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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

Women of France, bring ye the harvest in.
  Willing, you would have helped to reap the grain
Beside your men; now, where they left, begin
  That labour with your glory and your pain.

The Man of State has said to you: Complete
  The gathering of crops that lie supine.
And fields will smile beneath the children's feet,
  Who seek their mothers by the wheat and vine.

Kneeling to work, where service offers prayer,
  Bind ye the sheaves on wide, deserted farms;
And, with your gestures of bereaved despair,
  Load high the grain with tense, lamenting arms.

One, in the vineyard—silent, who had sung—
  Plucks the pale grape, and dreams on yonder cloud,
New from the East. What sign has Heav'n out-flung?
  White victory-wings, or the dead lover's shroud?

She who has vowed her strength to make a man,
  Unborn as yet, strong to replace his sire,
Gleans in the sun and will not stop to scan
  Over the valley, smoke of foemen's fire.

The harvest shall come in, the grapes be prest—
  By one who still may call on Christ to save
Her soldier, and by one whose aching breast
  Fed the cold mouth, dust-clotted in some grave.

O faithful to your blessed womanhood!
  Bread for another's child, though yours be stark:
Wine for remembrance of beloved blood:
  The day for strain and sweat—tears for the dark.

So!—until France lay down the votive sword,
  And, having spent her souls to fight and win,
She garner peace,—proclaim the vaunted word:
  Women of France have brought the harvest in.

MARY LINDA BRADLEY

THE DAY OF WRATH

ONE question at least is settled: When England is at war, Canada is at war. If the slightest doubt still lurks in any mind, one look around will dispel it. Writers and talkers have worried themselves over this problem, and wearied their readers and their hearers with their writing and their talking. For one whole session Parliament discussed the difference between "shall" and "may," and left the question in its original obscurity. The session which opened on August 18th, required only four days to vote a war credit of fifty million dollars, because the baffling question had solved itself on the instant by the hard touchstone of reality.

Just because Canada is at war when England is at war, thirty thousand Canadians are under arms at Quebec voluntarily to go over-seas and do whatever British soldiers may be asked to do. They are eager to proceed to the field of action; and thirty thousand more are clamouring to take their places so soon as these move forward. This is the equivalent of an enlistment of half a million men for the two British Islands, one per cent. of the population, precisely the ratio which Lord Kitchener set.

The master key to this fundamental problem having been found, all subsidiary problems will solve themselves without argument and without talk. We will fall into our political place automatically, and having fulfilled our duty we shall be adopted into the number and made partakers of all the privileges of Empire even as we are sharers in its obligations. It is a little early to divide the skin before the beast is killed; but when this ravening beast of Europe is skinned this will be our share of the spoil, if we do our part.

It is too early also for one who puts on the harness to boast himself as he who puts it off. As soldiers these volunteers may not be more efficient than the circumstances

warrant, but we have given the best we had, which proves that the heart is right; and that cannot be neglected in the final summing up. If the war only lasts long enough all needful training of their bodies and minds will be added in due season. Fifteen years ago, when the various contingents were going forward to South Africa, it was all for the aid of the mother country. To-day it is to fight for the Empire, of which we have suddenly come to realize we are an integral portion.

These things being so, the day of the writer and talker is gone by. It becomes us to have our hands upon our mouths, and make way in silence for the soldier. Not that the writing which has been done these years past, especially upon these pages, has been of no effect, but that the thing has been accomplished and everything has been said which can be said. There is war enough in Europe and in the newspapers without filling these sombre covers with its clamour; and yet a few final words may be permitted as a postlude to all that has gone before.

We are living in greater days than the days of Pitt, but we are so inured to war, so surfeited with the horror of it, that we fail to realize the full force of the environment which surrounds us. That can only be reconstructed by the poets who in future times will reflect upon these events. We are all veterans now. Most of us have fought through six campaigns in our chairs or in front of the bulletin boards, and now a dumbness has overcome all but the hardiest writers. Everything has been written. It is recorded in the scriptures of the Hebrew prophets and in the Revelation of St. John the Divine. Anything else is impertinent, and it would be a mark of nice taste to discontinue the publication of this periodical; And yet there is truth in the saying: haec olim meminisse juvabit. Those who come after us will have a legitimate curiosity as to the manner in which we conducted ourselves, and the reasons we put forward for our own justification and for the conviction of the enemy. They will wish to know

something about our state of mind. To that end the present record may be useful.

There has never been in Canada any enmity towards Germans. They and their descendants form a not inconsiderable portion of our population. They have joined with us in the development of this country. We have eaten at their tables. Their children have married with our children. In the universities they have been our colleagues. Many educated Canadians have studied in their schools, and have come back profoundly influenced by their insight and industry. Their science we have adopted, and their literature we have made our own. Their consuls were models of deportment, humane, cultivated men, whom one was glad to include in the inner circle of one's friends. Those who knew Dr. Lang will understand what is meant by these sincere and calculated words. Nor can we call religion to our aid as an incentive to hatred. Germany is no more Protestant than Canada: it is Catholic to about the same degree. There is no blood feud, since Canada is largely Teuton. There is no family quarrel, since Canada is largely Celt. And yet we will not draw back until Germany is destroyed; and Germany will not draw back until its destruction is complete.

This resolution has arisen from a clash of ideals. It is a war of civilization; that is, to determine whether the military or the civil method shall prevail. Our opinion is that the human mind thrives best in a civil atmosphere. The German opinion is that the way must be cleared by the sword. We insist that our ideals require only free play, that they shall make their way by reasonableness and winsomeness. The Germans have their ideals too; and they are convinced that they can best be propagated by force. Their whole doctrine is summed up by the late Mr. Cramb, formerly Professor of Modern History in Queen's College, London, in his lectures on Germany and England. In dealing with the writings of Treitschke, "the prophet of young Germany, the prose poet laureate of Bismarckism," as quoted by the *Spectator*, Mr. Cramb says: "Treitschke has defined the aim of Germany,

and Treitschke's definition, which has been taken up by his disciples, is this: That just as the greatness of Germany is to be found in the governance of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind, in a word, of the German character. This is the ideal of Germany, and this is Germany's rôle as Treitschke saw it in the future. For, observe, this world-dominion of which Germany dreams is not simply a material dominion. Force alone, violence or brute strength, by its mere silent presence or by its loud manifestation in war, may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual. The triumph of the Empire will be the triumph of German culture, of the German world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics, and social endeavour. The characteristics of this German world-vision, the benefits which its predominance is likely to confer upon mankind, are, a German would allege, truth instead of falsehood in the deepest and gravest preoccupations of the human mind; German sincerity instead of British hypocrisy; Faust instead of Tartuffe. And whenever I have put to any of the adherents of this ideal the further question: 'Where in actual German history do you find your guarantee for the character of this spiritual empire; is not the true rôle of Germany cosmopolitan and peaceful; are not Herder and Goethe its prophets?' I have met with one invariable answer: 'The political history of Germany, from the accession of Frederick in 1740 to the present hour, has admittedly no meaning unless it be regarded as a movement towards the establishment of a world-empire, with the war against England as the necessary preliminary.'" To ask us to be silent witnesses of this is to ask us, as one of our own has said, to witness the tall subaltern Life to Death yield up his sword—without a struggle.

There is not the slightest objection to a nation or a race having its ideals. That is a condition of its existence. The Lowland Scotchman has the ideal of economy; the Jew of

acquisitiveness. All we demand is that they shall be economical or acquisitive within the law, and that they shall not attempt to impose their ideals upon us by force. The German may be as idealistic as he likes; but he shall follow the method allowed to the Scotchman and the Jew in propagating their ideals; and in the slow effluxion of time what is good in them will be made manifest. We shall see to it that he will not enforce his ideals upon the world, if those who now live upon the earth are to be murdered as a preliminary measure.

It is somewhat the fashion for apologists of Germany to explain that the German Government and the German people are two different entities. They must in that case explain how it comes about that so admirable a people could endure a government of which they disapproved. The truth is that the government has always had the enthusiastic approval of the savants in its every adventure of war. They were as violent against Napoleon, against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870, as they were against England whilst the present storm was brewing. Professor and philosopher alike have extolled war, not alone as a means but as an end in itself, as "the extreme felicity of mankind." They raised the mailed fist and shook the scabbard once too often. They have taken the sword in their hands. Let them perish by the sword.

It is only upon a very superficial view that the German kaiser, apart from his people, is held responsible for this war. It would be just as sensible to blame for the war of Austria upon Servia the school-boy Gavrilo Prinzep who, on that Sunday morning in June, assassinated Francis Ferdinand. Individuals do not make war, although they may help in creating a state of mind which makes it inevitable. The kaiser and the school-boy were each the product of their environment. There is always a tendency for him who sits in the temple to imagine that he is the god. The adulation of the worshippers is responsible for that perverted state of mind. The fault lies with the German people. The English

have always been quick to check this apotheosis. Indeed in two or three cases they were obliged to go to extremes, and in one case at least they demonstrated for all times and peoples that a king has a bone in his neck like any other man.

War is a science and an art. Like any art it must be practised to be learned. Like any science it is an affair of experience. In the science and art of war the Germans are amateurs. Previous to August 3rd, no living German had heard a gun fired in anger, except in massacring Herreros, and in rounding up Boxers as part of an international force on the way to Pekin. There may be amongst them a few old men whose memories go back forty-four years to 1870; but any experience gained at that time would be worse than useless: it would be misleading. They have theorized so successfully upon life,—if success lie in imposing their theories upon their neighbours,—that they applied a similar method to war and expected a similar result. In this game they are mere amateurs, professors, pedants, superficial, pretentious, egotistical. Overwhelmed with conceit and disdainful of experience, they blundered into war with two powers which have just been hardened in the fire, and with another which not so very long ago emerged victorious from one of the hardest campaigns in history. The truth is, the Germans were defeated before they began to fight. They were weighed down by the theoretical perfection of their armour. They were helpless because of the grandiloquence of their minds, because, in short, the task which they imposed upon themselves was impossible. Their opening was according to the dictates of the war spirit, if not in accordance with the law of God. Then they blundered. Now they are playing themselves into fools' mate. One may foresee the end. No one can say when the end will come.

The cause of the war lies much deeper. It must be sought eventually in the psychology of the people themselves. There is about the German a quaint simplicity. He retains something of the characteristics of the peasant. He never loses his rusticity even in urban surroundings. The peasant

by very reason of his cunning is incompetent for large business. An immediate advantage seems so important to him that he is blind to the implications of a trick or an unfair bargain. Let the buyer be careful. He does not keep his word. A man who swears to his own hurt, and does not change, is in a category of whose existence he is entirely ignorant. His conduct is governed by his estimate of the consequences of it, and not by any sensibility to right and wrong. If he were told that there was such a thing as right and wrong, that honesty was the best policy, his heavy jaw would fall; and in his astonishment he would let his pipe drop out of his mouth. He is quite ready to do wrong. To attempt to repair the wrong when his point is gained is, in his ethics, an atonement of which only a good man is capable.

In spite of his high-sounding title, the German Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, was exactly true to his peasant origin when he acknowledged before the Reichstag that he had violated the neutrality of Belgium, and declared: "The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached." To him it was the supreme and only virtue that they should attempt to hack their way through: Wie er sich durchhaut. A solemn engagement was merely a set of symbols written upon a scrap of paper. Who could be such a fool as to fight about that ?

A peasant in the horse-market will do very well chaffering by word of mouth over a trade. When his dishonesty is discovered he is unabashed and quite willing to enter into a thieves' bargain with his intended victim at the expense of a more guileless neighbour. When he comes to deal with experienced persons he has no difficulty in writing himself down as a rogue for all the world to see.

The great feat of Sir Edward Grey and of Sir Edward Goschen is just this: they compelled, or rather allowed, the Germans to prove to the world that they were rogues and fools at the same time. The record is contained in the second White Paper. It is a favourite method of dealing with

blackmailers, to allow them to put their proposals in business form; and now the Germans stand convicted before the world. The Paper is not without its own grim humour. The British Ambassador called on the German Secretary of State, Gottlieb Von Jagow, and inquired whether Germany would refrain from violating Belgian neutrality. Herr Von Jagow at once replied that he was sorry to say his answer must be "no," as in consequence of the German troops having crossed the frontier that morning, Belgian neutrality had already been violated. Herr Von Jagow again went into the reason why the Imperial Government had been obliged to take this step, namely, that they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavour to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life or death for them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads, and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would mean time gained by the Russians for the bringing up of their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was the inexhaustible supply of troops. The argument was excellent, but the alternative, to keep the peace, never occurred to them.

In the afternoon the Ambassador called on the Imperial Chancellor, who began a harangue which lasted twenty minutes. He had been informed that the British Government would require adequate assurance that day, that they would proceed no further with the violation of Belgian territory, and that they would respect the engagement to which they had set their hands. The Chancellor said the step taken by Great Britain was terrible. Just for a word, "neutrality,"—a word which in war time had been so often disregarded; just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation, who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. What they had done

was unthinkable. It was striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against his assailants. The British Ambassador protested strongly against this statement and said that if, as he was informed, for strategical reasons, it was a matter of life or death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate her neutrality, it was also a matter of life or death for the honour of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement and do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked. A solemn compact, he said, had to be kept, or what confidence, he asked, could any one have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future.

In the words of the White Paper: "The Chancellor said, 'But at what price will that compact have been kept? Has the British Government thought of that?' I hinted to His Excellency as plainly as I could that fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking a solemn engagement." The whole story is contained in these few sentences.

In the great world the peasant is continually conscious of himself and anxious about the appearance he makes. For that reason the average German will stand still in the street and look at the reflection of his face in a little mirror which he carries in his pocket. If the inspection is not satisfactory he will do his best to improve himself with the help of a little comb. To show how much at home he is in the world he becomes noisy, rough in his movements, unnatural, and therefore ill-mannered, since all men by nature are quiet and kind. The Germans are incapable of understanding that, beyond a certain point, the friction engendered by aggressive action must not only check advance, but end by creating a resistance which is apt to develop into violent reaction. A spirit of domination provokes revolt. It is the habit of all parvenus to push and jostle for a place, and if it is not yielded readily, their feelings are injured, and they become truculent. Long years of this conduct produced its natural effect. Enemies were created, who at length were

quite willing to meet force with force, and heap upon this outlaw nation the universal wrath and curse.

The peasant, again, is essentially stupid, even when he is intelligent enough to accumulate facts. This passion for facts has been the undoing of the German. He mistook his catalogue for knowledge. With German thoroughness he ascertained how many horses there were in England, how many ships, guns, and men; how many pebbles there were on the beach, and how many blue beans it took to make five; but he knew nothing of England, of its principles, prejudices, and whims. Much less did he know Ireland, and as a result the right moment was exactly the wrong moment.

Foreign minds cannot understand England. They are never done wondering at her stubborn determination not to be forced into action. Their wonder is increased to amazement when the right moment has come, and they see the promptitude with which she is aroused, and the resolution with which she proceeds, entirely oblivious of the scruples which restrained her and the hesitancy with which she began. It would be of great advantage to foreigners if they could obtain a formula by which they might discover the flashing points of English passion. They have seen it slumber during clamour when it should have burst into flame; they have seen it flash in reaction against some unpremeditated operation on the part of an unsuspecting rival. The Germans might have learned a lesson from her conduct when she broke into a fury of flying squadrons, because their kaiser sent a simple, well-wishing telegram to his friend: but they did not. The English mind is above logic. It is sentimental, passionate, quixotic for the right.

The most faithful portraiture of English life is that which is contained in *Punch*. For that reason it is studied in every continental chancellery, and of course misunderstood, because it tells the exact truth. It is easy to imagine a bespectacled German, with heavy posteriors confined in his half-round chair, poring over the first issue for August, and copying into his note book: "In newspaper columns appear

stirring pictures of populace thronging the streets and stoning the soldiers as they march back to their barracks; of volleys fired in defence and reprisal; of men, women, and children falling dead or wounded in the streets,"—"threaten to dissolve compact between Irish Nationalists and His Majesty's Ministers,"—"Lord Bob suggested that Ministers should be hanged,"—and then this:—"liveliest interest at Question-hour aroused by discovery that persons employed in business of peeling onions are exempt from payment of Insurance Tax;" and this after news had just arrived that Austria had declared war against Servia! How could any one, this official might well ask, take so absurd a people seriously. In the succeeding issue of *Punch* officialdom might read the words of the leader of the Opposition. "Whatever steps the Government think it necessary to take for the honour and security of this country, they can rely upon the unhesitating support of the Opposition."—"Premier concluded statement with casual remark that to-morrow he will move a Vote of Credit for one hundred million pounds sterling."

It would then be too late for German officialdom to profit by this reading. The crime was already perpetrated. By all the rules of continental diplomacy the moment had arrived. The English army officers had been in revolt at Curragh camp. The Secretary of State for War had fallen. His place was taken by a pacific old gentleman named Asquith. A whole party explained the conduct of the Ministers by various theories, that they were asleep or had become demented; that they were serious traitors or flimsy crooks. The very women had gone mad; and the Government was too feeble to restrain them from arson, outrage, and murder, or even to stop their screaming mouths. Ireland was divided into two hostile nations. Each side was importing guns from Germany in glee for the conflict, and the English navy was powerless to prevent the treason. The soldiery had fired on the people of Dublin, and the commanding officer was dismissed. The very King himself in the most solemn manner which is possible to his high office declared that civil

war was in the mouths of the most responsible and sober-minded persons in the kingdom, "amongst whom," added the Prime Minister, "I may perhaps include myself."

Precisely here the misapprehension occurred. The German kaiser mistook their mouths for their hearts. They did not fight; and a nation which was so dilatory about shedding blood, he might quite reasonably conclude, had no blood to shed. He did not understand the inveterate capacity of Irishmen for play-acting. When the books are opened and the inner history of this war is read, it may well appear to the Germans that this Irish stage was deliberately set for their deceiving and their undoing, a peculiarly humorous method of recruiting two divisions in a country where conscription is disliked, and turning them into an army corps for the common cause. It will be then no matter for wonder that foreigners consider the Albion perfidious. The English will not do what by all the rules of reasoning they should do; therefore they are hypocrites. The Germans are entirely logical because they are inexperienced, and without the higher intelligence of the heart. By observation they discover that a tree increases in height by a certain definite number of centimetres each year. They conclude that the tree will eventually pierce the sky, and they proceed to cut it down. They forget that the Power which made the tree made the sky too.

When the peasant gets on in the world his ambition is to found a family. A dynasty is the family of a king. Through it he becomes immortal, and perpetuates the character of a god, which he has assumed. In Europe at the beginning of the war there were only two dynasties, the Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern. The Romanovs are excluded since Russia is in Asia; for Asia, according to the saying of Metternich, begins on the Landstrasse—the eastern suburb of Vienna. A dynasty will do very well in Asia. That is the justification of our great ally, Russia. Europe means law; Asia means arbitrary rule. Europe means respect for facts; Asia means the purely personal. Europe is the

man; Asia is at once the old man and the child. One of their own has said it. The Tsar in time of war announces that he is about to repair to the sanctuary of his fathers to strengthen his soul; and his people understand what he means and what he is about to do. The essential error of the German kaiser was in mistaking Europe for Asia. If the Tsar made a similar miscalculation he would meet with a like resistance.

The dynastic idea ruined Austria long ago, and it is now about to bring ruin on Germany. All these things are recorded in the book which Mr. H. Wickham Steed has written upon the Hapsburg monarchy. Mr. Steed has been correspondent of *The Times* since 1902, and before that was correspondent of the same paper at Rome and Berlin. He is at once historian, philosopher, and journalist, which means a man of education, experience, and sense. His book illuminates, as by a lightning flash, the whole political geography of Europe. It demonstrates that in a country which is cursed by a dynasty internal problems are never dealt with on their merits, but are treated tentatively from time to time as the interests of dynastic foreign policy may seem to require. Wilhelm II has imitated his illustrious brother Francis Joseph, and both are now involved in a common disaster. The State is something greater than the dynasty which aims to rule it, but a State which is content to be governed by a dynasty deserves to perish.

From the time of John till the time of James the Seventh, a period of four hundred and fifty years, there was civil war in England because kings would not keep their word. But the foolishness of those men worked for the righteousness of God, and from that day till this there has been peace. Nations will learn from this war that they too must keep their word, and that the law for a king is the same as the law for a man.

It may be that, perhaps after all, God really does know what He is about, and that war, as well as peace, forms a place in His universal design. It is only now that one per-

ceives how dreadful those days of peace were: the whole world sunk in sensuality and sloth, where only the feebler vices and the meaner virtues could thrive in the stagnant and fetid atmosphere; the whole creation perishing in its own exhalation, emanation, and excretion. For this corporate sin and misery war is the only cure. It never fails to come in the hour of need. By this means alone shall we be delivered from the wrath and curse. We shall either sink or rise. Already there are signs of an increasing hardness of fibre, a sense of well being, a feeling of relief from softness, and of deliverance from the adscititious and unessential. The woman who kept four servants, and now keeps two, is rejoicing in her new freedom. She experiences something of the relief which came last winter when the opera season was at an end, or last spring when she breathed the open air of the country. A fool's paradise is a poor place after all.

There are worse things than war. The government of Ireland has been settled by it. When on August 3rd, Mr. Redmond assured the Government that they might forthwith withdraw from Ireland every man of their troops, and declared: "the coasts of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by our armed sons; for this purpose Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join hands with armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North," the calumny that Irishmen might under any circumstances fail in their duty was at an end. His voice was heard across the sea, and Irish opinion in America signified assent. Freed from the distraction of the Irish voice, America is at last enabled to heed the call of her own, and that peace which has endured for a century will become eternal. At the moment her Government is scrupulously correct in its attitude of neutrality. The press and people are so intent upon retaining a perpendicular posture that they incline to our side.

Just so soon as business and financial interests decided that war was at an end because war was not worth while, the war broke out, since not all the "worth whiles" of life can be expressed in terms which those interests can compre-

hend. Up to the present we in Canada have enjoyed all the benefits of war, and have suffered few of the discomforts. For years we had struggled against an industrial and financial system which was making headway in spite of all resistance. We were face to face with a situation from which the United States had just emerged successful. Our cities were growing at the expense of the country. The factory and its twin-sister, the slum, were firmly established, and pirates in the guise of immigrants were taking possession of the land. The exploiter, the promoter, the dealer had fastened upon industry and were bleeding it to death. At the first breath of war the whole fabric of speculation came to the ground, and we are free once more. The parasite stands revealed. Honest householders are enabled to proceed on a reasonable basis, since economy may now wear the cloak of patriotism and the vestment of charity. There is now a reason for denying to our children articles of luxury, which had become to them articles of necessity. Waste has given way to thrift, ostentation to austerity, idleness to work.

The fabric of that fictitious industry which we have been erecting so sedulously these thirty years past has also gone down. Factories are closing, some as a precaution against loss, some because their owners are already ruined. Industries native to the village and the country were torn up by the roots and transferred to the city. By encouraging we have destroyed. In the era of public poverty that is to come industry will be left to itself to find its proper habitat; and constituencies will be free to vote as they please, uninfluenced by the expenditure of public money. There will be no more contracts: therefore, no more corruption; and political life will be purified as by fire.

When this war is over our citizenship will be no longer an anomaly. We shall be British subjects, nothing less, nothing more. There will be no divided allegiance to "England" and Canada as suits us best at the moment. This principle will apply to all whose lot by chance of ancient wars or by their own volition has been cast with

ours. The race question will be settled, and no race will be permitted to segregate itself for the purpose of making government impossible, save with the consent of the racial leaders, as good government in Montreal is now made impossible by the racial leaders of the French.

Many things may occur between this fifteenth day of September, the time of the present writing, and the first of October when it will be open to be read; but without venturing further into the dangerous field of prophecy, since in war anything may happen, one may entertain this assurance:

> It is not to be thought of that the flood
> Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
> Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
> Hath flow'd . . .
> That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
> Should perish, and to evil and to good
> Be lost forever.

THE EDITOR

THE COSSACK GOES TO WAR

From the Ruthenian

O whither goest thou, O my heart?
Thou sayest that we twain must part.
What of thy vows to guard and cherish?
Without thy love, alas, I perish.
Say what dire chance divideth us,
Or dost thou plan to fool me thus?

Nay, Sweetheart, weep not—love me.
Come close to my heart.
I'll come back, as God is above me
(O Love, my Love thou art!)
In the fall of the year, if God so please,
When the leaves fall from the cranberries.

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

VAL CARTIER CAMP

A CIVILIAN would be well advised to keep away from the military camp at Val Cartier. He might witness sights which would offend his sensibilities. He would be sure to see men with sodden boots, wet clothes, and no great facilities for drying them. The civilian can choose his own day for an outing. The soldier who enlists "for a term of one year, unless the war last longer," is bound to meet with rainy weather.

But if the visitor is a person of stout heart and resolute fortitude, he would do well to choose some such day as Sunday, September 6th, when the rain fell to a depth of two inches and the temperature hovered in the vicinity of fifty degrees. If he were of a sympathetic disposition, he would experience a certain pleasure in suffering with others those hardships which he did not feel. Such suffering is easy to bear; indeed, sympathy is a ready means of self-indulgence.

Having endured this torment which he had voluntarily inflicted upon himself, the civilian might return to the Château Frontenac, set his garments to dry in his bed-room on the appliance which radiates steam heat, clothe himself afresh, and dine at his ease. After dinner he could, with no great difficulty, discover a group of friends willing and eager to discuss the progress of the war. If by this time he were not surfeited with camp life, he could return next day, when he would find that the rain was yet falling. It was falling all night whilst he was asleep in his bed.

Let us now reverse the position, and put the soldier in the place of the civilian from the time he left Montreal, we shall say, on Saturday night until he returned on Tuesday morning, omitting only such time as was spent in camp. The soldier at eleven o'clock would climb into his upper berth, and descend in the morning in the mephitic air of a car which had

been slept in by twenty-four persons, men and women. If he had the courage to wash himself, instead of the running water in the free open, he would find what every one finds in the smoking-room of a morning. Being merely a soldier and not a politician, the upper berth would be his portion, rather than a drawing-room or even a special car.

Arrived in Quebec he would proceed to the Château Frontenac, which he would find crowded and understaffed, for the season had been dull, and it was not really worth increasing the service for an emergency which might not recur. A hotel is like a bank. There is plenty of gold when no one wants it. There is none when all come to claim their own. But a bank will frankly refuse a customer. A hotel will take him in, and take his money, and let him be satisfied with what he gets. A hotel makes its own legal tender.

The early morning in a crowded hotel is the servant's hour. He can make amends for the indignities he is compelled to suffer in normal times when visitors are free to go or to stay, and rooms must be filled. Our soldier in search of a room is taught his place with slow insolence. Besides, the tradesmen of Quebec, by alacrity in taking advantage of their opportunity, have earned for their city a bad preëminence. By the time the soldier has reached the railway station at Val Cartier after his journey from Quebec he longs for his tent. He understands the plight of the martyr who was raised up in Chicago and exclaimed: "Take me back to my comfortable cross."

For the soldiers are very comfortable. Their tents are new and dry. The ground is yielding sand, and makes an excellent mattress. Blankets and ground sheets are abundant. The food is excellent in quality and in cooking. No man need go hungry. The bread, butter, jam, meat, and vegetables are quite as good as can be purchased in any city market. The water-supply might arouse Montreal to envy. There are shower-baths available for every detachment—available, that is, when women choose to keep out of the lines.

The first impression one gets of the Camp is that one has suddenly come into a new world of extraordinary politeness. It is not because he has come from the Château Frontenac by way of the Canadian Northern Railway. The politeness is not relative: it is absolute. There is a quiet courtesy between man and man, between officer and officer, and on the part of both towards each other and towards the visitor. If he wanders into forbidden territory,—for the soldier is entitled to the privacy of his lines as the civilian is to the privacy of his bed-room,—the sentry will turn him aside with such gentleness as one might exercise towards a wandering child whose feet he was setting on the right path.

The next impression one gets is that of efficiency,—everything is so simple and so admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is intended. The way of washing, the means provided for cooking and serving the food, the scrupulous cleanliness, the perfect sanitary arrangements, the order, the good humour,—to witness all this is a joy for those who love simplicity and hate ostentation.

It is a new experience to come into a world of men, as this Camp is, a world of youth, and strength, and beauty, to be rid for once of the weak, the old, the ugly, the sickly. The men one knew are changed in a few weeks. They have lost their smoothness of features, their indifferent expression, their easy or careless manner. By contact with reality they are even in this short time beginning to acquire a cold politeness, a brevity of speech, a contempt for softness. It is not too much to hope that so many of these men as are spared to return will bring back into civil life something of the military virtue which they will have acquired.

Compare such a body with another gathering in the open during the same week, namely, the crowd at the race meeting at Blue Bonnets,—business men in search of excitement, touts alert for money, panders and harlots in pursuit of their prey, and you will wonder why it is that the shrapnel is for the soldiers and not for these.

It is easy for an old man devoid of military experience to advise a young man to enlist. Many young men require no advice. They enlist at once from a variety of motives, from a spirit of adventure, to avoid the irksome tasks of civil life, to free themselves from care and the conventions which civilization has erected. When a man enlists he casts his burden upon his country and offers his life as the reward for bearing it. If he is cold or weary or hungry or wounded it is none of his affair. He has no further responsibility for his life or for his death. Others, again, enlist because they have no family ties, or to sever ties which have now begun to gall,—an easy kind of divorce for which the alimony is drawn from the Patriotic Fund. The motives are very mixed.

There is yet another type of man whose case is different and more difficult. He is, we shall say, a young engineer, a graduate of a university, of sound physique, of some means, and with quite a definite place in the world. If he had entered the militia some years ago, he would now be an efficient officer, and his way would be plain. But, having neglected that duty, his only avenue to service is through the ranks, and it is not made any more attractive by the reflection that his position is due to his own fault in not having qualified himself in times of peace to engage in war. He is well aware that his officer may be a young man who in civil life serves him with books or gloves at the counter, a man, so far as he can see, without soldierly spirit, and no accomplishment save some elementary knowledge of drill. He may have heard that the manager of a hotel near Val Cartier owned by a railway company wrote to headquarters protesting against the visits of "privates." He may have heard that criminals are being released from prison on condition that they too join the colours. With a crook for a tent-mate and a clerk for an officer the prospect is not alluring.

For this anxious enquirer the only guide is experience; and it does not at all work out at Val Cartier in the way he anticipates. There, as elsewhere, birds of a feather flock together.

In one tent were to be seen eight men, all of them university graduates, who found themselves companions without any premeditation on their part, but probably by the contrivance of their officer. In the ranks are many young men who last winter might have been seen paying fifty cents for a drink to assuage their thirst after their slow, sensual strutting at the Ritz. Their officers to them are no more of an incident than when they appeared at opposite sides of the counter. Presently they begin to discover that there is in every man, whether he be clerk, crook, or "nut," something of the soldier, and in virtue of this they all meet on common ground.

No man, not even a university graduate, unless he is a poet, can fathom the heart of his fellow-man. The very quality which, unrestrained, gives a man the courage to break the law, is the very quality which makes a soldier. A Judge of the Supreme Court once recommended a farm-servant to me in the highest terms; and added to the category of his virtues the further recommendation, that the man had spent two years in the penitentiary.

One who is himself a university graduate, a soldier, and a poet, who laid down his combatant majority to serve in a medical capacity, and is now so serving at Val Cartier, once spoke in these pages for "the little clerk" who now finds himself an officer:

He wrought in poverty, the dull grey days,
 But with the night his little, lamp-lit room
Was bright with battle flame, or through a haze
 Of smoke that stung his eyes he heard the boom
Of Blücher's guns: he shared Almeida's scars,
 And from the close-packed deck, about to die,
Looked up and saw the *Birkenhead's* tall spars
 Weave wavering lines across the Southern sky;
Or in the stifling 'tween decks, row on row,
 At Aboukir, saw how the dead men lay;
 Charged with the fiercest in Busaco's strife.
Brave dreams are his—the flick'ring lamp burns low—
 Yet couraged for the battles of the day
 He goes to stand full face to face with life.

Nor does the non-commissioned officer present any difficulty, if only he is understood. He is an artist, and has a passion for teaching his art. His vocabulary is limited, so he is compelled to express himself in few but expressive words. An artist will wince when he sees a wrong line. A musician will rend his garments if he hears a false note. The non-commissioned officer is wounded in his soul by disorderly movements. University students will understand him, for he is a professor too. There is no man in the world whose rights are so well defined as those of the British soldier. No officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, may touch his person with so much as a finger, and if the man makes a complaint or charge, that complaint or charge will be investigated with a thoroughness which is inconceivable in civil life. To face such a charge is the last ambition of an officer, for the soldier is merciless when his self-respect is at stake.

