



# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## WHY NEWSPAPERS ARE UNREADABLE

IT is a poor gathering of intellectuals in these days, in which somebody does not cast a stone at the daily press. It is a well-known disposition of individual great men to blame the foolishness of their utterances upon the reporter; but a far more serious matter is the collective disposition of all the great men of the country to blame the country's foolishness on its newspapers. It is as necessary for a university professor to deplore the condition of the press as it is for a minister of religion to deplore the condition of the stage; not to do so is the mark of a vulgarian and a person of no culture. The feelings of a newspaper man in a University Club may be compared with those of an actor at a meeting of the Ministerial Association; he soon learns that while he may personally be the most delightful of fellows, the institution which he represents is not to be condoned for a moment.

I am a newspaper man. I do not insist on a hyphen, and I am willing to spell it as one word, two words, or a word and a half. But I must insist on the term. That is to say, that I, in common with several thousand fellow-Canadians, derive an inadequate and precarious, but thoroughly enjoyable, living from the making of newspapers. I do not know whether I am, or am not, a journalist. It is a pleasant-sounding title and looks well in a telephone directory; but in these days there is a grave suspicion attaching to all words ending in "ist" unless there is a definite signification applied to them by law. I should not, for example, object to being a dentist or a pharmacist, with a nicely-executed parchment showing exactly what I could do and where I could do it; or a recidivist, with an official court record kept for me by the authorities of the peace; or even a polygamist, if that term conveys the distinction of having achieved polygamy

and not merely the meritless circumstance of having believed in it. But I should be very loath to call myself an artist, and have to explain whether tonsorial or musical or delineative; or to accept the label of socialist and have to say whether I followed Bernard Shaw or the McNamaras; or to plead to the charge of being an imperialist and not know whether I was accused of wanting to tax my British brother's food or of merely thinking that every subject of King George ought to have a word to say and a duty to perform in regard to the world-policy of the Empire. And similarly, in the absence of any official information as to what is and what is not a journalist, whether the essential qualification is ability to write shorthand or ability to get passes on a railway, I take the simple ground that I may be one and that I may not; I have not the faintest idea. I may add, further, that I have never described myself as "a member of the fourth estate," and that I have never known a working newspaper man, born subsequent to 1850, who was willing to do so. The phrase appears to survive to-day only in the language employed by toast-movers and chairmen in the flow of post-prandial oratory; and it is an interesting fact that none of those who use it ever know what the other three estates are.

The business of newspaper-making,—I know nothing about the profession of journalism, — has suffered severely in the past and suffers yet from the misconceptions fostered by these high-sounding and meaningless terms. Or rather, the individuals who have gone into that business have suffered; for the business itself, as a business, seems to get along very nicely in spite of all the unjust demands that are made of it and the preposterous abuse that is hurled at it. When I left college I went into the newspaper business in all lightness of heart. "Drifted in" is the term usually employed to describe the process by my more respectable relatives, and it is perfectly accurate, for I was borne along by the irresistible current of a desire to express myself in print; but I am not sure that that is just what they mean by

it. I have been there ever since. To be quite frank, I enjoy expressing myself in print just as much as I ever did, and I cannot imagine any other walk in life in which I could have found equal gratification for my natural instincts. Some of my fellow-students who left college at the same time went into the business of making steel girders much as I did into that of making newspapers; some went into the business of making cheese; some, selling mining stocks; some, making mergers. I would have the reader kindly observe that of all these categories not one involved the slightest special obligation towards the community as compared with any other. The cheese man, the newspaper man, the steel girder man, the merger man, all went into their various branches of business with the sole purpose of making money in a congenial manner and under the sole obligation of conducting themselves honestly therein as befits a law-abiding Canadian.

Certain others of my fellow-students went into more carefully hedged vocations, into the professions, properly so called. Their case was totally different. Most of them received certain special training, not at their own expense but at that of the state or of some endowment or of some private body of citizens, such as a religious denomination. All of them received certain special privileges, such as neither the cheese man nor the merger man nor I ever dreamed of asking for, privileges which for ever prevent the cheese man and me from entering into competition with them in their chosen callings, although they themselves are free to break into the cheese business or the newspaper business to-morrow and nobody will raise a word of protest. In accepting these privileges, they naturally undertook certain obligations. The doctors undertook to hold themselves ready to save my life or that of any other human being whenever necessary, even if it required them to get up out of bed at three in the morning, and to refrain from charging me more for doing so than my life was worth. The ministers accepted the heavy responsibilities of ordination, promised to believe and

teach a long list of doctrines which were a severe strain upon their intelligence, and undertook to live a life of such aggressive godliness, righteousness, and sobriety as should convince all beholders that they were sustained by a more than human power. The pharmacists swore not to take advantage of the fact that I and many others are quite incapable of telling the difference between hydrocyanic acid and cod liver oil. Even the school teachers, whose monopolistic privileges seem to have very little financial value, bound themselves to devote a certain number of years to the practice of the most depressing calling in the world, and to refrain from violent personal assault upon young Canadians under provocations which would justify an ordinary man in committing murder. The cheese man and I promised none of these things.

The cheese man, so far as I know, is not being worried by anybody. He can if he likes, especially if he has acquired enough money in the cheese business to subscribe to an endowment fund, attend a gathering of professors and nobody will make him feel that he is a corruptor of the public morals. Nobody has ever suggested that he, *qua* cheese man, owes any duty to the community beyond that of selling it the kind of cheese it wants—which is really a duty to himself, since if he did not do so the community would cease to buy from him, —and of obeying the health regulations. All that is asked of him is that he abide by the law. As for the merger man, he is even more gloriously free and unfettered; the community, or at all events a large part of it, appears to think that he and the law are engaged in a kind of two-handed and entirely legitimate game of skill, and hails him with undisguised admiration every time he catches the law off its guard and scores an unexpected point. All that is asked of him is that he shake hands with the law before and after each bout. But how different is it with me and my newspaper colleagues! The vast majority of the people of Canada appear firmly convinced that we have taken upon ourselves a sacred obligation to uplift, educate, refine, and improve our readers and the nation at large. Obedience to law is the least of

our duties. Everybody has a missionary task for us to perform. The university professor wants us to devote ourselves to the spread of "culture," and grows furious when we are led astray into a split infinitive or a sensational story about a vulgar murder. The religionist thinks that our columns ought to be always available for the spread of his particular gospel and the controverting of all others. The humanitarian complains because we devote so little space to the routine proceedings of the Soup-Ticket Guild or the Home for Friendless Cats. The foreign missionary wonders why we are so little interested in the condition of the natives of Uganda. The imperialist is distressed because we do not print long cables, at twenty-five cents a word, about events in Australia, which country ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of our readers have never seen and know nothing about. And finally, and most irritating of all, the stickler for literal veracity impeaches us because we use a fictive imagination to invest the bare record of a police-court case with life and humanity, and because, when we have announced that a thousand people have been killed by a tornado in Texas, we do not come out the next day and explain in type of the same flamboyancy that the real number was only one hundred and forty-three.

My friend the cheese man has discovered by this time that his public likes a certain flavour and a certain aroma in its cheese, and regardless of his personal tastes on the subject he gives it to them. I myself and my colleagues have discovered that the public likes its massacres in round thousands rather than in small and exact figures, that it desires to have its rather jaded and incapable imagination relieved of all possible trouble and to be supplied with ready-imagined stories concerning the events of the day, that it wants to hear about the things and places it knows and not about the things and places it does not know, that it is interested in religions only when they are fighting, that it has a passion for murders, and that it is utterly insensible to the monstrosity of a split infinitive. We have ascertained by the

most convincing of all demonstrations—"money talks"—that the great numerical majority of the newspaper-buying public cares very little for literal accuracy of fact except in matters which touch its pocket or its personal relations; that while it wants truth about the price at which its neighbour round the corner sold his lot, it prefers lurid romance about the reasons why Haldane went to Germany; that it has no interest in international politics until they become bloody, no interest in art until it becomes scandalous, and no interest in philosophy under any circumstances whatever. We have learnt how to flavour the journalistic cheese. Shall we not do it?

Some people will take this argument of mine and push it a great deal too far. There are many newspapers in Canada which give great assistance to religion, to humanitarian movements, to the diffusion of correct information, to the enlargement of political ideals, and even to "culture." But they do not do it in any missionary spirit. They do this much "uplifting" for precisely the same reasons as restrain them from doing any more; the reasons of the flavour. It would be as foolish, commercially speaking, to aim very far below the average taste of one's clientèle as it would be to aim too far above it; as foolish as it would be for my friend the cheese man to go to an extreme of coarseness in his flavouring because he found the public did not want too much delicacy. And here there arises a very peculiar, interesting, and gratifying consideration. It is quite possible, it is sometimes even necessary, for a newspaper to raise—very gradually, delicately, and carefully—its standard of taste and intelligence, retaining all the while its own particular clientèle, and raising the taste of that clientèle at the same time. On the other hand, no newspaper can effectively lower its standard of taste and carry with it the same public it had in its better days. A clientèle which has once learnt to attach itself to a particular newspaper seems invariably to have a slightly upward tendency; it is as if the mere fact of reading.



of being brought, however inaccurately and remotely, into contact with the events of the world, had in itself a slightly educative effect. There have been various instances, no doubt, of the degradation of a good newspaper, but they have been brought about by the fact that the paper had already, through some change in the character of the population or the nature of its competition, lost a portion of its higher-grade public and set itself deliberately to seek a new public in the easiest-tilled field, the field of those who have only just begun to read any paper at all. And it is rare that such changes are wholly successful.

Therefore we find that it is, commercially, good policy for an established paper to keep its standard slightly above that of its average reader; not to preach at him or to tell him that he is being uplifted, but simply to act as if his tastes and interests were a wee bit better than they really are. The chances are that in course of time they will become so. But, unfortunately, we live in a period when no newspaper can afford to rest content with the subscribers which it already has. Apart altogether from the fact that the oldest and most faithful subscriber must in course of time pass to a land where there is neither morning nor evening, and consequently neither morning paper nor evening paper, it is impossible for any newspaper at the present moment to stand still; it must either expand or die. The cost of getting out a newspaper containing the required amount of news and fiction is constantly on the increase. That increase must be defrayed by larger advertising receipts, which can only be secured by larger circulation. No matter how well established a paper may be, therefore, it must be constantly on the aggressive, constantly striving to secure new readers. Where are they to be had? From the class of people who are already reading a better paper than that which seeks their patronage? Scarcely. From the class who are reading an inferior paper? To some extent; but chiefly and constantly and most profitably, from the people who are reading no newspaper at all. The young person and the immigrant,

these are the rich field. Hence the extravagant devotion of our newspapers to sports, the chief interest of the young; hence the childish imaginings, the sentimental twaddle, the sensational extravagances, the constant recurrence to a few primitive ideas, in the news columns,—soft food for the mental milk-teeth of those who have hardly begun to think; hence the eye-smiting headlines to catch the attention of those who have not the patience to read.

The new reader, there is the puzzle. He is pouring into our country in millions from foreign shores. He is pouring into our cities from remote and paperless farmsteads in thousands. In the masculine pronoun is embraced the feminine; for every two new papers sold to the young Canadian male, one at least is sold to the young Canadian female. We who make newspapers are obliged to go after him—and her—whether we like it or not. It is not altogether of our own volition that we have reached out and grabbed him by the ear and pushed our product into his hand. Editorially, if left to ourselves, we should probably let him go his way un-newspapered; he has not the money to pay us what it costs us to provide him with the news of the day. But behind us, insistent and compulsive, ever urging us to get our papers at all costs into the hands of every man, woman, and child who has a dollar to spend on a patent medicine or a patent tea-pot, is the greatest commercial force that our age has produced—the force of advertising. But for the growth of modern advertising we should still be looking only to the patronage of those who can afford to pay the real cost of producing our papers. We should probably be selling at five cents or ten cents a copy, and we should be just as intellectual as the five-cent or ten-cent people wanted us to be. But in a large sense it is the advertisers who publish the newspapers to-day. And it is a sad and established fact that, to a very large number of advertisers, the less intelligent a man is—provided always, of course, that he can read an advertisement expressed in pictures and words of two syllables, or has somebody at home who can read it for him—

the more desirable it is that he should be reached by the advertising medium. Purveyors of kidney pills, one-dollar trousers, ten-dollar suburban lots, and gilt-framed crayon portraits do not pay their good money into the newspaper's cash-box in order that their offers may reach the eye of the university professor, the lawyer, the doctor, or the civil engineer. Far from it; they want to get at the least educated, least critical, most credulous, most gullible element of the population. The man who never read a newspaper before, who reads no other newspaper now, who reads nothing, indeed, but the one most vulgar and most sensational journal in the field, is a treasure to them. They are willing to pay fabulous sums per line for the privilege of reaching him. And those sums are very badly needed to pay the enormous cost of turning out a newspaper, cost which the subscribers to that newspaper, no matter how intellectual they be, how vociferously remonstrant against its vulgarities and concessions, how clamant for a high-toned journal for thinking men, will never pay out of their own pockets.

In certain fields the newspaper is, for purely business reasons, a substantial factor for good. That fact need no more be accounted to it for merit than the healthfulness of cheese need be set to the moral credit of my friend the cheese man. Generally speaking, such fields are those where good is to be achieved by lively criticism and the stimulation of public interest, without detriment to any substantial advertiser. In contests between franchised companies and the public, the aggressive and influential newspaper is always on the side of the public, even when the public is wrong. The reason is simple; the readers like corporation-baiting, and no amount of advertising that a franchised company can ordinarily control is sufficient to offset the loss to a newspaper from being suspected of "subservience to the interests." An eminent and successful managing editor in the west of Canada once expressed his rule of conduct to me as follows: "When a corporation is in the wrong, get after it; when it is in the right, let it defend itself." As a principle this is per-

haps hardly lofty, but in practice it works out fairly well owing to the proficiency of most franchised corporations in the manly art of self-defence, not to mention the extreme infrequency of those occasions on which the corporation is in the right. Certain other evils no newspaper, however "public-spirited," is ever seen to combat. The daily press has never raised a finger against the deceptive patent medicine, against which a rather successful campaign has been carried on by the magazines. It has never uttered a word concerning the less-than-living wages and the insanitary and dangerous conditions which prevail in a great number of retail stores. It left to the trade unions the whole burden of the fight against sweatshops and in favour of stringent factory inspection. And if, on the one hand, it is paralyzed by the large advertiser, on the other hand it is terrorized by the prejudices and superstitions of the average reader. Newspaper men are a severely practical class, and few of them entertain that profound moral objection to the segregation of social vice which is the one effectual argument which can be offered against it; but segregation is anathema to the public conscience of Ontario and Quebec, and consequently it is impossible to find a newspaper in those provinces which has a word to say in favour of it. The instance might be multiplied *ad libitum*. I doubt, for example, whether all the editors of papers below Mason and Dixon's line are really in favour of lynch law; but they are unanimous in concealing their objections. If they were really a great and independent educative force they could abolish lynching in six months.

And if the moral qualities of the daily press are largely reducible to dollars and cents, the intellectual qualities are governed by exactly the same considerations. The refined and cultured persons who come to me and inquire why the newspaper publishers of Canada do not give them refined and cultured newspapers, with no exaggerated statements and no screaming headlines and no divorce items and no murders and nothing except that which interests the intellectual man, overlook the fatal fact that it is not they who pay for the

newspapers, but the advertisers who pay to have the newspapers given to them, and who want to have them given, not merely to refined and cultured persons, but to all persons with money to spend. Whenever the refined and cultured persons of Canada become willing to pay for the cost of the kind of newspaper which they desire, of course with the assistance of that limited class of advertisers to whom such a circulation would appeal, they will get what they want; but they need not suppose that it will do any good to the readers of the present popular sheets, any more than the *London Times* does any good to the readers of the *London Daily Mail*, or the *New York Evening Post* to the readers of the *New York Sunday American*. That unfortunate and degraded section of society—I am quoting the language of the refined and cultured—will never be elevated except by the *Mail* and by the *American*; and it is not a little surprising to see how much elevation is going on. Even if some recklessly experimental millionaire were to endow a newspaper instead of a university, thereby placing its editors and managers for the first time under those moral obligations which apply to university professors and which most people wrongly imagine are already binding upon newspaper men, its effect upon the great mass of the general public would be extremely indirect, if not non-existent,—which is perhaps the reason why no millionaire has ever taken such a step. It would, after all, be very much like endowing a cheese factory. Persons who disliked the flavour of the endowed cheese would continue to avoid it, in spite of the endowment.

In the days when printing was young, there seems to have been a certain sanctity attached to it. To those who could not do it, the ability to turn off a thousand copies of an idea and communicate it to successive thousands of readers seemed more or less miraculous, a sort of gift from heaven. Books were few, and ordinary people conceived the idea, entirely unfounded even in those days, that everything they contained ought to be true. A man who owned a printing-press was regarded as a sort of trustee in the public interest,

and the state took great care to see that he carried out his trust in a manner favourable to the governing powers. I incline to think that in the yet earlier days, when the art of writing even one copy at a time was itself young, men were also reverential to that, and held the masters of it to a strict account of their duty. And I conceive, also, that in the infancy of our race, when the art of speech was dawning upon a family of anthropoids hitherto limited to vague onomatopoeic sounds, a certain sanctity and a certain obligation clothed those exceptional individuals who had acquired the power to communicate to one another the exact location of a cache of food, an enemy, or a mate. We have outgrown the idea of any special sanctity in speech or writing; is it not about time that we outgrew the idea of any special obligation attaching to the printing of newspapers? It involves less time and labour to-day to print a hundred thousand copies of a paragraph in a newspaper than it would have taken to write one copy of the same paragraph in the laborious handwriting of four centuries ago; there are more such paragraphs printed, a hundred thousand impressions deep, to-day every twenty-four hours than were written one copy deep, when clerk and clergy were synonymous. The newspaper paragraph has then neither rarity nor costliness to sanctify it. It is lightly read and as lightly tossed aside. Most of those who read it do not want to believe; they ask only to be interested, amused. They read their daily paper to-day for the same reason which two generations ago would have led them to sit in the ale-house or the kitchen of an evening and exchange *viva voce* gossip on the people of their acquaintance and the events of their time. The newspaper of to-day is the gossip of yesterday, much busied with things that do not matter and wholly reckless and uncomprehending of things that do. It is printed on paper that will perish in a few years, in a language that will be incomprehensible in a few decades. It is paid for by the proprietors of patent pills and departmental stores. What is the use of asking it to act as if it were a religion?

BERNARD K. SANDWELL

## A RETROSPECT OF THE SESSION

THE Borden Cabinet is one of average merit. To say that the Cabinet could not be worse would be a falsehood, but to say that it could easily be better is well within the truth. The Laurier Cabinet started as an all-star cast and slumped horribly. Every change was for the worse. The Borden Cabinet starts as a well-balanced company with capable leading men, and almost any change is bound to strengthen it.

It is just a question which is the better course—to begin at the top and slide down or to begin at the bottom and climb up, to leave no room for improvement in personnel or to leave plenty. Is it better for a government to straggle out or to finish strong? And since defeat is the ultimate portion of every government, does a government feel any more cheerful because it had big names or little ones when it went down? Which do the people admire more? Have they any opinion on the subject except that a dead duck is a dead duck, however you look at it?

Premier Borden's Cabinet is like Touchstone's Audrey—it is his own. It is also like Mercutio's wound—it will serve. It is an ordinary work-a-day Cabinet of sensible men and it contains three outstanding talents. Premier Borden is not one of the outstanders. He is chief among equals, an amiable, honourable, dignified gentleman, a good lawyer who cannot get away from his constitutional law, but not a great leader, nor a very positive one. His followers would probably be willing to sacrifice many of his gentler virtues for the useful one of masterfulness. The Premier of Canada, or of any other country, should be boss of the job. It can be said of Premier Borden that he had a great deal of luck in happening to be leader of the Conservative party when things fell out as they did. If they had fallen out differently Premier Borden

would have fallen out too. He would have been neither leader nor premier. But things being as they are no one grudges him his premiership. He is as good as the next man and, besides, he deserves the reward of his labours.

Nor is Mr. Cochrane one of the outstanders. His reputation as a sort of office Napoleon is not well sustained. He builds up a name for efficiency by shifting his burdens to costly officials like Mr. Gutelius, who gets twenty thousand dollars a year for an investigation that might well have been conducted by the Minister of Railways assisted by the technical staff of his department. Mr. Cochrane's inability to make speeches in the House of Commons has been raised by his eulogizers to the rank of profound and significant silence. It is nothing of the kind—it is simply having nothing to say.

Some people have been foolish enough to mention Mr. Robert Rogers as an outstander of parts sufficient to make him premier some day. This is a great deal more than he himself would expect, for, to give him credit, he has no delusions about his personal size in the scheme of things. He has a ward politician's record which he is satisfied to stand by. He knows that Canada demands a greater outside of respectability in her premiers than it has been his lot to cultivate, and so he takes no chances with the vaulting ambition that o'er leaps itself. There is plenty of work for a politician of his gifts, and he does that work well. What is more, he understands the needs of the West and makes haste to meet them. Although he has been Minister of Interior for only six months he has already given the homesteader all that Mr. Frank Oliver denied him for the last eight years.

Not to work the process of elimination to death, let us state that the three outstanding talents in the Cabinet are Messrs. Pelletier, Foster, and White. Mr. Pelletier has a record of political consistency for the last twenty-five years, which is about as straight as a dog's hind leg. He has been Conservative, Liberal, Radical, Independent, Nationalist, Conservative again—but that is really nothing against him. He may have been following his principles through all these



changes—trying to find the party that fitted best. Men sometimes do that with their religion, tasting many creeds, until at last they discover and settle down to the sincere milk. Then why not with politics? What was that principle which Mr. Pelletier was seeking through so many twists and turns? Probably office. We know that Mercier admired his talents but did not take him into the Cabinet. There were others who felt just that way about Mr. Pelletier—he was too brilliant to be trusted. If he had lived during the Terror he would have been at Robespierre's elbow. Such a man mounts high in revolutions. He has at last got into office by the help of the Nationalists whom he promptly deserted—very properly, as I think—and he will not stop at being postmaster-general. There are better portfolios than that. His ability is equal to handling, and his cleverness is equal to explaining, almost anything.

The other two outstanding talents are Mr. Foster and Mr. White—the one at the end of a long political life, looking back at it over his shoulder; the other at the threshold of his career, looking forward; the one old, cynical; the other young, confident. The Finance Minister Who Was may be more experienced and more eloquent, but the Finance Minister Who Is comes to his duties with a greater knowledge of finance and the technique of business than Mr. Foster ever had. Mr. White has no reason to fear comparison with any of the great predecessors in his office. They may have been greater politicians but they were not better Finance Ministers.

The Borden Cabinet shakes down to its work better day by day. The session which began with the ministers shy, awkward, timid, having had little time to con their lesson, finds them at the close, brisk, cheerful, and reassured. The Cabinet has had its troubles. It has had to handle several small-size crises, and from each trial it has drawn strength and wisdom. Next session it will be bold and confident. It will do more and say more. As one member put it, "This session we had to sit tight and learn; but next session will be a sparkler." No doubt the sparkling will have something

to do with the tariff, also with the navy, both of these questions having been left over until the government feels surer of its feet.

Along with a Cabinet not too bright and good for human nature's daily food goes a Conservative party in the House of Commons made up, for the most part, of reasonable opportunists. Some of them may have a leaning towards high protection, but they will not be allowed to stampede the party which is sure of a long tenure of power if it makes no bad mistakes. It would be a mistake to yield to the views of Cockshutt, Ames, Kemp, and such, who demand a high tariff just when the United States and Germany begin to think of lowering theirs. It is a safe guess that the Cockshutt-Ames-Kemp type of statesmen will not have their way. A party which has attained office after fifteen years in the wilderness will see the wisdom of doing what most of the people want done even if it does not suit the Bourbons. If the Borden government behaves, it ought to take ten years to wear down that forty-four majority. The chances are that the rank and file of the party in the House will improve in quality. With success almost a certainty, better candidates will offer at the next general election, and the surprises and forlorn hopes who now wear M. P. after their names will be weeded out for stronger men.

It goes without saying that when a party is nicknamed Tory it has some Tories in it—some, yes, but not enough to hurt—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Some of the feudal ideas one had thought as dead as George III, show timid heads but get little encouragement. They are as out of date as the people that air them. This is one of the crosses that go with the name Tory. We must not on that account think the less of the great majority who are soundly modern. The chief difference one feels in the atmosphere of Parliament, now that the Liberals are out of power, is a feeling rather than an opinion. There is not the same warmth towards democracy. Nothing overt occurs to fortify this conclusion: barometer uneasy—chilly weather—that's all.

The Opposition is fortunate in being led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is still the greatest statesman in Canada and the greatest figure in Parliament. He is head and shoulders above any of his followers, also head and shoulders above any member of the government. Not all the bracketing of him and Premier Borden at banquets as the two greatest men in Canada can make that equality more than a polite phrase. It's a case of "Eclipse" first and the others nowhere. The chief—I was almost tempted to say the sole—hope of the Liberal party is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's continued good health. It was a full realization of this that caused Sir Wilfrid Laurier to announce at the Graham banquet, that he would go on leading the Liberal party "as long as God spares my health." That announcement did two beneficial things for the Liberals. It put at rest the stories, circulated for election purposes in South Renfrew, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would retire and Mr. Graham would take his place. It also regulated the position of Mr. Graham in irresponsible horoscopes. Even his own friends, conceding full value to all his talents, do not look on Mr. Graham as a constructive statesman. His happy privilege is to keep the party's spirits up. He makes them laugh, and Heaven knows that is a nobler mission than making people cry, which is many a legislator's fate. Sir Wilfrid is, has in fact always been, a very lonely man. His sunny smile is a surface emotion. Deeper down and nearer his essential nature abide melancholy and brooding. The bitterness of defeat is lighter when shared. Sir Wilfrid loves Mr. Graham for his blithe temperament. For the same reason he loves Rodolphe Lemieux. These men are his pick-me-ups on dark mornings for his tired soul. He feels quite happy now with George Graham on his left and Rodolphe Lemieux two seats away on his right. All the pleasant company is together and the long road is not so hard to travel.

