THE CLEANING OF THE SLATE

FOR a hundred years hatred of England was the hoop which kept the states of the American Union together. It served its purpose, until organic union replaced that external force, and it has long since been discarded. Dread of absorption by the United States was the main incentive for the confederation of the Canadian provinces forty years ago. This contingency was ever present in the minds of the fathers of Confederation, for they had before their eyes Article II of the Philadelphia convention of 1787, which reads: " Canada, acceding to the confederation, and joining in the new measures of the United States, shall be admitted into, and entitled to, all the advantages of this Union."

The disaster of war which overtook the United States in 1861, and the misgovernment which prevailed during the balance of the nineteenth century, all of which has been faithfully recorded on these pages, allowed the Canadian provinces time and opportunity to grow together into a well ordered community. Hatred and fear have vanished in company. The United States can now be as friendly as they like towards England without dread of disruption; and Canada is secure enough in the bonds of affection and obligation with the Empire to find only cause for rejoicing in that era of good government in the United States which is about to begin. For, in truth, there has been in recent years in that country such a revival of the public conscience, and a revolt against civic unrighteousness, as reminds one of the moral indignation which ended in the overthrow of the horrid institution of slavery.

For a generation the United States has served us as a warning. In the future it may serve us equally as an example, if it does not become weary in well doing. Already we have

begun to cleanse our civic administration by a plan devised in Galveston; to control our transportation companies by a method which we learned from the interstate commission; to regulate our insurance companies in accordance with the Armstrong Law; to curb our combines with the bit suggested by Senator Sherman; and to conserve our assets with an instrument devised by Mr. Roosevelt.

With the disappearance of hatred on one side, and fear on the other—two qualities which do not forever exalt a nation—we may now apply our minds to discover the good qualities, rather than the defects, of each other; and we shall be none the less good Canadians and good Americans, or any less resolute to uphold our respective ideals.

Probably few persons are aware that there is not at the present moment outstanding between the two countries any cause of public disagreement. During the nineteenth century the bad inheritance which fell to us at Yorktown on October 19th, 1781, was a constant cause of irritation, which frequently brought us to the verge of war. One by one these difficulties disappeared; but to recount the various processes by which they are now forgotten would be to write again the history of British diplomacy and Canada. That has already been done on these pages; and the Ashburton Treaty, the Oregon award, and the Alaskan settlement may now be considered as ancient history.

An acute observer made the remark that, after thirteen years residence in Canada, the fact which impressed him most was the humility of Canadians. They had, he said, a fixed belief that in any transaction with the United States Canadians were sure to get the worst of it. And yet he must have heard a rich Scotchman describe his fortune as the few shillings he had managed to save out of his poor earnings, and he must have known successful traders whose highest ambition was "to get clear without a loss."

It is a cardinal principle of British diplomacy, by which it is willing to stand or fall,—*articulus stantis aut cadentis*, as the old theologians used to say,—that there shall be no

boasting when the quarry has lost its skin. Canadians carry this sound doctrine to an extreme, and complain if the tail does not come to them with the hide.

In the Ashburton business the Americans were deprived of 900 miles of territory to which they were entitled under the Treaty of Paris. The boundary was pushed back from the heights which flanked Lower Canada, and as much of Maine was cut off as would allow of pretty direct communication between Halifax and Quebec. The strip along northern New York, including Rouse Point, went to the United States; but they had occupied it for sixty-three years, and the fortifications had been erected by themselves. By all the principles of international law it was theirs; and it was a nice piece of diplomacy, giving to them what was their own property in exchange for the privilege which they accepted of paying for the upkeep of a squadron on the coast of Africa where they had no interests whatever. Finally, they were induced to assent to an extradition clause by which England was enabled to recapture her subjects, whether innocent or guilty; and to secure political offenders whilst professing to take only common felons; and, worst infamy of all, questions which they desired to have settled were omitted or indefinitely adjourned.

Yet Canadians protested with an appearance of simplicity and earnestness, until the full humour of the situation was too apparent, that they should have had the harbour of Portland as well; and they gave a sense of reality by their self-abnegation in putting forward no claim to Boston, New York, or the Gulf of Mexico.

By the Oregon award Canada recovered one-half of that enormous territory lying between the parallels of 42° and 54° 40′, including all that area between the Rocky Mountains and the sea, extending from Alaska to California, which would soon have been wholly won by the United States, and held by the best of all titles, namely, effective occupation; and yet Canadians lamented for half a century that the valley of the Columbia had been filched away from them.

Finally, when the boundary of Alaska was fixed, under the convention of 1903, by six jurists of repute, three of whom were of our own choosing, and two of them Canadians, there was heard a cry, splendid in its loudness, that we had been robbed by the Americans, and that we had been first forsaken, and then betrayed, by England. Of course we did not mean it. This was only the conduct of a people which is not so unsophisticated as that shrewd observer of thirteen years was induced to believe.

With these large matters disposed of it was then time to turn to a solution of the remaining questions. In the intervening years those questions have been solved, and there is now between ourselves and our neighbours an absolutely clean slate. It is the intention of the present note to indicate the stages by which this result has been achieved, or rather to trace the series of events which have followed one another in tumultuous succession since Mr. Bryce went to Washington as Ambassador Extraordinary in 1907.

In addition to other qualifications for the post of plenipotentiary, Mr. Bryce is possessed of the gift of sympathy for the American Commonwealth. Indeed, it was generally known before he came that he had written a large book which bore that very title. Few had read the book, but all were aware that it contained much that was laudatory of the United States, and for a century the people had been yearning for some such recognition from the world, even whilst they were affecting to despise it. By another curious coincidence Lord Grey was governor-general of Canada during the same period, and it is no fault of his that he has impressed the American mind, as it has not been impressed since the days of Elgin—so readily is a democratic people moved by alertness of mind, simplicity of manner, and humaneness of conduct, especially when these qualities are associated with high place and noble birth. By still another coincidence Sir Wilfrid Laurier was premier of Canada, and the Americans

had long since become enamoured of his passionless wisdom and his native common sense.

Between April 11th, 1908, and May 21st, 1910, six separate treaties, agreements, or conventions, have been signed on behalf of Great Britain and the United States. The titles, terms, and effects of these are set forth in the following paragraphs.

1. Treaty respecting the demarcation of the international boundary, signed April 11th, 1908. Under the terms of this treaty commissioners were appointed to determine the location of the boundary line through Passamaquoddy Bay, from the mouth to the source of the St. Croix River, to the St. Lawrence, from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Pigeon River, thence to the Lake of the Woods, to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, thence to the Gulf of Georgia, and through the water channels to the Pacific.

2. The commissioners appointed were unable to agree, within the time specified, upon the exact location of the line on the eastern coast. Accordingly, on May 21st, 1910, the matter was peremptorily settled by a fresh " treaty between the United Kingdom and the United States of America respecting the boundary between Canada and the United States in Passamaquoddy Bay, etc."

3. Convention respecting the protection, preservation, and propagation of food fishes in the waters contiguous to the United States and Canada, signed April 11th, 1908. In the words of the convention: " The times, seasons, and methods of fishing, and the nets, engines, gear, and appliances which may be used in the territorial waters of Passamaquoddy Bay; the St. John and St. Croix Rivers; Lake Memphremagog; Lake Champlain; the St. Lawrence River, where it constitutes the international boundary; Lake Ontario; the Niagara River; Lake Erie; the waters connecting Lake Erie and Lake Huron; including Lake St. Clair; Lake Huron, excluding Georgian Bay but including North Channel; St. Mary's River and Lake Superior; Rainy River and Rainy Lake; Lake of the Woods; the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, those

parts of Washington Sound, the Gulf of Georgia, and Puget Sound lying between the parallels of 48°10′ and 49°20′; and such other contiguous waters as may be recommended and agreed, shall be fixed and determined by uniform and common international regulations, restrictions, and provisions; and to that end the high contracting parties agree to appoint, within three months after this convention is proclaimed, a commission to be known as the international fisheries commission, consisting of one person named by each government." It is agreed that the regulations drawn up by the commissioners shall be enforced by legislation, and that jurisdiction shall be exercised by either government, as well over citizens or subjects of either party apprehended for violation of the regulations in any of its own waters to which the regulations apply, as over its own citizens or subjects found within its own jurisdiction, who shall have violated the regulations within the waters of the other party. Under the authority of this treaty joint regulations were drawn up by the commissioners, and were laid before the Canadian parliament and the United States congress on February 4th, 1910.

4. Treaty (1) for the conveyance of persons in custody for trial either in the Dominion of Canada or the United States through the territory of the other; and (2) for reciprocal rights in wrecking and salvage in the waters contiguous to the boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, signed May 18th, 1908.

5. Treaty relating to boundary waters and questions arising along the boundary between Canada and the United States. This treaty was signed on January 11th, 1909, and ratified on May 5th, 1910. The object of this treaty was to prevent disputes regarding boundary waters. Navigation is made free to inhabitants of both countries equally, and a like freedom is extended to the waters of Lake Michigan, and to all canals connecting boundary waters. No obstruction or diversion of boundary waters is to be made without the approval of the international joint commission established

by the treaty. Provision is made to prevent the pollution of boundary waters, and a limit is set upon the diversion of water from the Niagara River.

It is further provided that other questions and matters of difference arising between the two countries involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either in relation to the other, or to the inhabitants of the other along the common frontier, shall be referred to the commission for examination and report, and that any questions or matters of difference arising, involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either country in relation to the other or their respective inhabitants, may be referred for decision to the same tribunal.

This treaty merely gave full effect to an arrangement which had its beginning in a provision of the "Rivers and Harbours Act," passed by the United States congress, and approved June 13th, 1902, in which the government of Great Britain was invited to join in the formation of an international commission, composed of six persons, to investigate and report upon the conditions and uses of the waters adjacent to the boundary line. The invitation was accepted, and the three Canadian commissioners met in Ottawa, March 6th, 1905. The American commissioners met in Washington, May 10th, 1905. The first joint meeting was held in Washington May 25th, 1905, when Colonel O. H. Ernst was elected chairman, and it was agreed that, at meetings held in American territory, the chairman of the American section should preside, and at meetings held in Canada, the president of the Canadian section, Mr. J. P. Mabee, succeeded later by Sir George Gibbons, should so officiate. Unfortunately a difference of opinion arose over the scope of the commission, but after much correspondence the Canadian government yielded to the narrower interpretation of the Americans, and so proceeded. The immensely valuable earlier work of the commission is recorded in the report of 1906. More recently public attention was fixed upon this powerful body by its hearing of evidence upon the proposal to construct a dam across the St. Lawrence at the Long Sault, as recorded

on these pages in October, 1910. The outcome is that the House of Representatives on February 7th, 1911, by a vote of 84 to 66 refused to suspend the rules to allow a Bill to pass which would authorize the project; and on the following day, before a sub-committee of the senate, Mr. Littlefield invoked the authority of this treaty as a reason why the Bill should not pass, since the promoters had not followed the decision of the international waterways commission, that the Canadian government should first be consulted.

6. The special agreement for the submission of questions relating to fisheries on the North Altantic coast under the general convention of arbitration concluded between Great Britain and the United States on April 4th, 1908, and signed January 27th, 1909, arranged for the reference to arbitration of the long-standing questions in regard to the interpretation of the provisions of the convention of 1818 relative to the North Atlantic coast fisheries. The arbitration tribunal chosen by mutual agreement from among the members of the permanent court at The Hague, consisted of Dr. Heinrich Lammasch, president, Luis M. Drago, Jonkheer A. F. de Savornin Lohman, George Gray, and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Mr. A. B. Aylesworth was appointed British agent, and Mr. Chandler Anderson, agent of the United States. The pleadings were duly exchanged between the two parties, as provided by the agreement, and the oral argument began at The Hague on June 1st, 1910. The award was made on September 7th. It was unanimous, and achieved the difficult feat of pleasing both parties to the dispute. As described by Mr. McGrath on these pages, October, 1910, this arbitration opens, or rather concludes, a new era in Anglo-American relations.

Two subjects yet remained; namely, the condition of the sealing industry, and the necessity of further measures for the protection of the fur-seal species; and the conclusion of an agreement for settling the various outstanding pecuniary claims of British subjects against the United States govern-ent, and of citizens of the United States against the British

government. On February 8th, 1911, the senate at Washington received from the executive the draft of a treaty negotiated with Great Britain, which, if ratified, will prohibit pelagic sealing in the Behring Sea, until the herd shall have become replenished. Similar instruments will be submitted to which Russia and Japan will be parties, and due compensation will be made to individuals whose rights are involved. Last of all, the settlement of the pecuniary claims is foreshadowed in the report, just at hand, of the Canadian under-secretary of state for foreign affairs.

There has been in certain quarters an insistent demand that Canadians should be appointed as diplomats to deal at first hand with the United States upon all matters pertaining directly to the two countries. That wise procedure might well be adopted at the moment, since there is now nothing of a very serious nature remaining for them to do, and consequently little risk of the danger which is always attendant upon inexperience.

THE EDITOR

CONFISCATORY LEGISLATION

THE relation of lender to the individual borrower is well defined by the common law, and courts exist to enforce the contract. When the borrower is a sovereign community, the relation is much more delicate. It depends upon honour alone. Short of armed force there is no power on earth to enforce the contract, except the general principles of morality and the common-sense of mankind.

What a legislature can do it can undo. It can repudiate as readily as it can contract. The supremacy of parliament is a fundamental principle of British institutions, and it existed long before Blackstone defined it in words. In the United States it is quite otherwise. The legislatures are restrained by the constitution, which forbids, under Article 1, sub-section 10, the impairment of the obligation in a contract; and Article V of the Amendment reads more specifically: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without justification." As if this were not specific enough, the prohibition is applied, in Article XIV, section 1, to individual states in the words: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

It would be strange, indeed, if lawyers were content to refrain from further argument, and occasionally this centuries-old principle comes before the public and the courts. To American minds this doctrine of the supremacy of parliament is unthinkable—they know their own parliaments so well. This view is well expressed by Professor C. H. McIlwain in his "High Court of Parliament," which has just been published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

Only last year the question came before the Court of King's Bench in Montreal, when judgement was given by a majority of three to two in favour of the view that parliament is omnipotent. The case referred to is The Travellers Insurance Co. vs. the Travellers Life Assurance Co. of Canada. The point arose on an injunction on behalf of the first company to restrain the second from using the name granted to it by parliament, on the ground that such a use would injure the company first in the field. This judgement, taken in itself, is perhaps not of great force, inasmuch as, owing to the circumstances of the case, it could not be appealed from, and because of several facts which prevented the raising of many arguments that might otherwise have been invoked. But there are two Ontario cases in which the issue was wider but the result the same. These are the cases of Smith vs. the City of London, and Beardmore vs. the City of Toronto. The first is reported in 20 O. L. R. 133; the second is reported in the same volume, page 165, and again, in further appeal, in 21 O. L. R. (1910), page 505. These two cases have both been decided upon the same grounds, and have been passed upon by Mr. Justice Riddell, confirmed by the Divisional Court of Ontario, and again confirmed by the Ontario Court of Appeal, the confirmations in both cases being unanimous.

The two points made in these cases were, first, that the provincial legislature is, within its scope, and subject to the Dominion veto, omnipotent; and second, that the phrase, "matters of trade and commerce," as used in the British North America Act, points to political arrangements in regard to trade, regulation of trade in matters of interprovincial concern, and the like; and does not refer to commercial agreements of a local nature; but the second point does not concern us here.

On the other hand, there are not wanting those who cannot yet bring themselves to regard so wide a view. Of these Chief Justice Sir Louis Jetté is perhaps the best exponent. In the Quebec case referred to, he expressed the opinion of the minority in the words: "It is an error to claim that

the parliament of Canada is omnipotent. There is no omnipotent authority in the world. . . . There is no authority in the country which does not come within the scope of the courts. The protection afforded by the courts is the most efficient protection against every form of tyranny." But Mr. Justice Riddell, in the case of Smith vs. City of London, 20 O.L.R., 133 et seq., in a most elaborate judgement in the first court, referred to nearly every authority on this view of the subject. He cites, for instance, Sir Edward Coke as the strongest authority against the omnipotence of parliament, and says: "Sir Edward Coke, who advanced the proposition in Bonham's case, that 'the common law will controul Acts of Parliament, and sometimes adjudge them to be utterly void,' was properly rebuked by Lord Ellesmere." The judgement is so elaborate that I shall not attempt to summarize it. On appeal to the Divisional Court, still further authorities were quoted, particularly by Mr. Lefroy; and Sir John Boyd, the chancellor, also went very fully into the matter with the same result.

And yet it is not notorious that the Canadian legislatures, whose powers are supreme, have been less careful in maintaining the public honour than the legislatures of the United States, which are restrained by the constitution from violating it. Increased authority brings an increased sense of responsibility. But our legislatures have never been put to the test. They have not yet been face to face with the temptation to repudiate their obligations or to authorize citizens to do so. The people have been too prosperous, and they are not yet done borrowing. In times of stress in the United States we have seen nearly half the people resolved to pay back a hundred cents with a silver dollar. The mere suggestion was fatal to the community. It will be fatal to us, too, if ever we fall into a like temptation, and cast the faintest suspicion upon our credit. There is nothing more cowardly than capital when it is free: nothing more ruthless when it is caught: nothing more unforgetful or unforgiving of past injuries. It picks itself up like a wild

thing, and never ventures again into a zone which was once proved to be dangerous.

In these times of prosperity it is well to survey the scene to discover, if we can, any signs of danger, any tendency of legislatures to proceed to the extreme of their powers; and it is just on account of the unchecked power which they possess that the first suspicion of an attempt to exercise it will be not resisted but avoided, and capital will seek other channels, or retire underground. Persons who have money to invest are the most irrational of all creatures. They will put their treasure in a hole in the ground, in the sea, in the air; but they will draw back from a safe mortgage, merely because they have heard that a Bill was passed in the Dominion House of Commons on January 16th, bearing the title, " An Act to amend the Interest Act." This entirely innocent " Miller Bill," which is designed to permit a borrower to pay the amount of a mortgage after it is overdue, has been distorted by ignorant persons, who have money to loan, into a compulsion to receive the amount before it is due.

A careful scrutiny of the legislation in the Dominion parliament and in the nine provinces, which has been enacted during the whole period of their lives, discloses so little that is contrary to public morality and public credit, that one may, with the greater confidence, stigmatize that which may conceivably be so. Indeed, it is questionable if the most unscrupulous detractor from Canada's credit could discover more than five examples; yet we must remember that there are " bears " continually alert to sell public securities " for the fall."

I shall now attempt to set forth, as clearly as one who is not a lawyer may, certain Acts of legislation, so that all persons who are interested in the welfare of Canada may decide for themselves if the credit of the country has been impaired; and I shall begin with Bill No. 64, Second Session of the Alberta Legislature, entitled, " An Act respecting the bonds guaranteed for the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Company." This Bill was introduced on November

24th, 1910, and was afterwards enacted into law. The effect of this enactment was to provide that the sum of $7,400,000, with interest, being the proceeds of the sale of the bond issue of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, should be taken from the railway company, by which it was borrowed for purposes of construction, and converted into a portion of the general revenue fund of the province of Alberta. The circumstances leading up to the Bill were these: In 1908, William R. Clarke purchased from its holders a railway charter granted by the Dominion government for the construction of a line of railway from Edmonton north to Fort McMurray, a distance of about 350 miles. He paid for it the sum of $6,500, and assumed certain connected obligations. Mr. Clarke then entered into negotiations with Dr. Rutherford, then prime minister of Alberta, and with other members of his government, for the purpose of obtaining government aid in the construction of the railway. As a result, it was agreed that Mr. Clarke should abandon his Dominion charter, take a new charter from the province of Alberta, under the name of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Co., and the provincial government should provide for the guarantee of the bonds of the railway to the extent of $20,000 a mile, and $400,000 for terminals. Two statutes were accordingly passed, and assented to, on February 25th, 1909. In one, (Chap. 46,) the company was authorized, among other things, to issue bonds to the extent of $40,000 per mile. The work of construction was to be begun within one year from the passing of the Bill, and was to be completed within four years, unless for serious cause the lieutenant-governor-in-council should extend the time.

By the other statute, (Chap. 16,) the government of Alberta was authorized to guarantee the payment of principal and interest on bonds of the railway company to the extent of $20,000 per mile, and also bonds for terminals not to exceed $400,000, the bonds to be payable in fifty years from January 1st, 1909, with interest at five per cent. All moneys realized by the sale of the bonds were to be paid directly

by the purchaser into a bank approved of by the lieutenant-governor-in-council to the credit of a special account in the name of the treasurer of the province; and the amount to the credit of such special account was to be credited with interest at such times and at such rate as might be agreed upon by the company and the bank holding the same; and to be paid out from time to time to the company or its nominee, on completion of ten mile sections; and, as to terminals, on progress estimates to the satisfaction of the lieutenant-governor-in-council, according to the specifications fixed by contract. The balance, if any, of the proceeds of such bonds remaining after the completion of the lines of the railway and the terminals, was to be paid over to the company or its nominee.

After the passage of these Acts, Mr. Clarke proceeded to organize and arrange for financing the railway; $50,000 of capital stock was subscribed for, and was paid in full, by him and his nominees. He then went to England, and, after negotiations with Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., he arranged to sell at par to that firm, when guaranteed by the provincial authorities in accordance with the statute, a bond issue of $7,400,000, being $20,000 a mile for 350 miles of railway, and $400,000 for terminals, the bonds being 50 year bonds with five per cent. interest, as provided by the statute. On Mr. Clarke's return, the necessary by-laws to authorize the creation of the bonds were passed by the company, and the agreement of October 28th, 1909, was entered into between the company and the government providing for the construction and operation of the line, and for the payment of the proceeds of the bonds into the banks. On the same date, these bonds were made a first mortgage in favour of the government upon the company's property, the Standard Trusts Co., Winnipeg, being the trustee. By Section 19 of this bond mortgage, proper provision was made for the protection of the interests of the government should the company default in paying interest.

On November 9th, 1909, the government passed an order-in-council naming the banks in which the proceeds of the bonds were to be deposited. Pending the completion of the permanent bonds, an interim bond for the whole amount was executed by the company, endorsed by the government with its guarantee, certified by the Trusts Co., and then sold to Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., at par; the proceeds being deposited in the banks in special accounts, headed as follows: "The Provincial Treasurer, Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Co., Special Account."

In the autumn of 1909, Mr. Clarke procured the incorporation, under the laws of the Dominion government, of the Canada West Construction Co., with an authorized capital of $500,000, $50,000 being subscribed, and paid for, and issued to Mr. Clarke and his nominees. This company then agreed with the Railway Co., on November 22nd, 1909, to complete the railway; the Construction Co. to receive in payment the net proceeds of the guaranteed bond issue of $7,400,000. The Construction Co. then made its financial arrangements, incurring obligations amounting to over $500,000.

On March 8th, 1910, in accordance with the contract of November 22nd, 1909, the Railway Co. assigned all its rights in the net proceeds of the bonds to the Construction Co.; and this latter company on the same date in turn assigned its rights to these moneys to the Royal Bank of Canada, as collateral security for advances made and to be made by the bank in financing the undertaking. The bank notified the government of these assignments by a letter dated April 29th, 1910, which was acknowledged on behalf of the government by a letter on May 12th, 1910.

About this time, a campaign of criticism began in the legislative assembly with regard to the terms of the contract made by the government, and insinuations were made that certain members of the government were interested, directly or indirectly, in the railway undertaking. As a result, on March 16th, 1910, the lieutenant-governor-in-council appointed a Royal Commission to inquire whether any, and, if so, which,

members of the government or of the legislature were interested in the incorporation or organization of the Railway Co.

On March 19th, 1910, the premier assured the House that the government would not approve of the road beyond Battenberg, and that no part of the proceeds of the bonds would be paid out until the House met in May, by which time it was expected that the report of the Royal Commission would be received. The report was not received until November, when all members of the government and the legislature were exonerated from the charges made.

While the government never passed upon the plans filed by the company, the company continued its arrangements and expenditure of moneys in connexion with the work. On May 26th, 1910, Dr. Rutherford resigned, and Mr. Sifton took his place. Since then, so far as the public are aware, no communication was received by the Railway Co. from the government, until a suit was issued by the government against the banks for possession of the money on deposit.

All these unsettled conditions caused persons interested in financing the railway to refuse to provide the necessary funds to pay the interest on the bonds maturing July 1st, 1910, until they were assured that the enterprise would be permitted to proceed. Notwithstanding this, the Railway Co. offered to provide the one and a half per cent. necessary, with the interest earned by the money on deposit in the banks, to make up the five per cent. payable to the bond holders, if the government would allow the three and a half per cent. actually earned by the bond money to be paid out on account of the interest due to the bond holders; but instead of consenting to this, the government borrowed the whole of the amount of the five per cent. from another bank, and made the payment of the bond interest. The counsel for the railway and the Construction Co., on hearing of the proposed introduction of the Bill, No. 64, applied to the premier for permission to present his client's case before the House, but it is not on record that this permission was granted.

From this it will appear that the $7,400,000 was the property of the railway and its assigns, the money being borrowed, not by the province, but by the Railway Co., on its own bonds, and the province being only secondarily liable as guarantor. The name of the provincial treasurer appears upon the deposit account only because he is a trustee to insure that the money should be properly paid out for the purpose for which it was borrowed. The effect of this legislation will be to destroy the railway enterprise, to wipe out all the cash expenditures of the promoters, and to subject them to heavy financial obligations.

From reading the Bill it appears that the two reasons alleged for the government's action are, the Railway Company's default to pay interest, and its default to construct. But these defaults, in so far as they were defaults, were directly due to the failure of the government to pass upon the company's plans, and to its action in refusing to permit the construction to proceed, and to allow the bond money to be paid out. In any event, the contract made adequate provision for the consequences of any default; and had the company been entirely in the wrong, the government could have had recourse to the contract without any legislation. It might also be pointed out that Section 68 of the General Railway Act of the Province of Alberta, (Statutes 1907, Chap. 8,) requiring that a railway should complete its construction within two years from incorporation, does not apply to the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, which had four years in which to carry out its undertaking.

The present premier of Alberta refers to the Bill as being a "foreclosure of mortgage." This description is quite beside the mark, inasmuch as no chance was given to the company to prevent the alleged foreclosure. If there were any question of foreclosure on the bonds to be considered, the only persons that could have any say in the matter would be the bond holders themselves, and they are the very persons whose property is being appropriated.

The whole matter may now be summed up as follows: The government of Alberta causes certain persons to enter into a bargain with it; financial arrangements are made to begin the railway; and a Construction Co. is formed; a bank engages itself to support the Construction Co. to the extent of over a million dollars; and then the original sum of money procured from the bond holders and circulating in turn through each of these transactions, and being in turn the security for each of the contracting parties, is seized by the government of Alberta by a process of legislation and not of law.

Although the government has declared that this money shall form part of the general revenue fund of the province, it does not affirm that it intends to keep it, though there is no power on earth to prevent it doing so. On the contrary, in Section 3 of the Bill it holds itself primarily liable to the several holders of the bonds. This is a transaction upon which any reader is capable of forming an opinion. Investors will certainly do so; and that opinion will affect not only people living in Alberta but in the rest of Canada as well.

The next example which I shall cite is from the records of the Ontario legislature. In 1908 an Act was passed by which certain contracts entered into with the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario were declared valid, and the courts were restrained from passing upon their validity; and any actions that were then pending were directed to be forever stayed. In short, the courts were declared closed against persons who felt themselves to have been aggrieved.

At the time when an opinion in favour of public ownership was prevalent in Ontario, the government found that power was being developed at Niagara Falls by the Electrical Development Company, and proceeded to enter into competition with it, not on equal terms but protected by certain statutes devised by itself. For example, it protected itself against all legal actions by interposing the fiat of the attorney-general. It freed itself from liability for errors in the estimated cost. It transferred the cost, whatever it might be, to the

municipalities, and these in turn were empowered to enter into contracts with the commission, which would have been illegal had they been made with the Electrical Development Company. After these arrangements had been approved by the municipalities, the terms of them were varied by the legislature. Thus, the original obligation upon the municipalities was to provide interest and sinking fund for the cost of the transmission line alone; but in the following year, by the terms of Schedule A. 9 Edw. VII. ch. 19, Sec. 2*b*, the obligation was enlarged to cover the cost of stations and works for a capacity of 60,000 horse-power.

Against this change in the agreement, the ratepayers themselves were denied redress by the enactment of 9 Edw. VII. ch. 19, in which it was provided that "the validity of the said contract, as so varied as aforesaid, shall not be open to question on any ground whatever in any court;" and again, that "every action which has been heretofore brought, and is now pending, wherein the validity of the said contract or any by-law passed, or purporting to have been passed, authorizing the execution thereof . . . . is attacked . . . shall be and the same is hereby forever stayed." The effect upon the private company was immediate, and it was only saved from default by surrendering one-half of its common stock. The government being "in business," felt obliged to resort to "business methods," and the strange spectacle was presented of a cabinet minister disparaging such rival concerns as the Toronto Electric Light Company and the London Electric Company. To persons who can read, the whole transaction will appear as a product of the days before the Great Charter, before it was declared: "To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay right or justice."

The next instance which I shall cite is an Act passed by the Ontario legislature, known as 7 Edw. VII., ch. 15, which declares that certain lands therein described are "absolutely freed from all claims and demands of every nature whatsoever in respect of, or arising from, any location, or staking."

It was of this legislation that the minister of justice used the ominous words: "Pending litigation and at a time when the action was set down for trial, and about to be heard, the statute was passed." The whole controversy turns about certain claims made by the Florence Mining Company, and the report of the proceedings may be found in 18 O. L. R. 257.

The facts of the case are extremely simple. In January, 1906, Mr. Green proposed to engage in prospecting for precious metals in the bed of Cobalt Lake. He went to the proper office in Toronto and procured such information as satisfied him that Cobalt Lake was open for prospecting under the mining laws of the province of Ontario. He made discovery on March 7th, and proceeded to stake his claim. On application for the privilege of filing and recording his claim he was refused by the official recorder, on the ground that the lake had been withdrawn from the field of prospecting by a previous order-in-council. When this was disputed, the legislature passed an Act confirming the order-in-council, under which the district in dispute was claimed to have been withdrawn from the right of prospecting, and declaring it "to have been and now to be binding and effectual." It is worth remarking that this bill received its three readings in one day.

Against the discoverer's protest, or that of his assignees, the crown sold in fee simple the bed of the lake, including all mineral rights, without any further discovery having been made than that which was claimed to have been made by Green. The validity of this sale was disputed by Green and his associates, who proceeded to test the matter in the courts. As plaintiffs, they protested that the patent to the defendants had been issued erroneously, and should be set aside, and that the rights of the defendants were subject to the rights of the plaintiffs, and they demanded consequential relief. The defence was that Cobalt Lake was not open for discovery, that Green did not observe the provisions of the Mines Act, that the attorney-general was a necessary

party, and that the defendants were purchasers for value.

Upon these allegations action was begun December 26th, 1906; but, instead of awaiting the judgement of the courts and abiding by it, the government resorted to fresh legislation; and another Act was passed which, after reciting the facts of the sale and the desirability of confirming the title of the purchasers, expressly enacted that the sale and the patents therefor were thereby confirmed, and the fee absolute was declared to be vested in the purchasers. The second section made the gracious provision that all discoveries and claims prior to such sale be dealt with by the lieutenant-governor-in-council, " as he may think fit."

The principle of the supremacy of the legislature over legal tribunals and private rights has never been more arrogantly asserted. It turned out, however, that the full measure of this wanton violence was quite unnecessary, for the Court of Appeals and the Privy Council decided that Cobalt Lake was not open for discovery, and that Green had acquired no rights under the Mines Act.

It is apparent that relief from this danger is not to be found in disallowance of provincial legislation by the Dominion government, in view of the pronouncement of the minister of justice in a report which was approved by the governor-general-in-council April 29th, 1908, which is contained in the words: "It is not intended by the British North America Act that the power of disallowance shall be exercised for the purpose of annulling provincial legislation, even though Your Excellency's ministers consider the legislation unjust, or oppressive, or in conflict with recognized legal principles, so long as such legislation is within the power of the provincial legislature to enact. . . . The legislation in question, even though confiscatory of property without compensation, and so an abuse of legislative power, does not fall within any of the aforesaid enumeration. . . . For these reasons the undersigned, although compelled to report to Your Excellency strong disapproval of the policy of the statute, recommends that it be not disallowed but be left to such operation as

may lawfully be given to it." This is entirely in agreement with the judgement of Mr. Justice Riddell upon the same case, in which he employed the sardonic words: "In short, the legislature, within its jurisdiction, can do everything that is not naturally impossible, and is restrained by no rule, human or divine. The prohibition 'Thou shalt not steal' has no legal force upon the sovereign body."

And yet the minister felt obliged to admit that different views prevailed during previous years, for he adds: "There seems much ground for the belief that the framers of the British North America Act contemplated and probably intended that the power of disallowance should afford to vested interests and the rights of property a safeguard and protection against destructive legislation." In support of this contention he cited the opinion of Sir John Macdonald upon the "Streams Bill," which is thus expressed: "I think the power of the local legislatures to take away the rights of one man and vest them in another, as is done by this Act, is exceedingly doubtful, but assuming that such right does in strictness exist, I think it devolves upon this government to see that such power is not exercised in flagrant violation of private rights and natural justice."

The legislature of Prince Edward Island obtained assent, on April 15th, 1908, to an Act, designated as 6 Edw. VII., ch. 13, to prohibit the use of motor vehicles upon the highways of the province, under a penalty of $500, or imprisonment for a period of six months. Whether such legislation falls within or without the jurisdiction of the province does not concern us here. The Supreme Court has passed upon the question; and the minister of justice has issued the dictum, that a provincial legislature can repeal the Magna Charta if it likes. But many things are lawful which are not expedient to be done, and no community lives entirely to itself. This absolute prohibition of motor vehicles in so wide an area is unique in the world, and is contrary to the general practice of civilized communities. It creates uneasiness in

the public mind lest Canadian legislation which has gone so far may go much further.

The provincial legislatures are supreme; but that supremacy can be maintained only so long as it is exercised in accordance with the common-sense of mankind; for there is, after all, the final argument of physical force, which several legislatures in South America have already learned, to their cost. There is a movement afoot to limit this supremacy by an amendment of the British North America Act. In his address at Chatham on January 9th, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt proposed it formally in the following words: "Neither the parliament of Canada nor the legislature of any province shall pass any *ex post facto* legislation, or law, impairing the obligation of contracts, or law taking private property for public use, without due compensation in law." This and similar proposals to limit the power of the people are the outcome of fear which has its justification in such Acts of legislation as I have cited. The best restrictions which can be placed upon democracy are those which it imposes upon itself, not once and for all, but continuously. By exercising power it will learn to exercise it best. When it becomes tyrannical, it will learn that it, too, has a bone in its neck.

The declaration of any legislature that the courts shall be closed has a sinister sound. It means that the legislature has done something, or is about to do something, the legality of which it is unwilling to allow the tribunals of the law to pass upon. And yet in the House of Commons at Westminster, on February 21st, 1911, words of ominous import were heard. The conclusion of the third clause of a bill to make provision with respect to the powers of the House of Lords in relation to those of the House of Commons, and to limit the duration of Parliament, reads, "and shall not be questioned in any court of law." If these words can be uttered by the mother of parliaments, what may we not expect to hear from her inexperienced offspring?

ANDREW MACPHAIL

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE FRESHMAN

DURING the last decade there has been a surprising increase in the number of students registered in Canadian universities. The number has advanced steadily from year to year in practically all the colleges in Canada. The colleges, too, have grown in number, and within the last five years three new provincial universities have been established in the West; others, it is said, are soon to follow. The total enrolment of freshmen in Canadian universities last autumn was almost double that of fifteen years ago; and the proportion to population of college trained men in Canada is to-day very much larger than ever before. These facts are not without significance. They mean that the college has attained a recognized place in the development of our country; that the old idea of a college training as unfitting a boy for successful practical endeavour is passing away; that the average parent believes in college education; and that it is now the privilege of the average boy to receive a college training, either in the college itself or in the professional school.

