translations of their most significant utterances, which reproduce as nearly as possible the sense and rhythm of the original."

In the book, then, we have three elements, the comprehensive historical outline which forms the background, the exposition of the standpoints and ideas which gives its substance, and the translations of significant passages in which the history and teaching find their most significant expression. Professor Gordon has succeeded in blending

these into a living whole. He has not overloaded his pages with detailed discussion so as to blur the main lines of the picture, but has given occasionally brief textual and critical notes at the bottom of the page which show his position on disputed points. I find myself in such general agreement with the author's standpoint that any criticism will only refer to finer shades in which there is still room for difference of opinion. Some people who are not sympathetic towards "higher criticism" tell us that they are not disposed to accept the results until there is a larger measure of agreement among the critics. Well, one can point to this and similar volumes as representing a large consensus of opinion among the great body of scholars who are engaged in teaching the Old Testament.

The outline of early prophecy is naturally, considering the nature of the book, short and slight. I am inclined to think that it may leave on the mind of the reader the impression of a more advanced theological position in those early days than the facts and the documents, when critically examined, warrant. At the beginning we read: "The birth of Israel was the result of a great act of faith. Out of a mass of scattered units, sunk in spiritual lethargy and despondency, the creative genius of Moses called to life a nation strong in the consciousness of a lofty destiny, through common allegiance to Jahweh their living Lord and Leader—an austere God, whose glory was revealed amid the storms and thunders of Sinai, but in whose heart a stern regard for righteousness was already blended with a deep abiding love for His people." Attempts have been made to resolve the whole Mosaic history into legend; some scholars, as Winckler and Cheyne, have placed the real beginning of Yahwism in the Davidic period; that is extreme, and the great body of Old Testament scholarship is with Dr. Gordon in ascribing an important work to Moses and a real meaning to the stories of the Exodus, but the language he uses seems to me somewhat extravagant to describe a work of which we know so little. According to this statement Moses was certainly a prophet, not only in the

simple sense of one who united different tribes in the worship of the same God, but also in a highly enlightened spiritual sense. Yet we are next told that "The first clear instance of prophetic inspiration is found in Deborah, who roused the people of Jahweh to the great battle for independence 'by the waters of Megiddo.' In her case prophecy is self-forgetful enthusiasm for Jahweh expressing itself in warlike passion—a holy hatred against His enemies that could not be sated till all of them had perished like the arch-foe Sisera, celebrated in a song of glowing exultation, in which is crystalised the fiery patriotism of the age." Prophecy is used here in a much more general sense than we usually attach to it. Some have even questioned whether a man of a much later date, whom Dr. Gordon calls "Nahum, The Patriot," is entitled to rank among the prophets, because his messages deal so completely with vengeance on the external foe.

We all agree that in the period of Elijah and the conflict with Baal-worship, as Dr. Gordon says, "We have thus reached one of the great landmarks of religious development," and yet we might hesitate to put it precisely in this form. "The principle of ethical monotheism may not yet have been consciously explicated—and Elijah himself made no attempt to enforce the worship of Israel's God on the widow of Zarephath—but as a practical faith it stands out in unmistakable emphasis." Even in the case of Amos several generations later I am not sure that this sentence does not overstate the case. "Jahweh had called her to intimacy with Him, not for her own selfish pleasure, *but that she might become His envoy to the world*"—(p. 48: the italics are mine). Returning to Elijah, the meaning of "the still, small voice" is an uncertain point. The story (1 Kings, xix, 11f) was probably written some time after the prophet had passed away, and the fact that the hurricane, earthquake, and thunder are separated from the Divine Presence as the mere heralds of the Great King may have been meant to suggest that God is above and beyond the convulsions of Nature. But the explanation that Dr. Gordon prefers does not seem to me at all probable,

"a revelation to the troubled spirit of God's presence in the 'gentleness and peace' of nature, like that which came to Wordsworth, etc." Is not this too modern? This kind of criticism may perhaps be regarded as pedantic and peddling in its character, and the reviewer may be charged with lack of perspective,and reminded that when the history of five hundred years is compressed into thirty-four pages the fine shades are necessarily lost; all of which he gladly admits, and expresses his high appreciation of the learning, skill, and sympathy shown in the exposition of prophetic ideas and the translations of prophetic oracles which are the real subject of the book.