The Opposition fights well. It has thrown away the knapsacks, heavy with power and responsibility, and it fights with both arms free. It fights all the better because it has been but lately ousted from the citadel and can make a good

guess at what is going on inside. The western members show a disposition to cling to reciprocity as a party issue, but the Ontario Liberals are afraid of it. There are straws in the wind—notably R. B. Bennett of Calgary and J. A. M. Aikins of Brandon—which indicate that the government may be intending to do something for the western farmer along the line of reciprocity, but under another name. At all events a certain amount of opinion is being manufactured, and if the Liberals hesitate too long over their apple of discord they may find the government shaking the tree and grabbing the fruit.

Meanwhile, the Borden government salves the farmer with minor blessings. Under the expert guidance of Mr. C. C. James, the finest theoretical farmer in Canada, it will spend a few millions to improve the condition of agriculture. It will also spend a few more millions on good roads. That these millions may influence votes is, of course, an incident of a transaction that may or may not have an ulterior motive. The actual changes in the "Grain Act" amount to this, that the government will experiment with one terminal elevator, perhaps three; that it will provide three sample markets for grain, Calgary, Edmonton, and Winnipeg; and that the car shortage difficulty will be regulated by commissioners.

The government did not settle the *Ne Temere* decree. It handled it very much as if it were a hot penny, leaving the Supreme Court to pick it up, and later on the Imperial Privy Council if necessary. The stated case will now have tacked to it Judge Charbonneau's decision, which seems quite clear on the point that Church rules must not be allowed to colour the civil law of Quebec. It would be a great blessing for Canada and a new tie with the Mother Country if there was one marriage law for all the white parts of the British Empire.

The government deserves praise for its handling of the Manitoba boundary. So do the Nationalist ministers deserve praise for defying Bourassa, the king-breaker, and the Ultramontanes; and whatever breach of trust it involved to their supporters, this writer will always contend that Pelletier, Nantel, Monk, and Blondin were especially brave and

acted for the general advantage of Canada in speaking and voting as they did. There is no reason why either political party should burn its fingers again with a Manitoba school question. A burnt political party dreads the fire and both parties have been grilled. Premier Roblin gets \$2,300,000 for his new housekeeping. Let him spread it what way he will. Let him ease his own troubles. The theory is that Manitoba was made a postage-stamp province so that it might be a fortress of catholicism. It is a postage-stamp province no longer, and that ought to make it harder to carry out a sectarian ideal. Premier Roblin can arrange that matter with Archbishop Langevin. The government's Manitoba boundary policy is fair warning to Quebec, that while her own privileges are sacrosanct, she will do well to mind her own business.

The government's handling of the matter was clever. Mondou's second amendment smoked Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Opposition out. Sir Wilfrid may have made a blunder in perpetuating separate school rights in the Autonomy Acts of Alberta and Saskatchewan, but he got back to rock bottom Liberal principles, the historic Liberal policy, and the Manitoba school settlement which brought him into power, when he said "Hands off Keewatin." The Old Chief was once more consistent with himself. It is a pity that not as much can be said for the Liberals who voted for the Mondou amendment. By their shuffling and tergiversation they denied their leader and themselves. They said as plainly as acts can speak, that what was good for the party when it was in power did not suit when it was out, and that political orthodoxy is just a case of where one sits. Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused to influence his followers on this question. He left them to vote according to their consciences and the religious complexion of their constituencies. This was a bargain in which conscience got the worst of it in seventeen different places. All of which goes to show that Sir Wilfrid Laurier cannot supply backbones for all his followers all the time.

There were six Nationalist bolters—Lamarche, Sevigny, Paquet, Bellemare, Guilbault, and Barrette—and one Nation-

alist wobbler, Mondou, on the school question. They bolted more in sorrow than in anger. Their deprecating air said all too plainly for Henri Bourassa's hopes that one bolt was as much as could be expected of them and that they would be good and behave ever afterwards. They did not attend the Bourassa meeting of protest in Montreal the Saturday night following but lay *perdu* in Ottawa. In short, their conduct was nothing to keep any government awake nights. The Nationalists in Parliament have not acted up to specifications. They are silent, by arrangement, on the navy. Their leaders have been choked off with good jobs. Nationalism at this writing does not look like a live issue. The alliance with Bourassa was to turn Laurier out. That done there is no reason to play the game so hard. Everybody seems slack except Armand Lavergne, who is young enough to believe in dreams. Nationalism would get along better in Canada—there are many people who have it at the back of their heads—if it would cut loose from its Quebec affiliation of race and creed.

Mr. White's budget was a cheerful statement of a prosperous ledger by the chief book-keeper. The new Finance Minister did not breathe any rhetoric into it as Fielding would have done, and the figures sounded rather bald on that account, though highly satisfactory withal. No taxes were touched and no bounties announced—nothing done to show that this is anything more than a tariff-for-revenue government, although one may wonder dumbly why, with mounting surpluses, something is not done to relieve the people of their tariff burdens. Should a government, tender towards the people, have surpluses at all? It is too large a question to open here.

The real tariff monument of the government is the Tariff Commission. What is the object of the Tariff Commission? Is it to protect protection? Is it to give everybody a square deal? That all depends on the commission, which has not yet been named. The ideal commission would consist of a farmer, a workingman, a manufacturer, and a secretary, who should be a professor of political economy, uniting tariff

knowledge with general principles and an open mind. Time will tell how near the commission comes to this ideal. Its functions are statistical and advisory, which is as it should be. It is not to be a mere adding machine for the Finance Minister. Its reports are to be made public. Right again. You cannot take the tariff out of politics any more than you can take the stars out of the sky. So long as there are political parties the tariff must be an issue and the people must keep their hands on it. When the nations of the world are each governed by all-wise commissions of three or five, when political economy becomes a final science, when statistics are complete and universal, instead of fragmentary and partial as they are now, when the world realizes that tariff has very little to do with trade—then and not till then will the tariff be taken out of politics.

The Senate is now three to one Liberal but death will soon make an evener balance, for the Senate is old and ready for the scythe. The Upper Chamber showed signs of rebellion at times, but quit soon for lack of breath. Rebellion does not march far when the soldiers average seventy years. I do not agree with those who would abolish the Senate. Outside and beyond the other arguments, there must be a Senate to take care more particularly of provincial rights. But it should have more work to do and something should be done to make it a brisk and vital factor in the constitution. It should be made elective, say for a term of ten years, not elective by the legislatures but directly elective by the people. That course would mend all the ills that the Senate is heir to. A senator is more often as young as he feels than as old as he looks. The elective system would not deprive Canada of the bright minds in old bodies, like Sir Richard Cartwright's and Sir Mackenzie Bowell's, but it would keep at home the dodderers and cripples who now make the institution ridiculous by their senility.

#### THE SENATE

“What!” exclaims Lancaster, M.P., lighting his cigar as importantly as if he were setting fire to the British

North America Act, "me go in the Senate—the thing I've been trying to abolish for years! Not on your life; solicitor-general or nothing!"

And then Lancaster explains the need the Government has of a ready speaker, who is also a good lawyer and a man of strong common sense, to leap into the gap. A sort of Quintus Curtius that never dies and can always come back—that seems to be Lancaster's idea.

Of course the Senate is no place for any such displays of agility, and Lancaster despises it on that account. What he wants is action, not the white hair and winter scenery one gets in the Red Chamber. Can you blame him? The Senate session consists mostly of adjournments.

When it met last December it spent twenty minutes discussing whether three o'clock meant three sharp or fifteen minutes after. This nice point, which was brought up by Senator Cloran, had not been settled when the Senate dispersed for the Christmas holidays. The Senate reassembled January 24th, and, until Parliament prorogued, held two-hour sittings four days a week—but always in the afternoon. The Senate has a mortal fear of the night air. Its motto is—work as little as you can in the daytime, for the night is coming when man's work is done and the morning newspaper man's work begins. The Senate has come to the time of life which believes that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after. Such torpor would be maddening to a brisk temperament like Lancaster's. Yes, the member for Lincoln is right. The Senate is no place for a man in the prime of life, unless he plays chess or is a philosopher. The Senate's favourite couplet is found in Goldsmith :

"To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep its flame from wasting by repose."

This writer was present at a reassembling of the Senate. It was a sad sight—that old boys' reunion. The bald heads were balder and shinier than ever. A very few years, yes a very few days, makes a terrible change in our ageing Senate. A trip at five p.m. on a Montreal street car would be too



much for some of these enfeebled legislators. There are as many silk skull caps in the Senate as there are crutches at the shrine of Ste. Anne. Strong men have been known to weep at seeing these rickety old heroes tottering in, each in the black broadcloth coat he wore at his first communion, each with his mint tablet and his favourite pill in his right-hand vest pocket. They will do their duty to their country. Nothing, short of death, can keep them away from Ottawa and the sessional indemnity. If you don't believe it watch their faded old eyes flash and their wan cheeks flush when Major Cameron hands out the pay cheques!

In spite of some young faces, the net impression conveyed by the Senate in session is whiskers, rheumatism, and creeping paralysis. In the middle of the clerk's table is a huge snuff box, which gentlemen of the old school dip into to stir up their opinions, but it is noticeable that the more brittle Senators take no chances with this dangerous sport of sneezing.

Owing to its extreme fragility, the Senate has to take great care of itself. If you ever happen to be in the railway committee-room of the Senate on the stroke of noon you will see the Senators make what they call a dash for the door—it looks more like a funeral march—which empties the room of all but the lawyers and newspaper reporters. The greatest King's Counsel in Canada may be in the dead waist and middle of his eloquence. No matter—that flight of senators always takes place! The reason goes back through a long mist of years to the day when the first Senate railway committee was sitting in that room, and the noon-day gun of Parliament Hill, which is right under the window, went off as per schedule. Seventeen senators said "Ouch!"; four had their toupees scared off; one catapulted his false teeth; and at least a dozen had their livers dislocated. The railway committee of the Senate is its largest committee. The shock gave such a jar to the Senate's system that a week's adjournment was ordered. Then, as now, it was old's men's lives that were imperilled, because Senators are chosen like Popes, so that all may have their turn.

Yes, the Senate is very, very old. The Parliamentary Guide does not tell every Senator's age, because every Senator is not willing to tell the Parliamentary Guide. Just as some Senators dye their hair and shave off their whiskers to cheat time, so do some Senators keep back their birth-date when Captain Chambers, Usher of the Black Rod, is looking up the facts. But mostly the information is fairly satisfactory. An hour's research reveals these interesting facts, figures, and conclusions.

The collective age of the Senate is 5,608 years. This takes the venerable body back to the time the Great Pyramid was built, which was soon after the Flood, and about three thousand years before Homer wrote his Iliad. Viewed in this light, it is hoarier than Egypt, Greece, and Rome. It is coeval with the dawn of history. The average age of the Senators is seventy years. At the time when the Psalmist was about willing to quit, these old fellows begin to draw their annuities. The Senate has one senator ninety-three years of age. By all the actuarial tables this hale old gentleman should be dead long ago, but he goes on living, such is the vitalizing effect of an old-age pension. The Senate has nine senators over eighty years of age, thirty-two over seventy and less than eighty; twenty-two over sixty and less than seventy; thirteen over fifty and less than sixty; and three over forty, less than fifty. Sir Richard Scott, Opposition leader in the Senate, is eighty-six years old. He lives on fish, chicken, vegetables, fruit, and peanut butter. The Hon. J. A. Lougheed, of Calgary, government leader in the Senate is only fifty-eight years of age, but he has an imported English Stilton accent which is old and crummy.

When, asks somebody, may the present Senate be expected to pass in its checks? On this matter I have consulted many tables from King's "Mortality Among Healthy Males" to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (latest edition), on the expectancy of life as shown in The Purchase of Annuities. Substituting the words "gift" for "purchase" the

Encyclopædia Britannica's article seems exactly to fit the Senate's case. I give the table for what hope, or lack of hope, there is in it : At 40 the expectancy of life is 19 years. At 45 the expectancy of life is 14 years. At 50 to 55 the expectancy of life is 9 years. At 55 to 60 the expectancy of life is 7 years. At 60 (and upwards) the expectancy of life is 5 years. The inference is obvious. All the members of the Canadian Senate ought to be dead. By what they exceed that limit, by just that much they linger superfluous, and just that much additional grievance have their hungry successors.

Nowhere in Canada is a half-masted flag viewed with so much Conservative resignation as on the tower of Parliament Hill. Ten to one it is a Senator. Ten to one he has lived more than the Psalmist's span. Ten to one there are a hundred waiting to fill his shoes, no matter how much the shoes cost. Therefore, when the flag droops half-mast the pious Tory lifts his hat and says: "The Lord taketh away," and when the flag floats truck high again and his prospects go up with it he says: "And the Lord giveth. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Or words to that effect.

Seeing that the Senate is three to one Grit as it stands now, the prayer runs that death may be Liberal in the next few years, so as to make the Senate Conservative. And yet kind hearts will have their way. Not so long ago, in the bitter January weather, Senator William Ross, Liberal, Nova Scotia, eighty-six years of age, fell on the Broad Walk, and Bradbury, M.P., Conservative, Selkirk, Manitoba, came along and helped him to his feet. When Bradbury was remonstrated with, he said: "If it had been a Liberal senator from Manitoba, I'd have let him freeze."

The last time this writer was in the Senate, Sir Richard Scott introduced a bill "To prevent the Spread of Typhoid Fever." This is a typical Senate bill. The Senate is much concerned with matters of health. If an Act of Parliament could be effective in robbing Time of his scythe the Senate would pass it.

The Senate has a large restaurant committee—a carefully scaled, highly nutritious, and easily chewed diet being a great aid to longevity. The Senators are full of wise maxims like “A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day;” “After dinner sit a while, after supper creep a mile,” and such. The House of Commons may debate the Georgian Bay Canal, but the alimentary canal is what interests the Senate.

The Senate made a horrible discovery recently. One of its medical members has established the fact that, while porridge may be a valuable bone-builder in youth, the use of it after forty years of age means depositing lime in the joints and leads to rheumatoid arthritis and sclerosis of the arteries. Many of the senators have thus unwittingly been shortening their lives by the reckless consumption of porridge at breakfast. Now that the cruel, scientific truth is out, an Act of Parliament regulating porridge may be expected from the Senate almost any day. Other wise measures contemplated are an Act calling poker games at midnight, and prohibiting the smoking of tobacco while the game is in progress as being a pernicious distraction; also an Act to reinforce the union suit with a health band in winter.

The three new senators—Adam Bell, George Taylor, and Rufus Pope—sit in a bunch near the brass railing. Adam Bell fits into the picture like an ancient Roman. George Taylor has caught the atmosphere. He has long been ripe for the Senate. But Rufus Pope is green fruit. He is a *mauvais sujet*. He scoffs. He says: “Let the wax-works begin,” and Senator George Taylor, his desk neighbour, looks at him with stern rebuke in his glance. Senator Taylor does not admire such levity in a senator—when it is directed against the Senate.

HENRY FRANKLIN GADSBY

## THE RURAL TEACHER

AT the September, 1911, meeting of the Protestant committee of the Quebec council of public instruction, there was presented a departmental statement of the Protestant teachers' statistics for the elementary schools of the province for the school year 1910-11. The sheet showed, first, the nature of the diplomas held by the teachers in these schools, and then the number of years of service that they had given to the province. The results were given by counties. To take the first county by way of illustration: Argenteuil had 53 teachers in its elementary schools. Of these, 28 had elementary diplomas, and of this 28 there were 19 who had received normal school training and nine who had passed before the central board. Three of the 53 held model school certificates, and 13 were teaching on the permit leading to a second class elementary diploma after two years of successful teaching. These permits are granted to pupils who have passed Grade II of the academy. Lastly, nine of the 53 were without diploma or permit. This last class is the one generally described as "unqualified;" and in the majority of cases the reports of the inspectors show that, apart from the absence of anything in the way of teacher training, they have also but little scholastic training. Frequently they have had no more advantages than those given by an inferior elementary school.

As for the years of service in the province, out of the 53 teachers in Argenteuil, eleven were teaching for the first time, nine for the second, six for the third, four for the fourth, and so on, down to one each in the fourteenth, fifteenth, seventeenth, and twentieth year of service. There are forty counties in all in which there are Protestant schools. The number of the schools varies from eighty-two in the county of Compton to one each in the counties of Chambly, Joliette, Laprairie, L'Assomption, and Temiscouata. The chief counties, so far as

Protestant education is concerned, are Argenteuil, Bonaventure, Brome, Chateauguay, Compton, Gaspé, Huntingdon, Hochelaga, Megantic, Missisquoi, Ottawa, Pontiac, Quebec, Richmond, Shefford, Sherbrooke, and Stanstead.

In these chief counties the teacher statistics vary somewhat from those given for Argenteuil. In Huntingdon, for instance, only one teacher out of the forty-seven engaged was unqualified. This was the best rural record in the province. The most of the other chief counties fall below Huntingdon and Argenteuil. The following are the figures:—

	Total No. of Teachers.	Unqualified.
Bonaventure.....	40	24
Brome.....	61	21
Compton.....	82	39
Gaspé.....	30	16
Megantic.....	34	18
Missisquoi.....	30	9
Ottawa.....	70	48
Pontiac.....	53	37
Richmond.....	37	18
Shefford.....	33	12
Sherbrooke.....	27	6
Stanstead.....	37	23

The county of Hochelaga, as it includes some city schools such as the St. Henry, but not those of the Protestant boards of Montreal and Westmount, is omitted from the foregoing table. But the figures are four unqualified out of a total of thirty-eight.

This outline may now serve to make clear some of the total figures of the statistical report. Of 799 teachers in the elementary schools outside of Montreal and Westmount, there were three with academy diplomas, fifty with model diplomas, three hundred and fifty-four with elementary diplomas, sixty-seven with Grade II of the academy permits, and three hundred and twenty-five unqualified. In the ele-

mentary schools of Montreal and Westmount, out of 435 teachers there were twenty-eight with academy diplomas, three hundred and twelve with model diplomas, fifty-six with elementary diplomas, and the balance of thirty-nine were teachers of special subjects, such as physical exercises. The next significant figures are these: out of the 799 teachers outside of Montreal and Westmount, only thirty-one have been teaching more than twenty years. Of the 435 teachers in Montreal and Westmount, fifty have been teaching more than twenty years. In this comparison and others it must also be borne in mind that the "outside" figures include those of Sherbrooke and Quebec, and that thus the strictly rural figures are made apparently better than they are.

The available space will not permit the presentation of all the significant figures, by counties, of the years of service to the province, but the report plainly demonstrates the fact that the rural teacher remains a much shorter time at teaching than the city teacher. The following summary, however, will illustrate the point. Out of the 435 teachers in Montreal and Westmount, 11·7 per cent. were teaching for the first time in 1910-11; 10·8 per cent. for the second, and 7·8 per cent. for the third; whereas out of the 799 teachers outside of Montreal and Westmount, 26·7 per cent. were teaching for the first time, 16·5 per cent. for the second, and 11·8 for the third. These figures represent pretty faithfully, also, the conditions which have existed for several years. The salient point is that there is a large annual demand for new teachers in the rural districts to supply the places of those who have married, or who have given up teaching for other work, or who have migrated to the larger salaries of the western provinces. This last class, of course, includes only the fully qualified and the competent. More than twenty-five per cent. of the whole teaching staff in the Protestant rural schools of the province has to be renewed every year.

We may now come to the figures of the supply in relation to the demand. For the elementary schools of the whole province, urban and rural, there were 265 new teachers engaged

last year; for the superior schools, urban and rural, 25 would perhaps represent the total number teaching for the first time. This last number, however, may be left out of the reckoning. The demand for the elementary schools was 265 new teachers with model or elementary diplomas. What was the supply from Macdonald College? It was exactly 74 model and 84 elementary, leaving a gap of 107 to be filled up by some twenty Grade II of the academy permits, and the balance by "unqualified." Moreover, as the model teachers generally are taken up by the city elementary or the rural superior schools (model schools and academies), the insufficiency of the supply for last year's demand for 214 new teachers in the "outside" elementary schools becomes more apparent.

If the actual situation, as it has been existing now for several years, has been made clear by the foregoing statement, the next practical step is the consideration of the remedies proposed. There are some, indeed, who contend that there is no remedy, that the case is incurable. The life of the country teacher, they say, is so monotonous and unattractive that nothing will induce a sufficient number of young women to take it up as a life work. There is some truth in this. It is true in the case of the small, neglected and isolated schools of which we have more than we need. In many cases, three, four, or five small schools might easily be consolidated into one, by the conveyance of the pupils, and the one or even the two teachers who might then be employed, would have the interest and the inspiration of larger classes to make the teaching lot a happier one.

This policy, together with that of a very large improvement in the salaries of the rural teacher, is the remedy advocated by the department, by the Protestant committee, and by the inspectors. On the salary question they are justified by the facts. The evidence is overwhelming that the rural municipalities which pay good salaries obtain qualified teachers, and those which pay poor salaries are served by the unqualified. On the consolidation question they can only point to the success which has followed the plan in other parts of



the world. If half a dozen of our rural municipalities were to give it a fair trial, we should then know positively whether or not it is practicable under our conditions. It is surely worth the trial.

The last remedy for consideration is that of providing a short course of training for elementary teachers, in addition to the course of one year leading to a first class elementary diploma. We have the light of past experience, however, on this point. We have also the "easy path" already provided by the Grade II of the academy permits which lead, after two years of successful teaching, and an examination on some authorized, professional reading, to a second class elementary diploma. It is surely not too much to ask of any community which finds it a hardship to send its daughters to Macdonald College, that they shall at least be so far qualified for the charge of an elementary school as to be able to pass Grade II of the academy. This grade is provided in many of the rural model schools and in all of the academies, and few prospective teachers are out of reach of these superior schools.

But would a three or four months' course of teacher training at Macdonald College solve the difficulty? This amount of training would be better than none, and being less expensive than a year's course it might seem to be a reasonable proposition. Such a course, however, was provided years ago at the McGill normal school. For a short time there was a fair attendance. Then it fell off and gradually dwindled to the vanishing point, when the plan was abolished. What was the reason? It was this. If a girl intended to engage in teaching in earnest, she sought the best diploma she could afford. If a school board was really in earnest about the quality of the teacher, it was ready to pay for a teacher holding a first class elementary diploma. The holder of the second class diploma had only the choice of schools where indifference reigned on the subject of qualification, and where the unqualified were paid as much, or as little, as the qualified. That condition, unfortunately, still prevails in many municipalities. There was therefore little or no economic advantage in the second class

diploma, and it consequently fell off in popularity. That the same economic principle is at work to-day is shown by the fact that the number of teachers-in-training at Macdonald College is increasing in the model class and decreasing in the elementary class. The economic reason is that the Protestant school commissioners of Montreal engage only model teachers for its elementary schools, and that the salaries in Montreal and in the rural superior schools are much better than in the rural elementary. There seems, in short, to be no escape from the conclusion that the whole problem is largely an economic one.

J. C. SUTHERLAND

### THE BUST OF CICERO

There is a great foreboding in thine eyes,  
 And on thy lips a sad, unuttered thought;  
 As if the vision of thy soul were fraught,  
 Long time, with shadow of the last surprise.  
 O yearning exile! There, before thee, lies  
 The road to Rome:—But ah! thine ears have caught  
 The clatter of the hoofs of death unsought;  
 And slowly in thy litter thou dost rise.

Out of thy pain and weakness strength came forth;  
 And with majestic gaze upon thy doom,  
 Thou renderedst unto Cæsar's slave thy head.  
 Down sank the glory and the pride and worth;  
 The sun of liberty was set; the gloom  
 Of lustful centuries began to spread.

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL

## EARLY EDUCATION IN MANITOBA

IN studying the early history of western Canada, the two routes by which the first settlers reached the country must be kept in mind, for the people who entered the country by them were as different as the routes which they followed. One lay by the Ottawa, the Great Lakes, and that tangle of waterways which leads from Lake Superior to the prairies. Over it came the French,—adventurous, somewhat nomadic, ready to adopt the native modes of life, and Roman Catholic in their religious convictions. The other route lay across the Atlantic and Hudson Bay, up the Nelson, and across Lake Winnipeg. Over it came the men of Scotland and the Isles and some Englishmen. They were quiet, determined men, who came out to serve the Hudson Bay Company or to till the prairie soil, and most of them were Protestants. Thus the clumsy ships which braved the storms of the North Atlantic and the ice-floes of Hudson Strait, and the canoes, which were paddled so laboriously across the great inland seas, carried more than provisions for their passengers and goods to be bartered for furs. They brought the elements of some of our western institutions and the seeds of some of our troubles.

The confluence of these two streams of immigration was at the mouth of the Red River; and although they were slender, it is not surprising that some disturbance arose where the currents met. The contests between the rival fur companies, which culminated in the fight at Seven Oaks, the first Riel rebellion, and the Manitoba school question, were some of the stronger eddies caused by the meeting of these two diverse streams. Perhaps the disturbances would have been greater had not the two elements of the population been so small, in comparison with the vastness of the "Great Lone Land," that neither could entirely disregard the help which the other

might give; and perhaps the vastness itself fostered in the people a spirit of tolerance and coöperation.

From the beginning of its history Manitoba has had two classes of schools, differing in origin, management, and aims. The seed from which schools of one class grew was brought over the first of the routes which we have spoken of; the seed from which the other sprung was brought over the second route.

In 1818 Bishop Plessis of Quebec sent two priests, the Rev. Joseph Norbert Provencher and the Rev. Sévère Dumoulin, to undertake missionary work in the Red River Settlement. They were men of heroic stature, as befitted those who were to do great things in a great country. Leaving Montreal on May 19th, and following the tedious route of the Great Lakes, they reached Fort Douglas on the Red River on July 16th. In a few days Father Provencher began to erect a mission building on the tract of land at the junction of the Red River and the Seine that had been granted for missionary purposes through the kind offices of Lord Selkirk. The walls were soon built, but it was impossible to complete a roof for the whole structure that autumn. So one end was partitioned off and roofed. It was divided into two apartments, and Father Provencher could write to his bishop, "I have a little room and a little chapel."