On the college's duty to the country, men as a rule agree; that the college is living up to the country's hopes and expectations is not always admitted. Each college in Canada doubtless has its own definite views on the purpose of university life, particularly the life of the college itself, the so-called Arts course. However these views may differ, they will agree more or less with that of Cardinal Newman, that "the practical end of a university course is training good members of society;" they will agree, too, more or less, with the views of the greater American colleges. Ex-president Eliot says that during his forty years as president of Harvard, his guiding policy and outstanding hope was that his university

should have two functions,—first, that it should produce a small number of scholars who should do productive scholarly work and add to the total of human knowledge; and second, that it should send out a large number of graduates who, with a balanced division of body, mind, and character, should be fitted to do work honourable and efficient; he ranked character development as the most important part of the training of this "large" number. President Butler of Columbia believes that the chief purpose of university training is to ensure a wide general education to professional men. Ex-president Woodrow Wilson of Princeton says that university life should make men better comrades and better citizens. President Hadley of Yale thinks that the purpose of a university is to establish and maintain standards; a university, he adds, should be inspired by the ideal of civic ethics, the wish to make a student not so much a learned man or a skilled specialist as a good citizen; a man who has found out what he can do and is determined to do it well, with a sense of what he owes to his country and to his fellow citizens; one who sees in duty well done the ideal of success; in short, good citizenship is President Hadley's underlying idea. President Lowell of Harvard considers as the main purpose of university life good citizenship and culture; he believes that the university should awaken a higher regard for scholarship among university students and also among the public. These different views of five outstanding college presidents on the purpose of college training have one idea in common,—good citizenship, the making of good members of society,—the function of which Newman speaks. With this idea the majority of Canadian college heads are probably in agreement. But whatever the individual view may be on the purpose of university life, the spirit of the age alike in the United States and in Canada accepts the desirability and necessity for the sound and sane training of youth, the making of "good citizens," if we are to be saved from the disasters that inevitably follow ignorance. Hence the almost universal wish of parents—in keeping

with this spirit of the age—to send their sons to college even at a sacrifice to themselves, to give to their sons privileges that they themselves may not have enjoyed, to send their boys to a college where with the greatest advantages they can be "made into men." The college's greatest duty, the public believes with Mr. Eliot, is not so much to make scholars as to make men.

But parents who send their boys to college to-day are asking if the Canadian college is doing all it can do in the making of its students into good citizens; if it is doing all it can do for the boys in its care; if it is giving sympathetic and adequate protection to its freshmen; if it is endeavouring really to train them to be men. If the colleges themselves answered these questions, doubtless the answer would be affirmative. The Canadian colleges have steadily grown in numbers, in instructors, in equipment, in endowment; but although the number of freshmen has increased very largely in the last few years, no great changes have been made in the methods of helping the incoming inexperienced numbers, and of protecting them from the temptations and perplexities that inevitably await them. The college graduate, as he looks back over his college course—particularly at his freshman year—realizes that the college might have done more for him in ways other than the distinctly academic. "I love my Alma Mater," said a prominent college graduate recently, "for all she has enabled me to be and to do in spite of her." This is a paradoxical statement, and is not the view of the average college man, who realizes well his unpayable debt to his college. But the average college graduate who has memories of his freshman days is not without his criticism of his college's methods in ways other than the scholarly; his criticism is not harsh; it is kindly; it should be taken as such by the Canadian college.

The student who is sent up to college to-day is expected by his parents and those interested in his career to gain along three definite lines: he is to train and store his mind in the class-room and the study; he is to gain from association

with his fellows outside the class-room; he is to benefit from the influence of the college atmosphere on his point of view, his purpose in life, his interests, his habits of judgement. These three lines may be summed up as academic training, student life, and general culture; they converge into one main idea,—the making of a man. Underlying the three, moral development is equally as important as intellectual development. The most important and most dangerous period in a student's life is doubtless his freshman year; it is a period that marks the transition from school to college, and it is usually coincident with the transition from youth to manhood. The average freshman, even the average undergraduate, lacks experience and readjustment. He enters college with strangely distorted notions of what college life should be; these notions may perhaps change in his junior or his senior year; perhaps he may graduate still a freshman in ideas; the best college is the one that helps him to change these ideas, to find in four years his real bearings, to teach him what life really means.

The college finds among its freshmen many varied types. The grist the college mill receives yearly to be passed through its refining processes is a large one, representing different soils. It comes from the small and the large cities, from remote rural places, from simple and from luxurious surroundings; but it is the best the country can produce. One meets among first year students many different kinds,—all learning to be men. All come up with preconceived notions of what a freshman's life should be. There are boys who come to work, and boys who come to loaf. There is the complacent, conceited freshman, confident of himself and of his opinions. There is the "mother's boy" who has never been taught to look after himself. There is the boy who looks upon the college as a great athletic club existing only for athletics. His view agrees with that of an eminent Chinaman who, after spending a few days in New Haven during a recent football season, wrote back to China: "There is a large athletic club over here called Yale; when it rains the boys

read books." He comes rightly under the ironical criticism which Gaston Phoebus in Lothair directs at English students: "What I admire in the order to which you belong is that you live in the open air; that you excel in athletic sports; that you can speak only one language; and that you never read. This is not a complete education; but it is the highest education since the Greek." At times the freshman takes an intense interest in athletics as practised by others; he believes he must "support" the team, like a man patting his race-horse on the back, but he does not play the game himself; he believes in loyalty to the athletic organizations, but it is a misfit loyalty which often finds expression in rowdyism and at times in intoxication from other influences than success. Associated with this idea of loyalty is the notion that it is the student's privilege to disregard the Golden Rule and the rights of others. He forgets that while he gains more blessings than his neighbour, he does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbour's goods. He must, he thinks, display his loyalty in some "heroic" fashion,—stealing signs, smashing car windows, or otherwise destroying property, but he believes that this heroic method of celebrating victory, or even defeat, at the expense of those who are not so fortunate as he, is the supreme privilege of the student. There is the freshman, too, whose ideas of his relations to others are distorted. He believes in two distinct moral codes, one for students, another for the less fortunate men and women who have not the privilege of attending college classes. And so, when a tradesman's sign is stolen, or a barber's pole broken, or silver taken from an hotel where students have stayed, it is merely a student's lark, the privilege of the college boy; it is not theft; it does not even matter if a few foolish boys stand in the eyes of the public for the whole university and if, because of this, tradesmen and city governments forget what the college does for the community; it is an act entirely different from taking money from a student's coat in the gymnasium, or misappropriating funds in a students' society, the punishment of which does not usually end even with

expulsion. When at a student theatrical performance lewd jokes are introduced, it is "only student fun;" when similar jokes are heard on the ordinary stage, they are "coarse" and "indecent." Or when at a Hallowe'en dance, or at the theatre, or at a student gathering of one type or another, women are terrified by student ruffians and subjected to missiles of diverse kinds, that, too, is innocent student frolic—the playfulness of exuberant youth rather than assault and lawlessness, so far is the student's code of honour distorted. A college cannot tolerate such a code of honour and still train its students to be men. There is the freshman, too, who looks upon college as a place of social amusement,—the elegant young gentleman without intellectual or athletic ambition or moral purpose, whose main interest is in the fraternity or the city dances, in card parties or in theatres. There is also the boy of the other extreme, the boy who believes that the college exists for work and for nothing else, the mere "grind" who is of little value to the college as a whole. But the majority of Canadian college freshmen are not of the above types; their moral code is not a dual one; they are neither mere sports nor mere grinds; they have other interests than merely Greek roots, or fraternities, or poker, or athletics; they have other hobbies than dances, and debutantes, and chorus girls. As a rule they are fine young fellows, the best the land can produce, interested in many kinds of work and play; they are eager to labour, but they are also eager to be happy; they have neither weak fibre nor twist in their moral and intellectual make-up; they are what ex-president Eliot believes a freshman should be—"a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal," eager to know what are the enduring satisfactions of life, eager to learn to be men.

To whatever of the above types the freshman belongs—to the unfortunate few with the distorted notions or to the majority with the saner ideas—he needs guidance and protection in the beginning of his undergraduate career. It is the plastic period in his development, and out of the multi-

tude of forces upon him is to come at the end of four years a creature quite different from the young animal of the freshman class. In the school the boy has had direction and oversight, either from parent or from resident teacher; in the college he is alone, learning to be a man, developing manhood, character, independence, moral courage. The protection and guidance a student should receive on beginning his academic career, the Canadian college makes little effort to provide. In the absence of dormitories, the boy's development is not without grave dangers to which the college cannot shut its eyes. His parents do not enter him lightly upon his college course; they at least realize, if he does not, that college life is the supreme privilege of youth. But the majority of them throw the responsibility for the boy's moral development upon the college; the college tosses it back to the parents; between the two the boy frequently falls; if he does not fall, he at least emerges not quite the man he might have become under a different system.

The freshman in any Canadian college town—the large city where vice is always near at hand, or the small town where it is veiled but never far away—is face to face with many problems strange to him and puzzling. His first feeling is confusion. He does not know what studies he should select or why; he at last arranges his courses, at the suggestion perhaps of a college officer, but he gets little advice as to subjects or methods of work in his new surroundings. He does not know what clubs to join, what teams to try for, what places of amusement to attend or to avoid. His second feeling is loneliness, for, as a rule, he is without friends. For the first time, perhaps, he is free from parental restraint, and he is allowed to take the rein. He is free, too, from school discipline; there are no specified hours when he must be in his room, as at home, or in school; there is no law which sends him to bed at a certain time; he signs no pledge promising not to drink or smoke. He has a latch-key of his own, his own time—to do with it as he chooses, money to spend as he sees fit; he is free to make

his own friends; he may do as he pleases. He misses association with some one older than himself, who inspires him with confidence, and is interested in his work. "I shall never forget how I felt when I found myself a freshman," said one of America's greatest graduates; "a feeling that all restraint was gone, and that I might go to the devil just as fast as I pleased." And so, equipped with only platitudes concerning virtue, he finds himself alone in a world of temptation, in the large city with its visible allurements, or in the small town with its hidden resorts of evil. He cannot hide his inquisitive nature; he cannot be a disembodied spirit; he is filled with a desire for life; the college may assume, if it pleases, that this is only a noble want of noble things, but unfortunately it is not always so. He will always find guides ready to initiate him in his loneliness into the mysteries of the new life; he will always meet boon companions who plead for vice and for questionable recreations with all the persuasiveness of youth and gaiety. So far as the college is concerned, he is allowed to flounder in his new surroundings; he drowns or he swims, in proportion to his strength; a few yearly drown; many learn to swim; many learn merely to keep above water, but as a result of their first floundering, they never swim well. The majority of students, perhaps, never go very far astray; few of them follow the path that leads to utter moral destruction; many of them, however, while not habitually wayward, go ways in which they are not always true to their own highest instincts or to the most sacred hopes of parents. But whether he drowns or swims, the freshman in the Canadian college gets little assistance; the system under which he begins his college course is much like that in which Mr. Sam Weller, senior, trained his son. "I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir," said the elder Weller; "I let him run in the streets when he was very young, and shift for himself. It is the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." It is the system which believes in the free lance career for the student. Even the small college which boasts about its "personal guidance"

gives little protection to the freshman. There, to a much greater extent than in the larger colleges, the incoming student, instead of being aided, is made by upper classmen to submit to unkind indignities that are relics of a vanished age. Wearing under compulsion during the autumn months a black boot on one foot and a tan one on the other—as in a Maritime province college recently—is not the only price he has to pay; there are other penalties equally harsh and distasteful to the sensitive boy.

To the many perplexities and temptations to which the incoming student is exposed, the college tries not to be indifferent. It cannot shut out student dangers from its considerations. But the necessary safeguards against them are not to be found in detailed rules of conduct printed in college calendars, nor in detailed lists of prohibitions and penalties which often serve as temptations to students who " just for fun " delight to outwit the authorities. Some of these rules are doubtless necessary, but the greatest safeguards of the student are found in positive, not in negative, forces. The influences that mould the student are manifold, but they all go back to one source—the character of the men who make the college community, the leaders in the little student world and their unwritten code of morals and honour.

In the making of students into men and in safeguarding the freshman, one of the greatest forces is the unconscious influence of the college teacher. There is no outlay of college funds for the development of character, but the personal character of the student will be influenced by the human quality of the instructor. Too frequently, however, instructors reject all responsibility apart from the class-room; they are too busy with lectures to care about the student when he is outside; they forget that the purpose of college education is not merely intellectual, it is moral as well, and that the college is a place of ideals which should transfigure life. The facts he learns at college are but a small part of the student's gain; the bare details soon fade; what

endures is capacity and attitude of mind. "What students need," says a great college dean, "is not so much the discovery of new facts as a thorough assimilation of some of the plain everyday truths upon which the wise of a hundred generations have builded." The contact between student and instructor is limited. After four years at college, many students graduate without even a speaking acquaintance with the professors who lectured to them. "I am leaving the university," said a Canadian college graduate a few months ago, "without the memory of a single friendship among my teachers; my four years were well spent as far as mere book learning goes, but there was not one bond of human contact with an instructor; I never met a professor outside the class room; I was never in a professor's home." This student's experience is not exceptional; it is the average. The student is provided with excellent college equipment and instruction, with libraries, books, athletics, clubs—but rarely with the man. He has little personal contact with his teacher. He finds a tongue and a voice at one end of the room; he has a pencil at the other; he knows that there is a pair of eyes to look over the record of the pencil and to examine his work; he has scholarly instruction, contact with his fellow students, an academic atmosphere, societies of diverse kinds—that is his education. But there is rarely any one to ask him what he has chosen to study and why, and what it is doing for him. If teaching is merely talking or hearing students recite from a book, Mr. G. B. Shaw's criticism in his "Revolutionist's Handbook" is true: "He who can does; he who cannot teaches." The position of a college teacher is eminently a personal one. To have for four years the opportunity of exerting an influence upon the life of vigorous and ambitious youth is a privilege as well as a responsibility. Andrew D. White and William R. Harper, both great college presidents, said that no part of their educational career gave them so great satisfaction as their personal contact with students in and outside the class room. Garfield's idea of a university was, "Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at

the other;" in this homely way he emphasized the importance of personal contact. "Don't worry about the courses you select," was Emerson's advice to a student entering Harvard; "select your men, your teachers;" he, too, believed in personal contact, in the human quality of the instructor. America's greatest college president once wrote to a friend: "I wish to get a man for my——department, well trained in his subject, who is large minded, generous in nature, built on a large pattern, wide between the eyes, a born winner of men; who can grapple young men as with hoops of steel, and make them love and revere him." And his friend wrote back: "I know your man. Will just suit you. Only man in the country that will. Don't know whether you can get him or not. Do no harm to try. Name is Phillips Brooks. Lives in Boston." The secret of Brooks's power, as this friend recognized, was his personal force and his simplicity, his large human sympathy, rather than his scholarship. And this college president believed, too, that the chief strength or weakness of a university lies in the sympathetic qualities of her instructors. This perhaps explains in a measure the love and loyalty of Harvard graduates for their college—a love born of kindly memories of their undergraduate days; it perhaps explains the unprecedented gifts of her graduates to Harvard.

By the system of advisers from the faculty and from the senior class, freshmen in Canadian colleges could be helped and safeguarded to a greater extent than is at present possible. Under this system,—as tested by other universities, notably Harvard and Princeton,—a number of instructors are selected to act as advisers for incoming students. These are usually men who are young enough at least in heart and spirit to be mindful still that they were once boys and old enough to be credited with a certain amount of wisdom; young enough to sympathise with youth, old enough to be respected and to give sane advice. On the first day of the session the freshman is asked to select his adviser. His choice may have been suggested by parent

or former teacher, who may perhaps have a friend on the advisory board; it may, indeed, be dictated by the reputation of the instructor for sympathy and helpfulness; if he has no choice, he is assigned to an adviser by the dean's office. Each adviser assumes in a measure the supervision of from eight to twelve boys during their freshman year. His duty is not merely outlining courses; it is not merely an intellectual supervision nor an oversight in things merely academic; the committee to which he belongs is not merely a " degree committee," a B. A. or B. Sc. advisory board. The relation between student and adviser is a personal one: the latter helps the former to plan out his courses of study; he is looked upon by the student as a guide who understands his new problems, and to whom he can talk freely about the perplexities that confront him in his new surroundings. He keeps himself informed as to the boy's progress in his courses, as to his interest in his studies or his neglect of them; he advises him as to methods of work; he comes in contact with him outside the college; and the student, if his adviser has been wisely chosen, knows that on the staff he has at least one friend with whom he can talk frankly. The adviser's relation to the student is not that of a policeman or a spy; it is that of an older and more experienced friend. The faculty adviser is assisted by one of a committee of senior students who are willing to co-operate with the faculty. These upper classmen are usually men prominent in athletics or in college activities, who naturally win the respect of the new student. They are not to act as spies or policemen. Each of them is given a list of half a dozen or a dozen freshmen whom it is his duty to know. He can answer many questions which a freshman does not care to ask his adviser or the dean. He talks with the freshman about his work and his play, about the various teams he should try for and how to try for them, about college societies and clubs, about amusements and recreations. In the freshman's early loneliness he proves a friend, and often keeps him from the dangerous pleasures before which he might otherwise fall. He knows

if the boy has a tendency to go wrong and he frequently saves him from disaster. He works in conjunction with the boy's adviser, makes him ashamed not to study, gives him encouragement and advice. Both work in conjunction with the dean's office. Small informal receptions, where freshmen meet and know each other, are arranged by advisers and seniors at periodic intervals, and class and college spirit is promoted. The freshman is thereby placed upon his feet, and the dangers of his first college year are reduced to a minimum. This personal contact is small enough; yet its influence upon students—unconscious perhaps—is greater and more lasting than that of a number of arbitrary rules or laws; it sinks deeper into the student's mental and moral fibre, and the result is of incalculable value in moulding the student unconsciously into a man—not only intellectually but morally as well. Its value, too, as inspiring loyalty in its graduates, cannot be over-estimated. It is a system which believes that if the freshman starts his career in the right way, he needs little supervision in the other three years of his course for he has found himself, and he will not go very far astray; it believes in fashioning a student during his plastic freshman year; it is a system based on the belief of the five college presidents quoted above—that the college's business is to " make men," and that the student needs other assistance than the merely academic. In every community students are a power for good or evil. By them in college and by them after they have left college, the college shall be judged; it shall not be judged solely by its contributions to knowledge—which sometimes are few indeed—but by the courtesy, efficiency, integrity, and courage of its students and graduates; it shall be rated by its fruits, by the service of its graduates to the world, by its men. And in making its students into men, the important period is the freshman year with which the above system deals.

Such a system of safeguarding and aiding freshmen the Canadian colleges have not yet generally adopted. There are organizations known as " fraternities " in some Canadian

colleges, the boast of which is that they take care of at least a few freshmen. They give shelter and shielding, it is true, within a charmed circle of one or two dozen of their own kind, but their methods are far removed from those of the greatest educators who believe that distinctions among freshmen should be reduced to a minimum, that if possible—as President Lowell of Harvard dreams—freshmen should be compelled to live together in one dormitory, that they should have a common mode of life, that there was something of value in the idea of a common students' garb of a past age. Apart from this shelter and relief from loneliness for the few, there are no agencies for the assistance of freshmen. We in Canada cannot come justly under Arthur Benson's criticism of English schools and colleges when he says: "The truth is that the average Englishman is sacrificed to an antiquated system, supervised by unimaginative and pedantic persons." Yet we cling, perhaps strangely, to traditions; we look with suspicion upon innovations dealing with the treatment of students. We forget, perhaps, that our practice—not our theory, our total forces upon the student, moral as well as intellectual, our sympathetic as well as our scholarly atmosphere, must be considered in the moulding of freshmen into "good citizens;" that these all inspire the graduates' love and loyalty by which after all the college must endure. There has been no improvement in the theory of education for centuries; it has all been well stated by great men hundreds of years ago. The improvement must be in the practice, in getting ideals into effect by all possible methods. Because of the yearly increase in the number of freshmen and the consequent greater responsibility, Canadian colleges are endeavouring slowly to improve in practice. The true ideal which all colleges are pursuing was expressed by Dean Briggs a few years ago: "When all students of all colleges, and all boys of all schools, believe and have the right to believe that their teachers are their friends; when the educated public recognizes the truth that school and college should help each other in lifting our youth to the high ground of

character—the school never forgetting that boys are to be men, and the college never forgetting that men have been boys—we shall come to the ideal of education. Toward this ideal we are moving slowly but steadily. When we reach it, or even come so near it as to see it always, we shall cease to dread the transition from school to college." The approach of Canadian colleges to this ideal in the future will depend in a large measure upon the unconscious influence, the human quality as well as the scholarship of their instructors. That they may soon reach it is the hope alike of parents and graduates and students, of all who believe in education as the greatest factor in a country's growth.

CYRUS MACMILLAN

WOMEN IN MEDICINE

A RETROSPECT of the past as well as a study of the customs of many primitive peoples gives ample proof of the fact, not only that the recorded observations of many women have added to the advance of the medical science of their time, but also that the practising of medicine by women is not a new and untried departure, dating only from the pioneer work of Elizabeth Blackwell in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that it is a custom as old and as well established as is the nature of woman herself. It is an interesting fact, not very widely known to-day, that it was practically only during the two hundred years from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries, that women were debarred from educational and professional privileges in most of the countries of western civilization. Before that time, as well as since, women have been engaged, to a greater or less extent, in nearly all countries, in the practice of medicine. In the remote, as well as in the more immediate, past, many women have risen to prominence as scientific workers, leaving behind them a record of original investigation that has immortalized their names, and not a few have been accredited to the universities, or other recognized institutions of their day, as medical graduates or disciples whose achievements have shed a brilliant lustre upon their time, a lustre that was all the brighter from the fact that they were women living in a chivalrous age.

Among nearly all primitive peoples, we find the superstition existing that disease is produced by the machination of some evil or unfriendly god or power. There are, therefore, among these peoples, two elements in the healing of the sick—an attempt to conciliate the unfriendly deity by incan-

tations and rites, and the treatment of the disease by plants of healing properties, or by the dressing of wounds. In many tribes the religious part of the treatment is confided to the priest, while the medicinal or surgical treatment is left to the women of the tribe, who are often skilled in plant lore. The two functions are often combined in the person of a priestess, or the latter may exercise the religious part of the healing process, as witness the great Pythian oracle at Delphi, who was a woman, and the priestesses of Dodona. In Homeric times it was a part of the duty of the wife and mother to know plants, and the early Greek literature abounds in instances of women who were skilled in medical lore. Later, Plato and Aristotle did not hesitate to recognize in women real aptitudes for philosophy and medicine. Women were among the disciples of Pythagoras. His wife with his two sons carried on his school of medicine after his death, and she was the author of several medical treatises. A hundred years later, Hippocrates refers frequently to midwives, and also to female doctors. Many facts prove that medical women were very numerous during the Græco-Roman period in Italy. It is possible that the settlement of central Italy by the Dorians played an important part in this feature of life there, for the Dorians always respected their women highly. It is in this part of Italy that we find later the great medical school of Salerno, where men and women physicians were educated.

Pliny gives the first definite information, in his works, of these *femmes médecins*. He mentions, in his natural history, Olympias the Theban, author of many prescriptions; Salpe, who wrote on the remedies for diseases of women; Sotera, to whom is attributed a treatise on the treatment of fever, and others. Galen reveals a whole series of women to us who seriously deserve the name *femmes médecins*, and gives us fragments from their works. He mentions especially Antiochis, second century A. D., whose statue was discovered in the ancient town of Tlos. On it is written, "To Antiochis, daughter of Diodotos of Tlos, the council

and commune of the town of Tlos, appreciating her medical skill, raised this statue to her at their own expense." Others are mentioned by him as distinguished in medicine by their writings.

In Rome medical women are spoken of from the first century onward, and the epitaphs on Roman tombs give much information about the "*medicæ*" of the time. Among the early Christians in Rome, medical women were also found, as Theodosia, the mother of St. Procopus, A. D. 312, and one Fabiola, the founder of hospitals in Italy, A. D. 380.

The great Italian university of Salerno, so famous in medicine that it almost equalled the Alexandrian school, flourished from the eighth to the twelfth century. It was remarkable in that from its beginning it recognized and admitted women in medicine. The first and most distinguished woman of this school was Trotula of Ruggiero, who lived in the eleventh century. She was the wife of a physician and the mother of two sons who were also physicians. Her chief book, "*De Passionibus Muliebrum*," was translated into several languages, and there are several MSS. of it in the National Library of Paris, and also one in the Breslau Library. Her great reputation and popularity are evidenced by the liberal use that was made of her work in later medical publications. Besides the diseases of women, her book treats of epilepsy, eye diseases, stone in the kidney, and many other subjects; it shows evidence throughout of practical experience and close observation. She is mentioned in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in the Wife of Bath's Prologue, as the author of part of the Vade Mecum of Jankin.

The Italian historians mention as other famous Salernitan women physicians, Abella, who wrote on melancholy, Mercuriade, a surgeon, Rebecca Guarana, author of a book on fevers, and others. Other great universities in Italy came into prominence rather later than Salerno. In 1250 the University of Bologna was attended by 10,000 students, engaged in the study of jurisprudence, philosophy, and medicine. "Here was first taught the anatomy of the human

frame, the mysteries of galvanic electricity, and later the circulation of the blood." Both at Bologna and Padua many women were professors in different departments of learning, in two cases as early as the thirteenth century, and among these were many who attained to a just celebrity. One of the most noted was Laura Caterina Bassi, who held the professorship of physics for twenty-eight years. In the domain of medicine, several made a specialty of anatomy, and the names of two, both attached to the University of Bologna, deserve special mention. Allessandra Giliani of Persiceta studied anatomy under the great Mondino in the fourteenth century, and became his most valued assistant. It is to her that we owe the practice in dissection of filling the veins and arteries with coloured fluids which harden *in situ.* Skilful dissections of vessels and nerves in their finest ramifications were prepared by her in this way, and the structures painted along their minutest branches, magnificent teaching preparations being the result. Her work is described in the history of the anatomical school of Bologna, and on the memorial tablet to her in the Hospital of San Pietro de Marcellino, which tells also of her death at an early age as a result of blood poisoning. A happier fate awaited Anna Manzollini, who, four centuries later, invented the use of wax models for demonstration purposes in anatomy. By the aid of her dissections, which she made herself, and through her demonstrations of these and of her wax models, in which even the finest capillaries and nerves were represented, she acquired a remarkably minute knowledge of her subject and attained lasting fame. In 1756 she was named Agrégé of the University of Bologna, in 1758, member of the Academy of Clementina, and soon after, in 1760, she was appointed by the senate professor of anatomy in the University of Bologna. Her glory spread through Europe. Milan, St. Petersburg, and London invited her to their universities, but she declined all these honours, preferring to work for her native country, where she remained. After her death, her specimens were bought by the senate for the university, and her collection

of anatomical models is still to be seen at the Institute of Science, where it bears silent testimony to her remarkable skill and accuracy. In 1874 a bust was raised to her in the Pantheon of Bologna.

Spain was next to Italy in brilliancy of intellect in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and here also many women excelled in literature and the sciences, and a number belonged to the universities and held professorial chairs. Among Spanish medical celebrities may be noted the Countess of Cinchona, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, who, in 1640, introduced the use of quinine bark, with which she cured many malarial patients. Another celebrated *femme médecin* was Olivia Sambuco, who published a work on the "New Philosophy of Nature," in 1622, which was suppressed by the Inquisition on account of its opposition to the religious prejudices as well as the medical traditions of its time. This book is said to have been the first to imagine the reduction of animal nature in general, and human nature in particular, under the unity of the nervous system.

Turning now to the customs of the other countries of Europe in the early Middle Ages, we find distinct traces in the literature of the Germanic races that the care of the sick devolved on their women, who could also be priestesses; this is especially true of the Scandinavian literature, which is more accessible to us than the German. The women of the sagas went to the battlefields and tended the wounded, and the Sturlaugsaga tells how Ingigerd, daughter of Inguar, herself founded a small hospital, where the sick were confided to the care of the women. Again, in the literature of the age of chivalry in feudal France, it is always the *châtelaine* of the castle to whom her lord brings the wounded knight, that she may stanch his wounds with her delicate hands, and revive his ebbing strength with her cordials. The place held by women among the early Germanic peoples was a high one. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when science was beginning to flourish among these races, neither social conditions, nor the Græco-

Roman tradition, nor the primitive Germanic spirit, was opposed to the higher education of women, for whom the pursuit of science and the arts was thought more suitable than for the warrior men, whose lives were lived in strenuous days. Many of these women studied medicine, and Frankfort-on-Main was the classic town of these early German women doctors. From 1389 to 1497, its archives mention fifteen, of whom three were oculists. Later, in the eighteenth century, we find the names of some very noted ones, and several honorary degrees were conferred upon medical women by the different German universities. Frau von Siebold was honoured in this way by the University of Giessen, on account of her skill in obstetrics, and Frau Dorothea Erxleben graduated with honours from the University of Halle in 1760, the degree being given by the special authority of the King of Prussia himself. In Switzerland, Mme. de Hilden, wife of a celebrated surgeon, assisted and replaced her husband in his work, though without a medical degree. She was the first to remove a piece of steel from the eye with a magnet, and she planned several other operations, the technique of which is followed to-day.

In England the ecclesiastical law of Edgar read "*Possunt et vir et femina medici esse*," the man and the woman may be doctors. But some centuries later, under Henry V, a law was passed forbidding women to practise medicine under penalty of imprisonment. Nevertheless, exceptional women did exercise the art in England even at this time. Such an one was Anne Halkett, 1622-1679, who, in order to help the poor, studied medicine and surgery from her infancy. She was consulted by patients coming to her even from the continent, and received the special thanks of the king for her care of the sick and wounded at Kinross, after the bloody battle of Dunbar. Jeanne Stephens, again, though known in history as a quack because she sold her remedy to the English parliament for £5000, discovered, about 1735, a real remedy for stone, a combination of quicklime and soap, which led to the later discovery of the medicinal

waters of France, notably Vichy, which contain lime and potash, and which are now a recognized form of treatment in this disease.

The practice of inoculation against smallpox was brought to England from the East by Lady Montague in 1718. In the face of great opposition this noted woman spread the knowledge of the technique and results of this operation throughout England, and when, in 1722, the Princess of Wales and other prominent ladies of the court submitted to the operation, its success was assured. A fragment of a letter addressed to her husband, in 1717, gives the exact details of the operation, as Lady Montague herself saw it practised by the aged women of India. This letter is reproduced in the English edition of the works of Lady Montague in five volumes, which were published in 1803 as a tribute to the memory of a woman whose initiative has saved the lives of hundreds of thousands.

Among the people of Poland the spirit of liberty and freedom has always been rife. As might be expected, there are the names of many women who have been prominent in science and in medicine. Mention may be made of Marie de Colomb who in the eighteenth century introduced the institution of hydrotherapy, and in the face of much opposition founded the celebrated *Heilwasseranstalt* of Gomfersdorf, which was recognized by the leading medical men of her time as embodying the practice of a therapeutic agent of enormous benefit.

The story of the early *femmes médecins* of France is one of much interest. The faculty of Paris in the Middle Ages not only did not recognize women as lawful practitioners of medicine, but openly fought against them, and in the sixteenth century they were forbidden to practise. The standing of the faculty at this time, however, was low and unscientific, and its policy was directed also against the famous barber-surgeons of Paris, who laid the foundation of modern surgery, so that its attitude towards the *femmes médecins* of the time was hardly discreditable to the latter.

It is, therefore, outside of the legalized practitioners of medicine that the true *femmes médecins* of mediæval and early modern times are to be found in France. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the greatest interest centres about the women of the cloisters, "*les réligieuses*," many of whom cultivated, among other arts and sciences, that of medicine, in which they were highly skilled. The famous Abbess Hildegarde, head of the convent of Ruprechtsberg, near Bingen, the most celebrated of these, was held in the highest veneration throughout Europe in her day. Among several important medical works, she published one, "*De Liber Simplicis Medicinæ*," which is acknowledged, in the preface to the last authorized Parisian edition, to be the greatest work of the Middle Ages on natural science. In this remarkable book the acute reasoning and the sagacity of the learned nun give her the answers to many questions that have only found their solution in modern times, so that what seems almost a spirit of divination runs through the book. The germs of modern discoveries are contained in many passages of this and of her later medical publications. Thus, the chemical, as opposed to the magnetic, action of substances is touched upon; modern metallotherapy is outlined; the laws of gravitation are surmised; and she writes of physiological and pathological processes in a way that assumes a knowledge of the circulation of the blood, discovered by Harvey in much later times. The brain, the functions of which were so little known at this time, is recognized as the regulator of vital symptoms and the centre of life. She carefully points out the influence of the nerves and spinal cord on the vital processes; she knows that air is a food; that the teeth are not of bone; she attributes fatigue to the exhaustion of the organism; and she promulgates in detail the modern theory of auto-intoxication. Her knowledge of anatomy is far in advance of her time, her judgement is profound, and her reasoning always just, although her theory is sometimes obscured by the humoral philosophy of the day, and her book is tinged by some of the quaint superstitions of the times.

We turn from the thought of this great woman of genius to a somewhat later development, and one of even greater importance to our subject—the history of the great midwives of France, who flourished in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. In this country the education of the midwife and the exercise of her art was carried to a higher plane than elsewhere, and perhaps this is the explanation of the remarkable position these women took here, though there are celebrated midwives on record in other countries, too, notably in Holland. There are no greater names in the science and art of midwifery than those of Louise Bourgeois, midwife to Marie de Medici and the court of France in the sixteenth century; Mme. Lachapelle, head of the Hôtel Dieu de Paris; and Mme. Boivin, also of Paris, the latter two contemporaries in the eighteenth century. All three published works full of original observations that are of the highest interest to-day, introduced obstetrical operations the technique of which is followed to the letter even now, and laid bare many points in the theory and practice of midwifery not known to the science of their time. They were all women of learning, and of extensive political influence, and the story of their activity forms one of the most interesting and brilliant chapters in the history of medicine on the one hand, and of France on the other. Of Mme. Lachapelle it was said by one of the most famous obstetricians of the last century, that he had learned more from this brilliant woman than from any of the great teachers of Europe. Mme. Boivin, the latest of the three, was a woman of wide learning. She suffered many reverses of fortune, but at last attained to the highest degree of celebrity. Her genius is thought by critics to have been even brighter than that of Mme. Lachapelle, who is said to have excelled in practice. Mme. Boivin won, in 1818, a medal offered by the society of Paris for the best thesis on a special subject set by the society; in 1827, she published "Researches into the Nature, Origin, and Treatment of Hydatid Mole," for which she was given a medical degree, *honoris causa*, by the University of Marburg.

Other works followed, some on widely differing topics, though all medical, and eight years later she published, in two volumes, "A Practical Treatise of Disease. Containing 41 Original Plates, engraved and coloured." This book is of the highest practical value to-day, and consists of an enormous number of accurate, personal observations with sound deductions therefrom. The name of the author is followed by the titles: "Mme. Boivin, Doctor of Medicine, decorated with the gold Medal of Civil Merit of Prussia."

Although the practice of medicine was forbidden to women in France after the sixteenth century, the pursuit of medicine as a study, or of the art as a means of philanthropy, was followed by a number of women outside of the profession of midwifery. The most celebrated of these were Mlle. Bihéron, Mme. d'Arconville, and Mme. Necker, all of the eighteenth century. The first named, Mlle. Bihéron, specialized in anatomy and dissection, which she studied in the face of the greatest difficulty and adversity. Mme. d'Arconville was also an anatomist, but had a wider range of interest as well; she made translations into French of many important medical works, adding to these her own observations. Her most important original work is her "*Essai pour servir a l'Histoire de Putréfaction*," Paris, 1766. It is founded on a remarkable series of original experiments with animal and vegetable substances to determine the origin of putrefaction, and is incontestably one of the most important productions of the feminine mind in the domain of medicine. The last of the three, Mme. Necker, is known as the reformer of the French hospitals. In 1779, at a time when the hospitals of Paris were at the lowest point of misery and bad hygiene, the patients not only crowded together in unventilated and dirty rooms, but several lying together in a single bed, Mme. Necker built a small model hospital, where she put into practice the reforms which she felt were needed. She also published a book "*L'Hospice de Charité, les Institutions, Règles, et Usages de cette Maison*," in which she describes the abuses of the hospital system as it then existed in Paris, and

the reforms needed and carried out in her own *hospice*. This little book, and her model house of charity, did not go unnoticed, but were followed by signal reforms, and the timely seed sown by them has borne fruit in the modern hospitals of France.