The most important contribution of the book is, as the author claims, the careful translation of significant passages set in chronological order and related to their historical circumstances. It is this that brings the English reader as near as possible to the original position and makes the scholarly toil of centuries available for his use. A detailed criticism and appreciation of this part of the work is not possible here, as it would require a lengthy article to itself. It is only possible to record a general impression with brief remarks and illustrations. There are no very striking peculiarities about Dr. Gordon's translation; nothing fantastic or straining after effect. One rather fine point may be noticed —the word, an archaic past participle, which occurs in the common phrase "Thus *saith* the Lord," which might be translated "It is Yahweh's oracle," he renders by a word that is practically obsolete in English, "Is the *Rede* of Jahweh." Some may think that this is carrying imitation rather far, but that is a matter of taste. The plays upon words, for which the ancient poets had a liking even in their serious moods, are sometimes tempting and troublesome to the translator. The classic passage in Isaiah v, 7, was once rendered by an able scholar:

> And He looked for reason, but behold! treason,
> For right, but behold a fright.

That certainly would not do, and he had to return to a form nearer the A.V.:

And He looked for justice, but behold! bloodshed,
For righteousness, but behold! an outcry.

Duhm attempts to preserve the original assonance in the following manner:

Und er hoffte auf gut Regiment und siehe da ein Blutregiment;
Auf Rechtsprechung und siehe da: Rechtsbrechung.

Dr. Gordon seeks to reproduce the effect of the word-play thus:

And he looked for the word of justice, but behold! the sword of injustice.
For right, but behold! the cry of the wronged.

Another verse from the same poem may be given:

My loved One had a vineyard
On a fertile peak:
And He digged it, and cleared it of stones,
And did plant it with vines;
He built a tower in the midst of it,
And hewed out a wine-press
And he looked for a yield of grapes
But it yielded wildings.

The late Dr. Cheyne made a similar attempt to reproduce the sense and rhythm of this poem. The following verse may serve as a specimen of his style:

A vineyard belongs to my friend,
On a hill that is fruitful and sunny;
He digged it, and cleared it of stones,
And planted there vines that are choice.
A tower he built in the midst,
And hewed also therein a wine-vat;
And he looked to find grapes that are good,
Alas! it bore grapes that are wild.

It will be seen that both these translations have high merit and real beauty. Another quotation may be made from these two translations, this time from a much later section of the book that bears the name of Isaiah:

It will be said, too, in that day;
Of the fair vineyard sing a lay
I, IHVH, hold it close in ward,
Each hour I give it water clear,
Lest any harm should happen there;
Night and day I am its guard,
And wrath I never bear.
Oh, that before me might appear
Briers and the prickly thorn!
War would I wage against them there!
Or let them to my shelter flee,
And let them there make peace with me!
—*Cheyne.*

A delightsome vineyard:
Sing it a song!

I, Jahweh, do keep it,
Each moment I water it;
Night and day I keep it,
Lest its leafage be missing.

If one would but face me
With thistles and thorns,
In war would I march on them—
I would burn them together.

Else let him cling to my stronghold,
And make his peace with me,
Yea, make his peace with me!
—*Gordon* (Isaiah xxvii, 2-5).

From these quotations it will be seen that there is room for considerable variation in the treatment of these comparatively simple poems by men who are experts in both Hebrew and English. In leaving this branch of the subject, we may again express our appreciation of the high standard of excellence maintained throughout by Professor Gordon, so that the passages thus rendered, in their proper setting, give distinction and value to his new volume.