In his charge to the pioneer missionaries Bishop Plessis had said, "They should apply themselves with special care to the Christian education of children, establishing schools for this purpose in all villages which they visit." Father Provencher was not slow to carry out these instructions; and, as soon as the "little chapel" could be occupied, it was used as a school as well as a place of worship. This school, which seems to have been the first in the settlement, was probably opened early in September; and it had a good attendance from the first.

In the same month Father Dumoulin was sent to Pembina, then supposed to be on British territory, to minister to the spiritual needs of the French people who had settled there.

He immediately organized a school, placing M. Guillaume Edge in charge of it; and when Father Provencher visited it early in the new year, sixty eager pupils were in attendance. After two years of service in the school, M. Edge returned to Quebec. His successor was M. Sauvé, who remained until 1823, when the mission was given up and the school closed, because Pembina was found to be in the United States.

In the meantime, the school at St. Boniface, as the settlement about Father Provencher's mission was called, had outgrown the small chapel. The missionary went back to Quebec in the summer of 1820; and when he returned to the colony two years later, he came as the bishop of a new diocese, which covered all the western half of British America. He brought with him a young man named Jean Harper, who was placed in charge of the school at St. Boniface. He was afterwards ordained; and for nine years he remained in the settlement, teaching in the school, or holding religious services at various places in the surrounding country.

Writing to Mgr. Lartigne of Montreal in 1823, Bishop Provencher said that two of the pupils in his school, a French-Canadian named Senécal and a Métis named Chénier, had completed their Latin grammar; and he adds the wish, "Dieu veuille qu'ils fassent quelque chose de bon!" In 1827 the school began to take boarders, showing that boys from other places were coming to St. Boniface to attend school.

In 1829 one of Bishop Provencher's great hopes was realized, for a girls' school was opened in St. Boniface. Mlle. Angélique Nolin, a young lady of Pembina who had been educated in Quebec, was placed in charge of it. She and her sister seem to have taught in it until the first of the Grey Nuns arrived in 1844. We hear much in these days about industrial training in our schools, and so we may note that weaving was one of the subjects taught to the girls in the little school in St. Boniface eighty-two years ago.

In August, 1845, a small party of Oblate Fathers reached St. Boniface. One of them was so young that the bishop exclaimed, "I asked for a missionary and they have sent

me a mere boy." But in five years he appointed the "mere boy" as his coadjutor; and his coadjutor succeeded him in the diocese when he passed away in 1853. The youth was Alexandre Antoine Taché, afterwards archbishop, and he was to prove himself as able as the older man as an organizer and administrator. Under his supervision the small school, founded by the first Roman Catholic missionary sent to the Red River, grew into St. Boniface College. It was incorporated in 1871, and was affiliated with the University of Manitoba in 1877. The corner-stone of a new college was laid on May 2nd, 1880, and the building has been enlarged several times since. The work of teaching in the college, after having been carried on successively by the Oblate Fathers, the Christian Brothers, and the Secular Clergy, was committed to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in 1885.

Lord Selkirk's colonists in the Red River Settlement had often asked the Hudson Bay Company to carry out his lordship's promise that a clergyman of their own faith would be sent out to them. At last the company sent out the Rev. John West in 1820. He travelled by the northern or Hudson Bay route and reached the settlement on October 14th. Like Father Provencher, he was impressed with the importance of schools. In his journal he says, "Soon after my arrival I got a log house repaired about three miles below the fort [Fort Douglas], among the Scotch population, where the schoolmaster took up his abode and began teaching from twenty to twenty-five children." Again, on January 1st, 1821, he writes, "I went to the school this morning, a distance of about six miles from my residence, to examine the children, and was much pleased at the progress they had already made in reading." It is probable that this was the first school for English-speaking children organized in the Red River Settlement.

When Mr. West went back to England in 1823, his mission buildings included a church, a school, and two small houses for pupils. His successor in the mission was the Rev. T. D. Jones, who remained two years and was followed by

the Rev. W. Cochrane. The latter described himself as "minister, clerk, schoolmaster, arbitrator, and agricultural director." The school progressed under the direction of these men and others, and about 1833 it was formed into the Red River Academy. For many years it did excellent work under the direction of the Rev. John Macallum, who seems to have been in charge of it when Bishop Anderson arrived in 1849. After several years the cost of the school proved too great for the limited funds at the bishop's disposal, and it was closed. Its lineal successor seems to have been a similar school, organized in the next parish and conducted by a Mr. Pritchard.

Bishop Machray, who succeeded Bishop Anderson, reached the Red River country in 1865. From the day of his arrival the importance of education was always in his mind, and in his first conference with the clergymen and lay delegates who represented the churches of his diocese, he urged that primary schools should be maintained in all the parishes and that the academy at St. John's should be revived.

Bishop Machray was a man of great energy and foresight, and began at once to carry out his plans. The academy at St. John's was reopened, Mr. Pritchard's school was amalgamated with it, and the new institution of learning was opened as St. John's College, November 1st, 1866. The staff consisted of the Bishop, Archdeacon M'Lean, and Mr. Pritchard; and twenty-one students were enrolled. It was incorporated in 1871, and was affiliated with the provincial university in 1877. The old college on the bank of the river, enlarged in 1874, housed the students until 1883, when the present college was erected.

The Scotch settlers in the Red River country never ceased to urge the Hudson Bay Company to send them a minister of their own faith. Finally, Mr. West was sent, as has been said, but he was not a Presbyterian. Possibly the directors of the company thought that a creed which suited them in London ought to do very well for a few settlers on the frontier of a remote colony. Perhaps they did not consider it wise to give too much encouragement to people who aimed

to live by agriculture in a country destined by the Stuarts—and probably by Providence—as a preserve for a great fur company. And so for a whole generation these Presbyterian settlers reiterated their request in vain. Finally, they appealed to their co-religionists in Canada, and the Rev. John Black was sent as their minister.

Dr. Black arrived on September 19th, 1851. He settled among his people in the Kildonan district and built a church there. A school soon followed, and the minister found time to assist the teacher with some of the classes. For twenty years this school did good service for the community; and when the Presbyterian people organized Manitoba College in 1871, it was housed in the school at Kildonan. The college staff then consisted of Professors Bryce and Hart, who served it for nearly forty years. In a short time the college was transferred to the growing village of Fort Garry, where it occupied a building on the east side of Main St. Later it occupied a building on the present site of the Bell Hotel. The corner-stone of the present college was laid by the Marquis of Lorne in 1881.

The first Manitoba legislature met in 1871, and one of its earliest enactments was the "Public Schools Act." The first public school organized under the new law was opened in Winnipeg in the same year. But the Act did little for secondary education, and so the various religious denominations felt it their duty to continue their schools. The Methodist people decided to join the others in this work, and early in 1873, their missionary, the Rev. George Young, opened a small school in Fort Garry and placed Mrs. D. L. Clink in charge of it. Later in the year he came back from Ontario with money and equipment for a larger school. A building was erected on the lots now occupied by Grace Church, and in it the Wesleyan Institute was formally opened on November 3rd, 1873, with the Rev. A. Bowerman as principal and about forty-seven students in attendance.

In 1877 the legislature passed a bill to incorporate Wesley College. The Wesleyan Institute does not seem to have had



the standing required for affiliation with the university, and instead of being transformed into Wesley College, it was discontinued. For a decade the Methodist body carried on no educational work in Manitoba; but in 1886 the charter of Wesley College was amended, and the college was organized and affiliated with the university. For some time it had no fixed abiding place, but in 1891 its present home was erected.

The Act of 1871, which gave Manitoba a system of public schools, was a long step in educational progress; but those most interested in the welfare of the province looked forward to still greater things. The Act had made little provision for secondary education, none for university training. The chief aim of the denominational colleges was to prepare men for the ministry, though this does not mean that their work was underrated. To show that it was appreciated, an extract may be given from a letter written by Sir Alexander Morris, the lieutenant-governor of the province, to Lord Dufferin, the governor-general, and dated Fort Garry, February 26th, 1874. "When I came here I was surprised that in a region so long secluded from the outer world such laudable efforts should have been made for the advancement of higher education. Of course in a society at once so old and till recently so shut up in itself and affected by the peculiar combinations arising from the commingling of the English, Scotch, and French with the Indian tribes, it could not be expected that the educational institutions should be so largely equipped or so far advanced as in the older provinces of the Dominion; and yet I can bear testimony to the fact that a sound education is being afforded in Manitoba, and that of a character that would be creditable even in the older provinces. I speak from observation and experience, having two boys attending St. John's College, and I am much pleased with their progress.

"With regard to the institutions here, your Lordship will observe that the English Church, the Roman Catholic Church, the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and the Wesleyan Church are all engaged in the work of higher education, and it must be borne in mind that the institutions maintained by

these bodies are useful not only in Manitoba, but afford the means of educating the children of the scattered residents in the different Northwest Territories, who send their children here from great distances."

Throughout his life Sir Alexander had taken a keen interest in education. He had opposed the establishment of separate schools in Ontario; he had served as one of the governors of his alma mater, McGill University; and for a time he had been chairman of the trustees of Queen's University. He became lieutenant-governor of Manitoba in 1872, and from the time he first reached Fort Garry, he did all that lay in his power to bring about the establishment of a university for the province.

Lieutenant-governor Morris had probably discussed the matter of a provincial university in an informal way with several of Manitoba's leaders in education, and they had doubtless discussed it in the same way among themselves. But they were afraid that the province was scarcely ready for such an institution. The difficulties in the way were of two kinds—financial and sectarian, and they seemed so insuperable at that early date in the history of the province that the educational leaders seem never to have met for the formal discussion of a scheme for a provincial university. For two years the governor appears to have urged his ministers to bring a university bill into the legislature; but they, too, thought the scheme premature, and hesitated.

In the meantime, two ardent and far-seeing friends of the Canadian West had been giving much study to the problem, and each had found what he considered a feasible plan. They were Mr. J. W. Taylor, the United States consul, and the Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of missions for the Presbyterian Church. They gave their matured views at a public meeting held in connexion with exercises of Manitoba College, February 4th, 1876; and many of their ideas, especially those of Dr. Robertson, are found in the constitution under which the University of Manitoba is now working.

The governor was glad to find such an able ally in Dr. Robertson. Here was a definite plan for a university such as

the province might reasonably hope to establish; a bill was drafted to embody it, and we have reason to believe that the governor himself did the work; and the government consented to introduce the bill. The lieutenant-governor wrote to Lord Dufferin, January 28th, 1877: "Our legislature opens on the 30th, and among our proposals is a university on the model of London. I hope to embrace in it all the colleges—Protestant and Catholic."

The third session of the second Manitoba legislature was opened on January 30th, 1877. The speech of the lieutenant-governor contained this paragraph: "In view of the necessity of affording the youth of the province the advantages of higher education, a bill will be submitted to you providing for the establishment of a university for Manitoba, and for the affiliation therewith of such of the existing incorporated colleges as may take advantage of the university. Provision will also be made in the bill for the eventual establishment of a provincial normal school for teachers. I regard this measure as one of great importance, and as an evidence of the rapid progress of the country towards the possession of so many of the advantages which the older provinces of the Dominion already enjoy."

The prominent part taken by the governor to secure the introduction of the university bill may have had something to do with its easy passage through the legislature. When it came before the Committee of the Whole, there was little discussion, and few amendments were made. The words, "on the model of the University of London," were dropped from the preamble; section 5 became section 10, and in it the words, "at present," were inserted, so that the establishment of professorships was not permitted "at present;" and section 26 was amended so that a mere paper college without buildings, teachers, and equipment could not be affiliated with the university. With these few changes the bill was reported to the House and passed its third reading February 20th, 1877.

Strange to say, through some oversight, the words, "on the model of the University of London," were retained in the copy of the statutes as printed in English, and they also appear in the translation printed in French. The words, "at present," which appear correctly in the English copy, are not found at all in the French translation. These discrepancies led to much discussion later in the history of the university.

The Act skilfully avoided the rocks on which it might have been wrecked. The colleges retained almost absolute power in the matter of courses and degrees in theology; they could select their own text-books in mental and moral science; there were no religious tests in the university; and in examinations students could use either English or French. The financial burden, which some feared, was avoided, inasmuch as a clause in the Act limited the government's grant for university purposes to two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Of course this clause was soon repealed.

Writing to Sir William Dawson on May 24th, 1877, Lieutenant-Governor Morris said: "I send you a copy of the statutes of Manitoba, as I think you will be interested in the Act creating a provincial university. The registration of graduates has been held and about 50 have registered. The Presbyterian, the Church of England, and the Roman Catholic college authorities have entered cordially into the movement. The Wesleyans have obtained a charter, but have not yet the institution in operation. You will observe in sections 31 and 32 how we have attempted to get over the difficulty of theological degrees, which I see is troubling you."

St. Boniface, St. John's, and Manitoba Colleges affiliated with the new university at once; but Wesley College, which had just been incorporated, did not do so until a decade later. The first meeting of the university council was held October 4th, 1877, when the Bishop of Rupert's Land was chosen as chancellor, the Hon. Joseph Royal, as vice-chancellor, Major Jarvis as registrar, and Mr. D. MacArthur as bursar.

A few days later the first students of the university were registered. Mr. Robert Machray, in his "Life of Archbishop Machray," tells the story in these words: "Shortly after the first meeting of the university council, the Bishop sent for the writer (then a theological student of St. John's) and told him to go with the other theological students, three in number, and the two head boys of the college school to the residence of Major Jarvis, the registrar, to be matriculated. The small band of six, nothing loth, but hardly realizing the dignity of their position as the first undergraduates of a university destined some day to be great, walked from St. John's across the snow to Point Douglas, Winnipeg, where the major lived. Finding him at home, the writer, who acted as spokesman, told the major the nature of the business on which they had come, whereupon he smiled and looked a little blank, observing that there was no university register yet in existence. However, he was equal to the occasion, produced a half-sheet of ordinary writing-paper, and bade them inscribe their names upon it. Thus and thus were the beginnings of the University of Manitoba."

F. H. SCHOFIELD

## SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel;  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favours fall;  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair through faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows;  
I hear a noise of hymns:  
Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice but none are there;

## SIR GALAHAD

Egredior pugnis ego multo sanguine uictor,  
Dextra ferit clipeos haec galeasque uirum;  
Et pudor et pietas et mens sibi conscia recti,  
Miles ut a nullo terrear hoste facit;  
Bucina dat signum pugnae, ferit aethera clangor,  
Iamque duces ferro rem gladiisque gerunt;  
Frangitur oppositis umbonibus hasta resultans,  
Durus in attonito uix eques haeret equo;  
Uix eques haeret equo, sed cum tuba rauca diremit  
Proelia, turbatos restituitque uiros,  
Femineis manibus flores et odorifer imber  
Spargitur ac multa fragrat harena rosa.

Quam dulces oculos in lumina flectit amati  
Militis, arridet si qua puella proco;  
Has quisquam nobis haec arma ferentibus audet  
Cogere seruitium uinclaue dura pati?  
Mens tamen hinc alio spectans desiderat aedem,  
Qua licet inflexo procubuisse genu;  
Nullam adeo nympham sensi labra iungere labris,  
Nec digitos digitis implicuisse meis;  
Nam mihi maius id est quo mens agitante caescit,  
Uisa movent animum candidiora meum,  
Cernere quae dabitur, dum munera sanctus obibo,  
Cultor et intactae uirginitatis ero.

Nubibus obductis quoties cadit aurea luna,  
Ante meos oculos lux necopina natat;  
Silua micat, uoces concentibus aethera mulcent;  
Quod canitur, superum carmen id esse reor;  
Praeter inaccessi feror hinc eques ostia fani;  
Uox uenit ex adytis, nec tamen ullus inest;

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair:  
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres  
I find a magic bark;  
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light!  
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah blessed vision, blood of God!  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Through dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow;  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And ringing springs from brand and mail,  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here;



Ingredior; foribus uacat aedes intus apertis,  
Plurimus incerto cereus igne micat;  
Mira loci facies; niuea stat sindone tecta  
Ara ferens calicem non sine pane suum;  
Tinnitusque docent aeris, docet ignis acerrae  
Et sonus hymnorum numen inesse loco.

Saepe per incultos montes et stagna uaganti  
Propter aquae ripas est mihi uisa ratis;  
Insilio; non artis eget, non illa magistri;  
Omnia nigrescunt, sed tamen usque nato;  
Fit sonus, offulget mirabile lumen ocellis;  
Mystica tres superos huc sacra ferre reor;  
Aspice sopitis uolitent ut ab aethere pennis,  
Defluat ad plexos ut stola longa pedes;  
Sanguinis a caelestis inenarrabile uisum,  
Iam data non animam claustra tenere queunt,  
Dum natat ex oculis ea gloria dumque per atras  
Astra petens astri labitur instar aquas.

Desertos quoties agros et rura relinquens  
Per uicos equito quos habet alta quies,  
Luciferum gallus uigil excitat ore morantem,  
Dura silex alta sub niue muta silet;  
Ictibus assiduus tectum ferit horrida grando,  
Et salit ex armis et salit ense meo;  
Sed tamen interdum dirimens lux clara tenebras  
Splendet et ut grando splendeat ipsa facit;  
Tum planis abeo campis et in ardua pergo,  
Non nemorum ramis non ego fronde tegor;  
Hic quoque per montes ac tesqua furentibus austris  
Sunt superi; superis est locus ille frequens.

Cui mens casta manet, cui spes in pectore feruet,  
Ille nec ignauus nec male fortis erit;  
Scilicet is uotis est finis, ut aetheris auras,  
Quis fruor in somnis, et uigil ore bibam;

I muse on joys that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odours haunt my dreams:  
And stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armour that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And from the mountain walls  
A rolling organ harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear;  
O just and faithful knight of God,  
Ride on; the prize is near!  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the Holy Grail.

Iam uideor felix sedes spectare beatas,  
Quasque plagas olim uiuidus ignis alet,  
Liliaque aeternam pacem spirantia, quorum  
Saepe quiescentem nunc quoque fallit odor;  
Nuntius at caeli quoties uenit ales ab alta  
Arce, leui tangens arma uirumque manu,  
Hoc onus, haec moles, oculique et corpus et ossa  
Aetheris igniferi pondus et instar habent.

A media caelum regione dehiscere coepit,  
Altaque murali quae iuga mole tument  
Undique diuinis resonant concentibus; echo  
Ualle repercussos fertque refertque modos;  
Arbor quaeque tremit, siluaeque cacumina nutant;  
Lene micant alae, uox et in aure sonat;  
'Macte pia uirtute, puer; sic itur ad astra;  
Perstandum est, superat qui modo perstat,' ait:  
Non domus insomnem non aula moratur euntem;  
Praeter agros pontes flumina saepta uehor;  
Quicquid erit, uehar arma ferens Mauortia, donec,  
Sancte calix superum, tu mihi uisus eris.

S. B. SLACK

## THE PLACE NAMES OF QUEBEC

PLACE NAMES are always fascinating. How splendidly appealing they are when, even in their simplest forms, they rouse the historic imagination by their union with romantic characters, as in that finest of all the titles borne by the Heir to the Throne—the Lord of the Isles! And how they take the ear with other English names when, even in crude Australia, two of them happen to meet in such a title as the Bishop of Grafton and Armadale!

But the best of our Indian place names have little to fear in comparison, especially in their appeal to the ear. If you will forget the detestably flat, harsh, and nasal way in which so many Canadians and Americans make mispronunciations like “Trontur” and “Niaggrur,” you will find few pleasanter names than Torònto and Niagàra, pronounced more like Italian, with perhaps an Arab touch where final or penultimate “a” is often sounded “aw.” François Premier was delighted with the new tongue when Jacques Cartier presented at court the first Indian Chief ever seen in Europe.

“Quel est votre nom, mon ami?”

“Donnacona.”

“Et vous êtes?”

“Agouhanna!”

(à Jacques Cartier) “Cela veut dire?”

“Roi, chef, prince, commandant.”

“Tenez-vous en au premier mot, capitaine; c’est le meilleur. On dirait de l’Italien:—Canada, Stadacona, Hochelaga—c’est délicieux!”

The gallant king would have been quite as pleased by many more, like Katahdin, Katarauqui, Desoronto, and Kaministiquia.

Indian names still abound in the province of Quebec. *Quebec*, of course, is one of them itself, and means the “Nar-

rows" of the "River of Canada." Perhaps the name of the Dominion capital might also be claimed, as the Ottawas hunted on both banks of their own stream. They were great traders between the tribes of the east and west countries—middlemen, in fact; and the word *adaweh*, to buy and sell, is still quite appropriate, in all its baser meanings, to the middlemen who buy and sell their country at Ottawa to-day, whichever party is in. Of course, I don't mean to refer to any of our honest members or true statesmen, except to wish we had more of them. *Gaspé* is the Indian equivalent of the Land's End. And, generally speaking, most territorial place-names are descriptive of the geographical situation of their countries in relation to that of the nearest big tribe.

But animals count for much more than mere geography. *Anticosti* is the hunting ground of the bear. *Bersimis* is the place for eels, and *Cacoona* for porcupines (though it may not be, as a learned correspondent says, *Cac* means big and *oona* not porcupines at all.) *Kachikaki* is the place for skunks. The unfortunate skunk is a much maligned animal. Treat him well, and he is as friendly as the confiding chickadee. But of course the common human view is the same old proverbial one—"this animal is very wicked: when you attack him he defends himself." I fully admit that when he does defend himself he gives a fine illustration of the military term, offensive-defensive; but, in so doing, he also gives point to his own name when justly applied to a certain type of man. *Maskinongé* is the place for pike, *Matane* for beaver ponds, *Mingan* for wolves, *Nabesipi* for male seabirds during the separation season, *Nachikopi* for the Canada goose, *Namewaja* for sturgeon, *Natashkwan* for seals to come ashore, *Oka* for doré, *Wapusanan* for hares, and *Wapitagun* for cormorants.

Myths and the medicine man appear in the *Manitousin* Falls, where the big medicine man of the Micmacs leaped to his death with the chief of the Montagnais in his arms. *Matchimanitou* and *Wetetnagami* are both evil spirits. The hills beside Lake Opasatika are where the Devil swings. And Lake *Windigo* commemorates an ogre who was particularly

fond of human flesh. But there's more than mythology about good cannibals.

Scenery claims many appropriate names. *Caughnawaga* is the dwelling by the rapids. *Nomining* is where the Indians made red paint out of iron ochre when they went on the war-path. *Ouareau* is far-away lake, *Owitchuan* the clear-water river, *Peribonka* the river that crosses the sand, *Temiscouata* the headwater lake, *Wanoureia* the crooked waters, *Yamasheesh* a muddy stream, and *Yamaska* the place where the grass grows along the bottom. *Wikwashoba* suggests canoeing, as it means the birch-bark lake. But when we finally reach the height-of-land lake, after many long portages, we're too much out of breath to pronounce its own crack-jaw place-name—*Wikwapatoshakamikak*.

Indian history has left but little behind it here. *Mazanaskawegan* probably commemorates some prehistoric chronicler who made ideographs on the tree trunks. *Acadie* means simply the place where we dwell—ironic enough, in regard to the misadventurous Acadians. The *Kabana* was a famous landing-place up the Nottaway. And *Kookoo-athee* is where the Iroquois imitated owls so well that they lured the Attikamegs into a fatal ambush. *Isle Massacre* commemorates another successful slaughter by the Iroquois, who killed all but five of the Micmacs camping here. And another French translation commemorates in the one word *Vin* the place where the whites used to debauch the red man with the destroying fire-water. Both French and British have ousted the original Indian names in several other cases in favour of translations. The *Chaudière Falls* are an instance, being a free rendering of the Indian *Asticoo*. This is not so bad. But *Expanse Lake* is a miserable official substitute for the euphonious *Winnowaia*.

Of course, many Indian names are very doubtful in the matter of meaning. What language is not full of doubtful etymologies and place-names? And, equally of course, the most famous names supply the largest proportion of doubtful cases, probably because they have long histories, nicely per-

vertible to suit diverse interpretations, "from the earliest times to the present day." *Hochelaga* is said to mean either a wintering place, or a place where they make axes, or perhaps a beaver dam. It is quite likely to have been all three; and they still have axes to grind there. The famous salmon river *Restigouche* may mean the five-forked river, or the big, or the broad, or the branching river, or the river of the long war, or something else. The *Saguenay* is called the river of Death (with a capital D) in guide-books written for impressionable tourists, a fact which, in itself, would predispose one to look for other meanings. And there are no lack of them: the water that flows out (a way water sometimes has in certain rivers), a flood, or ice with holes in it. For additional meanings I would refer the inquiring reader to the mists of antiquity. *Tadoussac* is equally accommodating. It may mean the lobster place, or a freshwater turtle, or the place where the ice is broken, or a rocky place, or the place where there are rocks at the mouth of the river. I have no personal preference, except possibly for lobsters instead of rocks.

After the Indian the Basque. *Isle-aux-Basques* and *Echafaud-aux-Basques* explain themselves; and the latter shows that fishing stages were put up by the Basques only a hundred miles below Quebec long before French settlement began. But *Pabos* is a little more recondite. I have always found that every informant says it is a well-known Basque word; and then changes the subject, in the hope that you'll think he knows a great deal more if he only cared to tell it.