Sixty years later, in 1854, the devotion and the genius of an Englishwoman, initiated, projected, organized, and controlled perhaps the greatest reform that the medical world has ever known. Miss Florence Nightingale was born in 1828 of an old and wealthy Yorkshire family, and was brought up with all the benefits to heart and mind that education, travel, and a home of culture and happy family relations could bring to her. Possessed by a love of her fellows that sent her as a young girl to the homes of the sick poor on her father's estate, later to the hospitals of Edinburgh and London, and, finally, for three months to an institution for deaconesses at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, where she gained experience in caring for and dressing the sick, the outbreak of the terrible Crimean war found her ready and prompt for action. When, in the winter of 1852, the news reached England that twenty-three out of every one hundred wounded soldiers were dying, not of their wounds, but of scurvy and dysentery brought on by neglect, and when it became necessary to send out medical aid to the seat of war, the idea came simultaneously to the British government to seek the services of Miss Nightingale, and to her to volunteer them, and the relief corps left for the Crimea with a woman of twenty-six at its head.

We all know the wonderful story of the result. A death-roll reduced in a year from twenty-three to three out of every one hundred of the wounded soldiers, a military hospital service organized, and crying evils reformed in the face of unspeakable difficulties in the field; finally, the great and lasting fruits of her labours in the development of the magnificent system of hospital nursing of to-day. For more than thirty years the architectural plans of nearly all the hospitals of England were submitted to her by their

boards of administration, for her revision, and it was on her plans that the Hôpital des Enfants at Lisbon and many hospitals of India and Australia were built.

The name of Florence Nightingale brings us down to the present day. From this short, historical retrospect some reflections present themselves in connexion with this subject of hospital reform and organization with which the names of Florence Nightingale and Mme. Necker are so nobly associated. Throughout the centuries, medical art and science, like other forms of human activity, have fluctuated with the social conditions of the time. The waning progress of the darker epochs of our history, such as was seen in the early Middle Ages and again in the two hundred years preceding the middle of the nineteenth century, were characterized by a lack of freedom that led to the almost complete exclusion of women even from that legitimate sphere of humanitarian activity, the care of the sick poor. The miserable conditions prevailing in the hospitals of this period are pictured by the historians of the art of nursing in graphic terms. They do not hesitate to ascribe much of the degradation of the hospital wards and the suffering of the patients during the dark period of nursing, as they term those two hundred years before the middle of the nineteenth century, to the low status of the nurse and to the deprivation of women of almost all intelligent initiative and responsibility in hospital matters at this time. "In this period," writes Jacobson, a German historian, on "The Care of the Ailing," "the hospitals of cities were like prisons, where the patients were crowded together, deprived of all comforts and even of necessaries. In the municipal and state institutions, the beautiful gardens, roomy halls, and springs of water of the old hospitals of the later Middle Ages were not heard of, still less the comfort of their friendly interiors."

From what has been said, it is not strange that in the great wave of hospital organization that spread over Europe in the thirteenth century, when every town of five thousand

inhabitants is said to have erected to itself a hospital, we read that women were largely the pioneers, and that the care of the women and children patients was confided almost entirely to them. At this time, too, the wonderful success of the great hospital movement of the Middle Ages, to stamp out leprosy by isolation, which is said to be the best example that history gives of how a widespread contagion may be effaced, is ascribed largely to the self-sacrificing devotion of the women who participated in the work. Nor should it be forgotten by Canadians that the colonization of Montreal was primarily the result of missionary endeavour and nursing enterprise. With the history of the origin of Montreal is closely interwoven the story of the heroism of those few women who left home and friends behind them in sunny France, to brave the icy rigours of a Canadian winter and the terrors of Indian hostilities, and who sailed for Canada with the first colonists of Ville Marie, for the avowed purpose of founding a hospital here. So came, in 1642, Jeanne Mance, a woman of slight and delicate frame, but endowed with singular executive ability, and imbued with the single-minded religious fervour that burned in the hearts of so many of that generation, consecrated to the ideal of a life devoted to the physical welfare and the spiritual needs of the young colony and of the savage tribes surrounding it. Three times, by her judgement, enterprise, and personal intervention, she saved her hospital from annihilation, and more than once, by self-devotion and common sense, she delivered the infant colony of Ville Marie from destruction by the hostile Iroquois. With such beginnings, and with her as its foundress, the Hôtel Dieu arose. And the struggling hamlet of Ville Marie emerged into security as the city of Montreal, as much through the devoted efforts of the great women of our own past, Jeanne Mance, Mme. D'Youville, Mme. de Brèsoles, nurses and missionaries all, as through the fostering care of its founder and first statesman, Monsieur de Maisonneuve.

A brief reference is all that can be made to the work that is being done by women in medicine at the present day.

Conditions have changed greatly in the last sixty years, and we live in an era of women's medical colleges, and of the admission of women to established medical schools. The restrictions of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first half of the nineteenth centuries have slowly passed away, and one by one all the countries of Europe—England, Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Holland, France, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, last of all, Germany—have admitted women to their medical degrees. In many places the step has been taken only in very recent times, and it is too early to look for results. A Koch, a Pasteur, an Ehrlich, or a Metchnikoff has not yet arisen among women in modern medical research. But the sum of human knowledge is not wholly achieved by the solving of a few problems. It is formed, too, by the consensus of innumerable honest and precise observations, original investigations, and independent conclusions, and such work is being done by many women in medical research to-day. Lydia Rabinovitch-Kempner, a Russian by birth, but a graduate of an American college, has made prolific contributions to the bacteriology of tuberculosis and allied subjects, and is recognized as a leading original thinker on this subject. Mme. Déjérine-Klumpke, and Mme. Metscknikoff of Paris, and Mme. Vogt of Berlin, are also authorities in their respective lines of research. In America, Martha Wollstein, Fellow of the Rockefeller Institute of New York, and pathologist to the New York Babies' Hospital, Alice Hamilton, of the Memorial Institute of Chicago, Katherine Collins, assistant-director of the state board of health of Atlanta, Anna Williams, of the New York board of health, Claribel Cone, professor of pathology at the Women's Medical College of Baltimore, Lydia de Witt and Edna Steinardt, of Ann Arbour, Florence Sabin, associate professor of anatomy at Johns Hopkins, Lilian Welsh and Mary Sherwood, of Baltimore, Adelaide Ward Peckham and Martha Tracey, of Philadelphia, Dorothy Reed Mendelhall, of Wisconsin, Helen Baldwin, of Professor Herter's laboratory, New York, Caroline McGill, working on the Sarah Berliner Fellowship

in Europe, and many others, are women whose names stand high as original investigators.

In conclusion, a few words may be added upon the sociological aspect of medical research by women as illustrated by the work of Dr. Alice Hamilton and others. Dr. Hamilton, who is engaged in pathological and bacteriological research at the Memorial Institute of Chicago, has made her home for the last twelve years at the college settlement of Hull House. In addition to making valuable contributions upon the subject of immunity and allied problems, she uses the opportunity afforded by her residence there, for work in social reform among the Italians of the neighbourhood and for the study of the many questions that relate to the overcrowding of the poor in large cities. In this connexion she has had part in an investigation into a typhoid epidemic, into the prevalence of tuberculosis in that part of the city, into the relation of excessive child-bearing and infant mortality, and for four years has fought the illegal sale of cocaine in the city, testifying as medical expert in the police courts. Such work as this is mentioned last, but it is among the most important of the contributions medical women are making to the science of modern times, for it has its springs in the love of humanity, that instinct of our race which has always been the incentive of the true disciple of the great medical profession.

MAUDE E. ABBOTT

KNOSSOS

On recent archæological discoveries at Knossos, Crete.

Date, 2500 B.C.

Upon my spirit how the ages press!
  This little life that folds our nothingness,
One fleeting ray: from dark to dark we pass,
  A pebble 'neath the glacier's moving mass.

O to be living now! For us the sight
  Of these late days of larger, fuller light,
Beneath this older sun to draw the breath
  Once theirs, who lived within these halls of Death.

This Life was theirs; they watched the " banded bee,"
  Heard in the spring the bird's sweet minstrelsy,
They loved the lily—for the temper'd clay
  Bears us its beauty as it blooms to-day.

They built, and wrought, and warr'd; with love beguiled
  Ere Homer's harp was strung or Helen smiled;
All now we know the delving searcher brings—
  A buried throne of lost, forgotten kings.

Nameless, they leave nor hieroglyph nor sign
  To tell their past, where older pasts entwine;
More deep the secret, more the story hid
  Than Nineveh or Egypt's pyramid.

Nay, deeper, deeper, hoarding Earth has kept
  The sharpen'd flint that tells where breathed and slept
Those earlier men, as faint to them as they
  To us, pale shades upon Life's morning grey.

Tell me, ye stars! of azure infinite,
  Ye tireless watchers through the world's long night,
What lives of them in us, who throb and beat
  Toward completion, ever incomplete?

We are the bearers from long-fallen hands
  Of Life's great brand which fades but quenchless stands;
Ours is the voice where all the Ages speak;
  In us the Soul, that, as the mountain-peak,

Pierces the purer heights, though darkly set
  In the dim Aeons all unnumber'd yet,
And heavenward looks,—above the mists to shine
  In the white radiance of the Light Divine.

MARGARET G. YARKER

A PLEA FOR A CANADIAN THEATRE

MUCH material is turned out from the commercial mills that is offered to the public as good drama. This notably takes the form of second class sexology plays, frequently styled " translations from the French," dealing with the eternal triangle of husband, wife, and lover, or the alternative square, including another female of equally unstable, moral equilibrium. Essentially it has a star part in which a popular actress can display a neurotic temperament and well fitting gowns to match. Some manager has advertised her like a patent pill, which the public are told to swallow. The public do it with a gulp, but the remainder of the deplorably inefficient cast sticks like fish bones in the throat. Two other forms which this malady assumes are what the pre-production press preludes as " strong plays," or " drawing-room comedies." These, in a sense, are more dangerous forms of the disease since they make some pretension to imitating real life, and, what is perhaps less forgivable, real art. They might be classified as the illegitimate offspring of real comedy and true melodrama. But as drama they have no being. They are granted a transient vogue of favour, and are soon buried in oblivion.

When we come to look at drama from a positive standpoint, we find a greater danger still—it is so often deemed a sermon, or something forbidden and unclean, at any rate serious, and that is too much for some people. The drama I wish to speak of in this paper includes tragedy, comedy, farce, fantasy, and the poetical play, ancient and modern, so let that be understood at the outset.

Montreal is utterly divorced from every high ideal and true reality of the finest European drama. Grand opera, however, is not included in this statement; in fact, by very

comparison with the practical attainments of the last opera season, the futility of the theatres is thrown into high relief. One week of Sarah Bernhardt is another exception, with reservations, that goes to prove the rule.

And now let us again proceed by negative, as that seems a more forcible and profitable argument than citing the series of productions during the last season. Who are the playwrights who think first, and write afterwards, in the England of to-day? John Galsworthy stands out, a new and prominent figure, with at least three fine plays to his name, plays that can take a place in Europe, "The Silver Box," "Strife," the greatest, since it takes in the broadest section of life, and "Justice," the play of last year with which Mr. Frohman's ill-fated London repertory theatre was initiated. Then comes to the mind Granville Barker whose knowledge of modern production and stage-management is the highest in England. His play "The Voysey Inheritance" is in the front rank, and also "Waste," which a benign censor vetoed. Rudolph Bessier and Arnold Bennet, new dramatists of strength and promise, I have only space to name. Of the older established writers, J. M. Barrie the immortal, and Pinero the perennial, cannot be omitted.

And now for contemporary Germany: to mention only two, Hauptmann followed at a distance by Suderman (the "Pinero of Potsdam"), where do they figure on our playbills? France has much to give us with such men as Henri Bataille, whose recent piece "La Vierge Folle" is acclaimed a masterpiece, Georges de Porto-Riche, and greater still Brieux, the social satirist and propagandist, Paul Hervieu, Jean Richepin, Alfred Capus, and a host of others in lighter vein, not to forget the ever-resplendent Rostand. And to come to the end of this seemingly pretentious, yet in fact essential, category, where are Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Strindberg, Benavente? One need not confine one's self to the living only, for Ibsen, Goethe, Molière, Shakespeare, to mention only four, are seldom if ever found here. Irish

plays we may leave out of the question as that necessitates an Irish company.

And what does Montreal give us as a substitute ? There are a few small streaks of sunlight filtering through the clouds of mediocrity, such as, I suppose, one or two English actors like Forbes Robertson, Edward Terry, George Arliss, or an American actress such as Miss May Robson, whose plays are valueless from any modern dramatic standpoint, their sole justification being that they act as vehicles for the commercial success of their artistically established producers. They may pass for one a pleasant evening, but they are not drama in any sense of the word.

There is one outstanding figure which pays a too-infrequent visit, Madame Nazimova, and she constitutes my strongest argument. In her and Ibsen Montreal has seen one of the finest modern exponents of the finest psychological dramatic work, and has appreciated it to the full. She is an accident in a theatrical system that spells its own damnation. For when all is said and done, this expanding prosperous nation of Canada, with its rising generations, its ambitions, opportunities, and future, is being spoon-fed by the worst form of commercial plays at the dictates of financiers in the United States, whose sole object is the dollar. Montreal has little to say in the matter—no choice but to grin and bear it. And then the argument about Madame Nazimova brings me to the second point in this paper, that Montreal can, and does, appreciate the best, that it has a remedy for the evil in its own hands, and an ideal to work for which is practicable and measurably in reach of attainment. If it be deemed necessary, dealing in hard fact as we do, to produce evidence that this city has the feeling, the understanding, taste, and capacity for appreciating the finer arts, we need only point to the support of Madame Nazimova, of the musical artists who come here, and of the recent grand opera season. To have made the latter the achievement that it was needed a far higher scale of optimism in the initial stages than I

am pleading for, since for every person that attends opera at least three will go to the play.

But the dramatic outlook in Montreal is less cheerless than it is in London, where serious men have been striving for years against two elements of vast and disheartening magnitude. Firstly, they have to undo an evil of long standing: the London public has to unlearn all that tradition has taught them to regard as drama—good actors of an out-of-date school, actors whose names draw the public to their theatres to see mediocre plays superbly staged with an extravagance that is now proverbially prohibitive of a manager's taking a risk on a new and unknown author. United to this is the average well-to-do Londoner's outlook on the theatre, an outlook that revels in such sublime lack of discrimination that the true purpose of the playhouse has been degraded to the status of a digestive intermezzo between dinner at the Carlton and supper at the Savoy. It may be epitomized as super-apathy. Incidentally the actor-manager system is the Jabberwock, swooping down upon what little optimism is still left struggling with its head above the tide.

The second element, if not greater, is still more troublesome since it rightly prejudices many open-minded people who have not time or training to separate the grain from the chaff. This element takes the worst form of snobbish intellectualism, feeding as it does on the weeds of literature and the coarse undergrowth of art, springing, as it did, from some popular wave of mistaken middle-class temperamentalism that adopted artistry for art, and a canting pose for unconventionality, in its assumed endeavour to transcribe its own misconception of Parisian Bohemia to London, via the suburbs.

Here in Canada all is different. Optimism and the eye for new development take the place of apathy, while the theatres up to this time have been too essentially negative and trivial in every respect to have created even a bad tradition. In Montreal there is a public with an open, unprejudiced mind subsisting on a weekly diet of His Majesty's

locusts and the wild honey of the Princess; for in spite of our city we are, dramatically speaking, still in the wilderness.

Purely in parenthesis I cannot fairly and in justice pass on without a brief reference to the modest Théâtre National, whose limitations of location and censorship give the cast but poor opportunity of showing how they can act in good French plays. I had the pleasure of seeing Brieux's "La Robe Rouge," and, at a more recent date, the farcical comedy "La Petite Chocolatière" finely performed there.

And now, to return, what is the remedy for Montreal? I do not anticipate the accusation of prematurity; and the scheme I venture to propound is one that would necessitate at least two or three years to attain completion; for we must move slowly and surely, above all things adopting a firm hand and a decisive line in avoiding false imitations and false ideals. What Manchester and Dublin have done for at least six years Montreal can do three years hence; that is, maintain a local repertory theatre.

But now, before theorizing further, let us consider what a repertory theatre exactly is; and in looking at it I do not propose to go further than sketching the broad lines and the deeper issues, since the technical points of management and finance are beyond the scope of this article. The repertory theatre of to-day, though interpreted on somewhat different lines in different places, is the modern reading, the revised version, of the old-time, established, stock company. That is to say there is a permanently established theatre, management, and company producing new plays and changing their programme at short intervals, as opposed to the long run system prevalent in London, Paris, and New York. Let me, for the sake of illustration, explain roughly the basis of Miss Horniman's repertory company in Manchester.

Miss Horniman started from an artistic and non-commercial standpoint, that is, from the outset she was willing to risk loss of profit for gain in dramatic achievement. She gathered to herself a first-class company of artists in which was no "star," and on her programme figured no name

familiar to a London public. Their training was in the interpretation of modern drama, and their versatility is proof of the excellence of that training. In London a popular actor is apt to become associated in the public mind with one special type of rôle—the cynic, the frivolous wife, the old Bohemian, etc.—and the result is that he is engaged whenever such a part crops up. In repertory the actor plays many parts in the year, all dissimilar, all needing careful thinking out and adaptability. And for the drama of to-day and to-morrow actors must learn to think before they try to act, otherwise no interpretation can be satisfactory in its reading.

Now Miss Horniman's company will produce, say, "Candida" by Shaw for two weeks. Meanwhile they are actively rehearsing Sheridan's "The Critic," and are getting a primary grasp of a Suderman translation. In the third week of my example "The Critic" will be staged for a week. In the fourth, "The Critic" will hold the boards for the first three days, and Suderman's "Midsummer Fires" come into the bill on Thursday evening. In the fifth week possibly each of these three plays will be acted a couple of days apiece. This bill may then be repeated during the sixth week while Ibsen's "The Doll's House" is in final rehearsal, and then, in the seventh week, they will drop "Candida" from the bill, and work on the other plays. I do not say that Miss Horniman's company have actually produced these plays in the manner stated. I think sometimes they keep a play on for two weeks or so, and once during a Christmas season they had quite a long run of "Twelfth Night." But the principle of répertoire is what I wish to make clear, and the results achieved thereby.

Then this company goes on tour in repertory, including Oxford and London in the places they visit. Two years ago in London they came to the Coronet theatre in suburban Nottinghill, producing Shaw, Galsworthy, and other plays. They came for two weeks, and, if I recollect aright, stayed approximately four or five, so great was their success.

At Oxford a dramatic league was initiated some three years ago, with, I think, Professor Gilbert Murray at its head, which works in conjunction with Miss Horniman's company, who pay Oxford a week's visit each term. During last October term, for sake of example, the plays produced in the course of the week were Galsworthy's " Justice " and " The Critic," possibly also one other which I have forgotten. During this last Easter term their bill read as follows: " Man and Superman " and " The Philanderer " by Shaw; Ibsen's " Doll's House." At the time of writing they are again in London at the Coronet theatre producing, *inter alia*, " The Critic." So this should give a sound general view of their work and their ideals. As regards the acting one can only express a personal opinion for what it is worth, but I consider that as a whole company of artists working together for the common good they are the finest English company to-day.

In an article on " John Synge," which appeared in the last number of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, I spoke of the work of the Dublin repertory company, called " The Irish National Theatre Company," with Mr. Yeats as its pioneer and Miss Horniman as its founder; I need not therefore refer to that again. But a paper by Mr. Granville Barker appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of January last, entitled " Two German Theatres," showing to what a fine point this repertory system can be carried in course of time by systematic working. His most deeply interesting article opens with the following words :

" We are to have our National theatre in good time and our municipal theatres, too, I hope. We need them. They will make for the security and dignity of dramatic art. We owe, I think, such public recognition of the theatre, not only to our intellectual self-respect, but to our moral health and safety. For the ethics of modern drama are the ethics of a vast number of men and women between the ages of seventeen and fifty, whether they are conscious of it or not. Surely it is worth a community's while to keep a controlling hand on such a force."

That is a fine ultimatum. The author then proceeds with much tolerant humour to re-explain the working of a repertory theatre for the benefit of his readers, adding that no German theatre of any pretension could confess to being anything else. He states that the theatre under consideration is in fact two theatres adjoining, on a basis of double repertory. A further extract from his paper will be of interest as it shows the system perfected, in quality, variation from grave to gay, ancient to modern, and also the quantity produced :

"Repertory is the putting of plays in a theatre as books are put in a well-used library. A book must be upon the shelves that one man may take it down. Plays are hardly as portable as that. But a theatre so organized that, having produced a play and justified its production, it can keep the play reasonably ready for use while it is likely that five or six hundred people at a time will want to see it, is a repertory theatre. Very well then. The Deutsches in Berlin is a repertory theatre. Let us quote its bills for one week this autumn:

	Deutsches Theatre.	Kammerspielhaus.
Tuesday, Oct. 25	Faust	A Comedy of Errors. Le Mariage Forcé.
Wednesday, Oct. 26..	Sumurun	Der Graf von Gleichen.
Thursday, Oct. 27....	Judith	A Comedy of Errors Le Mariage Forcé.
Friday, Oct. 28....	A Midsummer Night's Dream	The Doctor's Dilemma.
Saturday, Oct. 29....	Herr und Diener	A Comedy of Errors. Le Mariage Forcé.
Sunday, Oct. 30	Herr und Diener	A Comedy of Errors. Le Mariage Forcé.
Monday, Oct. 31.....	Sumurun	Gawan.

"Let me analyse this programme. The production of 'Faust' dates from March 25th, 1909. It has been given many times this year, and this was its hundred and fourteenth performance altogether. I saw it; it was excellent, and the house (which is rather smaller than His Majesty's, rather bigger than the Haymarket) was very well filled. 'Sumurun' is a pantomime play with music, built upon the famous tale 'The Hunchback' and two or three other stories from the 'Arabian Nights.' It is a brilliant romp, remarkable, too, for the individual excellence of some of the acting, but above all for the ingenuity and inventiveness of the production, quite one of Reinhardt's triumphs. It was one of the spring season's successes, and is still popular, having reached per-

haps its fiftieth performance. Hebbel's 'Judith' was first produced here on February 25th of this year, and has been played fifty-three times. 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was Reinhardt's first big Shakespearean success. It has been played over five hundred times and is never long out of the bill. This is probably the theatre's record, and, indeed, too long a life for any production. 'Herr und Diener' is a new play of Ludwig Fulda's, something, as Bottom would say, 'in Ercles vein,' and played very much so. These were its first two performances. On Monday 'Sumurun' again.

"Now for the Kammerspielhaus. The 'Comedy of Errors' with 'Le Mariage Forcé' is the latest production, a few weeks old only, and a great success, as appears by its being in the bill four times in one week. I fancy that no play may be done oftener. That this has been given twenty-three times in six weeks is at least a record. 'Der Graf von Gleichen,' by Wilhelm Schmidtbonn, one of the younger of the Rhineland school of dramatists, is a play drawn from mediæval saga. It was produced in December, 1908, and holds its place. 'The Doctor's Dilemma' was produced here in November, 1908. It has now a hundred and thirty-two performances to its credit, and is never out of the bill for very long. It steadily attracts its congregations. 'Gawan,' by Eduard Stucken, is one of a cycle of plays dealing with the Arthurian legend; one might call its author, not quite inappropriately, a sort of dramatic Burne-Jones. It was produced in the spring and has achieved about thirty performances.

"Now this is quite a normal week's working for the time of year. The season lasts from the first of August to the end of May. About twenty new productions will be made in that time. Within the next few months are due, 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'Hamlet,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Othello,' the second part of 'Faust,' 'The Master Builder,' Shaw's 'Misalliance,' 'The Blue Bird,' and Capus's 'L'oiseau blessé.' This then is repertory. We have this one organization, with its two houses, ranging from Shaw to Shakespeare, giving us in one week a greater variety of good drama than any two London theatres will give in a year."

Although I have endeavoured to show what is being done elsewhere, what is the system upon which the idea of repertory is founded, and what are its practical results in being, my last wish would be to advocate adoption of any one European system for Canada. The moment is crucial; we must not merely dream and write, but act, and there are two primary steps that can and should be taken.

Our next opera season ends in the latter part of January, 1912. Why should not some other public spirited men, who have not the burden of the opera upon their shoulders, make overtures to Miss Horniman's Manchester repertory company for a six week season, combining Montreal and Toronto? If, purely by way of insurance, guarantees are deemed advisable, these guarantees would neither be so large as those necessitated by opera, nor, to my mind, would there be a moment's doubt as to the financial success. Such a season as suggested, including plays by Shaw, Galsworthy, Ibsen, and other continental writers, as well as possibly one Sheridan and Shakespearean representation, would settle once and for all the question of public interest and support. The company could then come out under the auspices of the opera patrons, though the very scope and field of their work would attract a far wider range of followers. Every endeavour should be made to keep prices at normal rates, or at least as low as would at least cover the expenses of travel. One item that would contribute to this would be that the company do not attempt so called "scenic effect." Their scenes are simple, artistic, and inextravagant. What we should pay for would be fine plays finely acted, not "fifteen scenes and 160 people, mostly girls." Possibly some question might arise as to Canadian copyrights of proposed plays being in Mr. Frohman's possession, but after his own fine effort last year towards the establishment of a repertory theatre in London he would, I feel sure, be the last to place any unnecessary difficulty in the path of a satisfactory mutual arrangement.

To turn now to a second point. Supposing such a plan as that sketched above can be arranged, and the company able to accept the offer of a season in Canada, we must not be idle in the meantime. I advocate a committee of men who are willing to work for the future. Let them acquire the sympathetic co-operation of a small consulting committee in England, that includes, if possible, on the technical side, Miss Horniman and Mr. Granville Barker, two people whose work stands as proof positive of their sincere enthusiasm and

practical grasp of this wide subject. Let the establishment of a Canadian repertory theatre in Montreal be considered from a technical and financial basis as well as the artistic.

And at this point a word of serious warning is essential. In considering the scheme, the outline for such a company, let us profit by the sad experience of failures. The New Theatre Company of New York started on an utterly false foundation, the very size of the theatre limiting their opportunities from the outset. Their selection and presentation of plays falls undoubtedly far short of what I have read as being their original ambition. From the point of view of the company as an artistic unit, we see another failure. The cast is essentially an uneven one, not only embracing English and American accents, but some actors of the old school and at least one actress, Miss Olive Wyndham, who should go far on the new lines if she had the chance. As regards their production here of " The Merry Wives of Windsor " I cannot speak, as I had to choose between seeing that or Pinero's " Thunderbolt." The mere fact of their selection of the latter piece—a very second rate play for the author, one that his London public refused to support—and the totally inartistic and burlesque stage management of the production constitute other proofs of my point.

The basis of the functions of this suggested committee must throughout be that of firm discrimination and selection. Take the best that Germany can teach, learn all possible from the Manchester and Dublin companies, profit by the experience of Mr. Frohman's London repertory company, and by the exa nple of the New theatre; see what the Court theatre achieved under the Vedrenne-Barker régime in London, consult with the ablest in England and on the Continent; then separate, compare, differentiate, draw the sum total of the good that can be acquired, bring the residuum to Canada, adapt it to the needs of the country, and on that foundation let us work out our own ideals for the ultimate achievement of a Canadian national theatre. For in every branch of development, it is surely by such a process as this,

and only by such a process, that a rising nation at the smallest expense can attain the highest realisation of itself. Incidentally I foresee no difficulty in getting together for Montreal a capable company. The initial band of players could easily be mustered from the ranks of the young and enthusiastic generation of actors rising in England, who would welcome such a golden chance of showing their light, a light that is indisputably there, though in the England of to-day it has but scant opportunity for escape from under the narrow bushel of commercial management.

And now, within my evident limitations, I have endeavoured to show three things: the need for a permanently established Canadian theatre, the groundwork, taken from actual cases in point, upon which my idea of such a theatre has been formed; and the initial steps Montreal can, if it wills, take towards laying the foundation for such a scheme. Up to recent days Canada has been a land of pioneers, who have of necessity had to devote all their lives and energies to the physical development of its resources. This necessitated the individual for the individual in the very struggle for existence. Large, and ever-increasing, cities have arisen in the East and West, and with them has come into being a class who have attained a sufficient degree of wealth and of leisure to look beyond the immediate needs of the morrow, and to grasp a view of Canada in some relation to its proportion as a whole. After the individual for the individual came the individual for the city, a state of mis-applied patriotism that has unquestionably been carried too far in certain cities. And all the while the prairie melting pot is simmering with every nation. With the vast tracts of this country the tendency is towards a separation of interests between the East and the West. Anything, therefore, that can help to strengthen the unity of the nation is worthy of serious consideration. Does Canada wish its cities to drift into the social, spiritual, commercial, and artistic conditions that we find in the centre and west of the United States ?

I purposely mentioned artistic, for Canada too must bear authors, artists, dramatists, and musicians. The "unpractical" man, the dreamer, the artist, are as essential to the future prosperity and individuality of Canada, as they are to the civilization of other nations. No country can afford to dispense with the apparently unnecessary, with the man who has "no business head," but who can help his people to realise the expression of an individuality of their own by showing his countrymen the meaning of the forests, and teaching them the understanding of the stars. A nation is only a nation politically if it cannot boast men both representative and apparently unrepresentative of its nationality, since the latter class generally comprise those who are heralding a new generation, those who are setting still further on the horizon its unattainable ideal.

What then must inevitably happen to these men? Canada to-day has small place and little sympathy for its unrepresentative men. They are, of their very being, unconventional in the truest sense, and such unconventionality is not yet clearly understood by a majority who pin their faith and judgement to the outward uniformity of unessentials. What then happens to these men? They are driven to a semi-congenial Europe, where they will probably remain till they die, or till Canada creates a place for them.

The hands of the government are altogether too full, and it seems that any idea of such a theatre under state control or municipal subsidy would be for some years yet both unpracticable and unwelcome, and the mere proposal of it would be likely to create prejudice against the scheme; so we must rely on private enterprise from the outset. Suppose then that within three years a repertory company were established in Montreal on a sound, commercial and artistic basis. In the natural course of expansion, new playhouses will be built both here and elsewhere. Why should not this in some degree be systematised instead of casual ? If the repertory company is successful, it will deserve a home worthy of its high tradition. By worthy I do not mean

anything large, ostentatious, extravagant, such as the New theatre in New York, which defeated its own ends with the laying of the foundation stone. Some such theatre as I have in mind is the New Dramatic theatre in Stockholm, but there again the best must be extracted from Europe, and from that starting point Canada must work out its own ideals.

And so in years to come there seems no reason why such large cities of industrial development as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, should not each support its branch of the repertory company in buildings of unified structure representative of the Canadian national theatre. And these companies could be under one metropolitan management. Naturally there will still be other theatres catering for the touring companies from the United States and elsewhere, for I am not advocating their repression. But the standards set by the Canadian theatre will, by sheer competition, necessitate such companies being far above their present level.

And what such a unity as this might mean, what such an interchange of our repertory companies between the centres with passing visits to one-theatre towns, what all this might mean to the nation at large is almost incalculable. In course of time England must increase its repertory companies. What might not the probability of interchange with them do towards promoting a better understanding between the two countries? What might not possibly some such an interchange with France achieve upon our ideas? The Canadian actor and dramatist will no longer be driven from their home to the overcrowded and unsympathetic markets of England, or, still worse, to the ruinously fatal commercialism of the theatres in the United States. Canada will have its own theatres for the encouragement of its actors and its own art. And yet its art will not be of the city or of the province, it will not be national beyond a certain point, for art and drama must of their very essence be international, of all times and of all peoples.

What could not such a theatre in being do to solve the problem of the unity of city and province, of the linking of East and West ? There would arise a common interest, a common bond of sympathy and understanding that is uncommercial. And the offshoots, the side issues, from such a firm foundation are innumerable, till it seems that each Canadian theatre would become in time a centre for Canadian art and thought.

For drama awakens criticism, and criticism, if intelligent and constructive, an ever widening public interest; once the realisation of such interest goes forth from centres throughout the country, it is not a question of plays and players but of the development of the soul of the nation. And, platitude though it may be, the development of the soil is only an evolution essential to that of the soul.

But the sheer breath of possibility in the scheme must of itself awaken opposition. People who do not look for what Ibsen called " the revolution of the human soul," people who disfavour freedom of will, independent thought, criticism, discrimination, judgement, these people will meet upon a common platform with cant, hypocrisy, and prudery to protest, and will have joined unto them the managers of the United States' theatres.

I am pleading for unborn generations. Are our children, in the course of years, from sheer lack of opportunity to compare, criticise, discriminate, think, and judge for themselves, are they in their generation to have their minds stultified by such drivel as " The Soul Kiss " and " The House Next Door," or putrified by third-rate sexology? Unless something can be done to check the drift the only alternative will be to cut them away from such a theatre that denies them all the culture, all the training and enjoyment that the drama has to offer to men and women of intelligence.

JOHN EDWARD HOARE

MUSIC IN CANADA

CANADA is a young country, and it is not to be expected of young countries that they make such rapid progress in all departments as they naturally do in commerce and industry. It is, therefore, no reproach to Canadians that the pursuit of the liberal arts has with us been somewhat relegated to the background. The vast majority of those who, in the past, have come over to this country from various European countries, have done so with the fixed idea of bettering themselves from a worldly or commercial standpoint. Even if any had a tendency, hereditary or otherwise, towards art, primitive conditions and the general environment would be against it. The result is clearly seen in the present prevailing atmosphere of utilitarianism. If science is right in affirming that environment is more potent in shaping our ends than the influence of heredity, it evidently behoves us now to attend to and, if possible, amend our surroundings, for the benefit of future generations. It is a natural thing to suppose, for instance, that the right atmosphere or environment would at any rate be obtainable in a university city. But do we not sometimes find university authorities hard put to it, to prevent the universities themselves from degenerating into mere technical schools, entirely devoted to teaching trades, instead of being the centres of liberal and wide culture? Man does not live by bread alone, and yet even in the learned professions there is a danger of education being undertaken in the spirit long ago denounced by Plato,—the spirit of buying and selling, instead of "for the sake of the soul itself."

Specialization, or concentration on one particular branch of a subject, to the exclusion of all others, seems to be characteristic of the age in which we live. Instead

of a policy directed towards the broadening of men's minds, there is a tendency in the opposite direction, and, furthermore, we find that this is unfortunately the case at the most impressionable period of life. Wherever there is the guiding hand of a liberal-minded man at the helm, that particular university is endeavouring to realize a true ideal. What part are the universities of Canada playing in the development of musical culture? McGill is nobly trying to carry on, by means of its Conservatorium, the direct training of students as instrumentalists and vocalists, while insisting that the theoretical and historical side of the subject shall not be neglected by any of those who attend. It provides lectures not only for those who are studying for degrees in music or professional diplomas, but for all students, as well as opportunities for taking part in orchestral music and choral work. Its operations are not confined to Montreal, for its system of local musical examinations extends as far west as Victoria, and as far east as Halifax; in these, it endeavours to aid those teachers who are, against tremendous odds, trying to keep up a satisfactory standard of musical knowledge in their respective localities.

The University of Toronto has, at present, no direct teaching department of music, perhaps thinking that the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Toronto College of Music (the latter being affiliated to the university) are sufficient for all needs; but in addition to its examinations for degrees in music, it has a system of local examinations, confined chiefly to Ontario, though it meets with strong competitors in the examination field in the two Toronto institutions before mentioned. Dalhousie University, which confers degrees in music, has also no direct teaching department of music, but the Ladies' College, which is an institution affiliated to the university, has attached to itself the Halifax Conservatory of Music, and this is doing, from all accounts, excellent work. The western Universities of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia, have not yet, owing to their recent foundation, been able to touch

the subject of music, with the result that, in those parts, the field is more open to visiting bodies from the Motherland, than in any other part of Canada. It is not the purpose of this paper to endeavour to appraise the work of such institutions as the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, Trinity College of Music, London, Victoria College of Music, the London College of Music, or, in this article at any rate, to attempt to discriminate between them and the value of their certificates and diplomas. But it is more than evident that the time is ripe for Canada to create in musical examinations a standard of its own; to urge upon its chief universities the wisdom of acting together in the establishment of examinations in music for Canadian students; to see to it that those who come over here from the Motherland or any other European country, as teachers of music, are honourably working to build up a Canadian school of music. This is not separatism in art, nor is there anything anti-imperial in the notion of helping Canada, in such matters, to find her own feet. To be sure there is, in some quarters, an attempt to drag Imperialism into music, or music into Imperialism; but a little reflection will show that it is really an impossibility to confine the musical development of any country within limits dictated by such considerations. We only have to look for a moment at the surprisingly satisfactory results which have accrued through united action on the part of the universities of the Commonwealth of Australia, which have taken a firm stand against the attempt to set up a monopoly on the part of visiting examining boards of music. Here we find that the University of Melbourne instituted in 1902 a system of local examinations which grew rapidly in influence and efficiency. The University of Adelaide had done the same since 1887, but had acted in conjunction with the Associated Board of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music, London. Feeling that the work in which they had been engaged for some years could be

more efficiently performed by the adoption of common methods and a common standard, the two universities agreed to a joint scheme, which came into force in 1907. The newly constituted University of Queensland has lately decided to become a member of the joint undertaking and the University of Tasmania has sanctioned the holding of the examinations in Tasmania, agreeing to recognize them for the purposes of its own examinations. Unanimity of purpose and uniformity of standard are evidently reasons which outweigh all other considerations in shaping the policy of the universities of the Australian Commonwealth.