No Canadian need worry that he is too good for the ranks. He will find before him men just as good as he is; and yet this question of enlistment for the rich young man—that is the young man whose livelihood does not absolutely depend on his own labour—is not easy. It is not easy for a man to save his soul. It is on record that another rich, young man to whom a somewhat similar problem presented itself did not find it easy, and he was very sorrowful because he was very rich. It is the privilege of every British subject to enlist, and the way ought not be made so difficult. There ought to be universal military service, so that all would have an equal chance, the rich with the poor. The advantage of war is that it provides a reason for military training. The danger of universal peace is that the whole world would become like Montreal during the race week, or like Toronto when the Mendelssohn choir is about to sing. And Val Cartier is a school for manners. If half the money which is spent on public schools were spent on military camps, and attendance made compulsory, Canadian boys would be better mannered, and better educated too. Any one who is interested in education should visit Val Cartier.

The Camp is a wonder of efficiency and management. It is not a miracle, since there are no miracles in war; and it would be a miracle if an organization perfect in all its details could be called instantly into being. The military authorities were face to face, and are still face to face, with the problem of doing in days what is the work of years. Their success must be judged from that point of view; and their success is marvelous, if not miracullous.

One example will serve. Through the camp runs a river. It divides the terrain into two unequal parts. The river must be bridged. The width was a hundred and twenty yards. To convey to Canadian town-dwellers an impression of distance, terms must be used which they can understand. The length of this bridge, then, was to be a little longer than the "Hawthorne" at the Royal Montreal Golf Club, about the distance of the "Punch-bowl" on the old Toronto links, or only a little shorter than the fourteenth hole on the new, probably about the same as the "Redan" at North Berwick when the wind is from the East. The obvious method, obvious, that is, to one who is saturated with the Canadian method of erecting public works, would be to give out a contract for building the bridge. As an after-thought, or by a sudden inspiration, the task was entrusted to the Engineers who were then in camp. In four hours infantry troops went across. In eight hours the bridge was ready for the whole Division, and fifty-three guns were sent over as upon solid ground. Illustrations equally striking could be drawn from the other services.

Criticism is not detraction: adulation is folly. The people of England, as the *Spectator* assures the military authorities, do not desire that the army should be its own historian, the judge of its own cause, the critic of its own strategy, and the inspector of its own hospital arrangements. We do not desire that either. The time for comment upon the Camp at Val Cartier is now, before anything untoward happens, so that when the inevitable does happen it will be received by the public mind not as a calamity or a crime but as the ordinary result of the

exigency of war. Such criticism, however, must be guided by a discriminating eye and informed by a sympathetic mind.

Excess of zeal is the most venial of all faults. Our danger is that zeal may outrun discretion, that in the earnest attempt to atone for errors of omission in the past we may commit errors in the future. Every enterprise imposes its own limitations, and after a certain point difficulties increase in a geometric ratio until an impasse is reached. It was a physical impossibility to provide for all the men who appeared suddenly at Val Cartier, arms, great-coats, boots. In retrospect it would appear to have been the part of wisdom to keep the men in their home towns or in the armouries until the necessary equipment was provided. At the review on September 6th, the men stood, or marched, in the autumn rain for four hours without great-coats. The officers were in no better plight, since they with proper spirit denied to themselves a comfort which was not available for the men.

Troops must be hardened, but in this, as in most affairs, there is room for judgement, and men do not go into camp for purposes of display. In addition, the men at the time were undergoing inoculation against typhoid fever, and for some reason the reactions were especially marked. Any civilian who has been vaccinated will understand what it means to be exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and compelled to undertake heavy exertion when the subtle poison is working in his system. These men are volunteers. They volunteered to do the full duty of a soldier, but not to expose their wetness and sickness to make a Quebec holiday.

Men can be replaced. Human life is held cheap in these days. Horses cost a hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece. and are hard to come by. One cause of regret in the camp was seeing the horses in the lines without shelter and without blankets. They too were being inoculated, and their misery must have been very great. Horses that are miserable soon become inefficient. There does not appear to be any adequate reason for keeping them exposed to the elements, as many

of them are not required for the daily routine, and lumber is plentiful and cheap in Quebec. The Camp is as yet far removed from the enemy, and there is time enough for reproducing the exact conditions of war.*

The soldier is not entitled to much; but the Canadian volunteer knows to a nicety how much he is entitled to. He expects that his clothes and boots shall be of the best quality; and the equipment which is being served out to him meets with a relentless scrutiny. He would be a bold contractor who should attempt to impose upon these young men any scamped work in material or labour. Up to the present there is no scamped work at Val Cartier. Even the harness, saddlery, tools, and waggons are flawless, and quite up to the requirements of men who may be compelled to trust their lives to the soundness of their equipment.

The question that will finally be asked is: What proportion of the men now in Camp were actually members of the Canadian militia? The question can be answered by a simple inspection of the respective rolls. No information upon this point is available at the moment, and at the moment it is not required. The Minister of Militia has volunteered the inspiriting statement that there are in Camp 32,000 men, that 40,600 men are actually under arms in Canada, and that there are 150,000 men at their homes who have volunteered, and are now ready to march at a moment's notice to the front. Doubtless the documents to warrant this amazing estimate are on file. The two services are entirely distinct. The Canadian militia is for home service. This Canadian Expeditionary Force is Imperial, and has the status of British regular troops. The militiaman has performed a part of his duty at least by being a militiaman. He is really under less obligation to go to the front than the man who has performed no part of this duty at all. The white feather is for the man who will do neither the less or the greater. But if it should turn out that a due porportion of native-born militiamen have not volunteered for over-seas service, there will be a new Militia Act and a new kind of militia in Canada.

*The blankets were issued that evening.

The Universities have not yet defined their attitude towards the Camp at Val Cartier. Queen's alone has sent a unit, a company of Engineers, ninety strong, trained in camp for four years, and equipped to the finest detail. By its spirit it attracted other university graduates, but the ranks were filled so quickly that there is now no room for more. At McGill the "Officers' Training Corps" is actively engaged in training officers. In time of peace nothing could be more useful. In this time of war there is no great cry for officers. There are at Val Cartier a thousand more officers than are required, and there is no dearth in the militia regiments. Besides, a considerable number of graduates are at Val Cartier training themselves to be soldiers, working in the trenches and at the rifle butts, sapping, mining, building bridges, driving horses, and assembling guns. These useful, if humble, employments by no means disqualify them for higher posts. The officers *in posse* who remain behind are listening to lectures, marching and counter-marching across the green sward; but it is clear to any careful observer that in their present capacity they will not proceed beyond the iron railing which bounds the campus. The dictum that battles are won upon the playing fields must not be taken too literally.

A University exists for the convenience of the staff, and it would create comment if the students departed in a body. It would disorganize the teaching, therefore business must be carried on as usual. Even the detail of students, who happen to be members of the militia, for guarding the Lachine Canal and the grain elevators is a source of embarrassment. It would be much worse if any considerable number went so far away as Val Cartier. And yet it is on record that one faculty, at least, discontinued operations during the troubles of 1837. Of course the University to-day is a much more massive body, and cannot be so easily stayed in its powerful course. It is only reasonable, however, to point out that the military operations which are now going on in the world are much more important than the affair at St. Eustache. A blank in the

calendar for 1914-1915 would be much more significant than anything which can be said at Convocation next May.

It would appear, too, that sport must be carried on as usual. According to the account which appears in the Montreal *Gazette*, on September 15th, a meeting of the Students' Council was held on the night preceding. The president had been informed that "Reddy Griffiths of 'Varsity had suggested the dropping of the Rugby schedule this fall. This was taken up by the locals, and they decided that it would hardly be fair to stop football. Another thing which naturally prevented McGill from dropping sports was the payment of the universal fee of ten dollars by every student. It was pointed out by those present that McGill could not conscientiously ask the students to pay their universal fee when they were not getting advantage of any sports." One menber of the Council suggested that the proceeds of the various matches should be donated to the National Patriotic Fund; but this manifestation of patriotism was sternly repressed by the remembrance that McGill was only one of several members, and had not the right to approve of such an idea. The report continues: "McGill would lose $2,500, if the Students' Council had decided to abandon all sports for this season. The Rugby coach was already engaged, and it would be hardly fair to break the contract with him. Everything has already been prepared for the opening of the Rugby, and track, and field practices, and these, along with other innumerable things, would result in a big loss to the Red and White." Whoever wrote this report is a master of irony, whether he knows it or not. This punctiliousness about keeping contracts is a stern rebuke to the German kaiser.*

Earlier in the evening on which this momentous decision was arrived at, four guns "boomed out" from Dominion Square, and the population was "thrilled" because they knew on the instant that a certain number of dollars had been raised for a patriotic fund. It was easy to imagine how the inhabi-

*The Council has more recently passed a unanimous resolution advocating the formation of a McGill battalion, and promising whole-hearted support.

tants of Belgium were thrilled when they heard the German guns booming out before the gates of Liege. Truly, as Cæsar says in that immortal work so dear to all students, "Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ."

The hearts of all good men in Canada are troubled. They would like to do their duty. To the old the way is not clear. To the young the sacrifice is very great. Both old and young are wandering into vagarious, capricious, whimsical ways. Old men are firing off rifles, and young men are marching backwards and forwards, or collecting money, seeking any salve for their conscience or a safety valve for their unsettled minds. These appeals for money, sent out with undiscriminating haste, fall into the hands of men who have gone forward towards the front. They are a cause of much jesting in the tents. The McGill Graduates Society has asked all members for a dollar. The directors of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association have issued an appeal to "those who are left at home," to show their "loyalty and self-sacrifice." But lest the response in manifestation of their loyalty and self-sacrifice should be too extreme, the directors "suggest that subscriptions be limited to a maximum of five dollars each." There is but one adequate outlet: a University battalion.

In spite of every amelioration, the soldier's life is a hard life. He possesses nothing, not even the clothes he stands in. His country allows him the use of a uniform, enough ground to lie on, a piece of cotton for shelter, and blankets to cover him at night. That is enough, or nearly enough. He may provide himself with an extra shirt, a pair of socks, a piece of soap, a brush for his teeth, tools to remove the hair from his face, a night-cap. That is the limit of his comfort, no matter what his private means may be, since any further equipment is an added burden, and his burden of arms and ammunition and necessary food is already heavy enough. This is the exigency of service. He makes no complaint. He knows that there is more to come, that the present hardship is merely a training for the unutterable hardships that are to follow, the savagery of battle, the long night on the field where he may

lie forsaken and wounded and ready to perish, with the cold stars looking blindly down upon his last agony.

And the Canadian soldier has friends and family, it may be wife and child. He is a volunteer. He was under no compulsion, save the compulsion of his own mind and conscience, to endure these things; the hard ground, cold, thirst, hunger, fatigue; the torture of imagination which converts the chance of war into the certainty of death. He goes of his own free will. He makes no recrimination. Those who stay behind are as free to stay as he was to go. He makes no boast. All that he, and his, ask of those who have made a contrary choice, or have not thought sufficiently about the matter to arrive at a conscious decision, is to keep their mouths shut. Let them go on playing golf. Let them strive to put a little ball into a little hole eighteen times with eighty-nine strokes instead of ninety. Let them excite themselves by reading the newspapers, and keep themselves from *ennui* in the warm darkness of a luxurious theatre by regarding swift pictures of great events.

Above all, let them refrain from excuses, which merely mean a secret accusation. The English-speaking Canadian, if there be any left, who protests that he is willing to fight for "Canada," but not for "England"; the French-speaking Canadian who was always willing to fight for France but not for England, and now finds it impossible to fight at all, since *la belle France* has become irreligious and atheistic, whilst the German kaiser has the name of God continually in his mouth, —both of these are deserving only of the prick of a bayonet in the hands of a German policeman. The soldier has his reward: these will have had theirs.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

IN TIME OF FEAR OF WAR

Despite the nations' fever and desire,
  Dwell, tranquil Peace, amid thy white restraint;
  Let thy cool wings be bloodied not with taint
Of horrid war, and, with its smoke and fire,
Sullied, as thou up flutterest in fear.
  Remain to brood about our cottage eaves
  Where quiet summer spreads her gentle leaves,
And children's laughter echoes free and clear.

The cannon slumber on the outward wall
  Of every coast the world around. Let sleep
  Still hold them bound. Let no dire ardour leap
To wake the relic symbols with war's call;
  Lest thou, O Peace, be troubled where thou art
  Sweet winged, asleep beside the cottage heart.

IN TIME OF WAR

If red Aggression's hand be in the world,
  It is not England's hand; let this be known:
  Not eagerly have her war bugles blown,
Not readily was her war flag unfurled;
Yet is she ready; yea, and eager she;
  Quenchless, her statesmen's spirit fronts the hour,
  Stalwart, her sons march, thrill'd by that old power
In veins of England, Love of Liberty.

Failure? The word we know not, and between
  The thing and us moves the embannered might
  Of fifty sainted armies wed with right;
To guard us now, to make our battle keen,
  Sweep on, those glimmering regiments of the soul
  Of England, to the inevitable goal!

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE REPETITIONS OF HISTORY

TRULY, history does repeat itself. It would be strange were it not so. There cannot but be many precise analogies between the actions of successive generations of men who inhabit a constant territory and are governed by impulses that remain unchanged. From the beginning of history hardy, prolific races have lived on the fertile plains of North Central Europe and beyond. When the marches occupied by these tribes were crowded the competition between individuals of the same tribe became unpleasant. When the unpleasantness of remaining at home was greater than the unpleasantness of leaving home, they faced the chance of disaster and journeyed out to find—if necessary, to take—new, and perhaps pleasanter, countries where each man with his family might have all the land he could wish for. It would be a long story to detail the causes which have brought all Germany to the present war on the world. At this moment, it would probably be impossible to give true values to all of the factors which would enter into that narrative. But, although conditions have greatly changed, the prime cause which impels this latest swarming of the Teutonic hive is still, as before, the wish for "a place in the sun."

Easily-running meditation, such as this, is made pleasantly. Does it lead us to anywhere? Can history teach any practical lesson from past happenings for the government of our actions? Perhaps. The past shows plainly that land-hunger—of themselves or of others—has been a root-motive of each Germanic exodus. The past shows that the North German stock is quite ready to take in order to have. The North German is the back-bone of Imperial Germany. His history proves his virility, his hardy arrogance, his patient determination, and savage selfishness. Some of

these qualities are admirable; we have something of the blood that holds them ourselves. A race that possesses them is a strong one. Since we fight them, we must fight hardily. We are attacked by raiders who accept every advantage and allow their enemies none; we must fight with all our strength and never forget that, to be beaten, men of the North must be made impotent.

Our part in this war is merely our defence of civilization against the latest inroad of German barbarism. It is curiously true that, though she is apparently ultra-modern in many ways, Germany is, in her social development, several centuries behind, for example, Great Britain. It will be necessary to support that statement.

Exceptional individuals may appear anywhere; but no nation can produce a large number of thinkers—of men who produce thoughts, and other things, which are not immediately usable in the insistent business of sustaining daily life—until it has achieved such permanent organization and stable prosperity as permits it to continuously support a considerable number of persons who are not preoccupied by a personal necessity of providing against the morrow. Until comparatively recently the German empire was divided into kaleidoscopic petty states, and much of the energy of the German people was dissipated in the futile fights of warring factions. So it was not until the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that Germans, as a race, commenced to reach the position in the intellectual world which their natural thoroughness and laborious patience have now achieved for them. But even yet, though patient labour and wonderful thoroughness in compilation and detail have made German text-books and their monumental cyclopædias world-standards, and though German laboratories are so many and so well-equipped, strange it is that the world owes a knowledge of so curiously few of the fundamental new facts to German sources.

If we go back to the beginnings of each recent scientific advance, many of us who use the excellent German reference books in chemistry, physics, medicine, and agriculture, for example, will be surprised to find how rarely, even nowadays, a German is the first to "imagine" a new idea. When the war broke out, creative imagination had not yet come to German scholars as often as it does, let us say, to British ones. Had war not come, the world's debt to German investigators might have been increased indefinitely; their mode of life gave to many of them unusual opportunities for the unperturbed abstraction which, at least, favours thoughtfulness. If opportunity can develop constructive intelligence, we might, in a very few years, have lauded Germany as a nation that had taken an eminent place among the peoples who with genius give new knowledge to the world; now, succeeding generations of men who would learn must execrate the nation which has already put back the development of human thought for a generation. The finding out of new truths is the highest function of human endeavour; perhaps, because of previously poor opportunities and in spite of extraordinarily wide and rapid recent development, Germans are still deficient, as compared with other European nations, in this function. Therefore, it is fair to say that, as a race, the development of German individuals has not yet reached the highest level of Western civilization.

The causes which delayed the development of the individual German have fatally retarded the development of a stable, modern kingdom of united Germans. A century ago German states were so small that a traveller might drive around the state of a princeling who made too great a fuss over the granting of a way across it. Since the breaking of French domination in 1815, German nationalism, strength, and prosperity have grown amazingly. Indeed, in fruition of achievement the reign of Wilhelm II might have brought to a Germany in harmony with its century, glory such as the Elizabethan age brought to England. It is only during the

past forty odd years that German imagination and German energies have been universally stimulated by a perception of the opportunities of the world which exists outside of Germany; it was a world as strange and as anxious to them as were the new worlds of Spain and Portugal to Elizabeth's English. Unfortunately for Germany, the world has aged since then, and mediæval methods which might have succeeded at that time are impossible now. As a modern empire Germany's history dates in letter from 1870; it dates in fact from, let us say, the fall of Napoleon in 1815. It is only a century since then. The years have been few; there has been little time for important events, and an unimaginative Germany, unable to learn from others, has never had a Runnymede nor an American revolution of her own.

So it is that 1914 finds a Germany possessed of the most finished intricacies of modern power; but she is organized in a way which, in fact, gives absolute power to a single able individual; also, the ideals of statecraft, of human equity, of personal rights possessed by that individual and by the able men of affairs through whom he rules are the ideals of a mediæval Teuton. Perhaps that statement also needs support.

Little has been heard in France and England of the divine right of kings since the sudden deaths of a Charles and of a Louis; the German emperor maintains the divinity of his rule. Perhaps a result is that *lèse majesté* is often a severely-punished crime in Germany; it is never heard of in England now. People don't do it; it has quite gone out of fashion.

Parliaments govern most of the great nations of the earth; a German emperor, uncurbed, through armed strength —whether applied directly or indirectly—transgresses as he wills the votes of the largest party in his Reichstag. The papers say that the leader of that party, the socialist Liebknecht, has been shot for refusing, through conscientious objections, to bear arms. How long is it since the last Quaker

was killed in England for a like reason? The struggles of 1848 have no warning for the German kaiser; that date spells no Runnymede for him. But ask the revolted Germans who left their Fatherland then and came to Canada or to the United States what their feelings are now. Ask those Germans who fought in 1848 and afterwards in the American civil war, for freedom of expression and individual liberty, what they feel. They and their descendants—there are thousands of them in America—must feel as does the sincerest Briton. All men whose minds are modern, whatever their nationality, must feel that this war cannot end until the power which made it has been destroyed. And when the war is ended and the cost is counted, we who pay will feel that we have spent well all that has been necessary to bring Germany through two centuries of development in as many years, and to remove the danger with which German mediævalism threatens our modernity.

The primitive, mediæval idea of a colony is the obviously natural one. It is that a community establishes a group of their fellows in foreign territory in order to secure national advantages both for the colonists and for the mother country. Dominion of the colony obviously should reside in the power that made it, and, since the parent country bore the travail of the colony's creation, the colony should be tributary and subject to her. It required the American revolution and several other little incidents to convince Great Britain that a colony of Britons exists for its own advantage alone. She has learned that colonies worth the having, though the King rules them, will govern themselves; they will trade with whom they please; they will open their frontiers to good men from all the world; they will be free peoples paying tribute to no one, and subject only to their own manhood. Britain has learned these things. The British Empire is stable because it depends, apart from sentiment, upon the self-interest of those who compose it. It ensures to each man within it individual freedom of action and the right to pursue his own advantage

with no restriction beyond the rights of his fellows; rights which he himself enjoys. Whatever the theory, in fact the British Empire is merely a system of organization and government. The existence of the Empire as a unit depends upon the adherence to that system of men who admire its institutions and respect the unwavering fairness of the tradition in which those institutions are administered. That such methods, that this modern conception of a colony, should have made Botha, "the scourge of the English" of 1900, a British premier in 1914, and, in the same period, have converted Boers into loyal imperial Britons, conveys no lesson to Wilhelm II. For him and for his statesmen an empire is subject to an emperor's personal *imperium.*

Frugal application and intelligent industry are always welcome neighbours; German traders, artisans, professors, and farmers are found everywhere. There are thousands of them in the Americas; just as there are thousands of English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, good citizens, in countries that do not fly the Union Jack. There is ample land in every continent to be had, often for the asking, by the German emigrant; his master did not wish him to take it. The kaiser wanted the surplus population of Germany to form colonies in which his narrow ideals of an exclusively Germanic and personal imperialism might be perpetuated and find extension. He wished to be able, as he has done, to dam or direct the current of German colonial trade as he willed; to him colonies would seem to exist only for the advantage of the country that founds them. Not the imperial extent of the lost colonies of Spain and Portugal, nor the American revolution, nor the loyalty of Botha to Britain has taught the German kaiser. For him the "Contrat social," the America of 1776, and the France of 1790, have never been. He is an anachronism. He lives in the atmosphere of two centuries ago and he would drag the world back to his level. It was a sweet and a proper thing for a Roman to die for his country. The modern who hopes for a day when all humanity shall be as

one nation must paraphrase the thought with *Dulce et decorum est pro mundo mori*, and gladly offer to die in rolling back the last attack of a primitive Teutonic autocracy on the world's advancement.

The fundamental fact which secures the strength of modern states, such as France, Britain, and the United States among others, is that the people of these nations wish the competition for existence to be a struggle between individuals, in which there shall be an equal opportunity for every man. There is good biological justification for the idea. Trusts, guilds, unions, finance, and vested privilege, among other insufficiencies of imperfect economic and social organization, often obscure that basic conviction of modern civilization, but the idea is always present. There are many reasons for believing that most Germans think as we do. Those who govern Germany follow quite different ideals. They still adhere to a conception which with us remains only in shady ward politics. For them, a nation is a body of men banded together in order that they may obtain advantage over their fellows. Men who hold such an idea are dangerous. They are trebly dangerous when they are able men, who lead a brave, though primitive, people, and can dispose of all the resources provided by national prosperity, inherent thoroughness, and precise knowledge. Governed by that ideal, these men have entered their country upon a war of aggression. There is no doubt that the war was deliberately planned, and that it will be waged with determined thoroughness. A consideration of the world's markets for securities furnishes facts that can lead to only that conclusion. Long before the war was thought of by other nations securities of all sorts were sold and resold in every stock exchange on German orders. Enormous sums must have been made by the German operators; it is consoling that it has been possible to prevent the payment of a part of their profits to them. Financial thimble-rigging should come easily to a Hohenzollern; the fortunes of his house commenced with royal pawn-broking.

Quite logically, since they are what they are, German leaders conduct war with absolute disregard for every consideration but an immediate victory by force of German arms. If it seems to be expedient for their advantage, any rule which society has evolved for the government of nations is disregarded, it matters nothing to them whether the rule be a mere convention or the result of solemn treaties. Civilization is once again raided by barbarism; and, as always, barbarism, arrogant in its strength, disregards or ascribes to effete laxness the laws with which civilization consents to restrain herself.

These are the facts. The lesson which history teaches by them is very plain. We have inherited the precious social development of two centuries from those who went before us. That inheritance is threatened. If we wish to hand it on unimpaired to our children, we must fight, and win, in the greatest war the world has ever seen. If the ideals of our modern civilization are to persist, if the aspirations and equable principles of our modern democracy are to persist and expand, we must win, though in winning we spend ourselves to exhaustion. That is the lesson which history has for those who question it. Our duty and our interest is very plain. Each of us must feel, and make those about him feel, the dreadful necessity of our position. War, for its wastefulness, must always be abhorrent to educated men; yet if we are to be worthy of our civilization and of the men who gave to us life and our privileges, we must engage in a war and be determined that the war shall end only in victory for the cause we maintain. We will give our strength without stint; as those of ours who lead us call, we will give our resources, our young men and ourselves. We will give freely and earnestly, determined in the conviction that the cost of keeping our fathers' freedom can never be too great. Should the burden weigh on us, let us remember the pride of this, a Canadian's line, and endure, "*Nos aieux étaient grands, sachons suivre leurs traces.*"

THOMAS L. JARROTT

WAR AND THE NEWSPAPER

THERE are a few newspapers in Canada—five or six of them, I think—which were reporting the Napoleonic wars one hundred years ago and are still alive to report the war (as yet unnamed by history) which is now in progress. The world has moved extensively in the intervening century; but, as is the habit of worlds, it has moved in an orbit. In some respects the newspapers of 1914 are more like the newspapers of 1814 than any bearing date of the years between. The wheel has come full circle.

In 1814 the newspapers, for the information of their readers concerning the earth-shaking events of the military operations of the time, printed what the government handed to them to print, and very little if anything more. Even during the war of 1812, carried on upon the soil of the Canadas and largely by the prowess of Canadian fighting men, there is no account to be found in the Montreal papers of the time (although it is believed that the owner of one of them took part in the struggle) except the official statements and narratives of the commanding officers. And to-day, even as in the early nineteenth century, the newspapers are printing what the government hands to them to print; and if they seek to cover up its skeletonic nakedness with a few poor rags of "interviews" snatched in hospitals many miles from the battle-front, and a great deal of "expert" military criticism written by gentlemen who know everything except where the armies are—well, that is but a concession to the late-nineteenth-century idea that an important subject must occupy an important amount of newspaper space. It is not news, and nobody is really fooled into thinking that it is; it is a flimsy substance painted to look like news, decorated with large headlines to look like news, but entirely lacking in the essential attribute of information concerning current events.

In 1814 all this appeared quite natural and normal. The newspapers of that day had no particular desire to get their own reports of the military events affecting their own or any other nation. They had neither the men nor the means to do it, nor had their readers been trained to demand it of them. Their business was not to send after news, but to publish as expeditiously as possible whatever arrived, by favour of heaven and of the governor's courier, within the gates of their own bailiwick. Thus we find the Montreal *Herald* of one hundred years ago congratulating itself rather vociferously (modesty was never a besetting sin of the organ of publicity) on the fact that whenever an official despatch has come to Montreal from the army its "extras" have always been in circulation before those of its rival. I am not prepared to affirm that the boast was true; I mention it only to show the limits of newspaper enterprise at the time, and to suggest how closely they correspond with the limits of newspaper enterprise since July 31st last. But that which was natural and normal in 1814 has come with a very sudden shock to us in the year of the penny *Times.* We have been taught to regard the press as something more than a mere printer of other people's "copy," a speaking-trumpet for the War Office's announcements. We have learned to see in the reporter's card a universal Open Sesame, a charm before which all sentries presented arms, all keyholes were, if not exactly unlocked, at least cleaned out and rendered permeable to the human gaze. The newspaper was the official grand inquisitor of democracy, the eye of the people—*oculus populi*, and therefore *oculus dei*, for what is true of one faculty must be true of another. In 1814 the reporter was merely tapping feebly at the doors of parliaments and council chambers and city halls, and other dispensers of the taxpayer's money—feebly and with very poor results in Canada, as William Lyon Mackenzie found several years later. But before the end of the century he had established himself and his writing-pad and his camera in the most prominent coign of vantage in every scene of the human drama, from the House of Commons to the extemporized dead-house of a

Titanic disaster, from the doorstep of the Premier to that of the poorest widow whose husband has had the misfortune to die in an "interesting manner." We never supposed for an instant that he could be ousted. We believed absolutely that he was omnipotent; we had to; he told us so himself.

Among other things, he insisted on the erection, for himself and his tribe, of a sort of spectator's gallery at that most momentous and interesting spectacle which we call "war." From the beginning, I conceive, he must have gravely annoyed the warriors. For that matter, the warriors differed from the politicians and judges and jacks-in-office in one respect only, that whereas the politicians eventually became tolerant of the journalistic presence and even obsequious to it, the warriors remained resentful. The business of war is extremely pressing, more pressing than any other kind of business known to man, and reporters are apt to get in the way. Such, however, was the power of the press that from the time of the American Civil War up to the present there has never been a conflict at which the non-combatant journalist was not admitted to a very front seat (sometimes so advanced as to involve him in great personal danger) and allowed to write to his newspaper with almost unchecked freedom. As the use of the telegraph increased, his wired messages were censored, for urgent military reasons—you never know when a telegraph wire may be tapped by the enemy; but in his letters he continued to discuss strategy and criticize his hosts, the officers of the army which he accompanied, with the conviction that his business was to tell all he knew.

With the growth of the more "popular" newspaper, there came a change in the character of war correspondence, analogous to the change in the treatment of many other matters of news. The politicians, big merchants, financiers, and county families who read the *Times* or the *Standard* wanted strategy and professional military news and criticism in their war correspondence. The man in the street did not. So far as events were concerned, all he cared was to be told which side gained by the day's operations; description of the opera-

tions, with a discussion why one side gained and the other lost, simply bored him. But he could be profoundly interested in the human side of the war. He wanted to know how his fellow-beings felt and behaved when in immediate peril of death from a bloodthirsty foe—a situation entirely unfamiliar to himself. In a word, he wanted the war dramatized, as a spectacle for his emotional entertainment. Hence arose a new school of war correspondents, with less military knowledge but a better command of picturesque English and a keen eye for dramatic effect. Their business was not to report the dry facts and figures of the campaign—so many miles advanced, so many guns lost, so many heathen killed—but to enable their readers to sniff the reek of battle, see the murderous fire in the bloodshot eye of a savage foe, hear the very whirr and "plop" of the arriving shell. Their despatches were largely onomatopoetic. Their adjectives flamed with all the colours of the rainbow.

The wars of their time—the last thirty years—were of two classes. There were wars waged by minor or semi-barbaric powers, which naturally were carried on at a considerable distance from the habitats of the English-speaking peoples. And there were wars waged by Great Britain or the United States, all of which happened to be carried on also in remote portions of the globe. In both cases there were political reasons for the good treatment accorded to the emotional journalist. When the belligerents were lesser powers, they were usually anxious for the support of English and American opinion. Whatever the military commanders in the field may have thought, the governments therefore were glad enough to welcome these correspondents, who could command unlimited space in the columns of the great emotion-manufacturing periodicals of London or New York, and who could usually, by judicious handling, be induced to see and "write up" what their hosts wanted them to see, and to miss what their hosts desired to keep dark. When Great Britain or the United States was engaged in an expeditionary war at

a distance from home, involving no immediate risk to the lives or property of their own people, it was important that the respective publics should be kept in tune for the war, their sympathetic interest maintained; and what more useful for that purpose than a regular supply of vivid column articles on the heroism of the troops, the scoundrelism of the foe, and the horrible magnificence of war? Note, by the way, that it is precisely upon this very function of journalism—the opinion-manipulating function, in a democracy—that the recusant newspapers in London have based their protests against the present censorship. "How," inquire the Northcliffe papers in effect, "can you expect us, the great promoters of emotion, to keep the British public at a proper state of tension, and properly satisfied and confident concerning the way in which the war is being conducted, if you will not allow us to publish anything but the bald statements of so many miles retreated and so many Germans killed?"

To-day the picturesque writer is being kept out of the war zone with all the care and determination with which sparks are kept out of powder. Mr. Percival Gibbon, an able young novelist, gets as far as Petrograd, and sees just as much of the war as any Russian or Britisher with a good passport might see, namely a cloud of dust. He writes columns about it, but they do not contain any news, because the Russian censors see to it that he does not get any, and they take out of his despatches even that which he hath. A Toronto newspaper gets one of its brightest young men as far as London, where he must perforce remain, sending signed descriptions of the processions in the Strand and the out-of-works in Hyde Park. A Montreal newspaper sends its most vivid writer to New York, which is not a bad idea, for there is more war news originated there than on the whole of the Franco-German frontier. And the extraordinary thing is, that after the first few days of wondering how such vast things could be happening right in the middle of the civilized world and the newspapers know so little about them, we find that both we and the war are

getting on just as well. This is extremely surprising. We have been accustomed to suppose that a free people could not possibly be and remain really free, without the aid of a free press, freely publishing the truth, the whole truth, and any additions thereto which may be necessary for popular comprehension of the truth. And now here is the British Empire waging a most desperate war (and at the moment of writing, waging it rather well) without the British public having a single "representative" on the spot to keep "the eye of the people" focussed upon their servants, the generals and the army. If the country can get along without newspapermen at a big war, it may be able to get along without newspaper men at several other points where we have supposed them indispensable.