French place-names outnumber all the rest put together. The Indians had named nearly every peculiar feature of the scenery. But the French renamed or translated a good many. The *Grand Capucin* river has a rock like one of the monks after whom it is called; and the *Grand'Mère* is a perfect old woman in stone. *Cap Rosier* used to be famous for wild roses and *Pointe-aux-Trembles* for its aspens. *Beauséjour*, *Beauport* and *St. Jean Port Joli* show how desirable their situations were—rather desirable than scenically beautiful in themselves. The *Percé* Rock got its name from the natural

arch through it, and *Cap Pleureur* from the many little streams that weep themselves away on the face of its cliffs. *Cap Malin* and *Cap Tourmente* are noted for their wicked waters. *Lacolle* was a good name for a river where your boat was sure to stick fast. And *Ha! Ha!* was equally apt for a bay that looked like the old French ha! ha! fosse formed by sunk fences on each side. It is also said to be from the exclamation of French sailors searching for the North-West Passage, who said "Ha! Ha!" when they found themselves in a blind lead. And there is a still more ingenuous explanation of how the Temiscouatan village of *St-Louis de Ha! Ha!* came to be called so. Some *voyageurs* portaged the whole forty miles in from the St. Lawrence and then said "Ha! Ha!" when they got there! I presume that the other names they called the places by the way have never yet been found available for print.

The Indians surpass the French in animal place-names; and I imagine that most of the French ones are only translations. I should like to think that *Pointe-aux-Alouettes* was really called so by Champlain, who seems to be responsible for *Cap-à-l'Aigle*. *Les Bergeronnes* are called after the bergeronettes or wagtails of old France, the *Outardes* river after the Canada goose, *Les Perroquets* islands after the puffin, *Isle-aux-Grues* after the herons that are mistakenly called cranes, *Mille Vaches* after the sea cows, or walruses, once plentiful there, only a hundred and fifty miles below Quebec, *Cap-à-l'Orignal* from the hunted moose that is said to have jumped off the summit into the St. Lawrence, *La Baleine* from a stranded whale, and *Bellechasse* from the abundance of game all round.

The Indians have also forestalled the whites in mythology. But the French got up a pretty good myth of their own about the town of *Brest* on the Quebec Labrador, which never seems to have existed at all except in seamen's yarns at the time and antiquarian controversies ever since. The Devil has a garden dedicated to him because wild onions grow there, and *Cap Diable* has reefs appropriate to his domain. *Gamache* bay and river, down in Anticosti, are called after a famous



smuggler who was on such good terms with his Satanic Majesty that he could get "un plein bonnet de bon vent" whenever he wanted it. But, taken all round, I am afraid the Devil has not been commemorated quite so often as he ought to have been by the most faithful of his Canadian subjects.

In history, however, the French place-names are pre-eminent. The discoverers, explorers, and founders are well remembered: *Jacques Cartier*, *Champlain*, *Nicolet*, *Roberval*, *Laviolette*, *Pontgravé* and *Joliette*; while *La Salle* is not only commemorated by his own name but by that of *Lachine*, which was the nickname given to his seigniory by the wags of the day, who had wit enough to think that the way to China did not lie along the Upper St. Lawrence, but not character and imagination enough to appreciate the splendid pioneering work *La Salle* was really doing. The church is remembered by the names of martyrs like *Brébœuf*, supernaturalists like *Père La Brosse*, bishops like *Laval* and *Pontbriand*, and even such modern champions as the *Zouaves* who fought for the temporal power in 1870. The army has *Frontenac*, *Montcalm*, *Lévis*, *Bougainville*, *Repentigny*, *D'Alquier*, and many more among its heroes; *Carignan*, *La Sarre* and *Royal-Rousillon* among its regiments; and *Du Guesclin*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Ivry*, and *Fontenoy* to remind it of its Old-World glories. *Cap Victoire* commemorates the French and Algonquin victory over the Iroquois. *Verchères* reminds French-Canadians of the girl-heroine who kept marauding Indians so gallantly at bay. *Iberville* answers for the navy; and I am glad to see that *Vauquelin* is being remembered too. I think *St-Denis*, like *St-Télesphore-de-Montjoye*, ought to be claimed by the army rather than the church. How many thundering squadrons of mail-clad knights-at-arms have charged to the war-cry of "Montjoye et St-Denis!"

There are some other names suggested by local events that hardly deserve to be dignified by the name of history, except in the case of *Les Eboulements*, which commemorates the fall of the whole face of a mountain into the St. Lawrence during an earthquake. A sword-hilt was picked up at *Manche-*

*d'Epée*. There was a battery at *Pointe-à-la-garde*. A man-of-war was wrecked at *Pointe-à-la-Frégate*. The early settlers suffered many hardships at the village of *Misère*. The people who flocked into another new settlement that had been highly recommended to them by a cunning land agent were so disgusted by the reality that they called it *St-André-de-l'Epouvanté*. To call any place after a defunct newspaper is very French indeed, witness *L'Avenir*. And it is quite as French-Canadian to call a whole settlement *La Patrie* after the name the first settler gave his house on his return from a long expatriation in the United States.

Less places than one would suppose have been named after others in France. *Châteauguay*, *La Durantaye*, *Honfleur*, and *St-Malo* represent only a small class. Of course, many places were called after Frenchmen who had Old-World territorial names themselves. But that is a different thing.

Every stranger who has ever been in a train along the Lower St. Lawrence has been astonished by the number of saints' names on the stations. But, as a matter of fact, every place has a patron saint, and it is only when the civil name has dropped out of use—as it often has, owing to the better organization of the ecclesiastical than the civil powers—that it is only then that the saint's remains alone, instead of in combination with the civil name, or instead of dropping out itself. Sometimes a French saint's name is not unhappily combined with an Indian word, witness *St-André-de-Restigouche*, or even with an English one, witness *St-Georges-de-Windsor*. But these experiments are usually disastrous, as we shall soon see; and the best results can only be got from a combination of saints' and civil names that are both French, like *Ste-Anne-de-Bellevue*, *St-Antoine-de-Lotbinière*, *St-Roch-des-Aulnaies*, *St-Sauveur-des-Montagnes*, *St-Louis-de-Bonsecours*, and *St-Narcisse-de-Beaurivage*.

There are not so many names of doubtful meaning in French as there are in the Indian tongues. But you can get up a nice dispute at any time about *L'Anse-à-Brillant*, *Les Pélérins*, or *Trois-Pistoles*. Romantic people say that the

rising sun shines into *L'Anse-à-Brillant* with almost miraculous brilliancy: slangy ones that the Brillant family ("Pa, Ma and all of us") came there from Quebec and have a better claim than any old sunrise. The Abbé Bois thought *Les Pèlerins* got their name from the number of pilgrims that used to camp there on the way up to the shrine of *Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré*. But I'm afraid the Abbé Bois used to think a good many other things into Canadian history that would never have found their way in without him. It was he who used to vouch for that sentimental letter from the dying Montcalm, asking the British general not to let the Canadians perceive the change of masters and to be to them a friend as he had been a father, etc., etc. As the undoubted original of quite a different "dying" letter is now in the Archives at Ottawa, and as there seems to be no reason why large numbers of pilgrims went out of their way to disembark on almost waterless islands while going to a shrine that never attracted large numbers of them from any great distance till long after these islands were named, I am inclined to think these *Pèlerins* have nothing to do with La Bonne Ste-Anne. *Trois-Pistoles* offers a fine field for speculation. Even the *Trois* is open to different interpretations; and as for *Pistoles*, it may mean anything, from treasure ships down.

Many places, all the world over, are called after people who never did anything remarkable. And this is right enough, when the people and the places grew up together from small beginnings in a natural way and there is nothing absurd or offensive in the application of the name itself. But it is offensive to call any place after a mere politician, simply because he is a politician, like *Brodeur*. And it is absurd to use the great name of *Charlemagne*, not in reminiscence of the mighty emperor, but because a mere M. P. happened to have been given it at a bombastic christening. However, the "nobody" class is still worse in English than in French. *Johnville* is horrible enough; but it is well matched by *Eliza*. Surely a man with such a surname might have spared posterity its perpetuation in the ridiculous combination of *Greece Point*.

I suppose that if we were to be cursed with *Smith, Brown, Perkins,* and *Robinson* it would have been another injustice to Ireland not to have had *Quinnville, Lynch,* and *Muldoon.* And I also suppose that their palpable absurdity in English was not enough to have prevented such good Frenchmen's names as *Babel* and *Bâby* from being transferred to places. The French-Canadian pronunciation hardly improves the latter: is it any better to have the Scotch *Baw-bee* than the plain English *Baby*? Then, there is *Musselyville,* which is bad, *Parisville,* which is worse, and *Piopolis,* which is worst of all—bad enough, if ridicule can kill, to pervert the name of Pio Nono into a by-word for even the faithful in Quebec itself who have any sense of humour.

It is pleasant to see how French and English meet in names well chosen from the Bible. *Bethany, Bethel, Pentecost,* and *Mount Carmel* are equally good in both languages. But out-and-out perversions are very different, though I confess to thinking that *Sheppardville* is a little less objectionable as *Bergerville.* But *-ville* is a brummagem affix and "vile vocable" in any case. There is a place in Temiscouata called *Canté* because, being on the side of a hill, it is canted over, which, in the lingo of a French-Canadian railway construction gang, becomes *canté.* A much longer and stranger history lies behind the township of *Bungay* in the county of Kamouraska. In Norman England a good ford in Suffolk was known as *bon-gué,* which was Saxonized eventually into *Bungay,* the name of which has now been transported into another French-speaking community eight centuries later. *Cock Cove, Fame Point,* and *Cape Despair* are sheer schoolboy "howlers." The original *Coques* were mussels, not roosters at all. *Fame Point* has nothing to do with renown of any kind; but the hunger once suffered there earned it the name of *faim.* And *Cape Despair* has succeeded *Cap d'Espoir,* its exact opposite. The wreck of a British vessel here, fifty years before the British régime began, can hardly be pleaded in extenuation. There is one place-name, however, on which the British invader has not as yet laid his heavy hand, perhaps because

of the difficulty of laying even the nimblest finger on the original. The original what? The doubt arises from the vexed question as to how *Sault-à-la-Puce* came to be really called so. I should have thought it was an ingenious way of letting the rest of the world know how rarely *pulex irritans* ever occurred in Canada to name one special place after it. But I find that the official explanation of the Geographic Board of Canada has a still more human touch on this subject. "*Sault-à-la-Puce*; post office and falls, *Montmorency*; after a citizen of Quebec in seventeenth century." Had this worthy citizen only lived two hundred years later, how many other citizens would have greeted the Marquess of Lorne with "God bless the Duke of Argyll!"

I regret to add that a still larger crop of incongruities has sprung from the zealous prefixation of French saints to English place-names. Even the Geographic Board must have smiled at such a dozen as this:—*Ste-Hélène-de-Bagot*, *St-Cyrille-de-Wendover*, *St-Ephrem-de-Tring*, *St-Jean-Baptiste-de-Sherbrooke*, *St-Louis-de-Mile-End*, *Ste-Marguerite-de-Blairfindie*, *St-Nazaire-de-Buckland*, *St-Prosper-de-Dorchester*, *St-Rémi-de-Tingwick*, *Ste-Lucie-de-Disraeli*, *St-Hippolyte-de-Kilkenny*, and *St-Theophile-d'Ely*. How any ear could bear the *feel-d'eel* abomination of the last, is more than I can understand. There are others in which the saints are still more highly localized, for instance, *St-Ignace-de-North-Stanbridge*. And yet another in which a member of the Heavenly Host is brought down to one definite spot of earth with perfectly impious exactitude: *L'Ange-Gardien West!*

By the time the British came, there was little room for place-naming after either animals or scenery, except by way of translation. There's a *Mosquito Lake*; but I think it quite possible that "the extraordinary numbers of this troublesome insect" which so impressed the Geographic Board must have made some previous impressions on Indians and Frenchmen—though I have often noticed that a nice, fresh, full-blooded Englishman is always preferred by the more sophisticated kinds of mosquito. *Whale Head* describes a resemblance in

rock, not a part of an actual whale. *Ironside* is metallurgical, not Cromwellian. *Riverfield*, *Maple Grove*, and *Marbleton* are excellent and self-explaining. *Spectacles Lake* is apt enough, but unappealing; while *Lake Trousers* might have been spared us: *Wish-bone* would have done as well.

*Bluebonnets*, now so well known to racing fame, was appropriately called after the blue tuques worn by the *habitants*, who were a strange people to the English-speaking navvies at work on "de beeg Lachine canal." The *Orphan Bank*, where a good many sailors have found a watery grave, has a touch of imagination; and there is a reminiscence of romance about the *Peveil* which was called so by an ardent admirer of Sir Walter Scott. *Jersey Cove* is good as a reminder that the people fishing this part of the Gaspé coast came mostly from the Channel Islands. But could you find a more hopeless misnomer for a far-inland village—though a pathetic misnomer too—than *Isle of Skye*?

British history is represented in several ways. *Bayfield*, *Logan*, and *Bell* commemorate three great explorers of different kinds, hydrographic, geologic and general-scientific. *Carleton* and *Richmond* commemorate two governors, *Howick* a colonial secretary whose grand-nephew, Lord Grey, was one of their worthiest successors, and *Victoria Point* a queen whose grandson, King George V, has passed that point six times already, and will pass it once more when, as the first reigning sovereign to set foot in Canada, he comes out again to this most historic of all his self-governing Dominions oversea. *Rolette* celebrates a naval and *Salaberry* a military hero of the War of 1812. *Wolfe* speaks for itself, as *Chatham* does for a still greater empire-maker. *Hawke*, whose victory in the Bay of Quiberon confirmed the conquest of Canada, and *Nelson*, whose victory at Trafalgar confirmed that British command of the sea without which there would be no Canada at all to-day, both deserved at least equal commemoration with *Waterloo*. And *Malakoff* and *Ladysmith* show that the fortunes of war have been followed with the same keen interest since.

All this barely touches the surface of a complex subject, which flashes many a vivid side-light on the march of history. But it is at least an attempt at taking a bird's-eye view all round. Names which recall men and things that make for the strength and beauty of life are naturally those that appeal most intimately to every one who desires the essential fitness of the world. But some of a baser kind have been mentioned too, almost in proportion to their encroaching numbers and detestable influence for evil.

I am afraid that we English-speaking peoples are not the most backward uglifiers of a machine-made civilization. (I don't apologize for the word uglify: a repulsive word for a most repulsive thing.) Take the postage stamps of rich old England, the silver of the rich new States, and the paper money of our own exploiting Canada; and it would be hard to say which are the worst apostles of barbarism. A single coin of little ancient Sicily is much more than worth the whole of them together, so far as the higher than mere material values are concerned. When money is no less useful because it is also beautiful, why not make it beautiful instead of ugly? Why perpetuate, in every public way we can, the sterilizing divorce of use and beauty? Why do so with our place-names? Let us keep all the beautiful ones we have. Let us also keep every single one that justly commemorates a mighty man or mighty deed. And if a sheltered generation objects to so many reminding it of war, it ought itself to be reminded that more sterling characters have been formed on fields of battle than in law courts, lobbies and The Hague, and that, in a certain kind of crisis, the lion is still a better leader than the fox.

WILLIAM WOOD

## L'ART

Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle  
 D'une forme au travail  
     Rebelle,  
 Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.  
 Point de contraintes fausses!  
 Mais que pour marcher droit  
     Tu chausses,  
 Muse, un cothurne étroit.  
 Fi du rythme commode,  
 Comme un soulier trop grand,  
     Du mode  
 Que tout pied quitte et prend!  
 Statuaire, repousse  
 L'argile que pétrit  
     Le pouce  
 Quand flotte ailleurs l'esprit.  
 Lutte avec le carrare  
 Avec le paros dur  
     Et rare,  
 Gardiens du contour pur  
 Emprunte à Syracuse  
 Son bronze où fermement  
     S'accuse  
 Le trait fier et charmant;  
 D'une main délicate  
 Poursuis dans un filon  
     D'agate  
 Le profil d'Apollon.  
 Peintre, fuis l'aquarelle,  
 Et fixe la couleur  
     Trop frêle  
 Au four de l'émailleur  
 Fais les sirènes bleues,  
 Tordant de cent façons  
     Leurs queues,  
 Les monstres des blasons,  
 Dans son nimbe trilobe  
 La Vierge et son Jésus,  
     Le globe  
 Avec la croix dessus.  
 Tout passe.—L'art robuste  
 Seul a l'éternité,  
     Le buste  
 Survit à la cité.  
 Et la médaille austère,  
 Que trouve un laboureur  
     Sous terre  
 Révèle un empereur.  
 Les dieux eux-mêmes meurent,  
 Mais les vers souverains  
     Demeurent,  
 Plus forts que les airains.  
 Sculpte, lime, cisèle;  
 Que ton rêve flottant  
     Se scelle  
 Dans le bloc résistant!

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

## ART

Art's finer works belong  
 To forms of stubborn set,  
     To song,  
 Enamel, marble, jet.  
 All false restraint refuse!  
 Yet, if each step shall tell,  
     O Muse,  
 Don buskins that fit well.  
 All rhythm's ease revile!  
 The sloppy shoes go spurn,  
     Whose style  
 Fits every foot in turn!  
 Thou sculptor, cast the clay  
 Which only fingers knead,  
     Away,  
 If the soul elsewhere speed.  
 Strive with Carrara fair,  
 And Parian whiteness, hard  
     And rare,—  
 Of perfect lines the guard.  
 Borrow from Syracuse  
 Her bronze, where, strong in trace,  
     One views  
 The mien of pride and grace.  
 When agate dainty hands  
 Have graved with touches rare,  
     Then stands  
 Apollo's profile there.  
 Painter, frail colours shun!  
 Tints, fixed to thy desire,  
     Are won  
 By the enameller's fire.  
 Fashion the sirens blue,  
 With tails in changeful swing,  
     And crew  
 Of grisly blazoning;  
 In nimbus' triple lobe,  
 The Virgin and her son,  
     His globe,  
 With cross above, in one.  
 All passes; Art keeps trust  
 Through every epoch down;  
     The bust  
 Survives the crumbled town.  
 And the medallion grave,  
 Dug from the labourer's field,  
     Shall save  
 An emperor, revealed.  
 Even the gods know death,  
 But bards, supreme, ne'er pass:  
     Their breath,—  
 More durable than brass!  
 Thy tools of steel employ,  
 So they thy floating thought  
     Decoy  
 To stubborn substance wrought.

CHARLES E. MOYSE



## GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

1. Orthodoxy.—A Series of Essays; 2. Heretics.—A Series of Essays; 3. Tremendous Trifles.—A Series of Essays; 4. The Defendant.—A Series of Essays; 5. Poems: *Heureux qui Comme Ulysse*, etc.; 6. Chas. Dickens: A Critical Study; 7. G. F. Watts; 8. Thomas Carlyle; 9. Robert Browning; 10. Thackeray; 11. Tennyson; 12. The Ball and the Cross.—A Novel; 13. The Man who was Thursday: A Nightmare. A Novel. 14. The Wild Knight.—Series of Poems; 15. Greybeards at Play; 16. George Bernard Shaw; 17. Twelve Types: Essays; 18. What's Wrong with the World: Essays; 19. All Things Considered: Essays; 20. Alarms and Discussions: Essays; 21. William Blake: Literary Criticism; 22. Club of Queer Trades.—Stories; 23. Adventures of Father Brown.—Stories.

II.—London Newspaper Files. 1898–1912.—1. *London Times*; 2. *Daily Telegraph*; 3. *Pall Mall Gazette*; 4. *World*; 5. *Clarion*; 6. *Athenæum*; 7. *Nation*.

III.—Magazine Articles.—1. Book of Job. *Putnam's* 2: 351-7; 2. Contemp. Fiction, *Reader* 9: 78-82; 3. Eclipse of Sentiment, *Outlook*, 81: 826-8; 4. *Heureux qui Comme Ulysse*; Poem, *Liv. Age*, 260: 578; 5. Homelessness of Jones. *Liv. Age*, 260: 322; 6. Jesus or Christ? *Hibbert Jr.* 7: 746-58; 7. Leviathan and the Book of Job. *Liv. Age*, 247: 443-5; 8. Mod. Surrender of Women. *Liv. Age*, 262: 462-7; 9. Moral Philosophy of Meredith. *Contemp.* 96: 23-8; 10. New Humility. *Liv. Age*. 262: 423-7; 11. Objections to Socialism. *Forum*, 41: 129-33; 12. Orthodoxy, Review. *No. Am.*, 189: 135-46; 13. Paralysis of Satire. *Liv. Age*, 261: 113-6; 14. Poetic Quality in Liberalism. *Liv. Age*, 244: 607-13; 15. Times Abstract and Brief Chronicle. *Fortn.*, 82: 705-14; 16. Catholic Apologist. W. E. Campbell. *Cath. World*, 89: 1-12; 17. Chesterton and Neo-Romanticism. E. C. Marsh,

*Forum*, 40: 394-400; 18. Chesterton and the Revolt Against Modernity. *Cur. Lit.*, 46: 396-9; 19. Chesterton as a Champion of Christian Virtues. *Cur. Lit.*, 39: 414-5; 20. Chesterton on Bernard Shaw, *Outlook*, 93: 574-6; 21. Chesterton on Shaw, *Nation*, 89: 375-6; 22. Chesterton's Critics. *Bookm.*, 24: 434-5; 23. Chesterton's Discovery of Christianity. *Cur. Lit.*, 45: 541-4; 24. Christmas Day. Max Beerbohm. *Bookm.*, 24: 457-8; 25. Fireworks and Fame. *Atlant.*, 103: 141-3; 26. Flabbergasting Genius of Chesterton. *Cur. Lit.*, 41: 171-3; 27. G. K. C. Interprets G. B. S. *Cur. Lit.*, 47: 528-31; 28. Imaginative Writer. F. M. Colby. *Bookm.*, 27: 452-4; 29. In Wonderland with Chesterton. *Cem. Cath. Quarterly*, 33: 668-76; 30. Inquisitor and Democrat. *Cath. World*, 88: 769-82; 31. Jesus or Christ, a Rejoinder to Chesterton. *Hibbert Jr.*, 8: 83-101; 32. Literary Personalities. *Outlook*, 81: 729-32; 33. Message of Chesterton. *Hibbert Jr.*, 7: 541-61; 34. Paradox and Pretence in Chesterton's Works. *Blackw.*, 178: 137-141; 35. Portrait, *Cent.*, 70: 18; 36. Rise of Chesterton. *Liv. Age*, 244: 204-6.

IV.—Book Reviews.—*Liv. Age*, 242: 704; *Bookm.*, 15: 446-50; *Critic*, 41: 170-4; *Harper's Weekly*, 48: 833-4; 868-70: 48: 725-7, 733, 833-4; *Ath.*, 1: 746-7; *Atlant.*, 91: 265; *Liv. Age*, 228: 789; *Bookm.*, 14: 116-20; *Harp.*, W. 48: 976-7; *Fortn.*, 80: 761-8; *Westm.*, 155: 237-40; *Critic*, 42: 182; *Harp. W.*, 48: 80; 761-8; *Westm.*, 155: 237-40; *Critic*, 42: 182; *Harp. W.*, 48: 908-9, 916, 941-3; *Liv. Age*, 232: 128; *Bookm.*, 16: 349-51; 17: 150-2; *Fortn.*, 82: 705-14; *Harp. W.*, 47: 2072-6; *Ath.*, 2: 845-6; 822-3; *Critic*, 43: 121-2; *Bookm.*, 16: 595-7; *Critic*, 43: 116-8; *Book Buyer*, 23: 261; *Critic*, 42: 459-60.

LITERARY England of the immediate decade has given birth to a weird hybrid of philosophical beauty and deformity, a most anomalous trio of personalities whom the London critics have denominated the "Three Masters of the Monstrous," to wit: H. G. Wells, G. Bernard Shaw, and Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Chesterton, unchallenged, is at once the most masterful and the most monstrous. H. G.

Wells's "First and Last Things in Belief" is admittedly the most extravagant speculation; Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" is denounced as extravagant lies; but Chesterton's "Heretics" and "Tremendous Trifles" have never known peer as the essence of extravagant truth.

In his personality and in his art, Chesterton is a philosophical paradox; he combines all the eccentricities of Browning and Meredith into one monstrous unity. He seems to stagger distractedly from contradiction to contradiction, yet he achieves the most lucid logic and coherence. He is to-day the most radical thinker in England (except some inmates of the Charity House in Kensington), and yet his issues are the most conservative. In his extremity of radicalism, Chesterton has out-Shawed Shaw and lampooned Wells; he has spurned the recognized canons of every school of philosophical thought. Despite all this, his extreme conservatism has driven him to an unbending defence of Roman Catholicism! Chesterton has created something new under the sun: an heretical defence of orthodoxy, a radical defence of conservatism.

Profundity and cleverness are usually mutually exclusive; but both find personal embodiment and reconciliation in Chesterton. His thinking is chaotic, versatile, as indeterminate as a kite in a gale; and yet, despite an array of metaphysical pitfalls, he grips the truth and people. In a word, Gilbert Keith Chesterton is a philosophic genius who sees truth in great lightning flashes.

Relative to Chesterton's legitimate place in the world of art and thinking, the doctors themselves disagree—as it is the business of doctors to do. Litterateur and logician with equal profusion are praising and abusing, each blowing to himself his respective snatch of melody or dissonance on the criticism horn. One racy critic declared that "Neither Art nor Nature could do aught with Chesterton; Nature would ostracize him by natural selection; Art would declare him impossible." A sarcastic writer in the *Clarion* says, "Chesterton's paradoxes, like Mr. Max Beerbohm's 'Happy Hypocrite,' are conceptions which would vanish or fall into

nonsense if viewed by one single degree too seriously! Mr. Chesterton has come to prefer being bright to being right. He began by being bright for the sake of being emphatic. He continued being bright in order to be consistent. He is now willing to be inconsistent in order to be bright. He would pawn a logical position for a paradox!"

However, one uncompromising canon of literary acceptance—the greedy reading of Chesterton's works by critics and public alike—hints at some vital difference between the critical impressions and the private fact. It is readily conceded that Chesterton is not logical (i. e. in the technical sense); but neither is he illogical! He is merely *unlogical*. His disregard for logical processes is vindicated by a subtle claim advanced in "Orthodoxy": "Logic is only a convenient tool with which to exterminate logicians." Chesterton clings to a bigger purpose in the world of thought than to attack mere fallacies of argument; he attacks (and also defends) principles, assumptions, attitudes, which, as pragmatism is emphasizing, are deeper than logical processes and beyond the reach of argument. Chesterton's message is often hidden in a thicket of facts, and most of his critics have failed to see beyond the thicket to the great principles which, I am confident, lie within.