The Associated Board of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music in particular deserve the warmest commendation and thanks of the great over-seas self-governing Dominions, for much good work done in the past. The Board's examinations have certainly done much to elevate the standard of musical teaching both in Australia and in Canada. But it must be obvious to all who give any thought to the matter that the Associated Board could not have expected to hold these countries in leading-strings for all time. We have seen what is happening in Australia, and the same process may now be expected to develop in Canada. A moment's reflection will show the futility of expecting that any country so important as either Canada or Australia would deliberately choose that the musical executive skill of its students should be tested for ever by peripatetic examiners, who, through residing thousands of miles away, must naturally be imperfectly acquainted with the conditions of the country. The alternative of an authoritative board of examiners selected jointly by the universities is bound to force itself on the attention. The two points to be considered are, firstly, do Canadians respect and look up to their own universities, and, secondly, do those universities try in these, as in all other matters, to deserve the respect and confidence of Canadians? The

answer surely can only be in the affirmative. A strong and domestic policy in Canadian musical matters does not necessarily mean one of isolation, but one of free intercourse and interchange of ideas, including the study of music of all European nations and the acceptance of certain traditions from them. All these must be allowed to influence the building up of the national ideal, though not to such a degree as to exclude or stifle that originality and spontaneity which should spring from, and express in musical language, things distinctively Canadian, such as the varied beauties of Canadian scenery, and the lives and habits of the people. Such should be the broad policy upon which the music of the nation should be built, and which would, in due course, be most likely to produce a truly representative composer, who would do for Canada what Greig has done for Norway, Elgar for England, Sibelius for Finland, Dvorak for Bohemia.

But, turning aside for a moment from the subject of testing students in music as to their ability to play, sing, or compose, we have to consider what efforts are being made, or ought to be made, to train listeners to appreciate and critically to enjoy music, to lift them above the plane of mere sensuous enjoyment into that of intelligent comprehension. This is a matter of supreme importance, and, equally with literature, ought to be cultivated and stimulated in the training of young people. It ought to even precede, and at any rate accompany, all musical work of an executive kind, for it is only by awakening this sense that there will be any real progress in the artistic perception and discrimination of the nation. Music is a literature, and ought to be thought of and studied from that point of view. In spite of the fact that more than one eminent musician has, in his despair, pronounced music on this side of the Atlantic to be a craze of American women, there are healthy signs that educationists, putting out of calculation any professional musicians who might be held to be interested parties, see the advisability, if not necessity, of using the influence of music as a potent factor in the moulding of character, and are also

determined to try gradually to raise the terribly low standard of taste which prevails as regards art in general. They fully recognize that the foundations of the musical taste of any nation should be laid in the elementary schools. In the recommendations for music in secondary or high schools, recently issued by the English Board of Education, occurs the following sentence: "Music so rarely forms as important a part in the foundation of a liberal general culture as it undoubtedly should, for music teaching has been, and is still, too often synonymous with the mere training of fingers and voice, while the really important side of the subject, that which appeals to the higher emotions, awakens the imagination (and cultivates sensitiveness to artistic impressions), is neglected." Leaving out of the question the more rural parts of either country, is not this still more so in Canadian cities than in those of England?

In a lecture given by the writer to the teachers of the Protestant schools of Quebec province, he pointed out that as only two per cent. of quite young children are tone-deaf, and the remaining 98 per cent. innately musical, or have an ear for music,—though the faculty for using that ear, if it is not systematically and rightfully trained, rapidly deteriorates and perhaps dies,—greater systematic efforts ought to be made to so guide the minds of children that a great majority, and not a small minority, shall, at the age of puberty at any rate, have an appreciation of music which is slightly above the level, in secular instrumental music, of rag-time productions; in secular vocal music, of a trashy ballad; and in church music, of the meretricious, sentimental, languorous, unhealthy trash, which is too often inflicted on us under the name of sacred music.

Either banish music altogether from schools, or else let school managers see to it that no teachers deal with it unless they apprehend fully the three objects for which school music exists, namely, the awakening of the æsthetic sense, the disciplining of the mental and moral nature, and physical development.

On some other occasion the writer may perhaps be able to go into more detail with regard to school-music, which is of such vast importance, seeing that the children are the audiences of the future, and intelligent comprehension is the goal at which to aim, rather than display of ability to perform. The highest educational authorities in the Dominion appear to be fully alive to the importance of the points here touched upon, but the inability of the average school-teacher to appreciate the æsthetic and ethical aspect of the subject, so as to impart it unconsciously to students, is a block to progress. Something more even than an innate gift of, or acquired complete proficiency in, the " art of teaching " is required. However, it is a subject for congratulation that music is regarded as a fit and proper subject for the school curriculum, and it probably is only a matter of time before it is more efficiently dealt with.

But how about the adult population of the present generation, who naturally have had fewer advantages than those who are at present availing themselves of school and university education? A learned writer in the United States tried to assign some reasons, a few years ago, which led to music not being allotted a higher place in the general scheme of culture on this side of the Atlantic. He summarized them as follows: (1) The principles which led to the existence and settlement of the country, and the endeavour by the Puritans to regard beauty, in itself, as opposed to duty, and therefore to be avoided; (2) the ignorance of literary and scientific men in regard to all the arts; (3) the low standard which musicians, as a body, who reside on this continent have been willing to accept and have suffered to exist; (4) the popular impression that music, as a profession, has no practical basis financially. Commenting on these reasons, we find that, with the introduction of organs into the churches of all denominations, the old Puritan idea is gradually being modified, though, in the matter of social status, the organist of a church is still generally regarded as on a much lower plane than the clergyman. Certainly his tenure of office

is not so secure. There is scarcely any person who is to be less envied than the organist of a church. That all-important body, the music-committee, may be docile and quiescent for a time, but sooner or later, the organist finds himself very much in the position of a foot-ball, emerging at the end of the game very much the worse for wear, and very often tossed away as being no good at all. The more of a time-server he is, the more he sacrifices any high ideals he may have once had, to adopt those of people who say they know what the congregation want,—with the result that a particular brand of saccharine banality is the only kind of music which is to be heard at that particular church, —the longer would seem to be his tenure of office. Many cases have come to the writer's personal knowledge which have shown no absence of tact upon the part of the organist, and no charge of incompetence could be adduced as the real reason, but the organist was literally driven into resigning. We can scarcely wonder, then, that organists of churches have, in consequence, allowed low standards to exist. Up till lately, they have, as a body, been nominally in charge of all Canadian music, as, in addition to their church and teaching work, they have been the conductors of its choral societies and its orchestral societies. Until the last few years, except in perhaps the cities of Montreal and Toronto, there can have been little or no scope or livelihood for a professional musician, without the modest but more or less settled income derived from a church position. Now-a-days things are changing rapidly. In a great many cities, even in those of moderate size, we find specialists in the various branches of music, competing with the general practitioner. In many cases, organists, who have been merely organists in name, and not because they had any special aptitude for it, have given up church appointments, to devote themselves entirely to some branch of music more peculiarly their own. The larger towns, especially, are now well provided with teachers of both sexes, who are thoroughly capable and earnest; with executants both vocal and

instrumental (though, in the latter case, chiefly confined to pianists, violinists, and violoncellists); and with lecturers on the historical, æsthetical, and theoretical side of the art. It is much to be desired that a society, which should include all these, could be formed, with the objects of mutual help and support, of raising the status of the musical profession, and of safeguarding the public from the numerous quacks or charlatans who, at present, bring disgrace upon it as a profession.

It is a matter for congratulation that the provincial legislature of Quebec is so alive to the wisdom of encouraging music, as to pass, during the present session, a bill granting three thousand dollars a year of public money, to enable a student to pursue, for two years, a course of musical study in Europe. This certainly deserves to be cited as evidence of awakened interest in things artistic on the part of our provincial legislators, though it would perhaps have been well if they had recognized that there were other institutions deserving equal recognition with the one into whose sole charge they have committed this munificently endowed scholarship.

One thing to be regretted is the absence, in Canada, of good regimental bands such as exist in European countries. Nothing has been more useful in helping to raise the musical taste of the masses in those countries than these bands. Not only is Canada lacking in this respect, but also in orchestral performances generally; Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal each possess a symphony orchestra, but their warmest partisans recognize how far below the standard of first-class work they must necessarily fall, through local conditions. A visit from such orchestras as the New York Philharmonic Society, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, or, in its prosperous days, the Pittsburg Orchestra, reveals imperfections which might be obviated were it possible for the Canadian cities, by the establishment of a permanent orchestra, to secure instrumentalists who would be able to

make a living without being obliged to do "hack work" at a theatre or vaudeville show.

In most great cities, there is a large public concert hall, to which the inhabitants are able to point with the pardonable pride of possession, as actual, concrete evidence of the theory that theirs is a city where music flourishes. St. George's Hall, Liverpool; MacEwan Hall, Edinburgh; Town Hall, Leeds; St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich; Town Hall, Birmingham; Colston Hall, Bristol, are a few instances in the British Isles alone of a large concert hall seating many thousands, and equipped with a fine organ. In each of these cities, a somewhat similar policy is pursued by the municipal authorities, of providing at frequent and regular intervals the best music at the cheapest possible cost to the listener, thus bringing it within reach of the masses. In Canada, we at present find only the Massey Hall, Toronto, occupying an analogous position. Montreal is conspicuously in need of such a hall, where, in addition to the many other uses to which it could be put, popular concerts, for instance, on Saturday evening, could be provided at minimum charges. A church is, at present, the only place where an organ recital can be given, and these buildings are, in almost every case, bad from an acoustic point of view. Here the writer may be permitted to express his conviction that the stage of an opera house or theatre is not at all suited to orchestral performances, and there is no possible place, in such a building, where an organ could be erected.

At present, instead of regular concerts, at which might be heard all the best symphonies and symphonic poems, concertos, overtures, etc., and which would awaken a decided taste for music, we have to be content with occasional concerts at irregular intervals, and are out of touch with modern works which show the latest developments in orchestral colouring. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, which will, in the near future, most assuredly disappear, both in Toronto and Montreal are to be found certain features, which stamp them as being art centres, and the newer cities

in the West will not be very shortly far behind them. Toronto makes a specialty of choral music. It is only necessary to refer to Dr. Vogt's superb Mendelssohn Choir, so renowned throughout the continent that comments on it are superfluous. The development of musical art in the city of Toronto, alone, might readily be traced by a comparison of the programmes of the Mendelssohn Choir and the Symphony Orchestra for this season and what was attempted a decade ago, when the former society gave its first concert (1901), consisting entirely of unaccompanied works, with some pianoforte solos. The visits of the Mendelssohn Choir to centres in the United States have also done much to enlighten the people there as to our musical status on this side of the line. But it may not be so generally known that Toronto has other choral bodies, of scarcely less importance, in Dr. Ham's National Chorus, Mr. Fletcher's Schubert Choir, and the People's Choral Union. Could the love of concerted choral music, in any city, be more clearly demonstrated than by the presence of four large and purely unsectarian choral bodies, all showing excellence of performance and good support from the public?

Turning to Montreal, we find that, some years ago, this city had a flourishing body of choral singers in the Philharmonic, which somehow was allowed to die; various attempts at resuscitating it have not been crowned with complete success. The same, by the way, appears to be the case with a similar society at St. John, New Brunswick. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the performance of Grieg's Olaf Trygvason performed at the Arena, Montreal, last year, by the St. Louis de France chorus, with the orchestral part in the safe hands of Mr. Damrosch's New York orchestra, have reason, for Montreal's sake, to be proud of a large mixed-voice chorus (wholly French-Canadian) which can achieve such excellent results. Pierné's "Children's Crusade" was performed by this society before it was heard in Toronto. The interest which is, at the present time, taken in the work of this organization,

as well as that which has been recently aroused over the Orpheus male voice choir, which is affiliated to the McGill University Conservatorium, shows that choral work is active in Montreal. If this interest is maintained through the public spirit shown by organizers, performers, press and public alike, Montreal may yet have reason to point with pride to the result of combined and systematic work in the field of vocal concerted music. Visiting choral bodies, visiting orchestras, visiting operatic troupes, visiting vocalists and instrumentalists, all of whom have their use in providing excellent object lessons for those who seek instruction in musical art, can not altogether take the place of the home product. The newspaper press of Toronto has been of the greatest assistance to local effort by its systematic support of anything which it felt was developing the taste of the people along the right lines. Perhaps more could be done in this direction by the press of other cities. It cannot be encouraging to find them, at times, using laudatory adjectives over the vocal or digital acrobatic feats of a visiting soloist, but dealing out nothing but hard knocks to musical events which have a greater educational value, though a more local origin.

In Winnipeg, Ottawa, Halifax, and Vancouver, are also to be found choral societies, while in Victoria is a good male voice chorus (called the Arion) conducted by Mr. Russell, at a practice of which the writer was privileged to be present when in Victoria last year. In Regina, too, he had the good fortune to hear the local choral society give a very creditable public performance, at a slightly later date.

There has been, of late years in Canada, a steady increase in the number of those who view art in its various forms as a necessary factor in human existence. This is an encouraging feature in the case, but there are strange anomalies which flash across the mind when considering it; one of which is that, notwithstanding the apparent increase in culture, the fact remains that there have been many efforts to start and keep alive papers and magazines, intended to

cater for and encourage the growth of it, but such efforts have resulted either in the death of the paper, or its diversion into channels inconsistent with its original aims.

Another great factor in the development of musical culture on systematic lines is found in the various ladies' musical clubs, the members of which meet once every week for the purpose of listening to, or performing works which would otherwise be probably a sealed book to many of them. Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Winnipeg, Fort William, and Vancouver all possess one of these clubs, and there are undoubtedly many others of which the writer has not accurate personal knowledge. It is a matter for congratulation that these clubs do not limit their efforts to solo performances, but encourage ensemble playing, whether of strings alone, or of pianoforte and strings, not only by the members, but by engaging, for instance, so celebrated a quartet as the Flonzaley Quartet as an object lesson. Here we may remark that neither Montreal nor Toronto is without adequate representation in the domain of chamber music. In each of these cities there is at least one good string Quartet and several Trios composed of pianoforte and strings.

The interest taken in musical matters by the governor general and his family ought to be gratefully acknowledged. Not only has this interest been shown in a general way, but, by founding the "Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy" competition in 1906, His Excellency has evinced special interest in amateur ensemble work by choruses and orchestras. This year the trophy is to be competed for at Winnipeg towards the end of April. Former winners of the trophy for musical work have been the Quebec Symphony Society in 1907, and, for each of the three succeeding years, the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra. In connexion with this competition, which is open to the whole of Canada, the only matter for regret is that distance and the consequent expense prevent a greater number of entries. It is impossible to over-estimate the good these competition

festivals have done in England, and the impetus which they have given to the improvement of existing choral and orchestral organizations and the formation of new ones. It is to be hoped that, as time goes on, more local competitions will be arranged, similar to the one which is now annually held in the province of Alberta. This year will be held in May, at Edmonton, the fourth annual competition festival for the province, and it is gratifying to note that, year by year, the number of competitions has been added to, so that in the present syllabus there are twenty-eight different classes of events, the main interest being centred in the various choral competitions. Last year the festival ended with a combined concert at which a chorus of two hundred and fifty and a full orchestra of forty-eight attracted an audience of two thousand people.

No record of music in Canada would be complete without mention of the opera which was produced in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, and Ottawa, last winter; and any forecast would be worthless which did not take account of the promise for the future which its organizers have made. Without subsidy and without adventitious aid the season ended without material loss. There are only two other places in the world of which so much can be said. The experiment was a daring one. Eight weeks were given in Montreal, beginning October 31st; one week was given in Quebec, and Toronto, and four nights in Ottawa. With the exception of a week in Rochester, the company did not sing outside of Canada. It was recruited for a Canadian season, and disbanded when that was at an end.

Thirteen operas were sung, and seventy-three performances were given, so acceptably that the public, which is not an uncritical one, yielded a willing support. The complete record was as follows: La Bohème, 9 times; Madame Butterfly, 8 times; Tosca, 7 times; L'Amico Fritz, 5 times; Cavalleria Rusticana, 3 times; Pagliacci, 3 times, Fedora, 4 times; La Traviata, twice; Lakmé, 7 times; Manon, 8 times; Mignon, 3 times; Contes d'Hoffman, 6 times; Carmen, 8

times. Ten composers were represented, namely, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Verdi, Delibes, Massenet, Thomas, Offenbach and Bizet. The enterprise was not undertaken for financial reasons, and yet the season ended without loss, although it involved an expenditure of eighty thousand dollars.

The company was composed of 101 persons, including twenty-three principal singers,—foremost among them being Madame Ferrabini, Signor Colombini and M. Edmond Clement,—and forty-eight men in the orchestra, while every opera was conducted by Signor Jacchia with consummate mastery of detail. That this organization will become a permanent feature in the musical life of the country is almost assured. Meanwhile the new company does not expect to make money. But one thing they will not do: they will not sing to empty houses. All the guarantee they ask from any locality is that the people be there to listen. It is proposed to sing in every town in Canada, from Charlottetown as far west as Winnipeg at least, if only each will guarantee the cost of railway fares. The company is quite prepared to do the rest, trusting to recompense themselves in one place for the loss they may make in another. It is not too soon for local musical associations which desire the performance of opera next season to cooperate with their neighbours, so that a tour can be arranged in their territory.

Under such favourable conditions we are safe in assuming that, as Canada has in the past produced many singers of the first rank in adverse circumstances, we soon may have Canadians taking part in the chorus and orchestra, and filling the chief rôles in the operas produced. This can naturally not be accomplished in a moment, it must be a matter of gradual development. The chief promoters of the scheme for Canadian grand opera, Mr. F. S. Meighen and Mr. Albert Clerk-Jeannotte, being Canadians themselves, may certainly be trusted to see that, to be truly a

national product, opera must not merely flourish as an exotic, but as a plant indigenous to the soil.

In conclusion the writer apologizes for omitting many things which should possibly have been recorded as evidence of Canadian activity in musical culture. He has, however, brought forward sufficient material to show that his interest is keenly enlisted in those projects which draw people together, whether for the purpose of taking part in concerted or ensemble musical work, or of listening to it, and he would appeal to the press and public alike to heartily support and encourage such projects, believing that more practical and lasting good would follow than by mere support of peripatetic "stars" however brilliant. It must also be strongly urged that the universities can, if they will, be the means of keeping what may be called the literary side of music before the public; that the schools can do more useful work by preparing the ground for this, and seeking less to make the children indifferent performers than to make them intelligent listeners; that the musical profession needs organization so that the status of the musician may not be below that of other professions; and lastly that the public will, by these means, gradually learn to discriminate between performers (whether professional or amateur) possessing mechanical technique only, and those who combine it with a wider and more cultured grasp of what progress in art should mean.

H. C. Perrin

IN THE FRENCH HIGHLANDS

THE word *pui* or *peu* means a hill, and is the name commonly given in the highlands of Auvergne and the Cevennes to the conical peaks of extinct volcanoes. Le Puy-en-Velay is the chief town in the district of the Haute-Loire, and is situated on the slopes of Mount Anis. This little, ancient, half-forgotten city, far from the ordinary beat of the tourist, piled up closely on steep hills, reminds one irresistibly of those drawings by Maxfield Parrish, those little dream-cities of his, that climb so perfectly, and so daringly, up and up, trees and towers and pleasaunces, height above height, terrace above terrace, turret upon turret, spire upon spire, till its triumphant castle stands alone against the sky, with its proud banner waving. How one longs to make one's way up those tantalizing streets, and explore the terraced gardens—one feels so sure that they must have flagged, water-lily ponds full of old, old carp, and fountains, and peacocks, and mazes, and sunny red-brick walls on which fruit is ripening, and yew trees clipped into formal and fantastic shapes, and rose-gardens all tangled, and herb-gardens all run to seed, and yet old-fashionedly sweet, and above all, that they must be pervaded by the indefinable, thrilling sense of the mystery in the castle above.

Living in Le Puy is almost like getting into one of those pictures, and every turn and twist of the narrow streets, and each new perspective of green and lovely valleys, and all the glimpses we got of gardens whose high, stone walls and peacock-blue gates excluded us severely from who knows what enchantments, added to the excitement and sense of unreality, and that strange, victorious feeling of achievement, that fills the mind with a perfectly illogical exaltation, when unexpectedly, somehow or other, one finds oneself in a longed for but unpromised land! If the telling of beautiful, untrue

things were an object, it might easily be said that there are no drawbacks to the romantic enjoyment of this city of hill-tops; but Le Puy has glamour enough to withstand even veracity, and in the interests of truth and other travellers, it may be confessed that the charm of the place, though not dispelled, is considerably modified by the " rank compound of villainous smells " that is wafted in at windows, and makes the exploration of some parts of the town a real test of endurance. But unpleasantness, like pain, has a way of slipping from the memory, and it seems ungracious to have made this admission, even in retrospect.

We left Paris early in the morning, prepared for a long day, as Lyons is eight hours south of Paris, and Le Puy five hours south of Lyons. It was inevitable that in all the blue-bloused throng of porters at the Gare de Lyon, ours should be a native of Le Puy itself. His detached alertness warmed into a personal interest when he had ascertained our destination, and he inquired why we were going so far, and said it was a fine town. It was quite a friendly send-off to have a head thrust into the carriage, and to hear a hoarse "*bonne chance*," as we steamed out.

Once beyond the suburbs of Paris, the country grew every moment more lovely. Perhaps it seemed specially smiling and fertile to Canadian eyes accustomed to the great expanses of the lower St. Lawrence, where a crop has to be wrested from the ungrateful soil, and to the long stretches of sapin and tangled underbrush intervening between the cultivated ground and bare stony fields; but the prosperous little farms, the smooth, well-watered pasture-lands, the canals bordered by neat towing-paths, the tall, precise grace of the Lombardy poplars, were like pictures in a French fairy-tale. The very skies seem to be softer, more vividly blue, to lean more *intimately*, as it were, over the land, than the remote and pure arch of our Canadian sky.

The freshness of the country was delightful, and here there rose exquisite, soft, green, pointed hills, wearing little, red-roofed villages half-way up, like a coral necklace. Now

and again we got a glimpse of a shining, winding river, with a group of women doing their washing at its shallow margin, and once we ran so close by a village road, that we could almost touch a picturesque fellow in a blue smock and a scarlet tuque, who was driving a herd of small cows along the dusty, chalk-white way. Occasionally, it is true, there were advertisement-boards set up in the fields, but, unlike the erections on this side, they merely indicated the advantages of eating chocolate, or announced the name of health-inducing waters, and bore no legends of inventions that had cured others and would cure you.

The train was very slow, but we did not find the time for a moment monotonous. After Brassac-les-Mines, we crossed a long bridge, slipped smokily through a tunnel or two, and at about five o'clock arrived at St. Georges-d'Aurac, where we changed into the little local train that was to take us up into the hills.

Near Aurac-Lafayette is the Château of Chavagnac, where the noble friend and ally of the American nation, Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de la Fayette, was born in 1757. The original family château, which dated from the fourteenth century, was destroyed by fire, and the present one, which was built in 1701, is of no great architectural importance. It is always the youthful La Fayette we think of, the charming boy of twenty, who in the confident spirit and splendour of his years declared with the magnificence of perfect simplicity, to his amazed family, " I shall cross the ocean and offer my sword to the American colonists in their struggle for independence," which he did, and became the friend and follower of that other soldier, as exalted in mind and as gallant as himself, who was destined to descend in history as the " Father of his Country."

The trees began to stand out separate, and curiously distinct, against the evening sky, as if a Parisian art-dealer had slipped a piece of deep-coloured velvet behind them to show them up subtly, and the little train slowly climbed the foothills through the dewy air, delicious with the fragrance

of new-cut hay. One could almost see the grey shades of the dryads of the dusk stealing in and out of the woods, swaying their gauzy scarves of mist, until they floated up and up, melting together and veiling the furthest hills; and the moon riding high in the serene sky, made the mystery of the shadow more obscure. At Lissac the air was full of the sound of frogs—that sound which is the essence of all summer nights.

Then we entered a long tunnel, and emerged to find ourselves in a purer and colder atmosphere, every moment climbing higher. We seemed to be alone among the hills, and the occasional light in a solitary cottage window only accentuated our remoteness. And, almost without warning, we were looking down upon the myriad lights of a grey, old, stone city that lay below us, and spread up over steep hills; and the sound of church-bells, and the shouts of children, seemed extraordinarily unreal and sudden after the long, soft tranquillity of the twilight among the hills.

Apparently we were the only arrivals, and were a source of considerable interest to the natives gathered about the station in the moment before Marie-Louise took possession of us. This young person, dressed in white, and seeming to combine in herself all the enterprise, ability, initiative, and generalship of a militant suffragette, together with the keen eye of a French business-woman, and a most engaging, round and childish prettiness, darted forward and addressed us rapidly. "You desire a hotel, Madame? Hôtel Reignier is the best. Get into this carriage, which is the omnibus of my father, and I will accompany you. Alphonse, put the trunks up on top," and in two minutes we were rattling swiftly down the stony hill, seated face to face with Marie-Louise Reignier, who chatted incessantly to us in vivacious French of the splendours of her father's hotel, the beauties of Le Puy, and the great number of tourists in the town.

The Hôtel Reignier was large, unfinished, and, as it subsequently turned out, the home of every discomfort, neither of the parents of Marie-Louise having apparently the

slightest conception of how it should be managed. What management there was Marie-Louise held entirely in her own hands; that is to say, she ordered the slovenly *femmes-de-chambre* about, and shrilly directed Alphonse in his varied rôles of 'bus-driver, waiter, *valet-de-chambre*, and menial. She bought the provisions, which consisted chiefly of chicken and cakes, and dabbled her hands in our bath-water till she considered the quantity and temperature exactly right. She also, at stated intervals, went to the station in the omnibus of her father, and, much in the manner of Raisuli, swooped down upon such casual travellers as happened to arrive and bore off her victims to the family hotel. She made the scale of charges, too, which varied according to her caprice. She was the only child, and her adoring parents denied her nothing, not even the purses of other people. By the time we had discovered the really good hotel in the town, we were too much under this young person's spell to leave; and from the windows of our room we had a wonderful view of the fantastic, steepled town with its dominating figure of the Virgin, and a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country, that would have reconciled us to even greater discomfort—for a short time! In the morning sunshine the queer, twisting streets, the little courts and gardens, and the mediæval architecture seemed even more unreal and impossible.

Marie-Louise insisted on accompanying us when we went out, and was evidently greatly amused at our enthusiasm. Every step gave us a new perspective of churches and gateways, rough, red-tiled turrets, curious houses black with age, and mullioned windows grotesquely decorated with masks, and wreaths, and carved faces of beasts and mythical creatures, and ancient shrines set in the corners; and in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, was delicious green country encircled by gently inclining hills, with rivers winding through "vineyards, and crofts, and pastures bright with sun." The environs of Le Puy, indeed, are full of endless interest, not only historically—as abbeys, and forts, and

castles, and Roman excavations attest—but because of the many freaks of nature that may be termed geographical accidents,—truncated, volcanic hills set grimly in a field of blazing, wide-flung, scarlet poppies, sharp and jagged declivities taking fantastic colour and outline in the midst of serene and well-ordered farmland, gigantic blocks of granite heaved up in desolate cairns by the now spent forces of blind nature, everywhere the signs of a once-terrific volcanic activity. We made our steep way up to the cathedral, a curious Romanesque building with a porch divided into three by enormous Byzantine columns, and a very beautiful wrought-iron door of the twelfth century. On the threshold of the church is the inscription:

> " Ni caveas crimen, caveas contingere limen
> Nam regina poli vult, sine labe coli."

" If thou refrain not from sin, refrain from crossing this threshold, for the Queen of Heaven demands a pure worship."

Upon the flagstone at the foot of the main altar is another Latin inscription which, liberally translated, is to the effect that those who sleep on the altar-stone will be miraculously cured of any ill. Its efficacy is probably not tested too often, judging by the devoutness of the average citizen who, living in apparently mediæval surroundings, and acknowledging the Virigin as patron and protector of the city, seems to have imbued himself thoroughly with the ideas of modern France.

There are two little chapels and a baptistery of the fourth century, and the cloister is of great beauty, the capitals of the columns being remarkable for diversity and delicacy. The chief glory and treasure of the cathedral is a miracle-working statue of the Black Virgin, which in times of plague or public distress is carried in procession through the city, and has more than once averted from it great disaster.

We bought two long candles, and while we lit one for a private prayer, gave the other to Marie-Louise, expecting to see something of the devotion of the Canadian, convent-

bred girl. But Marie-Louise hadn't the slightest sign of reverence as she skipped airily up to the altar, and, without so much as the bend of a knee, carelessly lit the candle and stuck it down in the most casual way before the Madonna of Good Help. Oh yes, she was Catholic, she said, but—with an expressive grimace—she didn't go to Notre-Dame, too far and too steep!

Leaving the church we stopped a moment to admire the two outstanding, curious peaks of Le Velay, the Rocher d'Aiguille, called Mont St. Michel, with its two hundred and forty-nine steps leading up to a tiny, ancient chapel on the summit, and the Rocher de Corneille crowned by its famous image.

A native standing near eyed us with interest, and fell into speech with us. " She is beautiful, Our Lady ?" he said, and with natural grace and quickness to say the thing most pleasing to an attentive tourist's ear, he added that she was composed of more than two hundred cannon, and that the head of the Infant Jesus alone weighed sixty kilos.

Marie-Louise appeared to know everyone in the town, and was evidently a favourite and an acknowledged belle; wherever she went she received and gaily responded to greetings. She had all the coyness and airs and graces of a practised coquette, and assumed a demureness with her numerous cavaliers that was charming and most provocative. We seemed to meet an elderly but very pleasant-looking military man at every turn, and he was undoubtedly an admirer, but she would only whisk past him, flinging the most airy word over her shoulder. When accused of being a flirt, she was childishly pleased: " Oh, he is old, *le Capitaine*. He is a widower," she said; " but he has no daughters—it is for that he likes to talk to me." She took us home by all sorts of narrow, picturesque ways, through old, covered passages, under low stone gateways, past fragments of crenellated walls, down breakneck steps and streets that dropped below our feet like cliffs. It is a miracle how the women can sit at their doors in these steep streets, and a greater

miracle how the babies manage to roll and toddle unscathed, up and down sharp, perpendicular, cobblestone surfaces; but their centre of gravitation seems to have adapted itself to the exigencies of the situation.

The women work very hard at lace-making, which is so important and famous an industry in this part of France that, since 1903, it has been taught in the primary schools. There are special courses and rewards for workers and designers, in order that artistic inclination may be developed and trained.

All the women wear little square caps of their own lace, bound to the head by a broad band of gay ribbon, and sometimes over this the old women wear witch-like black straw hats, resembling the headgear of the Welsh peasantry. On the country roads they sit before the doors of their stone cottages in picturesque groups, young fingers making the bobbins fly, old feeble hands tremulously plying the thread. Sometimes a grave-eyed, preoccupied little girl sits with them taking a lesson from mother or grandmother, and usually a small child or two is tumbling about with a dog.

> " Avec les mains, la langue aussi travaille,
> On prie, on chante, on dit son petit mot,
> Sûr l'oeil voisin dont on cherche la paille,
> Et du pied gauche, on berce le marmot."

It has been said that the men of Le Puy sit on one side of the street all morning drinking coffee and absinthe, and in the afternoon cross over to the other side and drink absinthe and coffee. In the evening they drink absinthe. They all appear to be the proprietors of flourishing taverns, and it must be the kindness of their hearts that makes them patronize each other's establishments. A few of them drive antediluvian conveyances, one of which we took and went on a gentle, jogging pilgrimage, finding our driver both humorous and communicative. Among the many charming, old gardens that we passed was one laid out with special care, surrounding a fine villa. Our driver stopped to point out with his whip an elaborate summer-house, like a smart mausoleum, in the

middle of a profusion of most lovely roses, which bore in gold letters on a marble slab the name, Marie-Louise. "It is the villa built by the Reigniers for their daughter," he informed us; "they spend their Sundays here. They are enormously rich—Marie-Louise will have a fine *dot*."

When we told that young person that we had seen her beautiful garden, she tossed her head in affected disparagement, "Oh, it is nothing," she said; "if I had thought, I would have told you to go in and pick what you liked—I have perhaps five hundred varieties of roses." We were properly impressed by her facility of invention. Marie-Louise was devoured by curiosity about us, our clothes, our luggage, our letters, our movements, and followed us about almost everywhere we went. She was always popping into our room to exclaim over our possessions and purchases; and her observations were uncommonly shrewd. When she took us to buy lace, she, in a silent, well-bred way, conveyed the fact to her friends that we were very strange and amusing foreigners, and watched us with dancing eyes. She had a swift and fluent tongue, and an excellent knowledge of men and affairs, and chattered away in a most entertaining manner about the town and the people and her own aspirations. Her ambition was to go to Paris: she had once been as far as Lyons, shortly after her first communion, to visit friends of her parents, who kept a hotel there, but she had been made to spend most of her day at the cathedral, and her taste did not lie in the direction of cathedrals. She had a sort of proud and amused affection for her native place, and a good deal of unexpected knowledge of its history.

The Public Garden with its monument to the sons of France from the Haute-Loire district, who gave their lives for their country, its handsome grey stone museum, and its fountain with the broad basin in which the swans float white and stately "with bridling necks between their towering wings," is very popular, and is always crowded with children during the day-time, and older members of the family and the general populace at night.

There is more than one fine statue in Le Puy. The largest symbolizes the city itself, surrounded by the four principal rivers of the department, the Loire, the Allier, the Borne, and the Dolaizon, and there is a pretty, very old fountain said to have been erected to the memory of a little chorister of the cathedral who was killed by a Jew. Perhaps it was the very infant martyr who is the hero of the "Prioress's Tale," and who, by a miracle, sang the praises of the Virgin even after death.

But the monument most moving of all brings to the mind a heroic and commanding figure, long since " departed o'er the cloudy plain " into that strange and distant land which we call history, a figure by no means vague or visionary, but almost harsh in its living distinctness. It evokes the memory of an old legend, and demands a little space all to itself.

Bertrand Du Guesclin, " the first consummate general produced by Europe," was born in Brittany in 1314, or thereabouts. He did not live in the days of ineffectual feuds and feeble hates, and in a lifetime spent in warring against the enemies of his country he had splendid scope for the exercise both of his military genius and of his magnanimous and generous qualities of heart and brain. Upon his foes, even more than upon his friends, he created an extraordinary impression of one absolutely single-hearted, honourable, and undeviatingly just.

He first specially distinguished himself in a sort of private war between Charles of Blois, on whose side he fought, and Jean de Montfort, who were disputing for the dukedom of Brittany. After King John of France had been taken prisoner at Poictiers, in 1356, by the Black Prince, Du Guesclin contended brilliantly against the English, displaying great valour and military skill. Entering the service of the Dauphin, he took Melun and several other towns, and temporarily freed the Seine from the English. When the Dauphin succeeded to the throne as Charles V, he created Du Guesclin governor of Pontorson, and in May of that same year, 1364,

he gained the battle of Cocherel against Charles the Bad of Navarre, cousin and namesake of the king. In the following September he suffered defeat at Auray, and was taken prisoner by the English general, Sir John Chandos, who bore among his own people as high a character for military prowess and private integrity as did the Breton warrior among the French. Later he was liberated on the payment of a large ransom. In 1367, Henry, Count of Trastamare, asked the help of Charles V of France in a campaign against his brother, Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile. Charles obligingly lent him a horde of military ruffians who had formed themselves into "companies," and had the appearance of trained soldiers, while they were really lawless adventurers. These mercenaries were a plague upon the country in war, and a more difficult problem in the piping times of peace than the unemployed of our own day, though a good deal less pitiable. Charles's policy was to find some method of discharging them into other countries, and he now employed Du Guesclin to negotiate with them in order that they might follow his command into Spain. Plunderers and freebooters though they were, they enlisted under his standard with the greatest alacrity and confidence, and agreed to fight for Henry.