As this review has been extended to an undue length and has become more than a simple notice of Professor Gordon's book, I may perhaps be allowed to trespass further and add

a few general remarks on one of the larger prophetic books, partly to show that the results of criticism have not been accepted in our colleges with undue haste, and partly to relate the subject to our Canadian life. So far as I know, there is now no one left who was teaching the Old Testament in any Canadian College when I began work about twenty years ago in Queen's University. Dr. G. C. Workman, who suffered in those early days for a courageous attempt to vindicate a rational and reverent view of the prophets' work, has been pursued by an adverse fate, and unfortunately is not in the active teaching service. His book on "The Servant of Jehovah" (1907) is a sober, scholarly piece of work, that can be recommended as an introduction to the study of one of the great problems of the book of Isaiah. Fortunately in the Presbyterian Church we have been saved from "heresy trials" in this connection by the wisdom of our leaders and the absorption of the Church in more "practical" tasks. By the way it may be noted that it was in 1881 that Robertson Smith was removed from his Chair, and in the following year he published his stimulating book, "The Prophets of Israel and their Place in History"; in 1893 Dr. Briggs received a similar condemnation from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of North America. The positions held by both of these distinguished scholars would to-day be recognized as quite "conservative." Professor McFadyen, now of the United Free College, came to Knox College, Toronto, about twenty years ago, and by his teaching, preaching, and the use of his pen exercised considerable influence. He was scholarly, reverent, and knew how to combine courage with caution. Two of his former pupils, Professor Davidson, of Knox, and Professor Taylor, of Toronto University, now hold important positions in the same line, and will probably make contributions to "The Canadian Library of Religious Literature." Dr. A. R. Gordon, since he came to Montreal, has published three volumes, "The Early Traditions of Genesis," "The Poets of the Old Testament," and the volume now under review, the first prepared before he came, and all of them showing the

same high qualities of competent scholarship, graceful style, and sober judgement. As I am dealing only with one department, it is clear that Canada has already taken its share in Biblical scholarship and is beginning to produce men capable of carrying on the good tradition.

Confining our attention to Prophetic Literature it is natural that much attention has been centred on the great book that bears the name of Isaiah. Even "the man in the street" has heard something about the controversy over "two Isaiahs." It is said that when Dr. (now Sir) George Adam Smith visited this country some years ago he was asked "if he was the man who sawed Isaiah asunder?" In view of the popular question, it is interesting and instructive to turn up "Gilfillan's Bards of the Bible" (Edinburgh, 1851), and read, "Tradition, whether truly or not we cannot decide, asserts that 698 years before Christ Isaiah was sawn asunder. Cruel close to such a career! Harsh reply, this sawing asunder, to all those sweet and noble minstrelsies. German critics have recently sought to *imitate the operation*, to cut our present Isaiah into two. To halve a body is easy; it is not quite so easy to divide a soul and spirit in sunder." Gilfillan, of Dundee, was, in his day, a literary critic who had quite a vogue, but he was not a Biblical critic. It is not my purpose to trace the literary criticism of this book to its source (see Cheyne's Introduction to the Book of Isaiah, 1895), but it may be noted that thirty years before Gilfillan's statement we find in "Gesenius' Commentary" a clear statement of the exilic date of Isaiah, xlff, and early post-exilic date of the section xxiv-xxvii. In 1892 Dr. Bernhard Duhm of Basel—I note that a friend of mine, now writing in England, is careful to refer to him as a "Swiss scholar"—sent forth his volume "Das Buch Jesaia übersetzt und erklart (Handkommentar, Göttingen), not a very bulky book, but one that has had considerable influence and provoked much controversy. Dr. Cheyne, who had long been a diligent worker in this field, in 1898 presented to English readers, who were bold enough to buy, "The Polychromic Bible," the most radical analysis of

the book. Dr. A. B. Davidson did not live to prepare the volume for the International Critical Commentary, but his small volume in The Temple Bible Series, 1907, showed that he accepted the broad lines of the modern analysis, and anyone who turns to Dr. Buchanan Gray's commentary may see to what an extent the radical criticism has prevailed, and find a list of workers, German, French, and English, whose names cannot be mentioned here.

This is the explanation of the fact that in Dr. Gordon's book, arranged on chronological principles, the modern reader finds different sections of "Isaiah" in different parts of his volume from near the beginning, p. 81, well on to the close, p. 337. It means that after more than a century of continuous critical study, we are brought at last to the conclusion that this great "book" is really a library of prophetic literature; that its contents cover not one man's life, but half a millennium; that it contains all the various strands of preaching, the original polemic against social evils, the message of comfort in the nation's deepest distress, the mingled teaching and reproach in the struggle for reconstruction, and the golden "apocalyptic" hopes which give solace in the hour of weariness. That this is gain and not loss does not need any elaborate proof: it may be seen in the fruitful expositions which result from a truer historical perspective.