A few sticks and straws of historical fact concerning the private life of the author will not be distantly out of place in this Chesterton Museum. The son of Edward Chesterton and Marie Grosjean was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, England, in the year 1874. His academic training was taken at St. Paul's School. At the early age of twenty, Chesterton began to review books and report for the *Bookman* and the *Speaker*, and later for the *Pall Mall* and the *Clarion*. In 1903 the publication of his criticism of Robert Browning won Chesterton permanent recognition as a thinker and writer. To the present day he is writing voluminously in the field of art, philosophy, and literary criticism.

This paper estimates and criticizes Chesterton from the following three points of view: 1. His Interpretation of Chris-

tianity; 2. His Artistic Methods; 3. His Intellectual point of view. These three sections are not to be thought of as water-tight compartments, but as different avenues of approach to one central theme.

## I

Nothing more lucidly shows Chesterton's interpretation of Christianity than his conception of liberty: "A Socialist has said, 'Liberty often means the liberty of starving! Exactly so! Liberty to travel means sometimes the liberty to get smashed in wrecks; liberty to eat what one likes often means liberty to get indigestion. Liberty to start in business for one's self often means liberty to get bankrupt. When we have destroyed all social and moral dangers, liberty will have been dead!'" "Mr. R. B. Suthers said that free will was lunacy, because it meant causeless actions; and the actions of a lunatic would be causeless. Obviously, if any actions, even a lunatic's, can be causeless, determinism is done for. If the chain of causation can be broken for a madman, it can be broken for a man. If a lunatic can have free will, by what canon of logic do you ever conclude that a sane man cannot!"

There is a deep contradiction in the doctrine of free will which is found even in Christianity. But Chesterton is the first thinker subtle or bold enough to solve the contradiction on a pragmatic doctrine of truth. Admitting the contradiction in freedom of the will, he rightly ascribes it to a "contradiction in the nature of things! . . . The choice was between introducing the contradiction into your philosophy and introducing it into your practice." ("Heretics," p. 140). "Christianity gets over the difficulty of combining furious opposites, by keeping them both furious." Even our doctrines of God are contradictory: "He made Nature, but He was Man. Mysticism alone has kept men sane from the beginning of the world. All the straight roads of logic lead to some Bedlam. It is only the mystic, the man who accepts the contradictions, who can laugh and walk easily through the

world. Are you surprised that the same civilization which believed in the Trinity discovered steam?" Christianity lives in a world of contradictions; and, in truth to the facts, Christianity of all philosophies is alone true enough to be contradictory! In that weird novel, "The Ball and the Cross," the author illumines his subtle argument: "We like contradictions in terms. Man is a contradiction in terms; he is a beast whose superiority to other beasts consists in having fallen. The Cross is an eternal collision; so am I."

A hostile critic declared that "Chesterton's paradoxes usually had a spark of truth in a powder-mill of nonsense." I think it not presumptuous to say that the above quotations go far to prove the reverse true: a spark of nonsense in a powder-mill of truth. Moreover, Chesterton's spark of nonsense actually explodes the powder-mill of truth—a function that the hostile critics have often failed to perform.

A more subtle and paradoxical interpretation of Romish monasticism has seldom been proposed than that found in "The Poetic Quality in Liberalism" (*Living Age*, Vol. 244, p. 607): "Suppose, for sake of argument, that a man were turned into a mackerel. There are many things that he would lose by passing into the fishy state: such as the pleasure of being in the neighbourhood of a free library, the pleasure of climbing the Alps. . . . But there is one pleasure which the man made mackerel would, I think, lose more completely and finally than any of these pleasures: I allude to the pleasure of sea-bathing. To dip his head in cold water would not be something cold and startling. . . . For the sea creature knows nothing of the sea, just as the earth creature knows nothing of the earth. This forgetfulness of what we have is the real Fall of Man and the Fall of All Things. . . . It may be that this is indeed the whole meaning of death: that heaven, knowing how we tire of our toys, forces us to hold this life on a frail and romantic tenure." If you desire to get the greatest pleasure out of this world, place your hope in a world to come. It is not the man of pleasure who has pleasure; it is not the man of the world who appreciates the world, just as

the mackerel does not appreciate the salt-sea bath. The pleasure of the pleasure seeker is all pain; his knowledge lies only on the surface. The monk is eternally right: to appreciate this world, we must live in another world. Chesterton has here exposed the false psychology of Walter Pater's, "Enjoying exquisite moments for their own sake."

In none of his works is there hesitancy to quote scripture for his purpose. In "Heretics" (p. 67) is given an abnormal view of the foundation of Christ's Church: "When Christ, at a symbolic moment was establishing His great society, He chose for its corner-stone neither the brilliant Paul nor the mystic John, but a shuffler, a snob, a coward—in a word, a Man! And upon this rock He has built His Church, and the gates of Hell have not prevailed against it. All the empires and the kingdoms have failed, because of this inherent and continual weakness, that they were founded by strong men and upon strong men." The Empires of Napoleon and of Alexander fall when the foundations, Napoleon or Alexander, depart; the Kingdom of Heaven will not fall until its foundation, the weak and needy man, departs. The occasion that called forth this vehement logic was Bernard Shaw's announcement of the Superman, and the entirely impertinent argument of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, that Shakespeare could not have written the plays because he was an *ordinary* man. (Chesterton would say that the one reason why Shakespeare could have written the plays was that he was an *ordinary* man.)

Chesterton employs a most clever use of *reductio ad absurdum* in dealing with the hostile and conflicting attacks upon Christianity. In "The Poetic Quality in Liberalism" he says: "I concluded that if Christianity were wrong, it must be very wrong indeed. . . . austere, yet pandering preposterously to the lusts of men, the enemy of women and yet their foolish refuge, a solemn pessimist and a silly optimist. . . . Such a paradox of evil rose to the stature of the supernatural." Chesterton then searches for another explanation of the fact that Christianity is the centre

of the moral and social and intellectual conflict: "Suppose we heard an unknown man spoken of by many other men. Some said the unknown man was too tall; some, too short; some objected to his fatness, others to his leanness; some thought him too dark, some, too fair." One explanation is that the unknown man might be a very queer complex of shapes; another explanation is that he might be precisely the right shape. Tall men would spitefully feel him to be too short; short men would think him too tall. So, perhaps it is Christianity that is all right, and its hostile critics have all gone crazed!

The Atheist in Chesterton's "Ball and the Cross" (p. 145) says that the Christian thinker takes absolutely no account of the cruelty of nature as shown in Darwinism. The retort is pertinent: "If you had been an eighteenth century atheist, you would have told me that I ignored the kindness and benevolence of Nature." "We leave you saying that nobody ought to join the Church against his will. When we meet you again, you are saying that no one has any will to join it with." ("Ball and the Cross," p. 14). The Atheist again asks, "When a doctor attends you and could poison you with a pinch of salt, do you ask whether he is a Christian? No, you ask whether he is a gentleman, whether he is an M. D. . . . If you think Christianity essential to morals why do you not make it a test for these things?" He replies: "We once did make it a test for these things, and you told us that we were imposing by force a faith unsupported by argument. . . . Our creed, you say, was false for using tests; now you say it is false for *not* using tests." (Ibid.) He concludes in his usual swashbuckling fashion: "Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always sane; and all fashions are mild insanities. When Italy was mad on Art the Church seemed too Puritanical; when England was mad on Puritanism the Church seemed too artistic. The Church always seems to be behind the times when it is really beyond the times." (Ibid. p. 148.)



In true western spirit, Chesterton asks for an aggressive religion; he cannot tolerate Quietism. In religion "a sensation, a shock to the imagination, like the contact with cold water, is always a good and exhilarating thing." "Jesus created a great sensation in Jewry." He thus markedly contrasts Christianity with Buddhism: "The Buddhist saint always has his eyes shut, while the Christian saint always has them very wide open. The Buddhist stares inward, the Christian outwards. If we follow that clue steadily we shall find some interesting things. There is no real possibility of getting out of Pantheism any special impulse to moral action. For Pantheism implies in its nature that one thing is not greatly preferable to another." ("Orthodoxy," p. 247). "A man may lie still and be cured of a malady. But he must not lie still if he would be cured of sin. The entire point, indeed, is perfectly expressed in the very word 'patient'; 'patient' is in the passive voice; 'sinner' is in the active. . . . All moral reform must start in the active, not the passive will."

"The fact of sin," says Chesterton, "is as practical a fact as potatoes. Madhouses and prisons stand in everlasting rebuke to any theory to the contrary. Whether or no man could be washed in miraculous waters, there was no doubt at any rate that he needed washing. A lunatic asylum exists as a result of sin, disorder. Some moderns may deny the sin, but will they go and tap the outside of the lunatic asylum with their canes (affirming the asylum does not exist), and still maintain their right to keep on the outside of said lunatic asylum. If the Christian Scientist declared there was no lunatic asylum, what difference would it make whether he were inside or outside?"

Deeper than the *fact* of sin is the *necessity* of it. The following is taken from "Tremendous Trifles": "Somehow there is something unsatisfying about a complete explanation of the world. That is why Calvinism will not stand, nor Materialism. Paradox runs through all Nature. It begins in the realm of ultimate physics and metaphysics. . . . We

cannot imagine a space infinite and we cannot imagine a space finite. Christ could not be pure without a desire to sin. We cannot have courage without the presence of fear. We cannot have magnanimity without a desire for meanness." Chesterton's Bible contains no ethical code that assures the righteousness of parade duty!

Though leaning strongly towards the Romish Church, Chesterton has a quite un-Romish method of getting religious toleration. He maintains that toleration does not come by neglecting differences (neglect is only a symptom of indifference), but by making so much of them that we understand them and one another! Bigotry seldom arises from convictions, but mostly from lack of convictions. No one can be more bigoted than he who denounces Calvin, having never read him. "There is only one way," says Chesterton, "of really guarding ourselves against the excessive danger of dogmatisms. . . . and that is to be steeped in dogmatisms and soaked in philosophy!" The remedy for dogmatism in religion is not abandonment of dogmas, but the acquisition of so many dogmas that you can, first of all, understand, and secondly, tolerate the other man's dogma.

Dogmas are absolutely necessary to intellect and to religion. The abstract dogmas of the Church are founded on concrete human nature. In "Varied Types" Chesterton presses home this important truth: "It is true that we do not say to the child, 'All men are morally equal and have reciprocal obligations.' But we do say to the child, 'Why shouldn't Tommy have a piece of cake too?'" The abstract dogma is not here spoken; but its assumption makes it all the more real. We do not say in daily conversation that "Man is free and therefore responsible;" but we do say, "Why did you do this?"

We should not close the discussion of Chesterton's interpretation of Christianity, without commenting upon his religion of optimism. He is always genial and jovial and seldom bitter. (Chesterton has grown bitter against pessimism and declares that it should take a brick for its emblem.)

In "Bernard Shaw" he declares: "One after another almost every one of the phenomena of the Universe has been declared to be alone capable of making life worth living. Books, love, business, alcohol, abstract truth, private emotion, money, simplicity, mysticism, hard work, a life close to nature—each of these redeems the evil of an otherwise indefensible world." Now then, if the world is so attractive in particulars might it not be concluded that in sum total it is all right and we temporarily wrong? Even Byron, whom some have boasted of as a pessimist, Chesterton declares "belongs to the class who may be called unconscious optimists—because the exuberance of his nature demanded for an adversary a dragon as big as the world."

Again, in "Varied Types": "There are two parties in human affairs, the optimists and the pessimists. The Christian optimist sees life as black (i. e. the cowl of the monk) against white. The worldly pessimist sees it as white against black. The party which macerates and blackens itself with sacrifices does so because the background is full of the blaze of universal mercy. And the party which crowns itself with flowers and lights itself with bridal torches, does so because it stands against a black curtain of incalculable night. The revellers are old; the monks are eternally young."

Optimism and enthusiasm are identical concepts. Chesterton has given sanction to his creed in a unique cashing of the abstract into the concrete ("Tolstoy," p. 2): "If Mr. Balfour could be converted to a religion which taught him that he was morally bound to walk on his hands, and he did walk on his hands; if Mr. Wyndham could accept a creed which taught that he ought to dye his hair blue, and he did dye his hair blue, they would both be, almost beyond description, better and happier men than they are. For there is only one happiness possible or conceivable under the sun, and that is enthusiasm—that strange and splendid word that has passed through so many vicissitudes, which meant, in the eighteenth century the condition of a lunatic, and in ancient Greece the presence of a god."

We have been unable to ascertain Chesterton's formal religious affiliations: but undoubtedly the charge of the critics is true, Chesterton has placed himself on the side of Roman Catholicism. He has already declared concerning the Romish Church that, as a World Programme, it is one of the grandest ever conceived by the mind of man. The theology of Thomas Aquinas is as cosmos-embracing as the philosophy of Aristotle. The Church with its dogmas is to the Catholic thinker what the Cosmos was to the Greek, what God was to the Hebrew, and what Personality is to the "Modern."

## II

"Art is the path of the Creator in His work." Chesterton is a unique and original creator and has hacked his own unique path of expression and style of presentation. As a sacrifice to definiteness, I shall cluster these remarks around four phases of Chesterton's Art:—(a) His Intellectual Brilliance. (b) His use of Paradox. (c) His use of Sarcasm. (d) His interpretation of the Commonplace by the Grotesque.

(a) Bernard Shaw says that cleverness, as a literary asset, is a twentieth century creation. The key to the Chesterton riddle is not wit, not humour, but cleverness. Emerson has argued that "no answer in words can ever reply to a question in things;" but a few citations of clever and brilliant phraseology will suffice to show that Chesterton has gone far towards disproving Emerson's proposition. Arguing for miracles, Chesterton closes thus, with what he calls the modern paradox: "All the advances of science and philosophy and psychology are yearly getting nearer to what Jesus is actually said to have done in miracles. And yet we deny! The old denial said, 'Jesus did them not because they were impossible;' the modern denial says, 'He did them not because they were possible!'" No height or depth of metaphysical logic could attain what this stroke of pure mental cleverness attains by striking the right cord on the word-instrument. Does it not jar us out of our spiritual inertness to be told that "some people are so mechanical and cold that their hearts do not

beat—they tick?" There is ethics as well as a play on words in the following: "We do not merely love ourselves more than we love duty; we actually love ourselves more than we love joy." Baldwin's proposition on primary instincts does not state the ethical fact more clearly!

Cleverness has reached its acme and needle-point in this scathing denunciation of egotism, from a poignant flip in "The Defendant": "An egotist is practically the same as an atheist; neither will recognize the existence of a superior being." In "Heretics" Chesterton takes this clever fling at pessimism: "The human race, according to religion, fell once, and in falling gained the knowledge of good and evil. But now we have fallen a second time, and only the knowledge of evil remains to us. Ibsenism is worse off than the devils in Milton's pandæmonium; to them only the darkness was visible." Cleverness is a mental trait and Chesterton puts his stamp on all his wares: "Civilization is built chiefly on truisms. Clearly, there could be no safety for a society in which the remark by the chief-justice that murder was wrong, was regarded as an original and dazzling epigram."—"Defendant," p. 14. Chesterton's cleverness is not mere flippancy; it is eccentric but also broad-minded and wholesome; a tonic to the world-weary mind, a dash of cold water on heavy eyes. Walter Pater says, "All art is the removal of rubbish." Chesterton first clears away old watchwords, formulæ, slogans, technicalities, and asks you to look at the matter through a fresh adjustment of the vocabulary. To gain his effect, he often violates accepted canons of art; but I think his epigrams are not usually for melodrama nor pyrotechnic display. I believe he is careless of his necktie, only because his mind is bent on what he has to say. Chesterton is under a present difficulty of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed. Legalism is the warp upon which we weave with woof of bias a coat that no arrows of love or expediency can pierce. Chesterton obviates the difficulty by adopting the arrow of cleverness.

(b) All art disputes, being founded upon the indefinite concept, taste, must have a common denominator of criticism, or the talkers will talk to cross-purposes. The harsh critics of Chesterton's use of paradox would not vent themselves so harshly if they comprehended the true nature and function of paradox. Paradox is not mere surface play of words and catching expressions; it penetrates the depths of things. A paradox is a contradiction, or seeming contradiction, in statement but not in fact. Its function is to arouse the mind to the richness and lustre of the commonplace. A paradox may be an extreme statement of a half-truth. In speaking to a two-year old child, to keep it from burning itself, one might warningly say, "The fire is very bad." But this is only a half-truth; the full truth is that the fire is also good—good to cook our food and to warm our house. But for the purpose in mind—that of keeping the child from burning itself—the use of the half-truth justifies itself. Jesus, as was common to the oriental mind, frequently (e. g. the Sermon on the Mount) made use of the paradoxical half-truth for the sake of vivifying a slumbering axiom.

Now, the opponents of Chesterton have failed or refused to recognize a legitimate, literary pigeon-hole for the paradox. One critic, remarking upon Chesterton's late book, "What's Wrong With the World," said that "it was a book in which the author, after contradicting all other guessers at the problem, contradicted himself." But, is it not pertinent to ask: Because certain flowers do not happen to be in our specimen book, shall we call them weeds? Chesterton may have academic faults, but the world is not a professor's mind, where all things are to be measured by the rule of logic. Let it not be thought that the use of paradox means that words are making sport of the thinker.

Chesterton himself has argued very ably in defence of the function of the paradox. Prevalence of paradox finds its logic in the fact of our leading a dual life—a spiritual in a physical life. Consciousness and matter are unique and distinct categories, says Warner Fite ("Individualism") and

their interplay produces those strange inconsistencies that no logic can fathom. Logic, in fact, cannot hope for a consistent, only for a coherent, world. If life were entirely material or entirely spiritual, there would then be no contradiction; all experience would fall under one category and be related in terms of one entity. Dualism, whether that of objective idealism or of naïve realism, is the logic of mystery and of paradox. As we grow into a deeper consciousness, our problems are rendered more complex; "the world grows more and more a paradox." In "Tremendous Trifles," p. 246, Chesterton has ventured an intellectual heresy more daring than Oscar Wilde's "Nature Imitates Art." When accused of being paradoxical, he lays the responsibility on God the Creator: "I did not make the world, and I did not make it paradoxical. It is not my fault, it is the truth that the only way to go to England is to go away from it." (This is, of course, a paradoxical statement of the comparison principle of education: we appreciate home more because of a view of the world).

Herewith follow a few of Chesterton's pregnant paradoxes: "The longer we look at a thing the less we know about it." Is not that a psychology of monotony? We may look at a word or letter on a page so long that it becomes weird and meaningless to us. May not God be so obvious that we cannot see Him because of our monotonous gaze? Chesterton strikes a kindred flash when he says, "Religion has had to provide that longest and strongest telescope—the telescope through which we could see the star upon which we dwelt." The following is a criticism upon Zola and the modern pessimistic novel: "The old religionists tortured men physically for a moral truth; the new realists torture men morally for a physical truth." Note this pregnant vision into Jesus' beatitudes: "The canon of the world has always said, Nothing succeeds like success; the canon of Jesus has always said, Nothing succeeds like failure." What philosopher ever made a more sensible remark about infinity than this: "Infinity is unthinkable, and yet necessary to thought."

Chesterton's logic often leans too heavily upon the too friendly arm of coincidence; and often we ask as to the direction of our journey. Perhaps the author accounts his purpose accomplished when he has given birth in us to the question!

Let it not be thought that we are attempting an unqualified defence of Chesterton's vagaries; our admiration for him is not entire. Cleverness is a sword liable to cut the hand of him who uses it. Often Chesterton, in a way characteristic of all enthused, seizes upon a partial truth and expands it into an error. He often violates the legitimate use of paradox. An example of this may be found in that monstrous novel, "The Man who was Thursday: A Nightmare," p. 7. Speaking of monogamy, the author traces the practice of having one wife to the intricacies of arithmetic. "It may be conceded to the mathematicians," he says, "that four is twice two. But two is not twice one; two is infinity times one." So, in marriage two wives are not merely twice one wife, but infinity times one! Doubtless the clever use of paradox is the strongest factor in drawing the public gaze to Chesterton's pages; but this repeated abuse of the paradox has invited about his head the abuse of the critics.

Do we not feel that he has gone too far when he says ("Alarms and Discussions," p. 140): "Variability is one of the virtues of a woman. It avoids the cruel requirements of polygamy. So long as you have one good wife you are sure to have a spiritual harem?" We think he has drawn a distinction that has too much of a difference. When he says, "The reason why they burned Rome was because Nero played the fiddle," we think Chesterton has abandoned seriousness to make an appeal to the top gallery. Such literature, we are more than ready to concede, is as unstable as an inverted pyramid, with its centre of gravity at the top.

His propositions are often woefully inadequate; and no decent coachman could fail to wheel a coach and four through their manifest loop-holes. He says: "I have often been haunted with a fancy that the creeds of men might be represented in their beverages. Wine might stand for genuine



Catholicism and ale for Protestantism; for these at least are real religion with comfort and strength in them. Clean cold agnosticism would be clean cold water, an excellent thing if you can get it. Most modern ethical and idealistic movements might be well represented by soda-water—which is a fuss about nothing. Mr. Bernard Shaw's philosophy is exactly like black coffee—it awakens but it does not inspire. Modern hygienic materialism is very like cocoa; it would be impossible to express one's contempt for it in stronger terms than that. Sometimes, very rarely, one may come across something that may honestly be compared to milk, an ancient and heathen mildness, an earthly yet sustaining mercy—the milk of human kindness. You can find it in a few pagan poets and a few old fables; but it is everywhere dying out."

Chesterton's own words (had he remembered them!) should have prevented him from many of these metaphysical pitfalls: "Life is full of a ceaseless shower of small coincidences for a special purpose, often too trifling even to be noticed, any more than we notice one snowflake falling on another. It is this that lends a frightful plausibility to all false doctrines and evil fads. There are always such props of accidental argument for anything." And we venture that, were Chesterton accused of leaning upon one of these "props of accidental argument," he would reply with the impertinence that he never argued!

It is quite conceivable that if the blind should lead the blind, the increased sensitivity of touch might make the result not so altogether bad; but the great and final inconvenience of our modern shame is that the squinters should lead the purblind. The blind are partially blessed in being skeptical of their own blindness; the squinters are doubly cursed: cursed in that they are confident of their own squinting, cursed and cursing in that they are skeptical of their trust, the purblind! In addition to which they lounge in the beatific position of not even knowing when they are in the ditch. Where Chesterton sees visions, we are glad to praise his following; where he too repeatedly catches at hallucinations of his own making, he loses our confidence.

(c) Relative to Chesterton's use of sarcasm, we may say briefly: it is gracious and almost never impertinent nor personal. He seldom resorts to sarcasm unless a value is on trial. When G. Bernard Shaw announced that, "The golden rule is that there is no golden rule," Chesterton ("Heretics," p. 13) makes an indictment of the modern disparagement of religious and philosophic faith: "A man's opinion on tramcars matters; his opinion on Botticelli matters; his opinion on *all* things does not matter. He may turn over and explore a million objects, but he must not find that strange object, the Universe; for if he does he will have a religion and be lost!" "*Everything matters except everything.*" In "Heretics," p. 19, a sarcastic fling is given toward art for art's sake: "They are free to produce anything they like. They are free to write a Paradise Lost in which Satan shall conquer God. They are free to write a Divine Comedy in which heaven shall be under the floor of hell."

The Bacon theory of Shakespeare does not escape this caustic sarcasm: "Shakespeare was in the habit of getting up in the morning, having coffee, rolls and bacon. . . . And so, we see that bacon wrote Shakespeare." Who shall declare the trick of unlogic illegitimate? *Ad absurdum* logic prescribes that you treat an absurdity as such and confute a fool with his own folly.

Sarcasm is mixed with the wine of logic here: "What a blunder-buss type of argument is this foolish expression, 'a relic of barbarism!' What an inexpressibly weak phrase for anything one wishes to attack! A relic of barbarism? So is the plough a relic of barbarism! So is the home! Man himself is a relic of barbarism! The fact back of the fallacy is, that neither barbarism nor civilization is either good or bad except as they hinder or give play to Sin!"

A bit of this sarcasm directed at American humour might make the red, white and blue corpuscles dance in American veins, were it not for Chesterton's provocative laughter. He declares that the distinctive characteristic of American humour is exaggeration, and thus cashes his abstract into the concrete:

“ Suppose a member of the British Parliament were to cap the climax of his speech by sitting down on his silk hat. Irish humour would say, ‘ How silly of the gentleman to sit down on his hat without his head being in it.’ The American would say, ‘ Every time a member of the British Parliament makes a speech, he finishes by sitting on his silk hat! In fact, there is in the Parliament House a continual crumple of silk hats! All the hat-makers of London are standing outside the Parliament House to take new orders for hats,’ ” etc. Chesterton’s use of sarcasm is not vindictive; it is broad and wholesome and well-mannered; it is cultured and gentlemanly argumentation.

(d) The author of “ Heretics ” is orthodox, but his orthodoxy is not that of that lambent kind that makes us at ease in Zion. His interpretation of the commonplace by the grotesque arouses the lethargic mind from its world-weariness. That this world is a wild and startling place, one continuous miracle, is Chesterton’s message so aptly bodied forth in “ Tremendous Trifles.” The author, one day finding himself alone on the sea-shore, marvelled concerning the signification of the toys in his pocket: “ A pocket-knife embodied all the feudal and industrial history of the past! A watch, all man’s triumph over the elements, fire and energy! A coin, all the social and governmental status of the world.” (Ibid. p. 113). Concerning the indifference of men to this living miracle, the world, Chesterton says, “ The modern bondage is the slavery of haste.—Its chain, the heaviest chain ever tied to man, is called—a watch chain.” If our eyes were only open to see, “ every object, except some dull people, would be teeming with infinite, living meaning!” To those keenly awake to the great Here and Now, the present is infinite and the future finite.