It must be admitted that, in the language of the reportorial room, the war correspondents have merely got what was coming to them. For years they have been becoming more and more of a nuisance to the fighting men. Mr. Charles Whibley, in a recent letter to the *Times*, cites cases ranging from the Gibraltar Gazette and the battle of Trafalgar to the French journalist who gave away the entire strategy of the battle of Sedan; but he is especially severe on the new type of war correspondents, word-painters, inexperienced in warfare, who in South Africa not only gave to the enemy the assistance of whatever knowledge they obtained, but criticized the generals commanding in the field as though they were performers at a music-hall. One took this distinguished soldier under his protection. Another begged the public to suspend its judgement on that gallant officer until it read the next despatch he sent to his paper. Sir Henry Norman believes that these risks may be eliminated by an active censor. Soldiers have graver work to do than to check the fancy of anxious civilians, and the memory of South Africa should not incline us to another experiment in military censorship. The censure of the censor, as all will remember, was from the beginning to the end of the war the favourite pastime of the foiled correspondent. The growth of this nuisance has been, step by

step, with the increasing arrogance, amateurishness (in all but circulation-getting), and wealth of the popular newspaper. The army is not the only class which has suffered from the impertinence and indiscretion of the reporter; it merely happens to be the class whose work can least withstand meddlesome interference. There is much to be said for the 1814 conception of a newspaper.

In theory the new censorship is based upon one sole motive, that of preventing useful information of a strategical character from falling into the hands of the enemy, and was indeed, according to statements in the House of Commons, instituted not at the desire of any British authority, even in the War Office, but rather at the urgent request of the military authorities of our allies in whose country the actual fighting is going on. It is curious to observe the frantic efforts that are being made, now that the censorship exists, to turn it to entirely different purposes. The famous "regiment-broken-to-bits" despatch of the London *Times'* Sunday edition of August 30th, which provoked the most violent of all the discussions in connexion with the censorship, could not possibly have conveyed the slightest strategical information to the most acute German commander that ever rode on horseback. It was open to two objections only: first, that it was not true, or did not give a truly-proportioned view of the situation of affairs; and second, that it was detrimental to the national interest, as being calculated to depress the British and the allies and encourage the enemy. Both accusations were largely a matter of opinion. The interesting point is, that all parties to the discussion in Great Britain seem to have admitted that it would have been the duty of the censor, were he satisfied that the despatch would create an undesirable impression on the public mind, to suppress it on that account alone—which is a striking example of the way in which the right of interference with the press, when once reëstablished, is turned to purposes quite foreign to its original scope. It looks as if the principle of unlimited license of publication,

which has been supreme in English-speaking countries for a generation, may have received an enduring setback.

And while the reporter, in his most sublimated form, is thus receiving the first emphatic check that he has experienced since he was invented, the business office of his newspaper, downstairs on the ground-floor, is also face to face, at any rate in Canada, with some very serious and bewildering problems. Most of these are problems which have been arising for some time past, and are merely brought to a head by the war. Outsiders, who think that the more copies a newspaper sells the more money it makes, naturally conclude that war is a good thing for the publishers, since it greatly increases the demand for papers. If the paper were paid for by the people who buy copies of it, this would be a logical conclusion. Unhappily the contribution made by the purchaser does not quite suffice to pay for the white paper used in printing his copy. The only value of an increased circulation lies in the power which it may, or may not, bring, of getting more advertisements or a higher price for those which one already has. In the case of the temporary circulation caused by war news, there is absolutely no increase in the advertising business, and the loss involved in the excess of productive cost over selling cost is therefore an absolute loss with no countervailing profit. Seeing that, in addition to this, one of the indirect consequences of the present war is a marked slackening of trade activity, and therefore a falling off in the volume of advertising business even from its ordinary standard, it is evident that war is no bonanza to the Moulders of Opinion. And at the present time there is yet a third condition, still more distressing than the rest, which is threatening the daily newspaper business as at present constituted with an economic revolution. The price of newsprint paper is rising very rapidly. The present rise is directly traceable to the war, which has cut off certain sources of supply and materially increased demand. But the upward tendency has been visible for several years, and it is very doubtful if prices will ever return to the ante-bellum level. This situation has been engaging the attention of men in the newspaper business for some time.

The owner of the Montreal *Star* recently advanced, as the sole reason which had led him to acquire an interest in the Montreal *Witness*, ostensibly a rival paper, the idea that the paper-buying powers of the two journals might be strengthened by collaboration. There is a strong school of newspaper men which holds that the future of popular journalism lies with the compact, condensed, selective, eight-page paper, rather than with the unwieldy thirty-two and forty-page monstrosities which are so extensively sold on this continent for the price of one cent. Little has been done in this direction either in Canada or in the United States, the chief reason being the strong *penchant* of department store advertisers for using large space—half page, full page and even two pages—several times a week for publishing a complete catalogue of their current offerings. It is obvious that an eight-page newspaper would have to dispense with this species of support, and train its advertisers to pay a higher rate per inch for smaller space and more carefully-specialized advertising.

The Canadian style of newspaper may easily enough be demonstrated to be the product of environment. The country lacks a metropolis, and consists, for journalistic purposes, of some four large cities, each of them entirely cut off from the journalism of the other three, and each possessing a rural hinterland, of greater or less importance, directly tributary to its nearest city and similarly cut off from the newspapers of the others. The hinterlands overlap slightly; the newspapers of Montreal may occasionally be found in territory nominally tributary to Toronto or Winnipeg; but there is no overlapping in the cities—no Toronto daily is ever read in Montreal, no Winnipeg daily in Vancouver. The result is a species of circulation admirably adapted to the needs of the department-store advertiser. There is practically no waste, as there would be if a department store in London advertised heavily in a London paper its ordinary staple merchandise—for such a store would be paying for a great deal of circulation among people in Manchester, Liverpool, Portsmouth, and Edinburgh

who never under any conceivable circumstances buy their staple merchandise in London. The Canadian departmental store gets no circulation for its newspaper advertisements except in its own town and in the rural district tributary thereto; and the mail-order business, enormously developed in Canada, renders the rural circulation just as valuable as the urban. The predominance of this class of advertising undoubtedly accounts for the extreme localism or provincialism of even the most important of the popular Canadian dailies. There is no object to be gained by seeking urban circulation outside of the city of publication, for the Toronto stores cannot hope to sell their regular lines of advertised merchandise to Montrealers, nor to any great extent, indeed, to residents of Ottawa. Of the other classes of advertising, the so-called "condensed ads." —situations wanted, houses to let, and the like—are of course purely local, and there remain only the advertisements of proprietary articles which are "boomed" by the manufacturer, importer, or distributer himself, and which therefore are directed to the entire buying public of the country. It is sad that so lofty and spiritual an end should depend upon basely commercial means, but the fact remains that the more of these national advertisers we get, the sooner we shall have a national press; a circumstance which should afford some mild consolation to those who repine at the consolidation of industries under one control for the whole Canadian market. It is advertisers such as these who, in the absence of anything like a national newspaper and in a country perhaps too large for one, have provided the very life-blood of the popular magazine movement in the United States—a thoroughly national, non-sectional movement, and one which has made incredible progress in the last fifteen years.

We thus find that the Canadian newspaper must operate in a territory which is very sharply limited, and that when it goes beyond that territory it receives no benefit to compensate it for the loss involved in selling copies at one cent each or less. Within that territory it may gain or lose by expanding its circulation at the expense of rivals, or by permitting rivals to

expand at the expense of itself. Increase of circulation within the effective territory brings with it a larger supply of advertisements, and perhaps the possibility to charge more for them. Unfortunately it has developed that there is a limit to the possible increase of advertising revenue in both these directions; and two or three of the most successful Canadian newspapers are reported to have reached that limit. The condensed advertisement business is always a monopoly; as soon as one newspaper has an appreciable lead over the others in the community, as soon as it is recognized by the public that a "liner" in the *Evening Echo* is more likely to get you a good general servant than a "liner" in the *Daily Scream*, from that moment everybody who wants a general servant goes to the *Echo*, and consequently every general servant who wants a position has to read the *Echo* and advertise in the *Echo;* and (in Canada at least) the house-to-rent and apartments-furnished and business-chances people follow in the train, and the monopoly is made. I can recall no case, in a city of a million or less, where that monopoly, once established, has ever been effectually broken, though I never knew a newspaper publisher, if he did not possess that monopoly, who was not trying to break it—usually by the childish method of reprinting the "liners" from his rival and trusting that people would think they came to him in the way of business. Thus, no expansion of circulation can affect the condensed advertisements; if you have not got them you can whistle for them; if you have, you have all that there is to get. The limit to the amount which can be extorted from the big stores is less clearly defined, but it exists none the less. As regards space, the leading newspaper in any Canadian city has all the square inches of advertisement that it can decently carry—some of them a good deal more; besides which, if increased circulation merely means increased advertising at the same old rate, and therefore increased consumption of white paper, the paper bill is growing, not merely with the circulation but in proportion to the square of the circulation, so that there is no possibility of profit. What the newspaper wants is increased rates, pro-

portionate to the increased circulation given to the advertising. And this, beyond a certain point, the advertiser will not give. His argument, I think, is reasonable. It is, that his public is comprised of so many hundred thousand people in a certain district, that owing to the diversity of human tastes some of them will always read one newspaper and some another, and that therefore no newspaper, whatever be its circulation, is worth more to him than a certain percentage of his total advertising appropriation. This argument might be fought with an ultimatum and a declaration of war, but so far the big Canadian newspapers have not had the courage to do this, one reason being that the department store advertisements have considerable value as reading-matter (in the eyes of the thrifty housewife), and the loss of an important store advertisement means loss of circulation; a fact of which the store men are forcibly aware.

The Canadian newspapers have for many years been going after bulk circulation, without particularly reckoning the cost. Paper was cheap, and typesetting practically negligible after the first twenty thousand copies were sold. They have therefore taken no thought for specialization, and have endeavoured to cram into their columns everything that could be of interest to any class of the community which would spend a cent on the sheet. The Saturday edition of one of these papers is the most astounding composite imaginable. In Montreal scarcely three pages of the thirty-two or forty is actual news; for the Saturday edition of an evening paper, on account of its enormous size and the mailing difficulties, is put to press about 9 a.m., when there is no news available except what the morning papers have covered. The remainder is a bulky mass compounded of advertising and so-called "magazine features," which range from the long strips of "comics" (more or less humorous drawings in several scenes) at the top and bottom of various pages, through the biographies of baseball players and theatrical celebrities, by way of a Sunday sermon and a Sunday-school lesson, to heavily illustrated page articles on Siam as a market for Canadian trade, or Canadians at the North Pole,

or anything else with pictures and the word "Canadian" in it, all winding up with two pages devoted respectively to women and children, both being highly insulting to the intelligence of their respective patrons. So long as paper was cheap and bulk circulation desirable, the amassing of these diverse "features" was more or less comprehensible. But with gratitude I think that I discern signs that the newspapers of Canada may shortly be forced to adopt a more specializing policy.

Specialization has been, hitherto, the last thing that a one-cent Canadian paper would think of. The success of the leading paper in each big city was regularly acquired by catering to the largest possible number of tastes, and with unbroken unanimity the second, third, fourth, and fifth papers, if there were so many, set themselves to achieve success by being more like the leading paper than it was itself. They were differentiated by their politics, it is true, but they could not help that; and the most successful of them usually managed to forget their politics as much as possible outside the campaign period, and so make to themselves circulation out of the mammon of unrighteousness. Politics apart, they were not differentiated by anything, except the amount of money that they had to spend on "features," photo-engravings, and news. There may have been mild exceptions. The Montreal *Witness* had a character of its own and an appeal of its own; and it looks like poor support for my argument that the *Daily Witness* in that form has ceased to exist. It was not its specialization that killed it, however. There is not to-day an English one-cent paper in Canada possessing half the character and special appeal of *Le Devoir*, for example, and the success of that forcible little sheet is extremely significant. It was supposed by many newspaper men that when the owner of the Montreal *Star* began to acquire an interest in other and previously rival enterprises in the same field, it was with the view, so to speak, of "coppering his bets"—of preparing himself, in case the economic balance of power might be about to shift from the big bulk circulation newspaper to the smaller and less expensive specialized daily, by having another paper ready to sail

with the new tide. If so, the sailing has been delayed; the *Herald and Telegraph* is still as much like a "child's dose" of the *Star* as it ever was.

Still another influence will shortly be felt to operate against the bulky newspaper and in favour of the condensed and specialized one. This is the postage rate. The original impulse of the present big circulations came under a postal rate which was even more favourable than the present, and allowed managers who wanted bulk circulation at any cost to offer a daily newspaper—three hundred copies a year, carried by the government—to the rural inhabitant at fifty cents per annum. That was checked when the zone system was introduced; but the post-office is still in need of additional revenue, its expenses are going up tremendously with the introduction of the rural free delivery system, and some day, in spite of their political power, the daily newspapers will have to pay a fair proportion of the cost of their transmission through the mails. When that day comes there will be a very prompt weeding out of "features" and a determined scrutiny of the rates on big-space advertising.

All this is matter for the future. At present, whatever may be the musings in the business offices, bigness is still the policy of all the leading Canadian papers. Their efforts to be properly and proportionately big about the biggest war in history are pathetic. Not allowed to secure any news of their own from points within fifty miles of the fighting, or about events less than a week or ten days old, they are padding in the most shameless manner. It is a poor despatch from Petrograd which does not do duty three times in the same issue: once as a despatch from Petrograd, once as a special cable from Rome, beginning: "It is learned here from Petrograd that —," and once as part of the London correspondence: "It is considered here that the news from Petrograd that ——." An air of novelty may be introduced by varying the spelling of Tomaszow in each case. On an inside page, in wide columns and with much black-faced type dropped in at intervals, the editor will editorially extend the support of his approval to the London expert who "considers that the news from Petro-

grad that," etc. In respect of space, or number of lines of type, the average Canadian newspaper prints more war matter than the London *Times;* but then the average Canadian newspaper has more space to spare than the London *Times*, and has no expense for getting the matter except cable tolls from London, or telegraph tolls from New York. Yet with all this space, much of it totally wasted so far as the conveyance of information is concerned, no Canadian newspaper seems to have printed the full text, or even a generous summary of the text, of the White Paper containing the British diplomatic correspondence leading up to our entry into the war. It is not important that Canadians should be able to pass judgement upon the manner in which the war is being carried on; their opinion cannot seriously affect that in one way or the other. But it does seem to me to be important that Canadians should be able to form the fullest and most carefully considered judgement on the spirit and intent with which Great Britain entered into the war; and the whole and sole *dossier* of evidence concerning that spirit and intent is contained in the White Paper. It has, it is true, been published in a Canadian Government Blue-book; but the purchase of a Canadian Blue-book by a member of the ordinary public, who does not receive it without charge by virtue of being a politician or a newspaper editor, is so rare an event as to be almost unheard of, and it is safe to say that this vitally important document is unknown to the vast majority of the thinking population of the Dominion. At the present moment, of course, nobody is publishing newspapers for the benefit of the thinking population of the Dominion. But if a period of specialization should come upon us, there is room to hope that along with the newspaper for the lover of sports, and the newspaper for the financial and commercial man, and the newspaper for the religious man, and the newspaper for women, and the newspaper for children, there may by some miracle of good fortune be also a newspaper for thinking people.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL

EMPIRE MAKERS

HESTER LORING was at the wistful age when women ask themselves why they have not married. The question, even when self-put, has something of a shock in it. Hester made it without complaint. Marriage had ever seemed to her the inevitable consummation of a woman's life—perhaps its most suitable expression. But she had wedded her conviction to a modest apathy which counted that a husband would happen as other things in the realm of Providence happen. She had believed it hardly maidenly to anticipate his arrival by so much as a thought. Nevertheless, many of the dates in her future had been fixed by it, and without specializing on any particular person, she had collected a few trifles for the home which would one day be hers, and had even dated in her thoughts the time when she would have children.

Hester had never had a chance of marrying. She had never even been disappointed in love. Probably she had simply lacked opportunity, but the incompleteness in her life, if it had been felt, had never been sufficiently pronounced to produce more than a gentle regret. Her position as an unmarried woman had been accepted with a dignity which imparted to spinsterhood a certain distinction. She was not without interests in the world and not without cares, and thereby she escaped the envy of harassed matrons who might have felt impatience at her more easy single life. Most people knew that Miss Loring must have plenty to do and everyone knew her to be contented. They had seen her grow a little old and faded amongst them without questioning, and the fact that her place had, for many years past, been by a sick-bed or close by the wheel of a slowly-moving bath-chair, seemed to have a certain suitability of its own. The necessity for joy evidently did not belong to Miss Loring:

amusements would hardly have suited her. She was a good woman—her reward would probably be in Heaven.

Doubtless her father's illness had aged her too soon. Many other women might have borne their years more bravely. Hester had submitted to them as she had submitted to all else in her life, with a certain grace. She did not attempt to conceal the number of her years; old age would come, just as her father's illness had come, not with a shock of disaster but as an attendant circumstance on life. To both she yielded a dignity of obedience which became her.

Now that her father was dead, she found that she was worse than poor; she found that she was getting elderly. In worldly matters she was not badly off, for the vicarage furniture was hers and a small income as well. So that when Annie's invitation came, it was not the expense of the adventure but its size, which appalled her.

The friendship between these two had begun when the farmer's little daughter had been allowed to come to tea at the vicarage on Saturday afternoons to play with Hester, who had no mother, and it had lasted through a devoted girlhood. When the girls were about eighteen years old, Cambridge Local Examinations had come to stir the quiet village with a sense of something intellectual and great, and Annie had passed them with distinction, leaving Miss Loring far behind. It was during this period and when they studied together that they became "Hester" and "Annie" to each other for the first time. The humbler born girl, with the fuller measure of freedom which belongs to her class, attained to the thrilling life of London as a well-paid typist, and the vicarage walls closed once more round the clergyman's daughter. Mr. Loring's memory began to fail him. He became very dependent on Hester. She told him who the different parishioners were, and found their names when he sought for them unsuccessfully in his own mind, and she always wrote the church notices for him for the services on Sunday. He still preached

well, and the village wanted no other pastor than the one to whom they had grown accustomed. They knew all he had to say and liked hearing it. His sermons were considered fine, and they lost nothing by being repeated. No one interfered with him and he interfered with no one. His silvery-white hair under his soft felt hat hung over the collar of his coat and gave him a patriarchal—almost a prophetic—air, and his influence in the parish was infinitely greater than that of the active curate who did most of the work. The curate would no doubt be vicar of the parish one day, but he was a good fellow, and had no desire to oust the frail invalid from his long-held place. He worked loyally, wrote frequently to the girl he was engaged to, and in course of time composed an excellent obituary notice for the local paper of the late Mr. Loring who for over forty years had been the esteemed vicar of the parish of Mawer-St.-Mary.

The curate received the promotion he deserved, and Miss Loring, with a few grey hairs and a slightly stooping figure, handed the keys of the vicarage over to him ; paid for dilapidations in the nicest possible way, with no unpleasantness, and waited to see the repairs to the chancel begun, and hot and cold water introduced upstairs in her old home, before taking her ticket for Canada.

Annie was settled in Canada now. She begged her friend to come and pay her a visit. " The voyage itself will do you good," she wrote, " and will help to make you forget all you have been through." Annie was the one person who ever seemed to think that Miss Loring ought to enjoy herself. Yet even she had hardly thought that Hester would have the spirit to say " yes " to her invitation. Duty had so long had the dominion over her, that it seemed impossible to believe that there was no restraining force to withold her, as it had always done, from doing what she desired. Duty had determined for her even the fashion of wearing her hair, and it had never been imitated by the Friendly Girls for whose good example it was confined in smooth braids. She was always neatly shod, and in the evening she used to wear black dresses

with pretty moonstone ornaments which matched her eyes. Probably there was no circumstance which could have discovered a flaw in her manners, and fewer still that she would have failed to accept unquestioningly—more especially if that circumstance should be sad. Sadness seemed to her inevitable. There had been a good many tragedies in the village since she had lived there.

She came blinking out of the gloom of the old vicarage and went to Canada. Annie wrote exultantly of the place. No one was sad there, no one was poor, no one was out of work. " It's the hopefulness of it all," she wrote, " that is so amazing. Everyone is optimistic here [Annie had learned Canada's favourite word], I don't think anybody knows how to be resigned ! They just go forward and put things right which are wrong."

She had written a glowing account of her house to Hester when first she had settled in Canada, but the colours of the picture were toned down ever so little now that she heard that Miss Loring was really coming and would see it all. It became " quite a little place, and, of course, not quite what Miss Loring was accustomed to ; " but it certainly was snug and comfortable. There was a spare bedroom which was hers for as long as she would stay—but of course it must be remembered that everything was quite plain and simple, and the life out there was not like it was in England.

Even the toned down picture was attractive ; and Donald never required anything taken from the original portrait of him. The colours of that portrait even deepened a little as the time drew near for the much-wished-for introduction between her husband and her friend. He was everything to her : where he was, was her home, and he denied her nothing that he could afford to give her. Living was expensive, of course, but Donald had an excellent salary as a dépôt agent—Hester must forgive her for the Canadian phrases she had got into the way of using, dépôt agent meant the same thing as station-master at home. The position, however, was quite different—Hester would find democracy very puzzling at first.

Hester wrote back an affectionate letter saying that all she wanted was to see Annie again, and suggesting in very loving terms that nothing else mattered. “It has been very lonely for some time,” she wrote, “for of course my dear father’s mental condition made my relations with him more like that of nurse and child; and I have missed you sadly, Annie.”

So the letters continued full of pleasant anticipations, until Miss Loring set sail from muddy Liverpool on a wet day, and arrived to wonder at blue skies and to hear prophecies of what the maple leaf would look like presently. She had not told herself what she expected to find in Canada, and her impressions were as fresh as those of a child. There was always something of the child about her—a well-behaved child, to whom enjoyment had suddenly presented itself as an unknown and wonderful thing. On the voyage she found herself popular, and almost trembled when she admitted, “People do seem to like me.” She exchanged addresses with many friends before disembarking at Quebec. Her naïve wonder had appealed to many of those who themselves had wandered far, and her good manners were always attractive. Few persons had heard of the place whither she was bound, although there were some who had a faint cognizance that Macredie was out West on the C.P.R. line. “I think there ’s a station,” some said vaguely, and Hester was able to say, “Yes, I know there ’s a station.”

It was a very small station, “but a very nice one,” she said to herself and then to Annie, who met her on the platform. She turned to look about her, and wondered why the train had stopped just because there was one small group of houses huddled together close to the line, and a few others scattered about on the still unbroken prairie. She wanted to know everything, and asked what trade there was that made the train delay itself at so small a place.

“Wheat, wheat, and nothing but wheat!” Annie cried. “Haven’t you seen the grain elevator, Hester?” and she pointed to the most conspicuous thing in the landscape, a tall

building with a roof, in shape like those that children make on a house of cards—a building which looked active even on the outside, and which had, moreover, a prosperous air about it. There was a store near the station and a Quick Lunch Room, put up evidently with the intention of deceiving people into thinking that Macredie was a place of commerce and bustle.

Donald appeared soon, and had evidently remained hidden until the two friends should have finished their first greetings, and perhaps shed those few tears which women shed when death has intervened to sober happier recollections.

"I'll take your grip," he said.

Hester thought Annie had not said too much in praise of him. The Scottish-Canadian station-master was a man of such good features, with a face of so much intelligence and goodness that it was not out of place to claim for him unusual personal attractions. His hair was whitening a little although he was young, and this made his deep blue eyes look almost gentian-coloured. His fresh complexion was of the sort which is more common in the west of Scotland than elsewhere, and in the dark clothing of his profession he appeared a very personable man. Hester wanted to be alone with his wife almost immediately in order to be able to say all the amiable things that she thought of him. But Donald was with them, carrying her hand-luggage up to the little house where they lived.

"You must remember it isn't Mawer-St.-Mary's vicarage," said Annie in her joyous excited way, and, recalling the house with its handsome furniture, she added, "we get nothing like the vicarage out here."

"Well, but, Annie, this has a charm of its own," Hester said, looking at the cottage-like building with its simple verandah and the little paling enclosing what was no more than a yard but was affectionately called the garden.

Everything was delightful; it was good to be with Annie again, and she had found time to whisper to her, "He's very handsome!" and to receive Annie's delighted reply, "Oh, you will like him, Hester! There are very few like Donald."

The guest was charmed with everything ; she was one of those gentle, unexacting women, to whom it is a pleasure to minister. She recognized Annie's handiwork everywhere, and even remembered a picture which she had brought out from home.

"It's all quite simple," repeated the delighted hostess, "I only hope you won't be dull."

"I am sure you are not dull, Annie," Miss Loring said, with that air of affectionate congratulation which is outgiving in its quality and sometimes escapes reward.

"But of course I am very busy," Annie said, "besides," —there followed some delightful confidences and some kisses between the women.

In the evening there was the pleasure of making Donald's further acquaintance. He was a quiet man whom people learned to know more by being with him than actually hearing him speak. But he was good company, for all his quiet ways, and the hour after supper was pleasantly spent, and made an early bed-time unwelcome.

Hester lay long awake. She kept her light burning and gazed about her in the little room saying to herself, "I am in Canada; I am with Annie." It was too wonderful. England already looked misty and far away. Why had she lived there so long? It was, of course, on her father's account—her dear father who had demanded so much of her and who had lived to be so old and so feeble and so sadly afflicted in his mind. She had only done her duty to him as a daughter should. Had she married, escape would have been possible. But marriage had been the only legitimate way of escape, and Providence had not sent her a husband. She thought how happy Annie seemed with Donald. Quite early in the morning she heard, through the thin deal partitions of the house, their voices talking to each other, and once or twice Annie's laugh. It was like hearing birds chirp in their nests in the early morning. Donald got up and made her a cup of tea presently, on a little oil stove in the kitchen. She could hear him walking about softly, so as not to disturb anyone,

and once more she thought what a good fellow he was. She said to herself, " I have missed some things."

The days passed very pleasantly, she " did " her own bedroom in the morning and helped with the housework, and in the afternoons she and Annie used to sit on the verandah and make clothes for Annie's baby. The baby was " quite a secret " as yet, but it was just as well to get forward with everything. Later, the Spens were going to a new house, right away out on the prairies—miles away from a station. It was one of those sites which was going to become valuable when the C.P.R. extended its branch line there. Gabriel Leach had recommended the place. Gabriel knew a good deal about the C.P.R., and he had some land which would be worth a fabulous price some day. The C.P.R. would have their junction there when the branch line was begun, and a city would spring up where before there were only rolling prairies. It would all be wrought by the power of the railway. The railway is the miracle-worker of Canada.

Gabriel came to supper a few days later. He was a lean man with a dust-coloured face and dust-coloured hair and pale eyes under tawny eyebrows. He wore a blue shirt, and drove his own waggon into the station, where he left some goods in the freight shed before coming on to see the dépôt agent and his wife. He unhitched his team and watered them, and then asked Donald if he might have a wash.

" You know, men do everything for themselves in this country," Annie said to her guest. " I mean hardly any one has servants. But Mr. Leach is a rich man—or he will be very rich some day, his property is likely to go up enormously in value when the C.P.R. comes."

" The C.P.R. is a sort of Providence here," said Hester.

" Well, it has given us Canada, you know," Annie said.

They talked to Gabriel about it and asked him when the new line was going to be begun.

" Not till the spring any way," he said.

Nothing ever happened in Canada till the spring.

"You will learn that, Hester, when you have been out here a while," cried Annie, "it puzzled me very much at first—why everything should be put off until the spring. Wait till you see our snows!"

"It used to snow pretty badly at Mawer-St.-Mary," said the English lady.

"Just wait," said Annie again, and laughed.

At supper they told stories to each other, mostly reminiscent and all with the Old Country as a background. Gabriel Leach had never been there.

"I don't think I ever heard where he came from," Donald said in the late evening while they still chatted, reluctant to go to bed even after Leach's waggon had rolled away. "Gabriel is a quiet man. His wife was a quiet woman. Folks get like that on the prairies."

"*We* shant!" said Annie, looking at Donald and knowing the wonderful secret between them.

"We'll have enough to keep us cheery," Donald said.

"Is his wife dead?" Hester asked.

She was told "Yes; she had died just before the harvest."

"I thought he seemed sad," said Hester.

"He never said much," Donald told her.

There was a clang of a bell outside, and Donald went out to attend to his duties on the railway line.

"Mr. Leach ought to marry again," Annie said.

Afterwards, when the dusty-faced man came often to the house, she had half a mind to say a playful word to Hester about his visits. But it was difficult to think of her in connexion with a love affair, and she might not like to be teased about it.

"Tell me more about his wife," Hester said, one evening. She had never heard anything about the dead woman from their neighbours except that she died just before harvest. A very awkward time for a woman to die they thought, and it seemed that it had not added to her popularity in life to quit it at a time so inopportune.

"It was hard on Leach losing his wife just before harvest ——"

Even Donald said it.

"She couldn't help it," said Miss Loring.

"No. But she was always a queer one, and of course it was hard on a man being left when hired labour had to be cooked for and a woman was most wanted about the place. Not that she made him particularly comfortable at any time, I believe," said Donald. "I was only once at their house, and I couldn't say much for her as a house-wife."

"Poor man," said Miss Loring. Perhaps she too began to think that to die before harvest was not very tactful on the part of a woman.

"He ought to make another venture," said Donald slyly—Donald had, of course, not been brought up all his life to venerate Miss Loring.

His wife gave him a look, but both decided afterwards that Hester had noticed nothing.

Once, shortly afterwards, she began to talk to Annie about her age, saying, "You are still a young woman while I am old, although there is so little difference in our ages."

"You are not old," said Annie loyally, and, indeed, Miss Loring seemed to have grown younger. Her hair had lost its silver threads. "It was all that nursing," said Annie. "Why, Hester, you are a young woman still."

One evening, when from some vanity she put on an evening dress,—black with the moonstone ornaments,—the young couple who watched her, laughed to themselves.

"She is looking sweet," said Annie, "you should have seen her as a girl. She was lovely."

"There's something very ladylike about her," the husband replied. "I wonder if she would ever think of marrying Leach."

Hester took no one into her confidence. When she became engaged to Gabriel, she told the news quite simply and waited to hear what her friends thought of it. Annie could only thank all the Fates that move in these matters that she and

her friend were going to be neighbours—not near neighbours, of course, nothing was near in Canada as it was in England (oh, how small everything would look when they got back!), but near, as prairie farms go.

The Spens' new house would only be twenty short miles from Gabriel's farm. In summer time they could drive over and see each other. Neither of them need ever fear the solitude of the prairies nor the loneliness of which some people had spoken. And when the C.P.R. came along!

Gabriel wanted the marriage to be at once, and those who knew all the circumstances of the case agreed with him. He had lost his first wife before harvest, and it was only fair that he should have a new one before harvest began again.

Hester was willing that it should be so. She must learn cooking, she said, and Annie must help her in a thousand ways. She looked forward to her marriage, and wrote home to tell the people of Mawer-St.-Mary about it. Later, she would have her own furniture packed and sent out to Canada—her books and her piano. She would make the farm very homelike and comfortable. Never should Gabriel have a neglected home again: perhaps he would forget his sad life and the silent woman who had shared it with him. He himself would learn to talk more. Talking was a matter of habit.

"I have no doubts," she said to Annie, who had invited her confidence.

"I am sure it is the happiest state," said Annie.

Neither of them said that the chief happiness of marriage would depend on having children. But both had the same thoughts.

"I like to see them toddling to the gate in their little checked pinafores, even if it's only to see the train coming," Donald said. "There's a nice little girl of Fletcher's brings a post bag to the station in the mornings, and I do believe it does one good to see her."

He was a simple-hearted man. One to whom the simple joys of life appealed strongly. He could hardly have believed that anyone was sincere who did not enjoy a good supper,

and love children, and grieve over deaths, and rejoice over marriages. He asked a guard, who was a friend of his, to bring him up a bundle of flags to decorate the porch of his house for the wedding. Annie made a little feast, and the Presbyterian minister came up from Kippin and read the marriage service in the sitting-room of the Spens' house. Some one even lent a white satin slipper for the occasion, and tied it to a wheel of Leach's waggon when it started on its long journey across the prairie.

Gabriel drove her himself and smoked as he drove. At the back of the little waggon was strapped Hester's luggage.

After they had travelled some miles he said to her, "This will all be town-lots some day."

"I like it better as it is," she answered, "all the time we have been driving I have been watching the shadows of the clouds on the waving wheat, and thinking how beautiful it is. In England, you know, we only see little bits of things at a time: even a sunset may only look like the end of a village street."

"You'll see plenty of sunsets here, but I don't know that I ever took any particular notice of them."