W. G. JORDAN

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES.

ALBERT, 4th EARL GREY.

A Last Word. Harold Begbie. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

The readers of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE will find a rather striking degree of reciprocal corroboration between this book of Mr. Harold Begbie's and the " Personal Impressions of the late Earl Grey," published in our number of last October. The book, of course, covers a much wider range than the article. It has much more detail. The first chapter, for instance, contains an admirable account of Lord Grey's family antecedents, his training at Harrow and Cambridge, his early friends' testimony to his rare quality of mind and heart, as well as an extremely judicious and appreciative estimate of his personality and work in the world. The other chapters deal mainly with the chief causes with which his name is associated, proportional representation, a really national church, imperial unity, profit-sharing and co-operation; and give a great deal of interesting exposition of his views on these matters, largely in his own words. But the eye of the writer is throughout chiefly fixed, as it should be, on the unity of essential character, which shines so unmistakably through this diverse expression of its activities and enthusiasms. And it is surely rather a remarkable proof of the transparent soundness, sweetness, and noble simplicity of that character, that all this comparatively fully articulated exhibition of it, along with the numerous quotations from friends and fellow workers, should not present a single trait, and scarcely so much as a touch of added light or shade, which had not been clearly enough manifested by Lord Grey's work and appearances in Canada to find a fairly complete delineation in our October issue. It is well worth notice, too, that a good deal of what sheds most light upon the man, in this sketch of him, is given as coming from " a Canadian lady." We knew him pretty exhaustively, it seems.

Apart from its, in the main, really delicate and sympathetic presentation of a singularly radiant, buoyant, and awakening personality, of sufficiently solid substance to have become a permanent national asset to us Canadians, this little book, quite likely as it is to prove a good deal more effective than the interminable documented biographies lately come into fashion, derives its value and pathos from the fact that it is what it professes to be,—the Last Will and Testament of one of our best beloved Governors General. Mr. Begbie has well understood and finely executed his difficult task of rendering Lord Grey's " Last Word " to all his fellow-citizens of the British Empire. *We* have a special right and need to regard

that word as addressed peculiarly to us. For like St. Paul with his Corinthians, he might have claimed that we are his "letter of commendation;" his chief monument. His official connection with our country was the culmination of his career, and an epoch in our development. He acquitted himself much more than officially well in his high office, and deserved well of us. We have never had a warmer or more efficient friend; a mentor more genial or inspiring it would be hard to find. Like all really great messages, his message is a simple one, a weighty one too, as spoken in the presence of death. And yet, most characteristically, of joyous cheer. "Beauty's ensign yet is purple on its lip." It is enforced by the glow of conviction which can spring only from the fact that the speaking dead man who gives it lived it himself up to his very last breath. Life is good, he tells us; we can make it happy for ourselves, if we strive to make it so for others. We are citizens of a great city. If only we would awake to our citizenship and realize our freedom! What we chiefly lack is vision. With vision—with but ever so little more of it—would come good-will. The one thing needful would come,— a much wider diffusion and a greatly heightened temperature among the individual men and women of all ranks throughout our Empire, of the spirit of devoted service. And that would soon "build the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant fields" and by the mighty streams and lakes of Canada as well. That is the Gospel according to Albert Grey. It was his own faith and practice. The one serious defect of Mr. Begbie's book is that he gives no very forcible application of this Gospel at the decisive and fateful point where surely Lord Grey would have been most eager to see it working mightily,—in the fiery tests and stern tasks of this present war. In this rather vital matter the book scarcely dates itself. It might almost have been written ten years ago, in the piping times of peace. One gets from it no solemn breath of the eleventh hour.

J. M.

THINGS I REMEMBER.

By Sidney Whitman. Cassell and Co., London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne, 1916. pp. 268, with illustrations. $2.25 net.

