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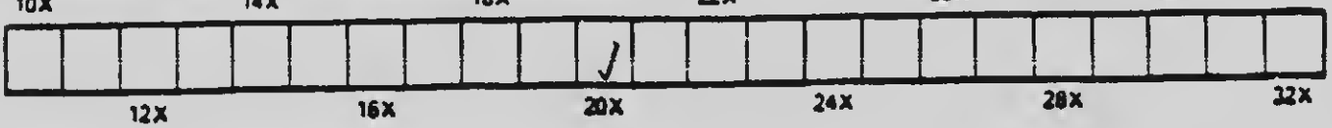

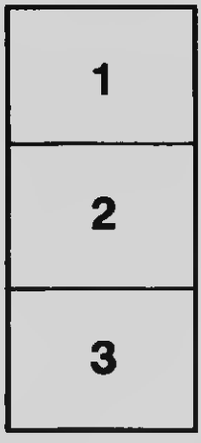

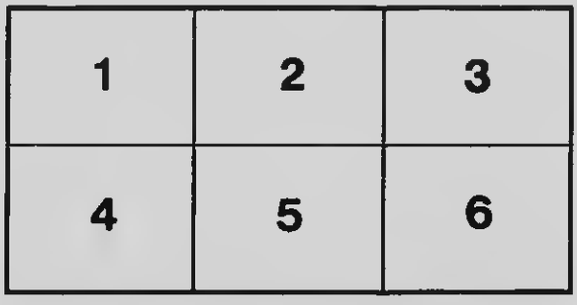

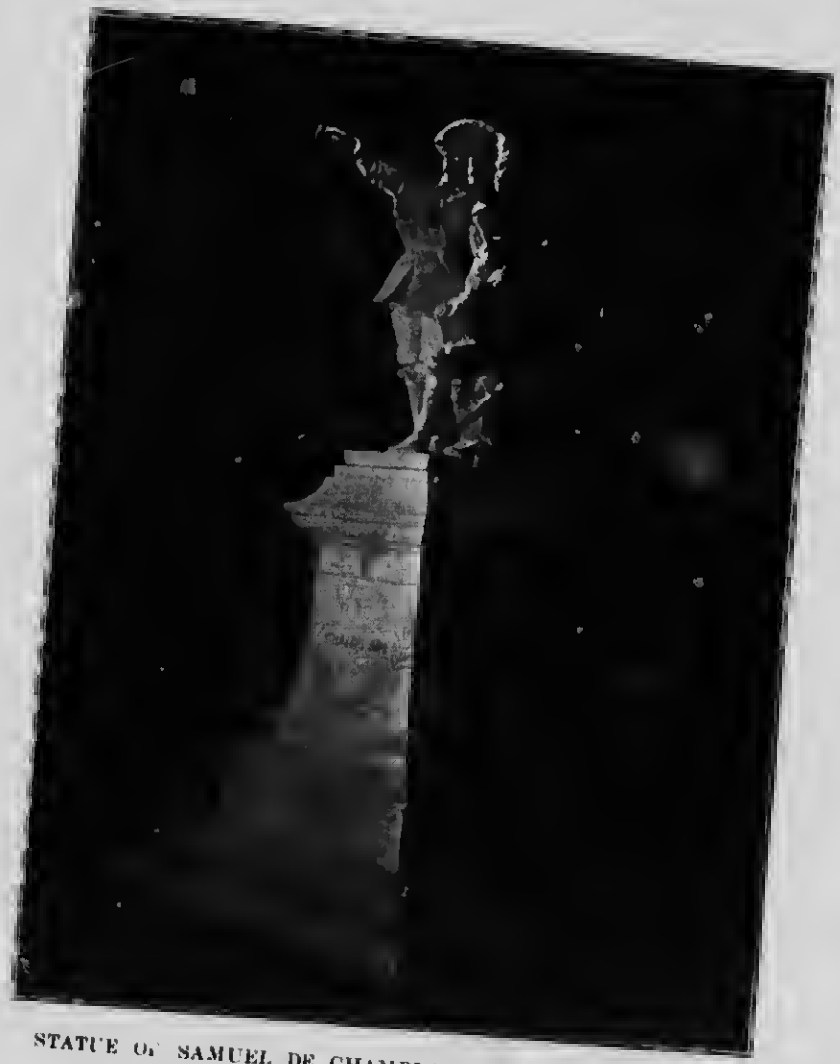

STATUE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, DISCOVERER OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, QUEEN SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Why France Lost Canada

AND OTHER ESSAYS
AND POEMS

BY

FRANK HATHEWAY

NEW CANADA

STATUE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, DISCOVERER OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, QUEEN SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Why France Lost Canada

AND OTHER ESSAYS
AND POEMS

BY
W. FRANK HATHEWAY
ST. JOHN, N.B., CANADA

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO
1915

PREFACE

My aim in "Canadian Nationality," published in 1906, was to claim reverence and love for Canadian institutions, and thereby develop a high National character.

Again, in this second venture, I try to inspire to the same goal, urging also a love for our hills and valleys, rivers and streams.

Too long have we used words that indicate different sections of the country. These should cease and be absorbed in the one word, "Canadian," thus rounding out as a young nation the splendid consummation of the British Empire. I trust, therefore, that the real first Patriotic Canadians, those Acadians and others, descendants of those first settlers, will not look too adversely on my conclusions in Essay Number One. They are my convictions from observation and reading, and in some cases are corroborated by writers of that early period.

Never have I seen or heard of any book which portrays in prose or verse the charming and restful natural scenery of Eastern Maritime Canada. Since 1880 I have visited many of these Nature gifts, and now I ask all Canadians to think first of these restful places

in Canada before they walk along the paths of England's lake country or climb the shorn sides of Scotland's hills or wander on Killarney's grassy banks.

Essay Number Eight studies the stained glass windows in two well-known churches. Many hours have I watched the sunlight creep along the panes, touching with fire the faces and apparel of saints and sinners. Some day I hope the artist will come and picture the graceful spire and architectural strength of this Waterloo Street Cathedral.

The wonderful Norton Road, the silver winding Nerepis, the mosaic boulders of Bay Shore, the shadowed depths of Capilano Canyon, the cloud-capped mountain at Thunder Bay, and the rock-ribbed hills on the dark Saguenay, all these I visit again in imagination, and trust many will respond to their constant invitations. If so, and they come back with a deeper love for Canada, then much of my hope in this book will be fulfilled.

W. FRANK HATHEWAY.

November 5th, 1915.
St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

P.S.--There are hundreds of our best Canadians in the trenches, doing their share, yes, and even more than their share, to keep this Empire whole and sound. To them this book may bring to mind scenery near their homes. This may gladden their hearts amid the awful dangers of war. If any of the many "aid" societies wish to purchase a few volumes for the soldiers, the publishers will be glad to furnish them at special prices.

W. F. H.

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WHY FRANCE LOST CANADA

"Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing wealth, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes. The Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty."

—*Bancroft.*

Why France Lost Canada

WHEN a man imbued with the hopes of a rising nationality tries to pierce the mist of the future and ascertain to what plane his nation can aspire and grow, it is well for him to look backward, and from the failures of the past win success in the future.

With this thought I shall trace something of the English and French systems of colonization in North America during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and I hope to draw opinions as to what is the best and most enduring way whereby to harmonize in Canada those two great branches of that Aryan race which thronged out from the table-lands of India many centuries ago and swept over Central and then over Western Europe.

In the Gallic-Celt we see the French race; in the Saxon-Teuton we see the English race. In the Celt we see the delights and pleasures of Arthur's court and all of that gallant life which belonged to Brittany and parts of England—the jongleur, the minstrel, the tournament, the hero Roland with his sword Durandal, and the Charlemagnes, both of fact and fancy.

In the Anglo-Saxon we see the wild drinking bouts, the lethargy of animals, the defiance of sea and sky, and the continual contest of wild men with wilder nature. In Wittekind, the Saxon general, we recognize the splendid type of brute force against the force of the skilled Charlemagne—the Teuton-Saxon hordes under their chiefs, the Gallic-Celtic armies under their one head. Thus early, in 800 A.D., was the Celtic-Gallic confederacy conqueror of the disunited Teutons.

Nowhere in Europe is the difference of racial character more marked than in Holland and Belgium. This last pure Celt by the overflow from France. In Holland pure Teuton. These two countries (the Netherlands of the sixteenth century) rose *en masse* against the edicts of Philip the Second of Spain. We remember the roystering bravery of the Water Beggars and the oath they took as they each drank out of the bowl and donned the beggar's wallet. These were from Antwerp, Ghent and other southern cities. The Celtic blood showed in all their glory of revolt, impassioned speech and daring deeds.

In the northern provinces, from which in Roman times came that Batavian cavalry, the dread of every foe, they were not so wild or impassioned. The sea walls had been their teachers. Slow, enduring, stolid if you like, these Saxon-Teutons of northern Netherlands fought on, fought ever, and won. It was these northern Netherlands, these Frisians, Jutes, Angles and

Saxons, who crossed the North Sea and planted the Anglo-Saxon in Britain. It is the colonization method of their descendants we see in the royal days of Elizabeth and in the more cautious times of James the First of England.

English Colonization.

On December 19th, 1606, one hundred and nine years after Cabot discovered North America, three small vessels set sail from England for Virginia under a charter given by James the First, under date and royal seal April 10th, 1606. Michael Drayton said to them in the rounded periods of those days:

> "Go, and in regions far
> Such heroes bring ye forth
> As those from whom ye came."

Virginia, beyond its coast line, was known to the navigators as an utter wilderness, and it was to this wilderness that these vessels sailed.

What was this first charter given by England? The legislative power was in the King; the emigrants, one hundred and five in all, were not allowed to be members of the London Corporation who owned the charter. King James the First controlled all appointments, and saw in it, canny Scot that he was, a chance for revenue to himself. He took good care, however, that the Protestant religion was to be established, and, like Louis

Fourteenth, "no emigrant was permitted to avow dissent." The Colonial Council was appointed by the Home Council and elected its president. There was no popular liberty in the sense that we understand it. There were strict laws made by the Council against murder, manslaughter, tumults, etc.

Civil cases requiring corporal punishment, fines or imprisonment were to be determined by the president and the Colonial Council. The magistracy was restricted by trial by jury. Kindness to savages was particularly enjoined by the charter. The King retained the right of all future legislation.

In 1607 the three vessels entered Chesapeake Bay and saw before them the entrance to James River. The headlands, called after the King's sons, Henry and Charles, were passed, and the vessels rested safe in deep water alongside a point which still bears the name given at that time, Point Comfort.

The names of the councillors were placed in a box by the company before the vessel sailed. This box was not to be opened until after arrival. Edward Wingfield, Robert Hunt, John Smith and others of the first band of adventurers landed safely on the banks of the James River. The box having been opened and the different names called forth as members of the council, Wingfield was elected president. This first Virginian settlement established amicable relations with Powhatan, the Indian chief. Captain John Smith explored the

bays and all the rivers, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Potapsco, the Chesapeake, and even noted how strong the Mohawk Indians were along the Mohawk Valley and the upper stretches of the Hudson. In this early British settlement we find wise laws far in advance of those later laws enacted by France for Canada.

In 1609, Smith being president, the council enacted a law that every man must work hard at least six hours every day. In Jamestown, unlike Quebec, he who would not work might not eat. The result was that by 1609 there were at least thirty or forty acres of maize under cultivation in that little settlement. The original charter, given in 1606, was found to be restricted, and on May 23rd, 1609, a second charter was granted. This effort at colonization, unlike that of France, sprang from the people. The other sprang from the court and the King.

In the charter of 1609 the Nobility, the Army and Industry were all represented. England woke to the necessity of establishing a permanent colony. Sir Francis Bacon, Captain John Smith, Richard Hakluyt, George Sandys and many others are the names found in this second charter. It granted the right to colonize two hundred miles to the north and two hundred to the south of Point Comfort. The King gave up his powers to the company. The shareholders of this company, in respect to legislation and government,

were entirely independent of the King. The company took the place of the King, but the colonists had virtually no additional rights. All power was vested in the colonial governor and cou l.

We know how the French ..eated the Indians, and we realize now how unwise it was for Champlain, his soldiers armed with muskets, then unknown to the Indians, to join his forces with the Hurons and thus sow the seed of that undying hatred which the Iroquois nations ever retained for France and Frenchmen. The Virginian colonists in that early time cultivated the friendship of Powhatan, and in 1613 a marvellous sight was seen on the shore of James River. Pocahontas, the chieftain's daughter, the first convert to Christianity, stepped forward, stood before the font, and was baptized. Again, in 1614, Thomas Rolfe, leading her by the hand, appeared before the clergyman, and in the marriage ceremony that made them husband and wife there breathed a surer sign for peace between the redmen of the woods and the white men who had only been seven years on the Virginia shores, than could have been forced by any show of military power.

The land laws of the colony were so strict that no man could get a grant of over two thousand acres except in rare cases. Each immigrant had a gift of one hundred acres for each person, which I presume means each person in his family. Soon the law was changed

so that an immigrant only received fifty acres, but he had the right to get fifty more after he had cultivated the first fifty. A payment of £12 10s. secured a title to one hundred acres of the company's land and a reserve claim to one hundred more. By such laws the immigrant could become proprietor if he cultivated, but he never could own vast seigniories such as were allotted by France on the Richelieu and St. Lawrence rivers.

In 1619 the true character of those pioneers was shown in their acts. The council of April 19th, 1619, enacted that a yearly assembly should be held, two burgesses to be elected in each settlement; they, with the governor and council, to make the laws of the Virginia colony. Therefore, on Friday, July 30th, 1619, at Jamestown, delegates from eleven plantations assembled to make laws for their colony. The spontaneous feeling of liberty that was more inherent to the Saxon-Teuton mind than to the Gallic-Celtic mind, thus early sprang forth, and on that day the Magna Charta of the United States became a living reality. Penalties for idleness, gaming and drunkenness were imposed. The planting of hemp, vines, trees, etc., was encouraged. The price of tobacco was fixed by this assembly at three shillings a pound for the best, and one shilling and sixpence for the second grade.

Measures for a university and college were discussed. From this first republican gathering in the New World

the planters went forth, free and independent, realizing that they were men placed in the New World to build for themselves a state and possibly an empire.

At this distance of time no one knows what hopes may have been in the mind of Sir George Yeardley, when he sat as president of this first republican convention, or what hopes may have been cherished by those planters in this, the first and oldest Dominion, when they went out to plant their corn and build their houses. Unlike the French colony in Quebec, this colony of Virginia gave no power to their military or to their church. It flourished so well that within three years from this date fifty petitions for land were granted, and Virginia rose steadily to its place as a great English colony. She soon acquired the freedom of the northern fisheries, and in a test before the Court of England the right of trial by jury was sustained. No orders of the London Council could bind the colony unless ratified by the yearly assembly at Jamestown. They had courts of justice like those of England.

James the First and, after him, Charles the First frequently interfered with the colonial rights, but the Virginia planter held jealously to his birthright of 1619. This charter prevented other states being formed north or south of Virginia on any other basis less free than it.

Maryland.

The system of colonization in Maryland, conducted by a Roman Catholic noble, was much the same as that in Virginia.

Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, finding the Virginians had petitioned "That Papists should not be allowed to come among them," succeeded in getting a charter of the southern part of Maryland. This charter was like that of Virginia. In July, 1621, the majority of the freemen in each plantation elected their representatives. Christianity, as professed in the Church of England, was protected. Charles the First in 1629 agreed that neither he nor his heirs should ever set any tax or customs or imposition on the inhabitants of the Province of Maryland.

In this we see the strong argument by which in after years the thirteen states declared that the mother country had no right to tax America. Lord Baltimore was given the right to create Manors and Courts-Baron, but liberal opinions had so permeated the colonies that they would not allow even this vestige of feudalism to take root. Lord Baltimore died in 1632. His son took up the charter in 1634. He arrived at Point Comfort, rested a few days with Governor Harvey at Jamestown, and then proceeded to the Potomac, the future home of the Roman Catholic colony. In 1639 their legislature met. In 1640 the Assembly enacted laws about inspection of tobacco, etc. In 1642 Lord Baltimore

offered the Puritans in Massachusetts religious liberty, asking them to settle in Maryland and offering free grants of land, etc.

On April 21st, 1649, the Assembly further enacted laws for religious freedom, i.e., "And whereas the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion," such was the tenor of a part of the statute, "hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall in any way be troubled, molested or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof."

This beacon of religious freedom stands out in splendid contrast against the ordinance passed by the Long Parliament in May, 1648, imposing death as a penalty for any one of eight enumerated heresies. In 1650 the Assembly enacted that no tax should be levied on freemen, except by the vote of the Assembly. This freedom of thought and of action soon attracted large bodies of Protestants, and the population of Maryland steadily increased.

The Pilgrims.

In 1620 James the First issued his patent to forty persons, called "The Plymouth Council for colonizing

and governing New England." This was the "Foolish Charter," which granted all the land from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of latitude, or about all of Canada down to Pennsylvania and directly across the continent to the Pacific. All jurisdiction, harbors, fisheries and mines were in the power of this company. A foolish grant and no avail, as James the First had neither the right to grant it, nor did he provide the fleet to protect it.

That Saxon mind which led Wycliffe to establish the poor priests or Lollards all over England, and which caused a monk at Wittenburg to so feel the impulse of his thought as to dare to nail his thesis on the church-door, also made it possible for the Puritan to ask for liberty of thought in England. Not getting it, we see these men in 1620 deciding, without charter or authority of any kind, to trust themselves across the ocean to the new land made so famous by the adventures of Captain John Smith. The Devonshire stock that had beaten off the Armada in 1588, that had crossed the northern seas and had followed down the coasts of Greenland and Newfoundland, was now driven by persecution at home to seek an asylum in a new and unknown country.

The two ships, *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, were ready to sail from Leyden, Holland, in 1620. "I beseech you," said Pastor Robinson, "that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from

the written word of God," and the Puritans turned away from their exile in Holland and set sail for America. Exiled for conscience, disciplined by misfortunes, the Puritans saw at last their new home. Before landing they agreed to form a republic. This was done by the whole number of male colonists, forty-one, who with their families made one hundred and two souls in all.

Not under the power of any home council, under no laws of king or country, they made their own laws. Close in their hearts they kept the love for the Elizabeth who had passed away, for the King James and the King Charles. But closer still than all of this they held to the faith and to the words gathered from the Bible, and also to the message given them by Robinson when they left Leyden. These pioneers took literally the message that says, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

In contrasting the English colonizing movement, and the government of this Puritan Republic, with the French method of colonization, we see that in the English colonies the governor was chosen by general suffrage. A council of five, and afterwards of seven, was appointed which restricted the governor's powers. The whole people were often convened and decided questions. In 1639 representative government was adopted. They made all laws. Housebreaking, highway robbery and other offences were unknown. In 1645 a majority

of the Assembly were in favor of a law to tolerate all religions, "Turk, Jew, Papist, Arian," or any other. But the influence of the governor prevented the law being passed. Thus, in the early stages of the Plymouth settlement they were as liberal as the settlement of Lord Baltimore and more liberal than that of Virginia.

In 1629 a charter was granted to the Massachusetts Bay Company. The governor, his deputy and eighteen assistants were to be elected annually by the freemen of Massachusetts. Four times a year this council and the freemen were specially to meet to enact all laws. These laws, however, must not be contrary or repugnant to those of England. In 1632 deputies from Boston walked to Plymouth and there spent a few days, including a Lord's day, and took sacrament with Governor Bradford and the elders. At Boston in 1634 the ballot-box was first introduced.

Cotton preached against the democratic feeling of the time, but the people, now three to four hundred strong in Boston, chose a new governor and a new deputy. It was further decreed that the whole body of freemen should be convened only for the election of the magistrates; to these, with deputies to be chosen by the several towns, the powers of legislation and appointment were henceforward entrusted. In 1636 several nobles arriving from England caused a fear that hereditary nobility might be established. But the decisive action

of the Assembly soon allayed any such apprehension. In January, 1639, a constitution was formed for Connecticut on the same democratic principle as in Massachusetts. All deputies, officers, etc., to be chosen by ballot of the freemen. Every man who took the oath of allegiance swore to be faithful to the government. No other sovereign was ever mentioned. All powers proceeded from the people.

The white population of New England in 1665 was estimated to have been fifty-five thousand. The influence of all this democratic legislation is shown in the fact that New France, even up to 1700, had only twenty-five thousand population.

French Colonization.

The devotion and courage of the Gaul is not to be outrivalled by any other nation. In Canada we know of the intrepidity of those Jesuit Fathers, Brebeuf, Jogues, and many others. There are deeds of French heroism in Canada that parallel those of Roland and Chevalier Bayard. The savage Iroquois were forced to admire the stoical courage of many a Frenchman, and it was not uncommon for the young braves to eat the heart of their French captive and thus try to acquire the courage shown by the victim. We know how D'Assas, the sentry, in old France, sent his dying voice through the forest glades of Auvergne, telling his com-

KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR THUNDER BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR.

rades that the enemy were near. A finer heroism is that of Adam Daulac, or Dollard, as the name is known now, Lord of Ormeaux, who in 1660 led a forlorn hope along the river near Montreal and thus saved the whole colony from the concerted attacks of three bands of Iroquois. He, with sixteen other Frenchmen, four Algonquins and one Huron, behind a hastily-constructed log fort, resisted for eight days the attacks of seven hundred of these noted warriors. All were killed except two or three Indians who had deserted at the commencement of the battle.

It requires, however, more than deeds of heroism to found a nation. In this glimpse at French methods of colonization we see that the power and ambition of Louis the Fourteenth in Europe partly caused the failure of his new-world France. Two men in the first half of the seventeenth century stand out as national types: one, Richelieu, the cardinal statesman, who had the ambition to make Canada another France; the other, Cromwell, the Puritan soldier, who had the ambition to protect the Saxon race wherever it went. When Louis the Fourteenth came to the throne and declared so strongly his divine and his legislative power, Richelieu had passed away and the wily Mazarin was no longer in power. Louis declared that "subjects should not reason but obey," and with that in his mind, with a kind heart for the Canadian colony, he did what he thought was best for Canada. He adopted the scheme

of soldier-emigration and soldier-settlement based on the financial protection theory as outlined and laid before him by Colbert, that first genius of the protection policy. Colbert and the King published a charter in 1664 forming the company known as "The Company of the West," and gave them the ownership of all New France from Hudson Bay to Virginia, not recognizing the English colonies north of Virginia. This patent was as foolish as that one given by James the First in 1620.

Louis gave to Canada, or New France, a small army and often sent ships of war. His devotion to the Church was so great that one of the first requisites for the "Company" was the supply of priests necessary for the work in New France, and also that the "Company" must suppress all false doctrine. This French Company had a trade monopoly for forty years and could do all and everything. Out of the duties levied by the "Company" the salaries of the judges, governor and officers were paid. Thus the people paid those officers whom the "Company" appointed.

The King, who aspired to all control, finally took this power out of the Company's hands, and appointed the governor and intendant, the one to watch the other, and both of them to watch the bishop. In 1667 to 1670 we find the colony reviving from the wars that the Iroquois had waged upon it ever since 1607, when Champlain so unwisely aided the weak Hurons against

the powerful Mohawks. Courcelle was governor, Talon was intendant, and General deTracy hsd charge of the army. Under this general the Iroquois were taught a severe lesson, and a restless peace reigned for a few years along the St. Lawrence River from Tadousac to Montreal.

Talon, interested in the success of the colony, wrote to Colbert: "If this monopoly is maintained, the profits will be wrung from the colony, and at the end of ten years our population will be less than in 1665." Finally the "Company" had to give up its trading monopoly. The Council at Quebec fixed a tariff of prices, one for each city—Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. At this time you can hardly say that there was any commerce in Canada compared with the trade of the New England colonies. Canada was fifty years behind, crushed by the monopolistic charter to the "Company," and disturbed by the quarrels between the bishop and governor, and the hampering laws made by the Council. The dealer and trader felt unsafe, and trade languished. The colony was really almost going behind, notwithstanding the pensions granted by Colbert and the King to those who had large families. In 1700 it was thought to be a fair estimate that the total population of New France was not more than twenty-five thousand persons, whereas in the British settlement the total population at that time must have been seventy-five thousand.