This poetic, childish wonderment is so bracingly commending Chesterton to the world-sick, modern mind! Does it not startle and provoke us into thought when our author insists that street slang is the highest poetry? “ All slang is metaphor, and the essence of poetry is metaphor.” Yet this

statement is as good as Prof. Genung's: "It is not the rhetorician, but the workingman who makes language."

A beautiful climax of this interpretation of the world as miracle, is found in "Tremendous Trifles," p. 1-4, where the epigrammatist expounds the Christian doctrine of humility through a fairy-tale. Two boys, Paul and Peter, were confronted by a fairy with the proposition that they could be anything they desired. Paul desired to be a giant and his wish was gratified. The Himalayas and Niagara became as pygmies beneath him, and all the earth looked perverted and silly—just as worthy things do to proud-mindedness. Paul, the giant (modern egotist), vainly sought for something large enough to engage his attention; failing in this, he lay down in an everlasting sleep (as the modern egotistic mind does). Peter, on the other hand, desired to be a pygmy, about three inches in height. In Peter the ego was small and all the world became full of wonder and charm and beauty. The flowers of the garden towered above him with connotation never before guessed. Greatness is the willingness to become nothing. "The world will never starve for want of wonders, but only for want of Wonder."

Again, although Chesterton's words usually have the constructive sound of hammer and anvil, we do not commend his art unqualifiedly. For example: "The madman almost always has an over-fine reason. Poetry is sane because it floats easily in an infinite sea; reason seeks to cross the infinite sea and so to make it finite." We like to believe that poetry and imagination are truly sane things, but the declaration that logic is insane, seems too much like a sacrifice of common-sense laid on the altar of a false art-god. The vagaries of Mr. Chesterton's art have been parodied justifiably by Max Beerbohm: Chesterton would say: "If Euclid were alive to-day (and I dare say he is), he would not say 'the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another!' he would say, 'to me it does somehow seem that these two angles have a mysterious and awful equality to each other.'"

We believe Mr. G. K. Chesterton has built upon the two primary characteristics of Art, Synthesis and Concreteness. Fite says: "The physicist deals with man, but only, say, as an illustration of the law of gravitation when he falls upon the ice. For the chemist he is a mass of molecular change; for the biologist and anthropologist he is an organism admirably adapted to preserve its kind; for the economist a buyer and seller. Nowhere in science can you obtain a view of the concrete man, the personal man who is the unity of these several aspects. This is the aim of art." Chesterton is synthetic and constructive, looking at the world through a creative eye and seeing that all things are good; he is concrete, interrogating and eulogizing "all that is towering and mysterious in the dignity and destiny of the lovely house of Adam."

We shall now proceed to the more serious and momentous meaning of Chesterton's message, his philosophy.

### III

The hostile critics have laboured to show that Chesterton has no philosophy. We answer that every man must have a philosophy, a coherent attitude towards the world. A philosophy is necessary to criticism and opinion. The charge that Chesterton has been spinning the semblance of thought out of mental vacuity is, we think, a competition of adjectives. Because a question mark usually punctuates his thought, shall we think that he is dodging his own difficulties? Personally we believe that the critics have flung the door in the face of the facts because of their ungrounded assumption of Chesterton's absurdity; the fallacy is as old as thought.

In his criticism of Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" Chesterton takes a diagnosis of the present drift of philosophy. "All natural explanations have broken down and no supernatural ones remain." Under the following heads: (a) His Ethical Philosophy; (b) His Social Philosophy; (c) His Intellectual Position; we shall endeavour to show that Chesterton gives a contribution towards the modern problem of religious and philosophic uncertainty.

(a) Chesterton's ethical creed is aggressively optimistic, a refutation of the godless proposition that God is an "Infinite Invalid watching over a Dying World." In "Heretics" he says, "If the utterances of pessimists were really believed the world would stand on its head! Murderers would be given medals for saving men from life; and poisons would be used as medicines." Society is built upon optimism, which means self-preservation. If pessimism were at all sincere it would commit suicide. Its very act of propagation shows that it is evangelistic.

In "Orthodoxy" the author derides society for insincerity: "Praise may be gigantic and insane without any quality of flattery so long as it is praise of something noticeable in existence. A man may say that a giraffe's head strikes the stars, or that a whale fills the German ocean, and still be only in a rather excited state about a favourite animal. But when he begins to congratulate the giraffe on his feathers, and the whale on the elegance of its legs, we find ourselves confronted with the social element called flattery."

A word should be said here concerning Chesterton's conception of the relation of art to ethics. He has constantly a moral and philosophic turn of mind and his teachings can be read by those who run. His novel, "The Man who was Thursday" was written to justify his belief that practical anarchy would be impossible in a universe operating under law and orderly sequence. His ethical creed is made to pervade his art because he believes that art cannot attain final values. This passage from "Heretics," p. 272, is significant: "The nearest approach to it in our ordinary life would be the promptitude with which we should consider humanity in any circumstance of shock or death. We should say, A woman has fallen into the water, not A *highly educated* woman has fallen into the water. Nobody would say, There are the remains of a clear thinker in your back garden. Nobody would say, Unless you hurry up and stop him, a man with a very fine ear for music will have jumped off that cliff."

The æsthetes have always objected that Christianity has no canons to pronounce for art or beauty. Is the Greek therefore superior in this regard? No. Christianity pronounces a broader canon, the broadest possible richness of experience, which is a fulfilling of the law of all good canons in art, because, instead of dictating, it inspires them. For instance, Christianity declares it a thing culpable, bad, blasphemous, for a man wilfully to leap from a seventh story window. Now, if art is clamouring for an art canon in this regard, we might readily declare: it is very inartistic, unbecoming, in fact, the acme of bad taste, to wilfully leap from a seventh story window! But we end by asking, Was not this narrow canon of art included in the larger one of Christianity?

Browning's ethical creed of imperfection finds staunch support in Chesterton. He briefly states his position in "Tremendous Trifles," p. 30-40, by telling of a game of croquet which he once played with a professional. Chesterton was an amateur at the game and was badly beaten by the professional. However, the amateur (French, *lover*) loves the game even more than does the professional and adores the attainment as yet impossible. "Were we able to hit the balls always with exact precision there would be no sport in the game, not any more than in breathing or stepping." The fun in the game of life lies in its imperfection! The functional psychologist would declare the same creed in different terms: imperfection of attainment stretches and enlarges consciousness; only by obstacles is an enlarged adjustment of organism to an enlarged environment made possible.

This creed of imperfection has its necessary corollary in strife towards perfection. Chesterton thus vents his wrath against a life of satisfaction: "Puritanism and Savonarola preached not so much against joys and pleasures as against the satisfaction or loss of progress that they give. Satisfaction is a hell deeper than anarchy or starvation. The harlots shall enter the Kingdom of God before those who are satisfied."

Chesterton's ethical creed is that of Christianity. "Hedonism is becoming sick of happiness" and will at last turn back as a prodigal to the fatherly self-denial of Jesus. "The element of fear is one of the eternal ingredients of joy. The fear of failure must be present in any game of cards or ball, if any joy is afforded. The perfect player would get no joy whatever. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of pleasure." We close the discussion of Chesterton's ethics with one of his pregnant utterances on Christianity: "If Christianity can make a man happy while his legs are being eaten by a lion, might it not make me happy while my legs are still attached to me walking down the street?"

(b) We shall state very briefly Chesterton's social programme. On this point he radically differs from Wells and Shaw, with whom he is habitually associated. Wells is making a socialistic indictment of the present economic order and declaring that property is theft. There can be no doubt that our present society is a melting pot, a hybrid of ochlocracy and oligarchy. It is in a period of transition. But in his criticism of Thomas Carlyle (p. 36) Chesterton is holding back on the reins: "A man is almost always wrong when he sets out to prove the unreality and uselessness of anything; he is almost always right when he sets out to prove the reality and value of anything. I have a different and much more genuine right to say that bull's eyes are nice than to say that licorice is nasty; I have found the meaning of the first and not of the second. If a man goes on a tearing hunt after shams it is probable that he will find nothing real. He is tearing off the branches to find the tree."

I shall give in contrast brief excerpts from H. G. Wells and G. K. Chesterton. Wells says concerning socialism and Christianity: "When the rich young ruler was told to give up his property to follow Christ, when the disciples were told to leave father and mother.... it seems ridiculous to present Christianity as opposed to the self-abnegation of the two main generalizations of socialism—that relating to property in things and that relating to property in persons."



—“New Worlds for Old,” p. 135. And now Chesterton, from the “Defendant”: “It is true to a certain degree that external circumstances of economic betterment will improve the poor. But if better conditions will make the poor more fit to govern themselves, why should not better conditions already make the rich more fit to govern? Here we may point out the grotesque and enormous fallacy of all this type of socialistic reasoning. The socialists, in truth to their own argument, lay the foundation for a government by aristocracy! If Jesus meant anything by his camel and needle story, the very least that he could have meant was this: that the rich are not likely to be morally trustworthy. They may be worthy of many things, of charity, but hardly worthy of trust.”

The function of socialism is to create and cultivate philanthropic and social ideals. “We make our friends; we make our enemies; but God makes our next-door neighbours. If we cannot love our barber whom we have seen, how can we love the heathen whom we have not seen?” “Property,” says Hegel, “is objectified Will.” Selfishness does not proceed from the fact of property, but from the fact that we have a self which we objectify. All reforms in the institution of property must be gradual, and will work through the legislative social contract. The solution is not *abolition* of the concept Property, but a more equitable *definition* of it.

(c) Chesterton has nowhere limited himself by a formal statement of his intellectual position, probably because he is impatient of systems and probably because he can see how very small a contribution entangling names do finally make.

We would comment first upon his pragmatic procedure in logic. He cares little for a straight-jacket logic and much for a working-clothes logic. In “Orthodoxy” he says: “In the main, logic is not a productive tool so much as a weapon of defence. A man building up an intellectual system has to build like Nehemiah, with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. The imagination, the constructive element, is the trowel; and argument is the sword. Logic

is only a convenient tool with which to exterminate logicians." Formally, logical strictures and foundations for a belief are usually not necessary. "It is the absence of any material foundation which makes the earth so secure. If it were based upon a pedestal we should be anxious as to the stability and durability of the support," says Oliver Lodge.

Maugre all this, does not the following citation from "Tremendous Trifles," p. 92-94, show the keenest insight into cause and effect: "You must have heard of the little London lad who, seeing the wind blowing through the trees in a very gale, asked his mother why they did not cut down the trees so it wouldn't blow! Men may laugh at this as though the fallacy were not their own! But what man, in thinking of the French Revolution, does not imagine mobs pouring through the palaces, blood pouring down the gutters? Yet you cannot see a Revolution; you can only see that there is a Revolution! Who could stop the French Revolution by stopping the flow of blood along the streets? . . . You can never have a Revolution to establish a Democracy. You must have a Democracy in order to establish a Revolution." Such logic is pure pragmatism. Chesterton's mind is not a mirror; it is a laboratory transforming substances into values.

The fallacy of analogy is keenly exposed by Chesterton ("What's Wrong with the World," p. 331) on the theme of woman's suffrage. He asks, why urge woman's suffrage when most of the women do not want it? Mr. Galsworthy, writing in the *Nation*, answered that, when male suffrage was first proposed, very many of the men (e.g. agriculturists in England) did not want it. Chesterton replied: "History is not simply a toboggan slide, as Mr. Galsworthy would have us believe. But it is a road to be constantly mended and improved." The fallacy in the analogy he exploded thus: "Women not desiring woman's suffrage, think it unwomanly. But no man, refusing it, ever declared it unmanly; he never expected to be unsexed by it! Woman's refusal of suffrage is positive, man's negative!" The theory that Chesterton cannot reason is rubbing its nose on the grindstone of facts.

Chesterton proposes that the value of philosophy consists in evaluating particulars in the light of fundamentals. This proposition has been given an astonishingly concrete expression in "Heretics," p. 23: "Suppose that a great commotion arises in the street about something, let us say a lamp post, which many influential persons desire to pull down. A grey-clad monk is approached on the matter. 'Let us,' he says, 'first of all, my brethren, consider the value of Light. If Light be in itself good.'—At this point he is ruthlessly knocked down. All the people make a rush for the lamp post, and the light is extinguished in a few minutes. Some of the people desired to pull down the lamp post because they wanted old iron; some because they wanted darkness, their deeds being evil. . . . Gradually there comes back the conviction, in the midst of the anarchy and confusion, that the monk was right after all, and everything depends on what is the philosophy of Light. Only, what we might have discussed under the gas-lamp, we must now discuss in the dark." Yet the critics declare that this man has no leanings towards philosophy! As religion comes to every man born with a heart, so philosophy comes to every man born with a head. A philosopher must dig up his own soul; he must be the surgeon of his own heart. Chesterton has fulfilled these requirements; he has thoroughly laid bare his own heart to the modern world, which, in a quite modern way, has rejected it or (what is worse) had no eyes to behold.

Chesterton's doctrine of truth is not a metaphysical concept. "Truth is not essentially profound; in fact, truth is a very superficial thing." The metaphysicians have always gone on the crude assumption that "truth is to be found at the bottom of a well." In the root meaning of the word, *superficial* (*superfacies*, above the face) truth is a surface reality for all men. When Jesus would frame a doctrine of truth, he did not retire into a university to study metaphysics; he dwelt in simplicity of human and divine relationship, and therefrom pronounced truths that stagger the metaphysicians. The entire epistemological controversy since

Hume has missed fire; it should have concerned itself not with the question, Is knowledge possible, but, How does it work.

Chesterton recognizes the deep element of mysticism in all knowledge. Mysticism is the sanest thing in the world. "The mystic allows one thing to be mysterious, and everything else becomes lucid. The determinist makes the theory of causation quite clear, and then finds he cannot say, 'If you please,' to the housemaid. The Christian permits free-will to remain a mystery." His creed of the supernatural is scented with the same mystic fragrance: "The first blade of grass began to tear up the earth and eat it; it was interfering with nature. The first wild-ox began to tear up the grass and eat it; he was interfering with nature. In the same way the human when it asserts its dominance over nature is just as natural as the thing it destroys. And in the same way the superhuman, the supernatural, is just as natural as the nature which it destroys."—"The Ball and the Cross," p. 132.

Chesterton is supremely conservative despite his pretence to the contrary. It is true that his own thought is a paradox: he advocates conservatism in a radical way; he urges moderation with violence. A wholesome example of this is found in an argument on intellectual freedom; Chesterton shows that the religionist has a wider range of belief than the materialist: "Materialism has more restrictions than spiritualism. Mr. McCabe thinks me a slave because I am not allowed to believe in determinism. I think Mr. McCabe a slave because he is not allowed to believe in fairies. . . . The Christian is quite free to believe that there is considerable amount of settled order and inevitable development in the universe. But the materialist is not allowed to admit into his spotless machine the slightest speck of spiritualism or miracle." In "Orthodoxy," p. 278, he says: "An idea has arisen that the believers in miracles accept them only in connexion with some dogma, while the disbelievers consider them coolly and fairly. The fact is quite the other way. The disbelievers

in miracles deny them because they have a dogma against them." We ask as much consideration for the logic of religion as for science, and on the same impartial grounds.

He meets the recurring question again in "Heretics," p. 227: "It is quite an old-fashioned fallacy to suppose that our objection to skepticism is that it removes the discipline from life. Our objection to skepticism is that it removes the motive power. Materialism itself is the great restraint. . . It abolishes the laws that could be broken, and substitutes laws that cannot. And that is the real slavery."

Chesterton is trying to minister to the modern malady, hesitancy of belief. The East Indians have as a symbol of eternity a snake with its tail in its mouth. The snake is gradually devouring itself; and the appalling question confronts us, what is becoming of the snake? This is precisely the symbol of our modern, fermenting unbelief. Like Milton's theory of evil it is "self-fed, self-consumed."

In "Orthodoxy," p. 52-3, we find a close talking to the question: "The modern world is not evil; in some ways the modern world is far too good. It is full of wild and wasted virtues. When a religious scheme is shattered, it is not merely the vices that are let loose. The vices are indeed let loose, and they wander and do damage. But the virtues are let loose also, and the virtues wander more wildly. . . . Thus some scientists care for truth, but their truth is pitiless. Thus some humanitarians care only for pity, and their pity is often untruthful."

Modern economic competition and scientific specialization, based upon the adaptation of capacity to function, give us Emerson's old dilemma, here an eye, there a leg, there a stomach, but never a man. Does this necessitated specialization need to bind and gag our minds into mutilation? This is, concretely, the crux of the modern philosophic difficulty. In "Orthodoxy," p. 50, Chesterton advances a pragmatic solution of the problem; it is the intellectual symbolism of the Cross: "For the circle (Greek philosophy) is perfect and infinite in its nature; but it is fixed forever in its size; it can

never be larger or smaller. But the cross, though it have at its heart a collision and a contradiction, can extend its four arms forever without altering its shape. Christian thought can forever cross two worlds, but materialism is bound to one. Because the cross has a paradox at its centre it can grow without changing. The circle returns upon itself and is bound. The cross opens its arms to the four winds; it is a sign-post for free travellers."

Here we have the much demanded "open" system of philosophy; but for the paradox to be effective, its complement must be a closed system of ethical conduct. We find it in "Orthodoxy," p. 70: "Nothing more thoroughly contributes to the inertness of will than the modern, so-called 'openness of mind.' Joan of Arc was not stuck at the cross-roads, either by rejecting all the paths like Tolstoy, or by accepting them all like Nietzsche. She chose a path and went down it like a thunder-bolt.... Every act of will is an act of self-limitation. When you choose any one thing, you reject everything else. Just as when you marry one woman, you give up all the other women in the world; so when you take one course of action, you give up all the other courses. Art and Religion are both limitation." The incarnation must always be repeated; free thought must consent to be incarnated into limited and self-limiting action!

In conclusion we would say that cleverness may be the holiday of reverence; but Chesterton is not always on a holiday. He serves us with spice, but he does not ask humanity to dine on pickles, nor does he serve us food of regret. To say truth, he wastes much ink; but beyond that he gives us a vision of reality. He often does sheer violence to the English language; but usually his phrases are as bracing as mountain air. In some spots he is as lurid as a sunset daubed by an amateur; but we explain it by his carelessness. He often subsidizes heresy against his own argument; however, his truths hold communion with personality—they have flesh and blood. He often mixes theology with tricks of topsyturveydom; the same mind committed to the foolishness,

"How many men would have good digestion were it not for food," can warm our hearts by declaring that "Things must be loved first and improved afterwards."

The Arcadian simplicity taught the plough boys to whistle for want of thought; a not inconsiderable mass of the modern world is destitute of thought and additionally cursed in the dearth of any willingness to whistle! That not inconsiderable company are finding themselves welcome to warm their hands and hearts before Chesterton's fire.

Chesterton's ideas are moving across the face of the waters, not to pronounce all things good, but to disillusion that false, time-honoured benediction "Thou shalt not surely die." We do not say he has the Aristotelian mind to catalogue, but we say he is a seer. "A man might measure heaven and earth with a reed, but not with a growing reed."

WALTER M. HAUSHALTER

## KIRKYARDS

IT must have occurred to many persons that some of the character of a nation is expressed by the position and appearance of its places of burial. Indeed, with regard to the Egyptians and Chaldeans this amounts to a truism, so entirely can their private and public life be deciphered from their tombs. Their places of burial contain such complete records of their civilization, its manners and customs, that it is literally true that we know the life of these peoples by means of the places of their dead. The Egyptians seem to have lived to die; almost everything they did or recorded had a reference to their death. Death with them was less the inevitable end of all, than a future state of existence to be eagerly sought after and revelled in. Egyptian tombs have turned out to be both museums and libraries.

But is it not true that the poetry of a nation, if it has any, will come out in the places where it lays its dead, just as the poetry of the individual heart, if it has any, will come out in the presence of death? Little wonder that one of the most perfect poems in the English language was written "in a country churchyard." What else could be written there? Not satire and not comedy, nothing but poetry.

There is, or was, much poetry in the Scottish people; their beautiful land and their chequered history being responsible for it. Very insensitive must he be who sees not the poetry of Scotland expressing itself all unconsciously in many of its kirkyards. Lonely, sad little places many of them—just walled-off portions of outside Nature—all overgrown with the wild grasses of the field and surrounded by the everlasting hills.

But the character of the Scotch is here in these kirkyards of theirs, rugged, stern, and yet not without the note of poetry if you have ears to hear it. People have been known to complain that the graves in a Scottish kirkyard were neglected and



untidy; what such people evidently yearned after was the trim monotony of a London suburban cemetery.

Do you know St. Monans with its little, old kirk and its tiny kirkyard washed by the waters of the Firth of Forth? Generations of its hardy fishermen are here; they lie as they lived, within the sound of the ripple and the roar of the Forth on the weed-covered rocks below. The "Garden of Sleep" has been adequately sung by an eloquent English singer. St. Monans has not been, probably never will be, made into a drawing-room song, for St. Monans is even now a little poem in stone and turf. It is wild but not savage, sad without being absolutely melancholy, and, on a day of stillness and sunshine when the salt waters of the blue Forth sparkle round it, sweet in its dignified seclusion.

And have you seen Borgue's lonely place of graves set on a hill in the village watched by the wistful expanse of the Galloway moors? Another of Nature's poems is Kirkcudbright in the hollow all its own, remote from all discordant sights or sounds. Still another is Traquhair, sweetest of southern Scottish swansongs, a spot whose horizon is an incomparable blending of green ferns and distant purple heather's tones when paled and softened in the hazy glow of the September sun.

But they are all Nature's poems, these solitary sleeping places by the Yarrow and the Ettrick; Ettrick's own graveyard is a solemn poem, fit setting to the life and death of the author of the "Marrow of Modern Divinity." In these Scottish kirkyards there is nothing artificial or flimsy, no tinsel, no tinplates instead of headstones, no weekly weeding of the paths, no notices to "keep to the walks." What matter that almost all the stones are out of the perpendicular, are they not covered with the greyest of lichen and the greenest of moss ineffably softening any crudities in the record of the dead?

Here by the Yarrow and Ettrick, if anywhere, has death lost its sting. One of the saddest and loneliest of these Scottish sanctuaries is close to the sea on the western shore of Arran. It is a small enclosure girt by walls of the hard, grey stone of the mountain behind it. We saw it on a still grey day when

Kilbrennan Sound looked deserted and melancholy. In this remote spot are commemorated at great length the virtues and merits of some godly man of the hills, who had lived his lonely, intense life on these dark mountains and by the margin of this grey sea, beside which he now sleeps in a solitude only made intenser by the bleat of the complaining sheep. He seemed to be an epitome of all that was best in Scotland,—strength of purpose, self-control, absence of ornament and frivolity; lives such as his were not seldom lived in these now tenantless glens.

Do you know the Calton burying-ground with its mouldering graves and its mausoleum to David Hume, looking down from its steep crag on the busy city below; or perhaps you have visited the Canongate parish churchyard now almost entirely out of sight amidst breweries and railways? Here no less a man than Adam Smith is interred, and here, too, no less a singer than Horatius Bonar—one of the sweetest any church has known—entered into the rest of the “denique cœlum.”

But who am I that I should write of Scottish graveyards when the saddest and stateliest of them all has been given immortality by one of the saddest and stateliest of Scotland's sons: for who is there now who knows not Stevenson's musings in Greyfriars? And did I, who know St. Andrews, call Greyfriars the stateliest of Scottish burial places? St. Andrews, with its graves amid the ruins of the most magnificent of cathedrals on Scottish soil,—graves watched over by that great square tower which was old before the Norman Conquest. Greyfriars in its mouldering stateliness, St. Andrews in its magnificent decay are, as regards records of the past, perhaps the two most interesting places to be found in Scotland under the open heaven. For Greyfriars is the roofless Westminster of Scotland, the metropolitan mausoleum, while St. Andrews is the most important historically, as it is one of the most beautiful, of country churchyards. For St. Andrews is really “in the country,” and is but a glorified village.

When we cross the Channel we find our notion confirmed that a nation's character is to some extent expressed in its burial places. Any one who has seen a provincial French cem-

etry could infer some of the characteristics of the French from it. One could well believe that the nation that has no word for "home" in the case of the living, would not have much poetry to express over the homes of the dead.

Formality and matter-of-factness characterize these cemeteries. Flowerless wastes with their parallel rows of black-japanned tin crosses like so many name-plates in a botanical garden! Not that some of the cenotaphs in P ere-la-Chaise, for instance, are not beautiful, for they are; some are little chapels; but their beauty is cold, formal, repellant. Parts of P ere-la-Chaise are very like the necropolis at Glasgow, not itself either in feeling or in name of native growth at all.

Leaving France with her soulless collections of corpses, and skirting Germany with her scientifically constructed crematoria and their vases of aseptic dust, we cross the Alps and plunge into the sunshine of Italy. This is the land that has been called the "Land of the Dead." Let us then visit three of its typical homes of the dead, at Pisa, Genoa, Bologna. Each has a famous burial place; Pisa's typical of the Middle Ages; Genoa's typical of the modern taste of a commercial city; Bologna's typical of the present-day taste of a city of no mean intellectual past.

The justly famous Campo Santo of Pisa is, amongst burial places, a wonderful "fly in amber." It is about as unlike a British graveyard as a place could well be. A parallelogram of green grass sown in soil brought from the Holy Land is flanked by a broad stone pavement which is in part roofed in and is surrounded by a very high wall, on whose plaster are paintings that date from within a very little of the dawn of art in Italy.

This was a place of burial, is yet for members of certain families; but that is not the impression you derive from a visit to this unique spot. There is nothing sepulchral about the Campo Santo of Pisa. No doubt sarcophagi are here, some of them magnificent specimens of Etruscan work in marble, and the dead are under the flagstones of the pavement, but it is Art and not Death that seems to reign. It is not the dead of either past or present generations that you think of in the

Campo Santo, not the dead of the past nor even the dead past, for the past here seems to live again. You are fascinated by these wonderful old frescoes covering the four walls, and as you gaze on them you are in the Middle Ages. You rise from your breakfast at the hotel, and in ten minutes you are side by side with Dante, back in the Middle Ages, pictorially, ecclesiastically, theologically. As vividly as though one of the Popish theologians at a council of the church was reciting them, you behold all the horrors of the damned, and angels and devils fighting for the souls of men. Truly, "Hell is empty and all the devils are here"—on the plaster of the Pisan Campo Santo.