All round them the prairie lay like a quiet sea under the sun. The wind among the wheat rustled it softly together. Did it but blow a little harder, almost one might have believed that the bell-like grain would tinkle. On every side the horizon was bounded by blue sky which seemed to fit down closely on the waving grain. Save for some gentle undulations in the ground, it was all one level sweep. The sky seemed imminent: one gazed into the blue depth of it whichever way one looked.

"I think I can understand what poets mean," she said, "when they say that they draw inspiration by merely looking upwards into the sky. At home one hardly knows what it means; the clouds are low, and in our towns the smoke hangs heavily. But here one seems to know almost what the infinite means, and what is meant by 'very far away.'"

"I don't know that I ever saw a poet," said Gabriel.

"When my books come out from England, we will read much together," she thought, and would have spoken the suggestion aloud had it not been that something in Gabriel's face prevented it. She must know him better before suggesting that they should read poetry together.

"We don't often see a newspaper out here," he said.

That was one of the things she must put right, she must have newspapers sent to them from England, and magazines and books. Her own small fortune would enable her to pay for these things, and it was part of her scheme for her home that all the small luxuries of it should be provided by herself.

"We don't get much time for reading," he said, "except in the winter time, and then the snow makes the rooms pretty dark."

"I am longing to see the first fall of snow," said her voice beside him.

A long silence fell between them before Gabriel pointed with his whip and said, "That's the house." She had said to herself many times that she would not submit to silence. It was one of the things from which her husband was to be delivered. But the silence conquered her: she was unable to break it. Each remark that she thought of seemed too trivial for the immensities of the voiceless prairies and the quiet man beside her.

Annie had told her that tears were unlucky at a wedding—besides, what was there to cry about?

......"That's the house," said Gabriel, and she strove to tell him all that her home would mean to her and to him. But the prairie took the words before they were uttered, and swallowed them up.

Gabriel got down off the seat actively, as became his long, thin figure, and he took a big door key from his pocket and began to fumble with the latch. There was a little porch to the house with black wire-netting nailed over it and a tiny raised verandah. All the woodwork of the house was unpainted, and it had been bleached white with the sun. The prairie grass came up to the very door: there was no path visible ex-

cept between two out-buildings, one of which appeared to be a stable and the other a little lodge. Between them were scattered untidy piles of old iron and the like, a waggon wheel long since out of use, and one or two rusty coils of wire fencing.

"I will have it all put in order," Hester thought; "some day I will even get flowers to grow." She got down on the off-side of the waggon and followed her husband into their house.

There was a stopped clock on the chimney-piece above the stove, a table of bleached wood, like that of which the house was built, some half dozen wooden chairs, and a little varnished cupboard which looked as if it had been bought second-hand. The room appeared to be a general sitting-room, and three smaller rooms opened off it. One was a kitchen, the other a bedroom, and the third room was empty. She entered the bedroom and Gabriel brought her her dressing-case there. Half mechanically she drew from it her pretty tortoise-shell brushes and the little knick-knacks of her toilet table. Then, as there was no linen cover visible, she fetched a clean, rough towel which hung on a rail, spread it out, and laid the brushes on it. A looking-glass hung from a nail on the wall: there were some woman's shoes underneath the table, and in a cupboard hung two or three woman's dresses.

Gabriel watched her with interest and some curiosity as she unpacked, and then went outside and fetched some wood and lighted a fire in the stove. Hester found her voice and began to ask questions—"Where would she find this or that?" They must have tea together—it was to be as homelike as possible.

"I reckon I'll have to get the hired man to help me with your box," said Leach, and together he and a foreigner with long hair went and took the trunk from the waggon and brought it indoors.

Hester found it easier to ask the hired man rather than her husband where were the sheets for the beds and where the table cloths.

He said in a lisping, foreign way that he didn't know. And then reckoned that Mrs. Leach never had any linen as far as he knew on bed or board—there were plenty of blankets in the chest.

"After all, we are pioneers," Hester thought, "and I will get it all right in time." She found some more rough towels and made what shift with them she could, and from her trunk she drew forth one of the aprons which Annie had given her and set to work to dust and to lay tea. She found her husband looking curiously at her again as she worked, and once he said to her, "I'll get you fixed when the C. P. R. comes."

She knew he liked to talk about it, and together they imagined the day when rows of shops and streets and houses might stand where this house now stood.

"I'll be able to sell it in town-lots before even the roads are graded," he said, "and if the town jumps this way,—well! In Winnipeg they're getting hundreds of dollars a foot for a frontage on Portage Avenue."

"We shall be too rich!" said Hester. "What will you do with the money, Gabriel?"

"I'll buy more land," he said.

Everyone bought land, most people did a turnover. They bought and sold rapidly, and when prices rose they quoted the fortunes which they might have made if they had held on. It would have seemed like a scandalous waste of capital to buy anything else but land.

"This house may be a corner lot some day," he said, "with a steam tram running in front of it."

"Perhaps I shall love it too well by then to want to have it touched," she said.

"Nothing pays like land," he answered.

Hester wished that she lived nearer Annie, and could ask her many things. Had Annie known, she would certainly

have lent her house linen and all sorts of little comforts. She unpacked, and thought how incongruous the contents of her box looked in the bare little house. The tortoise-shell brushes looked almost jewel-like on the humble table: her pretty portfolio and writing things, her dresses and neat shoes had an absurd air of detachment about them. Once she had seen a picture of a Christmas pantomime fairy—a thing all tinsel and silver and gold—in a humble garret, and she thought the fairy had a less incongrous look than the silver trifles and boxes on rough wooden shelves. She spread a little table with devotional books and placed a candle, which Gabriel found for her, in a metal candle-stick. After he had gone out, she washed the tea things and tidied up the hearth. And in the evening she lighted a lamp and placed it between them, and spoke to him of her old life at home and of her father and of the villagers. It was essential that she should talk of her old home to-night. She wanted Gabriel to know her from the beginning of her life, and to love her from some far away time. She had never told anyone of her inmost thoughts, but she wanted to tell them to her husband, and it puzzled her almost to the point of tears to know why she could not speak to him. Perhaps it was the silence. The silence of the prairie crept in at the window and wrapped them round and came in between them. In passionate resentment of its presence she talked deliberately of Mawer-St.-Mary and of the people who lived there, almost in the form of a recital which required nothing but the ear of the other to help her. Speaking more rapidly than was her wont, she began to give little sketches of village life. Dim forms began to people the room as she called them up, and gave her a comforting sense of companionship. The penetrating silence of the prairies was vanquished. Her husband's rare speeches and the almost unbroken quiet of the house would one day be dissipated by her. Some day she would learn to know him better, and he would require no other companion than herself to people the bare room. They would have much in common with each other, and Gabriel would learn to love his even-

ings with her. Presently, there would be no long silences between them. To-night she must not mind if things felt a little strange.

Harvest time followed quickly after Hester's marriage, and with harvest the arrival of extra hands. The uncarpeted boards of the room echoed with the unwonted sound of feet. Breakfasts for hungry men had to be prepared, dinner for hungry men, supper for hungry men. There were always hungry men to cook for and dishes to wash up, and there was but little leisure for thinking or for doing anything else than work. Once, she had time to walk down to see the threshers at work. She saw the black threshing machine standing like a little toy on the prairie, and watched its long funnel send out its spray of threshed wheat. No one stopped his work to speak to her. It was harvest time, and men come to Canada to work, not to loiter. She walked home and got supper ready.

The routine of the days filled them. Breakfast was ready at six o'clock, and when it was nearly noon she used to watch for the men bringing in their teams to water them in the yard, and by the time they had stabled them it was the moment to get the steaming pot off the fire, and to serve the great pieces of pork in the dishes set ready for them.

The men slept in the lodge and went to bed early: on Sundays they lay in bed all day: if they had an old newspaper to read they were happy. None of them removed their clothes at night; they used to roll out of bed and comb their hair, and come and have dinner in the living-room on Sundays. Some of them washed now and then, but there was not a razor between them. One does not come to Canada to shave, but to work.

She used to ask the men who sat next to her at table what they intended to do in the winter time, and heard that they were going to lumber camps or to pulp manufactories. Some of them only worked through the harvest time, and then two or three, as the case might be, would seek some little deserted shack somewhere and make it as weathertight as possible, gather wood and buy "canned" food for the winter, and so live

till the spring came again. None of them wanted to talk about themselves. None of them wanted to talk about their homes. None of them wanted to talk about anything. They worked hard all day, sometimes all night too. People do not come to Canada to talk.

After harvest they disappeared, all but the hired man—the Galician with the long hair. He stayed on through the winters.

There was still the arrival of the furniture to look forward to. It had been shipped long ago from England: sometimes Hester thought it would never come. Gabriel said he would take his waggon and drive over to the station some day to see if it was there, but nothing could be done in harvest time (the price of grain is probably more than its cost per bushel).

Gabriel hardly cared what his harvest was like this year. There were rumours that the branch line of the C. P. R. was to be begun soon.

"You'll get your boxes and things delivered at your own door then," he said: "there seems to be no doubt about it this time."

"I wish I could have the furniture before Annie comes," Hester said.

Now that the harvest was over, the Spens were going to make their move, and on their way out to the farm they were to stay with Gabriel Leach and his wife. Hester wished the house would look better. She had scrubbed it clean more than once since the men left, but the boards would probably always look grey. She wished she had a few flowers, and she asked Annie if she could procure a coloured table-cloth at the store and bring it to her with several other things that were needed. Annie's visit was a thing to be looked forward to with almost passionate eagerness, and when it came to pass there was no disappointment about it. She was as bright and well as ever, and as thoughtful too! The big bundle which she brought stowed away in the waggon seemed to

contain just the things Hester Leach most wanted, and the table-cloth was almost too good to be true.

"You are too thin, Hester," Annie said, "and you've been working much too hard."

"I have been working hard," Hester admitted, "but I shall have all the winter to rest in." She turned away from the subject and said, "Gabriel says that Donald has not bought his farm a day too soon. The C.P.R. shops have come to Macredie, have they not?"

"That means fortunes for us all!" cried Annie.

"I have been wondering," Hester said, "what one does with a fortune on the prairie."

"Perhaps it won't be a prairie for long! What about a motor car, Hester, and a fine house with bath-rooms?" She looked round the bare little room as she spoke.

"I hope my furniture will come before the winter sets in," Hester said, following her look.

"Donald has been doing his best about it, and the last telephone message he had, said it was on its way."

"I have a piano and a book-case full of books. Annie, what shall I do if it doesn't arrive before the winter snows begin?"

"Remember, you are to have me on a visit!" Mrs. Spens said. She was to go to her new home and put it in order, and then return to Macredie to await the arrival of a small person whom they always alluded to in a sort of fond joke as "McGinty."

"I will rest several days with you, if I may," said Annie, "so be prepared for a troublesome visitor."

"I should like to have everything in order before you come."

"Well, Donald says you will be quite safe to send down for the furniture in a day or two; it's sure to be there."

It was sad to part with Annie, but she looked very happy driving over the grey-yellow prairie with Donald beside her, and a big waggon of household goods going on in front.

" Mrs. Leach looks tired," Donald said, when they had left the door.

" I don't believe she ever had a duster in her hand at the vicarage," Annie answered. " Although she was kept busy looking after the old gentleman, there were always plenty of servants about the house."

" She's getting quiet," said Donald, " Leach could afford to take her home for a trip if he liked, and I hear that he may have to go to England in connection with the sale of some land."

" Oh, he ought to take her," said Annie, " the trip home would do her good."

Hester heard the news of his possible departure from Gabriel himself. " I'll have to go to England before very long," he said, " there's no other way I can do the business."

When she found she was not to go with him, she said with a burst, " I can't possibly go, I can't leave Annie." That saved her pride. Afterwards, in the solitude of the night, she lay awake and said to herself that she believed Gabriel was growing fond of her. She was startled at the words she used and said, " He was always fond of me."

" I'll get your furniture over before I go," he said, and one day he drove away in the waggon and returned with great cases containing tables and chairs and pictures and boxes of old fragrant linen, and even some curtains for the windows.

"I couldn't bring your piano or the book-case," he said, and in her disappointment she cried out more sharply than she knew, "Oh, I must have them." She heard that the cases were far too big to move and to transport so many miles, but even then she said almost piteously, "Those were the things I wanted most."

He told her subsequently that he had got a good price for them from the new dépôt-agent. "I couldn't know," he said, "which were the things you would want most, so I sold the two heaviest." And indeed, it would have been difficult to bring them from the station.

There was altogether too much furniture, and Gabriel pointed this out to his wife in excuse for having left the two big cases behind. "You couldn't do with more," he said once more, "you couldn't do with more."

A piano and a table were the same things to him; they were both pieces of furniture.

She decided to furnish the little empty room with the extra furniture that she had. It would serve as a drawing-room for her, when the hired men were in the house for so many meals, making the atmosphere heavy. Gabriel moved everything for her. He was a man who worked deftly, for all his size, and he had a curious habit of doing everything just as Hester directed him, without comment of any sort. On the farm, he was considered masterful, for all his quiet ways, and shrewd about his money.

The nights were getting cold now, and the principal work of the autumn was finished. Gabriel began to pay off most of the men. Even they looked tired after the autumn race to save the harvest before the snows came. The house became emptier: the encroaching silence drew near again.

Once, a lonely figure appeared on the empty prairie and increased in size from a little speck till a tall and slender youth came and knocked at the door. Hester went and opened it for him, for no one was in the house but herself. The boy was good-looking, with grey eyes and a clear complexion, but he was thinner than he should have been.

She asked him if he had come far.

"I have walked a good bit," he said.

"Ah! You are from the Old Country!" exclaimed Hester.

"Yes."

He was talking with an accent which she had not heard for some time. She bade him sit down, and he did so without awkwardness, although he was only a boy looking for work.

"They told me at Macredie that you wanted extra hands up here. They finished threshing where I was."

"We have nearly finished too," she told him, "but [for she was willing to detain the youth], I think we might find you something to do."

"I am stronger than I look," he said.

When she began to cook the dinner, she fancied that the smell of it increased the look of hunger in the boy's face: she went and fetched him bread and some wholesome food, the remains of the men's breakfasts, and brought it to him where he sat on one of the chairs in the living-room, dangling a ragged hat between his knees. He rose when she came to him, and she liked his mannerliness and had half a mind to ask him news of home—the boy was so evidently English, and his speech was gentle. But she knew it was not the way in Canada for anyone to tell his family history, or his own history either. Perhaps it was better so; there were many histories that had to be forgotten in Canada, and where no one spoke about the past it was not invidious to keep silence about it.

She came from the kitchen again, with an excuse prepared for speaking to him, and she found he had fallen asleep with his head upon the table. She moved more softly about the house as she prepared the men's dinner, she set the common spoons and forks neatly upon the table, and saw to the boiling of a gigantic stew and the making of a pudding: it was rumoured that the hired men on Leach's farm were made very comfortable. He woke up when she was lifting a heavy pot and offered to move it for her. Gabriel must certainly find work for him, but it would be kinder still to provide a day's rest, since the boy appeared so tired. She gave him dinner when the other men came in, and wondered whether Gabriel was aware of his presence or not. He said nothing: she never knew what he saw or did not see.

After dinner the boy asked him for work and was refused. Hester made up a little bundle of food for him, and in the packet she placed two English sovereigns which were her own. But first she went to the Galician hired man and asked him if he could not find a job for the stranger.

"He'd better pike it," said the Galician.

They were the same words that Gabriel had used. No one was likely to take a hired man that was not wanted, out of charity. Not even the men who had worked well last year were taken on in preference to the others. There was no sense of old service anywhere. No one had an old servant. The men demanded high wages, living was dear, they said. Some day, when Canada had enough men to do its work, things might be different.

Between master and men there was not only no sympathy, but not the barest feeling of reciprocity. If an employer was peremptory the men quitted. If the men were idle they were dismissed. If a hand was not wanted he was not hired.

As the boy walked away from the door, Hester noticed that he was wearing an old Eton tie.

When the first snow came it was ugly. The ground was a drab-yellow after the harvest had been gathered in, and the snow came in November—a greyish snow, drifting across the drab-yellow. Hester used to watch it from the window—there was not much to watch, and Gabriel said he had better get away before a heavier fall should come. They kissed at parting and she said to herself, "He is fond of me, he is very fond of me." He made many arrangements for her comfort during the time that he would be away. There was a big pile of wood in the yard, and a well-filled store cupboard with shining tins of potted provisions. He had dragged a bag of flour and a bag of potatoes into her little sitting-room—and she did not tell him that they spoiled the room. In the corner of the kitchen there was a huge barrel of water standing close to the stove where it would keep thawed, and he told her that when the snow came high up to the panes of the window, she would be able to lift out the sash from the inside and fill a bowl from the drift and melt it for drinking purposes: the water in the barrel would taste stale after a time.

On the last night of all, he told her what he would do when he had made his fortune. "The thing 's as good as settled now," he said.

She wanted to talk about the six or eight weeks of loneliness in front of her and said, "I hope I shall not be frightened."

"I am leaving the Galician," he said (he had never even enquired the man's name).

There were two horses in the stable which the man would look after, and he would see also to bringing her wood and to re-filling the cask of water. He would do jobs for her, but he was not to be trusted alone. Some one always had to be on the farm looking after things, otherwise every thing went to waste and money was dropped.

"I'll have Annie's visit," she said, willing to look on the bright side of things.

"Spens 'ull need to take his wife down to Macredie sharp," Gabriel said, "the snows 'ull be heavy this year."

"I hope there won't be any wolves," she said.

"There'll be the little kyots when the cold comes, but they won't hurt you."

"I suppose Donald will bring Annie down in a sleigh?"

"Yes, I'm told he's getting a sleigh ready up there."

She gave her husband some little commissions to do for her in England. "It is strange," she said, "to think of your seeing London and the shops."

"London is where I'm going to clean up the dollars," he said, "there's plenty lying about there, I've heard."

She told him what he must go and see and how beautiful some of the old buildings were.

"Maybe I'll have time to see some of them," he said.

The last thing he did for her was to fix a heavy blanket like a curtain, across one of the windows—"You'll be all right," he said.

After his departure, the snow came very thickly. It had not begun to drift yet, but fell silently, persistently, and with a sort of plaintive obstinacy. There seemed to

be no upward toss of the flakes; there was no wind; the snow simply fell to the ground and remained there.

It fell for two days, silently, heavily, and then the sky cleared, and the Galician hired man dug out paths across the yard and she went sometimes to see the two horses in the stable and to hear the sound of a human voice.

There were many things which she had not been able to do during the busy harvest time, and these occupied her now continuously. There was sewing to be done and things to put in order. She did some repairs in her neat-handed way, and washed and re-arranged the common china which had been put carelessly back on the shelves. When all her little jobs were finished, she used to stand a good deal by the window and look out. Once or twice she wrote long letters home to be sent at the first opportunity that offered itself. The weather was not so very cold yet, and the dazzling purity of the white snow with the sun upon it was wonderful to look at. She cooked meals for herself and the hired man, and once she asked him if she might mend his clothes and do some washing for him. He slept in the little lodge in the yard, and kept himself busy by fetching wood and water and looking after the team, and keeping tools in order and the machine in repair. He dug paths in the snow, too, and brought fresh water into the house. Once she heard him singing about his work, and that day did not seem so long as some of the others. For other company there was a little cloud which she used to watch in the sky which always came up before sunset—a long, trailing cloud in the limitless sky. There was very little of outward incident in her life except the coming of the cloud, which always seemed to bring a message with it. The sky fitted down close upon the prairie, but the gentle, dark cloud on the horizon came in from somewhere outside—she never knew how it came. She always stood in the window and watched for it.

"There's my cloud," she used to say.

When the days drew in shorter and colder the cloud became more than a mere visitor, it had something heavenly

in its coming. She was not forgotten so long as it appeared. Like those who trust God's mercy because of a rainbow, she seemed for a time to lose her sense of loneliness when the soft trailing cloud appeared in the sky. Once she made a little hymn to it, calling it, "Cloud of my soul," in imitation of Keeble's verses. Even in the unspeakable silence of the night, she used to comfort herself with the thought that God sent his angel daily to her to tell her she was not forgotten.

There were some balls of worsted in the house and some knitting-needles, she looked often at them but always put them on one side saying, "Perhaps the solitude will become worse some day, and then I shall begin my knitting." The knitting was saved as hungry men save provisions against a worse day of need.

The gloom settled in the sky and there came another heavy fall of snow. She said to the hired man when he came in to tea, "I have not seen my cloud all to-day."

"It's all cloud," he said in his lisping fashion.

"But there's one particular one," she said, "which comes up in the sky just before sunset. I didn't know until I learned to love it, how dependent one is upon familiar things. There's very little that is familiar here."

"You are strange to it," he said.

"I suppose there's something about us all," she went on, "which makes us long for the same thing to happen every day, or every week. At home, we hardly know how much we should miss the postman's daily call did he not arrive so punctually, and on Sundays we should feel a positive sense of calamity did we not hear the church bells ringing."

The hired man ate without speaking.

Every week she gave him his wages, and thought how absurd was a symbol of barter in a place where barter was impossible. He always thanked her for his money and seemed glad to have it.

There was still Annie's visit to look forward to, and she thought with a speechless longing of the joy that the young mother would have, and of the sense of companionship

that the child would bring. Annie and Donald probably did not know that she was alone and she had no means of getting a word conveyed to them, but when Donald would bring down the sleigh with his wife in it, she thought she would beg them to send some one to her, even if it was only Fletcher's little girl at Macredie. Once she thought that twenty-five miles would not be an impossible length of walk for a man, and she asked the Galician if he could make the journey for her.

"Not in this snow, of course," he said, and smiled.

She sat at her window long that afternoon watching for her heavenly messenger, and when it came she called to the man outside to come and see it too. She said to herself, "Perhaps it is not real, perhaps it's only my fancy," and she wanted the foreigner to say that he saw it too, as men who see visions ask for some sort of corroboration for what is plainly visible to them.

"It comes every afternoon," she said to him, and he said to her, running the letters together in a shuffling way, "That's the C. P. R."

"But it can't be in Heaven," she said. "It's everywhere in my world here. We are going to be rich when it comes, we are going to have houses and company, we shall never be alone when the C. P. R. comes here, but that little cloud comes out of the sky."

"Afternoon train far away," he said, "It's not cloud, it's smoke."

She was his employer and he was pleased to find her wrong. He went out smiling to himself.

On the next day she began to do her knitting. If she worked only two hours a day at making socks, they would not very soon be finished. She sat near the window, for the sky was heavy again, and the hired man told her that the snow would be blinding and the cold very great. He brought huge piles of wood into the house and filled the water-barrel with water, and stored the stable with hay, and filled a barrel

of water there too, for the horses. He piled wood against the side of the house and made his own little lodge secure.

When the snow came it was a blizzard. The thermometer dropped. It seemed incredible that it could go any lower; the sky was dark and the small, fine snow fell ceaselessly. Hester put more blankets on her bed and drew it into the living room and placed it near the stove. She began to fear that she might let the fire go out while she slept, and the haunting thought kept her alert through the nights. There was nothing now to do but to eat what was necessary and to keep warm. One morning she woke to find that the snow had blocked all the windows, and she sat all that day in darkness, until the Galician came with his shovel and dug his way to the pane. The cold was intenser than she had ever imagined it could be: once, when she opened the window to fill her bowl with snow, it seemed to catch her breath for a moment. She looked at her store of provisions and knew that they would last her well, she had not hunger to fear, but the cold terrified her. When the snow ceased the thermometer did not rise, and one of the horses was found frozen dead in the stable. The hired man gloomed all day, and when the second horse fell sick he sat with his head between his hands, thinking and grieving. When the weather cleared and the powdery snow was firmer, he put on a pair of snow shoes and walked away. He was always afraid of Gabriel.

Hester did not know what time he left, but she saw the tracks of his shoes for a long way over the prairie, and he never came back; she did not know what became of him. She did what she could for the sick horse, made mashes for it and applied such simple remedies as she knew of. The deep-cut path between the house and the stable became trodden by her, and in the bitter weather she walked backwards and forwards when she could.

The hours passed horribly slowly in the house. She fetched her knitting and unravelled the socks which she had made and re-knitted them. She knitted and re-knitted until the wool grew thin.

When the sun shone again it showed her the dome of heaven like a round cover shutting her in again. She only knew that she had to make up the fire punctually—if she grew ill or even if she slept too long, the fire might go out. She made herself say verses aloud from all the poems she could remember, for a terror came upon her that she would forget the sound of human voices if she did not speak. She used to walk up and down, lilting the rhymes of her childish days, and she worried beyond measure if she could not remember the sequence of the "Ten Little Nigger Boys" and their tragic fates. She kept the horse alive, and spoke to it sometimes in the stable. Morning and evening were very much alike, and so was mid-day too. She carried the logs, and boiled water and made tea sometimes, otherwise there was nothing to do. At night time she used to hear the little kyots about the yard, and, being a timid woman, she lay and trembled. There was a gun of her husband's in the rafters, but she did not know how to load it. She had her two or three little devotional books, and she read them aloud and found them some comfort to herself. Some day the winter would end, and some day the Spenses would arrive. She wondered if they would be able to drive in the unusual depth of snow, and she became anxious about Annie. Then the days grew fair again, and she knew they would come soon. She used to stand every day for hours by the window looking for them. And then one day Donald came, but he came alone. He had his sleigh with him and bade her get into it, and all the time she never dared to speak of Annie, because she knew from his face that Annie was dead. She put a few things in a bundle and put on some heavy wraps and locked the door, and got into the sleigh beside him. Its runners scrunched on the snow, and the sun shone brilliantly overhead. Once he said to her, "I did what I could for her," and she thought she must have forgotten what the sound of human voices was like, because his sounded so strange.

After they had travelled for a mile or two he began to speak again, but the awe of what he had been through was upon him, and he was not consecutive in his talk.

"She ought to have started sooner," he said, "if it hadn't been for the snow. She ought to have got down to Macredie more than a week ago." He remembered to say to her even in his anguish, "You will have been waiting for us, Mrs. Leach."

"Yes," she said, "I have been all alone."

"She fretted over that," he said, and remembering all her goodness, he wept unrestrainedly, and the tears froze upon his cheeks. Hester sat beside him and did not weep at all. She thought her heart had grown as cold as the land about her. She did not think that solitude had made her callous: she only felt that Annie had escaped from under the closely-fitting cover of sky that closed down so tightly on the prairie, and that she envied her.

But when she got to Annie's house and saw all her dear, familiar possessions, and Annie herself lying upon the bed, her grief spent itself tempestuously, and as her tears fell Donald became silent again. She noticed that he did his work about the house mechanically, but that he made up the fire too constantly. Perhaps grief had served to make his physical cold almost unbearable: he kept piling logs on the fire and sat all night tapping them absently with the poker and shifting their position now and again. Once he went to a room at the back of the house and fetched a great root, the size of an elk's head, and put it on the blaze, and stabbed it fiercely and then dropped the poker, and watched it blaze itself away, sitting with his chin in his hands.

The next day he told her he was going away—going home, going anywhere. He would take Annie down to Macredie and give her a decent burial, and then he would get on board the train and go away. It didn't matter to him where he went.

He stayed with Hester the following night. When they arrived at the door he took his wife's body from the sleigh

and brought it out of the cold. Annie lay in Hester's little sitting-room all night and her husband slept there too, and on the following day he harnessed his horses to the sleigh again and drove away over the snow.

Hester went back and tended the sick horse. But for the sick horse she would have cried out to Donald to take her back to the little cluster of wooden houses at Macredie. She knew she had to look after the horse, and she had never questioned the inevitableness of duty. Gabriel had told her to look after his things. She watched Donald disappear and turned back to the interior of the house again.

Grief for Annie numbed her for a time. She did not even feel terror at nights now: there seemed something so much worse than terror, and that was losing Annie. She made up the fire and kept the horse alive, but she no longer knitted her socks or said any little rhymes as she walked up and down the house. She supposed some day, not very far distant now, Gabriel would return. When Donald managed to send a letter out to her from Macredie from her husband, saying he was detained in England longer than he expected, she sat with folded hands and watched the sky. The preparation of food became mechanical, but the fire had a life of its own: she looked at it for hours together, and then went and looked out of the window.

Perhaps the spring was not very far off now, she did not know. She wondered if, when the spring came, the sky would lift and let her out. In the clear weather she saw the faint smoke of the far-distant train on the horizon again, and she clung to the thought that there were men and women in the train—men and women looking eagerly out of the windows—men and women eating dinners in the restaurant-cars—men and women saying that the prairies had a charm of their own—men and women talking of the free, wild life of the West.

"I wonder how it gets out—I wonder how the train gets out," she often thought. She sat and wondered much about it. When the spring came the snow would melt, and the

walls of the sky would melt too—it would be easy enough for the train to get through when the spring should come, but there, over where the little, thin, black cloud was, how had the train pierced and penetrated the walls?

Donald had said there had never been such a winter as this: she piled more wood on the fire and sat beside it, and watched the flames leap and heard the wood crackle—the fire at least was alive in the midst of the solitude.

The house was quite tidy when Leach arrived there. Hester had everything very neat about her. The bed was made in an orderly manner and the sheets were clean: all the little arrangements of the house were scrupulously exact, even her shoes were brushed and the crumbs were swept from the carpet. She came to the door to meet him, and he told her that his fortune was made and that the branch line was begun.

"How will it get through?" she asked.

He told her once more of the town that was to grow up where they stood and of the prices promised him for town-lots, and she asked him more about the matter than she had ever asked him before.

"Shall we ever get out?" she said, and then she told him she was puzzled because only the C.P.R. ever got through the walls. "It's a magic train," she said, "only I think we ought to be let out too."

She spoke less than usual in the months that followed—people on the prairie have not much to talk about. The spring work had begun with its rush of labour, but afterwards there was the pause which comes before the harvest, and Leach took his wife down to see the doctor at Macredie.

Already, the station was a place of some considerable size, and buildings were growing up everywhere. There were advertisements of tobacco on all the hoardings, and flaring posters about chewing-gum. In great letters on a newly-built house was written, "Bert Jackson's Saloon. Billiards." There were two quick lunch rooms, and on both sides of the railway line were houses set down indiscriminately and made of unvarnished wood. The Spens' old house looked quite small

and old beside the new ones, and it was evidently used as a dépôt for the forwarding of goods. The wheat elevator had begun to be active again, in anticipation of its autumn work, and some old trucks which had stood for very long on the siding, were being used as shelters by men working on the railway. The population of the place had increased sevenfold, many other places were increasing much quicker. Some people said, "It will be another Winnipeg in miniature."

Gabriel owned half the place: he was called "Boss" by all the men there.

His wife saw the doctor, who kept her at Macredie for several days, and then Leach took her in the railway to Brandon, where the asylum is.

S. MACNAUGHTAN

THE STORY OF A PIONEER

A FEW miles from the thriving city of Peterborough, in the Province of Ontario, is found the picturesque village of Lakefield, which was founded by a military English settler, Lieutenant-Colonel Strickland. This gentleman and his three sisters, Mrs. Traill, Mrs. Susanna Moodie, and Miss Agnes Strickland, were all possessed of literary gifts, and have left records of those early days in the province which was then in the making. Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush" was, doubtless, the most widely read of these publications, and actually brought fifty pounds when it was sold to an English publisher in 1849. So popular was this account of seven years of pioneer struggle in the backwoods of Upper Canada that three editions of the book were issued, and the publisher sent another fifty pounds to the rejoicing author. In the summer of 1913, a Toronto publisher brought out a new edition of the volume, enriched with illustrations in colour by R. A. Stewart.

In the introduction to the third edition, published in 1854, Mrs. Moodie writes: "In 1830, the great tide of emigration flowed westward. Canada became the great landmark for the rich in hope and poor in purse. Public newspapers and private letters teemed with the unheard of advantages to be derived from a settlement in this highly-favoured region.

"Its salubrious climate, its fertile soil, commercial advantages, great water privileges, its proximity to the mother country, and last, not least, its almost total exemption from taxation—that bugbear which keeps honest John Bull in a state of constant ferment—were the theme of every tongue and lauded beyond all praise. The general interest, once excited, was industriously kept alive by pamphlets, published by interested parties, which prominently set forth all the good to be derived from a settlement in the backwoods of Canada;

while they carefully concealed the toil and hardship to be endured in order to secure these advantages." This introduction, which is reproduced in the edition of 1913, has a familiar ring in its criticism of what is called "immigration literature." It is more than eighty years since the Moodies set sail for the new land, but the optimism of the immigration pamphlet is as buoyant as in the year of the Reform Bill.

It must be borne in mind that Mrs. Moodie came from the very centre of the literary and political life of the London of the day. Already a book of verse by her had been published, and she had shared the literary activities of an uncle who was enthusiastic in the Anti-Slavery movement. Her husband, Mr. J. W. Dunbar Moodie, was the youngest son of Major Moodie, of Mellsetter, in the Orkney Islands. He was a lieutenant in the 21st Regiment of Fusiliers and had been severely wounded in the night attack upon Bergen-op-Zoom in Holland. He decided to try his fortunes in Canada, and settle upon the grant of four hundred acres of land ceded by the government to officers on half-pay.