Another thing that contributed to the slow growth of this colony and shows the characteristic difference between the systems of English and French colonization was the division of lands giving large estates to regimental officers. When deTracy landed under the frowning cliffs of Quebec with his well-equipped regiment and marched up the winding street that led to the Citadel, all was joy, gladness and bustle at this addition to their limited population. Successful in their war with the Iroquois, the soldiers laid down their arms, and the officers received large grants of land along the river and up the Richelieu. These were divided among the soldiers, and account for the long strips of land seen to-day, some of which are only a few hundred feet wide but run back from the River St. Lawrence a half-mile to two miles long. Soldiers make poor farmers. Bred to war against men, it took a long while for these colonizers to have pleasure in warring with the elements and building their homes in the Canadian forests that bordered the river. Thus a certain kind of feudalism was implanted early along the banks of these rivers, for the soldiers had ever the same allegiance to their respective officers from whom they held their land as when formerly they served under them in battle.

Talon and deTracy, by the memorial to the King in 1667, plainly indicate that there must be no republican power such as was wrested from John by the Great Charter in 1215. Canada had all the beginnings of a

milder feudalism. As long, however, as the King had the power of granting the lands and making the laws to govern the proprietors there could be but little real feudalism and less republicanism. In the law made at this time by the King and Talon it was decreed that "Seigneurs, in distributing lands to their vassals, must not exact conditions injurious to the rights of the Crown, and that the subjection was due solely to the King."

The King in granting land to the Seigneur imposed one law, namely, to clear the land within a limited time. These owners were often penniless gentlemen from France, oftentimes having a grant of a domain twelve miles by five or ten. He (the seigneur) was therefore forced to lease it for a small perpetual rent. He could not sell any which he had not cleared. The farmers' rents were very small—sometimes half a sou and half a pint of wheat for each acre. Thus a farm of one hundred and sixty acres would pay from four to sixteen francs a year rent. Whenever the farmer sold his land he had to pay a twelfth part to the seigneur; if the seigneur sold part of his land he had to pay a fifth part to his superior. The seigneur and the farmer alike had to clear and live on their land. Custom forced the farmer to grind his grain at the seigneur's mill, bake his bread in the seigneur's oven, work for him one or more days in the year, and give him one fish in every eleven for the privilege of fishing in the river before his farm.

As an offset to these laws, which were annoying to the farmer, the King, in his desire to retain forever the subjection of the farmer-people direct to himself, continually stepped in between the seigneur and the censitaire, or farmer, on the ground that "His Majesty gives the land for nothing, and he can make what conditions he pleases, and change them whenever he choose." Members of the government council were appointed usually for life. Salaries were small. The King frequently got the right for a son to succeed his father as councillor. The Intendant's duty was difficult, as he stood between the Governor and the Bishop. He was a kind of great Secretary for Minister Colbert. Still, the Intendant enacted many laws, which were usually read to the people at the doors of churches after Mass. These related to the regulation of inns, of poaching, preservation of game, sale of brandy, stray hogs, tithes, matrimonial quarrels, fast driving, wards and guardians, observance of Sunday, settlement of boundaries, etc. In 1675 more restrictions were put on trade. Foreign trade being absolutely prohibited, officers burned foreign goods found in Canadian homes. Merchants were forbidden to meet and discuss questions of trade, and it was not until 1717 that a Bourse or Exchange was instituted at Quebec or Montreal. In 1686 Denonville wrote home to France, saying, "There are no heretics here." We can well see that under Louis the Fourteenth, guided

by that quiet but relentless mind of Madame de Maintenon, heretics would have a hard chance in any colony of France. Happily for Canada, since no Protestants could be found, there were no dragonnades, no ruthless system by which people were torn out of their houses and hurried to the nearest prison without trial or jury. We must admit also that there were no charges for witchcraft. That error belonged to the Protestant States of New England. A sign of the times in Canada was the fact that no printing press was established up to 1717, and the first Canadian newspaper was not published until after Wolfe climbed the heights of Abraham in 1759.

The Church and State.

That which contributed most in the seventeenth century to disaffection and tended continually to keep the Quebec Colony unsettled was the never ending quarrels between the governing powers; the Bishop on the one side, and the Governor on the other side. Between these stood the Intendant. It is amusing to hear of the different questions which arose between Bishop Laval and the Governor. Who should have the first right, or take precedence in entering the schools? The Bishop claimed it and the Governor claimed it. The poor priests were in agony, so they agreed that when the Governor and the Bishop came to inspect the schools the children should be so busy at their work that they

would not salute either of them. Unfortunately two boys saluted the Governor first. This so angered sturdy Bishop Laval that he had the two youngsters whipped the next day. The Bishop had insisted that the choir priests should receive incense before the Governor received it. Thus the conflict went on between Governor Argenson and Bishop Laval.

About 1660 the Governor finally memorialized the government, asking that their two positions be defined. How the Governor should receive the incense; which of the two, Bishop or Governor, should hold the first place in civil ceremonies, festivals, etc.; where the Governor's seat should be in the church; if the Bishop could excommunicate persons for civil acts when the Governor pronounced these acts lawful. The reply that came from Paris conveys intelligence that might well be considered even to-day when at times there is a dispute as to who shall have the highest seat, the Governor-General of Canada or the Cardinal Prince appointed by Rome. This reply stated that the Bishop had no power to excommunicate for civil acts. It assigned him second place in all matters, festivities, etc., of a civil character, and wisely avoided other questions asked by the Governor. Governor Avaugour, who in 1661 succeeded Argenson, also contended strongly for his rights.

Disheartened by his struggles with these two governors, but not defeated, Laval sailed for Paris to try and get the Governor removed. This Governor, perhaps

better than any other up to that time, formed some idea of Canada's future. Recalled by the influence of Laval in 1663, he writes to the King "That the St. Lawrence is the entrance to what may be made the greatest state in the world."

How very little legislative and other powers were in the hands of the people! It argues against French character in Canada to know that they were not influenced more to freedom by this contact with the New World, the Great Atlantic, the Great River, the immense forests and the broad lakes. The influence of the court, the nobles, the King, and the church permeated them so strongly that no thought of any legislative liberty seemed to cross their minds.

All power, judicial, legislative and executive, was put in the hands of a council, the governor of which Laval chose himself when he was in Paris. As this Governor was really the Bishop's tool, the five councillors, attorney general and secretary, were appointed by the Governor in accordance with Laval's wishes. Thus nine persons were to rule all of French Canada. But Laval's headstrong, although, perhaps, worthy temperament, would not brook even a Governor who was willing to propitiate him, and we soon find Governor Mesy quarrelling with him. This new Governor did attempt something of legislative reform, not from any love of a Republic, but from ill-will to the Bishop. He called a public meeting in Quebec for the purpose of electing

a counеil and syndic. Louis the Fourteenth, however, did not like this appeal to the people, and in 1664 we find Mesy recalled and Laval triumphant.

In Virginia and in New England the land was sold in small pieces. A few acres were allowed to each buyer, and it was extremely difficult for any one to buy even as much as two thousand acres. This was not the case in New France. There the land was cut up into large tracts. Bishop Laval himself in 1680 owned the Seigniory of Beaupré, sixteen leagues along the river and six leagues in depth, or forty-eight miles by eighteen. This immense tract of land is to-day one of the richest and most fertile in Canada, and returns a large revenue.

There is a charity that helps and a charity that kills. Louis the Fourteenth looked upon his people in New France as simply servants to him seated on his throne by Divine power. This Bourbon, with the money wrested from his people in France, bestowed thousands and millions of dollars upon his people of Canada. Oftentimes the money was given directly, and thus a system of pauperism grew up, a habit of not relying on their own resources and of continually appealing to the King. Thus New France was peopled with a class of serfs having no laws except those from the King, no judge except as appointed by him. Pauperized by the gifts, their brains not made active by their own legislation, it was not until the Bourbon kings left Canada to herself that she was able to emerge from the dulness

and stupor bequeathed to her, unwittingly, perhaps, by those bishops and governors of the seventeenth century.

Let us consider the two methods of colonization, French and British: France sent a soldier class, and with them many others who were of the criminal class —in fact, in some cases colonists were sent direct from the prisons of the old country. England sent working-men and trades-people, with very few soldiers. The French colonists expected to make fortunes and return home to a good time in Old France. English colonists expected to erect permanent homes in the New World. France rendered aid by money and by men; England provided no soldiers and but little money, but the people of England emigrated. The French colonists had no political rights and were subservient to both church and state. The English colonist was independent and had all political power. He was not controlled, except morally, by his church. Look at the map, at the city of Buffalo, and trace a line from the lakes along that valley formerly occupied by the Iroquois nations, to Albany, and thence down to New York. Should not all this, geographically, belong to Canada? Nature shows this to be the proper east of this country. If the Celtic-Gallic men had been less fond of show and more fond of work; if military glory in Europe had not so filled the mind of Louis the Fourteenth, he would probably have followed in 1664 the advice and policy laid down by the Governor Avaugour, i.e., to send forces enough

to capture the Dutch colony lying between the Great Lakes and New York City. This would have hemmed in the New England States between New York and Quebec, so that the French power would have comprised all of that country. Can we not say then that the French lost New France by several errors of policy?

1st. In taking sides with the weak Huron nation and thus getting the hatred of the strong and relentless Iroquois nations.

2nd. In not sending out emigrants of the industrial and farming classes.

3rd. In allowing the divided authority of Bishop, Intendant and Governor.

4th. In not allowing the colony to govern itself and to appoint its own officials.

5th. In not securing early in the seventeenth century the control of the Mohawk Valley, the Hudson, and the route to New Amsterdam.

We know the errors of the past in Canadian history. We know the source from which sprang the greatness of the New England States. Let us then be wise and patient and endeavor to so arrange the policy of Canada that these two rivals in the past, the Gaul and the Saxon, will always be friends in the future. It may be that in some communities the Gaul and the Saxon are fairly well merged, and that other sections have arrived at that middle way or plane well below the ordinary

influences of passion and sensation, and yet well above the stolidity of indifferentism.

But the nation itself has not arrived at this happy medium. We know that even now in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the Acadian mind is crystallized by the influences of its papers and its annual gatherings. I doubt very much if among the French people in these two provinces the word "Canadian" calls out the spontaneous joy that the word "Acadian" does. This is not conducive to the growth of real national sentiment.

Even now all over Quebec province the French mind does not recognize in the word "Canadian" the whole group, but rather only the French-Canadian.

I recognize that in the discussion of this question there is a chance for the opportunist to lead a party, but that would create a confusion in Canada which would put this country back at least fifty years.

It is, I feel, the duty of the church which has a strong grip on the French heart and mind, in Quebec particularly, to teach her people to be Canadian first and French afterward, and to be content with the broad freedom given to all races in this country.

The destiny of Canada cannot be well accomplished under the stars and bars. Such political union coming close on the heels of any reciprocal arrangement would only merge us, giving to the rich Eastern States another market for their over-productions, and would

in time debar us from British trade, as Great Britain would then be forced to adopt preferential trade with India, Africa and Australia as against North America. The best future for Canada is to be within the British Empire, under a mutual preferential treatment with Great Britain.

Then will Canada evolve out of her mixed types one splendid nationality, brave and proud of the Celtic lineage, great and strong in its Saxon inflexibility. Then when we have put aside the rose and the shamrock, the thistle and the fleur-de-lis, will the real Canadian assume his place in the world's history.

CAPE TRINITY ON THE SAGUENAY.

ESSAY II.

THE LESSON OF BEAUTY

"What is Beauty? Not the show
Of stately limbs and features, No.
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin."

—*Sir A. Hunt.*

"The spirit world shuts not its portal;
Thine heart is dead, thy senses sleep;
Up! in the crimson dayspring, mortal,
All undismayed, thy bosom steep."

—*Goethe.*

"The world is not painted, or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful; and God has not made some beautiful things, but Beauty is the creator of the universe."

—*Emerson.*

The Lesson of Beauty

THE Rhine, more than any other European river, has influenced national character. From where it rushes out of the snow-clad Alps into Lake Constance, carrying its green flood past the plain where, in 1415, John Huss was burned, thence taking the leap of ninety feet at Neuhausen, and thence down to where it sweeps past Strasburg, Bingen and Cologne, all along this course of about three hundred miles, the great river has ever been moulding the hopes and aspirations of the German peoples.

One lovely day in May I strolled along the pathway to see these marvellous white horses of the Rhine, whose thunderous "beat of their unseen feet" must have often come to the Bohemian Huss when he lay in his prison only a few miles distant, anxious to see again the beloved river. Above the bridge the Rhine at Schaffhausen is about two hundred yards wide, but at the falls it is only two hundred and sixty feet wide. In the shallow places above the bridge the water is a dark plum color shading to purple. In the deeper places it is green like malachite, made more vivid by the milk-

white foam. Along the western bank are many trees. The numerous wild flowers are in pink and white clusters. Some are dragon-shaped, set close around the stalk like our nettle. I was glad to see our own field flowers—large yellow dandelions, golden buttercups, and white daisies shading to pink—these are small like the Roman daisy.

At the fall the river is divided by three islets, two of which jut high above the water and are crowned with trees. An immense rock on the left bank projects over the fall. The old Rhine rushes at this, is caught, swerves to the right, and plunges, a whirlwind of spray and color, voices and power. One stands in the shelter of this immense ledge. The falling waters appear like bands of unwoven silk, shining, glistening—or like the long, fine-colored skeins of glass thread such as seen in Venetian factories. Rainbows form, dissolve, and form again in the ever-moving misty spray. The three islets in the middle stand like great horses to curb the torrents that, white and angry, rush between them. One of these islets shows an arch, apparently fifteen feet by five, through which the dazzling rush of the river is seen.

Every German loves to see old Father Rhine battling against the rocky sides of these islets. A few feet below the immense projecting rock is a small platform. It trembles with the force of this giant that has come from the home of the frost genii two hundred miles

THE RHEINFALLS AT SCHAFFHAUSEN, NEAR CONSTANCE, SWITZERLAND.

away. You look up, and the whole bulk of the Rhine seems to rush at you—you, the little man, facing one of the grandest works of nature. You think of Balboa and his first glimpse of the Pacific; of Champlain meeting the tidal forces of the St. Lawrence; of Gautama Buddha wandering among the hills of India. Continually, as the million-footed horses sweep on and on, your mind falls back on the one Power that set this Earth Ball in motion. Rainbows float through the rising mists, while folds of lustrous silk, pearly-white, in rapid movement, are lost below and cover with their draperies the homes of water-nymph and river-god.

Leaving Schaffhausen, the Rhine rushes down past Basel, famous for its moving head with jeering tongue; past the Vosges Mountains to Strasburg with its cathedral and clock; on past Mayence and Bingen, the Lorelei Rock and the water-sprites—scene of Wagner's "Rhein-Gold" opera; until below Coblentz and Cologne it becomes placid and tame. In all this course it is the German Rhine, where robber knights built castles before Barbarossa's time, and where many a battle-cry was heard in resisting the payment of tolls. German myth and romance belong to all that portion from Mayence to Cologne. Here lay the heart of the Minnesinger. The exploits of Seigfried and Brunhilda, Gunther and Kriemhilda, and the daring Crusaders of the twelfth century, belonged to this river. To-day trees grow sixty feet high from the second-story floor

of Rheinfels Castle; the wallflower and portulacca make gay the two rival castles of the Cat and the Mouse. Curious legends belong to these old ruins. Heinrich Frauenlob, for whom all the women of the Rhine sorrowed; Roland, whose lovely arch in the solitary castle wall is still seen; and Drachenfels, where the frightful dragon was conquered by the Christian maid.

German thrift and German patriotism have taken care of the great river. The logs cut on the Schwartzberg float down on rafts as on the St. Lawrence. Charles the Great, receiving his iron crown at Aachen, and William the First, greeted at Paris in 1870 as Emperor of Germany, are centuries apart; but they show the gradual growth of German unity. In the devotion that resisted France in 1800 to 1815, and again in 1870 captured Paris, the love of the Rhine played no minor part. The Rhine was the great artery of trade. By its numerous affluents it circulated not only trade, but also the national blood, fusing at last a number of duchies and principalities into one whole Germany.

Huss in his prison at the castle of Gottlieben heard the hoarse voice of the falls at Schaffhausen madly plunging ninety feet to the basin below; Luther had wandered by the banks of the Rhine and loved its valleys and vine-clad slopes; Schiller and Goethe had known its beauty, and Mendelssohn had been influenced by its voices. Wagner awakened its hundred memories of

myth, and forever endeared its swift waters to the whole world. It is one of the forces that created that Tugenbund, or young hero band which loved Queen Louisa and hated Napoleon. As old Father Tiber was to the Roman, so is the Rhine to the German.

In Canada we have the St. Lawrence, with all its story from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century; the St. John, with its slopes of cedars and firs, the rustling poplar and swaying pine, its far-famed intervales where the plough is rarely needed; and in Quebec we have the Saguenay in its dark, mysterious course, stern, rugged and forbidding as Dante's picture of the entrance to the lower regions.

The St. Lawrence is our heritage. It may rightly be called the birthplace of Canada. What names belong to its vast flood! Chateaubriand, that poet of old France, saw the lace draperies of Niagara and sang its praise. Thomas Moore sailed past the Magdalen Islands up the Gulf of St. Lawrence and recorded in verse the weird island forms. The heroes of cross and sword swept up our river and left a record of bravery and endurance in such names as Champlain and Frontenac, Le Boeuf and Jogues. D'Assas, the outpost in old Auvergne, dying, gave the alarm that saved the French army. In 1660, Le Sieur des Ormeaux, even more heroic, with fifteen other French, defended the Ottawa rapids against the noted Iroquois tribe. These sixteen all died, but Montreal was saved. Of such stuff

were the warriors, the explorers, the priests of the seventeenth century.

From all these—French, English, Scotch, Irish, and also those others who, in 1783, left New England—came the men who, on July first, 1867, begot the Canadian nation. From the small assembly that at Charlottetown, P.E.I., in 1864, declared for confederation, and from the larger gathering at Quebec in 1865, when the Gaul and the Saxon drank of the same elixir, swore the same oath, and saluted the same flag—from that time to this is nearly fifty years. Nevertheless we have no "Guards of the St. Lawrence" and no real Canadian national poem. We have the rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys and plains. The waters of two vast oceans wash our shores. We have not yet produced any great writer, thinker, poet, painter or sculptor.

Alas, we are not truly of the highest; else all of this sumptuous nature, rioting in her strength, would have so played upon our heartstrings that poet and painter must have sprung into being. Nature has given galleries of green, gold and crimson, shining in the October days when the haze of Indian summer settles on the resting earth, but, alas! there is no Millet in Toronto or Montreal to reproduce them. The Middle Ages took nature's hint, and from those columnar forest picture-galleries came the pillared church and stained windows. We have more than they in the crimson and gold so

lavishly given during October, in the rustling garments of birch and maple. Yet we forget to provide the artist to reproduce them. In 1917 Canada will be fifty years old. Before that time will we have our poet, our painter, our musician?

Whether we stand on Mars Hill in Athens and think of Paul talking to the Greeks of the "Unknown God," or look from the Alhambra garden and see La Vega unfolding its thirty miles of cultivated fields, or from the scarred cliff of Douglas Mountain see the gleam of the winding Nerepis as it hurries to meet the St. John River at Westfield; whether we live in a country cottage, a city mansion, or a turreted castle, we can see and understand beauty, if we have only one string still left in our heart's harp.

How we need color and sound! It is color that makes the picture and poem; it is harmony that makes the song. In Canada we have so much just outside the town or city, so much color along every highway. The hills of southern France and England are bare and gray, but the hills and valleys of this country are still unspoiled.

The Pool at Moss Glen!—who has chanted its beauty? Is there no one to visit and enjoy this black pool that lies so near the river at Moss Glen? Almost a circle except at one side where the rock wall is broken low. Through this cleft tumbles the daintiest fall, clean and white in July. Not steeped in the roots of cedar or spruce, but sparkling between the white stones of the mountain side, it plashes into the quiet basin whose high walls are crowned with dark firs. It falls gently and not like Lodore, not like the soft shine of Fiume Latte of Lake Como, nor like the loud tumbling of the Reddon Falls at Belleisle. It has its own beauty, this fall that gently disturbs the surface of the Black Pool at Moss Glen.

Does Erebus lodge in that doorway, carved with no human hand, that opens part way up the perpendicular wall and bank? Do Naiads dress their purple-black tresses in the dark depths before they float out on the broad waters of the Bay? In that doorway might Æsculapius have kept his serpents, or Medea have stored those herbs with which she mixed the black draught that was to have sealed the fate of Theseus. Nature's architect has left his open door, framed in this moss-embroidered glen. Beneath the surface of the dark waters show the black spaces which fitly give the pool its sinister name.

Opposite the fall huge rocks guard the outlet; but the circling ripples produced by the falling waters rarely

THE BLACK POOL AT MOSS GLEN, KENNEBECASIS RIVER,
NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.

reach out to the calm of the basin's rim. Therefore the deeper water moves in lazy curves through which the impending wall on the left is mirrored. The pictures below the calm surface are more real than the types they copy.

Awful are the chasms below the surface; and, watching, we hope to see strange creatures moving in and out of those dark fissures and from beneath those under crags.

The fine lines of a birch stem lying on the slope above the doorway are seen at our feet in the water, reflected at the usual angle, the reverse of the real angle. The ripples touch the reflection and we imagine a serpent coiling and uncoiling beneath the ledge. The mosses are green, with silver spangles. A boy near by tells me "this is the lower Black Pool," and that he catches trout here. The sun rises higher. My friend and I watch the clear depths, the pointed firs above and the broken reflections below. The peace and beauty of it prevail. The city streets, the shops and the lights are forgotten. We are blended with the colors. The music of the falls beats its rhythm into our hearts and we are better than we knew.

One day, on the cliff near Swallow Tail Light, Grand Manan, my mind saw for a moment how much we need color. These intelligences, that come at rare moments when the soul is poised, I have learned to accept as sure guides to truth. Northward the sea lay calm except

where the out-going tide around the Head made an up-eddy close along the cliffs. This caused the rough water in which the porpoise love to roll and sport. Near this eddy, patient, with his rifle, waited an Indian to shoot the black-backed sea-tumbler as he curves in his sport. From beneath my levelled hands I watched the colors of sea and sky.

The brume of the sea does not rise until the sun goes down. Before sunset the horizon was a green-yellow haze through which I saw the fierce Wolves, low and long, waiting until the wild horses of the sea were unchained. Into this green and yellow mist that slowly grew along the horizon, sank the sun.

The fragrance of juniper, creeping cedar, of green fir and balsamic spruce, came from the headlands. The great bell of the sky covered the fishing-craft slowly drifting with the tide and covered the Island. Soon came the great globes of light swinging in space. Far off along the moving margin of the sea lay the clouds—now black, now grey, and again white and soft. Small wonder that the Greeks fancied them as couches on which their gods took repose.

Did I see these clouds and color at Sunium's Cliff, where the red-brown sails of the Greek fishermen float off on the Mediterranean? Or was it in Catalan Bay, where Spanish sailors are fishing near the frowning rock of Gibraltar? No, it was at Grand Manan. Wonderful things are there. The Murr Ledges and all

their life of sea-fern and flower, the plaintive songs and wild, hoarse cries, and the vast tumults. Gannet Rock is there, and its lonely, solid surface, fifty yards square, where the gulls and petrels, the shags and cormorants scream and circle and challenge the storm. Life and death, beauty and strength, are there to be seen. And below the tide, close to the edge of low tide, clinging to the rocks, are tiny forms of orange and rose, and tentacled shapes that rise and fall, fold and unfold. And chains of yellow pearls that might sway on a mermaid's breast lift and fall and cover the sharp edges of the ledge and mantle the great caverns below. Yes, life and death, beauty and strength, cruelty and love, all these are there at Grand Manan, at Moss Glen, on the spray-tinted boulders along the Bay shore.