Du Guesclin led the army first to Avignon, where the Pope then resided, and, sword in hand, he demanded absolution for his soldiers and the sum of two hundred thousand crowns. The first was readily promised, but some difficulty was made in regard to the second. "I believe my fellows may make shift to do without your absolution," said the hardy general, "but the money they must have; it is an imperative necessity." The Popes of those days retained their spiritual and political supremacy by diplomacy, and the demand of so authoritative a voice was not to be lightly disregarded. Clement VI saw fit to accede to the request, and did so by extorting the money from the inhabitants of the city and the neighbourhood. But Du Guesclin would have none of it, and, as his moral courage was as robust as his physical, expressed himself in no uncertain manner. "It

is not my purpose to oppress the innocent people," he cried; "I insist that this money be instantly restored to them, and if they are defrauded I shall myself return from the other side of the Pyrenees and make restitution. The Pope and the cardinals can well spare me the sum from their own coffers." The Pope found it expedient to submit, and paid from his own treasury the amount required, and as the historian says, "The army hallowed by the blessings and enriched by the spoils of the Church, proceeded on their expedition." It was not immediately successful, and Du Guesclin was taken prisoner by the Black Prince near Najera, was ransomed, and after two years of incessant and ingenious stratagem, captured Pedro, and placed the crown of Castile on the head of Henry of Trastamare. It is interesting to note that Henry then, with his own hand, murdered his brother Pedro—no doubt harassed beyond endurance by his evil conduct extending over a long period of years.

Du Guesclin was recalled to France by Charles who was again hard pressed by the English, and was raised to the dignity of Constable of France, the highest military honour. In 1370 he opened campaigns against the English, and soon had put all their possessions, with the exception of a few fortified towns, again into the hands of the French. While he was assisting at the siege of Châteauneuf-de-Randon in Languedoc, De Guesclin fell ill, and died in July, 1380. With all his generosity in sparing others, himself he could not spare, with all his knowledge of the art of war, "that art he did not know to keep his own life safe." A day had been fixed conditionally for capitulation, and on it, the commander of the fortress led out the garrison and deposited the keys in the coffin of the hero.

He lies buried in the church of St. Laurent in the little city of Le Puy. As one stood by the queer, old, Gothic tomb in the dim light, and touched the dusty effigy lying among the carved accoutrements of mediæval warfare, the old tradition leaped to one's mind, that the heart of the great Du Guesclin beats anew whenever one of his fellow-countrymen

does a noble or heroic deed. So much more necessary, and warm, and living a thing is mere impossible legend than the authentic facts and dates that serve as so much print to fill the history books and encyclopædias.

On our last day in Le Puy we were awakened by the sound of music. We found that bands were playing and flags flying, and little French soldiers were running about, looking wonderfully busy and self-important, and that the city wore a generally festive air. Marie-Louise, who brought up our coffee herself, also wore a festive air and a great many blue ribbons, and looked as sweet as a little Greuze and as impish as a Carpaccio angel. Enquiry elicited the fact that it was the *Fête Nationale*, the 14th of July, and that there were to be a procession and High Mass at the Cathedral, amusements all day, and "*feu d'artifice*" at night in the public gardens.

We found, indeed, high holiday everywhere, and a prevailing spirit of jollity and good-humour. The whole population, seated mostly on the sidewalk at the little tables of the innumerable cafés, was enjoying itself hugely, and making a delectable day of it for the children, who literally swarmed everywhere, with toys and balloons and penny whistles and all sorts of pretty red, white, and blue paper favours. They were extravagantly indulged with sweets, and cakes, and sips of *sirop;* and when they evinced signs of being in any way discomposed, were gently gathered up by their small garments and dropped into the middle of the street until such time as they felt sufficiently restored to return to society. A few of the women had their inevitable, lace pillows on their knees, but the men appeared to drink and jest and talk all day, discussing burning questions with the most passionate utterance and native freedom of gesticulation. Acrobats, and buffoons, and showmen made their way from café to café, performed their tricks, and collected quite generous rewards. One juggler with a queer, blunt-featured, humorous face and a thick mop of stiff red curls, did some very clever feats of balancing full, piled-up, wine glasses on his broad

forehead, while he lay on the pavement and twisted his body, with most impossible contortions, through circles made of his own limbs. There were the usual merry-go-rounds, and swings, and street vendors; and it was noisy, and hot—and smelly. We had a wonderfully dramatic sunset, and the curious, primitive beauty of the place was most striking in that gorgeous flood of fiery colour.

By and by the light stole from the sky, and the numerous festoons of Chinese lanterns among the trees in the gardens, the torches round the basin of the fountain, and the outlined public buildings, were lit up. From the roof of the Hôtel Reignier we watched the toy soldiers becoming active in the square below, and listened to the band, and to the shouts of the children, and the absinthe-assisted felicity of the populace, as the "*feu d'artifice*" began. On the balcony below us, Marie-Louise, well chaperoned by her mother and a family party, was busy playing off *le Capitaine* against a younger cavalier, and we could hear her peals of laughter and her lively exclamations of delight over the fairy bouquets of violets and roses that fell brilliantly from the sky, scattered as they seemed about to touch the outstretched arms of the children, and in a moment vanished into nothingness. At last the biggest and finest of the set-pieces was set off, and La Marseillaise dispersed the tired-out people. One by one the illuminated buildings grew dark, the lanterns in the trees were extinguished, Marie-Louise ceased to chatter, and far away a cock crowed faintly and tentatively, and was sleepily answered from a neighbouring farm. In the calm sky the moon was full and splendid, dipping the sleeping city of fantasy in cold, strange magic.

M. G. Cook

THE COPTIC CONVENT OF ST. SIMEON

"ALLAH 'illeh, Allah 'illeh!" The song in our ears is half musical, half monotonous as the swarthy Egyptians pull at their clumsy oars, and make slow headway against the swift current of the Nile, as it flows, mud-laden and dark coloured, around the eastern side of Elephantine Island at sunny Assouan.

Across the river, but hidden from sight by yonder dense clump of dôm-palms and a bulging hillside, stand the ruins of what was once the ancient Coptic Convent of St. Simeon, but whose dry and crumbling walls have been baking in the desert since the thirteenth century. Though it still attracts an occasional traveller to its secluded and desolate situation, these are, for the most part, few and far between, for by the time he reaches the First Cataract the average tourist is so surfeited with antiquity and the past that nothing later than the time of Rameses the Second will rouse his gorged attention. Too often, indeed, are his admiration and appreciation of Egyptian archæology graded on a scale whose degrees measure five hundred years. Hence it is that the pilgrimage is rarely undertaken. After the prodigality of ruins at Karnak, after the deeply-hidden and elaborate solemnity of the Tombs of the Kings in their silent valley at Thebes, and after the graceful charm of Philæ bathing its feet in the Nile, who cares to see these crumbling walls which cannot trace their ancestry back even to William the Conqueror, much less to the days of the Ptolemies?

It may be, however, that this mud ruin is only an ugly duckling, and some day, perhaps, Der Anba Sama'an, the largest of the Coptic ruins in Egypt, will have due reverence paid to it. Nevertheless, it may be that things are even now for the best, for at the present time this relic of an earlier

Christianity is not subjected to the callous profanation of the ill-bred tourist; and if it remains in undeserved neglect, it at least preserves a dignity and a repose that it could not otherwise enjoy. To see the point of the ubiquitous, green-lined sunshade in danger of disfiguring the delicately chiselled features of that Egyptian trinity, Osiris, Isis, and Horus; to hear unseemly mirth and ill-timed humour resounding through the dim and pillared halls of temples of old time; and to gaze with feelings difficult to analyse upon the remains of sardine-boxes profaning the very sanctuaries of the gods of a vanished age—surely that is enough to make one believe that oblivion would be but a blessing in disguise to this Convent of St. Simeon.

The lapping of the water against the prow of the boat reminds us that we are in the eddies at the head of Elephantine Island, and that soon the current will be carrying us swiftly downstream towards the sandy stretch on the further shore, where we are to land. The boat in which we have thus far been making leisurely progress belongs to a class of craft which it would be hard to equal in antiquity or to rival in picturesqueness. It carries us back to the earlier periods of Egyptian history and serves to link the present with the past. It is called by the natives a *felucca* or *flookah*, and all who have travelled in Egypt will remember the graceful upward curve of the prow and the single mast with its sail like a slim pyramid of snow. Three or four seats accommodate the rowers, and in the stern there is the luxury of cushioned seats for the passengers. Behind all is a huge rudder, which appears to the eye unskilled in things nautical much too large for the boat. Gaudy stripes, circles, and zig-zags of red, green, and white, laid on with a brush that had more paint than skill at its command, generously relieve the monotony of the dull, gray colour of the hull.

To one not accustomed to Egyptian ways of doing things and to the native ingenuity for making a piastre or two by the gentle art of appearing essential when really unnecessary, the number of men who are on board seems at first sight

rather puzzling. Nor is the mystery solved on further inspection, for the boatmen, who are often so unevenly matched on the same thwart as to appear grandfather and grandson, are a variegated lot, as regards age, strength, and general appearance. The boat happens to have four oars, and consequently there must be four men; but other four are required to relieve these when they appear to be exhausted. Then the rudder, being a large one, demands not only the captain, but also some one else to assist him. These two squat on the stern behind us, and have with them a third man to whom we attributed the dignity of pilot, but who rendered us no greater service by his ceaseless chatter than to keep the other two from falling asleep. There was also an inconspicuous man curled up in the bow, for whom apparently no use had yet been found, though we afterwards discovered that he was needed to get out the plank upon which we stepped ashore. Last, and far from least, there was the native band or orchestra, consisting of three boys who sang with much fervour a weird, nasal chant, while palms and fingers beat rhythmically upon the tom-tom. Surely, here was division of labour enough to remind us by contrast of the famous crew of the *Nancy Bell* in the "Bab Ballads." Surely, too, when crossing the river was obviously so difficult an undertaking, the heart of the susceptible tourist would be touched, and baksheesh would be in proportion to the safety and pleasure of the expedition.

When once we have landed, however, we forget Nile, boat, and motley crew, for we are at the very entrance to a wonderland of sand, and the scene is the antithesis of the one that we have just left. Dazzling sunlight on ribbed stretches of smooth, golden sand reaching up to a humpy horizon and the far intense blue of the southern Egyptian sky; it is a picture simple enough in its elements, to be sure, and poor enough in its composition, and yet for all that it is marvellously fascinating. It consists of but one strip of yellow, divided irregularly from a strip of blue; nevertheless, it has a charm, a vague and subtle attraction for him who

gazes upon it, a human speck upon this vast expanse of gold, casting a stunted shadow where shadows seldom fall. So potent is the spell of this charm that one is forced, ere he realizes it, to seek for some explanation of its power, to try to divine in some way the secret of its magic. Generally one is content to play a minor rôle, to be passively appreciative and let the beauty of a landscape, with its variety of light and its charm of detail, gradually penetrate the mind and tinge the emotions. Here, on the contrary, all one's mental activity is unconsciously called into play. We must be up and doing, perforce. The necessity of analysis seems to impose itself upon us, it may be from the very simplicity of the landscape, or it may be because the intensity of it is such that the stage of passive appreciation is rapidly and unconsciously passed through, and the mind reacts involuntarily to this new and concentrated stimulus.

The more one thinks about it, the more is one forced to the conclusion that it is the sunlight which is the essential characteristic of the scene and the sole cause of its magic. Under no other circumstances would gold and blue have this royal mien, this imperious air; no other power could endow earth and air with a vivid intensity of colour so strong that human eye must look upon it through drooping lashes, gazing with veiled glance upon the handiwork of God. That most wonderful of all Germany's philosophers once said that two things inspired him with a conviction of the reality of something more than the mere external: one of these was the consciousness of a moral law within himself, and the other was the sight of the starry heavens above him and without. Had Kant ever widened the horizon of his cloistered life, and wandered from the neighbourhood of his little town of Königsberg, and gazed, from the ruined walls of the Convent of St. Simeon, upon these sweeping stretches of dazzling sand, barbaric gold scattered with lavish hand until the eye fails to see for the quivering, sun-baked distance, surely to what he found within himself and to what he saw above, he would have added this third:

an infinity of gold and eternity of barrenness, which rolls upwards from the very feet until it touches that firmament on high which so clearly proclaimed to him its message.

To us who come from the North, with its subdued tints, its softer hues, and its wealth of green vegetation, the impression that remains in the forefront of our consciousness is perhaps this barren and barbaric contrast of gold and blue—a depth and intensity of pure colour that seems so strong and rich that one finds it hard to realize that it must die a daily death with the sinking of the sun, to be born anew with each morrow in diurnal resurrection, like Ra, the great sun-god himself. But what, think you, cared these monks of old for the colour that proves the despair of the painter to-day, and for all this pagan splendour of a pagan land? One tries in vain to imagine what thoughts arose in the minds of these anchorites of old who had renounced the world and all its pleasures, and were mortifying their own clay by sombre walls of Nile mud, as they gazed from this vantage ground of theirs upon the golden wonder of the footstool of their Lord, spread at their very feet as if to tempt them from their holy meditations or their humble toil. Truly it is difficult to repicture the past with its thoughts and feelings so alien to our own.

Upon the minds of some, accustomed all their lives to brilliant sunshine upon golden sand and to blue, cloudless skies, the world beyond the walls of mud made no impression; their ideas took sombre hue from these dark, gray walls, and dark, gray towers which formed the boundaries of their narrow world, and life seemed to them a very dark and earnest thing to which all beauty and charm were foreign—openly to be condemned as vain delusions of an idle world and snares of the arch-enemy of man. Others, perhaps less self-centred and narrow in their method of belief, and knowing too that God created the earth as well as the heavens, may have seen in this richness of golden display yoked with absolute barrenness, a parable from nature and a sermon in the sand.

The monastery, which has been abandoned since the thirteenth century, is now a scene of the most utter desolation imaginable, and its former magnificence can only with difficulty be reconstructed from the broken arches, crumbling walls, and heaps of débris, which are all that remain of an institution so large and so complete as to be almost a miniature walled town—a veritable city of refuge for those pursued too closely by the world.

It is difficult to get, or to give, an idea of the plan of this monastery of St. Simeon, for where once there was roof now there is blank space; staircases end abruptly, and naught remains but sheer wall which stretches downwards fifty feet to the tumbled bricks below; while spacious courtyards are now piled high with the dusty heaps of stone and brick that alone remain from some ancient wall or bastion. In the centre of this great area of ruin rises a gray mass of masonry topped by sunbaked bricks of Nile mud, whose jagged outline and spacious strength suggest some mediæval castle. Nor is this impression far from the truth, for this home of the monks was indeed their castle, built four-square, to stand all attacks of the wandering tribes of the desert. Thick outer walls, twenty feet in height and wide enough at the top to allow the defenders to stand upon them and still be protected from attack, encircle the whole pile, and in the middle, top-storey almost gone, rise the jagged battlements that surmount the dormitories. These crumbling reminders of the uncertainty of life in mediæval times bring vividly before one's mind how closely and how dramatically peace and war, life and death, were associated in those days; and they help to explain how the lives of the monk and of the soldier so often merged in that typical embodiment of the Middle Ages, the true Crusader, before he degenerated into a hypocritical seeker for personal glory and plunder, masquerading in the garb of the faithful.

One cannot but be forcibly impressed with the massiveness of the ruins, and can only with difficulty bring himself to realize that he stands within a home of the church instead

of in the stronghold of some predatory chieftain in the days when might was right, and the sword sole arbiter of all disputes. Entering in by a gate so narrow as to suggest ecclesiastical symbolism, one passes through the thickness of the defensive walls and finds himself in a lofty passage, with a semicircular, arched roof, leading like an artery from the heart of the whole monastery, its church.

Roof gone, pillars crumbled away, the nave and choir blocked with the débris of the fallen superstructure, very little remains to indicate the original purpose of this broad and lofty hall. One stands in the dead silence amid the heaps of roughly cut stone and powdered bricks and sees towering above him the high walls of the dormitories, the gaping stairways sticking to their sides, and looking like the empty cells of a gigantic honey-comb in their brilliant contrast of light and shadow. Everything seems massive, and yet everything gives one the impression that it is about to fall, and one involuntarily glances at walls and ceilings before venturing along a passage or before entering a room. In the upper storeys one treads warily on the floors, and feels his way down the shadowy steps of turning staircases hesitatingly, as a blind man would.

Here in the church, at all events, one may look around without this vague feeling of insecurity, for here at least one is on the ground floor, and there is no roof overhead to fall in. At a first, rapid glance, nothing seems to remain to distinguish the ecclesiastical character of this part of the monastery, or to differentiate it from more secular halls and rooms that are also protected by the boundary walls. But, on close examination, one finds that the old church begins to reconstruct itself in a wonderful way from the scant remains and mere traces of its former self. Its plan is the one typical of the early Christian style of architecture; and nave, side aisles, and choir are all visible. The roof was vaulted, and though the supporting columns have disappeared, the square, stone foundations remain to help in

the imaginary reconstruction, so that the old church rises again before one's eyes, the ghost of its dead self.

One instinctively turns, however, from these gray and crumbling bricks which litter the floor, to the largest of the few bits of colour that meet the eye in this wilderness of neutral tints. Here in the choir, at least, one forgets for a few moments the monotonous regularity of endless rows of dry, gray, mud bricks, for upon the dull, white plaster behind the place where the altar once stood the remains of painting catch the eye and focus one's attention for a moment upon the half-obliterated outlines. The gay paint has long since become dimmed, its brightness and its usefulness both fading with the lapse of years. One can easily see, however, that the style of this ancient altar-piece is Byzantine, and, from the crude execution that it was a labour of love on the part of some more gifted monk who was thus able to body forth the central theme of his belief.

The frescoes are, in many places, obliterated beyond recognition through the lapse of years, and through lack of care. Huge pieces of plaster have fallen away, leaving in gaping contrast the gray wall behind. The altar-piece is excellent in conception and arrangement, and the majesty of the original idea compensates in no small measure for what is lacking in the execution. The figure of Christ is represented in the centre of the group, seated, clad in a robe of rich colours, a book in his left hand, and the fingers of his right upheld in benediction. On either side stand two angels in adoration, while below there are a number of figures of apostles or saints. As one looks upon this central face, outlined with its elaborate halo, long since conventionalized into a type, and thinks how it has gazed in benediction for centuries over this empty nave, one's mind goes back instinctively to the olden days when the glare of the sun was filtered in through narrow windows, filling the church with warm and subdued lights. The mounds of rubbish somehow transform themselves to kneeling monks; the voice of the

celebrant sounds in our ears, and the sad-sounding chants of the priests seem to die away in melancholy cadences; and over the whole congregation stretches the hand of Christ raised in perpetual benediction, and those great, indescribable eyes look steadfastly out over His kneeling people.

With this vision of the past still in one's eyes, the remaining halls and courts of the monastery seem all the more empty and deserted. A feeling of sadness, difficult to account for, oppresses one. Why should the traveller to these shrines of other days come away from the ancient temples of more ancient Egypt impressed with the strength of this olden people's conviction of life beyond the sarcophagus, and with their elaborate material preparation for this existence in the future? And why, in these remains of a newer religion, should he find so little that symbolizes endurance and restful faith? The temple stands firm and produces an impression of strength and calm confidence; the monastery crumbles and is filled with an air of sadness and desolation. The contrast is there; but it is merely the first impression, and, like all things external and obvious, it is insistently and wickedly obtrusive, until patience and thought change the point of view, and we seek for an inner significance to this outward and ancient contrast of carven stone and crumbling brick.

GERHARD R. LOMER

ALOUETTE

MY own word Alouette comes from the sea-lark of the Lower St. Lawrence, not from the land-lark of Old France. But it has grown up in my mind with so many offshoots that it is now almost as full of personal significance as one of Humpty Dumpty's portmanteau-words in "Alice through the Looking Glass." It means boats to me as well as birds; and a hundred other River things besides. It is the only name I've ever had for each individual craft in my tiny flotilla of one little yawl and two canoes. I used to think of Stormy Petrels and Mother Carey's Chickens, by way of variation. But such romantic names seemed far too oceanic and pretentious for three little vessels with hardly as many tons between them. And then admonitory friends would point out that Mother Carey's Chickens inevitably ended their watery careers in Davy Jones's Locker. So I always returned to my first love, Alouette. And I don't regret it; for the alouette, humblest of all seabirds, is as fit a symbol of my life afloat as of the craft in which I live it.

I am only a traveller at home—a mere part of the scene itself. I know nothing of the arts of touristry, and couldn't write guidebookiads if I tried. And my present theme is circumscribed by many other limitations. I confine myself to a single famous reach of the River, from Quebec to the Saguenay, which is hackneyed beyond the power of even advertisers to express it. And I deliberately choose the tamer shore—the South, the slower craft—a canoe and a most unsportsmanlike season—August. This means, of course, that rod, gun, rifle, and harpoon are all left behind. The place is not one for fishing: neither—I must confess it—is the man; since the sarcastic definition of angling as a

hook at one end and a fool at the other describes me to perfection. And the time is not the one for shooting; though there is plenty of out-of-season shooting down the River, both of the shameful and shameless kind. The worst of it is that many educated men have still to learn that there is the same difference between in- and out-of-season shooting as there is between a battle and a massacre, and the same difference between a sportsman and a "sport" as there is between a gentleman and a "gent." As for harpooning—I don't mean big-gun work from the bows of a steamer, with a mass of machinery to play your "fish" for you; nor yet the jabbing done at low water inside the *raccroc* of a porpoise fishery—I mean the free and open stand-up fight of man and beast, with the life of both at stake, when only two of you are out in a North-Shore canoe, with a hand harpoon, after the Little White Whale; when every move is made by your own strength; when each emergency of trim is met by your own live ballast; when your own bodily skill alone carries you safely through the thronging risks of a sudden throw at an unexpected rush, head-on, with its strike, its sheer, its zipping line —which will be your halter, not the whale's, if there's one kink foul for running; when, in a word, there's a fair field and none but Nature's beneficent favour for the fittest nerves and muscles:—I am afraid this also belongs to quite another chapter of Laurentian experience, and that the harpoon had best be left behind with the rod and gun and rifle. But I can be happy without any or all of these things. There is a good deal of compensation in the camera. And I am zoophilist enough to be far more keenly interested in animal life than animal death.

I go down the River every summer as a natural migrant there, revelling in the friendly society of all my fellow-animals, particularly birds, seals, whales, and the amphibious varieties of man. I don't say this by way of making a feeble joke; I literally mean it. Born a lover of animals and all about them I took to Darwin like a duck to water, delight-

ing to find that the species to which I belonged myself—however different in degree—was really the same in kind as every other species in Creation. And I was equally delighted to find that nowhere else in the world can the whole history of the animal kingdom be seen at one panoramic view as it can along the St. Lawrence. Over there, to the north, are the azoic Laurentians, made of the rocks which are the very roots of other mountains, and old, so old, immeasurably old, that they alone, of all the hills of time, stood by when Life itself was born. And here are waters peopled by all the chief kindred of animals that have grown from protozoic ages till to-day. And on these waters civilized man—the highest species of the present— sails by in myriads, to grow into a mighty nation of the future.

But perhaps the joys of evolution are no joys to you. And, if they are, you would certainly remind me that evolution has itself evolved since Darwin, that you naturally prefer to hear about it from professed biologists, and that my proper theme is "Alouette." So I return to my flotilla for a moment, in case some like-minded man might care to follow in my wake; and then I'll drop down stream at once.

An old captain, who had left the sea to start in business as a tavern-keeper, and who wanted a ship in full sail for his signboard, employed a travelling painter who specialized only in white lions. "Very well," said the painter, when he had to give way before the captain's importunity, "I'll paint yer blasted ship—but she won't look any too different from one of my white lions!" And she didn't. I had a little of the same sort of trouble over the building of my yawl. The builder was of high renown on the Island of Orleans. But he had begun with jolly-boats, and the dinghy touch had never left him. He received my doubtless very amateurish design and suggestions with profound respect; but at once proceeded to improve them dinghy-wards. However, he had an assistant who was full of bright ideas, and he was himself an excellent workman; so I eventually got all the weatherly points I wanted. Her length over all was only

nineteen feet and her beam seven; but she drew between four and five, having a very deep and strongly shod oak keel. She carried good big sails, with plenty of reefs and no top-sail. Everything was made as stanch and simple as possible. All the running rigging was to hand from the tiller. The cabin had two spring bunks, and it was as airy as a big door and hatch could make it. The cockpit was deep, on account of the high coamings. And, one way and another, I was thoroughly prepared for the worst, as, in my humble opinion, every small craft on the Lower St. Lawrence should always be. Speed was no object compared with seaworthiness: and I felt full confidence in her stability with half the lee deck under. But her maiden run was a hundred and twenty miles in eighteen hours; the first half of the time mere drifting, the second, flying more than three-quarters of the way before a southerly gale, and six hours of it against a big spring tide, through pretty wild water. Having just done these hundred and twenty miles in eighteen hours, I offered to sail a friend from Cacouna to Tadousac and back again between dawn and sunset. But fog and a dead calm upset my calculations. Far from equalling my maiden record I took more than twice as long to do much less than a quarter of the distance. Then I forswore time-tables for good and all; and so lived happily ever since.

The same applies, even more, to canoes. The only time-table rule for them is one perpetual exception. Last summer I took thirteen days to do what I had done easily, two years before, in three. And I was in much better training in 1910, after a trip to Labrador, than in 1908, after all the turmoil of tercentennial Quebec. In ordinary seasons you should have about two fair-weather canoeing days out of every three, at least for going down. But you never can tell for certain; and the only way to ensure success is to have a good canoe and outfit, know what to do under all conditions, keep your weather eye continually open, and pity the rest of the world for not being with you. My first canoe was a birch-bark, made by a Micmac

friend of mine out of a single strip cut from a gigantic tree in Temiscouata. It is seventeen foot eight and a half by thirty-four inches, and twelve deep amidships. The original piece measured just eighteen feet by five, and was almost as good a trophy as a scalp. It didn't make a very light canoe: the ribbing was particularly thick, and the whole build was for strength. But eighty pounds is nothing to portage alone on one shoulder. I used to watch the Indian with infinite pleasure. Here was a living form of prehistoric manufacture—in the old meaning of manu-facture. A knife was the only tool, from first to last; and, though it had a Sheffield blade, a bronze, or even stone, one would have done the work, if given more time. Not a nail was used, only wooden pegs, driven home by the butt of the knife. Cedar, birch, and spruce furnished all the materials—more useful to the Indian than the "sailing fir" to English shipbuilders when Chaucer was collecting customs at the port of London. But Chaucer's fir is very modern; and as I sat beside my Indian friend, my mind flew back a hundred thousand years, to times when we might have been discussing strained relations with the local mammoth—much as diplomatists discuss international imbroglios at the present day—and when we might have also been propitiating some earlier Prometheus to get more fire to melt more gum.

My birch-bark stood a fair amount of sea. It is quite a mistake to suppose that you can only go out in a calm. Look at an Indian getting a seal aboard, or rounding a point in swirly water roughened by a blow against the tide, and doing this with his gunwale a bare hand's breadth above. But don't try this yourself, till you have learnt how, or your education will end with the first lesson. The fact is the birch-bark is like any other craft, all right with the right man in the right place, and all wrong with the wrong. It is by no means the tippiest thing afloat. If you think so, just shove off in a kayak without a double-bladed paddle, or try to land a brook trout in a one-man coracle.

But for all-round cruising a wooden canoe is far better. The one I have might be briefly described as a Peterborough, built like a life-boat. I drew the plan myself; and I dare say I was quite as great a nuisance in the canoe works as I was about the yawl in the shipyard and sail-loft. But I have an incurable hatred for the general run of "stock articles," and believe in making one's personal outfit as distinctly individual as one's own personal self. My lifeboat-Peterborough is only fifteen feet long, three feet in the beam, and a foot and a half in total depth amidships, from the level of the gunwale to the level of the brass shoe on the two-inch keel. Both ends are alike, and rise with a sharp sheer to twenty-seven inches above the shoe-line. I carry air-tanks, the bulkheads for which are thirty inches from the extreme ends. Thus the available space left is ten feet long, between two and three wide, and from one and a quarter to one and three-quarters high. Into this space I can stow another man and three hundred pounds of cargo with ease. I then have all the freeboard I need for perfect safety—more hull above than below the waterline, even with the two-inch keel—and I draw well under one foot aft. I use a six-foot paddle, that being the length of one I can clasp my fingers round with my arms at full stretch. Single-handed cruising is, of course, impossible, as a canoe of that width, depth, and weight could not be carried by one man without some special portage tackle that would take up a good deal too much room. I have semicircular handles with chain loops that fit on to iron projections and tighten when the handles are level for lifting. In this way two men carry the canoe like a sedan chair. The canoe, stripped, weighs a hundred and fifty pounds; and the bulkheads, tanks, and handles add twenty-five more. So that with a full load of provisions, on starting out, the entire weight of the outfit—craft and cargo complete—is nearer five than four hundred pounds. But as an excuse for this apparent cruelty to animals I can plead that they really like it. We generally start with the tide and land when

it turns. But we have made two starts and two landings in one day, paddled for eleven hours, danced in the evening, and never knew we ought to have been tired out till someone said so.

A word as to kit. Mine is not unlike a Horse Marine's. But when you can walk, run, and jump; climb rocks, trees, rigging, cliffs, and hills; ride a horse or wade all day in a foot-and-a-half of water without wetting your feet; and do all this, quite as well as you paddle your own canoe, in one and the same kit, I think there is something to say in its favour. When not bare-legged I wear dark Strathconas, well greased with currier's dubbin. This, apart from its material advantages, gives me—in very truth, and not as a mere bad pun—a good standing among the habitants, whose eyes see only *bottes sauvages* that have got on in the world, and whose noses tell them, still more subtly, that I am *graisé comme nous autres*. A pair of old khaki riding breeches, the strongest kind of English fisherman's navy blue jersey, and a wide leather belt with many wallets, complete the rig-out. You must have everything handy and made fast to you; and there's nothing like a belt and wallets—big, strong, and well fastened. One day I found a nest worth photographing just as we had to start to get the tide. It was half-way up the face of a cliff, and the only foothold near it was a long branch of a tree in front of the niche, but about four feet too high. The only means of taking the photo at the proper angle was to climb out on the branch and hang head downwards from it by my knees; which I did without any of the distressing little avalanches of personal effects that always follow antics like this when performed in pocketed clothes. Of course you must carry complete oilers, a simple sleeping bag, and waterproof ground sheet—but all this is too obvious for mention.

And now it's more than time to go—late summer, fine, warm, calm after a moderate sou'west, and promising well for to-morrow, when the full spring tide will turn at Quebec at four o'clock in the morning. I am going down the South

Shore in the wooden canoe, as it alone gives me just the blend of independence and intimacy I want to enjoy this journey. For weeks I have been fussing over the same old River outfit, like a baby with a new toy. The sail—forty square feet of bleached steamloom, weighing under ten ounces, the seven-foot-sided tent, and all the multifarious paraphernalia of kit and tools and tackle, have again been re-examined and snugly packed. And every time I've got a whiff of marlin I've felt like a dog sniffing some favourite article from home; and I'm sure I would have wagged my tail quite as hard if I had only had one. I am up at two; and by four my canoe is swinging empty at the end of a few feet of line, so that I can feast my eyes on her in her new coat of gleaming white paint outside, varnish inside, and sea-blue flooring. Every part of the outfit has its own place. The whole is stowed away in five minutes, and, as I dip the polished bird's-eye maple of my six-foot Iroquois paddle, I feel that the natural home of man must be the stern seat of a cruising canoe; and I've nothing to make me regret the land, except, of course, my spaniel, Donna.

Quebec at sunrise from the River is a moment's vision and a life's delight. Day is too full of distractions in any city, and night shrouds or changes too much of what you want to see. But dawn catches the expression of repose on all the haunts of men by the very light that will presently make them astir with labour. And dawn on the water before a city gives exactly that combination of insight, wholeness, and detachment which stimulates historic memory and imaginative thought. I wonder what the colour of Quebec would look like then to the Japanese eyes of Yoshio Markino, and whether Whistler could have found any beauty in the factory chimneys along the valley of the St. Charles. But the innumerable masts and rigging that rise above the docks there in the foreground, seen from where they stand in outline against the sky before the sun has touched them, are joy enough for every eye, suggesting, as they do, the tracery of winter woodlands in the soft flush of summer. In the

old sailing days there would have been the same effect on the River, produced by ocean-going vessels, which used to berth so close together that a squirrel might have gone a mile without coming down from aloft. But though the glory of mast and sail has mostly gone, there is another glory that has come in with the beautiful hulls of the best British cruisers, which are æsthetically as much superior to the hulls of the tubby old three-deckers as a Derby winner is to a coster's donkey. One of the finest of her class has just begun to swing with the changing current, and I get a good view of all her shapely might.

And now the first sunshine rises above the Lévis heights, flies overhead to the far tops of the Laurentians, and then flows back, in a wide flood of crimson and gold, down the long slopes, to the valley of the St. Charles, and, with a sudden glint, on to the River itself.

Quebec has no inspired architecture—none of our New World cities have; and I often wish Mansard had died before he invented his detestable roof. But look what Nature has done for her in the way of architectonics! Unfortunately, there are a few ugly excrescences about the town; and certain vile Vandals have done all the harm they could to the Heights of Abraham by building a red-brick factory on the brow of that noble and immortal cliff; and by disfiguring the old tower with a gawky tank on top of it;—and all most wantonly, against commercial interest, military opinion, historical association, and æsthetic taste. But let us forget the whole brood; and look round at those massed roofs, façades, and gables, that climb the hills and cluster here, wind about and spread into quaint patterns there; are terraced, piled up and grouped round heavenward steeples; are girdled by walls and crowned by a citadel that guards the portals of an empire. And, looking round, let us thank God that one city in America has been made too profoundly distinctive by great Nature, great deeds, and great men, for all the cry of little men ever to bring her down—even for sale—into the catalogue of common things.

She has thrilled with four sieges and five battles. The fate of half a continent has been three times decided before her gates. A nation was founded within her walls. And, if we rest on our paddles for a single sweeping glance before we leave the harbour, we can see where half the history of Canada was made. A mile up the St. Charles is where Jacques Cartier spent the first white man's Canadian winter. On the Terrace is the site of the fort which Champlain surrendered to the Kirkes. Their summons was wholly illegal, as the two Crowns were then at peace with one another. But the surrender was quite convenient for Charles I of England, who held Quebec three years in pledge for the unpaid dowry of his Queen, Henrietta Maria of France, and who, while holding it, incidentally granted his good friend, Alexander, Earl of Sterling, "Ye Countie and Lordship of Canada"! On the same site Frontenac answered Phips "from the mouth of my cannon," and thus repulsed the first American invasion. The Basin we're in now was once filled by the greatest single fleet the New World had ever seen, when Saunders brought Wolfe "to attack and reduce Quebec," at the supreme crisis of Pitt's imperial war. Over to our left are the heights of Montmorency, where the great Montcalm won his fourth consecutive victory by defeating Wolfe's assault. A mile below them are the Falls, off which the *Centurion* and *Porcupine* were then anchored. The *Centurion*, as every boy knows, was Anson's flagship on his famous voyage round the world fifteen years before, when Saunders was his first lieutenant. And Anson was now First Lord of the Admiralty, Pitt's right hand in empire-making; while one of the boys who, at this very time, was gloating over the *Centurion's* adventures, was a little German, ten years old, Johann Wolfgang Goethe. The *Porcupine's* log for "Sunday, 8th July, 1759," contains the following entry: "At 5 p.m. came on bd. Capt. Jervis and took command." Jervis was the friend to whom Wolfe gave his will, notebook, and the miniature of his *fiancée*, Katherine Lowther, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the night

before the Battle of the Plains, and who is so well known to history as Lord St. Vincent and Nelson's commander-in-chief. And opposite the Parliament Buildings is the house from which Nelson was decoyed away, twenty-three years later, lest he should marry pretty Mary Simpson, daughter of Wolfe's old provost sergeant. Up the River, beyond Sillery and half channel over, is where Wolfe recited Gray's Elegy while making his last reconnaissance in a boat the day before the battle. The Plains themselves are too famous for more than naming. Even an official contemporary reference moves us to-day: "General Orders, 14 Sept., 1759. Plains of Abraham. Parole —Wolfe; Countersign—England." But we should also remember that nearly the same ground was the scene of Lévis' French victory next year. Down by the water's edge, under Cape Diamond and the Citadel, is where "the undaunted Fifty, safeguarding Canada" killed and defeated Montgomery, who led the second American invasion. A stone's throw from where he fell is the wharf where the First Canadian Contingent embarked for South Africa. And in the Upper Town, near the Basilica, are the quarters which Brock vacated when he went to repel the third American invasion.