These faded frescoes are the purgatory of Dante in pigment on a vertical wall,—priceless plaster this, priceless paint too, for here in the open air five and a half centuries have rolled away since these colours were laid on. They are not so much vermilion, blue, and green, as the chromatic incarnation of the theology of late mediæval Christendom. It is not that Dante's theology is here resuscitated for you, it has been here preserved in full vitality for you, the "heir of all the ages," ecclesiastical and artistic.

Of course these frescoes owe their preservation to the dry, sweet air of Pisa; transalpine damp would long ago have converted this sacred cloister into a mouldering, melancholy enclosure.

And here, if anywhere, there is peace, provided you have escaped from chattering tourists and English-murdering guides, peace when the attendant has retired into his office and you are alone, alone in the sunshine of a day in the Middle Ages. The ages that believed in the fire of hell, in the efficacy of the life of the anchorite, that saw no incongruity in placing Cosimo de Medici, his sons and grandsons, amongst the spectators of the Tower of Babel, they are still here; from this old Italian burying-place they have never passed away. For "one crowded hour" of modern life you may think the thoughts of Dante in presence of the "pater patriæ," and may watch the busy brush of Benozzo Gozzoli trace the history of the Old

Testament before your very eyes. One forgets entirely that this is a graveyard: these cloisters yellow with five and a half centuries of Pisan dust and Italian sun are no mere burial places; they are a museum of Italian art, a perpetuation into this garish day of ours of some of the most typical thoughts and fancies of that far-off Italy which had as yet scarcely entered on her Renaissance.

From Pisa of golden noons and crimson evenings, we may pass to Genoa in order to obtain as sudden a contrast as is possible in this land of contrasts. Genoa is one of the great, strenuous, commercial centres of Italy, has always been a busy, calculating, matter-of-fact place. Its cimitero is the incarnation of mortuary modernity, the very apotheosis of vulgarity in death, the high place of mediocrity in art. Its monuments are of the order turned out by the hundred from manufacturing which keep "stock patterns" of marble angels, weeping mothers, and bereaved children. Poetry is banished from this place, art very nearly so. Here we may see in marble life-sized statues of deceased Genoese gentlemen in the frock coat, the stiff shirt, the collar and tie of to-day, holding their hats out in angular attitudes for ever. And weeping women, too, are here, but it is in hysterical grief; it is the grief not of the chamber of death but of the stage, that has been stereotyped. These stony tears will always be falling, just as the hat will always be held out. These of course are the monuments to the rich dead of the adjacent city; the poor are huddled together in the central enclosure and are marked not even by their names but merely by consecutive numbers corresponding to those in an official register. Thus death here is reduced to its barest, baldest, most elemental conditions.

If the Campo Santo of Pisa is a unique legacy from the past, the cimitero of Genoa is the acme of the common-place of to-day. What strikes one as in the worst of taste is the custom that prevails here of attaching to the monuments photographs of the deceased persons as they appeared on their deathbeds or during the last few weeks of a mortal illness. Often the cancer itself, the ulcer, the skin disease, or the deformity

from which the dead persons suffered is faithfully reproduced by photography, a veritable post-mortem "glorying in their infirmities." We wonder, as we pass along between the rows of figures, whether we are not in a pathological museum permanently open to the public and to the sky. There is more grotesqueness, vulgarity, misplaced emotion, and theatrical sentiment within this cemetery than perhaps within any other area of the same size in Europe.

And now, ere we leave Italy, let us spend an hour or so in one of these beautiful old monasteries of the Carthusians known in this country as Certosas. All are beautiful; the one at Pavia is magnificent, the one at Bologna which detains us now is a "haunt of ancient peace." The cloisters contain a large number of monuments to persons buried in the niches, cells, or cabinets, which are the actual receptacles for the bodies of the wealthy dead. These receptacles (for they cannot be called graves as there is no earth about them at all), are constructed entirely of white marble, and are really rectangular boxes for the reception of the coffin. Each is closed by a marble slab which is hermetically sealed up; these receptacles are undoubtedly imitations of the columbaria of the catacombs.

One of the cenotaphs here is of interest at the present time as being that belonging to the family of the father of the famous Marconi. Marconi, the inventor's father, was twice married, the first time to an Italian, the second time to an English lady. The Italians themselves believe that the children of a mixed marriage of this kind are always intellectually capable.

In the rotunda here are busts of certain of the professors of the celebrated old university of Bologna; amongst them we note Galvani and Mezzofanti (1776-1849). Mezzofanti, at one time university librarian, was so accomplished a linguist that at the age of thirty-six he spoke eighteen languages, while at the date of his death he had mastered no fewer than forty-two. There is a bust of one of the ladies who adorned the professoriate at Bologna, Clotilda Tambroni, the professor of Greek (1794-1817).

While all the monuments are in good taste, some of them are gems of poetry and romance. As sculptures they are technically of a high order; there is nothing here of blatant crudeness. A few of these lovely compositions in stone have light falling on them through violet-coloured windows, so that a softness and sweetness unattainable by any other means is given to the stone-poem. The guide is in keeping with the place, a gentle, reverent old man who speaks French distinctly, which many Italians do, and with a very good accent, which many Italians don't. The Certosa of Bologna is an æsthetic resting place, a place where the tired traveller can meditate a little on the beautiful in present day mortuary art in Italy, where one can see poems in stone and where marble has been made to speak reverently in the presence of death.

There is representation of sorrow here, but it is sorrow so deep that it turns its face away from the world which may see the veil but not the tear. At Genoa the marble tear is always falling in the public gaze but never falls; at Bologna an inconsolable woe has stricken the mourner who has fallen never to rise. A delicacy of feeling and a reticence in emotion characterize these marbles; light takes the chill and the darkness from death. As we leave this place we cannot but confess that it is good for us to have been here, for unquestionably the spirit of beauty has been invoked with the happiest results.

D. FRASER HARRIS

## A SENSIBLE SUNDAY

**A**N important problem, which has yet to be faced by Canada, may be best propounded in the form of a question, "How should our Sundays be spent?" Now this question affects church-goers no less than those who, for one reason or another, are unable or unwilling to take part in public worship.

Until comparatively recent times, the foreigner, whom business or pleasure has brought to London, was wont to complain of the tediousness of the typical English Sabbath. He pined for the continental Sunday; but to-day the chance visitor to the metropolis is given, if not the original article, at least an admirable substitute for it. The British people rightly hold that it is unnecessary as well as unwise to open the theatres to the general public for dramatic performances on the seventh day. Actors and actresses, working six days in the week, need quite twenty-four hours of rest and relaxation if they are not to become stale. But should they belong to a touring company, Sunday is for them, perforce, a day of travel.

The Stage Society, the Play Actors, and a few kindred organizations are enabled to escape the censor's veto by producing forbidden plays for the delectation of their supporters and friends to whom tickets are issued in advance; and so that the best talent from various companies may be assured, these plays are usually performed upon a Sunday. This, however, is the extent of the operations of the drama upon the seventh day. With music, art, lectures, archæology, and natural history, to say nothing of Sunday excursions, it is far otherwise. For these advantages one has to thank the National Sunday League.

The National Sunday League, which claims a membership of several thousand men and women of every creed and



calling, was founded in London in the year 1855. Like many another great movement, it began in a humble way, and in the early stages of its remarkable career it was subject to much opposition. On more than one occasion it was drawn into vexatious but futile litigation. The objects of the National Sunday League are the opening of museums, art galleries, and libraries on Sunday afternoons; maintaining the "Sunday evenings for the people," Sunday excursions, bands in the parks, and generally to provide intellectual and elevating recreations on that day.

The credit of its inception is due to Mr. Henry Morrell who, in his pamphlet, "The National Sunday League—its Origin and its Work," throws a vivid light upon the difficulties that beset the trail of the pioneer. "From childhood," he writes, "I had taken to drawing, and when apprenticed to one of the leading manufacturing jewellers in the west of London, this was found of use; and I was taken from the work-bench into the counting-house, and became a great favourite with my employer. I studied works on geology and astronomy, and took every opportunity of snatching an hour to spend in the British Museum, and how I wished it was open on Sunday! In the winter of 1850 and spring of 1851, my firm was employed upon exhibits for the coming great International Exhibition, and large numbers of French, Germans, and Saxons, came over and were engaged at much higher wages than were paid to our own men—they were all draughtsmen, and did the artistic portion of the work afterwards exhibited as British. I found them also much more intellectual than our own people, and this superiority was thus explained by them: 'On the continent' said they, 'from childhood a taste for art was instilled by our visits with our parents to the great national collections, which are open on Sundays. Every apprentice there is bound to attend the government drawing schools so many hours per week, and these are open on Sundays, whereas here every place that would benefit working people, especially the rising generation, is closed.'"

The first provisional committee, which Mr. Morrell describes, was composed of goldsmiths, silversmiths, and woodcarvers; and in 1854 public attention was first drawn to the movement. Sir Joshua Walmsley, then representing Leicester in Parliament, became their president, and Mr. William Duthie, of the jewellers' committee, rendered invaluable literary assistance, besides acting in the dual capacity of chairman and treasurer. In February, 1855, the president gave notice of motion in the House of Commons for the Sunday opening of museums and galleries; and his action in so doing excited fierce opposition from the Lord's Day Society. Members of Parliament were furnished with petitions from every Sunday School and clerical body in the kingdom, which swamped the 27,000 London signatures in favour of such opening. It was then that Lord Palmerston received a large deputation of ecclesiastics, headed by archbishops and bishops, who extracted from him a pledge that the government would oppose the motion. Curiously enough the present archbishop of Canterbury has declared himself in favour of the museums being open to the public on Sundays. Though submitting to this pressure, Lord Palmerston informed the House that he was in sympathy with the aims of the National Sunday League. In evidence of this, acting with his chief commissioner of works, Sir Benjamin Hall, he placed a Guards' band every Sunday evening of the summer months in Kensington gardens.

It is a far cry from 1855 to 1911, but to such an extent has the movement for the band performances in the parks and open spaces, under the control of the London county council, spread that in the report of the National Sunday League, issued last April for the twelve preceding months, one finds that no fewer than 120 have been recorded. Those orchestras which took part were furnished both by the London county council officially and by the league as a private enterprise, from military and other sources. A particular feature of the programmes carried out has been their catholicity, for the selections submitted range from Beethoven's

Symphonies to "Our Miss Gibbs." It is quite obvious that these astute entrepreneurs have realized the futility of trying to surfeit the musical appetite of the workingman with classical fare.

In its steady development, the National Sunday League most resembles a cutting, a mere off-shoot of public culture, for Mr. Morrell describes how its earliest committee-meetings used to be held in the sequestered retreat of Sir Joshua Walmsley in the Adelphi. Later on, this sturdy plant was transferred to a spacious plot of its own, which it still occupies in Red Lion Square, Holborn. To-day, despite storms of disapprobation, it flourishes in full blossom, a hardy perennial. For its modern growth, no one has worked more arduously than Mr. Henry Mills, the secretary, to whom the National Sunday League is indeed a labour of love. The first five vice-presidents of the league were members of Parliament, and inasmuch as in 1855 there was no thirty-six limit to the council, all willing to work were pressed into the service. Among these, one finds Lord Farrer, Mr. Lushington, the celebrated police magistrate, and Sir Henry Thompson. Mr. William Loaden, a solicitor whose labours deserve special mention, became chairman of the council. He organized and spoke at public meetings held in all parts of the country to explain the objects of the league; he worried the trustees of the British Museum to fulfil their trust as by Parliament vested in them, "that a free access to the building and to the collections therein contained shall be given to all studious and curious persons, at such times and in such manner, and under such regulations for inspecting and consulting the collections, as by the trustees or the major part of them in any general meeting assembled shall be limited for that purpose." This, he contended, gave the trustees power to open "to the studious and curious" who desired to inspect the collections on Sundays. Though the trustees would not be convinced, publication in the press of the official correspondence on the subject helped to draw attention to the matter.

At the close of the Sunday band season in 1858 the first Sunday excursion was held in an ideal spot within easy reach of London, Epping Forest. During the next few years occasional outings were arranged in connexion with a series of lectures on botany and kindred subjects, delivered by Mr. J. Baxter Langley, then editor of the *Morning and Evening Star*, at Kew Gardens, Box Hill, Hampstead, and elsewhere. About this time the late Mr. Passmore Edwards, that munificent founder and supporter of numerous hospitals, free libraries, and settlements, became associated with the National Sunday League, frequently presiding and speaking at its public meetings and conferences. Though his labours on behalf of the league took up a great deal of his time and energy, Mr. Morrell persistently refused to accept remuneration for his secretarial duties. To-day, owing to the extensive ramifications of that alert organization, the post of secretary has necessarily become a paid one.

A single instance of the operations of the National Sunday League so far afield as in Ireland is shown in the opening to the public during the early sixties of the Dublin botanic gardens and National Gallery by order of the lord-lieutenant. In 1880 a memorial to Queen Victoria together with a petition to Parliament was drafted by the Rev. Stewart Headlam, formerly mayor of Marylebone, now a progressive member of the London county council, and signed by two hundred influential clergymen.

It may be recalled that Charles Kingsley, vicar and novelist, and the nonagenarian Achdeacon Denison, used in their prime to play cricket on Sunday afternoons with those village lads who had faithfully attended morning service. Thanks mainly to the efforts of Scottish supporters of the league, Mr. Plunkett when chief commissioner of works, was induced to throw open the Edinburgh botanic gardens without encountering any opposition. About thirty-five years ago a proposal was submitted to the National Sunday League council to inaugurate a series of Sunday evening lectures. The secretary then approached Professor Huxley who, after

considerable pressure, consented to give the movement a lead. Upon the occasion of which I write, St. Martin's Hall, London, was crowded to such an extent that many were unable to secure admission. With commendable enterprise the organizers had thought fit to provide an additional attraction in the form of a concert, at which a famous operatic soprano of the day pleased the people by her exquisite singing.

As a result, annoyed at the success of this undertaking, the Lord's Day Society took proceedings at Bow Street against the proprietors of the hall for keeping a disorderly house. Mr. Baxter Langley undertook the defence of the league, and Sir Thomas Henry, the magistrate, struck the name of the lady out, saying that as it was clearly an issue between the Lord's Day Society and the National Sunday League, he should call upon the prosecution to prepare a case for trial before the judges. Mr. Morrell was then upbraided by Professor Huxley and his friends for leading them into committing illegal acts by delivering Sunday lectures, but Mr. Baxter Langley made so spirited a defence in the Court of Common Pleas that judgement was given for the defendants on all points. Never since this trial has the Lord's Day Society ventured to attack its old opponents. These and similar events had the satisfactory result of securing further encouragement.

The ominous year of 1870 saw the foundation of the London Sunday Lecture Society by Mr. W. H. Domville with the aid of Professors Huxley, and Tyndall, and other savants. At no time has any feeling other than one of mutual good-will existed between this society and the league. Owing to their efforts, the poorer classes in the east end of London have been enabled to share certain educational advantages with the more fortunate. Almost forty years ago the director of South Kensington museum was mainly instrumental in establishing the Bethnal Green museum. In 1873 a few privileged persons secured quiet admission upon mere presentation of their visiting-cards, with the idea of the building being opened to the general public a few weeks after this

experiment. But Sir Henry Cole's motives were misunderstood, and he received the censure of friend and foe alike. He therefore closed the museum, whereupon the council of the National Sunday League, in the interests of East London, held great and enthusiastic mass meetings in Shoreditch and Stratford town halls. The Rev. Septimus Hansard of Bethnal Green, Sir E. Hay Currie, and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh did effective work as speakers, while a committee undertook the organizing. Their party engaged the Bow and Bromley Institute, the managers of which were actually hand-in-glove with the East London Anti-Sunday League which had stolen a march on the progressive party by issuing tickets through the congregations for miles round, and packing the house with its followers an hour before the committee's arrival. The latter, though they had actually rented the platform, were unable to occupy it, nor were their supporters in a more enviable situation. Consequently Mr. Morrell commandeered a cab, and from its roof addressed a vast audience in the street. "General" Booth then occupied for his preaching an open shop in Whitechapel; he led but a meagre opposition, though be it remembered that this event took place before the formation of the Salvation Army. The Sunday opening of the City Art Loan Exhibition after several years of endeavour, became an accomplished fact in the early nineties. Nevertheless, when, at an early stage of its existence, the league was granted permission to state its claim at the Court of Common Council through its then president, Canon Shuttleworth, no one who followed the debate from the gallery ever dreamed that his efforts would one day receive recognition.

And so, though I have examined the annals of the National Sunday League with care and have been a fairly regular attendant at its concerts, I can discover no instance of any appreciable check to its progress, no evidence that its influence on the masses has been in the slightest degree harmful. On the contrary, when one comes to summarize the results achieved after years of continuous labour on behalf of the British democracy and in the interests also of the leisured

class, one finds that the National Sunday League has dissipated that atmosphere of gloom which made the English Sabbath a subject of satire. It has proved of singular value to the temperance cause, so much furtive drinking on Sunday having been rightly attributed to lack of normal amusement.

With the coöperation of the railway companies, it has provided, and still continues to arrange, cheap one-day Sunday excursions to popular seaside resorts and inland towns, primarily for the benefit of the workman, the clerk, and the shop-assistant. Think what this means, for example, to the factory operative, jaded after six days of incessant mechanical drudgery. On Sunday at least this human machine can flee the city, and become once more a live flesh and blood man, able, however dimly, to realize a fleeting vision of nature.

Upon the uplifting influence of music, upon the culture and refinement induced by the beautiful in art, it would be idle to enlarge. The National Sunday League has utilized these supreme advantages for the good of the masses, and who shall deny that theirs has been a noble work? It has never sought to make profit out of its manifold undertakings. The services of its stewards at concerts and lectures are voluntarily and cheerfully given. At the former one may, at prices ranging from sixpence to three shillings, hear two of the finest orchestras in the world, "The London Symphony" and "The Queen's Hall," with such conductors as Sir Henry J. Wood, Landon Ronald, and sometimes even the great Nikisch, in programmes of the best classical and modern compositions. Or again, if visiting the Alhambra theatre or any other of the largest music-halls, one can listen to the strains of the best regimental bands so often engaged by the league. Of solo instrumentalists who have appeared at these concerts, I could cite Kreisler, Kubelik, Mischa Elman, Adela Verne, the Hambourg brothers, and W. H. Squire the violoncellist. The list of distinguished vocalists is far too lengthy for quotation. As a rule the programmes are headed by a bold announcement of the league's policy in these words: "The Council of the National Sunday League conscientiously and

religiously believe in brightening the lives of the people on Sunday. They work to reform and make the day more beneficial,—certainly not to abrogate it as a day of rest." These concerts almost invariably commence at 7 p.m. and are over not later than 9.30 p.m., so as to enable those of the audience who live at a distance to get home at a reasonable hour.

The question naturally arises, how the takings at these concerts are accounted for. A good sum has to be set aside for advertising the entertainments in the newspapers and on posters; next, the rents, heating, and lighting of the various halls and theatres must be discharged; and naturally the artists, barring that excellent force of amateurs which forms "The National Sunday League Choir and Orchestra," receive adequate, though by no means sensational, fees for their services. Printing, stationery, and general working expenses come out of the funds of the league; but in spite of its heavy disbursements for such purposes it does not forget to contribute to hospitals and other charities according to its ability. From time to time special concerts are held at which all the artists proffer their services gratuitously. The whole of the proceeds is then handed to such meritorious institutions as the Musicians Benevolent Society and the Mount Vernon Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. At the concerts one may enjoy the best of ancient and modern oratorio, from Haydn to Elgar; concert versions in English of German, Italian, and French opera; recitations and dialogues by leading actors and actresses; and, most popular of all, the song-cycle, which is usually relegated to Part II of the programme.

Coming to statistics, I find that during the season 1910-11, 688 concerts were given in London alone by the National Sunday League; visitors to the National Gallery, open from two to six p.m. on Sundays all the year round, numbered 69,012, showing an average attendance of 1,380. The other museums and galleries available to the public on Sundays through the good offices of the league, are the Tate Gallery; the Natural History Museum; the National Portrait Gallery



and the Wallace Collection. These have all been patronized by the public in a most encouraging manner. The excursions were run every Sunday throughout the year and proved a great attraction,—one of their innovations consisting of a series of half-day trips on the Midland Railway to Matlock, Bath, and Buxton, in the picturesque district of Derbyshire by express corridor train at the almost nominal fare of 3s. 6d.

Regarding its financial side, the minimum subscription to the league is one shilling, which entitles the subscriber to membership and a year's subscription to its journal free of further charge. Donations, however, of any sums beyond that amount are received with gratitude and employed with discretion. Moreover, the league is fortunate in possessing a guarantee fund which has been put up by aldermen and other wealthy adherents in their private capacity. Among the guarantors it is fitting to single out an ex-lord-mayor of London, alderman Sir William P. Treloar, the president. A generous-hearted merchant endowed with a cultured and sympathetic mind, he has always shown himself ready to place his opulence at the disposal of a worthy cause. His appeal for a national subscription towards the foundation and upkeep of Homes for Crippled Children, and for his Children's Christmas hamper scheme were admirably supported. What therefore Mr. Mills's National Sunday League has achieved on his country's behalf may well be taken as an exemplar for the whole of Canada.

But first, of the legal restrictions. As I interpret its provisions, a Canadian League would not appear to be affected by 7 Edward VII., C. 42 of the Statutes of Quebec known as "The Sunday Observance Act." After reading "The Lord's Day Act" in the Statutes of Canada, I find that section four practically amounts to a disclaimer of intention that it shall interfere with any provincial Act or law then or thereafter in force. I then turn to by-law 103 of the City of Montreal, which though passed in 1876 does not as yet seem to have been repealed or even amended. The first section reads as

follows: "No person shall open or keep open in this city, on Sunday, any theatre, circus, menagerie, or other place of amusement, where performances of athletes, rope-dancers, minstrels, velocipedes, or other like boisterous games are held." If performances of minstrels or other boisterous games comprise the holding of Sunday concerts, doubtless a Sabbath performance by the Sheffield Choir or the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir of "The Hallelujah Chorus" at a place of amusement would be ruled out of court. Section two renders the offender liable to imprisonment upon conviction for a term not exceeding two calendar months at the discretion of the Recorder's Court.

I should like to see a Dominion Sunday League flourishing in every important city and district in Canada. Dwellers on the prairies and in other rural districts need relaxation and amusement often to an even greater extent than do the inhabitants of the city. Travelling libraries, while well enough in their way, are quite inadequate for the needs of a country village or straggling township. Universities and churches in Montreal possess excellent material for a first rate amateur choir and orchestra, which could be utilized for the concerts in that city at least.

Adverting to the question of Sunday music, sporadic efforts have been and are still being made in various cities of Canada to cater for the public. Perhaps the most successful of these were undertaken three or four years ago by the Winnipeg city band, a fine orchestra, through the initiative of its conductor, Mr. S. L. Barrowclough. This band gives Sunday night concerts, after evening service, in Walker's theatre. Admission is free, but a collection is taken up inside the building with excellent results and the organization pays its way. Not long since, Mr. Barrowclough was prosecuted, when the following instructive dialogue took place:

Counsel for the prosecution, (cross-examining): "I see, Mr. Barrowclough, a number of oratorio and other sacred items on your programme; but I also observe a selection from 'The Geisha' upon your list. Do I understand that you regard 'The Geisha' as sacred music?"

Mr. Barrowelough: "Considered in the right light, all music is sacred."

I should add that, in dismissing the charge, the magistrate paid a handsome tribute to the value of these concerts, and recommended every citizen of Winnipeg to attend them. So popular are these entertainments that, through limitations of space, thousands are turned away from the doors every Sunday night. Occasional Sunday band-concerts are given in Toronto, Calgary, and Vancouver, with varying degrees of success. Sunday concerts used to be held in Montreal under private direction, but for some cause or another they did not prove attractive, and were accordingly abandoned. In connexion with the Sunday opening of the Montreal Art Gallery and museum, it may be mentioned that some years ago a handsome legacy was left to the Art Association upon the condition that this building should be closed on the seventh day. The establishment of such a league as that which I have suggested will make this country an even brighter and better place for the native and the emigrant to live in than it is now.

Every reform has met with opposition, both honest and insincere. One must not, therefore, expect the Dominion Sunday League to prove an exception. Possibly some form of protection should be sought from Parliament by the introduction of a bill legalizing the league and exempting it from the operations of all laws at present directed against Sabbath amusement and recreation.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, JR.

## THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF "CANADIANA"

IT is only within recent years that the bibliography of *Canadiana*, of books published in or about Canada, has attained to any measure of adequacy. The first beginnings in the science, however, were made in the first half of the last century. In 1837, a Quebec *avocat*, by the name of George Barthélemi Faribault, published a little book entitled "Catalogue d'Ouvrages sur l'Histoire de l'Amerique, et en particulier sur celle du Canada." This was the first distinct essay in Canadian bibliography. Mr. Faribault (1789-1866) had been for many years the secretary and leading spirit of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; and he was an enthusiastic collector of *Americana*. In the preparation of his catalogue he had spent nearly twenty years; and doubtless the result was a remarkable one at that time. Yet the number of titles relating to Canada in the catalogue was only 969, and the number of books printed in Canada only 37. A glance at any modern list of Canadian *incunabula*, such as Dr. Dionne's "Inventaire Chronologique," will suffice to show how inadequate such a list is. It is known that there were private libraries in 1837 which contained many times the number of Canadian books which Faribault noted. And yet it would be wrong to disparage the "Catalogue d'Ouvrages": it contains many useful and interesting notes, and above all, it made a beginning.