What Alexander will solve this riddle and untie the Gordian knots that forever are found in the life and death, cruelty and love, so manifold on every high-road and sea-shore?

When Martin Luther escaped from the horsemen whom Charles the Fifth had sent to apprehend him, after his daring outcry at the celebrated trial at Worms, he was hidden for a long time by friends in Saxe-

Weimar. His table, room and ink-horn, in the small house at the Wartburg Castle are still shown to the curious traveller. Even the ink-blotch on the wall is pointed out as Luther's failure to hit the devil with the ink-horn. The mind of this Saxon monk was so stirred by the degeneracy of the period that the beauty of his surroundings may have escaped his notice. Yet how could one who lived on the hills above Eisenach ever think of Satan and Hell?

The Wartburg has the beauty of hills and mountains, with the red-tiled roofs of Eisenach in its quiet valley. Its history is calm and content except for the strife in Luther's time. The castle of Rheinstein, on the Rhine just below Bingen, is like the Wartburg. It is a toy castle with its drawbridge and tiny chapel, hanging almost over the rapid river. Its robber-knight history and legends are quickened by the odor of yellow gold-lach and wide-eyed pansies growing on its walls. Wartburg stirs the heartstrings by the exquisite beauty of hill, valley and town. The other has the green Rhine, its swift current and vine-clad banks ever speaking of the past.

As my friend looked from the parapets of the Wartburg castle over Eisenach, the distant Venusberg, home of myth and of Minnesingers' romance, the beauty of it caused tears to come to his eyes. We were learning the lesson of beauty. In this same castle centuries ago a contest in music took place between the minstrels. On

the walls is shown a picture of this trial in musical skill; and the arbiter, Princess Elizabeth of Hungary, sits listening to the contestants.

Strange that Luther did not feel at the Wartburg castle that love of beauty which might have made him more loving and a little less arrogant. Below, in Eisenach, is the Schonberg-cotta house, where, as a boy, he lived and was befriended. Did the heart of the boy narrow and freeze under the solemn robes of the monk? Or was it that the degradation of the people dwelt so upon him that he only saw God as a second Jove hurling thunderbolts and never beaming with smiles?

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" might well have been his militant conception. If he had lived at Rheinstein, or at any of the Rhine castles, I could better understand; but why did not the sweet influences of hill and vale at Eisenach calm and pacify him?

Colors and curves are scattered everywhere; but, alas! we see so much bulk and so much glitter! The quick apprehension of colors and curves, the immediate understanding of forms of beauty, such as the green and gold lanes of light just above where the sun has sunk, the arching boughs of the elm, the crimson and yellows of tulips, the wax-white of the bog-bean, the malachite folds of Niagara's giant draperies, or the green-white horses that chafe the islets at Schaffhausen or the Rhine—all this is a joy to him who is ready to read the lesson that nature unfolds along his pathway.

We have so much beauty thrown out by nature for our pleasure. Who knows all the wonders in the painted trilliums so gay in June, or the wild lily-of-the-valley, the purple orchids and the lady's slipper? Who does not love the swaying baskets of the celandine and the fragrant bells of the twin-flower? And there's the wild rose with its cup "curved close to hold odorous dew"—the sweet-gale that margins the river shore, and the yellow primrose coming with the asters. "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Examine the purple iris that grows near every lake. What dignitary of church or state was ever arrayed in such graceful lines?

Mark how in April the tree-crowned slopes opposite Westfield begin to show faint purplings of trunk and branch as the birch buds swell. We have ethics for the guidance of our wills, and economics for the guidance of state and house, but also there are æsthetics, which through the physical eye leap into the spiritual. The soul needs these æsthetics, these curves and colors, and when we pass them by to make our poor economies we are insulting the great Teacher.

Huss was too busy with poverty, Luther was too militant, Savonarola feared too much the wrath of an offended Jehovah. None of these seemed to care for beauty. Perhaps the care and time taken to create

THE PRINCE'S ELM, WESTFIELD, N.B.

beautiful pictures to satisfy lascivious princes angered these men so that they could not and would not see beauty in Grecian goddesses painted by Italian genius.

We Canadians are lacking in this love of beauty. We think it is not manly to love colors in sea and shore, shell or flower. We have our parks and gardens, but we forget the simple beauty of a field of rye and the pretty flower and stalk of the common buckwheat. When all is nearly over, when the golden bowl is shattered and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, then the lesson of the forgotten beauty comes to us. How the spirit longs then for the quiet oxalis, or twinflowers just beyond the lake! We revert to the lady-slipper with purple veinings, or the fragrant Mayflower. The hard, selfish commercial man is quieted by this longing for beauty.

Ruskin, his flowers and his tender, musical words, are dear to us, and the harsh, uncouth words of Carlyle are forgotten.

The real uncovered soul soon recognizes beauty. Bared now as it approaches the mysterious goal, it clings to the beauty of the days long past, and draws from that a hope for the ages to come. The soul requires more than the body, for it is more than raiment, more than food, if not even more than life.

Everywhere I see the same old story, that the highest thought is inspired by simple forms. The rock-fern on the hillside, the silver wheels of the white daisy nodding and dancing with the sweet red clover, the green and gold seaweeds that fringe the ledges, and the four bluish petals of the "Quaker Lady" that whiten the hills near Kingston—these are the simple forms that challenge the mind to its deepest introspection. A poet walks on the seashore, and, holding to his ear the curved shell, he hears repeated again and again the song of the sea. So Oliver Wendell Holmes received from the "Chambered Nautilus" its message:

> "Thanks for the heavenly message brought by Thee,
> Child of the wandering sea."

From the recesses of his own yearning thought he rings out his inspired message to his nation, a true inspiration to high character. Whatever Dr. Holmes may have been in his private life I know not; but the day he wrote the "Chambered Nautilus" he was a royal knight trying to stimulate American youth to a high standard of living.

Longfellow walked by the seashore, and the great-bosomed tide swept slowly to its height. Out into the sunlight on the long lift of the surges came derelict spars, partly covered with seaweed, floating from far-off Azores, or from the wild and pitiless shores of Labrador. Out of this simple natural form of the seaweed and

from the curling, crimpled kelp that festooned the quaint piles of drift along the shore, he wrote his "Seaweed." In the first two stanzas he shows the wild and mighty surges of the Atlantic, and those swift, white-and-green horses racing to the "hoarse Hebrides," then he portrays the sadness of wrecked ships and drifting spars. From all this storm and struggle come the seaweeds to lie in "sheltered coves and reaches of sandy beaches."

Thrown out upon the eddying tides of life, these visions of the seers of the last century—Longfellow, Holmes, Tennyson, Bryant, Emerson, Ruskin, Carlyle—these visions are drifting close within our reach. "Seaweed," "The Nautilus," "The Waterfowl," are inspirations to character. These beholders of visions, formers of national character, these prophets whose eyes are level with the stars, are no more. Like the gentle music of the new tide taking its first upward movement at night on the far distant sands, is the rhythm of their thought.

In Canada we have shells and sand, seaweed-coated ledges, and barnacled rock. We have the vast strength of Fundy's tide and the mighty onrush of the St. Lawrence. Even as Bryant in his forest hymn sees the immovable oak, the tiny flower in the moss at the base of the great tree, so have we on the slopes of British Columbia the columned trunks of the odorous pine lifting its million needles to the sky. Down through the canyon of Capilano rushes the mountain torrent

to mingle its Alpine freshness with the salt seas of the Pacific. Into the dark depths I look, and hear and see the force that wrestles with the huge trees, throws them to earth, and afterwards cuts them into long boards and deals with which great ships are laden, ships for the East and West. This is the force that makes and unmakes continents—the tumultuous freshets that tear away these steep sides and afterward quietly deposit the earth in long banks in the sea-harbors of the Pacific. Back on the hills the pines sway and sing, lifting their green tops to the eternal heights where the grizzly, the mountain lion and horned sheep watch the civilization that waxes and ferments near the coast line. Far off, west and south, the mobile face of the Pacific stretches, gently undulating. The canyon at Capilano darkens, and over the vast sea-arches the blue that meets the Southern Cross below the line, where the white-winged albatross circle in pairs, and where the slender flying-fish leap wave after wave, silvered in the light. That royal master before whom the Asiatic bends, sinks in the ocean's rim, and night, that had shrouded its wings in the pine forest, leaps over the sea, and a thousand brilliant points moving in harmony proclaim that the "day is done."

I lay on the banks of the St. John and saw the glitter of a thousand paddles as the Indians of the seventeenth century swept down from beyond Grand Falls past the old Jemseg fort. The Indian and his ashen bow. the

GRAND FALLS, ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

chevalier and his plumed hat, the close-haired warriors of Cromwell, the gesticulating, story-loving *coureur-des-bois*, all have gone.

Along the Nerepis valley and upon the Welsford hills, on the crest of Eagle Rock and Mount Douglas, the eternal clouds gather in walls, and living fires flash along their bastioned heights. The fair face of the trillium looks up from hill and dale, whilst the clinging arbutus shelters on brook-side and knoll. There were seers in the last century who told about all this, about Evangeline and Gabriel, Fort St. John; but, alas! in Canada we have no David Gray to sing praises of the River St. John, no Job to ask if we can plummet the Atlantic and Pacific, no Emerson, Lowell or Longfellow.

In our rivers and hills we have both the grand and simple forms of nature. On our shores we have sea-ferns and kelp. From pitiless Labrador to the stern cliffs of Grand Manan, a thousand miles on the Atlantic and as much on the Pacific; but no seer, no prophet, no poet to give us the message found in the "Chambered Nautilus."

Greatness lies within, not without. The fires of Divinity are as much to be seen in the hills of the St. John or the St. Lawrence as in the snow-clad giants of India or Switzerland. We see, or do not see, the Divine in the simplest form of shell or weed, or in the gigantic trunk of a Columbian pine, or in the huge, dragon-

shaped roots of a Ceylon banyan tree. A roadside in India, with its arum flowers, like calla lilies shining white, or in Ceylon, with its passion flower climbing over the steep red bank; or in Canada, with its wild morning-glory turning its striped bell to the risen sun, are all alike in the one message. Think of it, Canadian, groping for light, and gather from buttercups and daisies, from twin-flower and Quaker-lady, from barnacle and sea-fern, that knowledge of Beauty and Truth which must be the solvent out of which should come a high Canadian character.

ESSAY III.

CULTURE AND COLOR

"The history of the State sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and of aspiration."

"If a man lose his balance, and immerse himself in any trades or pleasures for their own sake, he may be a good wheel or pin, but he is not a cultivated man."

—*Emerson.*

Culture and Color

It has been said that the Florentines of the seventeenth century were rendered timid and irresolute by that super-sensitive intellectual activity resulting from the Renaissance. When education becomes entirely a fitting of clothes on the body and does not expand and recreate from the inmost to the outmost, then it rapidly converts the nation into dilettantes, casuists and egotists. Dante, whom some may style the greatest egotist of them all, early in the fourteenth century uttered those scathing rebukes to Italy, and especially to the fickle Florentines, thus denoting the low ebb of Italian character at that time. Although this vacillation condemned by Dante was no doubt inherent to the Italian character, still the Medicean influence toward luxurious life and extreme classical education was partly responsible for the political disasters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These bankers and traders who had become the nobles of Italy, who gave cardinals and even popes to the church, and who allied themselves with the Court of France, did not look favorably on agriculture, and forgot the true lesson of

Antaeus, that man becomes strong only as he touches his Mother Earth.

Rendered selfish by trade, the leaders of that period thought only of their class, not of the great people. In a spirit of amusement, in caprice and also for show, they seized upon the literary treasures of Constantinople. Soon the period responded and brought forth Angelo Poliziani and other elegant writers. The world kneeled to this beautiful Florence, and repeated the saying of Boniface the Eighth in 1300, that "Fiorentini essere il quinto elemento" (The Florentines form a fifth element).

The love of beauty inherent to this Southern people burst into its fullest flower, seen to-day in the Campanile, the Duomo, Michael Angelo's "David," and in the gallerics of the Uffizi and the Pitti palaces. As we look at the Italian cities of to-day, resting their hopes on a far-away greatness, we realize how the flowers of that Renaissance period have withered and fallen. The strife between the cities of Pisa, Genoa, Florence, and others, stimulated by envy and desire for the spoils of war, really the commercialism of the nobles, struck deeply into the calyx of Italian expansion. These wars, the neglect of agriculture, the emollient influences of the pedantic and literary dilettanteism of the Renaissance, in addition to the luxury and vice of the nobles and clergy as portrayed by Sarpi's history of the Council of Trent (1550-60), rendered the people an easy

THE VENUS DE MILO.

prey to Charles the Fifth of Spain, and sealed their fate until Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini and Garibaldi, broke their chains in the last century. Dante's invectives against Pisa and Florence may have been born of revenge, but he saw clearly and spoke truly. It was the shallowness of the nation that made them an easy mark for aspiring tyrants.

Unless a nation, like the individual, have its convictions, it will become the target for every demagogue who aspires to be an autocrat. To be convinced on great ethical and political questions we must feel them. Education that only adds to one's bulk of information, as the seaweed adds size to the ledge, still leaves us the same rock, the same ledge, beautified somewhat by the many sea-forms, but unchanged within. Education must begin from the centre, as the ripple sweeps outward. It must convince the spirit of the man so that he can convince the nation. Better for Poliziani to know less about the snow-laden firs on Mount Soracte, as told by Horace, and to know more of the olive groves that shadow Italian slopes.

Let us go down on our hands and knees and smell of the steaming soil, see the browns and blacks of the furrowed field. Canadians, to make a self-contained nation, must remember that agriculture is the basis of their future. We need knowledge of the farm, of the woods, of the sea and its products. We need contact with these sources of wealth, so that we know them and

love them, so that we recognize their spiritual meaning and their physical significance. The Canadian in the New Brunswick forests, on the slopes of the St. Lawrence, or on the prairies of Alberta, must know about the active forces of the earth-mold, the relation of the thrown seed-wheat to the London dinner-table, and the applied power that makes the glinting axe provide houses and wharves in Liverpool and Glasgow.

Far better to know these than to waste the sixteenth and seventeenth years of inquisitive youth in the study of vile Greek comedies and the polished vulgarities of Latin authors. Many colleges are monuments of strife. In the attempt to unite the Presbyterians and Methodists we note the admission of an unwise and wasteful past. Denominational schools and colleges should not exist. The state, and the state alone, must be our lawgiver and our schoolmaster. Some of the most uncultured persons I have ever met are those very classicists who make Thucydides their winter pastime and would force all youth to read Xenophon; not because Xenophon rescued a tired army, not because of the bright light on Greek manners and customs, but largely because they must know a little Greek in order to get a coveted degree. Ninety per cent. of those in school at fifteen years of age will have no use during their life struggle for this Latin and Greek, and yet by example and by influence they are forced to waste hours

upon these useless studies; useless as far as they, the ninety per cent., are concerned.

It is the dull monotony of this forced education that so often marks the so-called "educated man" as a pedant and a bore. He often becomes the educated but uncultured man, who has so wrapped himself in "ologies" and "isms" that he has forgotten the courtesies of his race. Why should the state press all these bones of knowledge into the minds of ninety per cent. of our youth, when those minds need to be widened in the direction of their future life-work?

I stood one day near the carved lion that overlooks the pond at Lucerne. A group of school-children stood at the margin of the pond and heard from their teacher the story of those Swiss guards at Paris in 1789, and how the dying lion commemorated their death. This was no accretion of long barren names on dulled intellects. No, rather an unfolding of the flower of sympathy for those brave Swiss who died defending Louis Capet and Marie Antoinette. The lines of that history were printed on their minds to be read again and again when needed. A statue of Lady La Tour at Old Fort St. John; of Wolfe at Quebec; of Brock at Kingston, visited by the school-children of the district, would impart more vital history than weeks of memorized lessons. We know that the school-men of England in the twelfth century stupified themselves and the people

by their interminable arguments, and that the Italians weakened their national life by their headlong flight into the polished lines of the ancients. No one to-day reads with real pleasure the rhyming lines of Racine and Corneille, wherein we see in its sententious and tiresome dignity a poor attempt to copy the Greek and Roman style. We even tire of Milton, except when he holds to his rugged Saxon, as where he makes Satan say:

> "The mind is its own place and in its self,
> Can make of Heav'n a hell, a hell of Heav'n."

* * * * * * * * * *

Everywhere comes the cry for truth; in music, in painting and in life. Therein lies the secret of Schumann, Beethoven, and the great modern composers; of Wordsworth and Emerson, of Dante and Shakespeare. These tried to express what they felt. Their consciousness was so permeated by the world around them that they had to reproduce it.

Our education, to make us cultured, must teach us the physics of earth and sky, the chemistry of rain and air, and also the beauty of form and color. Let us stand between the vulgar commercialism and the bric-a-brac dilettanteism of the day, and proclaim that education must have knowledge of this living world, of the great causal events in nation building and in world-formation. Approaching with bared heads and tender

thoughts, we begin to see in the grace of the fern, the strength of the oak, the eddies of the river, and the lifting power of the tides, that other Power whom all people recognize as the Spirit that brooded upon the face of the waters.

My garden plot, only twelve by eighteen feet, was all aglow with color one early morning in July. The canary creeper trailed its light green over the rough stone wall to get the warmer light above the coping. Against the house the morning-glory had climbed nearly to the second story and the trumpet-shaped blossoms opened wide their striped folds to drink in the early sun. In the dark corner musk spread its perfume, and along the front bed anemones and zinnias looked stiff and formal. Pansies grateful for the shade of rose-bushes, lifted large brown, yellow, and purple-black petals below the dropping rose-leaves; while shy, blue nemophilæ, shading to black and white, crumpled along the border. Sweet white alyssum was there, showing fair beside the turquoise-blue of forget-me-nots.

A withered, kindly old face leaned over the fence and

watched me heaping the earth over the verbenas, whose long shoots I had just staked down with tiny lilac twigs. I looked up, and recognized the gardener who had a large hot-house and garden in the suburbs. "Well, well," said the old man, "you would not work at that long if there were no people to come and look at your flowers." He went away soon, and no doubt wondered at my early rising. A hundred times since that day I have asked myself, "Was he right or wrong? With my trowel I stirred the earth between two rows of balsams, whose thick, half-pellucid stalks showed the flower buds getting ready to burst into carmine, pink, white and purple. I knew how gay the fifteen inches of stem would look within a fortnight, and I gave them plenty of food and water to support the needs of the half-inch stalk. So brilliant and yet no perfume. The alyssum so modest and yet so sweet.

I looked at the flaunting petunias, like natural flags, and then at the spicy stocks, with their great spikes of Eastern fragrance. The more blossoms I take from the shaded pansy the more there are next day. Musk and its fragrance in one shaded corner, pansy-eyes in the other shaded corner.

After breakfast a great event occurred—my "lilium auratum" was going to bloom. I remembered how the Persians used to gather around on the day when a favorite flower was to bloom. Sitting on their rugs in a circle they would watch the wonderful rose slowly

open, petal after petal. Then the poet would speak to it, and singers would apostrophize it, and all would feel happier at the sight of its beauty.

Do we need to have people near in order that we may love flowers, or was it the seller and not the lover of flowers who spoke to me over the fence? My lily opened; all alone I watched its beauty, saw the long-curved petals, shining as if frosted, wonderful dots of color sparkling on the creamy whiteness, the anthers tip-tilted to cast their pollen, and the pistil encircled by the trembling stamens. The fragrance filled the little garden; and the beautiful lily, like Galatea, might well have spoken and said, "How sweet is life!"

When we know what aids to love and tenderness the colors, fragrance and beauty of flowers have been, we should cherish deeply the instinct that makes us desire to "grow things." Both the wild and the garden-flower have done so much for culture that it is a paltry mind which sees in them only something to sell. Every great man and woman, whose thoughts we read, has had to speak of flowers. Many a one may lack taste for music, but rarely does the worst miser or the wickedest profligate forget entirely the daisies that nodded to him in the fields, the blue-eyed violets on the brookside, or the faded petals that lie between the leaves of an old book. The hillside that faced the south-east and caught the first rays of the April sun, where the tangle of ragged-robin hinders the feet, where the snow-

pressed leaves of the mayflower hide the pink clusters, where the life in fir and spruce begins to vibrate beneath the bark, *there* is where we had and have the joy of color, the gladness of sound, and a knowledge of the forces that make this world of beauty.

This instinct for, or love of, beauty is of us—it belongs to man. From the poorest factory-hand on Fort Howe to the rich Rothesay resident this tribute to beauty is seen. In houses where three or four families have only two or three rooms each, you will find the scarlet geranium, or the dark purple velvet of the Lady Washington variety, blooming gaily behind broken window panes. Others who have barely room in the yard to pile the winter's wood, will have sweet-peas climbing the lath fence, coloring the rough environment with rich pinks, crimsons, whites, purples, and creams. This love of beauty, inherent with us, may be the product of those Canadian sunset colors which are the wonder of travellers. Nature piles her pictures high in these moist regions, using cloud-bank and sea-mists on which to break her seven color-tones into various shades and forms. Parapeted walls of giant castles leap into view on the Westfield hills, and along their black battlements run the flames of the retreating lightnings. Behind this artillery shoots up in a thousand streams the day's last light. East and west, to the very sea, and in the sea, the gray and white banks glow pink, then rose, then shade at last into pearl and gray and sink finally into

deep blue, out of which shines night with its thousand eyes.

Color, color of night and morning has helped us so much and we have not known it. In the broad aisle of the cathedral I have seen the blues, purples, carmines and yellows of the western windows, falling gently upon the reverent heads of the worshippers. The music, the light, the color, all left its indelible mark. If our poor voices, our organ-music and our window colors can press the higher thoughts deeply into our minds, can we not realize the mightier force of Nature's alchemy?

We ascribe not enough to Nature, and forget her music that plays through the interlacing firs and maples, that sighs so gently beneath the boughs of a pine, and breathes faintly over the field of rye. We forget her passion of color that burns into the brain from the heart-red, that shoots from a tiny dewdrop sphered to a trembling grass blade. There we find green, red, orange, blue, violet and other shades as we move this way or that.

This instinct for color, planted so deeply, must always be kept alive. We turn to educators and say, "Give us not blank walls for the children to compare with the colors of the sky, but place there copies of the world-renowned pictures that will teach color, form and expression." In this way make the school not only a place wherein is taught how to earn the necessaries of life, but also a beautiful place wherein children can see

the forms of the great and the good, and where the law of æsthetics will help them bear the strain of acquiring that rudimentary education which utility prescribes.

Small wonder that students of philosophy turn back to Aristotle with delight, and rest their thoughts upon his thought. Even the definition of art he makes compact when he tells us that "Art is the reason of the thing without the matter." This was the spirit that prompted Mendelssohn to write the title "Lieder Ohne Wörte"; that makes us feel the agony of the "Dying Gladiator," and see the vagabond life of Spain in Velasquez's "Borrachos."

A boy of sixteen, I visited the Art Gallery in Boston. With Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" ringing its marvellous stories in my ears, I determined not to go over the dozen rooms, but to stay in the three rooms devoted to statuary. I spent at least two hours in the room where stood the Venus de Milo, the Headless Victory, and the god Bacchus. Into my mind, unknown to me, crept the influence of the Victory and the Venus. Not visiting the other rooms, I was able to leave the building undazzled and unconfused.