The walls and Citadel themselves are not without significance, as one of the deterrents which prevented occasional ideas about a fourth American invasion from ever being developed into facts. The plans of these works were approved by Wellington. The building of them took nine years. And their cost was thirty-five millions of dollars, at a time when labour was cheap. But this was less than one-fourteenth part of what the Imperial government spent on fortifying Canada. And the five hundred millions spent on works were only a fraction of what was spent on troops and ships and wars during a century of successful effort at keeping Canada British and Canadian. But I apologize for even mentioning what all Canadians know, especially those patriots who would make us the model for a better world by kindly allowing the United Kingdom and United States to defend us gratis at their own expense.

Quebec has plenty of crowding memories other than those of glorious war. Near Wolfe's Cove was built the *Royal William*, the first vessel in the world to cross the Atlantic by steam alone, and the first steamer in the world to fire a shot in action. On the ground at the head of Mountain Hill Confederation was first debated and then proclaimed. In 1908 all Quebec was the scene of a Tercentenary unique among commemorations of its kind both in the Old World and the New. And there is many another such memory besides. No wonder Lord Dufferin wished to be the Marquess of Dufferin and Quebec, and Lord Sydenham wanted to take the title of Lord St. Lawrence!

But we are running into the South Channel of Orleans, and I have just time to point out a very different object of interest to my bow paddle. It is the little, tumble-down shanty on the Beauport Road, where, not so many years ago, an old beldame would have sold me the wind I wanted, *un bon suroît*, for *trois fois trente sous, M'sieu, et bon marché.* Rank superstition, if you like: but would Herodotus think it "holy" of me, an historian, to pass this temple of Æolus without the tribute of a single word? Another little shrine of surreptitious idolatry is closer by, in the church of Ste. Petronille, on the west end of the Island of Orleans. They are more lenient to such a very human weakness as that for which St. Petronilla stands unauthorized sponsor in the popular heart. She is supposed to be the patron of forlorn lovers and a powerful advocate with the unresponsive party. I hope she does better with the little *billets doux*, in which her mediation is implored, than she did herself for poor Flaccus, who found her dead, as the result of considering his proposal for three days together. Don't forget to write to her on the thirty-first of May: that is the best time to touch her heart. And then, of course, you ought to meet Marie by accident on what should be "the glorious First of June" by land as well as sea!

The Orleans Channel seems small and shut in after Quebec above or the wider stretches below. You forget you

have an island on one side. Its south-west end is literally "embosomed" in trees, down to the tidal beach. I was glad of their denseness last summer, when I camped under them in torrents of rain for three days, during which my companion lost the bad cold with which he had left Quebec. It was a warm and windless rain, rather soothing than otherwise. The little bay simmered gently with it; but sometimes nearly bubbled over; and, every now and then, a long breaking swish on the sand—followed by a series of thudding *toonk's*, like taps on a muffled drum, at the point, where the crannied rocks stood thick—told us among the trees that some large vessel had just steamed past, half a mile away. We amused ourselves by guessing the tonnage, build and speed, by the kind of wash sent in; and at the end of the second day our guesses became quite unamusingly correct.

The third evening was perfectly clear; and, under the waxing moon, "the bay was white with silent light." Next morning we loitered along the Island, with only an occasional dip of the paddle, and basked our fill in the returning sun. Over on the south shore were the new forts at Beaumont, excellently placed to command the Channel for ten miles down. The good folk of St. Laurent on the Island would have a lively time of it; for they lie in the direct line, and all the high-angle fire would go screeching above them and burst in death-showers far beyond. But nobody thinks of what nobody sees; and I do not believe one civilian eye in a thousand ever picks out these works unaided. In the old days, both men and forts literally stood up for themselves; now they both lie down, and make themselves as much like all the rest of Mother Earth as they possibly can. However, the day and scene were peaceful to the last degree; and, though a million tongues have said it before, you could not help a "smiling landscape."

But there are other views and points of view. And if you want evidence that the South Channel of Orleans is really moving with the times, just look at that splendid hundred-foot advertisement of somebody's prize biscuits,

brightening up the shabby local colour of the Island trees. Or pick up one of the many mattresses thrown overboard from passing liners, to bring the very latest kinds of contagious disease within the reach of every Canadian. Or join that excursion steamer, where you can get all your appreciations ready-made for a dollar:—

> "Round go the paddle-wheels;
> And now the Tourist feels
> *As he should.*"

How delightful to enjoy such certitude below! Is it because the bride always reads the guidebook to the groom, and thus infallible results are easily reached through the single-sex culture of America? There's an old battlement, just newly built, in real stone, near Point St. Valier. It will be an "object of historic interest" next year; and next century the antiquaries will doubtless shed much futile ink over the vexed question as to whether it was built by Wolfe or Montcalm, or neither, or both. And here's a new steam collier waddling past, a flat-nosed, pot-bellied, bob-tailed abomination. And then a barque, with graceful fore and main and mizzen-staysails drawing beautifully, and two towering heights of well-filled square canvas, and all refreshingly white—from flying-jib to spanker. She was the centre of my gaze for many a receding mile. Something about her appealed to

> "The vagabondish sons of God:
> . . . .
> These too receive each one his day,
> And their wise heart knows many things,
> Beyond the sating of desire,
> Above the dignity of kings."

Off St. Valier Bank we were sailing well but easily, with plenty of chance to look about us. I rarely pass the historic Traverse, leading from the North to the South Channel by the east end of the Island of Orleans, without thinking

of old Captain Killick, who sailed the transport *Goodwill* through it in 1759 and never let the French pilot say a word. "Damn me, I'll convince you an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose." And he did. The Canadian government never listened to their naval and military advisers till too late, and boodled the money that might have given them a proper survey and solved the lubber's riddle long before the British fleet came up and solved it by a single stroke of seamanship. The great Captain Cook was then Master, or navigating officer, of H. M. S. *Pembroke* under Captain Simcoe. His log contains the following entries: "9th June. At 4 a.m. a signal on board the *Devonshire* for all boats man'd and arm'd in order to go and sound the channell of the Traverse. 10th. At 3 a.m. all the boats went a sounding as before. 11th. Returned satisfied with being acquainted with ye Channel."

Some time ago, when editing the *Logs of the Conquest of Canada*, I found it most interesting to go over the actual waters, here and elsewhere, with the five great hydrographic accounts of five successive centuries in my hands: Jacques Cartier's, Champlain's, Cook's, Bayfield's, and the Admiralty Pilot for 1907. One thing it bore in upon me—as all history bears in upon all students—that our own is not the only generation that is "smart" and "up-to-date," and that knows what's what in general. But these four men were much more than merely up-to-date. They were all in advance of their times, which treated them, of course, as the average men of every age treat their real leaders. Cook's and Bayfield's work stands good to-day where there has been no disturbing natural change. And I have sailed a vessel of some tonnage by Cook's charts, and used the excellent leading marks he sketched on the margins.

But a humming blow came on, and I had to live very much in the present if I wished to do so at all in the future. I had run past my camps of one and two summers before, in order to get down as far as possible with the tide, which

was now nearly dead low. There were three large vessels coming up in the distance, which made a crossing to the islands rather risky. St. Thomas Bank, two miles ahead, is the biggest mudbank in the River. The wind was so high that we couldn't paddle back. So I looked out for the best, or rather least bad, place at hand, between the devil of St. Thomas Point and the deep sea of Wye Rock. We had just passed the skeleton of the unfortunate *Campana*, which broke her back at St. Valier Point. And on our way down from Quebec we had paddled round the *Bavarian*, which was wrecked exactly where we were now. And I earnestly recommend a landing, in a good blow, near the scene of a recent wreck, if you want to impress a "mind-picture" on your memory in a way you won't forget if you have to draw it at your next exam. I lowered the sail and went as close as I could, both of us backing water most of the time. At last I saw a rock that looked somewhat like an elephant kneeling, and about the same size. It stood out ten or twelve yards from the rest, which were unpleasantly like rows of gigantic teeth, and was joined to them by a little reef, just awash. I edged in and found two feet of water on the lee side. The direct distance to the shore was only a quarter of a mile. But it was so muddy and rocky that we could never get in by portaging before the flood tide caught us—and springs rise nineteen feet opposite Grosse Isle, and the peculiar formation of the Wye Rock reef banks up the flood at first and then lets it in with a tremendous rush. So I climbed out on the rock and scrambled about, looking for a channel that would be safe when the water rose. The best I could find was an irregular, Z-shaped one, over four jagged reefs and between several promiscuous boulders. Now, when it's blowing half a gale, and your canoe is only a quarter-of-an-inch thick, and she and you and your cargo together weigh eight hundred pounds, you have to be pretty careful. And we were. When the water brought our friendly outer rock awash we crossed the first reef through the nearest gap, holding the bow in till the stern swung round, and then shooting ahead as if poling

up a feasible rapid. Between the second and third reefs were five uncompromising boulders, arranged like the tipsy X of a man who " ain't no scollard " and has to make his mark. This and the succeeding gap meant three swings and shoots running, worse than double post-and-rails or the water jump at Punchestown. We did the first two so easily that we spurted the third. But a sudden gust and a very slimy bottom that held our blades spoilt it. Seeing we must strike we backed so as to take it forward of amidships and swing aft, which we did; then backed again; cleared; came up on the inner side of the same boulder; shot between it and the reef—a five-foot "tickle"; passed the gap; turned outwards completely round; and shot in on the last inch of the swing. After four hours and three-quarters we landed, camped, and found we had made the only bruise of three whole seasons. But it caused no leak, and a dab of white paint made it look all right. Such details are, I know, to chronicle small beer as if I was keeping tally for the nectar of the gods. But I describe this and shall mention other bad landings to show that you can manage the South Shore quite safely, under adverse conditions, if you take a little care. And if you take a little more care than I did about looking out for squalls, and land well ahead of them, you needn't knock a speck of paint off the whole way down.

While working in we were delighted with the sea-swallows, circletting near the fishery, and seemingly intent on nothing but play for the moment. There were only a few of them, nothing like the wheeling, wavering multitude I saw a month earlier down in Labrador. But their winged loveliness filled my eye whenever I could look up. They remind me of lances and tent-pegging. The pennon flutters as they charge, check, and shoulder the air on the turn; but it is wrapped tight as they suddenly fold their wings and dart down—the red bill looking as if it had tasted blood already—plopp!—the water begins to close—flurrhrrhetty—and they're up again, shake themselves, rise like a toboggan sliding uphill—if you can imagine that—and join the wheeling crowd above.

Next morning I missed their insistent "tee-arr, tee-arrrr," when I was scolded awake by an indignant squirrel, who had never seen a tent where I had pitched mine. The sun hadn't quite topped the hills inshore; but I have often noticed that sea-life is up and doing a good hour before land-life has got the sleep out of its eyes, so my friends the terns had probably gone fishing long ago. However, we had woods, thickets, and a lush meadow close by, and the sounds of the land birds made up for the lost sight of the seabirds. It was quite a tumultuous *aubade*. We have no lark with his "first fine careless rapture," or his *finale*, "Dell' ultima dolcezza, che la sazia," but plenty of morning birds that would have cheered the soaring heart of Vaughan.

> ...."the busy wind all night
> Blew through thy lodging, where thine own warm wing
> Thy pillow was. And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
> Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing."

The wind did blow through the birds' lodging and through mine that night. But, fortunately, instead of hauling round more northerly, as it often does in August, it veered back to south-west and blew parallel with the shore. Still, it was pretty rough work loading, even under the lee of a miniature promontory. The waves boomed, sucked, and sumphed, and boomed again. But we snaked our way out with the paddles, and then scudded along St. Thomas Bank through a slashing sea. We had started while the tidal stream was still running up, so as to get into Montmagny at high water, re-stock with fresh provisions, have breakfast, and go on to Lislet, fourteen miles further. Montmagny is not a very interesting place, except at close elections. In the troublous times of '37 the schoolboys there were encouraged to present an address to Papineau, on his way through to Quebec. The biggest boy read the address and led the cheering. I have just been "assisting" at his eighty-seventh birthday. He is Sir James Le Moine, of Spencer Grange, *doyen* of Canadian *littérateurs*. Montmagny has the distinction of having recovered its civil name after

generations of nomenclative saintship. Most of the saints' names, so common in the province of Quebec, are really not the place-names at all, but the names of the patron saints of the places. The way the substitution happened was that the ecclesiastical life was better organized in the early days than the civil, and so the name of the patron was apt to oust the name of the place that he or she was patron of. Another distinction in the name of Montmagny is that it comes from the French Governor whose original patronymic of Mons Magnus was translated by the Indians into Ononthio and applied to all succeeding governors, much in the same way as the Indianized form of Arent van Corlaer's name—Kora—eventually came to be applied by the Iroquois to the kings of England. My own experiences of Montmagny have been far beneath the dignity of such mighty themes, having been confined, for the most part, to giving the mud-banks a wide berth, when passing outside, or keeping the tortuous channel between the little bobbing buoys, when making for the wharf. But one day, when I was waiting for the tide, a small urchin took pity on me and offered to show me "*une vra'e curiosité*" for ten cents. As he looked round before starting off I surmised that he was accustomed to picking up as many dimes as he could before opening the peep-show. This time, however, business was dull, and I was his only catch. He led me down a side street and showed me proudly the little extension kitchen where his mother was scrubbing the floor. "*Trois cents livres, M'sieu', et elle s'engraisse toujours.*" As she ran sixty pounds to the foot, and I saw thirty for every cent of admission, I felt I had had my money's worth.

Leaving Montmagny we had a good view of the great white stone Celtic cross on Grosse Isle, six miles away. It commemorates the more than five thousand unhappy victims of ship fever who died there in the Irish famine forties. The modern Quarantine Station looks like a summer resort, with a fashionable hotel—at least from the offing. I wonder how they stop wayward shipping nowadays. Till not so very

long ago the government employees manned a battery of old smooth-bores and blazed away the regulation number of rounds at the regulation target, year after year. As a very small boy I was present at one of these practices, and I can still remember the excitement when the water from a ricochet was said to have actually splashed this virgin target. But, meanwhile, we were beginning to round the lower mud bank, which was alive with sandpipers and plover. I don't know whether there is such a word as "mirror-mud" or not. But as we passed we saw every bird clearly reflected. It was a curious and beautiful sight—the quick sharp runs, the solemn halts, the sudden pecks at tiny molluscs, all doubled to the very life. We drifted lingeringly, and when I hoisted the sail it was nearly half-tide out and a strong blow, which soon piped up to a small gale. The River hereabouts, and for thirty miles down, flows over a bank of ooze, and when it's a bit rough you might easily think yourself afloat on all the pea soup in the world. Lislet was a very undesirable landing at low tide, and most of the places between that and Montmagny had sharp-edged reefs embedded in the all-pervading mud. So I looked inshore near Quai Methot and saw a boy going out to the fishery pushing what appeared to be a sleigh-perambulator. The mud seemed even more beautiful than the mirror-mud three miles back. It was blue as the Mediterranean. But, of course, distance lent the enchantment, and when I stepped into it to wade towards the fishery it became the most unromantic brown. The tidal flats are such real flats here that the canoe was a good mile from shore—anything but a lively prospect. When I reached the boy he was still scooping up fish and could not grasp the idea that there could be any hurry to get out of the mud he waded through twice every day. I walked inshore with him, learnt the cheering news that his father had a lame back, that there was a fête in the parish to which all the other men had gone, and that a horse would sink as it would in a snowdrift.

However, the father proved to be a very pleasant man to deal with, like nearly all the real habitants I know; and I started back for my second mile of mudlarking with two boys and two sleighs. One sleigh was much the same as those we slide on, except that the runners were six inches wide and not shod with steel. The other was the "perambulator" I had spied on arrival. It was something like what you would make out of half a barrel, cut lengthwise, with the bearing surface a little broadened out. It had a perambulator handle and went swimmingly, in almost the literal sense, with a load of a hundred and fifty pounds. We then went in with all the baggage, carrying what wouldn't fit on the sleighs, and I returned to the canoe to bring it in bit by bit as the tide rose, which soon happened, since my four miles of gluey mud had taken me nearly as many hours. The rest was easy; in two hours more the water was high enough to reach the final comparatively steep, firm strip of twenty yards. It was five o'clock. By six we were having supper; and everything was as clean as if there wasn't a speck of mud in sight. It washed off completely, unlike the indelible blue clay of some other places. A tip to the boys more than satisfied them. Their mother sent us milk, cream, and butter, and wouldn't hear of payment. All the children, exactly a dozen, the eldest only sixteen, the youngest six, sat in a twenty-four-eyed semicircle while we ate. This is inevitable; and if you don't like any camaraderie of the kind you had better not try the habitant country at all. The eldest boy was a very fine young fellow, and quite grave with the family cares on his own instead of his father's lame back. I sent him the photographs of our adventures here and got a letter much fuller of natural politeness than one I got by the same mail from a man who thinks himself in quite the first flight of society. And this is no exception. I have had many habitant correspondents, in these and other ways, and have written letters at the dictation of some who could not write themselves, and I can only say I wish all my correspondents were as pleasant to write

to or hear from. Just before sunset the parents came down, and we had a long chat, and a good deal of chaff over their ill-luck in having completed their dozen too late for the hundred-acre grant which the provincial government used to give to every father of twelve living children. Quebec is the land of large families. But, even so, it may be news to hear that the minister of Crown Lands received a pile of petitions from fathers who wanted two hundred acres, because they had twenty-four children and upwards!

The wind died down at night and we slept like tops till four. I slipped on something wriggly as I stepped out of the tent, and found it was an eel, which my friend the fisher boy, the second son, had left there for us when returning with his catch before midnight. It was a present, as his elder brother came down to tell me he wouldn't take a cent for it.

By the time we reached Lislet the wind was up worse than ever. We ran in to a rocky ridge about a hundred feet high, which stands almost isolated a mile below the wharf, and camped on a niche twenty feet up it. Next morning we ran down below St. Jean Port Joli, only ten miles, and just landed before a thunderstorm. And two days after we only went a couple of miles before another and much bigger storm broke beside us, and ended in a three days' gale. Thus we had five consecutive forced landings under adverse conditions. But I only mention this to add that we enjoyed ourselves notwithstanding, and that I have never had another run of weather like it in all my experience.

This fifth landing made our record for speed. When you hear a thunderous roar coming out of the Gouffre at Baie St. Paul, as if the very hills were bellowing, and you are in a thin, well-laden canoe off the lee shore opposite, then run for it. We had been careful to start at high water, knowing of two or three little coves with sandy beaches. And, though the sea was breaking all round us and boiling over reefs and ledges, there was no danger, as the nearest cove was a double one, with narrow entrances, and it ran a

quarter of a mile inland. I looked at my watch as we touched, and again when we had the tent up in a cedar clump fifty yards off and all the baggage inside—twenty-one minutes. But, of course, we had plenty of thunder and lightning to make the pace for us. The tent was quite comfortable, though somewhat over-ventilated. I use no poles and only carry four pegs. The " ridge-pole " is a rope running out sixty feet at each end and lashed to the most convenient tree anywhere within reach. The wall sides are extra long and the slack of them can be weighted with stones or baggage, while the guys can be secured with the four pegs and to roots, low branches, or anything else that is close by. Though one back corner was exposed, nothing carried away, and we slept the sleep of canoemen and the just. At nightfall the storm reached its climax; and, going out to see if the canoe was all right under the lee of a pile of driftwood, I saw some white objects washed in on the beach. They turned out to be the bodies of ten sheep, which a wave had taken off the windward point of the cove, twenty feet above high water mark. So there is sometimes more than enough to rock a canoe in our River cradle of the deep.

Next morning the weather moderated, the sun came out, and at low tide the whole male force of the clan Duval came down to mend their fishery. I made myself generally useful; not, I dare say, from the highest altruistic motives, but because I am as happy when knotting and lashing as maiden aunts on rainy days when doing fancy work. I was soon on excellent terms with all the dogs and small boys, and started off with an escort of both to see the sights of l'Anse à Chamas—a shop, " a real shop, like the ones in St. Jean," the roof of old Uncle Ulric's barn, which the storm had landed on a field of Indian corn, and no less than three newly-married couples. The next day the wind was still prohibitively high, so we walked up to St. Jean Port Joli to lay in supplies, as I felt that there was going to be a *veillée*. However, it got dark and nobody came; so we turned in and were both fast asleep when sudden flashes of light woke us

with a start. It was late, nearly nine; but the men explained apologetically that none of *les créatures* had been able to cross the point against the storm, and had had to be taken home. "*Question de jupons?*" I asked. "*Régime de cotillon!*" was the ready answer from a man who had not, I imagine, been attached to many embassies. We were eleven in the seven-foot-square tent, and my cigars soon made a cloud that reminded me of many a night in Germany. I have never smoked for pleasure—at least, not since I was allowed to. But on the supreme occasion of a *grande veillée* I do smoke one cigar, and wrap up another in paper and stick it in my pocket, for next Sunday afternoon, which is quite good form in 'longshore society. And don't Japanese Field Marshals and Cabinet Ministers still do much the same in Tokyo? Every one sang and yarned; and Uncle Ulric shrewdly opined that I must have learnt photography in the States, as he had heard me speaking English quite fluently with my cousin. I admitted having been there, and didn't commit myself about the photography, as I felt that a travelling photographer who gave away five-cent cigars, took newly-married couples gratis, and was believed to speak English fluently, was a man of some social consequence in l'Anse à Chamas.

Presently we fell to discussing the Canadian Navy. Old Uncle Ulric, who had been a deep-sea fisherman for eleven years, was decidedly for a navy on general principles. One of the bridegrooms, who was living on the Pacific coast, was also in favour of a navy against the Yellow Peril. Most of the rest thought navies not so bad as they were sometimes painted, because Sir Wilfrid Laurier was fathering one for Canada. On a show of hands the navalists had it by nine to two—majority seven, and loud calls for the next songs to be sung by the minority. Both these songs were vaudeville stuff, picked up in Montreal, along with the anti-naval policy, I suppose. Then Uncle Ulric, with a few intervals to wet his whistle, piped up for about an hour on end. His repertory was by far the most interesting, and included a couple of variants of genuine old folksongs handed down by oral tradi-

tion from the earliest times. As a student of folksong it did me good to hear him sing "*A St. Malo, beau port de mer*," which has come to us in Canada from the France of Jacques Cartier. When he sang, his old cracked voice would rise and quaver as if the gusts were blowing it about; and all the time the tent rippled, flapped, and boomed away like fore-and-aft sails tacking, the trees strained wildly at their roots, and the sea outside crashed on the rocks and sent the spray flying against the pile of driftwood like a charge of buck-shot. The man from the West, a widower just married to a widow, looked at his watch and found it was past midnight. Our nine guests then went home with swinging lanterns; and fitful snatches of song and laughter blew back to us across the beach-field.

We didn't wake till six on Sunday morning, too late for good water across the redoubtable Baie Ste. Anne, even if it had been as calm then as it became during the day. Our only early visitors were a couple of dogs and Uncle Ulric's three-year-old horse, who shared the field and spring with us. He was very wild at first—French-Canadians are very bad horsemasters—but by this time he would come nuzzling up to me of his own accord; and I taught him to take a lump of sugar from under the flap of my belt wallet, to the astonishment of the boys, to whom I afterwards sent a photo of this simple equine feat, with some, I hope, acceptable advice on kindness to animals. In the afternoon all the *créatures* came down, and we had a regular ladies' reception. As we had had no exercise that day we put off, later on, for a ten-mile paddle, leaving the camp for the inspection of the little crowd of villagers, who were shown the various "objects of interest" by my particular friends among the boys. Not a thing was missing when we came back; and, indeed, this has been my uniform experience. I have repeatedly left an open camp for hours together on all parts of the shore, and even on islands frequented by schooners, and never lost an article of any kind. Of course, I wouldn't do this in the towns; and I know that French-Canadian villages which have become summer resorts for English-speaking

people generally develop a small class of petty pilferers. But even here my experience has been a happy one. The wing of our cottage at Cacouna took fire when the only people in the house were a cousin with her two young children and a couple of servants, who were preceding us by a few days. The children were taken out and the villagers, headed by the blacksmith, ran in and worked so well that they saved the house and everything in it. There was absolutely no check on them whatever, and many things of some value were lying about. But the next day they brought everything back; and I afterwards had the greatest difficulty in finding out who had been in the salvage corps. Even then, not a man would take a cent till I proved to their satisfaction that it was the insurance people who, as a good stroke of business, wished to reward them. I know many other instances; and one that would have done credit to Iceland, or even Montenegro—that proud, unconquered, little mountain kingdom, where the most benighted honesty is still in vogue, where the finest cant of all our demagogues would fall on deaf ears, and where the poor people actually think a man's first duty is to defend his country to the death!

Perhaps my many chats in the village smithy may have had something to do with the saving of the cottage. And perhaps the fact that I have French, though not French-Canadian, blood on both sides, and that some of my people were landlords with French-Canadian tenants for three generations, may predispose me towards getting on with the habitants. But I think the real reason is that anyone gets on with any others he naturally likes to meet in their own distinctive way of life. And I think there must be many Anglo-Canadians who would find personal association with habitants and other French-Canadians quite as pleasant and interesting as I have done. And this without by any means agreeing with all things French-Canadian. I hate their callousness towards animals. But look at the other Latin peoples, at the hellish cruelty of Cornish birdcatchers, and at most men everywhere. I detest demagogues; and

the French-Canadians produce more than enough of them among their little lawyer-politicians. But are there not demagogues living as parasites on the body politic of every democratic community in the world; and who is quicker than a habitant to detect the mouthing quack—*grand parleur, p'tit faiseur*? And if I think French-Canadians are much too backward in doing their share towards the defence of an Empire which is the only ultimate guarantee of their French-Canadian life, do I not also see many Anglo-Canadians who are equally backward, and with less excuse, who prate of peace in ways which can only mean that they wish to live the sheltered, artificial life within a guardian Empire whose other members are to maintain the natural struggle for existence?

But a canoe is not a rostrum—though the original rostra were the rams of ancient men-of-war, taken in victorious battle, and thus wise saws for modern instances; and although the enthusiastic chaplain of the Red River Expedition did translate *arma, virumque cano* as "arms, men and canoes"! So I stop short in mid-career, with a plea for a few Anglo-Canadians to travel much more intimately about their own foreign homeland, which, I venture to say, they will find well worth the visiting. I even take the liberty of adding that I believe some of them will come round to a point of view from which they will see how French-Canadian life can be a charmingly distinctive melody, perfectly accordant with a great imperial harmony, if only it contains the trumpet call to arms. But these travellers must travel intimately. They need not "pig it" with porpoise-hunters, nor even go by water; though you intermingle with the people by water in a way impossible by land. And they need not forget how many other very pleasantly interesting people there are to meet sympathetically besides the humbler folk I cruise among—might I say seigneurs, savants, prime ministers, chief justices, and archbishops; and, may I add, some dancing partners, though these should have come at the seigniorial rather than the archiepiscopal end of the line?

But the habitants and others of corresponding classes down the River will not cut you off from good society of its own kind. Few such classes anywhere can produce so many of Nature's gentlemen and ladies, whose own note of distinction is in perfect tune with that of all harmonious social life. Cynics have said that the only true gentlemen are kings and beggars, because they are the only people beyond the reach of social pretence. And the screeching discords of snobbery, all over the English-speaking world, certainly tend to support this too extreme assertion. But the habitants, though as full of human failings as the rest, deserve at least one saving clause. And if my readers will follow me through the next and much more interesting part of my journey, I think they will see the reason why.

L'Anse à Chamas, where we are now, is sixty miles below Quebec. Cacouna Island is another sixty. And it would be another sixty still for a canoe to cross the St. Lawrence from there to Tadousac and go up the Saguenay to Eternity Bay. So we have made only a third of the distance I set out to cover. But the rest of the story cannot be told to-day.

William Wood

THE STORY OF JONAH

THE story of Jonah is perhaps the most widely distributed of all the Old Testament stories. We find it in more than one legend of ancient Greece; in the west of Canada, among the Indians of Tennessee, and in other parts of North America; in the west of Scotland, in Denmark, and in old Anglo-Saxon literature; in the myths of ancient Chaldea; in Australia, New Zealand, and Polynesia; in Hungary, Livland, and Finland; in the literature of the Mandaites; in Christian mythology and in legends of the Christian saints. It is not to be expected that all details are the same in all cases; in fact, if we were to take the two extreme forms, it might be thought that they were different and independent, but when they are all examined, it will be seen that they pass by imperceptible stages one into another—in fact, that there are general features almost throughout the list, which justify us in considering them together.

We will begin by taking that form of the story in which the hero is represented as fighting against a sea-monster. Of this story there are three varieties: (1) the hero fights with a monster which comes out of the sea; (2) the hero enters into the monster's body in order to destroy it; (3) the hero descends into the sea to fight his adversary, or even fights against the sea itself. It may be objected that in the book of Jonah there is no mention of any fight or combat, and this is perfectly true. Nevertheless, Jonah enters into the body of the fish, and this is a connecting link between stories of the second class of those described above and stories of the type of the book of Jonah—a type which will occupy our attention later. We shall see that this is not the only point of resemblance; we shall see that these connecting links are found throughout the whole group

of stories with which we are dealing. If any further evidence were required it would be found in the fact that even where the name of the hero is the same—for example in the case of Perseus—the legend, nevertheless, appears with many variations of detail. In one version, for example, Perseus is actually devoured by the monster. Moreover, the story of Jonah itself exhibits in mediæval art considerable differences of treatment.

With this reminder we may go back to the three varieties of the story of the contest between the hero and the monster. First of all, the monster comes out of the deep, and fights with the hero on the shore. Of this variation the legend of Perseus may be taken as a type. The narrative, as given by Pseudo-Apollodorus, who probably based his account on the lost Andromeda of Euripides, runs as follows: "When Perseus came to Ethiopia, the kingdom of Cepheus, he found Cepheus' daughter Andromeda exposed in order that she might be devoured by a sea-monster. Cassiepeia, the wife of Cepheus, had had a dispute with the daughters of Nereus as to which of them was the most beautiful, and she had claimed to be superior to them all. Thereupon Poseidon and the daughters of Nereus became angry, and Poseidon sent a monster to ravage the land. Then the oracle declared that the trouble would be ended, if Andromeda, the daughter of Cassiepeia, were given as a victim to be devoured by the sea-monster. Thereupon Cepheus chained Andromeda to a rock. At this point Perseus appeared and undertook to free Andromeda if she were given to him as a wife. When this had been promised, he fought with the monster, slew it, and so delivered Andromeda."

Side by side with this let us place the story of Hercules and Hesione: "Once upon a time Poseidon and Apollo came to Laomedon, king of Troy, and promised him, if he would pay them, to build walls round his city. Laomedon accepted the offer. When, however, they claimed the stipulated reward, he rejected their claim with disdain. Thereupon Poseidon sent a sea-monster which came and dragged away

men as they were working in the fields. Laomedon inquired of the oracle what he was to do, and the reply was that he must give up his daughter Hesione to be devoured by the monster. Accordingly, Hesione was bound to a rock on the shore. At this point Hercules appeared upon the scene. He promised to free the maiden, if Laomedon would present to him the horses which Zeus had given him in exchange for Ganymede. Laomedon promised; whereupon Hercules killed the monster and delivered the maiden. However, when he claimed his reward Laomedon refused to give it; whereupon Hercules attacked his city and destroyed it."

These two stories have been placed side by side. It can hardly be doubted that they are only two versions of the same legend, one localized in Ethiopia and one at Troy. But even the two versions themselves appear with important variations. For example, there is not wanting evidence that in some accounts the combat of Perseus took place beneath the sea, and it is quite certain that in some versions Hercules is represented as entering into the jaws of the monster and slaying it from within. All this illustrates very well what was meant above by "connecting links." First, we have the same story with different names, and then we have the same names but variations in the story.

We now come to the second variety of the combat version of the story, that, namely, in which the hero enters the body of the animal in order to destroy it. This form appears, as we have seen, in one version of the story of Hercules and Hesione. We have what is probably a representation of this on an early Etruscan vase; but apart from this work of art, we find the same account in three of our sources, namely, Lycophron, Hellanicus, and a scholiast on Homer. The account from the Alexandra of Lycophron is worth transcribing. It is well known that Lycophron is the most obscure of all ancient poets, and therefore we are occasionally not quite certain of his meaning. Nevertheless, there cannot be much doubt in the case of the present passage: "Alas for my unhappy nursing city that has been burned by fire,

first of all by the ships of pine which bore the hosts of the lion of three nights, whom erst in his jaws the sharp-toothed dog of Triton devoured. Nevertheless, he remained alive and cut the liver thereof; sweating in the smoke of the caldron at a fire-place without flame, he felt the locks of his hair melt and drop to the ground."

The similarity between this story and that of Jonah is so great that many, both of the ancients and moderns, have supposed that the Greek story is a copy of the Hebrew. Amongst those who have taken this view are the Fathers Cyril and Theodoret, and of the moderns, Gerard Voss, Spanheim, and F. C. Baur. The opposite view, that Jonah was copied from Lycophron, has also not been without adherents. The circumstances of the fire and the loss of hair will occupy us later. In many other legends the hero enters the body. On a cup found at Caere near Rome, the Greek hero Jason is represented as emerging from the body of a dragon; this may well be a variation of the more familiar story of his combat with the dragon. The illustration reminds us of mediæval pictures of St. Margaret, in which the saint is represented issuing from the jaws of a dragon, her head crowned by a dove. This dove is also to be seen in the picture of Jason. It is noteworthy that in some versions Margaret is called Marina, that is to say, Our Lady of the Sea. A similar story to that of Jason was current at Thespiæ about Menestratos. We also find this version of the story told about Hibil Ziwa in the sacred literature of the Mandaites.

The Scottish legend already mentioned also belongs to this class. It is as follows: " It [the dragon] was perfectly white. The thickest part of its body was as thick as three sacks of meal. The animal was a terror to the whole neighbourhood, since it not only devoured cattle and human beings but was also accustomed to go by night to the neighbouring churchyard, where it scratched open the graves with its claws and devoured the newly buried. The Lord of Galloway offered a reward for its destruction. But one of his riders was devoured—horse, armour, and all. Another was de-

terred by bad omens. At last a smith undertook the adventure. He obtained a complete suit of armour, furnished with long, sharp spikes, which could be drawn in or pushed out at the will of the person beneath the armour. Hardly was the equipment ready, when the wife of the smith died and was buried in the churchyard. The same night the smith surprised the dragon in the act of tearing open the grave. The dragon then devoured the smith. But just as he was gliding through its throat he shot out the spikes. This proved too much for the dragon, and the smith soon made good his escape from the body of his enemy. The dragon lay dead, and for three days and three nights the river Ken ran red with blood."

In other legends, also, the hero is devoured by the fish or monster; this is the case in Polynesia, in New Zealand, in the Cook Islands, on the west coast of Canada, in Finland, and in many other places. In the Finnish story, the hero is also, as in Scotland, a smith; other episodes in this version which is too long to quote here, show a striking resemblance to the Greek story of Jason; both Gustav Meyer and Radermacher have drawn attention to the similarity.

Let us, however, not dwell longer upon this class, but pass on to the third group, in which the hero fights with a monster underneath the sea, or even with the sea itself. As an example of this type the Anglo-Saxon epic of Beowulf will at once occur to every one. We have, in fact, in this epic, two versions in the same poem: for Beowulf not only slays Grendel who emerges from the deep, but also goes down to the bottom of the sea to fight with Grendel's mother. Nay, we may say that he is even made to fight against the sea itself. This is in his swimming-match with Breca, for if nothing but a swimming-match were intended, why should Beowulf enter the sea wearing a coat of mail, and grasping a sword in his hand? We have something similar in the 74th Psalm: "Thou didst break"—margin—"the sea by thy strength; thou brakest the heads of the dragons in the waters."