The first news which greeted the newcomers was not encouraging. "The dreadful cholera was depopulating Quebec and Montreal when our ship cast anchor off Grosse Isle, on August 30th, 1832, and we were boarded a few minutes after by the health officers." The chronicler's happy fashion of noting the humorous incidents of the day is shown at the outset as she tells of the choleric north-country captain, who, failing to find a Bible, took his oath on a copy of Voltaire's "History of Charles XII," which the French health officer was too polite to inspect. Although the waiting was tedious, while Mr. Moodie went off with the boats to reconnoitre the island, Mrs. Moodie soon forgot the discomfort of hunger and the terror of cholera in her appreciation of the grandeur of the river and the hills.

"The rocky island in front, with its neat farmhouses at the eastern point, and its high bluff at the western extremity, crowned with the telegraph—the middle space occupied by tents and sheds for the cholera patients, and its wooded

shores dotted over with motley groups—added greatly to the picturesque effect of the land scene. Then the broad, glittering river, covered with boats darting to and fro, conveying passengers from twenty-five vessels of various size and tonnage which lay at anchor, with their flags flying from the masthead, gave an air of life and interest to the whole. Turning to the south side of the St. Lawrence, I was not less struck with its low fertile shores, white houses and neat churches, whose slender spires and bright tin roofs shone like silver as they caught the first rays of the sun. . . Mackenzie, an old Scotch dragoon, who was one of our passengers, when he rose in the morning and saw the parish of St. Thomas for the first time, exclaimed: 'Weel, it beats a'! Can thae white clouts be a' houses? They look like claes hung out to drie.'"

The experience at Grosse Isle was disenchanting, for the hundreds of newly-arrived emigrants were behaving, as the sergeant said, like "incarnate devils," and Mrs. Moodie was thankful to return to the shelter of the ship. The scenery between Grosse Isle and Quebec led to renewed raptures, and Mrs. Moodie actually admitted that the ancient city of the St. Lawrence surpassed Edinburgh. Some of her Scotch fellow-voyagers refused to share her enthusiasm.

"'Weel' cried another, 'thae fa's [Montmorency] are just bonnie; 'tis a braw land, nae doubt; but no' just sae braw as auld Scotland.'

"'Hout, man! Hauld your clavers, we shall a' be lairds here,' said a third, 'an' ye maun wait a muckle time before they wad think aucht of you at hame.'"

Of Montreal, Mrs. Moodie saw but little, as the plague of cholera was raging there. "The town itself was, at that period, dirty and ill-paved; and the opening of all the sewers, in order to purify the place and stop the ravages of the pestilence, rendered the public thoroughfares almost impassable." An interesting story was told, however, of a miracle-working gentleman by the name of Stephen Ayres, who had an infallible cure for cholera in the form of an ointment made of hog's lard, maple-sugar, and ashes from the maple tree.

The cholera-stricken city was left behind as they took the morning coach for Lachine, but warnings concerning the dread disease followed the Moodies throughout the journey to Prescott. "Touch them not, if you value your life," said a fellow-traveller, as Mrs. Moodie admired the ripe apples, and Eve-like, disregarded the admonition. At Prescott, they embarked on board the fine, new steamboat, *William IV*, for Cobourg and Toronto, and on September 9th, went ashore at a "small but rising" unnamed town on Lake Ontario.

While Mr. Moodie was inspecting farms in the neighbourhood, his wife turned to the local newspapers for diversion and was dismayed at their abusive language. "Men, in Canada, may call one another rogues and miscreants, in the most approved Billingsgate, through the medium of the newspapers, which are a sort of safety-valve to let off all the bad feelings and malignant passions floating through the country, without any dread of the horsewhip. Hence it is the commonest thing in the world to hear one editor abusing, like a pickpocket, an opposition brother; calling him *a reptile—a crawling thing—a calumniator—a hired vendor of lies.*" The reader must be reminded that political feeling was running high in Ontario in 1832, and the flood of epithets was steadily rising.

Mr. Moodie's first experience in real estate investment was lamentable. He bought a farm from Mr. B——, a merchant, but the tenant-in-possession, old Joe R——, failed to keep his promise "to quit it with his family at the commencement of sleighing." The Moodies had rented a small, dilapidated, log tenement at four dollars a month, which was distant only half a mile from their own property— but they had not taken the precaution to examine this temporary residence before signing the agreement.

Mrs. Moodie's arrival in late September was a revelation of discomfort. "The prospect was indeed dreary. Without, pouring rain; within, a fireless hearth; a room with but one window, and that containing only one whole pane of glass; not an article of furniture to be seen, save an old painted

pine-wood cradle, which had been left there by some freak of fortune. . . It is true there was a loft, but I could see no way of reaching it, for ladder there was none, so we amused ourselves, while waiting for the coming of our party, by abusing the place, the country, and our own dear selves for our folly in coming to it."

Those who are familiar with "Martin Chuzzlewit" will fancy that they are reading a few chapters from the experiences of Martin and Mark Tapley, in the account of those first days in the Bush. "Unfortunately our new home was surrounded by these odious squatters," says Mrs. Moodie, "of the lower order of Americans, whom we found as ignorant as savages, without their courtesy and kindness." A barelegged unkempt girl, about sixteen years of age, was the first "caller," and was highly indignant on being mistaken for a would-be servant.

"Now, don't go to call me 'gal'—and pass off your English airs on us. We are genuine Yankees, and think ourselves as good—yes, a great deal better than you. I am a young lady."

This sprightly young person and her father (nicknamed "Old Satan") proceeded to prove their neighbourliness by borrowing daily from the new settlers. "Day by day I was tormented by this importunate creature; she borrowed of me tea, sugar, candles, starch, blueing, irons, pots, bowls—in short, every article in common domestic use—while it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them returned. Articles of food, such as tea and sugar, or of convenience, like candles, starch, and soap, she never dreamed of being required at her hands. This method of living upon their neighbours is a most convenient one to unprincipled people. . . Living eight miles from ——, I found these constant encroachments a heavy burden on our poor purse; and being ignorant of the country, and resident in such a lonely, out-of-the-way place, surrounded by these savages, I was really afraid of denying their requests."

Finally, Mrs. Moodie, acting on the advice of an English farmer, rid herself of "Miss Satan" by overpaying her for some butter and suggesting that the change be brought the next day. The girl disappeared with the dollar, to return no more. Then there was Old Betty Fye who borrowed provisions, from a spoonful of tea to a whole fowl, and who protested when asked to drop swearing. "Swear! What harm? It eases one's mind when one's vexed. Everybody swears in this country. My boys all swear like Sam Hill; and I used to swear mighty big oaths till about a month ago, when the Methody parson told me that if I did not leave it off I should go to a tarnation bad place; so I dropped some of the worst of them."

The suffering of the Moodie household from the chronic borrower was exteme to a ridiculous degree, and the twentieth century reader, with a telephone at his elbow and a taxi-cab within call, wonders why Mrs. Moodie was so submissive to the constant and various exactions. "Old Satan" came and borrowed the new plough, almost ruining it on his rough land, and then Mr. Moodie discovered that the borrower had a good plough of his own which he was saving for later use. In fact, if the reader is disgusted with the dirty and rapacious "Yankeefied Canadians," who were the Moodies' nearest neighbours, he is also impatient with the latter for their unsophisticated credulity. Again the Chuzzlewit misadventures are recalled as "Old Satan" calls to abuse the Old Country. "The English were great bullies," he said; "they thought no one could fight but themselves; but the Yankees had whipped them and would whip them again. He was not afear'd of them, he never was afear'd in his life."

Even so talked Hannibal Chollop, when he called on Martin and Mark in malaria-stricken Eden and informed them fiercely, "We must be cracked-up, sir. . . . Our backs is easy ris."

Mrs. Moodie found that these importunate neighbours regarded her refinement of speech and cleanliness as evidences of offensive British pride, and the daily borrowers took pains

to let her know their low opinion of English settlers, lacking in smartness and unable to hold their own with "tarnation cute" Yankees. The perusal of this record assures us that graft was a game dexterously practised by many of these early settlers, and that all pioneers were not essentially simple and honest citizens.

The real estate transaction turned out unsatisfactorily. Old Joe refused to move at "sleighing time," and the Moodie household was obliged to leave the cabin and take temporary possession of a hut which had belonged to Old Joe's mother, a terrible old shrew, who drove a hard bargain, called the purchasers "green," and uttered the shrewd judgement, "I have seen a good deal in my time; but I never saw a gentleman from the Old Country make a good Canadian farmer. The work is rough and hard, and they get out of humour with it, and leave it to their hired help, and then all goes wrong. They are cheated on all sides, and in despair take to the whiskey bottle, and that fixes them. I tell you what it is, mister, I give you just three years to spend your money and ruin yourself; and then you will become a confirmed drunkard, like the rest." The writer adds, half ruefully, half comfortingly. "The first part of her prophecy was only too true. Thank God! the last has never been fulfilled, and never can be."

Finally, Joe R—— and his family moved out of the larger house which Mr. Moodie had bought months before, and Mrs. Moodie rejoiced in her own rightful habitation. Mr. Moodie decided "to farm his farm on shares." However, ill-luck still pursued them, and the man and his wife whom they had engaged for a year proved to be both lazy and dishonest, having been recommended by a farmer who wished to be rid of them. In the midst of her woes, Mrs. Moodie was able to see the little ironies of life, and informs us that old Joe, who had been such an undesirable citizen, "though he does not know a letter, has commenced travelling preacher. After this, who can doubt the existence of miracles in the nineteenth century?"

Mrs. Moodie admits that she was not always in heroic mood, that she knew many moments of home-sickness and depression, in spite of her brave efforts to cook, wash, and superintend the garden. She appeals to many feminine hearts when she tells of her terror of cows, especially the red heifer, and of her ultimate success as dairy maid. "After many ineffectual attempts, I succeeded at last, and bore my half-pail of milk in triumph to the house. Yes! I felt prouder of that milk than many an author of the best thing he ever wrote, whether in verse or prose; and it was doubly sweet when I considered that I had procured it without being under any obligations to my ill-natured neighbours. I had learned a useful lesson of independence, to which in after years I had often again to refer. I fed little Katie and put her to bed, made the hot cakes for tea, boiled the potatoes and laid the ham, cut in nice slices, in the pan, ready to cook the moment I saw the men enter the meadow."

The real entrance on backwoods life came in February, 1834, when Mr. Moodie decided to leave the farm and move to Douro, whither the family and their goods were conveyed. The beauty of the district through which they journeyed, known to modern tourists as the Kawartha Lakes region, appealed to the sensitive heart of the lonely Englishwoman. "The most renowned of our English rivers dwindle into little muddy rills when compared with the sublimity of the Canadian waters. . . . No dreary breadth of marshes, covered with flags, hides from our gaze the expanse of heavy-tinted waters; no foul mud-banks spread the unwholesome exhalations around. The rocky shores are crowned with the cedar, the birch, the alder, and soft maple, that dip their long tresses in the pure stream; from every crevice in the limestone the harebell and Canadian rose wave their graceful blossoms." Even on that February day, the Otonabee River seemed a beautiful though turbulent stream to the home-seekers.

Mr. Moodie had secured sixty-six acres of his grant upon the Upper Katchawanook Lakes, and had also secured a Clergy Reserve of two hundred acres adjoining. He afterwards

purchased a fine lot which likewise formed part of the same block, one hundred acres, for £150—an enormously high price for wild land. About fifteen years later, after many acres of the land had been cultivated, Mr. Moodie sold it for less than the purchase sum.

In their new home, Mrs. Moodie found the Indians of the district extremely kind and deferential. "An Indian," she says, "is nature's gentleman—never familiar, coarse, or vulgar. If he takes a meal with you he waits to see how you make use of the implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat, which he imitates with a grave decorum, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. . . I was perfectly astonished at this innate politeness, for it seems natural to all the Indians with whom I have had any dealings."

Their skill in the use of herbs was also matter for surprise. "They make excellent poultices from the bark of the bass and the slippery elm. From the root of the black briony they obtain a fine salve for sores. The inner bark of the sumach, roasted and reduced to powder, is a good remedy for the ague, a teaspoonful given between the hot and cold fit. They scrape the fine white powder from the large fungus that grows upon the bark of the pine, into whiskey, and take it for violent pains in the stomach. . . . The mixture of European blood adds greatly to the physical beauty of the half-races, but produces a sad falling-off from the original integrity of the Indian character. The half-caste is generally a lying, vicious rogue, possessing the worst qualities of both parents in an eminent degree."

The saddest feature in the new settlement was the prevalence of drunkenness. The conditions of life were so hard, the absence of clean or stimulating amusement so depressing, that most Old Country settlers who had known "better days" became discouraged and resorted to strong drink for consolation. The *charivari* is described as a repulsively vulgar celebration, held on the occasion of the marriage of an elderly bridegroom and youthful bride, while the logging-bee seemed an occasion for the minimum of honest labour

and the maximum of bad liquor. During the progress of the latter, Mrs. Moodie soon retreated to her own room, whither the sounds of rustic revelry penetrated all too readily.

"My husband, disgusted with the scene, soon left it and retired into the parlour with the few of the loggers who, at that hour, remained sober. The house rang with the sound of unhallowed revelry, profane songs, and blasphemous swearing. It would have been no hard task to have imagined these miserable, degraded beings fiends instead of men. How glad I was when they at last broke up and we were once more left in peace to collect the broken glasses and cups, and the scattered fragments of that hateful feast!"

In their new home, during the years 1836 and 1837, came the burdens of debt. Mr. Moodie had borrowed money from two Englishmen in Dummer for clearing ten more acres of the farm, and the steamboat stock in which he had invested brought in no dividends. "All superfluities in the way of groceries were now given up, and we were compelled to rest satisfied upon the produce of the farm. Milk, bread, and potatoes during the summer became our chief, and often, for months, our only fare. As to tea and sugar, they were luxuries I would not think of, although I missed the tea very much; we rang the changes upon peppermint and sage, taking the one herb at our breakfast and the other at our tea, until I found an excellent substitute for both in the root of the dandelion."

Mrs. Moodie not only looked after the household, but assisted in the out-door work of the farm during these trying years. "I had a hard struggle with my pride before I would consent to render the least assistance on the farm, but reflection convinced me that I was wrong—that Providence had placed me in a situation where I was called upon to work—that it was not only my duty to obey that call, but to exert myself to the utmost to assist my husband and help to maintain my family."

The losses which they had sustained and the swindling which had been practised at the expense of the new-comers

had no power to depress this brave worker's hope for better things. "We found that manual toil, however distasteful to those unaccustomed to it, was not after all such a dreadful hardship; that the wilderness was not without its rose, the hard face of poverty without its smile. If we occasionally suffered severe pain, we as often experienced great pleasure, and I have contemplated a well-hoed ridge of potatoes on that bush farm with as much delight as in years long past I had experienced in examining a fine painting in some well-appointed drawing-room."

The Moodies discovered during the hard year of 1836 that the flesh of the black squirrel is equal to that of the rabbit, and the red, and even the little chipmunk, is palatable when nicely cooked. "But from the lake during the summer we derived the greater portion of our food. The children called this piece of water 'Mamma's pantry,' and many a good meal has the munificent Father given to his poor dependent children from its well-stored depths. Moodie and I used to rise by daybreak, and fish for an hour after sunrise, when we returned, he to the field and I to dress the little ones, clean up the house, assist with the milk and prepare the breakfast."

The spring of that year saw the family almost in dire extremity for lack of food, when the bill of fare consisted of "bad potatoes and still worse bread." Illness had been the family lot in the very trying form of ague and scarlet fever, and Mr. Moodie, sorely against his will, borrowed a quarter of mutton from a friend. This, with kindly presents from neighbours—a loin of a young bear, and a basket containing a loaf of bread, some tea, some fresh butter, and oatmeal, went far to sustain the strength of the household whose mother now had five little ones to look after.

The servant problem, which is always with us, seems to have occasioned some distress, although Mrs. Moodie appears to have had unusually faithful helpers, the last of whom was old Jenny, an Irishwoman. The "hired man" was more difficult to secure, and the Moodies had some strange ex-

periences with fugitives who took refuge with them and proved capable servants. One of these wanderers, named Malcolm, coolly took up his abode with the family for nine months and did very little work in return for his board and lodging. Their lucky star was in the ascendant when a "reduced" Irish gentleman, John E———, the son of an officer, shared their home and labour. "Warm-hearted, sincere, and truly affectionate—a gentleman in word, thought and deed—we found his society and cheerful help a great comfort. Our odd meals became a subject of merriment, and the peppermint and sage tea drank with a better flavour when we had one who sympathized in all our trials and shared all our toils, to partake of it with us."

On December 4th, 1837, after an afternoon journey to the mill, they were met by old Jenny who had a long story to tell—"how some gentlemen had called during our absence, and left a large paper all about the Queen and the Yankees, that there was war between Canada and the States; that Toronto had been burnt, and the governor killed, and I know not what other strange and monstrous statements. After much fatigue, Moodie climbed the hill and we were once more safe by our own fireside. Here we found the elucidation of Jenny's marvellous tales: a copy of the Queen's proclamation calling upon all loyal gentlemen to join in putting down the unnatural rebellion."

In spite of weakness and lameness, Mr. Moodie set off on crutches to offer his military service. "In a week Moodie returned. So many volunteers had poured into Toronto that the number of friends was likely to prove as disastrous as that of enemies, on account of the want of supplies to maintain them all. . . . But this reunion did not last long. Several regiments of militia were formed to defend the colony, and to my husband was given the rank of captain in one of those then stationed in Toronto. On January 20th, 1838, he bade us a long adieu. From his full pay he was enabled to liquidate many pressing debts and to send home from time to time sums of money to procure

necessaries for me and the little ones. It seemed almost criminal to purchase any article of luxury, such as tea and sugar, while a debt remained unpaid."

Mrs. Moodie determined to save small sums from the household money towards the payment of their debts, and to this end she received unexpected help. "Just at this period I received a letter from a gentleman requesting me to write for a magazine (*The Literary Garland*) just started in Montreal, with promise to remunerate me for my labours. Such an application was like a gleam of light springing up in the darkness. . . . I actually shed tears of joy over the first twenty-dollar bill I received from Montreal. I sat up and wrote by the light of a strange sort of candle that Jenny manufactured out of pieces of old rags, twisted together and dipped in pork lard, and stuck in a bottle."

Brighter days were, indeed, coming to the little household in the bush. Mrs. Moodie, realizing the hardships of her husband's struggle with the forest, and his fitness for an official post, wrote to the lieutenant-governor, Sir George Arthur, stating the situation and asking him to continue her husband in the militia service. This letter, Mrs. Moodie naïvely assures her readers, is the first secret she ever had from her husband. Curiously enough, little is said about the public disturbances of the year beyond the comment, "The political struggles that convulsed the country were scarcely echoed in the depths of those primeval forests." Finally, one day, when the potato crop was gathered in and Mrs. Moodie had collected a store of dandelion roots for the winter supply of coffee, a letter came to her husband from the governor's secretary, offering Mr. Moodie the situation of sheriff of the V district. So, with the first sleighing, the farm-house was abandoned and the roughing it in the bush was exchanged for the life of a town. When the moment for departure came, Mrs. Moodie found herself shrinking from the return to more civilized conditions :

"For seven years I had lived out of the world entirely ; my person had been rendered coarse by hard work and ex-

posure to the weather. I looked double the age I really was, and my hair was already thickly sprinkled with grey. I clung to my solitude. I did not like to be dragged from it to mingle in gay scenes in a busy town, and with gaily dressed people. I was no longer fit for the world ; I had lost all relish for the pursuits and pleasures which are so essential to its votaries ; I was contented to live and die in obscurity."

However, when the pretty cottage in town was reached where the new home was ready, we may imagine the mistress smiling in sympathy with old Jenny who exclaimed, " Och ! who would have thought, a year ago, misthress, dear, that we should be living in a mansion like this and ating off rale chaney ? It is but yesterday that we were hoeing praties in the field."

This story of a pioneer is told with a graphic simplicity which gives it literary grace, while its value as a faithful record of backwoods life is unquestioned. Especially interesting is Mrs. Moodie's description of the various " characters " who found shelter in their rude habitation. While the book was written to give intending settlers, especially those of the " distressed gentleman " class, a warning as to actual conditions, there is no querulous note in the chronicle. Rather, it reveals a brave, humorous, and indomitable nature, wresting a livelihood from the soil under conditions which would have daunted and depressed a weaker soul. The reader is glad to know that she saw the reward of her labours and that she could write from Belleville in 1871 : " My love for the country has steadily increased from year to year, and my attachment to Canada is now so strong that I cannot imagine any inducement short of absolute necessity, which could induce me to leave the colony where, as a wife and mother, some of the happiest years of my life have been spent. . . . May the blessing of God rest upon Canada and the Canadian people ! "

JEAN GRAHAM

INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION

THE achievement of their independence by the Americans had, of course, many important consequences for Great Britain. Of these, not the least was its effect upon the communications between the recently acquired and still remaining province of Quebec and the centre of the Empire. A sketch of the system of communication between the Mother Country and her North American colonies is necessary to make clear the situation afterwards. In 1755, as a result of Braddock's defeat at Fort du Quesne, and the ensuing panic throughout the colonies, a packet service was established by the post-office between Falmouth in Cornwall and New York, in order to ensure a more regular communication than had subsisted under the previous haphazard plan of utilizing for the conveyance of letters any vessel which chanced to be sailing from a port in Great Britain to one in the colonies. The packets left New York and Falmouth monthly, and the inland colonial services were so arranged as to bring about the closest possible connexion with the packets on their arrival at and departure from New York.

When Canada fell into the hands of Great Britain in 1763, steps were taken to bring that province into the colonial scheme. Franklin relates that while they were still rejoicing at Philadelphia at the news of the Treaty of Paris, he and his associate deputy postmaster-general set out for the north inspecting all the post-offices and not stopping until he had visited Montreal and Quebec. He opened offices at these places, and arranged for a weekly courier service between these offices and New York. The courier from Montreal travelled southward by way of lakes Champlain and George and the Hudson. Franklin's promptness caused much gratification at home. He and his associates were thanked by the postmaster-general, who declared that they could not "exert

themselves on any subject which will do them greater honour or their native country of America more signal service than rendering the intercourse of letters every day more and more safe, expeditious, and frequent to their fellow-subjects."

This, then, was the situation when the War of the Revolution broke out. The successful assault of Ethan Allen upon Fort Ticonderaga, which lay on the line of travel between Canada and New York, brought the communication to an end at the very beginning of the war. From that time until the close of the war, the chances of Great Britain exchanging correspondence with Canada were few and precarious. During the season when navigation on the St. Lawrence was open an occasional vessel managed to reach Quebec from England, but when winter set in, the isolation was complete. In November, 1778, General Haldimand, who was in command at Quebec, in the course of a letter home, stated that for six months he expected to get no news unless the rebels managed to get into the province, an eventuality he had done his best to provide against.

The conclusion of peace, in establishing the independence of the United States, brought with it, as will be seen, the dependence of Great Britain on her former colonists for the means of communication with the colony which remained. The ocean packet service which had been discontinued during the war, was reëstablished in 1783, a few months after peace was restored, and there arose forthwith from the merchants of Quebec and Montreal a clamour for the resumption of the courier service between Montreal and New York, that communication might be reopened with England. The governor of Canada was reluctant to yield to the demands of the merchants, and an attempt was made to reach the ocean by an overland route over British territory to Halifax. The effort ended in failure. The experimental trip was made in the winter of 1783–4 by an Acadian courier, who took nearly three months to make the round journey, and whose expenses ran over £100 beyond the postage on the letters he carried.

It was manifest, even to the governor, that, until the conditions of travel between Quebec and Halifax were vastly improved, there could be no practicable means of communication between Canada and the Mother Country, except through the United States. The necessity of regular correspondence was greatly enhanced by the throng of new settlers who were coming in from the United States. Within a few years after the conclusion of peace, the line of settlement, which under the French régime ran westward no farther than Montreal, was extended along the shores of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Niagara.

If the United States had cherished any resentment against Great Britain or had any grudge to indulge, the situation could not possibly have been more to their liking. In vital respects, their late enemy was in their hands. An intimation that they saw difficulties in the way of acceding to Great Britain's request for leave for her mails to cross their territories would have been sufficient. No offence could have been taken, and yet Great Britain would have been quite helpless. And, indeed, it appeared at first as if the Americans intended to stand strictly on their rights. At this time, there was no post-office in United States territory along this route north of Albany, and consequently if the Canadian post-office desired to send its mail by the vessel leaving New York, it had to send its own courier as far as Albany at least; indeed it was necessary that he should go all the way to New York, as the Albany courier did not connect with the packet vessel. This proceeding was viewed with hostility by the postmaster-general, who declared that he would arrest any British courier found on United States territory. Shortly after, however, he modified his attitude, and allowed the Canadian mails to be carried to New York, but the bargain he insisted upon was rather a hard one.

This state of things, happily, was of short duration. Shortly after the adoption of the Constitution, and during the first administration of Washington, an agreement was made between his postmaster-general and the deputy postmaster-

general of Canada, which laid the foundations for the good relations which have subsisted between the two countries since that time. In 1792, the United States opened a post-office at Burlington, Vermont, the settlement on the post route between New York and Montreal which lay nearest to the Canadian boundary, and, under the terms of the convention mentioned, agreed to act as courier between Burlington and New York for all correspondence passing from Canada to Great Britain, or *vice versa*. The charge made by the United States for its services was just the same as it would require its own citizens to pay for the conveyance of correspondence between Burlington and New York. This arrangement, while generous to Canada, was a good stroke of business for the United States as well. Burlington, which was founded but a few years before, was still no more than a village, and to bring it within the United States postal system, a very expensive courier service would have been necessary. The correspondence exchanged between Great Britain and Canada was relatively large, and the returns would easily pay the expenses of the couriers, thus enabling the United States to maintain a regular service to Burlington and the other rising settlements north of Albany without cost. The advantages of this mutually beneficial arrangement were not confined to Eastern Canada, or to the settlements between Albany and Burlington. For some time prior to 1797, regular though infrequent trips were made by a mail courier through the district west of the Hudson, along the valley of the Mohawk and on to Canandaigua. In that year Congress established a post road from Canandaigua to Niagara. The quantity of mail carried over this section in the early days was not large. The historian of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase noted the fact that the courier, Jasper Marion, sometimes dispensed with mail bags, and carried all the letters for the route in his pocket book. But matters did not remain long in this rudimentary state. The population in western New York was increasing rapidly, and at the same time settlement was going forward steadily on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario.

A traveller passing over that country in 1800 reported that for forty miles west of Niagara there was a continuous line of farms, and within the next few years Toronto, the recently selected capital of Upper Canada, was rising into prominence. Between 1820 and 1824, mails were carried three times a week from New York to Niagara, and by 1828, the couriers travelled daily over this route. To Toronto and the western section of Upper Canada, the post routes through the United States were of even more consequence in the exchange of correspondence with Great Britain, than to Montreal and Eastern Canada. The routes from the east to Toronto over Canadian territory were wretchedly maintained, and until 1829 the mail courier over these routes travelled only twice a week.

The greatest advantage afforded by the convention has yet to be mentioned. It was enjoyed equally by the people of Canada and of Great Britain. Transit privileges across United States territory enabled Canadians and their correspondents at home to send letters by the American lines of packet vessels, instead of the British post-office packets. In 1816 the first sailing packet line owned in the United States was established. They ran between New York and Liverpool, and were much superior in speed and safety to any other lines crossing the Atlantic. While the British post-office packets took, on an average, about five weeks to make the passage across, the *North America, Columbus*, or the *England* of the Black Ball line, travelled from the Mersey and the Hudson in from sixteen to twenty days. In 1822 a second American line was placed on this route. The vessels of these lines had fixed sailing days, and secured the cream of the passenger and freight traffic. These considerations made it an important object to have letters carried by the vessels of the American lines, but there was another no less potent. The British post-office endeavoured to exercise a monopoly over the conveyance of correspondence between Great Britain and her North American colonists. According to the statute, letters from Great Britain to Canada, or *vice versa*, were required to be carried in British packets, or, if they were sent by a

private vessel, the post-office took it upon itself to fix the postage. The rates charged under British post-office laws were not low. To carry a single letter, that is a letter containing a single sheet weighing less than one ounce, from New York to Liverpool, the charge was one shilling, or twenty-four cents. If the letter contained one, two, or three enclosures, it was charged two, three, or four shillings, and if it weighed as much as one ounce without regard to enclosures, the charge was four shillings, or ninety-six cents, merely from New York to Liverpool. If a private vessel were employed and the post-office had a chance to intervene, the rate was still very high, but was one third less than if the regular packet carried the letter.

Here is where the benefit came from sending the letters by the American sailing packets. The British post-office had no control over them, and they were glad to carry all letters entrusted to them, being content to accept four cents a letter, no matter what its weight. The American vessels were employed by the British public no less freely than by Canadians. The merchant in London and Liverpool never thought of taking his letters for New York or for the towns in Canada to the post-office to be posted. He placed them in the bags which were hung up in the popular coffee-houses, and when an outgoing vessel was ready to sail, the captain would take the bags with him. Sir Francis Freeling, the secretary of the British post-office, informed the postmaster-general that Liverpool, which has the greatest traffic with America, sent scarcely one letter per week by post, though thousands were sent independently of the post-office. The testimony on this side of the Atlantic was no less equivocal. A leading Canadian publicist in the early thirties, declared that, while news of the arrival of the British packet excited no interest in Montreal or Toronto, a report that the American mails were in filled the post-offices at these places. In demonstrating that letters could be carried across the ocean for one or two pence each, the American lines were rendering a great service to the cause of low postage. As the idea of penny postage originated

in England, in the fact that stage drivers and other public carriers were accustomed to carry letters (of course surreptitiously) for a penny, so such rates as from one to four shillings a letter for trans-Atlantic carriage could not long survive the knowledge that letters were carried over the same route by vessels which thrived on a penny, or two pence, a letter.

But though the public in Great Britain and her trans-Atlantic colonies were well content to make the most of the advantages which the services belonging to the United States offered, officialdom was not satisfied with what it chose to regard as the state of dependence into which the Mother Country and colonies appeared to be sinking, and a constant lookout was kept for opportunities for escape from that state. A heroic effort was made when negotiations were entered into with Samuel Cunard for the conveyance of mails across the Atlantic by steam vessels. The successful trips made almost simultaneously in 1838 by the *Great Western* from Bristol and the *Sirius* from Cork, to New York convinced the British government that the day of the steam vessel for trans-Atlantic service was come, and measures were taken in pursuance of that conviction. Starting from the fact that Halifax was five hundred and fifty miles nearer to Liverpool than New York was, it was proposed that with the contract for the trans-Atlantic contract, subsidiary arrangements should be made for services from Halifax to Boston, Bermuda, and Newfoundland. The old Canadian provinces, now Ontario and Quebec, offered most difficulty on account of their being so far inland. To meet this difficulty, the mails on arriving at Halifax were to be carried overland to a point on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence by small, fast steamer to Quebec. But the officials were never rid of the fear that Canadians might prefer to have their mails from New York instead of from Halifax. Efforts were made to put the roads in good condition for the long winter journey when the gulf steamer could run with only partial success. Before the post-office schemes were fairly in operation, United States routes to points in Canada had secured an advantage which made the

Halifax route hopeless as a competitor for Canadian business for a full generation. With the same mode of conveyance the American routes to Canadian points were superior to those through the provinces, in that they were shorter and were covered by better roads. But the replacement of stage-coaches by railway trains on the routes from New York and Boston to Albany, and from that point westward to Buffalo, turned the scale so effectually that in 1845 the British post-office gave up the struggle and directed that the Cunard steamers should land the Upper and Lower Canadian mails at Boston, and that they should be carried as near to their destination as possible over the American railway system.

It will have been observed that, as between the two countries, the indebtedness has up till this time lain almost entirely on Canada. It was an undoubted gain for the United States to have the expenses of its mail service borne in part by Canada, but the benefits of the arrangements had been unequally distributed. It has been of incalculable advantage to Canada that her more fortunately situated neighbours have always been ready to share their superiorities with her on terms consistent with Canada's self-respect. Canada will be seen still to have many strong reasons for thankfulness that her neighbours have been so steadily friendly, though from this time onward she has been able to place certain advantages of hers at the service of the United States. A glance at the map will show that the natural course of traffic between New York and the New England states, on the one side, and the north-western states on the other, is by way of Buffalo and Detroit, and that the shortest and easiest route between Buffalo and Detroit is across the southern portion of the province of Ontario, along the line of the northern shore of Lake Erie. Accordingly, when, in 1854, the Great Western Railway was built to bring the many rising towns between Niagara Falls and Detroit River into closer communication with one another and with the other parts of Canada and the United States, the postmaster-general at Washington applied for and obtained permission to make use

of this line for the conveyance of mails between the east and the west and the north-west. This railway, and another running to the south of it, which forms part of the Michigan Central system, are still important links in the chain making up the United States postal system.