My mind, permeated by these two forms, the springing Nike or Victory, and the calm, proud, level-eyed Greek woman, held them and will hold them forever. Once since, on the cliff at Douglas Mountain, I saw the Nike—a young girl, glad in her freedom, standing on the verge of the cliff, her garments blown back by the winds, the limbs well set to resist, the head poised and thrown a little backward, as Nike's must have been. My maiden lacked but the wings to have made her a "Triumphant Victory." The statue in the gallery at Boston, and afterward the real statue at the Louvre, told me the beauty and the character of the Greek in those days when Pericles, Cimon, and Aristides won immortal fame. Phidias and Zeuxis, in the royal colors that trembled over the hills of Parnes and along those dark slopes of Hymettus which shadow the fair city of Athens, had the same visions that Canadians may see on the hills of Gaspé in Quebec and along the valley of the Gaspereaux in Nova Scotia. From St. Anne's Mount at Roc Percé, Quebec, we look upon the sea, as did they. From the summit of St. Anne's, where yearly in July the villagers gather before the tall cross and hear special service, we can see the far-stretching Gulf of St. Lawrence. Continually its green depths chafe against the red-brown cliffs of Roc Percé.

Was it a viking of Red Eric's time who left the hulk of his great war-ship here, or is it a giant hull of a giant craft that swept through these seas when the

Mid-gard Serpent encircled the world—when Thor ventured forth to conquer the giants of Utgard-Loki? No, it is Roc Percé, lying there with its squared stern, its pointed bow, on which the cormorant and gull are always seen like sentinels; its broad, sloping deck partly green with the mosses and lichens of centuries, where the wild puffin and screaming razor-bills build their nests, safe from all human intruders.

There lies the giant rock in the semblance of a giant hulk. It waits the art of the musician to touch the beating pulses of the frantic seas that eternally wash its marbled and gleaming sides; to lay his fingers upon those calmer moods when white and tan-brown sails slip home in the faint land breeze, and, folding their wings like great butterflies, rest in the calm haven of the port. It waits the artist who can strike out of his thought the trembling harmonies and ripplings of the gentle tide that steals along the sandy reaches, and up along the smooth round pebbles, leaving lines of pink and purple dulse, white, smooth seaweed, sweet in its gelatinous foldings, and long, crumpled curves of kelp torn from the gray cliffs of Newfoundland. It waits that one soul who can leap forth with the wild song of the free; another Grieg, who can swell his thought to the vast throes of the seas that sweep from the pitiless north and hurl their green depths on the yellow-gray steeps where the storm birds whirl and flee and scream in their joy at the tumult.

ROC PERCE, NEAR GASPE, QUEBEC.

The rock waits for your art, O Master of Music! But your thoughts must be broader than creeds and higher than steeples.

The Canadian musician must not be fettered. Let him look on Roc Percé. Then when the creative faculty pours upon him, even as it did upon the Apostle, will come the music of sea and shore, of shrieking gull and swirling eddies, of restless, fluttering sand-pipers and circling, sweeping cormorants. He will see the sailing of the great Norse ship, its wild, fierce, giant crew, its struggle with the awful Labrador, and its final wreck on the red cliffs of Gaspé, where now its stone prototype is the witness of its former pride and strength.

Do I search in vain? Will he not come, this Master of sweet sounds and wild agonies, who is to help our national life by giving us national songs? The century will soon answer. Poet and painter, the rock also waits for thee! The hills of Quebec Province, that bosom the springs of many rivers, that are covered with wood for mill and factory, are not all for utility! No nation can ever reach the highest if it live only to the body's needs.

The soul needs music, painting, poetry. You who administer to the wants, food, shelter, etc., are fulfilling a law—the law of physical necessity. These others, when they are driven by the secret well-spring of joy to declare themselves in music, or picture, or poem,

these are a little less of the red soil and have a little more of the eternal flame. The up-springing nation, like the "Victory," will be headless until Art appears—until the poet, the painter, and the musician appear.

The lace folds of Montmorency, the vast malachite curtain of Niagara, reverberating its tumult, the silent stretches of the Lake of the Woods, with solemn pines and green depths—these invite you. The Atlantic and Pacific call to each other three thousand miles apart, and between them in Canada lie the possibilities of all Europe. These are invitations that Nature places before the man, the Canadian. "Take me to your arms as you would a mother. Learn of me," says Nature. Accept this invitation, man or woman in St. John, in Winnipeg, in Vancouver; do this, and the spirit of beauty shall descend even as it did upon the great ones of Europe. Then when they come, this Canadian poet, this musician, this artist, then they will aid in forming the real, high character of the nation. Then, when we truly perceive and love the beauty in Nature, will we be better able to understand the laws of ethics, æsthetics, and utility.

ON THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

ESSAY IV.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR LEADERS

"He managed the concerns of government with inflexible justice; not with a view to ingratiate himself with the people, or promote his own glory, but solely for the advantage and safety of the State."

—*Plutarch.*

"The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquests;
The lust of gold unfeeling and remorseless,
The last corruption of degenerate man."

—*Johnson.*

"The feeling of injustice is insupportable to all men."

—*Carlyle.*

The People and Their Leaders

THE sense of moral obligation indicates the high-water-mark of human nobility, alike in the nation and the individual; but its presence is recognized as a personal quality rather than as a collective force. This shows that every man and woman is of great economic value, since it is the sum of individual traits and actions which stamps a community, and finally the nation, as noble or ignoble. Personal moral responsibility has not as yet in Canada been recognized as a state asset, and at the present time seems to be overclouded by vulgar grasp after riches and power; a selfish, reckless determination to attain personal ends, let who will be overrun in the effort.

As illustration, the backbone of Canada, as of every land, is manual labor, the very foundation of the social structure, upon whose efforts, whose physical strength, whose bone and muscle, depends our very existence. In the settlement of any country it is the hewers of wood and drawers of water who come first in importance. Intellectuality ranks higher—pure brain activity—but it is dependent for existence upon brawn and muscle.

When men, or classes of men, become independent of manual labor they look with scorn, or, at best, toleration, upon the laborer. This shows a lack of moral obligation. Here in our own dear land, judges, governors, representatives at parliament, pronounce against labor unions, against the minimum wage, against every new law safeguarding a decent living, while they themselves sit safe and high, on large salaries which far outvalue their services. Such a high and mighty attitude angers the man whose worth to society is mainly his skill with his hands. He is justified in his anger. No wonder he is embittered when he makes comparison between his hard life and that of the man whose life seems to have run so smoothly! Perhaps they have been schoolmates, and while he had to slip out of school at the seventh or eighth grade to help increase the family earnings, the other boy was sent to college as a matter of course, and from that time their roads ran along different levels.

Noblesse oblige, if not embodying the highest motive, is a motto still capable of stimulating the fortunate man to a broader and more fraternal relation with the working man. When adopted without arrogance it works as a high obligation to use riches and influence as a beneficence. But it requires a man of broad sympathies and delicate discernment to use his fortune in this way, and if he gets so far in his thinking he is apt to join the ranks of the new humanism, to become interested

in that radically important branch, the rescue and conservation and true education of the youth of his city and so attempt to make the social chasm less.

For it is not, after all, a favor he bestows. Who pays the big salaries of public officials? Is not the burden of taxation always heavier, proportionally, for the wage-earner than the millionaire? But our public officials seldom consider their obligations in this direction. Canada needs, in her Minister of Labor, a man able to fill the position because he is interested in the interests of the men he represents, as well as capable of furthering those interests. England's labor classes waited and worked many years before John Burns took his place as their spokesman in Parliament. Canada sorely needs such a man, upright, unpurchasable, eager to give his life and talents in the cause of labor.

This country is well alive from Halifax to Vancouver. Our manufactures have increased enormously. We are building swift racing yachts and automobiles, and prosperity looms hopefully. There are dark spots on our character, however. Will they spread, and how bad are they? Have our leaders forgotten this great class, the workers? Are they leading and governing impartially for all? "Labor unions and strikes are the curse of the country," says one. "We are not a curse to Canada," the wage-earners reply, "but our action in amalgamation is the only means we have to gain justice. We spend all our money here. One-

fourth of it for rent, a fourth for food, more for clothes and fuel, a penny for the church, a little for the newspaper, some for tobacco and beer and the movies, and every now and then a doctor and a druggist to pay. Sometimes we manage to save a few dollars in the hope that we can buy a lot of land and build a home. We cannot take trips to New York or the West Indies, but we go to the bay shore or the park with our families and appreciate these beautiful resorts. All we earn we spend here, so we are not a curse to the country. If we earned one or two hundred dollars more a year we could put a bit in the bank, or perhaps take out a life-assurance policy for the wife."

This is a good reply to make to overpaid judges, special commissioners, crown ministers, men who are receiving high, unearned salaries bestowed by a government which would treat as a joke the suggestion to cut down these emoluments for expensive public administrators; or to place the wage-earner in a better position by enforcing a minimum wage law; to give him his life insurance at a specially low rate, as in Australia; to arouse his ambition to own his home by means of easy payments. Would these novelties in the way of creating comfort and happiness and material security for the democracy be considered by our governors and leaders as a valuable asset to the state?

Strange that we refuse to recognize the self-evident demonstration, that in enabling a man to retain his

self-respect the state is cultivating its own growth, development, comfort, national prosperity, and security.

It is not generosity which the self-respecting laborer demands, but simple justice, and the state which deals justly and loves mercy is self-rewarded a hundred-fold by a prosperous and contented people.

If there be no injustice in a syndicate of cotton factories, then there is none in the unions of cotton spinners, carpenters or painters. But because our minds run in the grooves which habit has made for them, the citizens who form the majority—those who are neither day laborers nor capitalists—accept the verdict that capitalists are leaders of society and can do as they like, while the laboring man is nothing less than presumptuous in declaring a strike for a just living wage.

When the merger or syndicate hides its profits under large bonuses to directors and officers, and by large rests against accidents, etc.; when it uses its surplus to evade law, to coerce legislators; when it burns its account books and hides evidence; when it suddenly lowers prices to crush out a rival, and then, after having flattened him, puts the prices on such a basis as to pay eight to ten per cent. on the watered stock, then merger and syndicate become a curse and deserve eternal doom read to them.

* * * * * * * * * * *

There lies in almost every human being a sense of justice. In parliaments, one man, or a small group of men, stand for fair play. The annals of the British Parliament record this splendid manhood again and again. Perhaps in the front rank of these stands Chatham, whose talents as an orator only burnished his solid, unswerving justice, even to the extent of defending tho thirteen American colonies in revolt against his own foolish and short-sighted king.

This same spirit it was which aroused the indignation of Burns and filled his verses with sympathy for the French Revolutionists.

A statue to the memory of Cromwell has been erected even at this late day; erected to him, the great Commoner who, whatever we may think of his policy, took his tremendous step as a regicide and was governed in it by justice for the people.

Right, or justice, may have a devious course, but it triumphs finally. If there arise no champion, then the people themselves, when the harness presses too tightly, take the bit in their mouths and retaliate in red revenge. History records many instances of this strenuous protest of a downtrodden people. The cruelties and excesses of Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth culminated in the terrible Revolution wherein another Louis was himself a victim; but revenge such as that does not wait to confine itself to the aggressors alone.

We must pay our debts, whether commercial, physical or spiritual. Truly is it said that the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. The stain on the body must be eradicated by suffering; the stain in the soul needs to have pain as the only solvent. This justice runs through all nature. We who walk on field and street, who clasp hands in prayer, who hold the plow-handle or the pen, who dare to stand upright under the everlasting stars, must know that justice is eternal.

Thus, may it not be a sign of man's kinship with God, the fact that we naturally resent and despise injustice, that we are keen to recognize and approve any act of justice or the triumph of right?

Again, history sparkles with instances of the oppressed "common people" banding together to resist the tyranny and cruelty of their sovereigns. The sooty charcoal-burners, the *Carbonari* of Italy and the *Jacquerie* of France—these clubs of the people existed to remove injustice, while the Leagues, the haughty and arrogant councils and lordly groups, have always bent their energies toward keeping the peasant slaves down

to serve them and help increase their riches. Ever a struggle of the money aristocracy for more wealth and more power to increase it; ever a struggle of the democracy for more freedom from that hated tyranny of wealth; until in Europe in the fourteenth century arose the Hanseatic League, a new force entering the arena. It had been chivalry, knights, seigneurs, on one side; men-at-arms and peasants on the other. Now, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it became the merchants and the people. Recognizing the injustice of nobles and kings, the merchants formed this Hansa League for their own protection. Hundreds of towns in northern Europe were controlled by the League. Their arbitrary acts show to what extent the merchant and trader will go to obtain wealth. Clerks could not marry without the League's special permit. Armies were raised and towns were attacked for disobeying the League. Apprentices to merchants had to go through a cruel ordeal called the "fire, smoke, and scourge."

One good result was that the nobles began to have a wholesome fear of these merchants who could levy armies and maintain a firm grasp on their wealth. The bulk of the people, however, the masses, were barely thought of except when needed as tillers of the soil or as men-at-arms. Gradually realizing this injustice, the people, in 1525, lifted its huge ignorant body in rebellion and fell back wasted, bruised and subdued. Their instinct was opposed to injustice, but they needed intel-

ligent management. No matter how much we lie, steal, cheat, bear false witness, insult our neighbor's wife, and take the name of God in vain, still we do resent injustice. Wat Tyler, in Frieze, bears witness. The monster petitions of the Chartists testify. Britain has changed, however, in a hundred years, and the means to rectify injustice are not now to be found in midnight raids or dawn duels. Now there are only two ways: judge and jury, ballot-box and parliament. The hope of the people lies in the ballot. Whether 1615 was more just than 1915 may be considered. The inventions of Arkwright, Watt and Stephenson had not yet produced those nobles of industry to take the place of Scottish knight and English baron.

Still the sense of injustice was so great that democracy stirred, lifted its head, and tried to arrest the wheel to which it was bound. The great democracy of England, blind and stupid, perhaps, rubbed its eyes open in 1835 and saw that the middle classes had obtained rights which ought to be granted to all classes. Dear food and low wages drove the iron barbs of injustice deeply into their hearts.

In 1838 six working-men and six members of parliament drew up and presented to parliament the "People's Charter." There was no war, no revolt; just a petition of one great union represented by six wage-earners. What did these "crazy fanatics," this first unionist movement, ask? A million pounds to be

given at once to the poor? No. A vast increase of public works? No. They asked for their rights:

First. Vote by ballot.

Second. Annual parliaments.

Third. Equal electoral districts.

Fourth. Right of vote to all males twenty-one years of age, resident two years, of sound mind and not convicted of any crime.

Fifth. No property qualification for members.

Sixth. Payment of members of parliament.

A petition with a million and a quarter names to it was presented, but the government of that day (1839) refused to consider it. From Wat Tyler in frieze, demanding justice of King Richard the Second in 1521, to the People's Charter demanding justice from Parliament in 1839 is a long stride. One had an army of one hundred thousand at his back; the other had a million and a quarter names.

On either side of this great unionist movement stood the angel of despair and woe, for the nation had walked three years through the Slough of Despond where lay hunger and disease, the workhouse and death. In 1780 the clear vision of Charles James Fox advocated precisely the same rights that the Chartists asked for in 1839; but, alas! he was only one of the few first leaders who saw and believed in the rule of democracy. Thirty more years of Saxon patience until 1869, and the injus-

tice of the middle-class prejudice was lifted and the demos of the United Kingdom became men.

Now, in Canada, in 1915, we have parliament and the ballot-box; we have good public schools; but we lack independent, sturdy people. We are not so much in earnest as those earlier sturdy protesters of 1839. They may have been stupid, but they were sincere and very much in earnest. Our labor men have the ballot, but many are purchasable at every election. Barefaced iniquity amongst government officials and representatives have thickened the skins of the less intellectual classes, and the merely honorable, upright man has decreased in value. Money-making, money-getting, by any and all means, amongst political supporters, has blunted the sensibilities of the man lower down in the social scale. License, scandal and fraud, fraud, scandal and corruption, under both governments. "To the victors belong the spoils," which means that a new government has the moral right to turn out good, honest men from office. "Resources of civilization" means the degradation of voters and parties. "My share of the boodle" means that I will take money to which I have no honest claim.

It is a little difficult to demand a higher sense of morality from day laborers than from those who are "the leaders" in the state, yet the labor unions in England (which we are now prouder than ever to claim

as the Motherland) include names of men who are unbribable. Canada surely can show a like proportion

The working men, if they use the intelligence they possess, can save Canada from degradation; can create laws which shall set justice high and unassailable; can place Canadian legislatures upon standards of morality which, in time, shall purge her from the corruption in which she now lies buried.

Parliament enacts our laws, improves tariffs, builds railways and canals; in fact lays down the economics which are to build the nation. These constitute the foundation stones in our national legislative structure, but the cornerstone is education. So far, parliament has not begun to understand the need of instructing the children of our land in the manual arts. In these days of engineering feats the school children are overlooked as the successors of our present mechanics, artisans, and manual adepts.

Where are the national equipments by which the fifteen hundred thousand wage-earners in Canada can, in their youth, be settled in those avocations to which they are best adapted; can be taught that precision of hand and eye, that knowledge of elements and forces, needed to ensure success to the Canadian mechanic and farmer?

Millions to the Canadian Pacific years ago, when a continental railway was a doubtful venture; millions to the Grand Trunk Pacific in 1906-1907; millions

(nearly a hundred) paid for canals which, although free, do not prevent our grain products being exported *via* the United States ports; millions for the harbors at the lake ports, Port Arthur, Colborne, Goderich, etc. Over four hundred millions of dollars from 1870 to 1910, expended by our Ottawa leaders on railways, canals and ports. Not one hundred thousand a year expended in any system of national education! Not a national technical school in all Canada, and only a few provincial technical schools in Montreal and Toronto! The paramount need in Canada is to make the farmer feel proud of his calling, to make the mechanic experience real pleasure in the skilfulness of his hands. Never can Georgian Bay canals nor Pacific railways nor militia estimates do this. Leaders, you who are considering a vote of one hundred millions for the Georgian Bay Canal, turn your attention during part of your parliamentary session to the consideration of stimulating pride in the farmer!

We have tried railways with great success; we cannot say as much for our canals. Let us turn the hundred, or even fifty, millions into another channel, that of education. Our school levels are low. We need to apply mental dredging to clear away the sand-bars of illiteracy and to deepen our knowledge of natural laws. The world's value of a nation is in proportion to its wise expenditure on education.

We gaze at the magnificent hotels, villas, yachts and

palaces wherein wealth has entrenched itself, guarded from the "common people" by lines of flunkeys. We look at these and hold their owners high as examples which our youth should emulate. Should not Croesus excite our scorn, and should we not revere the unselfish statesmanship and life of Solon? In the Lincolns, the Gladstones, and the Brights of the last century we can show parallels to the Cimons and the Solons of the Greek period. It was not self, but the nation's honor and advantage, that ruled the actions of these men. Whether the names be Greek or British or American, they shine like beacons in history. Is it not, then, the duty of statesmen to so educate our Canadian youth that they will strive to emulate the great men of the last century?

Canada has lying ready to her hand every material advantage necessary to create a great nation, but she as yet possesses small spiritual, mental and moral force to master and mould her human material. Our country awaits its Bayards, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Agriculture lies at the base of Canada's future, and our leaders must provide it the education needed. This

should now be the first duty of the legislator. You collect heavy duties on numerous commodities used by the farmer; you call upon him to go to war if the country or the empire be attacked; you ask him to contribute to the gunnery school, the cost of militia, the judge's salary, and your own pay; you ask him to obey the laws. He does obey them. He pays his full share of all those taxes, these salaries, these army estimates. In return he asks that you take care of him *in loco parentis*.

It might be said to you, leaders and governors, that if this farmer, having become poor, old, yet withal is honest and willing to work, you should support him, not in a poorhouse, but by an annual stipend reserved every year from the country's income. Honorable old age should not in Canada go trembling on its staff to plead assistance from the wealthy, or to ring the bell at the almshouse gate. Farmers contribute large sums to the nation's treasury, and even though the state be manned by lawyers, editors and merchants, still they should realize their duty and be a true father to agriculture, the mainstay of the Dominion. Our professors and principals of colleges forget this in their conviction that Caesar and his bridges, Cicero and his speeches, Horace and his songs, make up the intellectual garment that should enwrap the Canadian gentleman. Oftentimes this very coat of classic stuff, woven by constant repetition of gerunds, futures and subjunctives, conceals

the brain where thought has been stifled and imagination killed.

Professor Loudon, President of Toronto University, writing in 1906 about a commission to enquire into Industrial Education, seems only to think of the manufacturer and mechanic; he fails to mention the farm or farmer. President Gordon, of Queen's, writes six lines to show the interest he takes in the mechanic; he also fails to say a word about the education of the farmer. President John Forrest, of Dalhousie College, is sure that the Manufacturers' Association is right in trying to get technical schools for mechanics. He devotes five lines to an appreciation of it, but does not add a line about the educational needs of the farmer. President George Bryce, of Manitoba, in a brief note endorses the Association's request, but ignores that much-lauded man, the "horny-handed son of toil," who turns up the sod, and drives the mower which gathered the one hundred million bushels of Canadian wheat in 1906, and the three hundred millions in 1915. Even the Manufacturers' Association, at its session in May, 1906, failed in its memorial to mention agriculture. It deprecates the fact that employers have to go abroad for skilled labor, acknowledges that we have the men, and insists that technical education is needed.

Boards of Trade at St. John, Toronto, Quebec, Ottawa, etc., all write in favor of technical education to provide Canadian industry, commerce and mines with

trained assistants. Not one word or line about this Adam who delves and sows and reaps. The word "industry" here means manufactures; "commerce" means the business college; and "mines" means the mining school.

Principals, presidents, legislators and other leaders, get rid of Livy and Thucydides! Drop for a while the incubus of Hecuba and Priam, Achilles and Thetis! You are asked now to mould, form and fill with life a young, springing, lusty nation. New conditions have arisen which require a different regime. A new force entered in 1789, and made a third estate. A new man set up a new trinity to rule politically. Millet places that new man in the field sowing grain, and leaning on his spade as he hears the Angelus floating across the levelled fields. That new man is the Adam of the plough and harrow, and he must have such education as will enable him to know and master the elements that are around him. This must be given him by you, leaders, in fulfilment of that high mission which you undertook the day that you asked for the votes of your constituency.

ESSAY V.

A SEPTEMBER WALK

"But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood."

—*Bryant.*

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy, numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook."

—*Horace Smith.*

A September Walk

I AM off for a walk on the Norton Road that winds between river and hills from the bridge at Hampton to the "Willows" at Reed's Point. The winding road which breaks through the hills on my right is the Ravine Road. Its steep banks and cliffs taught me to love our own rural beauty—the wind-flowers, linneas, harebells, violets dim in the shaded slopes, the cascade that crossed and recrossed the road, the deep clefts where grew fairy ferns fearing even now the frost fingers' chill, the mosses in all their stalagmite and stalactite forms, red, green and silver. These glades where Rip Van Winkle might have played bowls with the goblins, the mysterious sounds that had moaned and whispered over those steep banks! O, the joy and beauty of my walks and talks on the Ravine Road! It was always a surprise to meet the brook tumbling, chattering, laughing like a dozen chipmunks. How cool the mosses! How dense the woods clear to the summit of either hill! Partridges and woodcock were there, but I disturbed them not. The white rabbit and the red fox lived nearby, and often in the early morning would slip

along the lower banks. What a chorus of life in the early June hours! Now, alas, how sad and still in September! Color is here. The glow of the golden-rod and the riotous crimsons of the maple! Some of the tender curling ferns that had unrolled their vivid greens in May, are now, in September, all white and chill. The lights that danced and flickered last night, as I looked out my window, told me that the frost giants are abroad. That steel blue of the stars does not mean warmth. Those reflections cast from the helmets of the ghostly legions that march over the Bridge to Valhalla—mean frost, and the ferns in the Ravine Road will be white and cold ere long.