There is, by the bye, a later verse in the same Psalm, where we read: "Thou driedst up mighty rivers." This brings our story into connexion with another group of narratives in which a person, or a number of persons, pass through a sea or a river on dry land. The passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea is an example. The crossing of Jordan is only a duplicate of the Red Sea narrative, and the same story is told of Elijah and Elisha. Something similar is to be found in the newly discovered "Odes of Solomon," in a passage which seems to refer to Jesus. We read there: "The Lord has bridged the rivers by his word, and he walked and crossed them on foot; and his footsteps stand firm on the water and are not injured. And the waves were lifted up on this side and on that." These "Odes of Solomon," which have only just been published, are supposed by scholars to be a Christian production of about A. D. 50, and they take us back to the earliest period of the Christian movement.

That all these narratives are to be connected with the story of the killing of a monster is indicated not only by the 74th Psalm but also by Isa. 51, 9, where we read: "Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?" The walking of Jesus on the Sea of Galilee may possibly be only another form of this particular variety.

We may turn aside here to point out that when Christ in the Gospels calms the sea, we are reminded of Psalm 89, 9: "Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them." It is obvious in this case that the Gospel narrative is later than the Psalm in question. Nevertheless, it is often overlooked that in the same way the narrative of the Israelites in the Red Sea is probably later than verses similar to those quoted above from the 74th Psalm and from Isaiah. The ordinary exegesis supposes, on the contrary, that those passages refer to the crossing of the Red Sea, thereby inverting the natural order.

However, to return to the combat with the dragon. It may perhaps be useful to mention that there is evidence to shew that the original account of the creation contained a story of a combat between God and a dragon. To this no doubt the 89th Psalm alludes: "Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces as one that is slain." Now it is a well-known feature of oriental cosmogonies that the world at the end returns to the same condition in which it was in the beginning. The question therefore arises: Is there anything corresponding to this in the pictures drawn in the New Testament of the end of the world? We are all familiar with the hymn, "Lo! he comes with clouds descending." A similar picture is found in a verse of Luke which, however, says nothing about "descending." The verse is as follows: "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory." But further, this passage in Luke is itself based upon the following verse of Daniel: "Behold one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven and came to the Ancient of days." It is to be observed that the writer uses the expression "with the clouds," not "in a cloud;" herein he is followed by the Apocalypse of John. But again, this passage in Daniel can hardly be separated from a well-known verse in the Apocalypse of Ezra, in which the seer beholds "a man ascending from the heart of the sea." In that case the original conception of the Messiah will be rather that of one not descending from the sky but ascending from the sea. Now let us go back to the verse in Luke and see what precedes our verse. We find the following: "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring." It is these last words which are significant—"the sea and the waves roaring." It seems as if we had here a picture of the Messiah rising victorious from his combat with the sea. If this is the case, we have here a parallel to what we have supposed to have been originally a part of the story of the Creation.

It is instructive to notice the gradual development of a story in the example quoted. In Luke the words " with the clouds " are replaced by " in a cloud." The Gospel of Matthew has peculiarities foreign both to Daniel and Luke. Finally, the hymn-writer has added the word " descending," which may possibly give a picture exactly the opposite of that intended. We have already seen that similar variations occur in the stories of Perseus and Hercules. In the epic of Beowulf we have two, if not three or even four, varieties in the same poem.

However, in trying to prove that all the above stories are only varieties of the same myth, we need not confine ourselves to such general considerations as the above. Let us take certain striking features of the myth and examine how far these features occur in more than one version. Moreover, these should not be mere general resemblances—as, for example, that the monster had sharp teeth—but details of such a character that if they recur several times, the resemblance can hardly be accidental.

It will be remembered that in the story of Hercules, quoted above from Lycophron, the hero lost his hair whilst inside the monster. This is a very remarkable detail, which might appear at first to be a mere poetic embellishment. That it is not so is proved by the fact that we find the same feature in Western Canada, in Tennessee and elsewhere among the North American Indians, as well as in Australia. The following is from Frobenius's account of a legend from the Island of Vancouver: " They cut open the whale, and out came the hero and his brothers. And when they looked at one another they laughed. One of the brothers had lost all his hair in the inside of the whale." Hugo Schmidt, in his book on Jonah, has published two very interesting illustrations of Jonah, in which the prophet goes into the whale's mouth with long hair but comes out bald. These illustrations are taken from a manuscript of the Biblia Pauperum in the possession of the Monastery of St. Florian in Austria. Moreover, on the bronze doors of the Church

of St. Paul Fuori, at Rome, Jonah is represented as bald; the fact that his name is added places this beyond all doubt.

A second common feature is that there is a devouring fire in the interior of the monster. This feature is found in many of the stories, for example in that of Hercules. It also occurs in accounts from the Cook Islands, from the west of Canada, from Vancouver Island, and elsewhere. Here, also, there are variations. In some narratives the hero himself kindles the fire; in others he finds it already burning. It is very possible that we may see reason, before we finish, to believe that this fire is not unconnected with the fires of hell, which form a part of the Christian tradition, and are already mentioned in the New Testament.

We pass, thirdly, to the manner in which the monster is slain, and here also we find striking parallels. In the illustration of Hercules, the hero enters the animal's jaws sword in hand, and the same weapon is mentioned in Isa. 27, 1: "In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish Leviathan the piercing serpent, even Leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea." However, in the use of the sword there would be nothing remarkable. What is singular is that in many stories we find the curious feature that the intestines of the monster are torn or ripped open by a nail or hook or something of a similar nature. The connecting link with the sword is to be found in the *harpe*—the sword of Perseus. The shape of this is familiar: it is a short sword furnished with a hook. From this we pass on to cases where a jagged instrument for tearing is employed. In the story from the west of Scotland, quoted above, it will be remembered that the smith was protected with armour furnished all over with spikes. In the old German legend, Winkelried thrusts a bundle of thorns into the dragon's mouth—which reminds us of Job 41, 2, "Wilt thou bore through the jaw of Leviathan with a thorn?" Another curious parallel is furnished by the Sidra Rabba of the Mandaites. After describing the meeting between Hibil Ziwa and Krun, the king of darkness,

the book continues as follows: " When he had thus spoken to me, then I, Hibil Ziwa, sat in a bag filled with swords, sabres, spears, knives, and blades, and I said to him, ' Devour me.' And he said, ' Lo, I devour thee.' And he devoured me to the middle of my body "—possibly we ought to read " of his body "—" and he vomited me forth again, and he spat slaver from his mouth, and his entrails, liver, and kidneys were all rent and torn."

This account has parallels all over the East. Among others there is the story of Daniel and the dragon in the Apocrypha. In the Greek legend of Thespiæ, Menestratos is fortified with armour covered with hooks. We are also reminded of Ezekiel 29, 3, where, in accordance with a practice familiar to students of the Bible, the dragon is identified with a living being—in this case Pharaoh, king of Egypt. The passage runs: " Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers; but I will put hooks in thy jaws." We may also thus explain the epithet of " scorpion" applied by Lycophron to Hercules when he entered the body of the monster. In Sweden the hero is said to have plunged into a river and allowed his dress to be covered with rough ice, before he fought with the dragon, and the same feature is found in the Hungarian version. In the Finnish legend the smith Ilmarinen, whilst inside the fish, makes a magic bird which tears open the monster's intestines with its claws. In other versions a sharp weapon is used, not so much for the purpose of wounding—otherwise a sword would have been more natural—but rather of cutting or notching. Thus, Hercules is described by Lycophron as " he who carved the liver of the monster:" and the same poet speaks of Perseus as armed with a " razor." In the book of Isaiah, too, we read, " Art thou not he that hath *cut* Rahab?" In Lithuania the flesh is cut with a knife, and the same instrument is used in the story from Western Canada. In the versions from Northern Australia, Vancouver, and Tennessee a shell takes the place of the knife. It will be observed that the localities mentioned are as widely

separated as they can be. In Polynesia a pebble is used. There are, of course, what may be called sub-varieties of this variation. Often the sharp instrument is used to make a hole in which a fire is kindled. This is the case in the New Zealand and Lithuanian versions. We have thus a combination of the fire and the cutting episodes. In other cases the sharp instrument is used for cutting a way out from the inside of the fish; this characteristic is found in Polynesia, in Australia, and in Tennessee.

In some narratives the knife is used to cut the flesh in order that it may be devoured. This reminds us of a passage in the 74th Psalm to which reference has already been made: "Thou didst break the heads of Leviathan in pieces and gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness." Something similar is also found in the story of Tobias in the book of Tobit, a story which also belongs to the group which forms the subject of this paper. In the Apocalypse of Ezra, too, the blessed in Paradise feed upon the flesh of Leviathan.

It is thus apparent that there is a certain similarity in all these narratives, but before proceeding there are two more points which we find in the Book of Jonah, and the question may be asked, whether they too are paralleled elsewhere. The first is that Jonah was asleep when discovered by the sailors, and the second that he spent three days and three nights in the belly of the fish. With regard to the former, the sleep is found in the German legend of Rentwin, as well as in one version of the Greek story of Melicertes. In a dragon story of western Africa, the dragon, instead of devouring his prey, carries him away to his lair, where the victim sleeps for a month. In some versions of the story of St. George, too, a sleep takes the place of the devouring by the monster. With regard to the three days and three nights, the commentators Tzetzes and Carpzow state that Hercules spent three days in the body of the monster, and Gerhard says the same of Jason, but these are all scholars

of late date and in all probability they have unconsciously introduced this feature from the Book of Jonah. Nevertheless, in one of the legends current among the North American Indians, we are told that the hero was three days in the body of the monster. Moreover, it was on the third day that the body of Hesiod was borne ashore by dolphins.

Before leaving this part of the subject, mention must be made of a book which although only a parody of stories such as those with which we are dealing, nevertheless is not to be ignored. This is the "*Vera Historia*" of Lucian. Of the features of the story of Lucian there is one especially that is already familiar; in order to slay the monster the travellers kindle a fire in the animal's interior. Other features, too, are found which Lucian's story shares with narratives from North America, from the Pacific Ocean, from Scandinavia and from India.

In all the preceding stories it will have been observed that the monster is slain by the hero; in the story of Jonah, on the other hand, it brings the prophet safe to dry land. We are thus introduced to the second division of our subject; namely, the Fish as Deliverer or Saviour.

This aspect of the fish is the theme of many Greek stories. The following is the story of Arion as told by Hyginus: " Arion, who surpassed all other men as a minstrel, travelled round various islands to make money by his profession. Thereupon his servants conspired to throw their master into the sea and divide his goods among them. Discovering their intention he asked them—not as a master addressing his servants, nor as an innocent man addressing villains, but as a father appealing to his sons—to be allowed to put on the dress in which he had often been victorious, since there was no one who could sing his own dirge as well as he could sing it himself. Receiving permission, he took his harp and began to bewail his approaching death. Attracted by the strains, dolphins came swimming from the whole sea to listen to the music of Arion. Thereupon he leapt down to join them, after imploring the might of the immortal

gods. One of the dolphins, however, took Arion on its back and carried him to the shore of Tænarum. The slaves, on the other hand, who thought that they had escaped from servitude, were wrecked by a storm near Tænarum, where they were seized by their master and suitably punished." It is no doubt the same story, when the god Dionysos is brought safe to land in the month of Anthesterion. In fact the name of the well-known poet is here substituted for that of the god Dionysos, precisely as, in the passage quoted above from Ezekiel, the King of Egypt is identified with Leviathan. We find in Indian mythology three river gods carried on the back of a dolphin, so that in this respect the story of Arion does not stand alone. Otherwise we might suppose that it was due entirely to the sense of artistic propriety in the Greeks that Arion is represented not in the body of the animal but seated on its back.

However, there are other versions in which—precisely as in Jonah—the fish appears both as devourer and saviour. Nay, even in the Arion story itself, there are not wanting indications that there was a version in which the singer crept out alive from the body of the dolphin. In the Neapolitan tale of Nennillo and Nennella, Nennella is devoured by a fish when shipwrecked, and brought safe to land. On one side this narrative reminds us of Jonah, on another it has features which connect it with the Arion story. In a fairy tale of the southern Slavs the events are similar; here, too, it is—exceptionally—a woman who is saved. One of the stories in the Gesta Romanorum also describes how a princess was shipwrecked and, while asleep, was devoured by a whale. She kindles a fire in the body of the whale and wounds it with a knife: finally she is brought safely to land. Here we evidently have a combination of the combat with a monster on the one hand and the devourer-saviour on the other, just as we find in Æneas of Gaza a version of the Hercules story in which Hercules is delivered by the fish. In the Greek legend of Phalanthus, the founder of Tarentum, we have a new feature. He, too, is brought safely to land by a

dolphin; but only after he has been exposed to float on the ocean.

This brings our myth into connexion with those stories in which the hero—generally a child—is sent forth to float helplessly on the water, but by divine providence is brought safely to land. This is told of Sargon I, of Moses in the Old Testament, of Scyld Scefing in the Anglo-Saxon Epic, and of Romulus—the addition of Remus being later. There can be little doubt too that the story of Noah and the ark finds its proper place here. As for Moses, a narrative similar in almost all respects is found in Buddhist literature. In old Christian legends we read that the body of St. James was thus miraculously carried from Joppa to the Spanish coast. The voyage of Jonah, it will be remembered, is also from Joppa to Spain. St. James, however, is brought to shore, not, like the others, alive, but dead, so that we are now introduced to another group of narratives which contain this characteristic. At Iasos in Greece there was a celebrated legend of a dolphin bringing the body of a boy to shore; and Theophrastus has a similar story to tell about Naupactus. Not far from Naupactus is the spot where the body of the poet Hesiod was said to have been brought to the shore by dolphins. This is also the place to mention the story of St. Lucian of Antioch, who suffered martyrdom during the persecution of Maximinus Daia. By command of the Cæsar he was thrown into the sea. On the fifteenth day a dolphin bore his body to the Bithynian Coast. His festival falls on January seventh, which was the fifteenth day of the Bithynian month Dionysos. Usener is no doubt right in supposing that St. Lucian's day is nothing but a heathen festival of the Epiphany of Dionysos, celebrated on the fifteenth day of the month following the winter solstice. Here, as often elsewhere, legends of the saints have taken the place of older heathen traditions. There are many such heathen stories in old Greek mythology; the name of Melicertes will at once occur to every one. Most of the heroes of whom the last mentioned story is told may be brought into connexion with Dionysos.

For example, Thoas and Koiranos were his sons; the name of another is Dionysius; twice—in the case of Lucian, mentioned above, and that of Hesiod—the date is the link of connexion. Melicertes is the foster-brother of Dionysius. There are good reasons for identifying this god, so far as this group of legends is concerned, with the Tyrian Hercules, Melkart, who, on coins of Tyre is depicted riding on a dolphin. Moreover, Melicertes is not only the same word as Melkart but he is called in Lycophron "the destroyer of children," which reminds one of the Moloch of the Scriptures.

India and Ceylon possess a number of stories showing close resemblance to Jonah; one is that of the Brahmin Saktideva. In another story we read that escape was effected by forcing open the jaws, which reminds us of Lucian; another feature of Lucian, namely, that not one but several people find refuge inside the monster, is also found. Hugo Schmidt gives an interesting picture of Krishna being devoured by a serpent, which reminds us in some respects of Noah. In one of these Indian stories the resemblance of Jonah is so close that even the casting of lots is mentioned.

It is just possible that in some cases, instead of the monster vomiting forth the man, we are intended to suppose that the fish is re-born as a man. In fact, in a modern Greek fairy tale we are expressly told that the dolphin was transformed into a prince. The figures of the Chaldean fish-god Oannes and the Indian Vishnu may also bear this explanation.

The conception of the Fish as the Saviour is familiar to all students of early Christian art; we also find it many times in the early fathers and early inscriptions. For example, Tertullian says: "But we little fishes, following our fish, Jesus Christ, are born in the water." Prosper of Aquitaine says that "Christ fed his disciples from himself on the shore, offering himself as a fish to the whole world." Paulinus of Nola talks of the people "who with five loaves and two small fishes were satisfied by Christ, who is himself the true bread and the fish of the living water." Even Augustine has the following: "The Fish, under which name we mystically

understand Christ." In a well-known epitaph from Autun in France we read: "O Fish, I yearn for thee, my Lord and my Redeemer." So familiar, in fact, is this identification that many explanations have been attempted, some of which may be enumerated here:

First, the word has been supposed to be a sort of inverted acrostic. The letters of the Greek word for "fish" if taken each in succession as the initial letter of a word, give the following, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour." This suggestion seems to have been made first by Optatus of Mileve, a writer who belongs to the end of the fourth century. It is rightly rejected by both Usener and Dieterich. Secondly, the usage may be based upon some passage of the Scriptures in which the fish is prominent; as, for example, the narrative of the feeding of the multitude, or that in the last chapter of John. But this is to invert the natural order; the fish is prominent in these narratives because Christ is the fish, and not vice versa. Thirdly, Augustine says that as a fish is the only thing that can live in the water, so Christ is the only being with spiritual life who can live in the abyss. Fourthly, it has been supposed that Christ is called the fish in allusion to his baptism. This solution would have the advantage of explaining why the disciples are called the "little fishes." Fifthly, Harnack makes—with reserve it is true—the rather unfortunate suggestion that the fish is symbolic of the ascetic life. A sixth explanation comes from China, where the fish is also the deliverer. This is that the fish exhorts to vigilance because it never closes its eyes in sleep. Lastly, Jeremias, amongst others, thinks that there is an allusion to the sun passing into the sign of Pisces at the time of the vernal equinox. This view, at all events, explains what otherwise would appear rather an anomaly; namely, that we sometimes see depicted upon Christian tombs, not one fish, but two.

We must, however, not forget that the idea of the fish as Saviour is found not only on Christian monuments but elsewhere. In India, for example, we read the following

prayer to Vishnu: "Even as thou, O God, in the form of a fish, didst save the Vedas which were in the Underworld, so save me also, O Kushava." Further, the sacredness of fish in Syria is well known; the fish is found on numerous gems of Assyria and Babylon, and is venerated also in China. Whatever explanation we give of the early Christian veneration of the fish, it must be one which will include these other parallels as well.

We have seen the fish as devourer and preserver, but another aspect still remains, which must not be passed over; this is the conception of the fish as the nether world, the world of the spirits of the dead.

The transition may be made easier by quoting the remarkable words of Severianus in a sermon on the miraculous feeding of the multitude. The passage is as follows: "For if Christ had not been a fish he would never have risen from the dead." In order to understand this and similar statements we must remember—what it is partly the object of this paper to show—that the sea, the fish, and the nether world, are all names for one and the same thing. As far as the last two are concerned—namely, the fish and the nether world—this is clear even from the book of Jonah itself. The following are the first two verses of the second chapter: "Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, and said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell, cried I, and thou heardest my voice." In the New Testament also we have a similar comparison: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." As a matter of fact, the subsequent narrative in the Gospels speaks, not of three days and three nights, but of two nights and one day, or one night and one day, as the time passed by the Saviour beneath the earth. This is another illustration of the manner in which two or more different versions of the same event may find their way into the same book. The combined authority of the book of Jonah and the Gospels

is quite sufficient to prove the connexion between the whale and the nether world; but it is not less clear from other passages—the 74th Psalm for example—that both are to be connected with the sea. The book of Jonah assists us here once more: " Out of the belly of hell cried I and thou heardest my voice. All thy billows and thy waves passed over me."

The identification of the sea with the lower world will help us to understand more than one verse in the Apocalypse of John; for example: "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it;" or again: "The waters which thou sawest, are peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues." The descent of a hero into the water of the sea, and his journey to the under-world, may thus be regarded as two variations of the same narrative. The harrowing of hell—as it is called—by Jesus, although only dimly apparent in the New Testament, is a favourite subject of Christian literature and Christian art. Examples of the latter are familiar to all, and in this connexion the following passage from a sermon by Aphraat will be found interesting: "Now when Jesus pressed Death hard by robbing him of all his possessions, he (Death) wailed and cried bitterly and said, 'Go out of my dwelling-place and walk not here. Who is this who dares to enter my dwelling-place alive?' And when Death cried aloud upon seeing that his darkness began to disappear, and some of the righteous who slept there arose in order to arise with him, and when Jesus told Death that when he came again at the end of all things, he would free all his prisoners from his dominion, and take them up so that they might see the light, then Death made Jesus, after he had completed his work, depart from his dwelling-place, nor would he allow him to remain there. He did not wish to devour him as he had devoured all the rest of the dead: Death had no power over the Holy One nor was he abandoned to corruption. Just as a man who has taken into himself deadly poison in food which was given him to make him live, vomits forth the food, but the poison continues to work in his limbs, so that the frame

of his body is broken up and destroyed, in the same way the dead Jesus became the destroyer of Death." Pope Gregory I. has a singular expression which reminds us of some of the Leviathan myths: "Death in his greedy desire for the bait, which is the humanity of Christ, was caught by the hook, which is his divinity. In Christ there was both humanity, which attracted the devourer, and also divinity, which pierced the devourer." It is to be noticed that we often meet, in early Church writers, with the idea that the devil is defeated by being outwitted. He imagines that he is devouring an ordinary man and he finds that he has to deal with one who burns or is secretly armed. This idea that God, as it were, overreaches his enemy, has, of course, been vehemently opposed by the Church, and since the days of John of Damascus in the East and Anselm in the West it has had no adherents. Nevertheless, we find it, amongst others, in Origen, Gregory of Nyssa, Ambrose, Augustine, and Pope Leo the Great. When we remember that often in the early Church this earth is regarded as the kingdom of the devil, it is not surprising to find that the above feature is also found in relation to the appearance of Christ upon earth. The idea is that his existence must be kept a secret from all the gods of this world. In a very ancient verse of the New Testament we read the following: "But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched and would not have suffered his house to be broken up." The verse in the Apocalypse, "Behold I come as a thief," is also very ancient. In later writings of the New Testament, e.g., 2nd Peter, 2, 10, the expression is toned down. It is "the day of the Lord" which "will come as a thief in the night." The mention of this peculiar feature may serve to complete this survey of the main characteristics of the group of stories which it has been the object of this paper to connect together.

S. B. SLACK

BLAISE PASCAL

A FEW months ago there appeared in the *Times* a review of Viscount St. Cyres' book on Pascal, in which the remark was made that, in Britain, Pascal has fallen into profound oblivion, and that even in his own country that oblivion is pretty deep. Surely this is an overstatement. Pascal is one of those thinkers who will never appeal to a large circle, but this circle does not seem to be diminishing from age to age. To take England within recent years, men of such different types as Dean Church, Walter Pater, and Leslie Stephen, have written on him. Last winter St. Cyres' work was published, and in the October *Quarterly* there is a brilliant article by Dr. William Barry. In France, as might be expected, the interest is keener. The finest of the many editions of his works is now being completed. Nearly seventy years ago Sainte-Beuve produced his "Port Royal," in which Pascal plays a large part. This has gone through five editions. The Protestant Vinet and the Catholic Brunetière have interpreted him. Boutroux, who has recently retired from his chair of philosophy in Paris, writes one of his best biographies, and to mention only one other, Strowski, professor in Bordeaux, completed, in 1908, a large work on "Pascal and his Times."

That two centuries and a half after his death Pascal should maintain this interest is of course partly due to his consummate literary skill, but in a measure also to the fascination with which many, who make no pretence to saintliness, contemplate the religious experience of a devout nature. Pascal was no trained theologian, nor a learned man, though he acquired enough understanding of Christian doctrine to pick his way with ease among the theological boulders that lay in the path. Nor even was he at heart a controversialist, in spite

of the "Provincial Letters." He was not concerned with victory in itself, but with the deliverance of the soul of man, his own in the process, from despair and from captivity to a brilliant world-age. Walter Pater calls him one of those "magnifical or elect souls, vessels of election, *épris des hauteurs*, whom we see pass across the world's stage as if led on by a kind of thirst for God."

Apart from his age Pascal cannot be understood. He belonged to an epoch which would only give heed to a voice that could speak with grace, and very humanly. It had been taught by Montaigne; it rejoiced in Corneille, Racine, and Molière. Wit, humour, deftness, and refinement won its heart, if it can be said to have had a heart. Arnauld, the lawyer of Port Royal, able, controversial, judicial, and well-bred could not keep its ear. It grew listless as he argued ponderously. It was a period fashioned by the ideas of the Renaissance which France with her natural brilliance had readily assimilated, and expressed with consummate art in a reasoned philosophy of life and in the manners and commerce of polite society, which were all but nationalized by the practice of the court and even sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority. Religious though the age was in a sense, the foundations of authority had been shaken, partly by the Renaissance, partly by the Reformation. The call for "faith" made by the Reformers was too heroic a challenge for the easygoing man of the world, who was content to admit the claims of religion provided the strain on his moral resources was not too severe.

In Montaigne a literary genius appeared who gave expression to the views and desires of the natural man. He was well furnished for his work both by disposition and fortune, living a life of comfort and moderate retirement, from which he surveyed dispassionately and analysed with shrewd insight the habits, prejudices, and temper of contemporary society. His survey is confined to what he sees of life as it is lived on this island of time. He is content to depict its lights and shadows, but never allows his imagination or hopes

to venture forth upon the dark ocean that surrounds it. For the most part he is a Stoic, and, holding that death is an incident in the course of nature, he philosophizes in order to learn how to die: "I am of this opinion, that howsoever a man may shrowd or hide himself from her dart, yea were it under an oxe-hide, I am not the man would shrinke back; it sufficeth me to live at my ease; and the best recreation I can have, that doe I ever take; in other matters as little vainglorious, and exemplare as you list. . . . There is no evill in life for him that hath well conceived how the privation of life is no evill . . . . It is impossible we should not apprehend or feele some motions or startings at such imaginations at the first, and comming sodainely upon us; but doubtlesse, he that shall manage and meditate upon them with an impartial eye, they will assuredly, in tract of time, become familiar to him. Otherwise for my part I should be in continual feare and agonie; for no man did ever more distrust his life, nor make lesse account of his continuance. Neither can health, which hitherto I have so long enjoyed, and which so seldom hath been crazed, lengthen my hopes, nor any sicknesse shorten them of it. At every minute methinkes I make an escape. And I uncessantly record unto my selfe, that whatsoever may be done another day, may be effected this day. . . . A man should ever, as much as in him lieth, be ready booted to take his journey, and above all things, looke he have then nothing to doe but with himselfe . . . Herein consists the true and soveraigne liberty, that affords us meanes, wherewith to jeast and make a scorne of force and injustice, and to deride imprisonment, gyves or fetters . . . . Depart saith nature out of this world, even as you came into it. The same way you came from death to life, returne without passion or amazement, from life to death; your death is but a piece of the world's order, and but a parcell of the world's life. . . . . I (the universal mother Nature) have of purpose and wittingly blended some bitternesse amongst death, that so seeing the commoditie of its use, I

might hinder you from over-greedily embracing, or indiscreetly calling for it. To continue in this moderation, that is, neither to flie from life, nor to run to death, I have tempered both the one and the other betweene sweetnes and sourenes."

During the later sixteenth and earlier seventeenth centuries Stoicism was adopted as a working creed by such of the more serious of the educated classes as had any definite principles, which were chiefly maxims of common sense accepted by their society. Of these Stoics the finest type was DuVair, who believed in Providence, immortality, and the realization of the individual through duty, thus adding a flavour of Christianity and making Stoicism attractive to many moderate persons who might have been inclined to the doctrines of the Reformers, but who, as time passed, were repelled by their zeal, then as now an irritation to the man whose virtue lies in the mean. Indeed, it has been maintained that the spread of Stoicism among the educated classes arrested the progress of the Reformation in France.

These children of the Renaissance took naturally to the philosophy of Descartes. He was thoroughly modern. History meant little to him. He turned his face to the future. By the new method which he had discovered he would through sheer intellect bring treasures from the human mind so dazzling as to depreciate the values of the past. For the first time in the modern world man became conscious of the powers of his mind. Imperious reason, like a new Athena, was to flood the world with light, and reveal expanses of human development hitherto undreamed of. Penetrating to the core of his own being Descartes there discovered clear and distinct laws which constitute the universe into a harmonious system intelligible to reason. The mind is not merely receptive of impressions from an objective world, but is creative, and its own activity involves the existence of the divine mind. Those who seek for God need not, therefore, travel afar nor expect an irruption of grace into the present order. "As viewed by Descartes, science, experience of life, the principles of religious faith, and the

good sense of a well-bred man do not exist side by side, they co-operate in forming a harmonious whole." (Boutroux.) The reader of the "Thoughts" will recognize that, in Pascal's judgement, Descartes by confining religion to the sphere of the intellect showed that he understood its meaning hardly more than did Montaigne.

Over against these Stoics and Cartesians who believed that nature embodied universal principles, stood a class of polite society popularly called "libertines," who held that the individual was the measure of his world, and who both in philosophic theory and practice refused to accept the constraint of principles or discipline. These "atheists" or "sceptics" were numerous enough to aggravate the alarm already felt by the Church, which saw them on the one side and Reformers on the other like two swirling currents sucking away the foundations of Church and of society. Richelieu himself thought it worth his while to give attention to the restoration of order and authority. The average person of that society, who was never an extremist, would probably have been content with anything short of blank atheism. Neither Descartes nor Montaigne abandoned the Church. For these people good society was the air of the soul, exquisite manners cultivated as a fine art were essential to a tolerable life, and brilliant conversation was the supreme accomplishment. Sainte-Beuve describes the morals of "respectable people" as "not virtue, but a composite of good habits, good manners, respectable conduct, based ordinarily on a foundation more or less generous, on a nature more or less well endowed. To be well-born, to have around one honourable examples, to have received an education which sustains one's sentiments, not to fail in conscience, to have a care above all for right esteem—that, with a thousand variations such as easily suggest themselves, with a larger measure of fire and generosity in youth, with more prudence and calculation after thirty years of age—that is nearly the composition of the morals of ordinary relations such as we find them on the surface of society to-day. In them there are philosophical results, remnants of Christian

habits and maxims, a compromise sufficient for daily needs."

This society is reflected in Molière as in a mirror. There you have the French gentleman of that age with all his foibles, all his polish, all his delight in agreeable intercourse. Molière knows its shallowness, and yet without cynicism portrays the comedy of it all. However, though he holds up the conventions of society morals to laughter, he is essentially non-Christian and non-religious. A tincture of Puritanism he tasted in every form of religion, and Puritanism he abhorred; so he flung the weight of his influence, and be it remembered he was the supreme artist of the time, into the scale against those who believed in a transcendental ideal for conduct.

This outline will perhaps have served to show the tremendous task that confronted those whose duty it was to maintain the institutions of religion. The Church had the support of the court, and, like the State, was an established, national fact. But the authorities knew that their power was fast slipping from them. Nor need we suppose that in their alarm they were moved only by selfish fear. Doubtless they were convinced that should the Church be ruined, morals and religion in France would be ruined. They therefore put forth extraordinary efforts to check this drift, far more than national in its extent, from the Catholic Church and from faith itself. Quite the most influential agency in this endeavour was the Jesuit order. They were the educators of the sons of the highborn and the wealthy, and their world they knew well. They were aware that that world would not accept any stringent standard from an ascetic spiritual director, be he even a St. François de Sales. If society was to be saved to the Church it must be by compromise. And wherefore should civilization be thrown aside? Why should the leaders of culture and of public life be allowed to drift away from the Church on the full and flowing tide of the world? A channel was therefore engineered by skilful ecclesiastics along which the current might flow unimpeded through the domain of the Church, and thereby piety be enriched by humanism. They

would sanctify into the Christian name the morals of the "respectable person."

But there was in France another altogether different view of religion, which also at the time was struggling for its life, not as against the world, for that sceptical world was too indifferent to Christianity in any shape to give much heed to it, but against the French ecclesiastical authorities and the court. This view, in its essence, was held by the Jansenists within the Church of Rome and by the Reformers without. Not that these two parties had any outward intercourse the one with the other. Jansenist repudiated Reformer, but they agreed in thinking that the conquest of the world on the terms proposed by the Jesuits was not worth while attempting. What they would get would be a corrupt mass of humanity, its worldly wisdom, charm, and good manners notwithstanding. To make any special terms with such a world would be to deny their religion. Their distinctive word, "grace," would be unintelligible to the disciples of Montaigne or Molière, no less than their view of human life as a "growing maturity of the inner man under a withering envelope, a perpetual education for the skies."

The Jansenists took their name from Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, in Holland, (ob.1638) who claimed that his doctrine of grace was simply a revival of the teaching of the great Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. For our purpose it is sufficient to say that Jansenism was condemned at Rome, and it would probably have been forgotten as one of the many phases of belief that have appeared within that Church, had its fortunes not been connected in France with the company of recluses, who lived a life of religious meditation at Port Royal des Champs, an old monastery near Paris. The tragic story of this company has been told by Sainte-Beuve, who employs its history to give a survey of the religious and moral life of the period.

The convent took new life under Angélique Arnauld, daughter of a distinguished French lawyer. Associated with the

nuns, there lived without the walls a company of men, many of them near relatives of the abbess, the most distinguished of whom were Antoine Arnauld, consummate lawyer, philosopher, and theologian, and Pierre Nicole, the man of letters. Of greater importance, however, to the school were its spiritual directors, St. Cyran, the friend of Jansenius, Singlin, and Saci. Such an age as has been described, naturally turned for religious guidance to men of masterful convictions, and none was a more skilful "practitioner of souls" than St. Cyran.

Under his direction the Port Royalists, accepting the teaching of Jansen, attempted to revive essential religion in a world of "libertines," sceptics, and atheists. To the spirit of this world they believed that the official religion of the court had capitulated. They insisted upon the depravity of human nature and the necessity of salvation through grace into the love of God, as against philosophical Deism and the exaltation of the human intellect and will. In conduct they endeavoured to return to primitive Christianity by the practice of poverty, the renunciation of the world, and the revival of penitence, laying stress also upon the observance of the sacraments.

It is not surprising that this movement did not find favour with the court and the Jesuits. Richelieu would have none of it. Its doctrine was too similar to that of the Calvinists, whom he was repressing as causing disorder in the state, and he threw St. Cyran into prison as a dangerous character. The sentiment of Paris was against these severe solitaries. If it came to a choice, it would side with the Jesuits rather than the Jansenists, agreeing with Molière that on the whole our instincts are good.

In 1643 "the great Arnauld" published a work on "Frequent Communion" in which he censured, from the Port Royalist standpoint, the lax practice of their opponents in not requiring before admission to the Communion proof of the penitence of the participant. This drew down a storm upon him, which broke again in condemnations of the Jansenist views by the Sorbonne in 1649, and by the Pope

in 1653. Arnauld with a lawyer's skill endeavoured to defend Port Royal without at the same time showing disloyalty to the Pope, but he was impeached and expelled from the Sorbonne in 1656.

At this juncture, before the condemnation of Arnauld, but when the fortunes of the Port Royalists seemed blackest, there appeared on January 23rd, 1656, the first of the eighteen "Provincial Letters,"[1] by one Louis de Montalte, whose identity was successfully, and with good reason, concealed. Few causes have ever had a more brilliant champion: rarely has an effect been so instantaneous. The interest of the Parisian world was aroused, and its sympathy was turned towards the persecuted solitaries. Though Arnauld was condemned, the destruction of Port Royal was for the time averted through these letters, reinforced as they also were by a report that a timely miracle had taken place at the convent.

The writer of the letters was Blaise Pascal, who had become closely identified with Port Royal in 1654. He was born in Clermont Ferrand, in Auvergne, in 1623, the son of Stephen Pascal, president of the Cour des Aides. His father moved to Paris for the education of his children, and formed a circle of friends, whose interest lay especially in the problems of mathematics and physics, to which much stimulus was then being given by reason of varied research. He fell under the displeasure of Richelieu, but again retrieved his fortunes and settled in Rouen, where, through the influence of two medical friends, the whole family was converted to Jansenism. This is commonly called the first conversion of Blaise Pascal, and its date was 1646. In the following period the younger Pascal devoted himself to his mathematical and physical interests, making some of the experiments with which his name has ever since been connected. In 1647 he returned to Paris, partly in the hope of improving his health, which was delicate throughout his life. Here Descartes visited him on one occasion, and Pascal had correspondence with Fermat, the discoverer of probabilities,

1 "Lettres écrites à un Provincial, par un de ses amis."

whose theory he developed. He also prepared the way for the differential and the integral calculus. Equally important were his experiments in atmospheric pressure, which confirmed Toricelli's work on the barometer, and mark, at the same time, an epoch in science by their effect in helping to banish from physics the conception of nature's horror of a vacuum. This series of researches, covering the years until 1654, produced in Pascal a permanent conviction of the value of scientific method based upon the observation of facts, which afterwards he puts to original use in the verification of religious faith.