As is widely known, Mr. Whitman has a long record of authorship and distinguished journalism to his credit. Especially has he endeavoured for many years to convey some information on German internal affairs and Teutonic aspirations, to an un-instructed and apathetic English-speaking world. As a friend of Bismarck, to whose personality there are sympathetic references in this volume, through his acquaintance with Prince von Bülow, Professor Hans Delbrück and other leading Germans, and as Berlin correspondent of the *New York Herald* during the important period of the Spanish-American War, and the Algeciras Conference, he had

many opportunities of seeing behind the scenes. He was a witness of the revolt in Warsaw and Moscow of 1905, of which descriptions are given.

Interesting side-lights are thrown on various prominent personalities, such as the late King Edward, Sir Charles Dilke and Alphonse Daudet. A generous tribute is paid to the ability and fair-mindedness of Mr. Gordon Bennett, between whom and the author amusing " Biblical telegrams " were exchanged in 1910. Although of slighter constitution than some of Mr. Whitman's previous writings, the book is very readable, quite entertaining in parts, and not devoid of instructing elements.

W. H.

THE PROBLEMS AND LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Clark University Addresses with a foreword by G. Stanley Hall. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1916. pp. 381. $2.00.

The diverse character of the views presented in this volume reflects the proper atmosphere of University discussion; that attitude of toleration which means that people agree to differ and yet live amicably. The strong Americanism and anti-Prussianism of George Haven Putnam's " Defense of the Republic " and Dr. Morton Prince's " The War: A test of the German Theory of Militarism," are balanced by Kuno Francke's " The War: A Test of the German Theory of the State," and Professor Walz's, " What a German Victory would mean to the World." All the addresses were given, however, before the United States entered the ranks of the belligerents; and it is not unlikely that some of the authors may now see matters in a different light. For the same reason, several of the addresses may have lost somewhat in interest and value.

But this would not apply to the balanced introductory contribution by G. H. Blakeslee on " The War Problem and its Proposed Solution," or to the addresses on " The Poison of Preparedness," and " Does Nationalism Meet Present Day Needs?" by the Hon. W. M. Bailey and Professor Krehbiel, respectively. Their contents are of permanent importance and required to be dinned into the peoples of the European World. Not the least valuable contribution to the volume is the Foreword by the President of the University, who is on his own ground in his judicious remarks on " The Psychology of the Present War." His well-intentioned advice that in view of the stupendous problems confronting all the nations, the country ought to keep its poise, and " we should make real neutrality our religion," has been shown to be impracticable. And yet many of the English-speaking race outside the United States will regret that the development of events has forced another great country into the mad vortex of strife, and to a vast programme of naval and military expansion. This event, however, can only draw more closely the already existing bonds of mutual understanding between the Republic and Canada, whose future

welfare are so intimately connected, and in both of which countries a *tabula rasa* can surely be made of inherited racial prejudices, animosities and rancours, which have been a fruitful source of European strife, and which have been skilfully used for such purpose by heartless and designing men.

W. H.

BI-LINGUAL SCHOOLS IN CANADA.

Professor C. B. Sissons. J. M. Dent & Sons. $1.35.

Language, race, and religion provide the thorniest problems with which a government may be confronted, and by some vicious bias in human nature precisely the questions that should be discussed temperately, reasonably, and with full knowledge of the facts, are those for which we are prone to find an easy answer in terms of our unreasoned ignorance, our passions, and our prejudices. Before the end of the chapter we discover, however, that an answer is not necessarily a solution, and if acquiescence is ever to be achieved it must be because the aggrieved disputant is convinced that he has obtained everything that he can claim under the law, and as much as he can venture to hope for on the more ideal grounds of equity.

This large result we have not yet attained in Canada. Professor Sissons' book is valuable, inasmuch as it takes account in a temperate and unprejudiced way of one provocative source of trouble, the problem namely of our bi-lingual schools, and furnishes us with all the documents we require for a reasonable survey of the difficulties it presents.