Good-bye, my Ravine Road, where bush after bush burned with immortal fire. There, in June, the trembling twin-flowers looked at me from their mossy banks. Good-bye, for I never wish again to wander up thy steep, winding way. Man, the farmer, has desecrated thy beauty and defiled thy loveliness. Well do I know farmers have a deep aversion to trees on the edge of the field, but I knew not that any King's County farmer would defile one of the most beautiful walks in Norton. With my knapsack on my back, I take the open road that leads south-west. I leave the Ravine far behind and march to bands of music. I am free—no pulpit or office, or duty tangles me. I cast off these city clogs and take the road. This Kennebecasis River, circling to the left, between its banks of sedge, then its banks o

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PEQUOQUET STREAM, KING'S COUNTY, N.B.

low bushes, and then its margin of tall trees! How dark and roughened is my river to-day! The south wind is boisterous and whips long lanes of flaky foam from bank to bank. The Danube with its thousands of miles coming all the way from the mysterious depths of the Black Forest—the Rhine leaping and rushing from Alpine heights into Lake Constance—these are far distant. But to-day this wild south wind seems to bring them close. There, with its bared rocky top is Pequoquet Hill, clothed almost to the verge with birch and beech, maple and fir. In June, the soft snowy banners of the bilberry wave in their beauty, and now the scarlet berries of the mountain ash are rich and glistening. Above that open place, among those cedars, is my moss-covered terrace, from which the river and valley are seen all the way to Reed's Point, ten miles down the river. Often on a sunny day have I sat there, gradually becoming a portion of the river, sky and shore. In the spring there are "Quaker Ladies" by the million in that field which slopes from Pequoquet's base to the stream in the valley two hundred feet below. One day in June, some years ago, after a swift run on our wheels down from the Midland Road, my friend and I came to this pasture field. Over the fence we climbed and lay down in the dry young grass. The slope was white and blue with the "Quaker Lady." As long as we live we can never forget the thousands of tiny blue-white petals, and the chanting stream that hurried beneath the bridge

PEQUOQUET STREAM, KING'S COUNTY, N.B.

to the river just beyond. All these features are small and dainty—the river is not wide, the hills are low, the trees are not Pacific giants. But to-day, in my eyes the hills go up to the clouds and the river goes to the sea, that awful mysterious sea, so grand, so overpowering! But how cruel art thou, O Sea! How glad to be able to say with Bryant in his "Forest Hymn," "But let me often to these solitudes retire, and in thy presence reassure my feeble virtue."

It is not how many things we see, but how we see. My friend saw that field of bluets with a newly opened sense. In his mind stole with sweet insistence the gentle, ineffable beauty of rugged hill, sloping pasture and blue-white groups of petals. Two men will remember that field forever. Why is this so? Because the soul is akin to beauty, and invests even utility with charm.

Can I ever forget my visit to the Boston Art Museum? To-day the springing grace of the "Victory" is a constant image when I think of Athens, and the "Venus" is my ideal of beauty, form and strength when I think of statuary. Her level brows gaze out and beyond the onlooker. In the

poise of head and contour of body you recognize the splendid ability that produced the marvellous work. And this form was but a plaster cast set up in a room in Boston. Around that figure the mind throws its own luminous imagination.

My flowers in the pasture beneath Pequoquet Hill are fit for Queen "Titania" and her fairies, yet to some they are but poor weeds, called by the people "Poverty Plant," because they are usually found on poor land.

At the foot of that rocky cliff, one hundred feet above me, grows "Jack in the Pulpit." Two years ago I plucked four of them, tall, straight and ready to have their caps lifted; they are not beautiful in color, but only strange in shape.

I am so glad when I think of Bryant, Emerson, Wordsworth and Ruskin. This last gentle soul loved humanity, far more than Newman ever did. One sat in his study and forgot humanity while contemplating Deity; the other saw with deep sorrow the actual misery of the people. Nobly he tried to remedy the evils of poverty and failed, but let us not forget that he tried.

How Ruskin would have delighted in this Norton walk! I have his book, and that is something. It is as if he sits and talks with me. He could not bear to see the beautiful flowers ruthlessly gathered. In the Alps once, resting in a sheltered flowery nook, where bloomed a cluster of soldanellas, he saw a group of boys, with their tutor. They clambered down the banks, and spy-

ing the beautiful blossoms, they left neither flower nor stalk. Why do we tear up, scatter and destroy? Is it part of our savage ancestry not yet eliminated?

What would Wordsworth say about this "Jack in the Pulpit" and this "Golden Rod" that sweeps over the road, bowing so gracefully with its kingly color? Bryant tells of it, and Celia Thaxter sees it everywhere in the New England woods. She is even more fond of her wild rose and her blue flag:

"Sweet may your thought be, red rose, but still sweeter
is mine,
Close in my heart hidden, clear as your dewdrop divine,
Flutter your gonfalons, Iris,—the paean I sing
Is for victory better than joy or than beauty can bring."

It was these simple forms that so often broke upon the fastnesses of her soul as she flitted from ledge to ledge on those rock-islands of the New England coast. And all along the Norton Road are these simple forms of iris and wild-rose, traveller's joy, meadow rue, aster and golden rod. There is no

"Flashing surf whose vision
Gleams Elysian,"

but the wild rush of the south wind battles in sea-like fury with the clouds flying over the green Norton Hills.

My road swells up beyond and almost touches, on the left, the church with its iron-screen gates and its heavy doors. On the right rises Frost Mountain.

Someone speaks of the "South wind breathing balm." It is not so here to-day. This lift of air from the south has the sound of the Bay in it, and behind that is the Atlantic itself. How it beats against the cliff that runs two hundred feet to the top of Frost Mountain! At Gibraltar, in Catalan Bay, against the great Rock, the sand is piled up three to four feet thick, close pressed and beaten hard by the south wind. That strong wind carried it across from Africa, not twenty miles away, and beat it with such terrific power against the rock that now it is become part of the Rock itself. There the south wind is hot from the desert—here on our Norton Road, it is cool from the sea.

"A little motion, a little sand, and you have a beautiful shell," someone has said. You have the same at the Great Rock, a steady gale bearing African sand, adding bulwarks to Gibraltar. Likewise at the Bay Shore, below McLaren's Beach, a strong south wind, a plastic bank, and the record of a mighty past is hurled before our eyes in conglomerate boulders, as lovely as Mexican onyx, or Pentelicon marble. Flowers on the Norton Road and flowers on the Bay Shore; mosses and ferns line the banks of the Ravine Road, mosses and ferns tangled on

the low tide boulders at Sheldon's Bluff—these are what we have and know them not as exquisite treasures of beauty.

In Canada our day is not yet come! Or will alien fingers press the harps of these glades and hills and whisper in verse and story the sighing secret of nature that lie round about me on this Norton Road?

I rested a while on a mossy bank just near the bridge. Nobody seemed coming my way, for the swift clouds portended rain. At last a villager came and sat down. I soon saw that he was of the Rip Van Winkle type, and was not surprised, when pointing to the top of Pequoquet, he told me about snowshoeing up the mountain side. He said he had come across fox tracks near the top of the hill, and had then climbed to the entrance of the den. With all the enthusiasm of Rip he told me that he had shot five foxes as they came out of the den. I thought of Falstaff and his men in buckram, and I also wondered if my trapper had gathered his winter potatoes. I once heard a man school teacher say that "all children were naturally liars." He was a hard-headed mathematician, and did not understand the

child's gift of imagination. What would he have said to my King's County Rip Van Winkle?

Longfellow must have sat for hours looking at the tasselled seaweed floating in on some sheltered nook on the New England coast, else how could he have evolved that beautiful imagery in which he tells how "the storm-wind of the Equinox" sweeps over the Atlantic, bearing on its surges the sea-weed,

> "From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
> Of sunken ledges
> In some far-off bright Azore:
> From Bahama, and the dashing,
> Silver flashing
> Surges of San Salvador."

How his imagination makes one see and smell the sea-weed drifting, drifting! This poem has nothing of the vast sea-roll of Byron, none of the ship's motion and sailor-style of Barry Cornwall, and not one spark of the moonlight and starlight of Shelley's lark-spirit. Nevertheless it has a true ring, and the closing lines hold the symbolism he loved so well, even though they may take away somewhat from the splendid, ocean-like measure of the first three stanzas.

Listen to the wild south wind which beats on these tree slopes like a very sea! It requires a wild spirit like Byron or Shelley to do it justice. I stand and listen. The clouds are flying northward as if scourged

by an Atlantic tempest. I hear the falling of branches, snapping of twigs, and at times a shower of russet leaves goes whirling by.

Not long since a deep-water sailor said to me, "When the wind blows hard, I hold on to the standing rigging, and feel as if I belonged to the wind—as if I was a part of it. Sometimes in a real gale I feel as if I could strike a man a mile away."

Pierre Loti's book, "Pecheur d'Islande," gives the same fierce power to the great sea. He, Yann, is part of the vast deep, only in a more mysterious way than was expressed by my sailor friend. Is this the primal instinct of the animal that needs battle and struggle to keep it strong. I hope not. Or is it the first forces of the soul which recognize in the fierce wind, in the awful sea, in the cloud-capped hill those three elements—air, water, earth—those elements of which our bodies are composed? Pierre Loti and my sailor friend were right. To-day, on this Norton Road, I am part of the wind, sea and shore, and I follow free, where the white road leads by church and hill.

What beautiful eyes are these? Purple and white asters, clusters of them. This road, made with hands and feet, is garlanded all the way by meadow rue with its silvered leaves. Sweet meadow rue that grows so tall! How often have I broken your branches and trailed them in the running stream, so I could see the

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THE OXBOW, KENNEBECASIS RIVER, KING'S COUNTY, N.B.

silver under-side flash and gleam! And there, at my side, are mullein stalks, standing six feet high in soft velvet leaves, adorned with Spanish gold at the top. At my feet are sword-ferns and rock-ferns, and huge brakes. The evening primrose also blooms near where the sweet-gale clusters in fragrant masses. Celia Thaxter loved that sweet-gale. It was abundant on those Islands of Appledore and Star where, as a child she raced and fought with sea-winds and surf, and as a woman more than once saw death leave its victim at her feet.

My road hurries down, down to the very edge of the river, now a half mile wide. What continual suspense! What surprises! My road goes down, then up, and I can only tell a few yards ahead where it goes. Bnt what care I, for to-day I am free, a tramp. I am Moses, for I have seen the burning bush. I am Elijah, for I have heard the voice.

Here on my right, the sheer cliff rises sixty feet, and at the base, a cave. Let lightning and thunder come. Like David I will go to my cave of Adullam, but unlike him I will have no refugees. I am not a leader of the rebels as he was. No, I will shelter here alone, and after the storm has passed, after the voice has spoken, I will again take up my knapsack and walk down the Norton Road.

What of the Norton Road? Only this. After thc wild tumult of the wind comes the quiet of the soul.

If you can not understand my paradox, then do not go down the Norton Road. Life and death are there, joy and grief are there. He who seeks to come to his own will find it on that road if he but approach reverently, expectantly, in sympathy with the wind, the trees, the flowers and the human faces he meets in the way.

And every country road is a Norton Road.

ESSAY VI.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEOPLE

"He was never a time-server, either in his words or actions. The key of politics, which he first touched, he kept to without variation."

—*Plutarch.*

"Deal so plainly with man and woman, as to constrain the utmost sincerity, and destroy all hope of trifling with you. It is the highest compliment you can pay."

—*Emerson.*

The Pulpit and the People

It has been stated that of all the men who graduate from college the clergymen make the poorest return for the money and time given. I do not think Carlyle would agree with this, for the parish minister and the hard-handed toiler are the two men whom he tells us must be venerated. Still, it should be admitted that, compared with the lawyer and physician, the clergyman does not get very liberal salary. His work, looking at the actual mental and physical labor, is not nearly as strenuous as the other professions. As a rule he has more time, and he seldom faces the danger of absolute poverty. In other countries where the governments pay the clergy out of the public funds, it may be that they become more independent in speech, as they are not afraid of the wealthy pew-holder who may have been a one-hundred-dollar-a-year contributor to the preacher's salary. In America the congregations pay the salary, and thus it may often happen that weekly sermons lack that independence which the preacher would like to exhibit. All this may account for the opinion expressed above.

We like sincerity, and are glad to meet those who are sincere. The foolish face of the flatterer is soon detected and we long for genuine tones. In the clergy, we must demand absolute sincerity. As soon as we perceive any halting on account of hurting the feelings of the square pews, then we lose faith. When the pulpit tells us that the Old Testament is not only a history, but also a true statement of conversations that took place between the Creator and the prophets, that the Creator ordered the Amalekites to be destroyed, that whole tribes were utterly cut off, that He created evil, then we ask: "Is our God an avenging Roman deity or a beneficent Creator?"

It is this extreme theology that makes atheists and materialists, and forces the student to suspect that the preacher does not believe all that he preaches. What disputes, quarrels about creed, texts and translations would be saved if the Old Testament were regarded as Hebrew history, much of it grand, dignified and holy, all of it written with a view to help the nation to a better and higher light!

The splendid exhortations of Isaiah and Amos, the philosophy of Ecclesiastes, the enthusiasm of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, the sublime patience and trust of Job, the tale of the forty years' wanderings, and the whole history, replete as it is with truths helpful to Jews of David's time or Christians of to-day! Some of it, let us admit, colored too highly by the Jewish writer, mak-

ing God too human in His wrath or bringing Him down to the level of a Jupiter interested only in his own people. Read these books as history and our conception of the Creator is ennobled as we see the effort of a nation to understand His attributes. Read them as the divine books approved by the Creator, as His speech and His counsel, and we are thrown back a thousand years.

Not long since a clergyman in a Canadian city said that "every person by nature was a thief," and other teachers have said that "all children are falsifiers." After nineteen hundred years of the teaching of Paul, Peter and their successors, we are again told that by nature we are sinful. We get into the habit of accepting as true what was said last week. We do not enquire for ourselves. For years the cry has been that "the drinking of intoxicants is the cause of poverty." This is untrue; it is not even half true. One should say that "Poverty is the cause of a large part of the drink evil." Another old statement is that "Man is lazy and does not want to work." This is also untrue. It comes from the wrong idea that labor is a curse inherited from Adam and Eve. Man prefers to work. Watch the thinking animal, man, and you will see that he prefers work; not ten and eleven hours a day of slavery for low pay, but six or seven hours a day for a fair pay.

The other false doctrine is that "All men are sinners." When? At twenty or twenty-five years of age, when they realize what the struggle for existence means,

most men may become sinners. Why? Because at that time they see the competition of trade against trade, business against business, laborer against employer, all trying to buy low and sell high; everyone trying to make wealth out of someone else. Consider the tack and plumber combines. What revelations of profit! The effort to get rich, to obtain power, to get into parliament, to have shares in contracts, is breaking the character of the people, teaching them to sin as soon as they learn to vote. There was a time when they were innocent. How dare any man say that children are born into the world tainted with sin, liars by nature? Oh! the warped mind that can look at the imaginative child and say that all its fairy stories show the fall of Adam and the presence of the serpent! How narrow the poor clergyman who can look into his daughter's eyes and feel that she is a "born sinner." These are the men who believe that the great God will turn aside the laws of the universe, and on account of their special plea, will cure the child who has caught diphtheria by drinking water from an impure well. They are of the kind who would have looked on when the Maid of Orleans was burned as a witch.

We must not be beggars in our prayers, neither can we command our petitions to be granted. We cannot do more than commune, and hope in so doing to gain help. Prayer is a monition to and communion with the spirit

informing our spirit. From this communion we always come revived and strong.

There are two conditions in life which cause great evil to the State—excess of riches and degrading poverty. These are the worst distempers that can attack the body politic. Practical political economy is to remedy these two distempers. Excess of riches frequently places the control of platform and pulpit, legislative assembly and civic council into the hands of a few men. The idleness and ennui seen to-day in the palaces of the rich belong in the same category as the sloth, pride, disdain, cruelty, lust and extravagance which were characteristic of the Cæsars from Marc Antony's time down to 497, when the Goths stormed Rome a' it upon her seven hills. These same vices, if we be...ve the New York committee's report of 1902, are worse in New York than under the worst sultan of the wickedest period of Turkish life.

To what end do we build churches if the pastors are afraid to favor a Workmen's Compensation Act, or a Factory Act, or a License Act—afraid lest the law may be hurtful to the interests of a few of their wealthy contributors? The preacher talks to his handful of working people about their duty on election day, that they must not take the bribe of five dollars, but who does take the bribe? When this clergyman refrains from aiding the passage of good laws on account of what Mr. A or Mr.

B (the rich contributors) may think, then he, the preacher, is bribed. The highest usefulness of the millions spent upon colleges is weakened when we know that at times the directorate intimates that such a professor is talking too freely on economic questions. The poor professor with his $1,600 a year trembles when he thinks what will happen if Mr. C blots out that $250,000 now in the will as a gift to the university. Consider the nomination of candidates of a political party. A first qualification is wealth. The man may be stupid, but the gold covers his lack. What is the result? The wage-earners cease going to church and begin to doubt the cloth. They look askant at colleges and are doubtful of their utility. They believe neither in politics or party, vote for men, not measures, and often sell their vote.

Two great parties differ on a railway question. The man on the street does not know about either the railway or its trade bearings so he sells his vote for five dollars to ten dollars. The well-educated, astute politician declares himself against the railway question, but refrains from fighting it and frankly takes an office of ten thousand dollars a year given by the same government which he denounced. Which of these two is the greater sinner? No wonder the people will not attend church, or vote on principle, or have faith in judges and legislators. We have taught them to look askant at law and lawmakers. Poverty and the fear of misery is de-

grading one class and the excess of riches is degrading both classes. Men who are prominent in church work, teachers of public morality, have smirched themselves forever by buying votes at elections. Degraded by their own wealth, they have bribed poor men who needed the money. Poverty doffs its cap, takes the bribe, and hates the giver.

The evils of success are most apparent. Gold warps the heart. Why does the college friend, book-keeper now with Mr. ———, call you "Sir" and "Mr."? He has heard that the Yukon mine has added sixty thousand dollars to your wealth. Does this success demand his servility? He was in your '88 or '89 class. Do we not remember all the faces and forms of the men who went through that class? How we cherish the "Harry," "Tom," and all the comradeship of that frank familiarity! Is there to be a chasm between the successful and the unsuccessful graduate? Yes, one is become a judge, appointed by a political party because he voted and harangued for that party when he knew it was right and also when he knew it was wrong. He found no secret of Nature, remedied no evil, invented neither wire

nails nor lucifer matches. He laid his conscience at the feet of the party, and behold—a judge! The other adds columns daily at seventy dollars a month. Stumbling along with uncertain lights, he has lifted Nature's veil and at rare moments comes close to her heart. Tell me which failed and which succeeded. Evil has befallen him who gained the judgeship, for has he not lost his self-reverence, having permitted his ability to be used to base ends? Joy has fallen to him who has failed to get higher than the clerkship, for has he not touched the real spring and found the fountain which De Soto and Ponce de Leon sought in vain?

These are facts that continually stare at the people. There is no great outcry from the press and the pulpit, and so the people begin to laugh at political evil, and look upon bribery as only the usual result of all politics. What are the Bench, the Bar and the Clergy in Canada doing to prevent prize-fighting, gambling, drunkenness and corrupt practices? These three professions have had the great advantages of the higher colleges, paid for by the people, yet there is almost no effort on their part making for better election laws, no demand for broader statesmanship.

There is one object higher than the congregation, or the church—that object is social redemption of the whole people. The pulpit, to be national, must preach of it and for it. It will be a sad day for Canada when her people smile at the political trickster, applaud the

prize-fighting judge, and openly cry out that all legislators are rascals, and that the only goal is that of wealth.

The people still have faith in the pulpit, but if that faith dies into atheism during the next ten years, the fault will lie largely on the consciences of those who preach an academic religion, forgetting the simple life of those who still try to answer the anxious query of Pilate, "What is truth?"

Why should it be deemed irreverent for one to ask aloud the questions one so often propounds to one's secret self—whence came we and whither do we go? When John beat upon his breast and cast himself down before the brightness of Him who said "I am the first and the last"; when Ezekiel at the River of Chebar tried to proclaim the existence of the Avenger, both of these—also Moses, Plato, St. Francis, Luther—all were followed by eager crowds because they held out some hope, tried to show some way by which the promptings of the soul could be more easily understood.

Homer and his heroes continually talk of physical life, physical death, and life immortal, and seem to

have more faith in the future than we find in the Jews of the Old Testament. There, the prophets often encounter the Almighty, now in a burning bush as did Moses, then in a voice bidding Abraham delay the sacrifice of Isaac; again in the gentle whisper that quieted the heart of the lonely Elijah. But in none of these, or in any of the other old Bible stories, do we get promise of Immortal Life. We read the wild frenzy of Ezekiel, the majestic thought of Isaiah and the calm endurance of Job. In Hosea we read that "Israel shall be as the sands of the sea," that they are "the sons of the Living God"; but no reply is given to the question of the soul, "Whither am I going?" Judgment, reproof, repentance, but no light of Immortality shining through the dark-anger of the aroused Creator. Amos and Joel likewise detail the terrors of God's anger visited upon tribe after tribe. Amos gives us no consolation when he makes God say: "Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up to Heaven, thence will I bring them down."

From Genesis to Malachi we look in vain for that splendid promise of a future life where the soul will go on unfolding, like Dante's picture of Heaven, where all the flowers are fully blown and life at last is realized. It must be more than mere conceit and vanity that makes the human animal continue to feel that the aspirations breathed by Homer two thousand eight hun-

dred years ago, as well as by man to-day, are somewhere, somehow, to be realized!

Every new "ism" has its devotees. Every man who cries out, "I have the truth about the future," is eagerly listened to. The millions want more, ask more, and always cry out, "Give us more proof." The lives of the great philosophers offer proof, but the millions have not time to read, much less to sit down and think. The round of duty takes their time, and the poor body's needs enshroud and encompass the questioning spirit. I see this universal hunger in the temple and the church, in Christian Science, in Spiritualism, in Christadelphians, in Mormons, in new faith and in old. "Give me proof that I am an immortal soul that I may have rest," is the eternal cry of mankind. The doubt of its truth is seen in the fear of death, in the straining nervousness of the aged as they approach four-score, in the sorrow for the one "gone"—not joyful assurance that the immortal life has begun.

For more consolation than that afforded by the History of the Jews, we turn to the Greeks. There we find some conception of the soul's existence, for Homer in relating the conversation between Ulysses and his mother's shade, makes her say, "When like a dream the soul assumes her flight." Years after, in the fourth century B.C., Plato dared to write, "The soul is separate from the body, both now and hereafter, alone by itself,

delivered as it were from the shackles of the body.' Again he speaks through Socrates in Phaedo, "Thu being pure and freed from the alloy of the body, we shal in all likelihood be with others like ourselves, and shal of ourselves know the whole real Essence." Homer, also in the Iliad, says:

"But when the white guard of our teeth no longer ca
contain
Our human soul, away it flies and once gone, never mor
To her frail mansion, any man can her lost powers restore.

What do we need and why do we hesitate that we can not reply to all these—this host of seers and preacher who have left us the stamp of their belief? Why ca we not say with all these, "Yes, the soul is pure, in visible; it does exist and will exist." What matter how or where, or in what way, so long as we know that God i and that the soul is? Never a drift of seapods on sandy curving beach that did not show the omnipoten Power. What have we to say? Work, cold, hunge decrepit old age, ugly brute force, vacant minds, am bition, lust, luxurious vice, wretched bestiality!

Yes, we know the ugly record of much life, but ther is a fine gold thread that runs through it all. It em broiders the direst page, is a skein knit into the wors lives, and is, thank God, recognized by the world as strong bond. What is the thread? It is human kind ness, the product of the soul. Pity and charity are th

wings that lift this angel above wealth, above ambition, above power. If any one will ask himself the question, "What is the greatest thing in the world?" his honest reply will be "Love." Eye to eye, hand to hand, the greatest possible thing in the world is to have a friend in whom you possess a love that is all-embracing. This gold thread of love, kindness, permeates the race. It sends the priest on a winter's night to carry the sacrament to a dying peasant; it prompts the boy to jump into perilous waters to try to save life; it runs through a ship's crew so that all the passengers are made safe before the sailors think of themselves. The light of it shines in the Italian shepherd's hut and Swiss goatherd's cabin, in the western turf-houses, and in the tenth story of an hotel where firemen give up their lives. Everywhere over the world this gold thread of living sacrifice confounds the atheist and forces the materialist to desist in his attempt to find out the Life-atom.