The telling of the next event of consequence in the history of these relations carries us back to the Atlantic, and this time it is Canada that plays the leading rôle. The gradual disappearance before the competition of the steamers of the Cunard line of the fast sailing packets, which for many years were the pride of America, led to the establishment of a line of fast steamers by Mr. Collins. The Collins line started under the most favourable auspices in 1850. The four steamers composing it—the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Baltic*, and *Arctic*—were reputed to be swifter and more commodious than the Cunard steamers, and while they lasted they cut seriously into the business of the older line. But the wreck of the *Arctic* in September, 1854, followed by that of the *Pacific* in January, 1856, crippled the line so gravely that it was ready for the *coup de grace* administered by Congress in the withdrawal of the subsidies by which it had been assisted, and the first American venture in this field came to an end in 1858. The Cunards had the service again to themselves. But they were far from carrying on the work unaided. From the establishment of their line they had received large subsidies from the British government, and at the time the competition between them and Mr. Collins was keenest, this subsidy amounted to £183,000 a year.

It was the the payment of these subsidies by Great Britain that aroused Canada to action. Canadian ports are several hundred miles nearer to Liverpool than are the ports to the south, and it was believed, not unjustifiably, that in the absence of artificial interferences, Canada would get a large share of the American trade, particularly from the western and north-western states. A line of canals was being built to provide a clear course for vessels between the head of the Great Lakes and the ports of Montreal and Quebec, at an

outlay which strained the financial resources of the country almost to the breaking-point. But notwithstanding all these advantages, natural and acquired, the trade did not come to the St. Lawrence ports ; and this fact Canada attributed to the large subsidies which enabled the Cunards to keep the trade in their own hands. There was just one thing for Canada to do, and that was to enter on a career of subsidizing, which it was hoped would bring trade to what Canadians regarded as its natural channels. After some preliminary failures, the Canadian ocean mail service was fairly launched in 1856, and for the first three years made regular trips from Liverpool, fortnightly during the season of open navigation on the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal, and monthly during the winter to Portland. From Portland to Montreal, the Grand Trunk Company had a line. The results were so encouraging that it was determined to have these trips made weekly throughout the year, and the United States post-office was invited to join with the Canadian office in taking advantage of this service.

By 1860, the progress of railway construction in Canada enabled this country to make a very attractive proposition to the United States post-office. There was a clear line of railway from Rivière du Loup, a well-known summer resort on the St. Lawrence, one hundred and twenty miles below Quebec, to Chicago, and, also, a line from Portland to Chicago over the Grand Trunk system. Thus, mails from Great Britain or other European countries for the western states could be carried by railway to Chicago. In Great Britain the post-office had been induced to put on a special last-moment service from London and Liverpool to Cork, so that there was a fast, uninterrupted transmission from London to Chicago. The United States coöperated heartily in making the scheme a success, and the governments of France, Prussia, and Belgium embraced it for their correspondence with the United States. The scheme aroused high hopes. The first mails which left Chicago reached London within twelve days. With this fact before him, the postmaster-general of Canada promised the

French and Belgian post-offices that letters would reach Paris and Brussels within fifteen days from New Orleans. There was a service of great importance, to the public, which was only possible to vessels taking the northern route in crossing the Atlantic.

It will be remembered that we were still in ante-cable days. In Europe and America all the more populous sections of the country were united by wire, but between Europe and America there lay the great gulf of the Atlantic. To reduce the time between the telegraph systems on the two sides of the ocean was the chief desideratum. Here the Canadian steamers had a decided advantage over vessels following a more southerly route. Three or four days before reaching their destination at Quebec or Portland, they came near enough to land to deliver European messages at points in communication with the telegraph system of America. The plan adopted was to place all telegrams received at Cork in air-tight canisters, and as the vessels approached Cape Race, the ship's officers tossed the canisters overboard and these were picked up by open boats and carried to the Cape, where they were despatched by telegraph to all parts of America. London papers calculated that the prices in the stock market up to Thursday afternoon would reach America by Friday of the week following, and thus permit of transactions being concluded by the steamers leaving New York and Quebec on Saturday. The fulfilment of the promises made by the postmaster-general was cheerfully undertaken by the Allan Company. The average time of the trips made by their steamers in 1859, was an hour over eleven and one-half days going to Liverpool, and an hour less than ten and one-half days coming to Quebec. The postmaster-general of the United States, in reporting to Congress the conclusion of the arrangement with Canada, expressed the opinion that as it certainly afforded the most direct, so it probably provided the most expeditious, communication between Liverpool and Chicago. And nothing was left undone to realize these expectations.

In 1860, the first year of the general arrangement, the steamers of the Canadian line, while making an average of two hours longer on the trips to America than the Cunard steamers, managed to beat their rivals by an average of one and one-quarter days on the outward trips. But under the conditions, the pace was too good. Until half a dozen years before, a steamer had never made its way up the St. Lawrence. Even to-day, when the route is well-known and the course marked by a line of lights which, for long distances makes it resemble a hallway, there is room for anxiety on the trip up the river. In 1860, a vessel entering the Straits of Belle Isle had no guidance for four hundred and fifty miles, and then there was another stretch of one hundred and twenty miles without a lighthouse. Critical points on the route to Portland were equally unnoted. The natural consequence, under these conditions, of making every voyage a race, and of augmenting the risks by the delivery of telegrams off dangerous headlands, soon manifested itself. Before the arrangement was made with the United States, two of the mail steamers had been lost; within a few months after the agreement the *Hungarian* was engulfed off Cape Sable and not a soul saved; in 1861, two more of the fleet were destroyed; in 1863, two more, and one in the year following. Between October, 1858, and February, 1864, eight of the mail-carrying steamers of this line became total wrecks, in some cases with large loss of life. There was no formal cancellation of the agreement, but gradually Canadian ports ceased to be serious rivals of the port of New York. This was a melancholy episode in the postal history of Canada, but it points with certainty to great possibilities, now that the St. Lawrence has been subdued to the ways of the navigator.

The greatest benefits derived by Canada from the good relations between the two countries arose in connexion with the confederation of the provinces of British North America to form the Dominion of Canada. Indeed, without the assistance of the postal system of the United States, it seems that an effective combination of the provinces would have

been impracticable. The political union of the provinces preceded considerably the establishment of efficient communication between them. For some years the several parts of the Dominion were dependent upon the good-will of their neighbours for the interchange of correspondence with one another. At the time the older provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, joined together, a beginning, but scarcely more, had been made from each end of the railway system which subsequently became the Intercolonial Railway. Between Quebec and Halifax there still lay a gap of nearly five hundred miles, which had to be covered by stage-coach. It was not until 1876 that the railway communication between the two places was completed. During the intervening period the mails from the Upper to the Lower Provinces were carried from Montreal to the New Brunswick boundary through the state of Maine. The use of the American railway system for this exchange, though very convenient, was not absolutely essential, as there was a combined railway and stage line between the provinces over Canadian territory. In as much, however, as the time of conveyance through the United States was scarcely more than a third of that occupied on the interprovincial route, little of the correspondence between the provinces was exchanged by the latter route.

The case with the western provinces was different. When Manitoba and British Columbia became incorporated into the Dominion, the only practicable route between these provinces and the capital of the country was through the United States. Manitoba had a close and interesting connexion with the postal system of the United States while it was still part of the Hudson Bay territory. In the course of a parliamentary enquiry held in 1857 into the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company, a missionary who served in the Red River colony between the years 1853 and 1855 related the facts regarding the postal service of the territory. When he first settled there, there were just two opportunities to send out letters in a year, one by the ship which sailed annually to Hudson Bay, the other by the canoe service from Montreal.

The people, not unnaturally, wearied of this isolation, and the missionary says that the American government made an appropriation and despatched a mail once a month to Pembina, the highest point in the state of Minnesota. A number of the settlers came together and formed a little post-office at Red River, now Winnipeg. The letters were sent from Red River to Pembina to meet the American mail. Pembina at that time comprised a fur-trading post, a fort, and a small settlement. When, in 1870, the Canadian post-office took over the primitive mail service in the Red River settlement, the only postage stamps found in use there were those of the United States. The postal annexation of the north-west of Canada by the United States was at this period complete. Efforts were made to establish a connexion between older Canada and the new province by a route part river and lake and part portage from Lake Superior, but fruitlessly, and until the Canadian Pacific Railway ran to Winnipeg, there was no alternative but to accept the freely offered services of the United States.

British Columbia stood in a like case of dependence upon the United States for its means of communication with the other provinces of Canada. When, in 1858, the territory was erected into a province, its isolation from all its political connexions was extreme. Between it and the westernmost province of Canada lay over two thousand miles of lake, prairie, and mountain. The measure of its isolation will be seen in the first project for mail service between the province and Great Britain. It was proposed to have the mails brought from England by the Cunard steamers to Halifax or New York, and from there taken to Colon. After passing the Isthmus of Panama, they were to be carried by steamer over the great stretch from Central America to British Columbia. A view of the tenders for the conveyance from Panama to Victoria convinced the British government that recourse would be again necessary to the good-will of the Americans. The British consul at San Francisco advised his government that the British Columbia mails from Great Britain could be sent

by railway from New York to St. Louis, and by pony express from that point to San Francisco, where he would take charge of them, delivering them either to the upcoast stage or to the first safe steamer sailing to Olympia or Victoria. This was the plan adopted, and doubtless with gratitude, but until the railway reached San Francisco the mails were pitifully slow. The British Columbia newspaper of March 9th, 1861, contained no eastern news later than that which reached St. Louis by mail or telegraph on February 5th. There was a steamer, the *Eliza Anderson*, which ran from Olympia to Victoria, and the day the steamer brought news from the east was a great day in the colony. Californians were no more interested than British Columbians in the completion of the telegraph line and railway track which united west to east. Until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885, all mails from the eastern provinces to British Columbia passed between the south-western extremity of Ontario to British Columbia by United States railways or steamers.

Although each country was enabled to make such use as it thought fit of the services controlled by the other, it is of course to be understood that it was under arrangement identical in principle with that made between Washington's postmaster-general and the deputy postmaster-general of Canada in 1792, though differing vastly in details. Accounts were kept in each country for the conveyance of every letter from the other, which passed through its territory, and there were periodical settlings. But a different spirit was coming to govern international postal relations throughout the world. All countries which had adopted Hill's principles of a single rate for letters passing anywhere within their own territories, recognized the enormous gain there was in a plan which enabled them to dispense with complicated accounts, and questions began to be asked as to whether these accounts accompanying every mail, like a merchant's invoice, might not be done away with. The first to invite discussion of the subject on a large scale was Mr. Blair, postmaster-general of the United States. In 1863, he sent a circular letter to all

the leading nations, pointing out the various grave inconveniences of the existing system, and suggesting a conference to consider the subject. The conference was held in Paris shortly after, and though nothing of a practical nature was decided upon at the time, an immense deal of good was done in bringing so large a question within the range of possibility. In 1874, public opinion was ripe for an international convention, which swept away the complexities of the old system for ever. This, however, is not the story of the Universal Postal Union. As between the United States and Canada, a convention was made of the most intimate and far reaching character. In a real sense, it made the two countries one postal territory. A letter from New York to Philadelphia, or any other point in the United States, cost three cents. It cost no more, nor was it differently regarded in the post-office, if it were addressed to Montreal, or any other point in Canada. No more accounts were required for the letters to Montreal than to Philadelphia. Another feature in pursuance of the aim of making the two countries one postal territory was that each country was accorded full liberty to make use of the services of the other country in sending its mails by the most convenient means to any part of its territory. The older provinces of Canada sent their mails to Manitoba and British Columbia through the United States, and New York and the New England states sent their mails to Michigan and other north-western states, equally without charge. Services were supposed to offset one another, and if for a time either country got the advantage, the fact was not allowed to weigh in the scale against the many benefits accruing to both countries from their coöperation.

William Smith

THE PARADOX OF ECONOMICS

IN his book entitled "Applied Economics," Professor James Mavor brings out with singular clearness the paradox that underlies the problems of the economist. The work forms the initial volume of a Canadian edition of eighteen texts, which have been prepared for the course given by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, New York.

Let us take, first, the law of increasing returns. This would appear to offer infinite possibilities to the capitalist, for, up to a certain point, an increase of labour will produce a proportionately greater result than that produced by the previous labour. A factory running on full time will produce more than double what it would produce if it were running only half time, because some of its expenses remain the same whatever the output may be. This has done much to induce industrial combination, which results in increase in the output in proportion to the labour and capital involved. Were this tendency unchecked, society would soon resolve itself into two classes, multi-millionaire magnates wielding unlimited power, and the rest of suffering humanity, forced by the sweat of its brow to increase the hoards of the wealthy. Fortunately, however, such a catastrophe is prevented by inherent limitations, imposed by the law of diminishing return. Excessive labour produces exhaustion; a man who works too hard breaks down and is unable to work at all; a machine that is subjected to too great a strain becomes useless; land which is over-developed diminishes in fruitfulness; a business which is unduly expanded ends in ruin.

Paradox underlies production in other directions also. It is said sometimes that the machine is injurious, since it takes the place of human labour. If this were so, it would be expected that the fewest workmen would be employed where the largest amount of machinery existed. But the contrary

is true, as, for example, in Lancashire, or, to extend the geography a little, there is more labour and more machinery in England than there is among the North American Indians. Suppose in a factory a machine is introduced which is capable of turning out three times as much of a certain article as the machines could do that were employed previously. Because the production has been increased, it does not follow that the demand will also be increased ; consequently the market may be overburdened with that particular commodity and it may become impossible to sell the goods even at a very low price. Or, take the case of a very abundant harvest, with a large yield of wheat. The interests of the farmer would certainly appear to be served by mere abundance, whether the abundance is the result of his own efforts or of nature's lavishness. But while the supply of wheat is increased, the demand may remain more or less stationary. Since the demand is more easily satisfied, the value of the wheat depreciates and the price falls. The greater the yield the less the exchange value, and the farmer receives less for a given quantity of wheat and gains little, although he may have much more to sell than formerly. In certain parts of Eastern Europe and in the Canadian Middle West, the farmer devotes himself almost exclusively to the production of wheat, and he is particularly prone to suffer from the effects of over-production in case of a too plentiful harvest. Another example of over-production is seen in the too rapid expansion of railways. Clamour for increased railway facilities, and even the need for these, may be very great: yet the country in question may not offer effective demand for railway expansion. If, in obedience to this clamour, railways are constructed beyond the range of effective demand, that is to say in excess of the amount which the country can "afford," the railways may default in the payment of interest and dividends and a financial crisis may ensue, even although the country may abound in "natural resources" and in optimists. This was the case in Great Britain during the period from 1840 to 1848, in the United States between the close

of the Civil War and the year 1873, in New Zealand from 1875 to 1876, and in Italy from 1875 to 1880.

The establishment of a maximum wage sometimes appears as the lodestar of the manufacturer. Let us see how it works out. A certain limit of wage is fixed for certain employment, beyond which it is illegal to go. If a man is a good craftsman, ambitious, and interested in his work, he naturally expects to reap an equivalent reward. If he finds that no matter how much care he is prepared to exercise in his work, he is unable to get more wages, either he will lose interest and produce inferior articles or he will search for employment in some other field where greater opportunity for success is offered. Far from being of service to the employer therefore, the adoption of a maximum wage really results in the accomplishment of a minimum amount of work—and that frequently of an inferior character—and in the loss of the most skilled workmen in that particular trade. An example of this is to be found in the economic history of Northern Italy. In the Middle Ages, and particularly after a great epidemic, it was customary to fix a maximum wage, the ravages of the plague having decimated the population to such an extent that labourers were extremely scarce. In Italy this was done in many northern cities; but Venice remained an exception. Consequently, artisans of every trade flocked to Venice and so overloaded the market there that wages rapidly fell, even below those in other cities.

On the other hand, the establishment of a minimum wage offers an alluring prospect to the workman. Let us see how it works out. If an employer has to pay a certain amount to each of his employees, no matter what the capacity of the employee in question, he naturally will employ only those who give him an adequate return; moreover he will not employ a man who is past his prime and unable to perform a full day's work. The number of employees will be reduced to the bare minimum capable of performing the necessary work, and the higher the minimum rate the greater will be this reduction and the more difficult will it be to obtain employ-

ment. Should the minimum rate be established in every branch of labour, it would be impossible for a large number of workers, who from some cause, physical or otherwise, are unable to do a full day's work, to obtain employment of any kind, and the duty of maintaining them would devolve upon the state, and incidentally upon those who are wage-earners. Thus, the wage-earners would have to bear the double burden of supporting not only themselves but the inefficient members of the community as well. Such an arrangement would add tremendously to the ranks of the unemployed and would injure the very class that it was meant to benefit, who, instead of being merely the poor working people, would be reduced to a starving or ignominiously dependent class. In order to relieve the distress so prevalent during the winter months, especially in a rigorous climate such as this, a municipal minimum wage has been advocated and has been in force for some years in Toronto. Each winter a large number of unemployed congregate there. The employment which the civic authorities are able to offer consists almost exclusively of outdoor work, and many of the labourers prefer to accept indoor work even at a lower wage. During the winter the labour market is overburdened with applicants, and a general reduction in wages is the result. The worker, whatever his trade, therefore, suffers through this attempt to assist the man who seeks casual employment.

The adoption of a uniform, and still more of a minimum, wage involves as a logical consequence the establishment of old-age pensions, which means that those who are able to obtain employment must provide, through the payment of taxes, for those who, by reason of their age, are given a pension. But it appears that, at present, it is not admitted that the average workman, whose earning capacity is limited to that portion of his life during which he enjoys good health and full vigour, can save enough to keep himself and his family after his working days are over. How then can he support the additional burden of taxes incurred by the adoption of old-age pensions? Moreover, if the pensioner is not wholly

incapacitated from labour, he may enter as a subsidized competitor with the non-pensioner, who finds his wages reduced, first, by his contribution to the pension fund, and, second, by the loss in wages through subsidized competition of the pensioners. The question thus arises as to whether recipients of old-age pensions should be allowed to work. It would seem that, after a life of hard toil, a man's latter days should be free from the necessity of doing arduous work, but to be condemned to absolute idleness is another matter, particularly when the sentence may be passed while the man still considers himself able to do efficient work. If such pensioners are allowed to work, they compete against others, and bring down the rate of wages; if they are not allowed to work, they become a greater burden on the state and the national aggregate suffers for lack of their contributions.

An effort to ameliorate conditions has been made through trade unionism. Since the third quarter of the nineteenth century the trade union has grown greatly in importance, especially in Great Britain. The avowed purpose of these unions is, by dint of collective force, to increase the rate of wages and to resist any attempted reduction of this rate. So long as it possesses sufficient funds, the trade union is able to maintain the workman while out of employment and to assist him in his demand for a certain wage. In this way the supply of labour, and consequently the amount of production, may be restricted. The usual consequence is an advance in wages, unless the employers have a sufficient supply on hand to meet the demand for some time, in which case the issue resolves itself into the question of which side can hold out longest with the least detriment to itself. Should an advance in price occur, the demand immediately becomes less insistent and the production is diminished, which involves a reduction in the demand for labour and makes it more difficult for the workman to find employment. In the case of government contracts, an employer is obliged sometimes to increase the wages of his men or to recognize a union, but, if he submits to the force of circumstances, he does so only on condition that the next con-

tracts will be given at a higher figure, which means that the tax-payer ultimately pays for the difference in the rate of wages given.

In order to achieve an improvement in the conditions under which the labouring classes live, a demand has been made that the number of hours that comprise a working day be limited. The result of the adoption of such a measure is that the labourer's wage-earning capacity is limited in exactly the same proportion as the number of hours that he may work.

Supply and demand of course play important parts in the labour drama. So long as the supply of labourers is in excess of the demand for labour, even so long will it be impossible to increase the standard of wages to the benefit of the community at large. The number of unemployed varies with the rate of wages, and the higher the minimum rate the larger the number of unemployed. A minimum rate would also influence the supply and demand, for wherever it has been established it has been instrumental in attracting to that place large numbers of workmen seeking employment, and thus has tended to lower the scale of wages. The demand for work is largely influenced by conditions as they exist in rural districts. A poor harvest increases the demand for employment, because the men who usually are employed on the farms flock to the cities seeking work. The result is a great demand for employment and a lower rate of wages. The small towns suffer as a result of the reduced demand for commodities of all kinds from the rural districts, and this in turn reacts upon the larger cities and brings about an increase in prices.

Another example of paradox appears in the effect of an advance in wages. Such an advance implies an increase in the standard of comfort, better and more expensive clothing, more comfortable dwellings. The demand for such things consequently increases and this raises prices. On the other hand, lower wages necessitate stricter economies and the consumption of cheaper goods, bread for instance. A rise in the price of a certain commodity is followed by a reduction in consumption, and probably the substitution of something cheaper.

The failure of one grain will increase the demand for other grains. For instance, a poor harvest of rye in Eastern Europe will raise the price of wheat and potatoes; a failure in the rice crop in China and Japan will increase the cost of other foodstuffs. In Northern Russia and in Sweden, when the grain harvest is poor, the peasants mix with their flour the ground inner bark of the pine; they also, in many cases, sell what grain they have and buy potatoes instead.

In the same way the high price of a material leads to the substitution of something cheaper—linen will be substituted for silk, copper will be used instead of iron for many purposes. An increased demand for a certain thing enhances its value and raises the price. This naturally is an incentive to increase the production, which inevitably must lower the cost of manufacture and the price of the finished article. The successful conduct of a business soon invokes emulation. The mere fact that a manufacturer of certain goods has succeeded financially induces others to enter into competition with him, and the demand for suitable land, capital, and labour is diverted from other channels to that particular branch of industry, with the result that rents, interest, and wages are all increased. Therefore when his contracts have to be renewed, the manufacturer finds himself obliged to pay higher prices for everything, and his net profits are reduced proportionately, the employee receiving a certain share of these profits in the form of an increased wage. New inventions also influence prices. They create a demand for the materials of which they are composed and lend an added stimulus to the production of such materials. If, as frequently happens, the supply then becomes greater than the demand, the goods must become cheaper.

In Japan many of the merchants and business men have found it impossible to continue their work on the frugal diet to which they were accustomed under the more exacting conditions of business life that have come about during the past few years by reason of the increase of trade, and the cost of living of the mercantile class in that country has increased materially.

A man is not a machine, and if all incentive to do good work is taken away, he will no longer trouble to perform his task to his own or any one else's satisfaction. This applies to compulsory labour on prison farms. The establishment of such farms is a costly undertaking in the first place. The prisoners perform certain work under compulsion; they do just as little of it as possible, and what they do is done badly. Moreover, the prison farm, to the extent of its productivity, enters into competition with the local farmer—who contributes to its maintenance by the taxes he pays—in that it takes away from him any advantage that might accrue through supplying the prison with precisely those things which it now, as a farm, cultivates for itself.

The result of an increase in the total supply of gold is interesting. Credit immediately expands and the rate of interest is reduced; industry thus receives a strong stimulus; the demand for goods of all kinds is increased and the prices become higher. The consumer, therefore, instead of reaping an immediate benefit, does so only in an indirect way through the general prosperity; in reality, he is obliged to pay higher prices than before.

The view that land rightly belongs to the people dates from early times, when the peasant was obliged to cultivate the land and was not permitted to leave it. Yet we must remember that, although the peasant might be sold with the land he cultivated, he could not be separated from that land, and in time of scarcity the owner was obliged to provide for him. The idea that land is common property has never quite died out, especially in countries where tradition holds sway, Ireland for instance, and of late much has been heard of the evils of the private ownership of large tracts of land and of the benefits which would accrue to the community as a whole, and particularly to the holders of small farms, were these areas divided. A certain amount of social prestige formerly attached to the ownership of land. This has decayed, however; and there now exists less incentive to the possible landowner to accept the social and political responsibilities which were the

natural outcome of his position. As these responsibilities are repudiated more and more by the landowners, they must be assumed by the state and must be paid for by the tax-payer. The tendency has been towards depreciation in the value of land, and a stimulus has been added to this tendency by the increase in the supply of land consequent on the sale of large estates. In France, since the Revolution, the land has been divided and subdivided, until a large part of the country now consists of small holdings carrying with them little revenue and less prestige. In the Canadian North-West there has been, and still is, a steady demand for land, induced to a large extent by immigration. This, however, coupled as it has been with a low rate of interest, has led to much over-speculation. In his endeavour to accumulate property, usually with the intention of selling it at a large profit later on, the farmer has entered into obligations which he is unable to meet, and in the effort to keep land through which he expects to make a fortune at some date not too remote, he is now losing money for want of the ready capital to cultivate his own farm; and one fears that the day may come when he will realize the truth of the old adage, "Half a loaf is better than no bread." An increase in the rate of interest naturally checks the advance in the price of land; but when the cost of land becomes too great, particularly in a newly settled area, it acts as a deterrent rather than as an aid to expansion and growth. For example, should he consider the price of land in a certain locality prohibitive, a manufacturer will establish his industry elsewhere. The price of rural land is increased by improved means of communication, but if the price becomes too high immigration is checked, and those who already have settled on the land begin to emigrate.

One of the most important examples of the paradox is that underlying the taxation of land. The immediate effect of such a tax is a reduction in the value of land. A tax upon unused land is not a tax upon land, but is a tax upon capital, or upon income derived from other sources than the land in question. Continuance of the period during which the land

is unused—in other words the period of waiting for an advance in price—will depend partly upon demand for the land for any purpose, partly upon the supply of it, and partly upon the resources of the owner in respect to capital and income. If the latter are slender and if the land is thrown upon the market during a period of inferior demand, the price may be such that a tax based upon it would be insignificant, and since the prices of contiguous occupied land would be affected, the yield of the tax as a whole would be sharply diminished. It is therefore conceivable that a tax exclusively upon occupied land would yield more than a tax upon land whether occupied or not.

So, also, the paradox underlying protection. By means of protection foreign competition may be eliminated and the manufacturer hopes to obtain better prices for his goods. While it is true that a protective tariff restricts the supply of protected goods, it is true also that it restricts the market for the goods when they are manufactured. A country in which all manufactured goods are protected by a high tariff cannot export those goods unless they are sold at a lower price than in the home market. The increased cost of the goods also tends to lessen the demand for them for home consumption and makes them more difficult to sell. Moreover, the higher the tariff the less it contributes to the revenue of the state, and, in consequence, other means of taxation have to be found. If the people are too heavily taxed, they are unable to pay the increased cost of the protected goods and must either substitute some other and cheaper article or they must limit the amount of their purchases. One effect of a protective tariff is the stimulation of domestic competition; and such competition, if sufficiently active, naturally reduces the price. The competitors may combine and form a trust, in which case the competition is modified and the effect of the tariff neutralized. Should trusts compete against each other, the prices would again fall, and demands would be made to increase the tariff on the ground that the business had ceased to be profitable. After all, the success

of the manufacturer really depends upon the state of the market, and a protective policy must restrict that market.

The subject of economics is so vast—in fact one might substitute the word "life" for "economics"—that it is only possible to touch lightly on a few of the problems involved. A solution of the enigma is thought by some to lie hidden among the possibilities of socialism as interpreted in state-ownership. As there is a strong sentiment among many of the nations concerning the joint-ownership of land, so the nationalization of all industry, and the common ownership, as vested in the state, of land and capital appeals to its advocates as a possible "Utopia." But state-ownership involves state-responsibility. Would state-responsibility result in individual negligence and lack of initiative, or would it result in more enlightened and astute selfishness? The holder of the state bonds of a socialist state, for example, would naturally consider his own interests rather than those of the worker, and these interests would be by no means identical. Hence a serious class struggle might easily arise within a socialist state with disastrous effect. The present system is open to criticism, but there are two points which must not be forgotten: employment is not obligatory, and no matter how low wages may be in certain cases, the worker, under present conditions, is certain to receive remuneration for the work which he does. It is possible that other systems might be established under which this condition might be reversed, and that, whereas it might be easy to find employment, or whereas employment might even be obligatory, it might be extremely difficult to obtain any wages.

In view of the many examples of the paradox suggested by Professor Mavor, one well may echo the words of Jean-Jacques Rousseau: "A great deal of philosophy is needed to understand the facts which are very near to us."

KATHLEEN PHILLIPS

OF SOME RECENT ANTHOLOGIES

TOWARDS the end of last century it was commonly believed that the day of poetry was past and that the future lay with science. Science had made such rapid progress in the latter half of the nineteenth century that her ascendancy in the twentieth seemed assured: poetry's varied hues, it was thought, could not possibly withstand her brilliant white light. But the reverse has been the case. Poetry has not only held her own against the advance of science, but done much more. It may be truthfully said that the opening years of the twentieth century have witnessed a great poetical revival. Much poetry, much good poetry, is being written; and much poetry is being read. There is a vigorous and active group of young poets in Great Britain, and another group in America; and other countries have similar groups. Then, too, there are many readers of poetry, even readers of contemporary poetry. Poetry is occupying a more prominent place in the reviews and magazines than it did a few years ago. There is even a Poetry Review, devoted entirely to the production and criticism of poetry; while over a year ago a Poetry Bookshop was opened in London for the sale of poetry and books dealing with poetry, and as a meeting-place for poets and those interested in their work. But there is no surer sign of the poetic revival than the large issue of poetical anthologies. It would be safe to say that more of these have appeared during the last fourteen or fifteen years than in any previous half-century; and several have had numerous editions.

To the man in the street there is something forbidding in the name "anthology." He at once connects it with such dry subjects as geology and biology, or, still worse, psychology and sociology. He does not know that it is a Greek word meaning a collection of flowers. If, instead of an Anthology, the collection were called Flowers of Poetry, or a Poetical Garland,

or a Garden of Verses, he would not have the same feeling of repulsion, although possibly the attraction would not be very great. However, not all anthologies of poetry are so named; and, moreover, poetry lovers are not exactly men in the street. In any case, anthologies of poetry, however named, are numerous and accessible, and also, apparently, very popular.

The well-known "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrical Poems" has long been our classical English anthology. It was edited by the late Francis Turner Palgrave, for a time professor of poetry at Oxford, who, in compiling it, had the assistance of Tennyson. It was first published in 1861, and at once became popular; but it contains no poetry beyond 1850, the year of Wordsworth's death. Indeed, no poet living in the year of publication appears in its pages; so that Tennyson, the Brownings, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne, not to mention later writers, are quite unrepresented.

What is now our standard English anthology, and is likely to remain so for many years to come, is the "Oxford Book of English Verse," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, an Oxford man who now occupies the chair of English Literature at Cambridge. This was published in 1900, and contains poems from 1250 to that date, thus covering six and a half centuries, while the "Golden Treasury" covers only three, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth. Moreover, while the "Golden Treasury" contains 339 separate poems, the "Oxford Book of Verse" contains 883. Of these some fifty are pre-Elizabethan, and over two hundred between 1850 and 1900. It is thus evident that the later collection is much more comprehensive than the earlier one. It is also more in accordance with present-day taste. A few comparisons to exemplify this may be interesting. John Donne, the metaphysical poet, of whose work the "Golden Treasury" contains only one specimen, is represented by eight poems in the "Oxford Book"; while Robert Herrick, the Cavalier poet, has eight poems in the earlier book as against twenty-nine in the later. On the other hand, Cowper and Campbell are less well represented in the later collection, which contains only two

poems of each as against eight and eleven respectively in the "Golden Treasury."

The success of the "Oxford Book of English Verse" led to the publication in 1908 of the "Oxford Book of French Verse," chosen and edited by St. John Lucas, and now the standard collection published in England, having superseded the older collection in the "Golden Treasury" series, entitled "La Lyre Française." The recently published "Petite Anthologie des Poètes Français" in the "Collection Nelson" is not satisfactory: comparatively few poets are represented; the names of Lamartine and Théophile Gauthier are conspicuous by their absence; no contemporary poets are represented at all; while of 538 pages 139, or fully one-fourth, are devoted to Alfred de Musset. An "Oxford Book of Italian Verse," also edited by Mr. Lucas, appeared in 1910, and an "Oxford Book of German Verse," edited by Professor Fiedler, in the following year; while, for German poetry, the two volumes in the "Golden Treasury" series, "Deutsche Lyrik" and "Balladen und Romanzen," both edited by Dr. Buchheim, still retain their place beside the later book. There is also an "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse" (1910) and a "Dublin Book of Irish Verse" (1909), which aim at doing for their respective countries what the "Oxford Book of English Verse" has done for England and the English-speaking world. The "Yale Book of American Verse," published in 1912, has, apparently, a similar aim for the United States; but it can hardly be accepted as representative when Walt Whitman has only one poem in it, his famous "O Captain! My Captain!" and Joaquin Miller none at all, while it contains no fewer than ten pieces by Henry Cuyler Bunner. The "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," also edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, appeared in 1912. A recent addition to the Oxford series is the "Oxford Book of Canadian Verse," published towards the end of last year, and containing two hundred and fifty-one poems chosen by Wilfred Campbell and representing one hundred poets. The latest volume is the "Oxford Book of Spanish Verse," edited by J. Fitz-Maurice Kelly, which appeared early this year.