The language question entered Ontario politics in 1885 under the innocent guise of departmental instructions to teachers in the matter of obligatory English in the public schools. Since that time the ineptitude of politicians has multiplied complications in all directions, until now we have as a result for which the conscription issue is not wholly responsible, a solid Quebec, resolutely refusing to identify itself with British Canada, and still petulantly insisting that "its rights, its religion, its language and its institutions" are in imminent danger of extinction.

The remedy for this diseased conviction lies only in a process of gradual enlightenment, and how slow the process must be is realized by all who are familiar with the conditions that still obtain in French Canada. The tragedy of Quebec is that of a highly endowed race with its native alertness smothered by the belated mediævalism of its institutions, and its encouraged ignorance swayed by any cheap demagogue with a glib tongue and a thirst for local notoriety. The standard of education is upon a Bolsheviki level, if one may credit the reports which Quebec officials set in circulation, as for example, this statement of Canon Huard's, which Professor Sissons found in the *N.Y. Times*, for June 25, 1916: "We teach

English in the Quebec schools, but the people have no use for it, and therefore forget it. We give the children schooling up to ten or twelve years of age. They learn to write and figure enough to keep their farm accounts. Then they go to work. They have enough education to read their prayer-books and their newspapers on Sundays, and that is sufficient for those who have to stay on the farms."

In 1885 an assistant inspector of Ontario schools, a certain Mr. Dufort, fixed as the highest possible standard for teachers in our bi-lingual schools the entrance examination to our High Schools—a grade frequently reached by bright children of ten years of age. Dr. Merchant's report twenty years later informed us that somewhat less than 10 per cent of the teachers in English-French schools hold second-class certificates, and that 90 per cent " have not reached the standard which is regarded as a minimum in all urban and most rural districts of English-speaking Canada."

The Privy Council having confirmed the contentions of our Legislature, and bi-lingual schools existing now not under constitutional compulsion but only as a matter of convenience and concession, the question of securing efficiency remains. The vague wording of the official instructions and regulations has been responsible for much misconception, but the intention of the Department seems to be that instruction through the medium of French shall be permitted in Anglo-French schools in the primary classes. Professor Sissons, basing his judgement on general pedagogical principles, and confirming it by observation of results obtained in the Western Provinces, advocates that French children shall be taught English by the direct method, but is inclined to be more liberal than our Government in permitting French to be studied as one of the regular subjects throughout the whole school course. He considers it also an unsatisfactory state of affairs that our English-French teachers should be recruited wholly from the ranks of the French, and that special normal schools should be created for the purpose of training them. The simplicity and efficiency of the western system appeals to him, in which the special normal school is unknown, but he does not appear to cherish any hope that the Ontario Government will face the risk of agitation arising out of the abolition of this anomaly from our system. In the region of ideal hopes, too, must remain his desire that our English-speaking students should acquire a sufficient knowledge of French to justify their appointment in the mixed schools.

P. E.

HUGO GROTIUS, THE FATHER OF THE MODERN SCIENCE OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

By Hamilton Vreeland Jr., Ph.D. of the New York Bar. New York (Oxford University Press). 1917. (xx, *258, 8vo.*)

This book contains a painstaking and, so far as appears, accurate sketch of the public and private life of the statesman, jurist, philosopher, theologian and poet (to mention some facets of his many-sided genius), who is known to his countrymen as de Groot and to the rest of the world as Grotius. The writer has drawn upon well-known authorities such as Caspar Brandt's " Historie van het leven des heeren Huig de Groot," Adriaan Van Cattenburgh's " Vervolg der Historie van het leven des heeren Huig de Groot," and de Burigny's " Vie de Grotius." It is satisfactory to learn that the author's own researches in the library of the University of Leyden confirm the accuracy of these writers. Grotius shares with Montesquieu and Rousseau the distinction of being more spoken of than read. But his " De jure belli ac pacis " should certainly be read and studied by any person who pretends to a knowledge of the history of International Law. Up to the present day the international lawyer entering upon the investigation of any topic lying within his province has taken this classical teacher as the starting point of his enquiry. It is curious that Mr. Vreeland makes no mention of Whewell's well known edition and translation. During his enforced imprisonment in the fortress of Loevestein, Grotius threw off a little book on law under the title " Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Holland," which, Mr. Vreeland says, " immediately became an authority." It was not, however, published until 1631, ten years after Grotius' escape from prison.