We cannot by searching see God, but His handiwork is open to every eye. The roadside is blazoned with His finger-marks, and through the veil of night and morning we can feel the strength that is back of all creation. Let us be content to get our answer from these works that are daily spread to our faltering eyes. Oh! the pity of it, that we do not see clearly!

How very, very little we know of each other! Everyone with whom I talked yesterday, last week, last month, was a conscient human soul, with all the body's wants

and needs, with all the deep inquiry of the soul wrapped within that body. What matter to me or to you how the soul is there! We know it is there, because we know that within us lies that questioning Spirit. How it raps at the chambers of our memory! Remorse, joy—remorse for the days when we cheated ourselves by being common and small; joy for the days when God and Nature—the God in Nature, was near us. Why, oh, why did we not last week get at your thought, pierce through all the stale conventionalities of law, trade and what not, and get at you, the heart of the Man? Was I trying to get some information from you, or did you want to show me how good a trade you had made? That was it; we both thought of the flesh, not of the spirit. We glanced obliquely, as if playing cards or some other game. You may be called next week, or I may be gone from here in a day. Both of us missed our chance. A little more love, a little more interest in the other person, a little unselfishness, and the two inner selves would have become acquainted and both have been refreshed.

The physical needs of life, the struggle to provide the mere needs is too great. This rivalry, this contest for a little bread and meat, shelter and clothes, is too severe. It weakens the moral fibre, strains the nerves and tends to dull these finer instincts, which make for love and beauty. We cannot live in this way and become a great, enduring nation. We must have more love and more beauty, for they alone help and lift the spirit.

The barren utility that continually calls for "facts" and demands only the useful arts, will soon make a nation of iconoclasts, and every picture, poem and statue will fall before their greed. I would rather be Jaffar, the Barmecide, poor, yet loved by the nation, than the Sultan with his diadem of precious stones—rather have written Bryant's "Forest Hymn" than to be Mr. Carnegie and write "Triumphant Democracy."

Every man knows his own soul. He knows exactly how mean and bad he is, and how good and true he is. There comes sometimes a brief moment when a flash reveals us to ourselves. If at that time we feel the presence, then we have the incontestable sign. This is not from touch of hands, or glance of eye—it is the mystery of the Spirit at one with the Great Soul. If we come from it exalted, with joy within and without, then we have had riches and are richer. On that day the stars swing at the end of long cords, and seem near; the planets stop in their courses and the world is still. The man who controls vast wealth is poor and unhappy, if, in the getting of his wealth and his power, he has lost the chance of that exaltation and that communion which speak to him of divinity.

Ever the ancients asked through their foremost thinkers the same questions we are asking to-day. Whence came we? And where go we? It may be possible that out of this "divine discontent" as a goad to our ambitions, out of all this going to and fro, these millions of written books, these far-reaching telescopes and million-nerved electric wires, some answer will come. I think, however, we should not waste the precious days in vain speculations on Mars' body, on canals in the moon and ridges in Jupiter. Heaven lies very close to us. Virtually it shines upon us from the pathway, by the brookside, in the street, at the kindergarten, and perhaps even in the bank. We are not like the god Thor, small of stature, though able to defeat whole lines of giants. We are truly small, and weak. Our sight goes a few yards in the water, a few miles through the air. Our hearing is very limited. We cannot hear the flowers grow, or the flies crawling on the window, nor the thunder twenty miles away. The kittiwake and puffin are a wonder, and the golden plover's flight fills us with amazement. The squirrel chatters at us from the treetop in derision, and the fishes wonder why we sputter so in the water. We shiver in February and have to kill hundreds of animals for food and clothes. we sweat in summer and cover our heads with broad hats to keep off the heat. Truly, are we much, if any, above Carlyle's scorn?

The efforts we are making in anatomy, in medicine,

astronomy, geology, botany, economics, physics and theology, are they of great avail? We clothe ourselves with the knowledge of these things, but in all searching we cannot find our God. Can we not be more content and do the thing that lies at our hand?

Why can we not have faith in those intuitions which speak in the soul? Let us believe in the monitions which come to us as did the voices to the prophets, as does the voice now to a thousand Elijahs, who struggle alone with doubt. Is there no proof that God exists? Must we, who are so finite, demand ocular proof? Dante is content with light in which he knows that God exists. Milton, who requires more personality, sets God on high and gives Him shape and voice. The Greeks called Him Zeus, the Romans Jupiter. Plutarch speaks of Him as "nous," or that first intelligence. Plato speaks of "God simple and true both in word and deed." We do not need the teaching of Greek or Roman to admit, and to be glad of, His existence. Nature gives ample proof.

The real invitations come unasked. It is useless to seek friendship; it comes unsought in recognition of kinship. We must carry something with us when we call on a friend, otherwise we return as empty as we went. Likewise Nature has but little for us if we go to her idly curious. Bird, insect, flower, tree, all yield their genealogy and detail of form to our pedantic eyes, but the truer lesson is not caught. The message of the

woods is always waiting at our doorway, and if we are ready it vibrates with its invitation. Do tho thing you must do. Write the poem that surges to get free. Pen the letter that your soul has indited. Assert the truth that will not be hampered. Go to tho woods when the message comes. You see the same rough cliffs where the huge boulders show their mossy sides to the southern sun—yet how beautiful! What has glorified this path that winds among the huge rocks where the brook leaps, sending its iridescent bubbles whirling to be shattered in tho next cascade? The glory, the beauty, was there last week. You saw it not then, idle pedant! Its light, love and beauty were hidden from you. To-day you are changed. The shell of your knowledge is broken and the divine part of you is exposed. Last week the wise pedant saw and felt not. To-day the divinity that draws friends, creates music and bursts out in song is with you—yes, is part of you. Your eyes are like the morning star, your ears seem capable of hearing the sweep of angelic hosts. Something has swept by and left its mark on you. Is not this one moment of gladness in which you touched the garments of the Unseen, in which through brook, trees, clear air, you feel the presence of God—is not this enough? Even though to-morrow we drop into the routine of the daily work, is not that one moment a content and a compensation for a hundred days? That hour at the park just outside of the city, that vital hour, was it not enough?

"We see into the life of things," as was said by that lover of lakes, William Wordsworth. For we get at Nature's heart only when we are in her quiet byways. What means that joy elysian in which we are wrapt as with all rainbow colors, when the very air palpitates with gladness? It remains with us as we walk up the alder-shaded lane from the river, the shadows slanting athwart the pathway, the faint murmur of the droning bee, the gentle swaying of the unripened rye field. This completer sense of joy springs from wells where all the great ones of the earth drank—the knowledge of that bond between beauty and Truth. Of such moments is truly the Kingdom of Heaven, for they are the rare rainbow tints which renew the promise. As is the rung of the ladder on which we cling, so is the idea we have of beauty, perhaps even of morals. Truth has the same silver-white wings to-day as it had in the forest before the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock. The savage and the civilized knew Truth.

Ask the Soul what is real. We wind curtains of doubt and misapprehension around ourselves, and thus masked we call our acts practical and real. Ask the Soul, and it replies: "We are real only at rare intervals." Then when we stand and face the past and present, all the clothes of our intentions fall off, and the light of a hundred suns pierces through and we know how unreal our living is.

When the call comes, seek the lake, the wood and

the stream, that lie not a mile from your front door. Obey the message. Back over the hills from the lake, from Green Head or Bay shore, you will come, bearing more love, more friendship, to those whom we meet. You have talked for a while with Moses and the prophets. You have felt a little of that agony which swept over Jesus. You may not, if a lawyer, give your client the advice that will bring most to your store of wealth; you may not, if a clergyman, deal as wisely with the doctrine of the Trinity, but more than one heart will feel the justice of your opinion and the tenderness of your speech. Obey the message, and all through your life, even to the last days, will it come back to you, even as May violets recall youth's beauty and as the Lord's Prayer recalls our mother's knee.

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FIELD AND MOUNT STEPHEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ESSAY VII.

LITERATURE

"God be thanked for Books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race."

—*Channing.*

"The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is, to speak and write sincerely. The argument which has not power to reach my own practice, will fail to reach yours. But take Sidney's maxim: 'Look in thy heart and write.' He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public."

—*Emerson.*

"And novels, (witness every month's review),
Belie their names and offer nothing new."

—*Cowper.*

Literature

THERE is a wide gulf between the strangling satire of Dean Swift and the playful humor found in the essay on Roast Pig. We may like to read the vindictive, caustic speeches of the Irish Dean, but we get the most fun out of Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg." He does not continually point the moral. At times, however, he makes us think of the outcast, of the woman who is stitching her life out. His denunciation of wealth at the close of Miss Kilmansegg's story—

> "Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd;
> Heavy to get and light to hold;
> Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
> Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled."

is not so grim as Timon's tirade, when he finds gold in his cave:

> "This yellow slave
> Will knot and break religions, bless the accursed;
> Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
> And give them title, knee and approbation
> With Senators on the bench."

In this struggle of the twentieth century, when class is ranged against class, even in a more bitter way than in Wat Tyler's time or in the peasant war of Germany—in this scientific, practical, material twentieth century—we need to have the comic, the humorous, the pure fun.

The tendency of the stage since 1850 proves that man needs the light comedy, not the extravagant farce. The drive of trade, the new machines that do the mechanic's thinking, these and the necessity of work, are making the people too serious to wish for Othellos and Macbeths. They demand the fun and wit that shine in Sheridan's "Rivals" and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Mark Twain and Bret Harte in prose, James Russell Lowell and John G. Saxe for puns and quaint dialect—these suit better than Bryant or Poe, Howells or even Hawthorne.

The old translators had an eye and ear for the fun even of Homeric times. Chapman tells us of the "red weed" with which they wiped away the tears of a Greek hero. Even the beautiful Helen "smoked the true person" of Ulysses as he was spying within the walls of Troy. Plutarch deigns to report that Timon, who hated almost everybody, once mounted the rostrum to speak. Everyone listened. "People of Athens," said he, "there is a fig-tree in my yard on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves. I have determined to build upon the spot. I give this public notice so that those who choose to hang themselves upon this

tree may repair to it before it is cut down." It was the same Timon of Athens who left us the following epitaph, thoroughly characteristic of his satire and misanthropy:

> "At last I've bid the knaves farewell,
> Ask not my name, but go to Hell."

Shakespeare, in his "Timon of Athens," uses this character with great effect, teaching the baseness of much apparent friendship, and the power of gold. I doubt, however, if Egyptians, Greeks and Romans had the same need of humor that we have to-day, else it would be more prominent in their writings. Jove nods and storms, but rarely laughs. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, all are so full of wars, hell, heaven, angels and villains that humor finds but little place. At times Cupid makes it lively by his darts, and Mercury plays a trick, but almost all are serious and tragic. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries are vastly different from those early times. We require the light opera, the wit of Mark Twain, and the humor of Hood and Dickens.

Goethe and the tiresome preachings to Wilhelm Meister by his mentors; Milton, his Father and Son holding tedious parleys; Dante and his ever-blessed Beatrice—these are often wearying. We put aside the seventh heaven of Dante, the sun-flushed battlements of Milton, and the vast grazing fields of Goethe, and

prefer to hear Father Prout, Tom Hood or the gentle lines of Moore.

Do we admire that quality which we have not? In this round of life, where between the grinding of the stones, the whirl of the wheels, we look out eager to escape the tragedy, no doubt we are glad to see that which is the opposite of our own traits. We like to think of the ready wit of Theodore Hook, who entered a house and found himself the uninvited guest at a large party. He knew neither host nor hostess. Everyone was delighted with the late comer. At last the host, glad to see the entertaining stranger, apologetically asked his name. The genial Hook replied:

> I like the wine of your cellar,
> And think well of the taste of your cook.
> Mine host is a jolly good fellow,
> And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

Such a liberty, perhaps, could not be taken now, but how we appreciate the genial fun! He who spoke of Adam as "the first gentleman who bore arms" is worthy of a place in the records of Sancho Panza. Chauncey Depew's definition of the pilgrims, as those early fathers who, on first landing in America, in 1620, "fell upon their knees, and then upon the aborigines," reads like Charles Lamb.

For real humor and wit, with never any spite or satire, the Irishman stands pre-eminently first. I do

not know whether Adam was really the "first gentleman who bore arms," but I am convinced that the finest all-round gentleman is a cultivated Irishman. The natural wit which made Paddy look at the sixpence handed him by the man whom he had at great risk just saved from drowning, and say as he looked at the donor: "Begorrah, I'm overpaid for that job," is only equalled by the motto, "Quid rides," given to the Irish tobacconist to be painted on his new coach. Lord Dundreary is ever a favorite on the stage; and who can forget Bob Acres as portrayed by that wonderful Joe Jefferson whose every motion made us laugh.

Sterne, who fenced "against the infirmities of ill-health and evils of life by mirth," says: "Every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of Life." We could do without Ivanhoe, and even without Jeanie Deans; we could blot out Swift and perhaps Thackeray; but will we ever forget the Sam Wellers, the Mark Tapleys, and old Captain Cuttle? And amid them all, his rubicund face, kind and generous (perhaps with wine), we recall with intimate pleasure the immortal Pickwick as his coat-tails flap over one chubby hand while the other is extended across the glittering table around which are seated the members of the famous Pickwick club?

Truly was Caesar right. We must fear these lean men who never smile. What a wretched, dull round would this life be if money were the God, and power

the only aim! The petty parings and scrapings with which the prudent (?), at the expense of intellect and charity, gradually heap up the thousands into millions, are the scorn of the broad and generous, making it possible for Dante and Shakespeare to denounce the miser and his gold.

The knowing how is more than the having. It is not what we have outside, it is the spirit within that informs and develops the man. This it is that opens the heart and makes good humor and kindness shine in the face and vibrate in the voice. This is above wealth, above power, whether it comes from the keen thought of a Sheridan or the quaint sallies of a Mark Twain, or the salutation of the undertaker at the church door: "First the stiff, thin the frinds of the stiff, thin the pop'lus."

At rare moments a certain majesty comes to our thoughts which reveals the best, and then we feel a little more than human. The man gifted with power to write, places his thought in burning sentences before the world and cries, "This is not I, but the Spirit that rested with me and is now gone."

The poet sings and the painter reveals on his canvas what he caught from the fleeting spiritual visitor. We, of the ordinary clay, are dumb at those moments of insight, but we knew them at the time, and that day or hour blazed with color; music lay between the loops of time, and God walked near by like a friend.

This is what we reverence in ourselves. Then, when we see in the author whose book we read, the same impulse carrying him to high planes of feeling, then we realize that he is telling us our own unspoken thoughts. Just as we reverence this best in ourselves, so must we revere it in the book we read.

When David Copperfield closes the gate and goes to the beach on that awful night at Yarmouth, and sees the ship lurching heavily on to destruction, then we feel and know a little of what Dickens felt when he wrote the description.

We see in the striped oxalis, or the swaying twinflower that Linnaeus loved, or in the crimsoned leaves of the maple, beauty! beauty! Rose, daffodil, thistle, fireweed—we see their beauty. They are but the symbol of the Worker behind the Law that gave them color, form and grace. If we see only the beauty then we are sensuous; if we see the beauty and the ruler of it, then we are of the spiritual and stand on the threshold of real life.

Likewise when we read Dickens and Thackeray, Plato or Aristotle, Emerson or Carlyle, we must go beyond

the mere story or the discussion or the historic facts. We must, to read well, feel the writer. Behind Romola and Tito we must feel the presence of the master, George Eliot, teaching us the frailty and strength of human beings. We know not what of their own experience artists may put in the lives of their strongest characters. Hugo's "Les Miserables" you put down and say, "Did he make the Bishop too good? Is he the star to which I will aspire?" And turning to the "Tale of Two Cities," you wonder if a Sydney Carton is anywhere in this world?

Let us feel when we touch a book, a book we are to read, a book that we like to read, let us feel love and reverence for the author. When the book begins to make us ask, "Why did he write so and so?" then the author is probing our thought. We are more than the mere story reader. We are getting near the author, and we begin to know the secret springs that produced Adam Bede, Paul Dombey, Sydney Carton, Jean Valjean, Romola, Count Kmitka, Prince Andrew Bolskonski, and Jeanie Deans.

We have risen from the symbol to the thought of the author.

Our faults cling like ivy and soon burst through chinks in the weakened wall. George Sand, delightful in her "Marquis de Villemer," bares the skeleton when she writes "Lucrezia Floriani." Ouida is a mere butterfly, but Zola, with all his marvellous details of accident and machines, keeps us low down on earth by unnecessary blots. Hugo, Gautier, Daudet, Erckmann-Chatrian, afford us space for imagination, and what is more descriptive of an awful period than "Histoire de la Gironde," by Lamartine?

Solomon was not a reader, for although he tells us that "there is a time to every purpose under heaven," still he does not mention in the whole list a time to read. We cannot have set hours and minutes. We must be rough and angry to read Carlyle. The jagged sentences in his "French Revolution," wilder and stormier than Hugo's "Ninety-three," cannot be read while we linger on the Banks of Belleisle. Stormy, wild days are fit companions for such cyclopean phrases.

Some books can only be read in absolute quiet, in the library, where the thoughts of the great Past are ranged on the shelves. Plato's "Phaedrus" and "Apologia" are of this class. He speaks to us then and we see the great Socrates and his friends. The Roman tyrant Sylla hewed down the groves where Plato used to teach. To-day the Roman's name is but a scar on the face of history. The sword that cut down the Athenian plane trees has left no trail of light. The

words that Plato, while walking under those trees, gave forth as the thoughts of Socrates, have been eternal springs to which every student owes a debt.

The Nautilus Shell on the beach told a wonderful secret to Holmes, for which he cried out, "Thanks for the heavenly message brought by Thee, Child of the wandering sea."

The living, breathing, yet calm voice of Socrates has been cast upon the waters since four hundred years before Christ. It is the same bread of life that came from Jesus, from Paul. Let us read it in the strong Saxon tongue wherein the words appeal direct, and let us place the book on the same table with the Acts of the Apostles, to be read under the quiet influence of the private study.

'Tis pitiful how we run to adventure, such as Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Mary Johnston, and so many others. We crave for the excitement of combat and sudden death. Perhaps they are the rests in the tumultuous days of this strenuous age where competition is making machines out of human souls.

Concerts, operas, theatres, like literature, are degraded

to a sensationalism that the age demands as an offset to its struggle for food, clothes and shelter.

A few years ago readers were keen to get Haggard's books, and now they are clean forgot. Even Kipling is getting dust-covered.

It is gratifying to feel that good, clean, fresh thought leaves its trace. Dickens, who drew from the people; Scott, who knew all the folk-lore—they are still alive. Ben Ledi's "living side" is not ablaze, but we know it. Ellen's Isle, Arthur's Seat, Loch Leven, all are there. We still delight in Mark Tapley and Mrs. Harris. We see the deformed girl looking out of the window at Mugby Junction and wonder if Little Dorrit ever did live at the Marshalsea.

Our imagination is vivified to a rich glow by Scott, our sympathy is stirred to a deep tenderness by Dickens. We enjoy Samuel Lover, we laugh with Charles Lever, we despair with Swift and luxuriate with Moore, but with Dickens and Scott we become as children and are permitted to know the mysteries of the human soul. These, with Emerson, Carlyle, Tolstoi, Eliot and Hugo, are the saviours of the last century, and I hope that their mighty forces will avert the intellectual quagmire possible from the dearth of literature in this age.

We so pursue the gilded butterfly that, like Solomon, we have forgotten to mention the time to read. It is work, work, for the ninety millions in North America, less a few thousand who scarce know how to fill up their

time. As the great thinker, Emerson, said: "We were offered Works and Days, and we took Works." We had the chance last century to take both the spiritual and the material. Alas! we turned our back on the Day Beautiful and accepted the glisten of the material work.

Where are the writers, the thinkers in the United States since Emerson, Whittier, and Lowell? The age of Trusts has buried them deeply, and no one rises to take their place.

It is what we read and how we think of it as we read that ripens the fruit in our minds. We owe so much to the author and we forget to acknowledge.

The Arab follower was brought bound into the presence of the Caliph. "How dare you speak so of Jaffar?" cried the Caliph. "He was my friend, my all. These cords, I welcome them, if I can by that show the love I bear Jaffar," replied Mondeer.

The Caliph saw that death and torture meant nothing to this friend of Jaffar's, so he plucked out of his turban his richest jewel and handed it to him. Mondeer looked at it, and holding it aloft so that all could see its brilliancy, said, as he walked away, free: "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."

Let us be glad to acknowledge our debt to Plato and Paul, Dickens and Scott, Eliot and Sand, Hugo and Thackeray, Emerson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton, and that maker of gods and heroes,

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KIERSTEAD FALLS, AT BELLEISLE, KING'S COUNTY, N.B.

the divine Homer. These are some of the great ones who offer us gifts. They are silent on our shelves; they are there like "veiled and muffled figures," and are waiting for us to ask them to speak. Not in all the round world is there companionship like these, for they strike into the deep recesses of the holy of holies and we are revealed to ourselves.

The Concord sage said "Carpe diem." Yes, let us seize the moments.

On the cliff at Pisarinco, where the purple dark of the seaweed mingles with the green and white-crested waves; on the cedar-covered top of the hill at Green Head, whence you see the broad-winged boats foam across Grand Bay; in the dark shadows of the cliff that overhangs the foaming pool at Kierstead Falls on the Belleisle, no matter where, Canada, Europe or Cathay, you meet the same Trinity, God, Man, Nature.

The invitation that came to Plato as he walked in the Athenian grove is for me and you as we walk through the ravine at Hampton. The narrow river that slipped by Emerson's home invited him no more wonderfully than the Nerepis calls us as it winds from Welsford to the narrow pass at Eagle Rock.

Thus Days and Works are offered us in Canada. We will be better men and make a better nation if we accept both, seizing the rare moments to see and write of the

KIERSTEAD FALLS, AT BELLEISLE, KING'S COUNTY, N.B.

day beautiful, and working with the active hand and eye to perfect by invention those useful arts for the benefit of the whole people.

We stand at the bookstall and turn over the title pages, "The Forge in the Forest," "The Golden Dog," "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Sky Pilot." Out of the first two we recall nothing. Out of the last come rippling back the mosaics of the cliff where the South sun had made green and beautiful the mosses and ferns. For a moment the author had lost his audience, and, in writing to himself and not to the "gentle reader," he had written to an "eternal public." The veneer of Latinity, style and what not, was pierced, and through the profusion and variety of scenes we got at last to the heart of the writer.

What a doubt there is about Thackeray! In all his creations, not one splendid woman to stand as a type for young women to emulate; not one high man, such as Cimon or Marcus Aurelius, Bright or Gordon, to be a type for British youth. He pictures a Pendennis who is not too admirable, and a Becky Sharp over whom tuft-hunters and debutantes wonder. Without any definite aim, without any real, royal anger at social life,

and just because he likes it, Thackeray unfolded in a most natural way the social life of the Georgian period.

Who is benefited and who hurt by these volumes of pleasurable raillery and descriptions of English life of the eighteenth century? No one; for we see at once that the novelist simply told the tale, and having no strong feelings for high development of national life, he failed to put a real, high character in any of his books. He had not been hurt by the laws, luxury or vices of the nation. He liked to talk and to write. No mighty anger ever touched his pen or forced the "pent-up Utica" of his soul to speak by means of the novel to the forty millions in Britain. He only wrote for the few who liked the tenderly laid-on stripes, for the fashionists who read gaily these milder lashings of his amiable pen.

But what of Dickens, who wrote to and from himself, and has gotten an "eternal public"? He knew of the wrongs in the average school, and wrote his "Nicholas Nickleby." He felt a deep anger as he surveyed the circumlocution of the government offices and the red-tape officialdom fattening thereon. He had a broad love and wish to aid those hundreds who waited at Chancery Court doors; and thus we have "Bleak House," with "The Man from Shropshire" continually calling out "My Lud," and forever being m to sit down, and poor little Miss Flight, with h roll of papers.