The Greek Anthology, the "only begetter" of all ensuing anthologies, consists of several thousand short poems extending over seventeen centuries, from 700 B.C. down to 1000 A.D. The standard English edition is J. W. Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," which contains introduction, text, prose translation, and notes. There is a smaller edition in two volumes in Longmans' Pocket Library, one volume containing the Greek text of the five hundred select Epigrams, the other Mackail's translation. "Ancient Gems in Modern Settings," a selection of verse translations by various scholars, edited by G. B. Grundy of Oxford, appeared last year. The word "epigram," as applied to these poems, is not used in quite the modern sense. As a rule, there is nothing specially witty or surprising about them: they are just short, pithy, and exquisitely finished. They cover a wide range of subjects. Mackail classes his selection under twelve headings, viz., (1) Love, (2) Prayers and Dedications, (3) Epitaphs, (4) Literature and Art, (5) Religion, (6) Nature, (7) The Family, (8) Beauty, (9) Fate and Chance, (10) The Human Comedy, (11) Death, (12) Life. The poems vary from two to twelve lines in length, only one extending to fourteen, and most being of four, six, or eight lines. Probably the best known of all is the famous two-line epitaph of Simonides on the Spartans at Thermopylæ: "Go, stranger, and tell the Lacedæmonians that here we lie in obedience to their laws." Here is another by the same author on the Athenian dead at Platæa: "If to die nobly be the highest part of valour, to us above all men Fate has been most kind; for, striving to win freedom for Greece, here we lie in deathless fame." This is an inscription on a statue at an orchard corner: "I, Hermes, stand here by the windy orchard in the crossways nigh the grey sea-shore, giving rest on the way to wearied men; and the fountain wells forth cold stainless water." The following is a prayer to the gods of harbour and headland: "Harbour-god, do thou, O blessed one, send with a gentle breeze the outward-bound sail of Archelaus down smooth water even to the sea; and thou who hast the point of the shore inward, keep the convoy that is

bound for the Pythian shrine; and thenceforward, if all we singers are in Phoebus' care, I will sail cheerily on with a fair-flowing west wind." A famous verse rendering of an epitaph is William Cory's version of Callimachus's epitaph on Heracleitus, which is given in Dr. Grundy's book.

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead ;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

But it is the Love Epigrams that make most appeal to the modern reader. Who, for example, would venture to gainsay this sentiment of Asclepiades?—"Sweet is snow in summer for the thirsty to drink, and sweet for sailors after winter to see the garland of spring; but most sweet when one cloak shelters two lovers, and the tale of love is told by both." The following is a verse translation by Dean Merivale of another Love Epigram:

Oh, that I were some gentle air,
That, when the heats of summer glow
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow!
Oh that I were yon blushing rose,
Which even now thy hands have pressed,
That I might love in sweet repose,
Reclining on thy snowy breast!
Oh that I were a lily fair,
That, culled by fingers fairer still,
I might thine every movement share
And on thy beauty gaze my fill!

This sounds very modern and reminds us at once of Tennyson's song in "The Miller's Daughter," which was probably suggested by the original Greek.

Another charming rendering of an epigram modern in spirit is that by Andrew Lang, given in Dr. Grundy's book, of Meleager's "Spring":

Now the bright crocus flames, and now
The slim narcissus takes the rain,
And, straying o'er the meadow's brow,
The daffodillies bud again.
The thousand blossoms wax and wane
On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,
But fairer than the flowers art thou—
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown
That my love's feet may tread it down,
Like lilies on the lilies set;
My love, whose lips are softer far
Than drowsy poppy petals are,
And sweeter than the violet.

But so far I have carefully avoided the anthologies referred to at the outset of this paper, which are, indeed, its *raison d'être*. These are small volumes of choice verse that may be picked up and read with profit and delight in any leisure moments, and compact enough to be carried in one's pocket when out on the hills or in the woods. The first on my list, E. V. Lucas's "The Open Road," is clearly a book of this kind, as is indicated by its sub-title, "A Little Book for Wayfarers." It was first published in 1899, so that it really belongs to last century; but its great and growing popularity is of the present century, in which it has passed through some twenty editions. It was the precursor of many attractive anthologies that have appeared since the century began; but it has a peculiar charm and appeal that are its own. The title itself is full of attraction, and so are the poems that serve as prelude. First there is Stevenson's quatrain:

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire.

Then comes a call from Wordsworth:

> And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!
> He, too, is no mean preacher ;
> Come forth into the light of things,
> Let Nature be your teacher.
>
> She has a world of reading wealth,
> Our minds and hearts to bless—
> Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness.
>
> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.
>
> Sweet is the lore which Nature brings:
> Our meddling intellect
> Misshapes the beauteous form of things ;
> We murder to dissect.
>
> Enough of Science and of Art ;
> Close up these barren leaves ;
> Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives.

The contents that form the body of the book (some 360 pages) are equally well chosen and are grouped under appropriate and attractive headings. These are as follows: "Farewell to Winter and the Town,—The Road,—Spring and the Beauty of the Earth,—The Lover Sings,—Sun and Cloud and the Windy Hills,—Companions,—Birds, Blossoms, and Trees,—Summer Sports and Pastimes,—Refreshment and the Inn,—Garden and Orchard,—Music beneath a Branch,—The Sea and the River,—The Reddening Leaf,—Night and the Stars,—A Little Company of Good Country People,—A Handful of Philosophy,—The Return." Many poets, old and new, are represented by characteristic pieces, and there are also prose passages, though those in verse predominate. Each section has suitable quotations serving as texts for what follows, and the whole volume has evidently been a labour of love and

is a model of exquisite taste. As postlude appears Christina Rossetti's beautiful poem "Up-Hill":

> Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
> Yes, to the very end.
> Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
> From morn to night, my friend.
>
> But is there for the night a resting-place ?
> A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
> May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
> You cannot miss that inn.
>
> Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
> Those who have gone before.
> Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
> They will not keep you standing at the door.
>
> Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
> Of labour you shall find the sum.
> Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
> Yes, beds for all who come.

A companion volume, "The Friendly Town: A little book for the Urbane," appeared in 1905. It is a book for the fireside on a winter evening. It deals with Christmas and winter merry-making; the joys of friends and the fireside; of the table and the tavern; of books, art, music, and the play. It contains more prose passages than "The Open Road," as is perhaps natural; but verse still predominates. The selection and arrangement show equal taste and care, and the book is only less charming than the earlier volume. Its spirit is admirably expressed in an introductory poem by Thomas Constable, entitled "Chill October." Here are the first two stanzas and the last:

> Hail, old October, bright and chill,
> First freedman from the summer sun!
> Spice the high bowl, and drink your fill!
> Thank heaven, at last the summer's done!

Come, friend, my fire is burning bright,
A fire's no longer out of place.
How clear it glows! (there's frost to-night)
It looks white winter in the face.

* * * *

Shine on the kangaroo, thou sun!
Make far New Zealand faint with fear!
Don't hurry back to spoil our fun,
Thank goodness, old October's here!

Subsequently we are led very pleasantly through the many joys of winter life in town until April comes round again, when once more the sunshine and the birds summon us out to hedgerow and field. The book appropriately closes with the poem by Edward Fitzgerald with which the companion volume opens, "The Meadows in Spring."

Thus, then, live I,
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By heaven, the bold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining !

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between,
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green.

I jump up, like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

An attractive little poem, in the section "Friends and the Fire," is that entitled "Clay," written by E. V. L. himself. It needs no apology.

" We are but clay," the preacher saith,
" The heart is clay, and clay the brain,
And soon or late there cometh death
To mingle us with earth again."

Well, let the preacher have it so,
  And clay we are, and clay shall be;—
Why iterate ?—for this I know,
  That clay does very well for me.

When clay has such red mouths to kiss,
  Firm hands to grasp, it is enough ;
How can I take it aught amiss
  We are not made of sterner stuff ?

And if one tempt you to believe
  His choice would be immortal gold,
Question him, " Can you then conceive
  A warmer heart than clay can hold ?

" Or richer joys than clay can feel ? "
  And when, perchance, he falters " Nay,"
Bid him renounce his wish, and kneel
  In thanks for this same kindly clay.

The third volume on my list is " The Poetic Old-World : A Little Book for Tourists," an American book, compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey, which appeared in 1908. The publishers are Henry Holt and Company, and the book is very attractive in form. It consists of poems dealing with the European countries chiefly visited by tourists from the New World—Ireland, England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Greece—and is doubtless intended primarily for cultured Americans on their travels ; but it is a book from which any one fond of poetry and acquainted with the British Isles and the continent of Europe can derive pleasure and profit. It contains some two hundred and fifty admirably chosen poems. Most of them are by British or American authors ; but a few appear in the original Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, or German, along with an English translation. Among these, for example, we have Longfellow's fine version of Goethe's famous Wandrers Nachtlied, " Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh:"

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath ;
The birds are asleep in the trees :
Wait ; soon like these
Thou, too, shalt rest.

In the section on Holland there is a charming Dutch lullaby by Eugene Field, entitled: " Nightfall in Dordrecht." Here are the first and last stanzas:

The mill goes toiling slowly round
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghost-like creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings :
" Sleep, little tulip, sleep ! "

* * * *

A Dream-one comes to blanket the eyes,
That wearily droop and sink ;
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies,
And scolds at the stars that blink.
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-one sweep,
And, rocking your cradle, she softly sings :
" Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The Italian section contains the following graceful villanelle by Austin Dobson on the sweet singer of Sicily :

O Singer of the field and fold,
Theocritus ! Pan's pipe was thine,
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mould,
The bee-hives, and the murmuring pine,
O Singer of the field and fold !

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old,
The beechen bowl made glad with wine,—
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told,
Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine,
O Singer of the field and fold !

And round thee, ever laughing, rolled
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine,—
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us ! Our songs are cold ;
Our Northern suns too sadly shine :
O Singer of the field and fold,
Thine was the happier age of Gold.

Among the "eminent hands" who contribute poems on England are Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold ; on Germany, Heine and Longfellow ; on Switzerland, Schiller and Byron ; on Italy, Shelley and Browning. Andrew Lang's splendid sonnet on "The Odyssey" opens the section on Greece. Two other fine sonnets, not so generally known, are Wilfred Scawen Blunt's on Gibraltar and Arthur Hallam's on Edinburgh. I will quote the latter.

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms ; brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised,—with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding nature's majesty,
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty.

The book opens and closes with poems by A. H. Clough. Along with four brother poets, he sings the joys of the voyage. Here is his poem on the return:

> Come back, come back, more eager than the breeze,
> The flying fancies sweep across the seas,
> And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,
> The heart's fond message hurries to its home:
> Come back, come back !
>
> Come back, come back !
> Back flies the foam, the hoisted flag streams back ;
> The long smoke wavers on the homeward track ;
> Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,
> The strong ship follows its appointed way.

My fourth volume is " A Little Book of Scottish Verse," edited by T. F. Henderson, author of a standard book on Scottish Vernacular Literature and joint editor, with W. E. Henley, of the Centenary Burns. It is a dainty little book, six inches by four, and weighing barely five and a quarter ounces, although it contains some three hundred pages. It is thus an excellent travelling companion. Like " The Open Road," it was first published in 1899. Besides anonymous poems, it contains representative work by thirty-five Scottish poets, ranging over about five and a half centuries, from 1300 to Lady Nairne and Alexander Cunningham, who lived till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. Dunbar, the greatest of the old Scots " makaris," is very well represented, as are also Robert Henryson and Alexander Scott; while Robert Fergusson, Burns, and Sir Walter Scott are, naturally, most prominent among the moderns. The language of the " makaris " being, to most present day readers, a hindrance to the full appreciation of their humour, satiric power, and mastery of metre, I will not venture on a quotation from the specimens given ; but the following short version of the Yarrow song, by an anonymous writer, will, in its simple pathos, appeal to every lover of poetry:

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
  And Willy's wondrous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
  Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
  This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
  I lie twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side,
  Pou'd you the rose or lily ?
Or came you by yon meadow green ?
  Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
  She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
  She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

"The Epitaph of Habbie Samson, Piper of Kilbarchan," by Sir Robert Semphill of Beltrees, Renfrewshire (seventeenth century), is interesting both as a picture of the life of the time and as the original of the metre adopted by Fergusson and Burns, and through them and others specially identified with Scottish vernacular verse. Two versions of "The Flowers of the Forest" are given, by Alison Cockburn and Jane Elliot respectively. It is interesting to compare them. The former is the better known, but the latter is much more distinctly Scottish in both language and style. Of course the collection contains many well-known favourites, such as "Auld Robin Gray" (Lady Anne Barnard), "The Laird o' Cockpen" (Lady Nairne), "Bonnie Prince Charlie" (James Hogg), "Jock o' Hazeldean" (Sir Walter Scott), and "The Wee, Wee German Lairdie" (Alexander Cunningham), as well as the choicest lyrics of Burns ; but some less familiar poems, such as "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "Maggie Lauder" (both anonymous), "Tullochgorum" and "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn" (both by the Rev. John Skinner of Longside, Aberdeenshire), "Braid Claith" (Robert Fergusson), and "Come under my Plaidie" (Hector MacNeill),

are equally admirable examples of Scottish humour. Here is a stanza of the last-named :

> My father aye told me, my mither and a',
> Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;
> It's true I love Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie,
> But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
> I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
> I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
> Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
> I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

It is always interesting to know what a worker in any field of art thinks regarding his fellow-workers, and therefore special interest attaches to the next volume on my list, as it was compiled by the fertile young English poet who recently visited Montreal and some other Canadian cities. The "Temple of Beauty," an anthology edited by Alfred Noyes and published by Andrew Melrose, appeared in 1911. It is a clearly printed and simply bound volume of four hundred pages. In the preface Mr. Noyes states his conception of poetry in somewhat similar terms to those used in his lecture in Montreal. The book, he tells us, "contains some of the greatest lyrical poetry in the English language, arranged with a view to the elucidation of the great positive values which all great art contains." The nine divisions are thus entitled : In the Beginning, — The Sweet o' the Year,— The Lover, — A Little Philosophy, — A Joy for Ever,— Of Such as These, — The Book of Memory, — Stepping Westward, — The Eternal Spring. Thirty-six authors are represented, from Chaucer to our own day. The poet's preferences are interesting. Tennyson comes first, with eighteen selections ; Wordsworth second, with sixteen ; while Blake, Shelley, and Browning follow with eight each. (It may be mentioned that "Pippa Passes" is given in full.) Burns and Keats are represented by only two poems each; and Herrick, Carew, Dryden, and Gray each by a single poem. Spenser, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, and Byron are not represented at all. Four poems of Matthew Arnold are given,

four of Christina Rossetti, and one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning ; but there is nothing by D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, or Swinburne. Three American poets, Bryant, Longfellow, and Whitman, are represented by a poem each. It is specially interesting to note that of the poet editor's own contemporaries those whom he admits to his Temple are Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson. They are represented by five and four poems respectively. The "Oxford Book of English Verse" has one poem by Thompson and two by Mrs. Meynell. The Oxford editor has chosen "The Poppy" from Thompson's "Poems on Children." Personally I should have preferred "Daisy," though both are beautiful. Mr. Noyes's selections are "An Ode after Easter," from "From the Night of Forebeing" ; a powerful sonnet in the Shakespearian form entitled "Correlated Greatness," with the same underlying thought as "Flower in the Crannied Wall" ; "The Hound of Heaven," the best-known and probably the greatest of Thompson's poems ; and the melodious "New Year's Chimes." The first three are given in the volume of "Selected Poems of Francis Thompson," published after his death with a biographical note by his friend Wilfrid Meynell. Of the fourth, which does not appear there, I will quote the opening stanzas :

> What is the song the stars sing ?
> (*And a million songs are as song of one.*)
> This is the song the stars sing :
> *Sweeter song's none.*
>
> One to set, and many to sing,
> (*And a million songs are as song of one,*)
> One to stand, and many to cling,
> The many things, and the one Thing,
> The one that runs not, the many that run.
>
> The ever new weaveth the ever old,
> (*And a million songs are as song of one,*)
> Ever telling the never told ;
> The silver saith, and the said is gold,
> And done ever the never done.

Of Mrs. Meynell's work both editors give, of course, "The Shepherdess," which, like other anthologists, they entitle "The Lady of the Lambs." The Oxford editor's other selection is the fine sonnet "Renouncement"; while Mr. Noyes has chosen "The Young Neophyte," "San Lorenzo's Mother," and the following beautiful little poem entitled "At Night," addressed by Mrs. Meynell to her husband:

> Home, home from the horizon far and clear,
>   Hither the soft wings sweep ;
> Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
>   The dovecote doors of sleep.
>
> Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light
>   Of all these homing birds ?
> Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?
>   Your words to me, your words !

But perhaps it is not quite fair to Mr. Noyes to judge his poetic preferences by the number of lines he accords to his chosen poets. The book, as he tells us, is arranged on a definite plan, and doubtless the contents have been selected to fit into this plan. Its aim is to enable the reader to see "the harmonies hidden by the dust of daily affairs," to afford "an irreducible minimum on which the mind can still find foot-hold, through its darkest and most disastrous hours." It is intended to exemplify and prove Matthew Arnold's thesis, quoted at the opening of the preface, that "in poetry, as time goes on, our race will find an ever surer and surer stay."

"The Little Book of Modern Verse" is the sixth book on my list. It is an attractive little volume of two hundred pages, published in October last by Houghton Mifflin Company, with the clear print and simple binding usual in the publications of that firm. The editor is Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and the subtitle informs us that the book is "A Selection from the Work of Contemporaneous American Poets." It contains over one hundred and fifty poems by seventy writers, of whom twenty-three are women. Two Canadians are represented, Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. The opening poem is by the

former, as well as three others; while two poems are from Mr. Roberts's pen. The collection on the whole is an admirable one, and shows that the spirit of poetry is alive in this material continent as well as in Europe. Probably the three finest poems are "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," by William Vaughn Moody, the longest and most ambitious in the collection; "Uriel" (in memory of William Vaughn Moody), by Percy MacKaye; and "The Quiet Singer" (Francis Thompson), by Charles Hanson Towle; but these do not well lend themselves to quotation. Another striking poem is "Scum o' the Earth," by Robert Haven Schauffler.

A charming little poem is Richard Burton's "Across the Fields to Anne," which must recall to many readers the pleasant field-path from Stratford to Shottery. Here are the opening stanzas:

How often in the summer-tide,
His graver business set aside,
Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,
As to the pipe of Pan,
Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride
Across the fields to Anne.

It must have been a merry mile,
This summer stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while
How sure the pathway ran
To dear delights of kiss and smile,
Across the fields to Anne.

A poem in quite a different key is Richard Hovey's "Comrades," as witness the following:

Comrades, gird your swords to-night,
For the battle is with dawn !
Oh, the clash of shields together,
With the triumph coming on !
Greet the foe
And lay him low,
When strong men fight together !

Two beautiful little lyrics that may be quoted in full are "Love's Springtide," by Frank Dempster Sherman, and "The House and the Road," by Josephine Preston Peabody, well-known as the author of the delightful play "The Piper." Here is the former:

My heart was winter-bound until
I heard you sing ;
O voice of Love, hush not, but fill
My life with Spring !

My hopes were homeless things before
I saw your eyes ;
O smile of Love, close not the door
To Paradise !

My dreams were bitter once, and then
I found them bliss ;
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss !

Springtide of Love ! The secret sweet
Is ours alone ;
O heart of love, at last you beat
Against my own !

And this is Mrs. Peabody's poem, which charmingly voices a familiar thought:

The little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay ;
And O, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show.

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When the little Road says, Go.

My last quotation from "The Little Book" will be the first and last stanzas of "Hora Christi," by Alice Brown:

Sweet is the time for joyous folk
Of gifts and minstrelsy ;
But I, O lowly-hearted One,
Crave but Thy company.
On lonesome road, beset with dread,
My questing lies afar.
I have no light, save in the east
The gleaming of Thy star.

* * *

Lord, underneath the great blue sky
My heart shall pæan sing,
The gold and myrrh of meekest love
Mine only offering.
Bliss of Thy birth shall quicken me ;
And for Thy pain and dole
Tears are but vain, so I will keep
The silence of the soul.

The seventh and last volume on my select list has already been mentioned. It is the "Oxford Book of Canadian Verse," chosen by Wilfred Campbell and published by the Oxford University Press, Toronto. This book, strangely enough considering the press that issues it, is undated, but appeared towards the close of last year . Of the hundred writers of verse represented in it twenty are women. The editor is generous to his own muse, printing twelve of her productions, of which perhaps the best is that entitled "A Canadian Galahad," in memory of Henry Harper, drowned in the Ottawa River, whose statue stands in front of the Dominion Houses of Parliament. One is somewhat surprised that the "Poet of the Canadian Lakes" does not include any of his Lake Lyrics,

and more surprised to see included the last scene from Mordred. Bliss Carman has fourteen poems in the collection, two more than the editor, though they do not occupy so many pages. Archibald Lampman and the two Scotts, Frederick and Duncan, are represented by ten poems each, and Charles Roberts by nine. The Oxford Book supplements, but does not supplant, two well-known older Canadian anthologies, "Songs of the Great Dominion" (1889), edited by Mr. W. D. Lighthall of Montreal, and "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," (1900) edited by Dr. T. H. Rand of Toronto, both themselves writers of verse of considerable merit. All three books contain John E. Logan's pathetic "Indian Squaw's Lament," beginning "A blood-red ring hung round the moon," and Isabella Valancey Crawford's beautiful little lyric "Love's Land," which is not so well known as it ought to be.

Oh, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

Oh, if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land.

Oh, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere !

But Dr. Drummond, Mr. Service, and Miss Pickthall came too late for inclusion in Mr. Lighthall's book, while Dr. Rand's contains only a single poem by the first-named; so that one is grateful for a volume with samples of the work of writers so popular and so much appreciated in their respective fields. Mr. Campbell has, it seems to me, chosen well among Dr. Drummond's poems: "The Last Portage," "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," "The Habitant," "Johnnie Courteau," "Little

Bateese," and "Little Lac Grenier" are all favourites with most readers. The selection from Mr. Service is not so happy: "The Law of the Yukon" could hardly have been omitted, but the three other poems chosen are not representative. On the other hand, the choice from Miss Pickthall is admirable. All the six poems chosen are beautiful and typical of the young poet, who is more fortunate than her predecessor Miss Crawford in winning the appreciation of her contemporaries. I will quote her "Swallows," which may be placed along with "Love's Land," above quoted, as the high-water mark of Canadian lyric poetry.

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
  Here is no place to rest ;
Night darkens on the falling foam
  And on the distant west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

O, Love has touched the fields of wheat,
  And Love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow Love's white feet
  Through all the ways of morn.
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide!
Sweet are the ways that Love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God.
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

The volume contains also five poems by Miss Pauline Johnson, whose recent death was a distinct loss to Canadian literature. "The Song my Paddle Sings" and "Lullaby of the Iroquois" are both melodious and attractive. I will quote the striking verses on Halifax entitled "Guard of the Eastern Gate:"

Halifax sits on her hills by the sea
In the might of her pride,—
Invincible, terrible, beautiful, she
With a sword at her side.

To right and to left of her, battlements rear
And fortresses frown ;
While she sits on her throne without favour or fear,
With her cannon as crown.

Coastguard and sentinel, watch of the weal
Of a nation she keeps ;
But her hand is encased in a gauntlet of steel,
And her thunder but sleeps.

These seven volumes form my list of companionable anthologies. There are doubtless many others, known or unknown to the writer, some at least as worthy of commendation as some of those mentioned. But no lover of poetry would regret the purchase of any of the seven.

A few words may be said regarding one or two other collections in larger books not suitable for the pocket. A few years earlier than the "Oxford Book of English Verse" appeared a smaller but choice collection, entitled "The Flower of the Mind." The first edition was published by Grant Richards in 1897, the second edition in 1904. Like "The Temple of Beauty," "The Flower of the Mind" is of special interest as the choice of a poet, viz., Alice Meynell, who in an introduction states the canons by which she was guided in making it. The arrangement, as in the Oxford Book, is chronological. Apart from the opening poem, a thirteenth century carol, the collection extends from Raleigh till about the middle of the nineteenth century, but includes no poet living later than Landor, who died in 1864. Sixty-one poets are represented, in addition to ballads and a little other anonymous work. Shakespeare stands first with twenty-five selections, eighteen sonnets and seven songs; then come Wordsworth with twenty-one, Shelley with eighteen, and Herrick with thirteen; but Milton and Crashaw occupy most pages. Keats is represented by ten poems, including, of course, "La

Belle Dame sans Merci" and his five great odes, and also four sonnets. One is surprised that Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" does not appear, nor Shelley's "The Cloud," though the latter is also rejected by the Oxford editor; but the most striking omission is Gray's "Elegy." Mrs. Meynell realizes this, and in her introduction endeavours to justify it. As one acquainted with Mrs. Meynell's own work would expect, in addition to Crashaw, Herbert and Vaughan are specially well represented, having eight and seven poems respectively, as compared with six and four in the Oxford Book. As in the Oxford Book, Thomas Campion, the Elizabethan, who has at length come to his own, has considerable space allotted him. Four names appear that do not occur in the Oxford Book, viz., Richard Barnefield, a contemporary of Ben Jonson; Sir Francis Kynaston and Nathaniel Field, contemporaries of Carew and Herrick, and, apparently, writers of somewhat similar type; and Charles Best, a contemporary of Milton. I will quote three stanzas of Kynaston's poem entitled "To Cynthia, on Concealment of her Beauty:"

> Do not conceal those radiant eyes,
> The starlight of serenest skies;
> Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,
> They turn to chaos' endless night.
>
> Do not conceal those tresses fair,
> The silken snares of thy curled hair;
> Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
> The curious silkworm work no more.
>
> Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
> More snow-white than the Appenine;
> Lest, if there be like cold and frost,
> The lily be for ever lost.

It is interesting to note how Victorian poets are treated by the Oxford anthologist. We find that Tennyson is represented by eleven selections (none later than "Maud," 1855), Browning by sixteen (none later than the Dramatic Romances, 1845), Mrs. Browning by ten, Matthew Arnold

and Swinburne by eight each, Edward Fitzgerald by two, D. G. Rossetti by one ("The Blessèd Damozel"), Christina Rossetti by eleven, William Morris by three, George Meredith and Coventry Patmore by five each, Sydney Dobell, T. E. Brown, and James Thomson ("B. V.") by four each, Charles Kingsley and Alexander Smith by two each, and A. H. Clough by one ("Say not the struggle naught availeth"). Coming to later and contemporary writers, we find that the Oxford Book contains nine poems by the present laureate; eight by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; three each by Austin Dobson, W. E. Henley, R. L. Stevenson, William Watson, Rudyard Kipling, and W. B. Yeats; two each by John Davidson, H. C. Beeching, and Laurence Binyon; and one each by Andrew Lang (the sonnet on "The Odyssey"), Edmund Gosse, and Henry Newbolt ("He fell among Thieves"). It has already been stated that the collection includes one poem by Francis Thompson and two by Mrs. Meynell. It also includes a poem each by Frances Bannerman, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Dora Sigerson (Mrs Shorter), and Margaret L. Woods. John Henry Newman, Robert Buchanan, Jean Ingelow, Alfred Austin, Sir Edwin Arnold, Oscar Wilde, Sir Lewis Morris, and Stephen Phillips are not represented. Mr. Noyes was born too late for inclusion. Six American poets—Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, Whittier, Walt Whitman, and Bret Harte—are represented by twelve poems in all. The names of Bryant, Lowell, and T. B. Aldrich do not appear. Two Canadians, Bliss Carman and Sir Gilbert Parker, are represented by a poem each. The contribution of the latter is the following fine sonnet, entitled "Reunited":

> When you and I have play'd the little hour,
> Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
> Yield up his sword; and, smiling, draw the breath,
> The first long breath of freedom; when the flower
> Of Recompense hath flutter'd to our feet,
> As to an actor's; and, the curtain down,
> We turn to face each other all alone—

Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
Alone, and absolute, and free : O then,
O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale ?
Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp'd hands again
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan
Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

The " Oxford Book of English Verse " covers six centuries and contains 883 poems. These represent 269 poets, or perhaps about 300, for no fewer than sixty-seven of the poems are anonymous. The " Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," which is only sixty pages shorter, contains 779 poems by 273 writers, including one anonymous. As it covers little over three quarters of a century (1835-1912), beginning with W. S. Landor and ending with Lascelles Abercrombie, its contents obviously cannot reach the uniformly high standard of the earlier book; but they show, as the editor points out in his preface, not only the mass of poetry written during these latter years, but the amount of it that is excellent, and the height of some of that excellence. The greater poets of the Victorian age—Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris—are all well represented, as are also the two Rossettis, William Barnes, James Thomson, and Coventry Patmore ; while typical specimens are given of the poetry of Meredith, George MacDonald, Robert Buchanan, Alfred Austin, and Lewis Morris. There are five poems by W. E. Henley and by John Davidson, and four by Francis Thompson, including " Daisy," but not, strange to say, " The Hound of Heaven." Among living poets, W. B. Yeats is represented by nine poems, Robert Bridges by eight, Austin Dobson and Rudyard Kipling each by six; William Watson, H. C. Beeching, Laurence Binyon, and Alfred Noyes by five each; Alice Meynell, Henry Newbolt, Arthur Symons, and A. C. Benson by four each; Richard Le Gallienne, Margaret L. Woods, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and John Masefield by three each. Oscar Wilde and Stephen

Phillips are each represented by a single poem. Some of these poems appeared in the earlier volume; but most, naturally, are fresh to this one, and give an excellent idea of latter-day poetry. It is interesting to note among the authors represented several names better known in other fields. Thus prose literature, apart from names already mentioned, is represented by Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin, J. A. Symonds, R. D. Blackmore, and Thomas Hardy ; art, by W. Bell Scott, Thomas Woolner, and Walter Crane ; statesmanship, by the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquess of Crewe ; administration and diplomacy, by the Earl of Lytton, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Sir Rennell Rodd. The editor himself contributes three poems ; while one is from the pen of his predecessor in the field, the editor of "The Golden Treasury."

Of special interest is the representation accorded to American and colonial writers. Fifteen American poets are included, with a total of forty-three poems, those thus honoured being Whittier with eight poems, Longfellow with seven, Poe with six, Emerson with five, Whitman with three; Bryant, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, and H. D. Thoreau with two each; and T. B. Aldrich, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, N. P. Willis, George Santayana, and Julia Ward Howe with one each, that of the last-named being the well-known "Battle Hymn of the American Republic," beginning "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." By far the greatest of these poems is Whitman's "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking," which the anthologist entitles "The Brown Bird." Canada is represented by three poets and six poems : Bliss Carman contributes "Why," by which he is represented in the "Oxford Book of English Verse," "The Joys of the Road," and two other poems ; Sir Gilbert Parker, as in the earlier book, the sonnet "Reunited," quoted above ; and Edward William Thomson, a poem of profound thought, entitled "Aspiration," which is reminiscent of Emerson. Australia is also represented by three poets and six poems, Adam Lindsay Gordon contributing three poems, including "The Sick Stockrider," H. C. Kendall two, and Douglas

Sladen one ; while New Zealand's contribution consists of two poems by Alfred Domett, Browning's " Waring." There is no representative of the singers of South Africa.

A few quotations from the volume may not be out of place. I select first Lord Beaconsfield's sonnet on Wellington, which is not generally known.

> Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
> The tyrant of the world, and, conquering Fate,
> Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great ;
> But that in all thy actions I do find
> Exact propriety ; no gusts of mind
> Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
> Of order'd impulse mariners await
> In some benignant and enriching wind,
> The breath ordain'd of Nature. Thy calm mien
> Recalls old Rome as much as thy high deed ;
> Duty thine only idol, and serene
> When all are troubled ; in the utmost need
> Prescient ; thy country's servant ever seen,
> Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed.

Two other notable sonnets among those that are less well-known are the Earl of Rosslyn's " Bedtime," which is worthy of Victor Hugo, and Eugene Lee-Hamilton's " What the Sonnet is," which it is interesting to compare with Wordsworth's " Sonnet on the Sonnet."