A brief account of a man like Grotius of many-sided genius, and of extraordinary literary activity, is necessarily superficial and, as such, unsatisfactory. It is no reflection upon Mr. Vreeland's industry or enthusiasm to say that he has not escaped this criticism. A just appreciation of the work of Grotius in any one of its many phases is a task for the specialist. For this reason the reader will learn more of the " De jure belli ac pacis " and of its author's place in the history of international law from the admirable summary given by the late Professor Westlake in his " Chapters on the Principles of International Law " than from Mr. Vreeland. But Mr. Vreeland has, at all events, furnished us with the facts of the life of Grotius in small compass, and with much incidental information of value.

It is interesting to learn that the " De jure belli ac pacis " was placed upon the Papal index very shortly after its publication. Mr. Vreeland gives the reason and the subsequent history of this inhibition.

" When the book appeared in Paris it was read by Cardinal Francis Barberin, who was residing there as legate from his uncle, Pope Urban

VIII. Though he was otherwise pleased with the work, it shocked the Cardinal because it did not refer to the Popes by the Roman Catholic titles. At Rome, also, the "De jure belli ac pacis" received censure on the same grounds, and, on the 4th of February, 1627, it was placed upon the Papal Index, and with the author's apology and poems was forbidden to all Catholics. This ban was not lifted until 1901, when Leo XIII, responding to the weight of public opinion, caused the inhibition to be removed. Dr. Andrew D. White, President of the American Delegation to the Hague Peace Conference of 1899, tells us that Pope Leo XIII applied for the admission of a delegation to that Conference, but that the application was refused, among other reasons, because the "De jure belli ac pacis," the book which contained the fundamental principles of international arbitration, was still prohibited by the Church."

Mr. Vreeland's quotations from Dutch and Latin are, as a rule, commendably correct; but something has gone wrong with the following epigram on p. 153, which clearly calls for emendation:—

Gallia, Scaligerum dederas male sana Batavis;
Grotiadem reddit terra Batava tibi.
Ingratam expertus patriam venerandus uterque est;
Felix mutato erit uterque solo.

Would it be rash to suggest "miserandus" for "venerandus" and "vivit" for "erit"?

R. W. L.

McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

FACULTY OF MEDICINE

The regular course of study leads to the degrees of M.D., C.M. Double courses, leading to the degrees of B.A., or B.Sc. and M.D., C.M., may be taken.

Advanced courses are open to graduates and others desiring to pursue special or research work in the laboratories of the University, and in the Clinical and Pathological laboratories of the Royal Victoria Hospital and Montreal General Hospital.

*A Post Graduate course is offered to graduates in Medicine during June of each year. This course consists largely of clinical work in Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and the specialties in the Royal Victoria, Montreal General and Montreal Maternity Hospitals. Special laboratory courses may also be arranged.

*A practical course of lectures of from six to twelve months' duration, is offered to graduates in Medicine and Public Health officers, for the Diploma of Public Health. The Course includes Bacteriology, Sanitary Chemistry, and Practical Sanitation.

The Royal Victoria Hospital, the Montreal General Hospital, and the Montreal Maternity Hospital, are utilized for the purposes of clinical instruction. The physicians and surgeons connected with these are the clinical professors of the University.

The course of the Department of Dentistry embraces four years. Thoroughly equipped laboratories are provided in the Medical Building and a clinic is maintained at the Montreal General Hospital. The course leads to the degree of D.D.S.

A course in Pharmacy has recently been established. This course satisfies the requirements of the Pharmaceutical Association of the Province of Quebec. The Diploma in Pharmacy is granted after passing the required examinations.

The Matriculation Examinations for Entrance are held in June and September of each year. Full particulars of the Examinations, Fees, Courses, etc., are furnished by the Calendar of the Faculty which may be obtained from

H. S. BIRKETT, M.D., Dean.
A. D. BLACKADER, B.A., M.D., Acting Dean.

J. W. SCANE, M.D.,
Registrar.

*Will not be given during the war.