Think of his love for the people and his Christian anger at the law's delay—at the much-diluted charity of the poorhouse, at the Pecksniffs and the Bounderbys, at all cheats and hypocrites. He did not vituperate in the titanic language of Carlyle, nor did he use the mild, gently didactic essays of Smiles. Touched with this compassion, torn with this anger, he wrote to himself and from himself to you and me—the "eternal public." There was no limit to his horizon. It was God and man—not the three Estates, but only one Estate, the fourth Estate—humanity. Thus Dickens lives to-day, and everywhere are hearts in sympathy with "Little Nell," "Little Dorrit," and with Florence and Paul Dombey.

We look in vain for this in our Canadian novels. Gilbert Parker unfolds his story of "The Seats of the Mighty"; we read on to the very end and then realize that it is written to please; written not from a great anger or from a great love.

Roberts' story "Do Seek Their Meat From God," in which the two panthers, searching for food, are killed, and the two cubs in the cave die of hunger, is well told, and opens up the question of the right to existence. This tale does not, however, attack any tap-root, nor vital human law. It is the story of a writer who has no thought for those aimless tides of human life which are moving on, on.

How differently did the great Tolstoi write in his effort to aid the poor, and to prevent the powerful few

from battening on the millions who knew not their strength. This Russian prince, so angry at the spoiler, and so tender toward the despoiled, tells the story, "Where Love is, There God is Also." After the several acts of kindness, the little old cobbler, unknown and unhonored, who has yearned to see Christ on this special day, when the legend says it was possible to see Him, sits in his chair half asleep. A voice wakes him, calling "Peter Alexandrovitch." He starts up, to see the face and form of the little old woman to whom he had given the shawl, and as the picture fades, the voice says, "Peter, Peter, did you not know it was I?" Again he hears the voice, and he sees the face of the younger woman to whom he had given the warm socks, the boots, and the hot tea. Again, as the picture fades, the voice says, "Peter, Peter, did you not know it was I?" A third time he starts up and sees the boy with the bag of apples, and the old woman, going off together, made happy by him. Again the voice says, "Peter, Peter, did you not know it was I?" In the morning the shutters were not taken off his shop-window, and inside on the bed lay the body of Peter Alexandrovitch, with a smile on his face, for surely he had seen Christ as He passed by. Thus from his love of the people and his hatred of wrong, Tolstoi wrote for the good of the great people and not merely for the pleasure of the few.

Canada's literary horizon should widen to this scope, so that her men and women will scorn to merely amuse the idle rich who laugh and chat at Murray Bay and the

other resorts. Out of the fires of the Civil War of 1861-5 came the songs and stories of what promised then to be a great nation of the highest democracy; but, alas! the influences of the "dollar" have in twenty years turned them from that future looking then so fair.

Let our literary horizon widen beyond the sensuous and the mere aim to amuse. The art of writing is higher than that. George Eliot put in the last chapter of her finest book, "Romola," all the ethics for national and individual life. Canadian writers must, in their novels, do more than portray the beauty of scenery and the variety of social life. They must see in the novel or story means to a great end, means by which they can stimulate readers to live to a high Canadian ideal.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" did much to tear up the roots of slavery, for it was the outcome of a deep compassion.

Great political questions, such as "One Marriage Law for All Canada," "The Building of a Canadian Navy," these, with the social life at Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, and the life of the factory, farm, and mine workers, these conditions of life and these great political and religious questions are in the hands of our thinkers and writers. The time is not merely to please and to amuse. The time is come to write of these things with a royal anger at those who barter the people's rights for personal consideration, and to write with a royal love for the people who sit, and suffer, and stir not.

ESSAY VIII.

ART AND CHARACTER

"A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds."

—*Clay.*

"O, human face where the celestial gleam
Lingers! Oh, still to thee the eyes of men
Turn with deep questioning worship, seeing there,
As in a mirror, the Eternal Light
Caught from the shining of the central Soul,
Whence came all worlds and whither shall return."

—*R. W. Gilder.*

"Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

—*Coleridge.*

Art and Character

THE nineteenth century closed and the twentieth century opened amid universal applause given to commercial activity. Years ago, before Lincoln warned the people to beware of the crushing power of trusts, before the oligarchy of coal, iron, oil, cotton, and railroads controlled the activities of the United States, a caustic writer, under the pseudonym of "Pluribustah," closed his satire with a picture showing "Young America," grown to manhood, expert in billiards, cigars, and whiskies, lying flat, with an immense silver dollar covering his body from neck to hips. Prone lay the man "America" under the Almighty Dollar.

Pluribustah's prophecy is not yet true of the United States, but late political events make it fair to say that the commercial wealth of that country has so grown, cancer-like, into the character of its people, that material success is the only standard which they acknowledge.

Manual skill to make things, brain power to effect vast commercial designs, keen-sighted intellects to plan transport lines of steamers or railroads—it is this kind of power which we in Canada also stamp with the title

of "Sir," and earn the scorn of writers like Ian Maclaren, Barrie, and others.

This bargaining ability and this power to concentrate forces, which make millionaires of a few whilst keeping multitudes down in the old unlovely, toilsome drudgery, were hated by Dickens, scorned by the fine thrusts of Thackeray and Carlyle, and pitied by Stevenson and Emerson. The railroad and steamship magnate struts like a second Colossus of Rhodes, and the envious world falls down before the wheels of his chariot.

This universal applause to success in getting mere dollars has evolved among this class a scorn for the fine arts, or rather for the artist himself. To them the poet, painter, sculptor or musician is a paid performer. "I took fifty thousand dollars from the million made in my land deal with the government, and I paid it to Hanson for those pictures," says Sir Tom Noddy, as with a sweep of his hand he shows the walls of his elegant mansion.

What usually is the impelling force that makes a poet, a musician, or a painter? Did any youth ever yet write his first poem or song, or outline his first landscape, and think only and mainly of the money he would make by its sale? No sordid influence ever stimulated the thought of Longfellow, Whittier, Wordsworth, or Burns. When Giotto wandered among the Italian hills, it was the love of form that made him reproduce on smooth rock or board the animal life that he saw.

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ELFIN FALLS, KENNEBECASIS RIVER.

The laws of trade are based upon selfishness; the laws of art sprang from the effort of man to represent in poem, sound, form, or color, that beauty which his soul had seen and comprehended in the natural world. The one is born of the mere animal which fights to get the most food, and crushes all in the way. The other is born of God, and uses the man as an instrument whereby to show truth and beauty. To the first this twentieth century gives its titles and privileges, heralds its coming and going. It agrees with Nietzsche, Spencer, and Comte, that there are only a few great intellects; all the rest are but slaves and servants.

Trade scorns the writer of verses, because the poet gets so little money for his rhymes. Trade also scorns the artist—the man who depicts the October forests and sunsets, or who draws the lines of a child's wondering look as it starts out of sleep to see again the strange world of trees, river and sky. "What petty work is this compared to mine!" says selfish Trade.

An interpreter of sound hears one night the whisper of the north wind through the pines. Over the distant hill comes the round yellow moon, and floods the pines and the river—the waves lap along the shore, the light-house gleams away beyond—up from the quiet of the cove comes the constant rush of a fall tumbling into the pool at Moss Glen—across the river, from the low island shore, calls the loon, and the lonely cry of the bittern marks also the silence of the night. The hills with their

thousand eyes of oxalis, violet, and anemone, are closed in their June sleep, while faint wreathings of mist fold over the fir-trees on the lower slopes. The thinker sees this. Aye, more, he feels it. Then, for a moment, out of the depth of the soul comes the song. To the poet it comes in words, to the musician in sound—he tells the story of the hills, the bittern, the loon, the sinking silver crescent, and the trailing garments of mist. He, the poet, has to write; he, the musician, has to sing. No selfish thought touches the sacred words or notes. Be it poorly or well done, it is inspired by the highest.

We have the poor rich man and the real rich man. The degradation of this century is this worship of wealth for the ease and luxury that it can bring. Cimabue finished his picture, and the people carried him in triumph through the streets of Florence. Canada is too commercial to yield such honors. Therein lies our danger. Mere flesh and blood, even though hardened to iron, can never fix and create a great and permanent nation. Washington, Lincoln, Whittier, and Emerson! Will their influence cope long with the spirit that hesitates to keep solemn treaties? Even the blood and iron of Germany cannot keep that nation permanent if its material quest make her forget her Rhine, her singers and her poets. These are safeguards against a base, sordid materialism that would apply the yardstick to, and ring the metal on, all merit.

We must have deeper meters than that in Canada, else

our national existence will disintegrate. Hand in hand with the material wealth must go the wealth of mind that called forth the true leaders and formers of national life. The poet, the painter, and the musician—these are seers and prophets in whom the fire, the divine lamp, is still kept burning.

Woe for the day when that lamp is extinguished! When a man looks at the stars, sees the great whirling Bear in the blue depths, sees the tidal forces lifting in mighty throes, watches the tiny seed send forth its twin leaves and at last expand into a beautiful flower; when he looks into the human face, thought to thought, eye to eye, and says, "All this is the outcome of Chance; there is no God," then he should die and be forgotten.

Likewise when a nation believes that commerce and manufactures and agriculture are the sure and only basis of nationhood, and that the poet, the painter, and musician are but the playthings of wealth, then that nation will not be able long to live. Its very wealth, not tempered by the arts in their highest sense, will soon make it so arrogant that the whole structure will topple and be lost to civilization, as Egypt, Persia, and Rome were lost.

The color-tone in the north window in one of our Canadian churches has always suggested a sage green, or perhaps a delicate moss green. Its effect would be comforting to me were it not for the grim and fearsome-looking faces of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Even the pallid face of the Christ is more like a slayer of mankind than a Saviour of little children.

These very unlovely faces of men who spoke so lovingly of Jesus and the people are not compensated for by the rich colors of their robes. Always when I look at these three figures I think of the cruel giant who said:

> "Fe, fi, fo, fum,
> I smell the blood of an Englishman.
> Be he alive or be he dead,
> I'll break his bones to make me bread."

The artist who conceived these faces must have lacked sympathy. How could he give such a geometric face and head to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"? He has portrayed Him like a lion of Judah carrying a lamb.

What would Holman Hunt think if he stood before this figure that awes rather than inspires? Edwin Arnold, in his poem where he tells the story of Buddha, could not have pictured a stern-visaged Jesus or a warrior Buddha.

Oftentimes, unknown to us, the influence of colors

ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N.B.

affects deeply. But much more influence on us has the human face. It is hurtful to have the Bible stories repeated to us as the vengeance of an angry God, but to have nineteenth-century artists depict the Evangelists with such forbidding and unlovely faces gives a wrong conception to the folk who see them every Sunday. If these three apostles remind me only of hungry and cruel giants, what must a child of ten think as he sees their grim, white faces in the chancel window? John, who afterwards, from Patmos, wrote his Revelation, and who was the beloved disciple, and whose beautiful face we see next to Christ's in Da Vinci's "Last Supper," even he, in this north window of this Anglican church, is unlovely. Not a beautiful expression or suggestion in the faces of these four Apostles, nor in the face of Jesus, the lover of little children.

It is a relief to turn from the moss-green-tone chancel window to the marriage of Cana, where the Munich artist has felt and gives out the influence of color and form. At the head of the table sit the bridegroom and his bride. The delicate texture of the light pink scarf around the shoulders, the easy grace of her interested poise, the uplifted hands of the governor of the feast, who refers to the "best wine until the last," the half-alarm and wonder of the groom as he sees the water has been turned to wine, are all most beautiful. Nothing gloomy, no fear of the miracle-maker. The servants are startled, but the boy pours out the wine, and,

standing near him, Mary, the mother of Jesus, bids the boy do as he is told. Notice the brilliant green of the governor's clothes and cap!

How admirable are the faces, and how suggestive of wonder are the hands of the groom, the governor, and the others! How unlike to Jesus in the chancel-window is this Jesus at Cana! The beautiful profile, the calm quiet of the face, the partly raised hands, evidently having just enjoined the boy to pour out the wine, the soft light color of his abundant hair! One loves this beautiful window for its color and expression.

Many years from now children will often think of this window with delight, and I hope they will have forgotten the gruesome, gaunt faces in the chancel.

The church, like the theatre, should give its worshippers pure, good art, and not a disturbing picture. Better to leave out angels, apostles, and even Jesus, than give portraits that alienate and almost terrify. The gifted orator leaves spaces which are to be filled in by the imagination of the audience. The finest picture is not always what the scene is, but rather what the scene suggests. A theatre that shows Jesus, Luke or John in the guise and garb and with the gaunt faces found in this Anglican church-window, would have small audiences. Faces indicate character. We expect these Evangelist features to show fervid devotion to Jesus, sorrow for His death, and a desire to aid in spreading His teaching. Who could recognize in this John that

Seer of Patmos who wrote Revelation, or in Luke that scribe who thought out and wrote so much of the New Testament?

I like that saying of Emerson's, "The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."

Albrecht Durer has much the same thought. Ruskin also tells us that the character of a man is seen in the quality of his work. Some might cite Byron as an example to refute the above principle, but the careful reader of Byron must admit that the "Swan of Albion" rarely forgot that it was Byron who was writing.

The character and depth of feeling in the picture and poem are measured by the character and depth of feeling in the poet and painter. As he sees into the mysteries of God, life to come, and Nature, so will he be able, like Dante, to soar higher than the Puritanic Milton, or like the inspired Shelley, to surpass the beautiful but sensuous and sensual verse of Byron.

With this thought let us enter the Cathedral and see how the artist who conceived the stained windows understood the character of Mark and Matthew in the eastern,

and Luke and John in the western, windows. We do not care to look at the pallid faces of St. Dominic or Saint Andrew, we prefer to see how he treats the four men who wrote the Gospels. From the chancel window a glory of light comes through the soft peacock-blue, the Tyrian purple, the tender green, the sunset gold, and the deep rose-reds of the robed figures high above and back of the altar, giving a new glint to the stern, obdurate face of Peter. Color, color, golden yellow and emerald green, blending and falling, touching here and there the crossed hands of a girl in prayer, and adding a new lustre to the grey hairs of an aged worshipper.

Look at the first window on the left as you walk up the left aisle, and there, like a thoughtful but determined thinker, stands Luke. The artist knew the man; had fought out some of his battles, and had tried to comprehend his rough-hewn pathway. The downward look, the thoughtful air, the pen and book, show the writer, the apostle, and the lover of his work. The green robe is set off by the rich gold. How fine is the texture of the steel-blue border shown in the folds as the deep red of the under-garment appears!

Next to him is John: not the girl-youth of Da Vinci, but a strong-hearted, full-throated John; the man who dared to see God and His angels at Patmos, and who would have dared to die for his Lord. The uplift of the head, the hair in masses falling well down to the neck, the tint of flesh color showing beauty and strength. His

THE CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN, N.B.

garments are red and gold, with beautiful blue tracery along the edges. The colors, beautiful as they are, escape our notice, so much are we taken up by the splendid poise of the uplifted head, and the evident unconscious thinking of the young mi[illegible]. He stays the pen in his hand as if waiting to write the inspiration that renders him unconscious of all worldly matters. A grand, heroic figure, a lesson to every eye. Ready to battle, to write or to serve, the youth John, like the guarding knight on the Karls-Brucke at Prague, is ready to defend his religion and his Master.

Just opposite are Mark and Matthew, strong, redoubtable, well-defined faces, men of action, soldier and statesman, yet both bear the pen. Nothing grim, or fierce, or cruel. No "fee-fi-fo-fum" suggested by their faces or action. Simply followers of a great Prophet, bound to Him by chains of love, and determined to carry out and spread His Gospel. Their robes also have the same steel-blue bordering, beneath which are seen their unsandalled feet. These are the four Apostles. The Western sun floods over them. The rich tones of gold and green, Tyrian purple, and crimson rose lift them up out of the present into the past of nineteen hundred years ago. These figures which the foreign artist has set before the throngs that worship in the Waterloo Street Cathedral, were the fishermen, the labor men of that old Jewish time. Not grey, gaunt, hungry faces, devoid of love and only creating fear, but deep-hearted, sympathetic men

of that day, who from their fishing, tent-making and other duties, went forth to teach the new doctrines of love and service, to follow in the footsteps of the Carpenter's Son, and humbly, reverently and devotedly, to feed His lambs.

The highest work, whether in the common arts or the fine arts, is only attained when the artist discovers that he is turning the ordinary raw material into useful and beautiful objects, or portraying in picture or poem, those things which waken our sense of truth and beauty. These two classes of workers are truly creators, and to the degree that they comprehend God and Nature, are they able to do the highest work.

POEMS

"GOD AND THE DOUBTER," AND OTHER POEMS

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

—*Tennyson.*

God and The Doubter

Upon His high-arched crystal throne the Father sat:
On either side before a book of many leaves
A white robed figure stood. One bore a look of grief,
Yet tinged with hope. Th' other, no depth of bitter pain
Had known, and beams of light shone from him far around.
The sad-faced one, with drooping head and folded wings,
Caught the soft sliding of the restless, thronging feet
Of all the souls that hurried up the crowded aisles;
The sorrow of their fate dwelt in his steadfast eyes;
Dark shadows lingered on his grave, majestic face,
O'er which gleamed rays of Hope that made him beautiful.
The other, glad, as if for praising he were born,
Lifted his shining face, and, far beyond the throng,
Saw that future life on broadening steps attains
An equal, common goal for all humanity.
His pen, of purest pearl with gleaming diamond point,
Lay firmly poised within his clasping, thoughtful hand
To write the names of those who sought and doubted not.
The covers of his book were ivory, creamy white,
And sapphires lay encrusted on the edge thereof:
Within, the leaves all marvellously golden, showed,

In tiny lambent flames, the names that he had writ;
Indelible 'gainst Time they stood—eternal fires!
But he, the sad-faced one, held with a patient touch
A rod of sombre agate, pointed, gleaming red.
His larger book showed heavy ebon polished sides,
With lines of gold that burned along the thickened edge:
Within, the pages white as billowed mountain-clouds,
Displayed long lists of black and red; whilst some there were
In mingled gruesome tints, that showed where sullen hues
And shades of lives had left their stains upon the page.
His fingers leaned not lovingly upon the rod
Of sombre colors; oft, when gliding spirits came
And spoke their names, they seemed reluctantly to write,
As if quite loth to do their God-appointed task.
Then on his face one saw a light flash quickly up;
Like waves that play, caressing, on the curving beach,
So spread that light of love, as if the human whole
Were garnered by this angel's soul unto itself.
Oft was it thus, and spirits crowding near, wond'ring
And thankful for the upraised surer face of him
Who held the pearl, could scarcely see that other form,
Whose sterner task was often conquered by his love.

* * * * * * * *

As when through branching pine or silvered poplar leaves
The south wind breathing, fills the wooded, lofty aisles

With gentle rustling, so there came a murm'rous sound.
A soul, with steadfast eyes and upturned beaming face,
Amidst the parted waves of other souls, came slow.
The mother of this soul for many earthly years
Had, jointly with the fathe thoughtful care bestowed.
Such influence had this on the gentle trusting child
That she had grown to sweet perfection; now her soul,
With naught of stain, moved slowly to its shining home.
Her name was whispered; then it fell within the book
Of gold, and glowed with light from diamond-pointed pen.
Then came a sigh, as when a restless, moving deep
Sends forth a note of strange and saddest melancholy.
He, of the agate-colored bar, with Hope half hid,
Looked down the crowded aisles and saw the moving form
Of one whom Earth called Doubter. Slow, with downcast eyes,
This soul moved up and on till near the angel forms.
His name is said.—Both pens are lifted as to write;
The pearl tint gleams and wavers o'er the golden page;
The agate bar lies poised—th' expectant sign to see.
Then, through the vaulted, star-set roof and columned arch
There came a vibrant sound that thrilled the waiting throng—
'Twas such a note that held Elijah's fearing heart.
"And did you not believe in my great love, my son?"

The angels closed their mighty books of Good and Ill,
And with bowed heads at this, the Father's holy voice,
Stood half amazed and glad. Hope, that had faintly dawned
To him who wrote within the ebon covered lids,
Now shone, a great full-orbèd star of longing joy.
The mute, expectant souls that lay beyond the aisles
In ranks of thousands, gazed upon the newer light
Of his uplifted face, and breathed a glad "Amen."
He saw the age of blind belief and creeds sink down,
And in the new horizon brightly gleamed the star
Of faith in God and love for all humanity.

* * * * * * * *

"My Father, O my Father!" spoke the questioned soul,
"I could not walk Thy court 'till I had learned the way.
I trusted Thee, and trusting, could not doubt Thy love.
I knew these 'altar stairs' led up. I tried to climb.
Some proffered aid, but I did doubt the book they gave.
It told of cruel wars and deeds by Thy command
That made me shudder—Well I knew Thou gav'st it not.
Beneath the ordered stars that rolled in ceaseless flight
I wrestled with the well-taught prayers and creeds of youth.
Within the silent pulses of the darkened wood
I fought severest battle. Thou, my Father, know'st
How close the prayer I used to babble as a child
Enwrapped its trustful love around my youthful heart.
I could not take eternal hope and future life
From books.—No, I must feel it, everlasting,—true.

And thus beneath the measures of Thy power and skill,—
Those pendent spheres that gleam around me in this space,
I sought for Thee.
Ofttimes my tired soul would weary of the search,
And groping, fall upon itself, exhausted, faint.—
Amid the dropping, pointed stars, I'd gaze and gaze,
As if my spirit, searching, wandered out to Thee.
Perhaps it did,—for moments came of joy too great
To last more than a minute's space of breathing awe.
And that was fullest rest, completed faith in Thee.
I tried to go the easier path the church had taught,
But could not iterate the cruel words they said
Were Thy just anger.
In all the wondrous woods, the sea and stars, I saw
The mystery of death and life. I knew not how
These many complex things were so ordained and made,
But knew they were in kindness sent, and not in hate.
And so I did put back the book reached out hy those
Who called it 'lamp' and 'light,' and sanctified by Thee;
And said, 'I doubt the law you preach, but not His love.'
Yet ever through the days, my childish lesson cried
Within my breast; I stumbled, but, upheld by Thee,
I groped yet blindly up the stairway, here, above,—
And now I know, my God, that Thou indeed art Love."

* * * * * * * *

The angels raised their heads (their joyful shining eyes
Mutely expectant caught the message mutely sent)
And moved like glinting sunrays down the breathless
aisle;
They clustered round the form of him who just had
spoke;
Their spreading, sunny wings arched o'er the doubting
soul;
And thus the three passed slowly through the moving sea
Of spirits crowding all the spaces of the hall.
Into the light that compasses the Father's throne
The doubting God-taught soul had safely found his own.