My second quotation is from George Meredith, who, besides his fine " Love in the Valley" and three other poems, contributes the following beautiful " Dirge in Woods," which must have been inspired by Goethe's " Wandrers Nachtlied":

> A wind sways the pines,
> And below
> Not a breath of wild air ;
> Still as the mosses that glow
> On the flooring and over the lines
> Of the roots here and there.
> The pine-tree drops its dead ;

They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase ;
    And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
    Even we,
    Even so.

From the contributions by the present poet-laureate I will quote this fine love lyric :

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky ; unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;
For thee would unshamèd herself forsake :
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree ;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake :
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee :
She looketh and saith, " O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake ! "

A striking little poem is one in dialect entitled "Man's Days," the contribution of Eden Philpotts the novelist:

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin',
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
One glorious day as'll never fade ;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,
And a gatherin' weight o' the flying years.

Then old men talk o' the days behind 'e,
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin' :
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

William H. Davies, one of the most promising of our younger poets, expresses charmingly what many feel in his poems entitled "Truly Great," "Money," "In May," and "Leisure." I will quote the last-named.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare ?—

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows :

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass :

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night :

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance :

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began ?

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

A forcible protest against the industrial materialism of the age, in spirit kindred to that just quoted, is Gordon Bottomley's "To Iron-Founders and Others." Here are two typical stanzas:

Your worship is your furnaces,
  Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowls ; your vision is
  Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,
Preparing destinies of dust ;
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

But the muse of quotation has the subtlest of spells, and if I follow her any farther I shall be taken in the toils. So my final oblation must be a few stanzas from one of the last poems in the book, the extremely fine contribution of John Drinkwater, another very promising younger poet. It is entitled "A Prayer," and is rather too long to be given in full.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
Thy wisdom sets above us ; we shall climb
Unfetter'd to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

* * * *

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need ;
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

It is interesting, too, to compare anthologies in so far as they cover the same ground: a comparison of "The Golden Treasury," "The Oxford Book," and "The Flower of the Mind" with respect to the poems included or rejected is a stimulating exercise in literary criticism.

Another book may be mentioned here, though it is an anthology in a very limited sense, viz., the volume entitled "Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912," and published at the Poetry Bookshop, London. This book, drawn entirely from the publications of two years, was issued in December, 1912, and in six months passed through as many editions. Seventeen poets are represented in it. Most of them were probably unknown to the majority of readers; but among them are the names of G. K. Chesterton, John Masefield, T. Sturge Moore, and Walter de la Mare. Perhaps the most notable thing about the book is its dedication to Robert Bridges, at the time not poet-laureate, but just a simple craftsman like his fellows, yet evidently recognized by the younger generation of poets as their leader. The contents are more notable as promise than as performance. Perhaps the strongest poem in the book—also all but the longest—is the opening one, "The Sale of Saint Thomas," by Lascelles Abercrombie; but it is in blank verse and does not lend itself to quotation. Another fine poem is "The Fires of God," by John Drinkwater, a sample of whose work has already been given. "The Cuckoo Wood," by E. B. Sargant, is a good piece of descriptive verse. Here are a few typical lines:

Magic paths there are that cross ;
Some beset with jewelled moss
And boughs all bare ; where others run,
Bluebells bathe in mist and sun
Past a clearing filled with clumps
Of primrose round the nutwood stumps ;
All as gay as gay can be,
And bordered with dog-mercury,
The wizard flower, the wizard green,
Like a Persian carpet seen.
Brown, dead bracken lies between,
And wrinkled leaves, whence fronds of fern
Still untwist and upward turn.
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! No man could
Issue from this wizard wood,
Half of green and half of brown,
Unless he laid his senses down.

The following are the opening lines of "Child of the Dawn," by Harold Monro, proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop:

> O gentle vision in the dawn :
> My spirit over faint cool water glides,
> Child of the day,
> To thee ;
> And thou art drawn
> By kindred impulse over silver tides
> The dreamy way
> To me.
>
> I need thy hands, O gentle wonder-child,
> For they are moulded unto all repose ;
> Thy lips are frail,
> And thou art cooler than an April rose ;
> White are thy words and mild :
> Child of the morning, hail !

John Masefield's contribution to the book is entitled "Biography;" while G. K. Chesterton's is the Song of Elf, from the "Ballad of the White Horse." William H. Davies, already quoted, contributes four of his "Songs of Joy," one of which appears in the Oxford Book; and Walter de la Mare has four selections from "The Listeners."

Among the seventeen contributors to "Georgian Poetry," twelve of whom are represented in the "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," there is no woman; and women are not so prominent in the poetic movement in England to-day as in either Ireland or America. They seem to prefer a less ideal outlet, but a few are faithful to the muse, and three stanzas may be quoted here from a striking love poem by Alice Furlong entitled "My Share of the World," which appears in the Oxford Book:

> I would part with wealth and ease,
> I would go beyond the seas,
>   For my share of the world !
> I would leave my hearth and home
> If he only whisper'd " Come ! "

Houseless under sun and dew,
I would beg my bread with you,
O my share of the world !
Houseless in the snow and storm,
Your heart's love would keep me warm.

I would pray and I would crave
To be with you in the grave,
O my share of the world !
I would go through fire and flood,
I would give up all but God
For my share of the world !

Two recent anthologies, both doubtless due to the success of "Georgian Poetry," are "Oxford Poetry, 1910-1913," prefaced by Professor Gilbert Murray, and "Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913," edited by Æ. Tillyard and introduced by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; but these cannot be dealt with here. I will, however, quote in conclusion a few lines by Lord Dunsany prefixed to the Georgian volume: "What is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know Nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God." This is a high claim to make in a commercial and material age; but it is not too high; and this paper has not been written in vain if it helps any reader to realize its justice and tends to stimulate appreciation of poets and their work.

A. Watson Bain

THE LATE POPE

THE exalted position held by the supreme pastor of Catholic Christendom is one which surrounds his personality with an interest that can hardly be said to attach to any other man of note. To the members of his own communion he is, of course, much more than an interesting person; to them he is sacred before the world, and is held in veneration not only because he occupies a very sacred position of trust and responsibility, but also for the reason that in the discharge of such a trust the highest qualities of mind and heart are brought into requisition. Also the citizen at large is not without a goodly element of interest in the personality of the Supreme Pontiff. Hundreds of travellers of almost every religious denomination, or of no religion whatever, wend their way to the Eternal City during the visiting season, and will not consider their visit to have been complete unless they have seen the Holy Father.

The death of any pontiff is generally the occasion of varied comment on the part of the religious and secular press. The late Pope Pius X has gone before his Maker to give an account of his world-wide stewardship. We are still at too close a range to the events of his life to be able to give a just estimate of their far reaching importance or to take a properly shaded perspective of their true value. This must be left to the future historian, though the writer ventures the assertion that, when these events are properly summed up with their relative causes and effects, history's verdict will not hesitate in placing the late Pontiff on the list of great men. About his personal character there seems to be one opinion among nations and peoples, and that opinion, as universally expressed by all those who have written with any knowledge of their subject, is that for simple uprightness of character and fidelity to conscientious duty, for amiability

of soul and genuine kindness of heart, Pius X was easily a prince among the people of his day and generation.

His interesting life also furnishes a splendid example of how one can attain to honour and advancement, and at the same time follow the strict observance of the line of conduct laid down by the divine Master. Giuseppe Sarto, who in our language would pass as Joseph Taylor, was born poor, and passed his earlier years without any worldly advantage. This, of course, is nothing new or extraordinary. A goodly proportion of successful men who have attained eminence in the learned professions were born under similar circumstances. The experience of Sarto's earlier years, however, were such as too often lead to discouragement in the efforts put forth by the rank and file of humanity, and in the midst of which it is only the exceptional few who succeed in effectively overcoming the handicap incident to youthful indigence. Through it all the young boy persevered in the even tenor of his way, never flinching even when the hand of adversity was most heavily laid upon him, maintaining his courage in the midst of what ordinarily is deemed most discouraging, the loss of the breadwinner of the family. Similarly situated many a young man of otherwise promising parts has had his temper soured in this struggle against adversity, or had his best energies blunted, and only too often has met with the usual fall by the wayside.

Sarto's experience was turned to better account. On a mind more than ordinarily talented, and naturally broad and receptive, there was impressed from the beginning a proper conception of the needs of humanity, especially in the common walks of life, and it was the logical application of this knowledge that, throughout his life, made him the poor man's most sympathetic friend. It was this prominent feature of his character that never failed to count high in the estimation of those of his own communion as well as of the world at large. While his august office logically appealed to the loyalty of the Catholic world, there was brought about a still further claim to devotion and respect by reason of that singularly

loveable personality which endeared him to all whose privilege it was to have had personal communication with him. This amiability of character was so interwoven with his whole demeanour that one could not help liking the man; and thus, as he became better known, it endeared him more and more to the faithful and the world at large, and caused him to be revered in a measure even beyond the affectionate regard in which his immediate predecessors were held. Together with this there was in his mien that evident realization of the supernatural which is found coexistent with sincere religious faith, all of which contributed to place him on a plane that could not be considered otherwise than as one of genuine sanctity. And thus was he well reputed to be the man of God he was, who in the light of religion fully appreciated the tremendous responsibility of his exalted office, and discharged its duties with the unfailing spirit of apostolic honesty.

This was indeed no easy task, and any effective attempt at its accomplishment required the full strength of human character and the highest ideals of religious righteousness. It can be said with the strongest evidence of truth that such ideals were ever before the mind of the late Pontiff in the discharge of his duties, and it was a knowledge of this fact that appealed so strongly to the heart of Christendom, and gained for him the sincere regard and veneration of the world. Critics, of course, he had, nor was he without enemies who would gladly extinguish the lights of heaven for the purpose of putting into effect the selfish schemes of godless statecraft; but while such efforts brought forth their full quota of unveiled persecution, they utterly failed to cause this upright man to swerve in the slightest from his well understood path of duty. Not to physical force would he appeal, even if he could, but to the sense of righteousness which he felt must in the end prevail. Nor again would he have recourse to the mysterious ways of learned diplomacy. By temperament he was a plain, honest man who always made it a point to deal plainly and openly with the problems of the world, for he had confidence that in the end whatever is right must sooner or later be

vindicated. Nor was he mistaken. His ideals gained force and prestige even in the face of vicious denunciation and open persecution, and in the end were freely admitted to have followed the only course consistent with the laws of God and the dictates of religion. His victories were not the victories of arms, but the triumph of faith over the scepticism and selfishness of the world,—a triumph not won by the changing resourcefulness of diplomatic strategy, but by the saintly candour of the apostolic spirit, against which the subtlety of religious scepticism and the more open violence of persecution would in vain measure their forces. In all these trials the conspicuous honesty of purpose and the saintly character of the Pontiff were never successfully impugned, and as the years went by his clear vision of events, his well balanced judgement, and his burning desire to be faithful to the rights of humanity commended themselves more strongly, and endeared him more and more, so that in the end very many non-Catholics as well as the members of his own communion were wont to give him the kindly appellation of "the people's Pope."

Pope Pius X was a total stranger to all that savours of personal ambition. The successive stages of his advancement in the Church were due not to any desire on his part, but to an observant and just recognition on the part of those who appreciated his sterling character and proved ability much more highly than it ever dawned upon himself to think of. The sayings of St. Augustine, that "in order to be truly great, one must begin by being very little," can be aptly quoted in the case of Pius, for not only in worldly circumstances did this condition apply to him, but even more pointedly so in view of his deep sense of Christian humility. He learned thoroughly the lesson how to govern himself before undertaking the government of others, and it was the strict discipline he exercised over himself that in great measure helped to make him the success he was in the world-wide administration of the Church.

The simplicity of his life and the frugality of his table have been frequently commented upon by the press of Europe and America. This side of his life furnishes us with a very good insight into that edifying singleness of noble purpose which marked his long and useful career. Surrounded though he was by the outward splendours of his exalted position, he never ceased to be the kindly parish priest he was in the beginning, and through his whole career in the Church he adhered to his first rules of the simple life. Personal riches had no attractions for him. He was mindful of what the Saviour had told the Apostles: the poor you will always have with you, and in his own person he practised poverty to the end of his life.

The number of his days have been completed, and he has gone the way of all mortals. His life in the pontificate had been devoted in great measure to the cause of Christian peace among nations and their respective communities, and in the beginning of these latter tempestuous times, when the nations of Europe were so suddenly thrown into the maelstrom of deadly warfare with its terrible consequences to suffering humanity, the kindly heart of the good, old Pontiff could not bear the strain put upon it. A kind Providence removed him from the ghastly scene which was about to open upon the world, and so the good Pope Pius has passed away, but in the interests of what is noble and praiseworthy in the life of man, the memory of this good and holy Pontiff shall remain in the world for many years to come.

But the Church has her mission of mercy and reconciliation to attend to, and within two short weeks from the death of Pius there has been held another Conclave, and a successor is appointed to the "Chair of Peter." The election of a Pope is one of the very solemn acts of the Church, and every precaution is taken that it may be a duly authorized proceeding and unquestionable in its effects. Once the Cardinals enter the Conclave all communication with the outside world is forbidden until the election is completed. This step is taken in order to preclude any interference from the outside

world, and to prevent even the suspicion that the conclave might be influenced by any worldly consideration. After earnestly commending themselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, each cardinal writes on his ballot the name of the one who, he conscientiously thinks, ought to be elected. He then deposits his vote with the solemn attestation that in doing so he is guided by no thought of worldly consideration, but that what he does is for God's honour, for the good of religion, and the salvation of souls. He repeats the following words: "I call to witness the Lord Christ, Who will be my judge, that I am electing the one whom, according to God, I think ought to be elected." The choice of a pope has fallen upon one of the younger members of the College of Cardinals, James della Chiesa, and now it will no longer be Pius X who will be referred to as the occupant of the papal throne, but his successor who is to be known as Benedict XV.

† James, Bishop of Antigonish

THE GERMAN ILLUSION

WHAT has brought on this war? There can be little doubt it was, at least, mainly the belief universal among the German people that the position which they hold in the world at present is not equal to what their merits, as compared with other nations', give them a title to, and their power, if they choose to exert it, can extort. They have a right, they think, to count for more than they do in every sphere of national influence, in matters of thought and taste, in commerce, industry, and in colonizing, and they believe that they can compel the rest of mankind, who are practically unanimous in differing from them about this estimate of their own value to the common purpose of humanity, to give them the place that is due to them—that is to say, an unmistakeably defined hegemony among the nations of Europe, which means, of course, among all the nations on this globe.

Now, of course, the Germans are not at all alone in cherishing the amiable delusion that they are by far the finest people on earth, and that the salvation of all the rest of the world can only be gained by submitting to their guidance, and gradually coming to be as like them as possible. The Americans think the very same of themselves; and so do the great majority of the British people, more especially the North Britons. The Jews once had the same estimate of their own importance, and so had the Greeks and Romans. There is nothing at all singular, then, or blameworthy, in the Germans having a good conceit of themselves. When the German Emperor says, as he is reported to have said recently, "the German people are the chosen people of God," he is only repeating in his own peculiar tone of unnecessary, and one might suspect somewhat post-prandial, solemnity, what the naïveté of national self-complacence has never ceased to say since the rise of the Babylonian Empire, and no doubt since

the time of the cave men. It amounts to no more than the perfectly innocuous designation of a part of our own continent as "God's own country."

More than that, we must, I think, admit that the Germans have a certain amount of reason for this faith that is in them, and that has indeed become a religion, almost the only religion really established among them, with the kaiser for its high-priest, if not still more. In many respects they have some right to consider themselves the leaders of mankind. No other people have so much respect for scientific knowledge, or have been more diligent and thorough-going in applying it to all departments of industry and war. No other people, except perhaps the Japanese, are so willing to give up individual pleasure and gain for the good of the whole state, or to submit with so much docility to the officials who represent it. They are, perhaps, the best organized people in the world; the people whose collective force can most cogently be brought to bear upon any given object of public concern, and whose individual fitness and welfare are most carefully attended to by the central authority. In Germany, much more than elsewhere, the State sees to it that every unit of the population under its shepherding care is, so far as possible, well fed, healthy, educated, trained to some useful occupation, provided with such occupation and made to work at it, insured against sickness and old age, supplied with the means of rationally amusing himself, and raised to a consciousness of full manhood by being carefully taught to serve his country if need arises by the use of arms. It is a hive of well-regulated activity where there are no drones, where every bee has that very indispensable part of a bee's equipment, a sting, and can use it, and where each can count on a reasonable share of the common stock of honey. More than that, a community so intelligent, active, and well regulated as this, could not fail to contribute a notable quota to the common business of mankind in making the most of the earth by thought and labour for the general benefit of all men. German studiousness, industry, and inventiveness have enriched not

Germany only but the whole world. We all owe a great debt to their scholars and their men of science, their manufacturers, their musicians, their historians, their thinkers, and their poets. Our modern view of the world, and our command of it, have to a quite considerable extent been "made in Germany."

The German measles of national self-conceit is, therefore, natural enough and rather more than usually well-justified. But there are two points in which it differs from the English and American types of the same disease, to the considerable aggravation of its virulence. In the first place this ailment is with us, as it ought to be, chiefly an infant malady. The maturer minds among us have for the most part got beyond the stage where they would be liable to such infection. They do not encourage that overestimate of their own people's cosmic importance to which the childish crowd is by nature prone. They know that civilization is a vast and complicated process, and that it needs the collaboration and mutual give-and-take of a good many national types if it is to advance to the full perfection of which it is capable. The beautifully simple and symmetrical scheme of Providence which hovers before the mind of the German kaiser,—Germany organizing the world as Prussia has organized Germany, and as the Hohenzollerns (so exquisitely pourtrayed under the direction of the imperial taste in the marble statues of the Sieges-Allee, in the Berlin Beast-Garden, and destined to culminate in the radiant figure more than half divine of Wilhelm the Greatest) have organized Prussia,—this fair dream of a Teutonic Theodicy, and all similar aspirations of other peoples, including their own, seem outside of Germany, to all reflective men who have cut their eye teeth, to fall rather short in variety and comprehensiveness of what might reasonably be expected as the final consummation and destiny of mankind.

Even in that single department of civilization which is represented by commerce and industry, the ideal of such minds outside of Germany is coöperation and reciprocal advantage among equals. In England particularly this economic

conception has long ago passed from the thought of the guiding minds into a well-established practical system. There no one has the least objection to other people making two-and-six in a bargain when the Englishman makes two-and-eight, so far has Christianity prevailed among this singular English people. They recognize that it takes two to make a trade as well as a quarrel, and that it is not their interest to bully and beggar a neighbour and customer, however different from their own his race and colour may be. They have applied this principle to their dealings with the Germans, whom they used to know chiefly through the activity of their peripatetic brass-bands, very conspicuously to the advantage of the latter as well as to their own. In fact a great part of the money that went to build the German fleet, the ultimate destination of which, against England, was scarcely made any secret of, came from England herself. Such is the conception of civilization and commerce which the leaders of thought have represented in England, and, in the main, in America—with the result of restraining in some degree the excesses of their own people's natural arrogance.

But the men of light and leading in Germany have taken the opposite line. They have erected the doctrine of German supremacy over all the rest of the world into an article of faith. The divine right of the Germans to rule the world, to make all the rest of mankind their hewers of wood and drawers of water, the mere consumers of their manufactures, and providers of the raw materials for them,—with just so much of their wages left them to pay for the goods as their German conquerors choose to leave them, the docile recipients from them, not only of beer and dye stuffs but also of light and culture, and all such higher spiritual goods, at least in so far as the firm maintenance of their master's right to a predominating share of these ideal quantities, and their own natural inferiority in absorbing them, will allow,—this divine right is unanimously held by all the professors in Germany to have already been as fully demonstrated by the past achievements and present manifest superiority of their people as the kaiser believes his

own divine right to rule Germany to have been established by mighty works and words which would have forced recognition and joyous subjection from Sodom and Gomorrha. "The German people is the chosen people of God. On me as the German Emperor His spirit has descended. Woe to unbelievers. Death to cowards and traitors!" This prophetic word of their kaiser is not the utterance of individual megalomania: it is the creed in a sentence of a whole people, a people bitten by a mad dog, as it were, which, with some controversy no doubt on the exact place to be assigned to the second person in the new Trinity, has been expanded into a complete systematic theology and philosophy of history, by the combined academic wisdom of all Germany. It is not for nothing that the universities there are a recognized part of the machinery of state, and their distinguished professors Privy Councillors of the Empire. They are indeed a wonderfully organized people. Their trade and manufactures, their press, schools, and universities combine and work together with their barracks and Krupp-works, and foreign office, and ubiquitous spies and consulates, in the flawless unity of one great engine deliberately put together piece by piece to awe and subdue the world, to exalt Germany to a place of towering and lonely supremacy, and disseminate the blessings of its culture and the worship of its "Gott" and his vice-gerent among all the nations.

This is the first peculiarity, then, of the German form of national self-complacence. It has been raised to the dignity of a reasoned theory by the accepted spiritual leaders of the people, and established as that people's orthodox creed to such an extent that no damnation clause in the Athanasian formula would adequately express the fearful peril of the infidel. Woe unto unbelievers, saith the prophet. It is not only the pleasure, it is the sacred duty of all Germans, under the most scorching penalties, to Germanize the world, and to collar all its riches for Germany.

But since the German idea of a place in the sun is nothing short of the whole sun and moon and stars, even the naïveté of the German confidence in the manifest superiority of their

own rule to any other, and in the incalculable advantages it would confer upon a subject universe, does not blind them to the great improbability of the world's opening its arms wide to receive the precious boon. The times are waxing late. The world is very evil, and does not know what is good for it. Germany must therefore add to the merit of her gracious gift by forcing it through the broken teeth of a reluctant world. Hence her self-sacrifice for humanity in the enormous sums spent upon the colossal armaments with which she has filled the land and sea and sky, to stagger humanity and bring it to a saving sense of its true needs. These are but the vehicles of the new gospel, barbed and winged to make its seeds of blessing pierce and stick fast. She is a robustious missionary, is Germany. She believes in brute-force and in her own unrivalled power to use it. That is the second peculiarity that differentiates her national self-esteem from ours. In fact she seems to have ceased to believe in anything else than brute-force. In her simple scheme of things all is reduced, even tactics, to molar physics. The subtler molecular forces are not quite despised—she is a chemist, and a good one—but the impalpable moral forces in which she was once a mighty practitioner have sunk completely below the horizon of her Real-Politik. It is true she still makes considerable use of the more delicate device of lying (to which in old days, she used to be quite conspicuously averse), but she lies like a burglar so very monstrously and grossly that any one can see that not that but the bludgeon is her natural weapon.

Never since the days when "dragons tore each other in the slime" has the gospel of brute-force been so fervently proclaimed as it has recently been in Germany, or commanded more general adhesion than there. Nor has it ever been more uncompromisingly applied than it is to-day in Belgium and France, evidently as a national policy, and with the entire countenance of the highest German authorities. The fact is the German is naturally a good deal of a bully, and it does not take much to convince him that the bully is by everlasting law the rightful master of this world. Hence his readiness to

accept the theory of a mad philosopher even when it is made unquenchably ridiculous by translation into the blasphemous bombast of a mad kaiser, to whom Herod was a mild-spoken man-milliner. Besides, the German honestly believes, as we have indicated, however incompatible the two things may seem to be, that he is the apostle of a culture and type of character of such inestimable value to the world at large that no amount of suffering which he inflicts, or endures, is too great a price to pay in the process of its acceptance or its dissemination. The incommensurable greatness of the end sanctifies any means whatever,—indiscriminate massacre, the burning of cathedrals and universities, or perfidy no less brutal. The most solemn obligations of sworn treaties shrivel up before the blazing glory of this supreme end into scorched "scraps of paper."

And yet this outrageous bully among the nations, openly professing both by word and deed the brutal violence which his orthodox philosophy has theorized into a virtue, with nothing but contempt for the unmanliness of compassion, good faith, and fair play, succeeds by a feat of truly Hegelian logic in posing almost in the same breath as a martyr to the murderous envy and malicious predatory plots of almost all his neighbours, plots not so much to rob him of what he has as to keep him from what he has not yet laid hands on. The wolf can drop tears of self-pity to think of it, and bleat like the wooliest of lambs, especially when he remembers the hated name of England.

It is scarcely too much to say that England has made Germany. She helped very much to make Frederic the Great. She did nore than any other power by far, with Russia, the other bête noire of Germany, for a second, to break the dominance of Napoleon, the kaiser's vastly more beneficent predecessor, who had pulverized Prussia already, and would have swept up the small dust of her into his ash-tray but for Nelson and Wellington. She has made the kaiser's Germany, and built his Krupp works, which among other things pay him such handsome dividends, and also his fugacious fleet, by the open

door which, whether wisely or not (and he thinks in his heart with bottomless unwisdom and weakness), her free trade has kept wide for the products of German industry. England has looked on Germany as a great and worthy co-worker in the task of civilization, admired, and honoured her, and tried modestly to learn from her, obstinately hoped against hope and against ocular and auricular demonstration that she could win, if not her affection, at least her tolerance and friendly coöperation in a joint work which had proved immensely beneficial and profitable to both. She takes ninety-eight million pounds' worth of her goods every year. Just before the war broke out the best scholars in England —how vastly unlike their Privy Councillor colleagues, whose spectacles glisten with moist rapture over the locks of the Kiel Canal—protested against war with Germany as an unthinkable violation of one of the main shrines and citadels in our common world of thought and science. Germany took all this as a matter of course. She despised England for it—and yet too thought herself (just as in the instance of the "insulting brand" *made in Germany*—which the long suffering English manufacturers managed to get affixed to the products of their two cleverly imitating competitors) more than fully justified in hating England for the most reasonable and infinitesimal modification of the free bounty which she at the same time decried as both folly and Pharisaism in the generous rival, who wished for nothing in the world so much as to be owned her sister.

We have recently witnessed an astounding example of this marvellous German logic of hate. Just before the war the reptile German press, which crawls out every morning over the land with poison bag of lies fresh filled from the central hole of rattlesnakes in Hamann's Wilhelm Strasse, dropped its slime on the fair name of England—the faithless, the cowardly, the unready as they called her, the palsied and hydroptic crone among the so-called Powers, mumbling with toothless gums the commerce "which is Ours by right," and feebly dropping from her nerveless hand "concession on con-

cession," like autumn leaves falling from a rotten tree, to Ireland and India and her deciduous colonies which "We" will show her, as we have with Poland, how to grapple tight with bonds of blood and iron,—the nation of shop-keepers without even shop-keeping sense enough to come in out of the rain of German competition which has battered her free trade umbrella until "no sieve can count so many holes" as that ancient Gamp,—the Krämervolk, who would not risk one pound of tea to succour her allies, and would only raise a handful of mercenary tin-soldiers led by popinjays, who ran away from Boers, to aid them if she would. But in a day what a change! All Germany rubbed its eyes. The handsome offer of the Empire's Chancellor Bethmann von Hollweg to confer on England the guest-gift of the Cyclops Polyphemus —his soothing assurance that England need not yet excite her poor old nerves—that her hour had not yet struck—that if only she would be wise enough to pitch that bit of silly paper which she must have known Germany had set her hand to in merely Morganatic, and surely England in an entirely Pickwickian if not Pecksniffian, sense, into the waste-paper basket where it belonged,—why then she would be eaten last—this flattering proposal—Good Heavens, the most annihilating and infernal insult ever proposed in the course of human history by a truculent Dutch-footed, jack-booted blunderer to a people that had once at least been great—was declined. England had actually dared to falsify the insulting lies, which all Germany believed of her. She had politely replied to the truly German delicacy of the great Chancellor's concluding hint: "I know not with what force England can expect to go to war with Germany!" by quietly sending a few small ships to ride at anchor off that Bight of Heligoland which had been one of her many little loans to Germany, loans on good behaviour and strictly subject to recall! And then of course the howl of disillusioned Germany went up to heaven. Robbed of her pet contempt, she broke out in murderous rage. Perfidious Albion, guilty of the execrable crime, the greatest crime in history, of going back on her own Teutonic flesh and blood, the rightful heirs of her inheritance, who only

meant to keep it in the family, and would have waited patiently for quite a seemly interval for her old slippers—waited in fact until they threatened through the footling superannuated dame's neglect to fall to pieces too much for their obvious destiny in the divine plan of the universe of being refitted by the master cobbler's Imperial hand into a pair of Prussian jack-boots to kick her finally into the decent grave and which she had occupied with one foot so long! Grandmother England to join Russia against Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles! "Es war zum rasen." The mob of patriots gathered round the English legation breathing fire and slaughter, and threatening to leave not one stone upon another of that hated house. Meantime the German ambassador was leaving London in perfect peace, amid regretful leave takings and *Aufwiedersehens* with a flower in his button-hole and boxes of chocolate and cigarettes, the parting gifts of his English friends. But if his people, who had imagined a vain thing, now raged, as their kaiser in that serious strain of somewhat supererogatory truculence so like him, with which he chastened his apology for them, bade the too unobservant English Ambassador remark and tremble—what was the storm of lacerated feelings which tore that monarch's own mighty heart! He had often shed the light of his royal smiles upon the people of England; he had dissembled his scorn at reviews of their dwarfish army, and magnificently kept their trains waiting for him, eaten their bread and even with a rueful smile of guest-friendship done violence to his German gorge with their terrific Bass's Beer, and so prepared their weak eyes against the full dawn of the Hohenzollern effulgence over them. And now they had raised the mulish heel against him, just when he thought he was sure of a drugged and dazed benevolence of fatuous inaction. No wonder he tore the English orders from his swelling breast, and trampled the gold-braid of his English uniforms in the dust, bidding the cowering Ambassador tell his master that that was what the kaiser thought of him. Little William is a born play-actor and cannot resist the histrionic possibilities of such a situation. But he is a prophet, too, and I have no doubt he took an English hussar-jacket and tore it

into many pieces, saying unto the awe-struck son of Goschen—"Thus saith the Lord William, High Commander of the Earth and Sea and Sky. Even so will I tear the realms asunder of thy king of shred and patches."

But in all this there is a ray of hope. Germany is still very young. The seething mass of contradiction which we have seen fermenting in her head, above all her hungry impatience for admiration and recognition, show clearly how very young she is, and what a vast fund of saving simplicity lies under all her truculence. She is a nouveau riche too, and has not yet learnt good manners or respect for her elders. She still insists on eating peas with a knife. But youth is corrigible, even ill-conditioned youth, like Germany's. England is old, but ὠμόγραυς, and is still capable of the ancient exorcism of the slipper upon that sensitive part of her young protegé's person which is the only path to his respect, and, finally, let us hope, to his affection. She will, as I heard a cabman's chance remark, a voice-omen by the way, prophetically foreshadow, "knock the hell out of them Dutchmen," that is, expel the devils that have taken possession of them, and send them into the herd of Junker wild-boars down a steep place into her sea, leaving the old Germany of Goethe and our love clothed and in her right mind once more.

England is old but she is an old oak tree. She has grown strong under the blasts of ten thousand hurricanes, and every inch of earth her roots have spread to has been gained in the fight for freedom. She has risen on the ruins of the successive tyrannies of Europe. The Armada of Philip of Spain, the pompous sanguinary pride of Louis XIV, the universal Empire of Napoleon have gone down one after another before her; and now the fall of the Hohenzollern robber-barons by her hand will mark the re-birth of a new and chastened Germany, fit to live and let live in the comity of nations, as well as the passage of her own Empire from a loose aggregate of widely scattered states to a fabric of organic adamant,

> Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
> As broad and general as the casing air.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

THE SONNETS

Your pipe now stopt these threescore lustres gone,
Whose note yet sounds in growth of riper days,
And unbesmeared by sluttish time, your stone,
Swept by the love you greeted with your lays,
Where swells the proud, full sail of your great verse,
Holding in your eternal lines its way,
Let alien pens, having got your use, disperse
Their poesy under what muse they may,—
These painful feet grope at your jealous heart
That vaunts the marble of your monument,
As fit to dull time's tooth, in scope and art,
Yet shares, withal, the Arch-poet's discontent,
Who sought to ease His heart when He reviewed
His powerful rhyme, and saw that it was good.

FOR THE END OF A ROAD

A. K. K.

The works you hewed in wood and carved in stone
And smote in steel shall long bear forth your name,
Yet you have earned a meed more sweet than fame,
For that you stamped on keen young hearts your own
Fair sense of right, and love for work well done,
Bred, as you were, and trained, to play the game,
Strong in your praise, and faint but in your blame,
The roads you marked for them strike on and on.

Your own road ends just o'er the steep up grade,
Whence you might fare long years with feet light shod;
And at its end, where heaves a mound of sod,
This block, graved with a score of words, I laid:
He held to those plain truths which shall not fade,
His friend, his hearth, his king, and to his God.

Alexander Macphail