In the latter part of this period, from 1652 to 1654, Pascal's "return to the world" is usually placed, when he threw himself with eagerness into brilliant Parisian society and formed friendships with the young Duke of Roannez, the Chevalier de Méré, and some of the "libertines," one of whom, Miton, is described by Boutroux as being "skilful in discovering the vanity of all human occupations and resting calmly under his discouraging reflections." During this period also he wrote a "*Discours sur les passions de l'amour*," which is his most considerable non-scientific work until his later religious writings.

Those who are interested in the psychological antecedents of conversion trace restlessness and discontent in Pascal during these years of world-pursuit, his heart refusing to obey his reason. It is impossible to do more than surmise what preparation there may have been, but the external fact is that on November 23rd, 1653, he had a second and definite conversion by which his life was radically changed. In vision he felt himself rapt into the divine presence, being illumined for two hours and a half by supernatural fire. By this experience, account for it as you may, Pascal is ranged alongside the apostle Paul and St. Augustine, to both of whom he approaches in thought also. Like superbly designed craft, which were outstripping most of their contemporaries, they respond to the touch as it were of an unseen helmsman, and speed away in another direction. Henceforth the

most distinguished of the circle of Port Royal is their last recruit, and he remains till his death consistent to his profession.

To return to the "Provincial Letters." They hold a unique place in French literature for their precision of thought, their simplicity, their satire, wit, and dramatic power. But into the play of sarcasm and humour that runs through the series of dialogues, Pascal injects an undertone of intense conviction. His purpose is not that of a man of letters, nor is he merely a clever controversialist. He wrote because he believed that the doctrine of grace which he was defending was more than a theory, and that the methods of casuistry were undermining morals and true religion.

The earlier letters are concerned with the Jesuit, Thomist, and Jansenist use of the term "grace," on which the trial of Arnauld before the Sorbonne was turning. The Jansenist position, which had been condemned at Rome, was that grace is not given to all, but, where given, it is both necessary and efficacious for salvation. This doctrine they supported from Augustine. The Jesuits taught that grace is *proximate*, that is to say, accessible to and sufficient for all, but only made effective through the definite act of each man's free will. Between these two were the followers of St. Thomas, whose votes in the Sorbonne each side was anxious to secure. They also used the terms *sufficient* and *efficacious* grace. Like the Jesuits, they held that for all men there is *sufficient* or *proximate* grace, but unlike them "they held that in order to determine the will, a further efficacious grace is necessary, which God does not give to all." They therefore differed from the Jansenists only in their opinions as to the condition of those who had "sufficient" but not "efficacious" grace. Montalte in the deftest possible way manages to throw into confusion the Jesuit and the Thomist upon whom he calls for advice, and to cast their theological quibbles into ridicule.

In the later "Provincials" Montalte analyses with sarcasm or indignation the moral system of his foes. He draws, with what fairness I cannot attempt to appraise,

from the Jesuit Escobar, example after example, each worse than the other, to show the malignant effects of their practice of casuistry. As spiritual directors they guided their disciples by an external system of rules, each of which could be supported by the opinion of some ecclesiastical moralist. Conduct is assuredly the most difficult of the arts, and in the conflict of views the average man is willing to appeal to a guide. But when guides and spiritual directors differ, in what perplexity the poor man is left unless he can choose his authority and then rely on his decision! This leads to the famous doctrine of "Probabilism," whereby any practice is "probable," and therefore may be adopted, which can be supported by some reputable authority. Such an expedient of course removes all absolute standard, and lands the disciple in legalism of the worst sort.

Other methods employed were "mental reserve" and "directing the intention," i.e., turning the mind, while committing an immoral act, to an end good in itself. For example, in order to evade the Church's formal prohibition against usury, recourse was had to an ancient practice called *Le Contrat Mohatra*. "*Le Contrat Mohatra* is when a man needing twenty pistoles for his business, buys goods from a merchant for thirty pistoles, payable in a year, and resells them at the same time for twenty pistoles cash." He would thus get his interest and preserve his conscience intact. The same method was applied in a great variety of practices to make the path of the man of the world as smooth as possible. To those who know the history of morals, the methods of casuistry are familiar, and legalism is unfortunately common to all ages, but Pascal has given a classic exposition of the immorality of the false, as distinguished from the real, intention. He did much to awaken the conscience of the modern world to the fact that morality is not a matter of opinion, but is rooted in principle and is intelligible to human reason, and he thereby accomplished for morals what Descartes did for philosophy.

Pascal has met with severe criticism as a moralist. Wherein then reside his strength and his weakness? His strength is found in the combination he possessed of intellectual and moral insight into the real nature of conduct. As a rule, great moral endowment is accompanied by fine intellectual power. Discernment goes with purity of heart. Pascal regards morality as an attitude of the human spirit directed by an inspiration from God. He holds average civilized ethics and the conventions of the world of polite society in as much contempt as he would hold guesses at mathematical or physical truths in the realms of abstract thought or nature. "Probabilism" was a worship of opinion, subserviency to the spirit of the time, " respect of persons." But the morals of sensible people also meant recourse to externalism and obedience to a shifting code. To Pascal, both these views are only superficially moral, where they are not positively immoral, starting as they do with a wrong diagnosis of human nature, both in its grandeur and its baseness. Legalism in morals, that recurrent parasite against which every age has to be on its guard, is revealed once again by its results, and once again morals and religion, both freed from externalism, are united in man's fundamental duty of love of God.

But though Pascal struck the spring of morals, the stream as it flows has not been filtered clear of legalistic elements. He writes from Port Royal and shares its ideals. They were professedly those of primitive Christianity. I have said " professedly," because, with all its saintliness, the life of Port Royal cannot be held to have been either ideal or primitive. It does not recall Galilee nor even the world-conquering Pauline temper, though it may be compared with the spirit of the Johannine epistles. Moreover, the intensity of Pascal's nature, his passion to excel in everything, made it impossible for him to preserve the balance of the perfect character. His experience of the polite society of Paris, lending colour to his theological theory as to the corruption of human nature, made him pessimistic, and

drove him from one world into another world, the latter by no means ideal, and assuredly possessing little power of reacting for good on that which he had left. Pascal became an ascetic. Asceticism is restraint carried to excess, an undue reaction from the world, when true morality would cry out for new power to effect good within the world. Indeed, is not asceticism in danger of becoming a subtle form of cowardice, an unconscious confession that the moral ideal is so difficult to realize that he who would walk in safety must take the lonely road across the wilderness, and avoid the fragrant paths that lead into villages and cities where the children of the world live in their Vanity Fair? I will not say that some natures do not need the security given by such a rule of conduct, but they are neither mature nor virile. The ascetic, moreover, is throwing away much life-material. Morals are a product of society, in the sense that it provides the threads with which the individual is to weave the pattern of his character. His skill in choosing these threads and in blending them will determine the quality of his finished product. It is easier to be impatient with things evil than carefully to set about disentangling the true from the false in the concrete experience of life among our fellows. So rare indeed is this patience that Sainte-Beuve asks, "Can we ever secure the original untrammelled purity, reconquer the simple beauty of being moral, consecrate the pure delights of the soul, without its unseemlinesses and its errors?" A world that has the Gospels need not despair.

Pascal died in 1662, having devoted the last years of his life to Port Royal, and he was spared the distress that came upon the community when Louis XIV set about the extermination of Jansenism. To the end, ill-health pursued him, from which he found relief in spiritual exercises, works of benevolence to the poor, and renewed devotion to his mathematical studies. For years he had had in mind a plan for a defence of the Christian religion against the atheists, in preparation for which he jotted down at intervals on separate slips of paper, and without order, his thoughts on the greatest

problems of life. Not that they were careless remarks; on the contrary, erasures and corrections indicate that he was not easily satisfied, and many of his thoughts have been finished with a perfection equal to that of the "Provincial Letters." Of them Sainte-Beuve says, "Pascal, admirable écrivain quand il achève, est peut-être encore plus là où il fut interrompu." When Brunetière quoting this opinion adds: "Peut-être le Pascal de *l'Apologie* que nous n'avons pas, eût-il égalé le Pascal des *Provinciales;* mais le Pascal des *Pensées*, telles que nous les avons était le seul qui pût le surpasser," no further word is needed to assign to the *Pensées* their place in French literature. Seven years after his death these *Pensées* were published by his friends, and ever since editors have felt themselves free to rearrange them to suit themselves, but there is a tendency to return to the order of the Port Royalists.

Here we have to do with no ordinary transient "Apology," but with the history of a man's soul. In his own experience he sees the pitiful lot of his fellows, whom he longs to bring with himself into true happiness. The originality of the work in conception is to be found in the method of verification, which he had employed in his experiments in physics, and now for the first time applies to spiritual problems. He states his facts and then gives the solution which fits the problem, though not with the same kind of certitude as in the demonstration of an abstract truth of mathematics. Human nature, as he knew it in the sceptical world of Paris, his own nature included, is the sphere of his observation, and this he depicts in no dispassionate, philosophic manner, but in measured words quick with pathos. His object being to induce the reader to act upon the solution which he offers, he is at pains to discover the order in which to present his thought. "Men despise religion, they hate it, and fear it may be true. To cure this we must begin by showing that religion is not contrary to reason; then that it is venerable to give respect for it; then to make it lovable, to make good men hope that it is true; then to show that

it is true. Venerable because it knows man well, lovable because it promises the true good." [1]

Man, as Pascal sees him without God, is in a condition of inconstancy, weariness, unrest. "Nothing is so insupportable to man as to be completely at rest, without passion, without business, without diversion, without study. He then feels his nothingness, his loneliness, his insufficiency, his dependence, his weakness, his emptiness." "There is internecine war in man between the reason and the passions. . Hence man is always divided against and contrary to himself." "We have an idea of happiness, and cannot attain it, we feel an image of truth and possess a lie only, alike incapable of absolute ignorance and of certain knowledge." "We care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or we call back the past to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by without reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it affects us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavour to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving."

"When I consider the short duration of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after, the small space which I fill or even can see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of space whereof I know nothing, and which knows nothing of me, I am terrified, and wonder that I am here rather than there, for there is no reason why here rather than there, or now rather than then. Who has set me here? By whose order and design have this place and time been designed for me? The eternal silence of these infinite spaces alarms me."

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1 The quotations are made from C. Kegan Paul's translation.

"This is what I see and what troubles me. I look on all sides and see nothing but obscurity, nature offers me nothing but matter for doubt and disquiet. Did I see nothing there which marked a Divinity I should decide not to believe in Him. Did I see everywhere the marks of a Creator I should rest peacefully in faith. But seeing too much to deny and too little to affirm, my state is pitiful, and I have a hundred times wished that if God upheld nature he would mark the fact unequivocally, but if the signs which she gives of a God are fallacious, she would wholly suppress them, that she would either say all or nothing, that I might see what part I should take. Instead of this, in my present state, ignorant of what I am, and of what I ought to do, I know neither my condition nor my duty. My heart is wholly bent to know where is the true good in order to follow it; nothing would seem to me too costly for eternity."

Such utterances as these may have led Pater to speak of Pascal as "a sick soul whose doubts never die, but are only just kept down in a perpetual *agonia*." Others with Voltaire, deny the correctness of the diagnosis by pointing to the triumphs of mind, the attainments of men and the real gains of civilization. Are arts, letters, science, our delightsome friendships, to go for nothing? Is the life of the natural man such a ghastly failure as Pascal pourtrays? Common sense would seem to answer against Pascal. In reply he would repeat the world-old reflection of moralists, "We wish only to see the victorious end, and as soon as it comes, we are surfeited."

Another note, however, in the thought of the present century which on occasion rises to drown the self-satisfaction of man with his modern world, is the sense of man's insignificance in the organism of the universe, which through the researches of science is becoming so appallingly vast and so infinitesimally intricate. It were pessimism, indeed, were his freedom to become a delusion, and Pascal without hesitation would challenge both the competency of the method

and the sufficiency of the result. Investigate your facts. It is the soul of man that you are seeking to interpret: "Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses me and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it." "Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this." It is indeed "a tumultuous and contradictory ego" that Pascal discloses, whose "very infirmities prove man's greatness, for they are the infirmities of a great Lord, of a discrowned King."

Having thus diagnosed the condition of the natural man, Pascal proceeds: "That a religion may be true it must show knowledge of our nature. It must know its greatness and meanness, and the cause of both. What religion but the Christian has shown this knowledge?" Yes, Voltaire might answer, but after giving an exaggerated account of human nature, how can you prove that the cause it assigns for its present state is true and your remedy sufficient? Pascal again, "It is one of the marvels of the Christian religion that it can reconcile man with himself by reconciling him to God; it renders endurable to him the sight of himself; it makes solitude and repose more agreeable to many than the agitation and commerce of men."

This brings us to his famous doctrine of religious certitude. "We know truth, not only by the reason but also by the heart, and it is from this last that we know first principles; and reason which has nothing to do with it tries in vain to combat them. . . . . It is as useless and absurd for reason to demand from the heart proofs of first principles before it will admit them, as it would be for the heart to ask from reason a feeling of all the propositions demonstrated before accepting them." . . . . "The heart has its reasons, which

reason knows not." . . . "The heart has its own order; the mind too has its own, which is by premises and demonstrations; that of the heart is wholly different—it were absurd to prove that we are worthy of love by putting forth in order the causes of love."

Whither then would Pascal lead us? Is the heart to be called in for proof when reason is confounded? Suppose, for example, that the reason of the modern thinker is unable to accept the doctrine of the Fall, or the proofs of the truth of Christianity which Pascal derives from prophecy and miracles, is the appeal to be made to his heart for their verification? This is not, I think, his real meaning. He enunciates a principle which goes deeper than doctrines, though he did also probably assume that the Christian dogmas would be floated into the mind naturally on the surface of the full flood of faith. He states that "the knowledge of God is very far from the love of Him . . . . and the note of true religion must be that it obliges man to love his God." "The conduct of God who disposes all things gently is to put religion into the mind by reason, and into the heart by grace." . . . "To hate self, and to seek a truly lovable being to love is therefore the true and only virtue, for we are hateful because of lust. But as we cannot love what is outside us, we must love a Being which is in us, yet not ourselves, and that is true of each and all men. Now the universal Being is alone such. The Kingdom of God is within us; the universal good is within us, in our very selves, yet not ourselves." Love then being the supreme essence of religion, can there be any higher certitude of religion than the consciousness of the love of God?

Pascal found rest in the love of God; he was satisfied with the truth of which he had had a vision; he accepted his new life without regret, and he found no difficulty in adopting the creed of Port Royal. "I stretch out my arms to my Redeemer, who having been foretold for four thousand years, has come to suffer and to die for me on earth at the time and under all the circumstances which had been foretold, and

by His grace I await death in peace, in the hope of being eternally united to Him. Yet I live with joy, whether in the good which it pleases Him to bestow on me, or in the ill which He sends for my good, and which He has taught me to bear by His example."

An ascetic Pascal was to the end, but winsome withal. "I love poverty because Jesus Christ loved it. I love wealth because it gives the power of helping the miserable. I keep my troth to everyone; rendering no evil to those who do me wrong; but I wish them a lot like mine, in which I receive neither good nor evil from men. I try to be just, true, sincere, and faithful to all men; I have a tender heart for those to whom God has more closely bound me, and whether I am alone or seen of men, I place all my actions in the sight of God, who shall judge them, and to whom I have consecrated them all."

R. A. FALCONER

PHASES OF FAITH

THE synoptical gospels display marked literary differences, but all three are simple narratives by writers who tell of events as they believed them to have occurred. They indulge in no mental or emotional discussion, or philosophical explanations, but tell a story in plain language of a wonderful leader drawing irresistibly to himself a group of humble men and women, who by speech and action stand out distinctly one from the other.

In the gospel of St. John we are presented with another phase of the Master's personality, and of his teaching. It presents us with the intimate conversations which took place between himself and his disciples. In them his teaching is conveyed, not by such parables as he addressed to the multitude, but by mystical allusions and illustrations, which may have conveyed intelligible impressions to their minds but would have been entirely imcomprehensible to the uninitiated.

Owing to the allegorical character and preponderance of dialogue in John's gospel, we gather from it fewer and less vivid impressions of the apostolic actors than from the three preceding histories. But the Book of the Acts of the Apostles supplements the synoptical gospels and presents some of the personages moving and speaking under the impression of the Master's teaching, but no longer under the influence of the Master's presence. And it brings upon the scene the deepest thinker of the early Church, one of the greatest philosophers of any age, yet an active propagator of the Christian cause—Saul of Tarsus. The Acts confirms the impression of Christ's personality, as drawn in the Gospels by contemporary disciples, and not only adds details to the biographies of his immediate followers,

but gives the first chapter of the history of the Church, which they founded in conformity with his intentions as they conceived them. In the Acts we recognize, therefore, more completely developed, the characters of the gospel actors carrying into practice their Master's message after his departure. In doing so, we recognize the traits which they displayed as disciples still dominant and shaping their apostolic career when circumstances allowed them to follow more freely the bent of their dispositions.

If we read the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, as historical records, including or omitting as an unessential element the miraculous incidents, we cannot help being struck by the absence of insincerity and artificiality in the narrative and in the letters. And the men and the few women who are there described, or the men who reveal themselves in their own writings, are real men and women, neither better nor worse than ordinary people of the same class, acting as they would act under like influences and conditions. Such documents, if they had been composed under later ecclesiastical inspiration, would have presented us with a group of stilted saints, possessed of certain artificial, human lineaments but stripped of such real, natural attributes as the ecclesiastical age in which they were invented considered derogatory to the moral purity with which they were supposed to be endowed. Whatever may have been the exact date of the composition of the Epistles attributed to the apostles, and whatever of traditional, unhistorical myth may have been superadded by copyists to the facts as originally described in the Gospels, there is a human reality and truth to nature in the doings and sayings of the principal characters, which, apart from external evidence, impresses the reader with the essential truthfulness of the story and the reality of the actors.

It is noteworthy that, while miraculous circumstances are introduced into the narrative of the Saviour's birth and life and into the lives of the apostles, as told in the Gospels and the Acts, there is an almost entire absence of

any reference to the supernatural in the epistolary writings of the New Testament. Moreover, the canonical gospels differ as widely from the pseudo-gospels, which the early Church rejected, as the apostolic epistles differ from the earliest apologetic writings of the fathers, who admittedly lived within two centuries of the Christian era.

The idiosyncrasies of each of the principal disciples who became the first missionaries of the Church, the differences of opinion bred of differences in temperament and early training, and the opposing course of action which necessarily resulted, are told most naturally in the Acts, which constituted the first chapter of the history of the apostolic Church. But, just as in every community or school there are a few who by force of character become prominent, while the many merely exercise that intangible influence which emanates from every life, however insignificant, so of the many disciples who gathered round the Master, or who, like Paul, were won afterwards to his cause, a few only were conspicuous in promulgating his doctrine after his ascension. Of these, James and John, the two sons of Zebedee, were distinguished by the possession of traits of the most opposite complexion, if we accept the traditional authorship by them of the epistle of St. James, inculcating practical ethics, and the gospel of St. John and the Apocalypse, with their deep esoteric meaning. Peter, the irrepressible, who was presumptuously impulsive while under the gentle restraint of his Lord and Master, was afterwards the foremost in facing danger and in proclaiming the gospel. And, as might be expected, he was obstinate in maintaining his view of what he believed his Lord and Master's principles were. He was a Jew and his Saviour had been a Jew, who observed Jewish ordinances and practised the Jewish ritual; and Peter, therefore, even after the vision at Joppa had convinced him that Jesus' message was to be delivered to the Gentile as well as to the Jew, differed from Paul the philosopher as to the extent to which the breach with Judaism should be carried. Ritualistic symbolism may probably claim

Peter as its supporter; and therefore the See of Rome, which regards him as its first bishop, has been historically consistent in developing ritualism as an essential part of its ecclesiastical system. Paul, on the other hand, is the preacher of reason, the systematic theologian of the apostolic college; who, from the scattered sayings of the Master, strove to evolve a system of theology which would bring to bear the highest lessons and implications of the incidents of his life and death upon the problems of human experience. Theologians have ever since been engaged upon the same unending problem, complicated, however, still further, in their case, by the difficulty of reconciling Paul's theories with the works and deeds of the Master.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount, which may be accepted as the moral code of Christianity, lays down few precise or formal injunctions for the regulation of conduct. It enforces the law of Moses, but extends its provisions, requiring followers, while not neglecting the mere, formal enactments, to live up to the intention which underlies them, no matter whither it may lead. The code insists on purity and sincerity of motive: men must aspire to the highest conception of life, which is trust in God as a Father and sympathy with their kind. It enunciates principles which are as applicable to the twentieth century as they were to the first, and to the West as well as to the East. It does not lay down rules which could not be applied to the shifting conditions of society. Thus Christianity can become the world's religion.

Had Jesus laid down a code of maxims and laws, instead of inculcating certain general principles for the regulation of life, there would have been more consistency in church history, but less elasticity in the application of his religion to the shifting wants of mankind during the ages. Had Jesus likewise formulated a system of doctrine or form of ritual for worship, there would have been some ground for the charge of heresy against those of his followers who might have deviated from his precise rule. The systems of doctrine, the rituals, and all the devices which have been used by the

Church as an excuse for persecution, have been the inventions of men.

In these four great teachers we have representatives of four prominent tendencies of the human mind, and of the four main types of Christian thought and Christian practice. Instead of the representatives of each phase combining to organize a harmonious Christian Church, those who favoured one or the other have always assumed an antagonistic attitude to each other. That was true even of the early Church, for though each of the apostles claimed obedience to his Master's teaching, as interpreted by himself, there was bitter controversy among them; and every section of the Christian Church has since based its claims on scriptural authority according to one or other of these early leaders. The apostles themselves quarrelled in support of their views, and the Church Universal has since been divided into denominations, each organized as a hostile army, fighting bitterly, as though the other members of the Christian body were enemies, because each adhered to one of the types of apostolical Christianity, believing it to be all essential, and refusing to recognize it as part of the perfect, harmonious whole which would constitute a perfect *ecclesia*.

The decision of the vexed, critical questions as to the date of composition of the documents which compose the New Testament, or of the authority of the authorship of the books, may be left out of our discussion. The Christian Church has accepted them as the historical basis for its existence; and they constitute, as it were, its fundamental charter and contain its organic law. Whether, therefore, it was John the son of Zebedee who wrote the fourth gospel, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse; or whether one author composed the third synoptical gospel and the Acts of the Apostles; whether he was Luke, or who Luke actually was; whether the irrepressible Peter of the gospels or the opinionated Peter of the Acts was the author of the two letters attributed to him, matters little. The Peter of the gospels and of the Acts was a real person, with strongly marked characteristics, who left his

impress on the Church in all ages. Saul of Tarsus and Paul the apostle were one and the same man. He was a scholar of many parts, acquainted with Grecian philosophy, as well as trained in Jewish traditions and rabbinical sophistry. He was a poet of deep emotions and brilliant imagination, who could compose the Hymn on Charity and the Epic on Death and the Resurrection. His own writings, as well as Luke's description of him, are in harmony. They depict a thinker whose mind compelled him to theorize on the facts of his belief and work them up into a consistent philosophical system. At the same time he was a man of physical endurance; he never wearied of travelling from place to place, organizing his converts into congregations and communities.

St. Peter and his Jewish followers clung to Jewish ritualism more ardently than pleased Paul, who, as the apostle of systematic theology and doctrine, apparently ignored all formality, perhaps because he dreaded in himself the domination of the emotions over his reason. All the writings attributed to Paul confirm the supposition that, as a philosopher, he could not help reasoning on the life of Jesus, his teaching, and the meaning of both, instead of yielding himself unresistingly to the emotions which they might excite.

In a more or less fragmentary way, as occasion called for them, he worked out some detached propositions which Augustine, Calvin, and the dogmatists of all the Churches, have endeavoured to elaborate into complete systems of morals and theology. The material on which they had to work was so incoherent and vague that it is not to be wondered at if the results of their theorizing are even more incongruous than ingenious; and that, having been accepted by their followers, they have become the battle cries of many a quarrel in the Church. Had Paul foreseen the result, he would have been more precise in his language and explicit in the expression of his thoughts.

There is a beautiful picture by Raphael in Bologna, where St. Cecilia, wrapt in an ecstacy, is looking upwards to catch the music of a heavenly choir. The harp hangs

listlessly from her hand, and a heap of musical instruments lies mute at her feet, which mortal hands can never attune to such celestial strains as she was listening to. Mary Magdalen and another Mary are intent with her in wrapt elation and devotion, and a priest, the fourth figure in the group, in his less refined and ecstatic expression, shares, nevertheless, these feelings in his degree. But St. Paul, who occupies as prominent a place on the canvas as the patron saint of music herself, looks down to earth. He is not given by the inspired painter a look of disapproval, but merely one of wonderment and doubt as to whether men can be saved through their emotions instead of by their reasonable beliefs. The superb bursts of poetry which relieve his dogmatic writings express the mastery which emotions at times possessed over his mind. Had he been a simple peasant or a fisherman and not a pupil of Gamaliel, brought up in the schools, the emotional element of his nature might have predominated over the thinking of a philosopher. Nevertheless St. Paul's character and writings were necessary to complete the composite structure of Holy Writ, and to lead the Church in its endeavours to systematize the themes of Christian theology. The human mind demands a consistent scheme, but whether Paul's fragmentary thoughts must be received as the only basis for an acceptable scheme, or merely as an experiment, is a subject for legitimate difference of opinion. The permanent value represented by them will be suspected to lie rather in the profound, personal experience which they express in forms derived from the ideas of his age.

As to the writings of St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved best, he might well have written the gospel attributed to him by tradition. The document was accepted by the early Church as written by him, and as expressing a phase of Christian thought—the mystical. It has consoled in their afflictions more troubled souls, and solved the doubts of more waverers than the arguments of St. Paul.

So, likewise, with regard to the Epistle of St. James: it harmonizes with the views of those who, in regenerating

the world, hope to effect more by the practical work of the Church than by doctrinal teaching. In fact, the Epistle of St. James reads as a corrective of an exaggerated reliance on systematic theology, and almost as a polemic against St. Paul. We find in the early Church advocates of these same main phases of Christian life and practice which have ever since prevailed, and which still characterize and unfortunately, by their tendency to refuse mutual recognition, distract the Church.

If we survey the conditions of the Protestant Churches to-day and the direction of their prominent proclivities, I think we will recognize that they are distinctly towards a more ornamental form of worship, that is, in favour of ritualism, and towards social reform, rather than towards strict adherence to dogmatic formulæ or towards mysticism. Most congregations of almost all denominations demand a more ornamental service. The symbolism of vestures, postures, and sacraments is understood and appreciated by very few; but the charm of music and the theatrical effect of a well-conducted service, heightened by well arranged accessories in the chancel, appeal to the æsthetic taste of the public, and excite religious emotions, except in minds prejudiced and imbued by strong traditional or logical antipathies. As a magnificent presentation, performed in most perfect and harmonious setting, there is nothing to equal the celebration of the Mass in a Roman Catholic cathedral. Every detail is the result either of some ritualistic motive borrowed from an olden ceremony, which had a clear meaning not antagonistic to Christianity, or is the product of centuries of development, under the inspiration of the most artistic, as well as enthusiastic, religious minds of Christendom. It originated in Rome, Byzantium, or North Africa; and in practice every detail is followed with scrupulous care, and admirably performed by men trained to their office from childhood. To the educated, every gesture and vestment conveys some symbolical meaning; but the feelings of the crowd are affected by the sensuous beauty and the mystery. It

is certainly remarkable that so many of the churches have of late unmistakeably gravitated towards ritualism. This has not been of set purpose nor has the movement been instigated by the clergy. The faith of the people has been shaken in the older systems of dogma by modern discoveries and the modern view of the world, which is gradually emerging out of these; but their faith in Christ and what Christ taught has grown stronger. They find it difficult to reconcile his maxims with modern ecclesiasticism or with the business methods so generally practised by the Christian Church; but with the growth of discontent grows faith and hope in Christ. Men are no longer satisfied with dogmatic theology and sermons; they demand a substitute; they find it in ritualism, which appeals to their senses and to their feelings, while they are groping about for a more substantial basis of belief. Emotionalism is a safer and sounder stepping-stone from the old theology to the new than materialism. It is a prominent feature of Episcopalianism, but its growth is appreciable everywhere and it has influenced even the Presbyterian Church.

The Church in all its branches, without distinction, has always been a social and economic force, but less under Protestant influence than in the Roman Catholic Church before or since the Reformation. In the Middle Ages the Church was the only eleemosynary agent which extended organized charity to the poor or educational facilities to the masses. During the so-called Dark Ages it numbered among its members the great scholars; and its teaching orders, male and female, have always devoted themselves, some to communicating elementary education, others to the advancement of learning. The sick were nursed by nuns; prisoners and captives were relieved by the followers of St. Francis and by other monks, during those many generations when war and strife seemd to leave no place for pity in the human breast. And it was when these services were most required that these orders lived most nearly up to their ideals.

Protestantism inculcated the direct relation of each man to his Maker without the intervention of priest or sacrament. It favoured, therefore, individualism in practice as well as in theory; and threw on each man and woman the responsibility of obeying or neglecting the inspiration of the spirit towards good works. To that extent it discouraged co-operative effort on the part of the Church, in directions which had previously been regarded as its special province. Hospitals have since then been supported by the state or by voluntary contributions of the charitable. Secular education has been almost universally dissociated from ecclesiastical control; and no Protestant Church has assumed the burden of supporting the whole parish poor out of its ecclesiastical funds, the English vestry system of administering the Poor Laws being the last reminder of what the old Church recognized as its duty.

Of late, however, the Protestant Churches have begun to act upon the theory that the world cannot be reformed by sermons only, and that a healthy body and therefore healthy surroundings are conducive to good morals and a religious life. Therefore gymnasia, baths, social clubs, and secular entertainments form as integral a part of the organization and attractions of a large, modern congregation as prayer meetings and distinctly religious functions. Even the emotions are being less appealed to, and material inducements are more and more brought to bear as subsidiary influences leading up to a well regulated life. What effect the elimination of the distinctly religious motives and the devotional aspirations will have on the religious life of the future seems to be but dimly perceived by the ecclesiastical leaders, who must obey the popular impulse.

The movement may be said to have received its first impulse from Maurice, and Kingsley, and the group of men nicknamed "muscular Christians" half a century ago; but in its more modern phases it has developed into an intricate system, whose tendencies are towards social betterment rather than distinctly religious propagandism, either doctrinal

or emotional. No Protestant denomination, however, has attempted to systematize this phase of Church work. Individual congregations carry it on actively or supinely, giving prominence to special features. Some even invite to their gymnasia and clubs all men, irrespective of creed, Jews, Mohammedans, or Infidels. Though congregations support dispensaries and employ deaconesses and nurses, no denomination, as an organic body, ordains any body of men or women to special service of teaching or nursing; and none, I think, has as yet legislated or laid down rules for the regulation of its clergy or officers in carrying on such extra-clerical work.

In this practical age and in the Protestant Churches mysticism finds little favour. In a certain sense mysticism is the abnegation of reason, whereas dogmatism attempts to work out a reasonable system on certain premises, which may not be capable of being proved, but which the dogmatist insists on as being certain though undemonstrable. The mystic accepts the impressions of his imagination as valid, and regards as divine suggestions what some might describe as morbid impulses.

Still, while the dogmatist must reject, as of no value, some of the lucubrations of the so-called "passive state," he cannot deny that brilliant thoughts have flashed across the minds of those emotional persons who are the subjects of these abnormal influences, to such an extent that one wonders whether truths are not revealed through other media than the mechanism of logic, and whether thoughts are not capable of creating impressions, though not uttered by word or deed. A great wave of emotion, when of national magnitude, must be a force of incalculable power, though not measurable by any standard or process which we know of. We can hardly otherwise explain the spread of some of the great movements which have swept over the earth and carried before them whole peoples; or attribute to the preaching alone of a single man like Peter the Hermit, or Whitfield and the Wesleys, the effects produced. Such individuals

may have originated the movements; but they were propagated by the emotions of the multitude, who felt what they themselves could not express.

The Roman Catholic Church has been more tolerant of the mystics than the other religious bodies, and in this, as in other respects, has approached the character of universality. It is rigid in requiring nominal adherence to its doctrinal system, even though the great thinking spirits of the Church have not always given equal prominence to all dogmas. None would actually deny certain cardinal beliefs; but great theologians have given some of them such slight prominence in their system as to virtually eliminate them. This was the case with Newman. But the Church has always recognized the tendency of the human mind to lose control of itself and of its subjection to its corporate partner, the body; and to hold communion with the spirit world. When the mystics were led by their aberrations into delusions contrary to the teachings of the Church, they came under punishment; but even when the mental condition which they exhibited might be declared to be abnormal, and actually morbid, the Church saw nothing reprehensible in it. In fact, some of the practices of the Church favour such phenomena by encouraging mental concentration on one line of thought, or one train of emotions; until a condition of oblivion to all external impressions supervenes and the fancies acquire the strength of reality. Many of the saints of that Church, and many others who are revered though not canonized, were mystics. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, the first Superior of the Ursulines in Canada, was a clear-headed administrator and a graphic recorder of historical events; but yet she saw visions and dreamed dreams. Dom Claude Martin, her son, wrote her life, and edited her letters and her "*Méditations et Retraites.*" The preface is in part an apology for much of the incomprehensible contents of the volume. He admits the abnormal conditions from which Mère Marie's visions proceeded, but refers them to an overwhelming access of divine possession. They were, he says,

phenomena of *oraison passive*, in which the ordinary powers of the mind are quiescent. The various aspects of this general condition are *oraison de quiétude*, *le silence intérieur*, *le sommeil spirituel*, and these culminate in *l'union intime*. This last is sometimes called *mariage mystique*, and is peculiarly open to misunderstanding by the unsympathetic. And yet it amounts to nothing more than what is called *liaison perpétuelle*, the perpetual engagement made in the very depths of the soul between God and the soul itself. God makes Himself manifest as willing to give Himself irrevocably to the soul, and reciprocally the soul gives itself irrevocably to God, when is born *une confiance*, whose result is that the soul acts with God in a familiarity such as would, under other circumstances, pass for presumption. "The dispositions of the soul in *l'oraison* are then so intimate that what is known of them constitutes a separate science, and it is this mystic theology of which so many great men have treated." Certain of the psychic phenomena of the *oraison passive* suggest some relationship to those of spiritualism, and others to Christian Science.

This reference will sufficiently indicate how incongruous such phases of faith are with either logical Calvinism or active, sociological Protestantism; and yet in the hagiography of the Church we find combined, in such saints as St. Francis d'Assisi, most active energy in works of charity with such intense practice of the *oraison passive* that the curious phenomenon was exhibited in him of mental emotion being impressed as *stigmata* on the material body. That the signs of the wounds were conspicuous on St. Francis is a fact as well authenticated as many of the accepted facts of history. Protestantism, in this respect, is less pliable than Roman Catholicism. Still, all these aspects of thought, emotion, and activity have apparently reappeared among the various antagonistic offshoots of Protestantism, when men or women of diverse temperaments have striven to express their conception of the Master's ideals, and to reconcile these ideals with the shifting demands of modern life. In different Churches,

and to a certain degree in the same Church, we see them prominent as principles or practices, or as mere transitory experiments.

It should not be expected that all the members of any Christian denomination should favour the same phase of Christian work or worship. A florid ritualism, for instance, jars on one, and excites devotional feeling in another. In large cities, where there are many congregations bound together by certain doctrinal ties, it would tend to harmony among the different groups with different tastes, if the low churchman, for example, would recognize the right and the righteousness of the high churchman in building his own place of worship; in preferring to place candles and crucifixes on an altar, before which he wishes to kneel, instead of in front of an empty communion table; and to see his pastor or priest, if he prefers that name to "minister," clad in a vestment on which symbolical emblems are embroidered, instead of in a plain surplice or Geneva gown. On the other hand, the ritualist should have mercy on the obliquity, ignorance, and deadness of feeling of his less emotional brother Episcopalian. If this spirit prevailed all the differences of all the different Protestant bodies would lose their magnitude, perhaps quite disappear, if only Christians of the twentieth century, like Peter and Paul in the first, would retain their preferences for one phase or another of Christian thought or labour, but at the same time merge them all in honest missionary work for the spread of Christianity along lines on which all are agreed.

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