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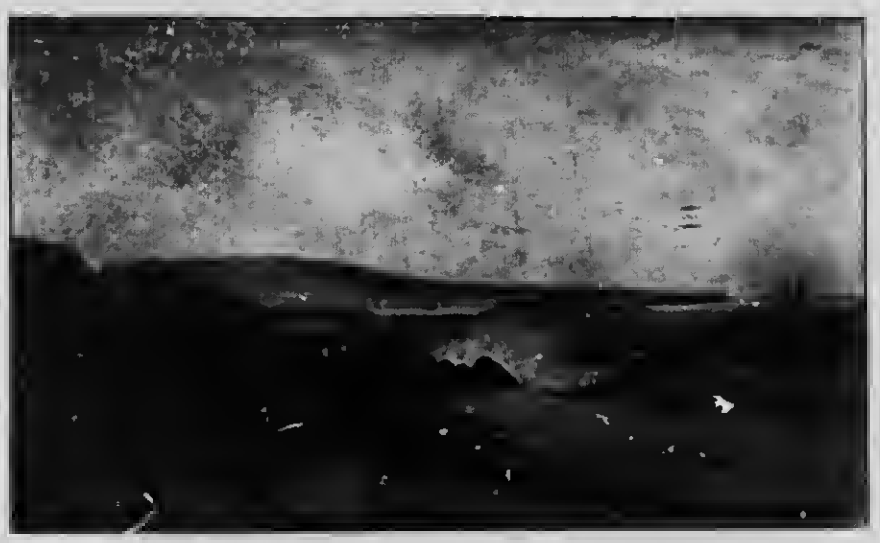


FERNLEDGES, BAY SHORE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Low Tide at Bay Shore

WHEN, out beyond the rocky, bouldered shore
The tide creeps slowly to its ocean bed,
And rests a space before it turns again
To test its strength on rock and shifting sand,
'Tis then I love to wander on the beach
And steal the secret of the sea shell's home:
Watch the pink seaferns in their safe retreat
And wonder at their color and their form.
The jutting ledge fronts on a shore of sand;
The sea lies faint a hundred yards away
And utters now no signal of its strength:
The great, round rocks with seaweed covered tops
And roughened sides of barnacle's gray mail,
Sphinx-like, recall, half buried in the drift,
The riddle of their past and future lot.
The sand all ridged and hard with patting waves,
Presents a course for Atalanta's feet.
I slip along the edge, where darkened caves
Three hours ago were booming with the seas
That rolled tumultuous up against their sides.
Close to the amber, seaweed-crested top
Of one huge ledge, an emerald basin lies;

Fringed with the purple, waving, moss-like ferns
It ever keeps its seagreen purity.
Its sanded depths reveal the seafern forms
Whose arms trail darkly green from rocky sides.
The mussel shells lie thick along the edge;
Held to the light their color seems dull gray,
But dropped within the clearness of the pool
They undulate in falling, and reflect
The pink and purple of the finest pearl.
Like jewels on the sanded depths they lie
And shoot forth rainbow tints between the lanes
Of pendent ferns, and purple trailing dulse.
The crested ledge with grim and shaggy front,
And roughened majesty of sea-worn pride,
Holds in its arms this harmony of hue.
So lies in many rough and rigid hearts
A hidden grace that needs the tender word,
And straightway that which seemed so dull and gray
Beams with the colors of awakening day.

Light and Love

Every boat has its errand,
And carries light on its sail;
Every life has its message
Of joy or burdening wail.

The light on the boat-sail dies
With the sinking of the sun;
But human love-light lingers
Long after the years are done.

At Partridge Island

(St. John, N.B.)

At night, when from a deep sea, slimy ledge,
The moving tide creeps slowly to the edge
Of some vast rock, whose mighty bulk hangs o'er
A sounding cave, the depths reveal a shore
Of furrowed sand, where colors gleam like eyes
Of freshly dew-dipped stars from azure skies.
Shadows of trees slant on the moving deep,
And ever midst the lanes of light, they keep
Their darkened arms as if enwrapped in silent sleep.

In swaying locks of amber, green and gold,
The seaweeds lift, and from their rocky hold
Stream out into the bands of silver light.
Within the sounding cave, eternal night
Holds court from sun to sun; no Triton's horn
Along its walls e'er winds a note forlorn.
Far off the ever-lifting, ceaseless seas
Fill the great void with gentle harmonies,
Prompting the soul to sweet yet sad soliloquies.

PARTRIDGE ISLAND, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Sunset on Nerepis River

THE sun sinks down in his glory
  And purples the clustering hills,
The shadow from Douglas Mountain
  The calm of the Nerepis fills.

Over the crest of the Eagle,
  Deep gathering mists are afloat,
Their cold, white arms, outspreading,
  Hush the redbreast's liquid note.

The silver thread of the river
  Still winds its way to the fall,
Leaving the emerald meadows
  For the rock whither eagles call.

Th' anemones' pink-white petals
  Curve upward with close of day,—
Violets, yellow and blue and white,
  In slumbering clusters lay.

Night that had hid in the fir tree
  Moves silently over the field;
Its sable wings rest on the flowers,
  Which drowsily fold and yield

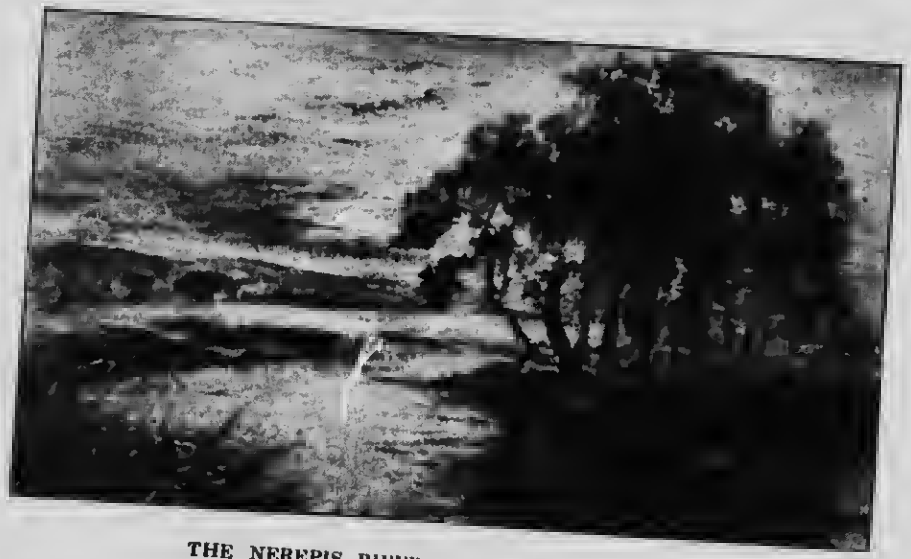
To the pointed shadows creeping
  Over river and hill and bank,—
They fold their petals in silence
  And wait in their modest rank.

Wait till the dews of the night air,
  With breath from the distant bay,
Enwrap them with pearly dew-drops,
  And night yields its throne to the day.

The gate of the sunset is still
  Enveloped with crimson and gold,—
Purple and black and deep purple
  Are the cloud-banks fold upon fold.

Along clear lanes of shell-tint,
  Near a shore of a vaster sea,
Float isles joining earth and heaven
  In a wonderful harmony.

And just where the horizon ends
  In a rim of fiery red,
A final radiance shooting,
  Repeats that the day is dead.



THE NEREPIS RIVER, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.

The day is dead, but the gladness
Of the spirit within me cries,
This is a day of rejoicing,
And its perfumes ever shall rise

To sweeten the path of sorrow
That all of us have to tread,
And to ease that bitter anguish
When they tell me my friend is dead.

My friend has journeyed beyond me,
Leaving her trust as a guide,
And ever that strong trust clasping
I walk to the fast flowing tide.

And oft when the western horizon
Is rimmed with its flame of red,
I think of that Nerepis Valley,
And that day which never is dead.

Westfield Woods

In dewy banks the May buds lie;
The ragged vine trails up the hill,
The spruce and fir dark arms entwine
O'er clefts where shadows linger chill.

The yellow seal 'twixt lily leaves
Shoots up its long and thick green stalk,
Wind flowers whiten mossy dells
Whilst you and I in reverence walk.

Faint rustling of dead leaves repeat
Whispers of the last year's glory;
Not yet the petals of the rose,—
No asters tell the harvest story.

The harebell keeps its tender grace
Of swaying blue till later on;
Twin-flowers ring their fairy bells
Of sea-shell pink till June has gone.

SCENE AT WESTFIELD, ST. JOHN RIVER.

Alders hang out their russet green,—
  White poplars sway their red-capped flowers
Before their rounded leaves are seen.
  May clouds have brought refreshing showers

Which start the buds on maple trees,
  Whilst gnarled and twisted ashen arms
Unfurl their solemn purple balls,
  Dark index of the later charms.

SCENE AT WESTFIELD, ST. JOHN RIVER.

The North Wind

I RUSH keenly forth
From bonds of the North
With breath of sweet-scented clover;
O'er the western plain
'Mid sunshine and rain,
I race in my freedom—a rover.

I break into shreds
Of finest spun threads
The pearly-white banks of the clouds;
And whip them along
With my lash so strong
Into skeins that weave into shrouds.

I breathe soft at night
For flowers' delight,
And spread the fine gauze of the dew;
And when morning's gold
The petals unfold,
My diamonds vie with them in hue.

On sweet twin-flowers
I breathe in the hours
When earth's rim is circled with gray.
On fields of red clover
And hillsides far over
I race in my wild, roving way.

Th' anemones bend
When they hear me rend
The pine-trees crowning the hills;
But, brushing their banks
Of white, modest ranks,
I leave them secure by their rills.

I revel for hours
'Midst poppies and flowers
That dance 'mid the wheat and the corn,
And marigolds bright
With sweet "bees' delight"
Breathe perfumes by me to be borne.

I level the seas,
Whose wild harmonies
Beat fiercely on Fundy's broad bay,
And hold back the surges,
Which ever chant dirges
For those who wait God's final day.

Then, like a strong child,
Fierce, petulant, wild,
I leave the high cliffs of the Bay,
And, whitening the sea,
I lash my steeds free—
They toss their proud heads and away.

I make the foam dance;
My green coursers prance
And race where the "Wolves" loudly rave,
And lastly I crash
With thunder and flash
On Menan, the brave sailor's grave.

But my anger's not long.
When my fierce sea-song
Is ended, I break into smiles,
And ripple and laugh
And strew the sea chaff
Along the high beach in quaint piles.

I sway the pale pearls
And the green-gold curls
Of seaweeds that fringe the rough ledge;
The voice of the sea
Chants soft melody
As I float over wild rose and sedge.

OLD GREY FRIAR, CAMPOBELLO, N.B.

The ocean and shore,
The forest's rich store
Of motion and music divine
Are folded in sleep,
While I vigil keep,
Close locked in the boughs of the pine.

Looking Backward

Memory, like moss,
Wraps itself round the roughened trunks of Time,
Whose branches cross
And interweave the merry wedding chime

Of early days,
With sadder tolling of our riper age.
Stray, slanting rays
Of Hope creep slowly on life's darkened page.

Within these shades
We walk through columned arches to the goal,
Where darkness fades
Before the flood that lifts the trusting soul.

Memory's soft hands
Cast a fine halo o'er the knotted path.
Her trailing strands
Enshrine the Father's love, and not His wrath.

The spectral shrouds
That held us long in doubt, now turn and change
To sunset clouds,
Where rests our Faith in sight of broader range.

Memory's key
Of finer gold unlocks the battered gate
Of mystery.
We turn, and o'er the narrow path of fate
We gaze, and see
'Twas God's decree.

The Open Field

THE Persian sits in the circle devout
And chants his praise of the rose,
Bowing his head with reverence due
To the beauty its petals disclose.

But give me the breath of the open field,
As I roam the hills far over.
Give me the breath of those fragrant beds,
Where blossom the red and white clover.

Japan may sing of her lilies of gold,
And wave her branches of cherry,
As her children throng on the festal day,
With flowers, and songs so merry.

But lily and cherry and red, red rose,
Don't quicken the heart as you roam;
'Tis the breath of the field, the clover sweet,
That brings up the picture of home.

Can I ever forget that last long day,
When I stood on the bridge 'neath the hill?
The fir-trees dark, the poplars gray—
The race flowing swift at the mill!

Little I recked, in my boyish pride,
What became of field and river,
As I watched the sun-rays dance and gleam
Like darts from a golden quiver.

Daisies trembling like silvery stars,
And buttercups gleaming in gold!
With clover sweet in the open field,
And the smell of the Earth's brown mould!

Could I but stand on that bridge again,
And watch the buttercups sway
And dance with the daisies' silver wheels,
As they danced to me on that day!

O! give me the breath of the open field,
As I roam the hills far over;
Give me the breath of those fragrant beds,
Where blossom the red and white clover.

Hope and Doubt

GREEN and gold are the isles of trust
  That float with the rested thought,
Dark and drear are the isles of doubt
  From sorrow and anguish wrought.

Sunset colors flood to the line
  Where the sky curves down to the sea,
But darkness hurries with sable wing
  To enshroud both the land and me.

Green and gold are the isles of Hope
  That float on the distant sea,
Dark and drear are the isles that doubt
  Calls up from eternity.

Crimson and pink the shell tints gleam
  On the curves of glistening sand,
Where the isles of Hope to trusting eyes
  Show the pearls of the promised land.

Soft grey mosses cluster along
To the sharper edge of the hills;
The full-orbed light of moon or sun
The depths of the valley fills.

Flowers are blooming in those isles
Where storm-clouds never are seen,
And hearts stretch out their wistful hands
To those shores of gold and green.

A line of light the pathway shows
To the stairs that "upward slope,"
And thousands who own no evil taint
Press on to those isles of Hope.

Stern and dark are the isles of Doubt,
And around them tosses a sea
Fearful to many a troubled soul
When in search for its liberty.

High are the cliffs, and sharp the edge,
And ever an ascending wall
Faces the soul and bids it rise
And mount to the Judgment Hall.

Friends who started to help us o'er
The sea with its doubt and pain,
Fell by the way, and all alone
We search for those friends in vain.

The sea is crossed—along the wall
We climb over ledges and cliff,
Searching for Light, by some called Truth,
To silence our questioning "if."

Then at last, as the Spaniard of old
Saw spreading the calmer sea,
We, having reached the topmost doubt,
Place our Faith in Eternity.

Neptune's Daughter

In the pearl-hued cell
Of my spiral shell,
Deep down in the folds of the sea,
I lie half awake,
And watch the waves break
On the reef points angrily.

Through the green and gold
Of the depths untold,
The rush of the surges I hear;
Whilst the shiv'ring crash
Of thunder, and flash
Of lightning bring pleasure, not fear.

For I'm the daughter
Of mermaid's laughter,
And the child of an Ocean King;
'Midst purple mosses,
Where seaweed tosses,
Did I from the white foam spring.

I joy in the storm
That veils the fair form
Of the earth and the sea in night,
And I laugh to scorn
Those creatures earth-born
Who tremble and stare in their fright.

I mount to the sky,
And see the fixed eye
Of the Bear looking calmly down;
And then I sink far
And see but one star
That shines ever bright in the Crown.

"Ha, ha," then I sing,
And the glad waves fling
A reply, for I am their child.
"Those lights in the sky
Are nothing," I cry,
"To the gleam of my caverns wild."

In the manifold
Hues of green and gold,
Which encircle my shell of state,
I wrap my white breast,
And silently rest
Wherever my wish may dictate.

My serpentine walls,
Unlike those great halls
Of the Greek which tumble and crash,
Are veined pink and white,
And stand in the light
Of Heaven's wild thunder and flash.

The lightning's swift fire
Turns soft by desire,
And slips through the sea to my bed;
The moon often falls
Through ocean's green walls,
And lovingly circles my head.

With those yellow pearls
That hang like soft curls
On the great, mailed rocks of the shore,
I deck my full throat;
A necklace they float
Such as knew not dark Egypt of yore.

They sway on the sea
In sweet melody,
As soft as the kiss of a wave,
And slowly I sip
From each golden lip
The nectar that goddesses crave.

In the furrowing white
Of a ship's swift flight
I laugh and shout, and I sing,
And wreathe my long hair
In the phosphorus glare,
I'm the child of the Ocean's King.

For I'm the daughter
Of mermaid's laughter,
And the child of an Ocean King;
'Midst purple mosses,
Where seaweed tosses,
Did I from the white foam spring.

Imprisoned

I WALK within the quiet of the woods;
Beneath the huge-limbed arches of the oak
I seek for peace.
Its knotted arms lift far beyond my reach
And weave a lofty vault whose depths in vain
I try to pierce.

Along my way the sunlight in scant rays
Mottles with moving shades the leafy mould.
Sweet silence reigns.
A gentle murmur of faint lullabies
Breathes with the rustle of the poplar trees.
The forest stirs.

Then through the darkened crests of pine and fir,
Swaying the silken arms of clustered birch,
The south wind sweeps.
The wood-boats lift like cormorants, and rush
In foamy fury through the silvered blue,
Leaving no trace.

I see the river-shore o'ertopped by hills,
And watch the circling hawk with pinions spread
  Seeking its food.
Tree, river shore and hills are wardens grim
That compass me about and lock my fate
  In valleys drear.

The south-wind blows its damp about my hair,
And in its tones I feel the far-off Sea
  Calling, calling.
I long to hear the wild, tempestuous fling
Of God's great element upon the ledge,
  And watch its power.

I know the joy that fills the sailor's voice
As the stout ship, tearing apart the seas,
  Bears bravely on.
I see the clouds change into islands rare,
Lifting their rosy peaks in lanes of gold
  That slowly fade.

Those far-off isles in painted silence lie
Ever before my yearning, searching thought,
  Imprisoned here.
While shining down the far horizon's verge
Forever slides the coiling, giant Sea,
  Awful in strength.

ead

BRANDY POINT, ST. JOHN RIVER.

The south-wind blows, and through the varied tones
I hear the dash of surges on the beach,
Fierce, rolling high.
I know that underneath the white foam-flowers
Lie cruel pointed thorns.—I also know
That I can die.

The Vengeance of La Tour

In the Spring of 1645, Sieur D'Aulnay Charnisay sailed from Port Royal, N.S., now known as Annapolis, and appeared before Fort St. John, at the mouth of the St. John River.

At the time of Charnisay's arrival, Charles de La Tour was in Boston; his wife, Marie de La Tour, was left in charge of Fort St. John (about one-quarter mile below St. John Falls), with fifty men for a garrison. The Fort was steadily besieged for three days.

On Easter Sunday, when the heroic defenders were not thinking of an attack, Charnisay's troops, through the connivance of a Swiss soldier (one of the garrison), scaled the walls and were on the eve of victory when the spirited defence of the garrison, stimulated by Lady La Tour, caused them to retreat again for the fourth time.

Reduced in numbers, and with part of their walls broken down, the garrison and its brave commander decided to capitulate on the terms offered by Charnisay, which were that the whole garrison would be allowed to depart unmolested.

It is said that as soon as Charnisay got possession of Fort St. John, and saw the meagreness of the defences and the small number of its defenders, he at once imprisoned the garrison, and either shot or hung them all.

The intrepid and dauntless Lady de La Tour, at sight of this treachery and cruelty, must have turned upon Charni-

REVERSING FALLS, ST. JOHN, N.B.

say and told him of his baseness, calling down upon him the vengeance of her husband.

"O CHRIST, that I were spared this awful sight!
What fiend is he, who, blacker than black night,
Commits such crime? O, treacherous Charnisay!
Now breaks my heart, in horror at this day!
When final fate shall on thee, trembling, call,
And thou dost enter the great judgment hall
To know thy lot—
Then, on thy fall, the whole Satanic brood
That watch for thee, will seize the hellish food
Of thy black soul, and, 'midst the raging flame,
Purge it of blood but get no drop of shame.
Live on, thou brute of shifting vengeful eyes.
Thy knightly life! 'tis but a book of lies.
Oh! may the avenging power of fate
So stamp my words upon thy withered soul,
No jot or tittle ever shall abate.
Live thou, and reach thy Royal fort: the goal
Attained this day, now flees thy varying sight;
For soon a sterner foe, with certain tread,
Will in thy parchèd soul stir up such fright
That thou wilt shriek for pity, and in dread
Wilt call upon the Christ. E'en as the blood
Of this dead garrison will drown your soul,
That Christ Himself turn not to stay the flood,
So will the rush of Fundy's tide enroll
And wrap thee round.

Useless thy sword, thy strength of no avail,
Thy craft in vain; no lies will save thee now—
The rocks alone will hear thy weakening wail.—
Ghosts of the murdered ones thy spirits cow,—
In vain thy hands clutch at the slippery kelp,
The far-off breakers dash with sullen roar,
No soul to pity, not a hand to help,—
Thy lifeless form lies spurned upon the shore.
Thou living dead man, know thy fate is sure,
And Fundy's wave wreaks vengeance for La Tour.
Soil not my name.
I feel my life-blood burst its narrow space,
And know that I must die,—it grows apace
This feeling here.
This, from your hated bondage makes me free,—
My fortress gone,—this death means Liberty."

Lady La Tour died within a few days after the surrender of her Fort, and some time afterwards, about 1647, Charnisay was drowned at a point between Digby and Annapolis.

Compensation

THERE is a note that sometimes meets our sorrow.
Melting our grief in palpitating joy.
There is a tone that gilds the gray to-morrow,
And makes the pure soul throh without alloy.
Behind the bow that bears the Father's promise,
A quiver, full of arrows, lies concealed:
Swift darting earthward, by great laws directed,
We feel their stings,—their purpose unrevealed.
Vibrating through the chaos of our trouble,
Light tears apart the mist of storm and strife.
The quiver's empty, still the rainhow colors
Pledge fairest peace and everlasting life.

The Flowers I Love

(*From the French of L. Collet.*)

Oh, dewy flowers!
Bedimmed by showers
  Of early May!
Your petals bear
The perfumed air
  Of spring's glad day.

Your garlands yield
To hill and field
  A brilliant glow;
On meadow bank
In modest rank
  Marguerites blow.

The fringed bluet
With frail aigrette
  Tells harvest story;
O'er rock and dells
Climb rose-pink bells
  Of morning-glory.

The bees'-delight,
With jasmine white,
  Trails glossy green;
O'er path inclining,
Its pink buds shining,
  Sways eglantine.

Periwinkle's star
Droops from afar,
  O'er cypress dreaming;
Clear brooks that glide,
See close beside
  Narcissi gleaming.

Oh, dewy flowers!
Bedimmed by showers
  Of early May!
Your petals bear
The perfumed air
  Of spring's glad day.

The Norton Road

Ever the road winds south, and either side
Is decked with flowers gay, as for a bride.
Tall Knights of Gold, their stately heads incline,
Sweeping their plumes as if before a shrine.—
Their swaying emerald stalks attest a grace divine.

O queenly flower, so rich in autumn gold!
What fate is thine, when blows the winter's cold?
Soft whisp'ring on the vagrant southern breeze,
I heard thy answer 'mid the dark-boughed trees,
Where God and Nature stand revealed;—the words were these:

"Gaily my color and my fragrant breath
I fling around thy path until my death;
Then ash and brown become my gold and green,
And the fair ferns that decked my feet between
Are smitten spectral white by cruel hands unseen."

And I, a Trav'ler on this river shore,
Watching thy charms, so soon to be no more,
Dare, though an atom on this curving space
Of earth and sky, in halting rhyme to trace
Those wayside wonders which show God is in His place.

Along the winding road in dancing joy,
Unconscious that their life contains alloy,
I see my autumn flowers shine and swing
As the glad winds their fragrant perfumes bring,
Wakening sweet days whose tender memories cling.

Fair Celandine! whose seeds in anger fly
At press of finger, and far scattered lie,
Thy fragile baskets sway in golden glow;
Across my daily dream thy graces blow,
And to my joyful walk an added joy bestow.

Far south the river winds by cliff and marsh,
And distant booms the bittern's note so harsh;
From sedge to sedge I hear the plover's cry;
On branching firs the cautious crows perch high,
Whilst o'er the hills the battled rain-clouds swiftly fly.

From the green turf close to my straying feet,
The "Traveller's Joy" its petals upward greet,
And velvet mulleins, haughty in their pride,
Bend o'er sweet ferns that cluster at their side,
And the red clover wafts rich fragrance far and wide.

Pequoquet's ridge, and Frost Hill's rugged cliff
Breast high o'er climbing spruce and fir, as if
Defiant of the winds that ever beat
Like regiments of crested horses fleet;
Or, as at Indian Isle, where tidal forces meet.

The maple lifts its crimson banners high,
And bronzèd oaks press up toward the sky,
While spectral birches, 'mid the lightning flash,
Fling their white arms around the dark-boughed ash,
In fear of whirling clouds that in fierce combat clash.

Yet ever on my pathway, smiling, glad,
I see my autumn flowers, never sad;
My asters shine in clusters, purple, white,
With spirea cones and fire-weed curls so light,
While swiftly o'er them glides the footsteps of the night.

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