In 1858, a catalogue was issued, in two volumes, of the library of the Canadian Parliament. The second of these volumes was a catalogue of books on America. From the standpoint of strict bibliography, this catalogue was not entirely satisfactory: the entries were not numbered, and the arrangement was by subjects, rather than alphabetically. The result was that individual entries were often hard to trace. But here, too, there are to be found some useful

bibliographical notes, commonly attributed to Mr. Fennings Taylor, then Deputy Clerk of the Senate, and there was included in the volume a list of blue books on Canadian affairs which is an invaluable aid to the student.

The next contribution to the subject did not appear until 1872. In that year there was published in Paris a book by a distinguished French scholar, the late M. Henri Harrisse, entitled "Notes pour servir à l'Histoire, à la Bibliographie, et à la Cartographie de la Nouvelle-France et des pays adjacents, 1545-1700." In this book were catalogued for the first time every extant book or pamphlet dealing with New France, published up to the end of the seventeenth century. No more scholarly piece of work has ever been done in any branch of Canadian history. The entries are arranged in chronological order; and the bibliographical notes are of the fullest and most exact description. It is interesting to note that the book, which was dedicated "*à mon illustre amie George Sand*," was finished amid war's alarums: the introduction is dated, "Paris, pendant le siège, 1870-71."

Up to this point, almost nothing had been done in regard to the bibliography of Upper Canada; and it was only in 1886 that attention was first called to the subject by Mr. William Kingsford, the historian. In a small book entitled "Canadian Archæology: An Essay," Mr. Kingsford made some excursions into the early literary history of Upper Canada. He did not have the footsteps of any predecessors to follow, and naturally he went very far astray. The book which he pronounced to be the first book printed in Upper Canada, "outside the domain of Statute Law and the Parliamentary Journals," turned out eventually to be more probably the fifty-first; and there were other errors he made. In 1892, therefore, he revised his remarks in a second essay entitled "The Early Bibliography of Ontario." This book, also, is not free from errors, but it remains up to the present the last word with regard to Upper Canadian *incunabula*; and indeed, both books, despite the mistakes in which they abound, may be recommended as perhaps the best available introduction to the study of Canadian bibliography.

The man who was best fitted to write on the bibliography of Upper Canada was the late Dr. James Bain, of the Public Library, Toronto. But the only memorial which Dr. Bain left of his learning was a "Subject Catalogue or Finding List" of the Toronto Public Library, issued in 1889, and followed by a first supplement in 1891. Part II. of both the catalogue and the supplement is devoted to books on Canada and Newfoundland, of which the Toronto Public Library, thanks to Dr. Bain, possesses an unrivalled collection; and it will be found by the student that the entries are arranged in a very useful manner. The catalogue has no pretensions, however, as a bibliography, and is entirely devoid of notes.

In 1895 and 1896 two important books appeared, the first, M. Philéas Gagnon's "Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne," and the second, Mr. W. R. Haight's "Canadian Catalogue of Books." M. Philéas Gagnon had been for many years an indefatigable collector of *Canadiana*; he had perhaps the best collection of *Canadiana* in the country; and the "Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne" was merely an inventory of his own library. In spite of this limitation, however, it was immediately pronounced by no less competent an authority than Dr. James Bain to have "at once the highest position in Canadian bibliography. M. Philéas Gagnon of Quebec, whose indefatigable industry, bibliographical knowledge, and perseverance are known to all book-lovers in Canada has published, in a style worthy of the great private libraries of the Old World, a catalogue which reveals for the first time the extent of his library and the number of Canadian-printed books." The book was enriched with copious bibliographical notes; and not the least important section of it was the list of book-catalogues collected under the heading of *Bibliographie*. It was, of course, unfortunate that M. Gagnon limited himself to cataloguing only his own library; but that deficiency is now by way of being partially remedied. Several years ago, M. Gagnon sold his collection, to which numerous accessions had in the meantime been made, to the Montreal Civic Library; and now the authorities of the library are

issuing as a supplement to the "Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne" a catalogue of these accessions under the title of "Part II. of the Gagnon Collection." At the time of writing, this supplement is on the point of appearing.

M. Gagnon's book, being the work of a French-Canadian, was naturally strongest in regard to books printed in Lower Canada; Mr. Haight's "Canadian Catalogue of Books," on the other hand, is strongest in regard to books printed in Upper Canada. Issued as Part I., it was never completed, and is therefore far from definitive. It is devoted exclusively to Canadian printed books; and of these it contains the titles of only 1,006. In contrast with the work of the Faribaults, the Gagnons, and the Dionnes, of French Canada, it does not make a spectacular showing; indeed, it throws into relief the comparative inferiority of English-Canadian scholarship so far as bibliography is concerned.

Within the last decade, the coping-stone has been put on the work of bibliography in the Province of Quebec by Dr. N.-E. Dionne, the librarian of the Library of the Quebec Legislature. In 1904, Dr. Dionne began to publish a bibliography of the Province of Quebec in four volumes. The first of these volumes was entitled: "Inventaire chronologique des livres, brochures, journaux, et revues publiés en langue française dans la Province de Québec," the second, "Inventaire chronologique des ouvrages publiés à l'étranger dans diverses langues sur la Nouvelle-France et sur la Province de Québec;" the third, "Inventaire chronologique des livres, brochures, journaux et revues publiés en langue anglaise dans la Province de Québec;" and the fourth was a chronological list of charts, plans, and atlases relating to New France and Quebec. The four volumes thus aimed at comprising an approximately complete bibliography of the French province. That there were omissions will not be found surprising: especially in the second volume, Dr. Dionne's list fell far short of completeness. But his work brought much nearer the day when a complete bibliography of *Canadians* may be looked for; it now remains for some one to do for Ontario

and the western provinces what Dr. Dionne has done for Quebec.

There is little else that calls for notice. Last year, the Archives Branch at Ottawa issued a "Catalogue of Pamphlets, Journals, and Reports in the Dominion Archives," which deserves to be consulted by all investigators into Canadian history. And something must be said about the useful work that is being done, from a bibliographical standpoint, by "The Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada," published by Professor George M. Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton in the University of Toronto Studies. This is an annual review, since 1897, of all current publications regarding Canadian history and affairs; and as such, it is virtually a full bibliography of recent books on Canada. Occasionally books are missed by the editors; but in that case they are almost always to be found reviewed in the following year's issue. Recently, moreover, the American Historical Association has begun to print in its annual report, under the heading of "Writings on American History," a list of the year's publications regarding American history; and in this list there is a section devoted to British North America, which will henceforth provide a means for checking over the list of titles in "The Review of Historical Publications."

When a definitive bibliography of Canadian history may be expected to appear, it would, of course, be difficult to predict. The Champlain Society, at its inception, promised to undertake such a work; but nothing more has been heard of the project. The Archives Branch at Ottawa is working steadily towards the same goal; but it may be years before they are ready to publish their lists. Private collectors in various parts of the country dream of accomplishing the task single-handed: it will be surprising if any of them succeed. In the meantime, the student of Canadian history must content himself with the tools lying to his hand; and he should be grateful that these are as good as they happen to be.

W. S. WALLACE



## THE VANITY OF TRAVEL

IN academic circles it is tacitly assumed that travel is an essential of education, or experience, or culture. On the aspirant for scholastic fame is laid the heavy necessity of having at least seen Germany. His ability to cap allusions to the Alps with modern instances from the Apennines and the river Po is taken for granted and reckoned as a necessary part of his learned luggage. The admission that he has not travelled is made with shame and confusion of face, or, if resolutely brazened out, with a secret sinking of the heart; and such admission is received with a lifting of the eyebrows, the rising inflection on "Indeed!" and, henceforward, a certain condescension on the part of the interlocutor. As Johnson said, "The man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what a man is expected to see." Outside the schools and colleges, the same opinion prevails. In a cis-Atlantic community, one symptom of new-gotten wealth is the sudden flitting to Europe of Dives' womankind.

And yet, after his happy return from the grand tour, not only long desired and long prepared for, but enjoyed to the full under well-nigh ideal conditions, the thoughtful soul retires to his own roof-tree once more and ponders his gains. What has he in exchange for his outlay in time and money? What has been the reaction of his new experience upon the whole man? Has he added even the fraction of a cubit to his mental stature? Has he acquired that mysterious quality of "breadth," which travel is supposed to confer? Or can it be possible that the benefits accruing from travel have been over-rated? May not this faith in the virtue of the modern pilgrimage be simply a newer kind of fetish-worship?

The value of travel as a means of culture must be over-rated, because it is a matter of common remark that a man

may traverse the five continents and come home as dull an ass, as complete a philistine, as rude an oaf, as when he started. On the other hand, home-bred folk who have hardly strayed from their birthplace may be thoughtful, well-read, humane, sympathetic, agreeable, charming. If broad sympathies, wide interests, fine character, gentle manners were impossible of attainment without wanderings in foreign parts, the world would be poor indeed. An authentic case of conversion were greatly to be desired. If records existed to show narrow-minded persons becoming broad-minded after travel, or churlish persons, courteous, or stupid persons, intelligent, the sceptic would be silenced. Observe your rich neighbours who enjoyed last summer for the first time the advantages of a trip to England. Listen to their instructive conversation. Do you notice any decided improvement in their mind, manners, or morals? Have they brought back with them much more than data regarding the weather and the hotel rates? In your pilgrimage through the world you will indeed be fortunate if you meet with a man of wider intellectual cultivation than Charles Lamb, the cockney in grain, who never travelled farther from his beloved London than to Margate, or to Mackery End in Hertfordshire. Samuel Johnson could spend weeks in France, could see portents like beautiful doomed Marie Antoinette going hunting in the park at Versailles, and could discover nothing more important than that the French were an indelicate people because one footman used his fingers instead of the sugar-tongs.

Travel cannot be essential to culture. It would be like making a knowledge of the Scriptures in the original tongues essential to the Christian life. In spite of Cook and modern cheapness, travel is even now a luxury reserved for the few. Not every one may fare to Corinth. Only since the perfecting of steam transportation by land and sea has travel been possible except for the very rich, or the very hardy. But strong men lived before Agamemnon, and true culture existed in many a century before the nineteenth. Duty, force of circumstances, want of pence may close foreign ports to you

all your life long. Death may overtake you before you see St. Paul's cross shine over city and river, or the sun set beyond Janiculum, or the moon rise over Hymettus. But the world of books is never barred; the abysses of the starry sky and of your own mind always await your exploration, wherever your home may be. Life by itself is a strenuous cultivator of the soul, plowing deep and harrowing and stirring to its very depths and watering with plentiful tears. What Carlyle called "the usual destinies"—our slow learning of so little, bread-winning, mating, birth of children, loss and gain, success and failure—these things which make the common lot, if rightly understood and wisely accepted, are culture of the best. If one were given the choice between early marriage and a year in Europe! And yet your prudent academic person will choose to know rather than to live, and defers matrimony until his *Entwickelung* has been sufficiently advanced by vacations and "sabbaticals" abroad. Then, in canny middle age, he looks about for the lass with the tocher.

Though such commonplace considerations must occur to every reflective mind, the tide of travel is ever rising. In the summer season the ferry-boats of the Atlantic shift travelers by tens of thousands from the New World to the Old. Some are intent on business errands, some have fixed, educational aims, but the majority are travelling for the sake of the pleasure and profit obtainable from seeing sights. They are the tourists. They are the mainstay of continental hotels, pensions, and pleasure-resorts. They have made every nation in Europe as familiar with the Stars and Stripes as with that nation's own banner. They are to be seen driving through the streets of foreign capitals in strings of barouches, or hustled by guides through cathedrals, museums, and galleries, or "doing" the Alps and the Rhine with one eye on the scenery and the other on their Baedeker. They drift across the land in hordes. They are everywhere contemned and spoken against. Their initiated compatriot winds them afar and flees from their presence.

To despise a fellow mortal is always easy and rather cheap: "Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool," but the universal attitude towards the tourist is not to be explained so readily. To understand the *pecore di Cook*, as the Italians call them, the tourists of all nations who bear the "mark of the beast" i. e., Baedeker, is somewhat harder than to repeat stale gibes. I wish I felt equal to the task.

Sight-seeing is the tourist's chief aim in travel and this incident illustrates his procedure. Last July, a certain traveller tried on two different days to see "Mona Lisa" in the *Salon Carre* of the Louvre. Now, seeing a picture is a slow, complicated, and by no means easy process. In the first place, the light must fall right, that is, it must come from behind the spectator's back, or the picture is practically invisible. With the light right, it takes some time even for the one person out of every ten who is blessed with normal vision to make out the details of any picture. There is the work of picking out and then grouping and arranging forms and colours. The eye has to penetrate a sort of haze of half-seen things to get at the picture at all. The brain must be actively alert to assist the eye in perceiving what is before it. Any one who has ever taken a drawing lesson knows the difference between seeing one cube set on another as a mere process of recognition and seeing the model as it really is, a relation of lights and shadows, planes and surfaces. The difference is incalculable. Having penetrated this haze, the spectator's eye has yet to receive æsthetic pleasure from the picture. In other words, the spectator must see the picture somewhat as the artist did. Unless he is able to share in some minute degree the artist's creative delight, he has not really seen the picture. He may have recognized it, or identified it, or have satisfied a thin curiosity about it, but unless he has felt some thrill or throb, at least as warm as that excited by the prospect of dinner, he has not seen the picture. Seeing a picture in this sense demands just exactly the price the tourist will not pay; that is, time. No work of art yields up its secret readily.

How can the average man fathom in a few seconds a design which it took genius weeks or months to elaborate?

The traveller found the centre of the *Salon Carré* fenced off by a flimsy railing (possibly for repairs), which made it impossible to get "Mona Lisa" in the right light. He was either too near or too far away, no matter how he edged along the barricade. If the floor space had been free, he could have shifted to the proper distance and angle from which to begin seeing Leonardo's master-piece, but that unlucky railing was always in the way. He had to pass on at last, and solace himself with the marvellous detail and colour of "La Femme Hydropathique." So, in spite of the best will in the world, he did not see "Mona Lisa," and now she is spirited away.

During the half-hour he spent in vainly manœuvring for position, at least eighty persons passed between the railing and the picture. If each individual directed his eyes full upon the canvas for thirty seconds, it was the utmost time he devoted to it. He heard what the guide said, ticked off the title in his Baedeker and passed on in procession to the next picture, and the next room, and so on through the Louvre. Even if the picture left some impression on the retina which was transmitted to the brain, it must have been at once overlaid, confused, blurred and blotted by the train of swift succeeding impressions. The capacity of the brain for receiving and retaining impressions is limited and the saturation point is soon reached.

It would appear, then, that the average tourist is continually defeated in the main object of his tour. He spends time and money and effort to see sights; and he does not see them. Little wonder then that the average tourist cannot be revered as wise. If he cannot even see his sights, the amount of education, experience, culture he derives from travel must be practically nil. If he receives pleasure, his face does not show it. Picture galleries are the nurseries of boredom and fatigue. Two remarks overheard that July day in the *Salon Carré* were "*Das ist auch billig*," from a

plump little *Hausfrau*, and " Haven't I seen *all* the pictures and *all* the statuary?" from a nice American girl of ten, trailing wearily in the wake of a family party. What that crowd did in the Louvre, they would do again in the Luxembourg and the other show-places of Paris, and what they did in Paris, they would repeat in the other cities of Europe. After weeks of fatigue and discomfort, they will return to their own place, with an exhausted letter of credit and a severe fit of mental indigestion. Their photographs and souvenirs and picture post-cards and well-marked Baedekers will be alive to testify that they have seen certain things. That knowledge must represent the utmost extent of the profit they have derived from their travail.

The motive which impels thousands upon thousands to endure so much labour and sorrow for such paltry returns is precisely the motive which sends thousands to Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré. It is the expectation of miracle. An innate, universal, undying instinct of romance sways mankind from the cradle to the grave. The lure of the unknown which fills religious houses, supports the institution of marriage and fits out Arctic expeditions, also draws the tripper to the seaside and the Cook's tourist to Paris. The unknown, the novel, the strange may have magical power. Here, at home, we are poor creatures, but change our environment and we shall be different. The poor save, and the unnecessary rich squander, for the same end. Both fondly hope that the mere sight of strange coasts, of storied cities in alien lands, of pictures, cathedrals, mountains will effect some agreeable change in their personalities, and continue as a bright influence throughout their lives. Perhaps they have not clearly considered the nature of that change, but one and all expect it to arise from their contact with the unknown; and one and all are disappointed.

Perhaps those curious German tourists one sees in Switzerland are not disappointed. Those flat-chested, shapeless women, those stocky men with balustrade legs, arrayed in travesties of Norfolk jackets and knickers, all furnished with

rucksacks and alpenstocks, are probably to themselves embodiments of romance. They have forsaken their offices and their kitchens for a fortnight's holiday on a circular ticket; but for the time being, they are living in a fairy-tale. The alpenstock is the modern equivalent for the *Pilgerstab*, of which a thousand German ballads sing. As they march from one hotel to another, they feel themselves to be wandering through the wide world like the heroes of a thousand *Maerchen*. They know that there is many a road and many a by-way they have not yet footed, and many a brew of beer they have never tested; and so they carry their atmosphere with them, the atmosphere of romance.

If one turns from his own meagre, personal experience to interrogate literature on the subject of travel, and to gather up the opinions of the wise, he finds that the oracles give various responses.

Shakespeare seems to countenance the theory that travel bestows "breadth," by laying down the proposition that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. Presumably then, youths sharpen their wits by leaving home. At the same time, by the lips of his most delightful characters, Portia, Rosalind, Faulconbridge, he quizzes merrily the contemporary traveller for his affectation, his conceit, his general absurdity. The Englishman who returned from the continent with elaborate foreign manners, foreign raiment, foreign vices, offered a fair target for the shafts of satire. Shakespeare ranges himself on the side of Ascham and the rest of the Elizabethan moralists in disapproval of his "Itali-anate" countrymen.

No later essayist has excelled Bacon in stating general truths about travel within the narrowest compass. With the younger sort, he holds, travel is a part of education, and, with the older sort, a part of experience. He sums up exhaustively the things which should engage the traveller's attention; he recommends some reading by way of preparation, some smattering at least of foreign tongues and the use of a Baedeker. Curiously enough, he seems to admit a value in the super-

ficial by advising not too long a stay in one place. Regarding the benefits to accrue from travel, he is not rapturous.

If Milton nowhere expressly recommends travel, his own practice puts his opinion of its value beyond all doubt. Travel with him formed a part of his elaborate, life-long scheme of self-education. His preparation for his Italian journey was thorough; and the fifteen months he spent abroad were in all likelihood the happiest portion of his life. At thirty he was still young enough to enjoy, while his years at the university, his quiet reading at Horton, his Italian studies, and his intimacy with the Diodati family must have made his scholarly equipment singularly complete. Doubtless no Englishman ever went to Italy better fitted than Mr. John Milton to understand and profit by all he saw. With a full purse, he was able to travel like a gentleman, attended by a servant, and to collect books and music. He had introductions of the best, and met distinguished people wherever he went. Handsome, learned, accomplished, the young English scholar was *fêted* and flattered in one city after another by the most courteous race in the world. The results in both experience and culture must have been rich, though they are not perhaps to be traced in his work.

The mellow urbanity which distinguishes *The Spectator* may be justly set down to Addison's long, leisurely travels abroad. He was three years younger than Milton when he set out on his grand tour, and, like Milton, was fitted by previous studies to appreciate what he was to see. In four years, he gained an unrivalled knowledge of all Europe that was worth knowing. King William provided him with a handsome pension; and he had no anxieties except to improve his mind. Johnson laughs at his *Notes on Italy*, and his work on medals, and they cannot be called inspiring. Addison in his later writings never flings his travels in his readers' face. Except for an occasional allusion, one would hardly be aware that he had travelled; but his attitude towards English life, and especially English politics, must be attributed to the fact that he had been able for so long to regard them from a



distance which revealed their real proportions. Still, Addison remained unenlightened in regard to art. He could see no beauty in Siena cathedral. To him it is only another of "these barbarous buildings," in the Gothic manner, which he can still tolerate because he has seen St. Peter's.

Gray's case provides the classical argument for travel. His eyes were opened and he saw what no man before had seen. He saw the Alps. The shy, silent, gifted youth, familiar only with Eton and Cambridge, and the gentle, domesticated, English landscape, was brought face to face with the wonder and mystery of high hills. Not only were his bodily eyes unsealed, but the inward vision was purged as with euphrasy and rue. The Grande Chartreuse, which was to inspire some of Arnold's noblest, saddest music, performed the miracle. Every one knows the famous sentences, all glowing beneath their eighteenth century precision: "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday; you have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frightening it." Since Gray wrote these lines to West, at Turin in 1739, many have rhapsodized on mountains, but no one has packed more meaning into fewer, finer words.

Gray's travelling companion was his ancient friend at school and college, "Horry" Walpole, the great letter-writer, gossip, and dilettante of Strawberry Hill. He saw everything that Gray saw, but whereas Gray looked out upon the world with the fresh eye of childhood and had a vision of God, Walpole stared blankly at Alps and foreign civilizations through a modish quizzing-glass, and saw nothing. He returned from Italy as shallow as when he went. One shall be taken and another left.

Wanderings abroad in the eighteenth century created two little masterpieces, *The Traveller* and *A Sentimental Journey*. Without the mental ferment which contact with

foreign countries sets up, they could not have been written. The profit Goldsmith drew from his two years of obscure vagabondage was a poem that made him famous, but it does not once hint that he found travel a pleasure. His vagrant days beside the murmuring Loire, his prospect of Lombardy from the Alpine solitude must have left their bright impression upon his sensitive nature; intercourse with the French must have deepened his natural kindliness, but they seem to have brought him little joy. Goldsmith is always the Exile of Erin. The note of melancholy echoes through the poem to the very end. His review of European society in support of his untenable thesis is underlain by the inexpugnable, haunting homesickness of the Irishman. Every stage of his journey away from the dear faces glowing in the fire on the hearth, merely lengthens his chain and makes it heavier to bear.

Trailing about from barracks to barracks with the baggage of his father's regiment, little Lawrence Sterne picked up a broad and genial knowledge of mankind, and when, as a middle-aged, scampish parson, he crossed the channel into France, he felt that he was coming home. The first sentence of *A Sentimental Journey* has become a proverb, and by itself furnishes proof positive of the author's triumph over insular prejudice. Let prudes say what they will, Sterne is the pleasantest of travelling companions. His very sentimentality was an attempt to soften an age as hard as the nether mill-stone. A little Sterne was surely needed to mollify much Hogarth and Smollett.

Of course Johnson's opinion of travel is recorded. The Great Cham had his views on all the chief concerns of life. "He talked (at Mr. William Scott's dinner-table in the Temple) with an uncommon animation of travelling into distant countries, that the mind was enlarged by it, and that an acquisition of dignity of character was derived from it." But he had a very distant objective in his mind, to wit, the great wall of China. Travel, to Johnson and to his friends, meant discovery of the unknown. Boswell "caught" the enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure when he wished to

accompany Captain Cook on his voyage to the South Seas. Johnson refused to write an account of his travels in France because the subject was overdone, because he had nothing new to say, because he had not remained long enough, because he was afraid of being laughed at. Boswell urged with justice that even when we have seen a face often, it gains interest from being painted by Sir Joshua. He knew the value of temperament. Their romantic expedition to the Hebrides was in truth a voyage of discovery. Here Boswell and Johnson come into competition, and the disciple proves himself a better traveller than his master, or at least, a better recorder of travel.

The rise of the Romantic School in literature stimulated enormously the latent appetite for travel; for the Romantic School discovered Gothic architecture and mountains; and these do not grow by every hedge. To see them, one must travel. Wordsworth crossed Europe on foot, and his sojourn in France definitely opened his mind to new ideas, for he became an ardent upholder of the Revolution. Coleridge spent a winter in Germany and brought back a philosophy. Scott's poetry doubled the posting-rates into Scotland. But the vogue of Byron, and especially of *Childe Harold*, must be held chiefly responsible for what Carlyle calls "the modern disease of view-hunting." On the continent, Rousseau preached with success "Return to Nature." Then steam made travel by land and sea both cheap and rapid, and everybody travelled. So the assumption took shape that travel should form an essential part of education, or experience, or culture. It is a thing of yesterday.

All that can be safely inferred from the record of literature and the lives of great men is that genius will profit by travel, as it will profit by any experience. The degree of profit will vary greatly. Winckelmann's visit to Rome gave the world a new conception of classic art and founded modern scholarship. Goethe considered that his two Italian journeys exerted a great influence upon him; but the literary outcome was the *Roman Elegies*, which the world has very willingly let

die. But genius is rare; it is the value of travel for the many which must be determined.

What is vaguely called "breadth" is generally assumed to be a valuable quality and to be the chief reaction of travel. As the work of the world is done by "narrow" people, as all religions, reforms, and revolutions spring from the "narrowness" of men who believe themselves to be right and their opponents wrong, it is possible that the value of "breadth" may be over-rated. That travel is a sure cure for national prejudices is scarcely borne out by the facts. Even where national differences are slightest, as, for example, between the English and the Americans, it cannot be maintained that intercourse between the two peoples conquers the insular or the provincial spirit. The long line of British travellers in the United States, from Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope to Matthew Arnold, manifest narrowness rather than breadth in their judgement. They return from their travels generally confirmed in their home-bred dislike for the people they have visited. The same is true of American travellers to England, with the notable exception of Emerson. Even Hawthorne dislikes the English people, while admiring the country. English travellers on the continent are not conspicuous for breadth of mind, and their recorded impressions are generally expansions and variations of Meynell's famous dictum, "For all I can see, foreigners are fools." Thackeray travelled much; as a young man he resided in Weimar, and took tea once (at midday) with the godlike Goethe; but in his novels, he supports the popular English notion that Frenchmen and Germans are poor creatures, made to be laughed at.

Foreigners return the compliment with energy. The average French traveller's account of the mad English manners and customs is just as absurd as the average British traveller's view of the frivolous Gauls. Once in a decade or so, a book like Hamerton's *French and English* appears, or Pierre de Coulevain's *L'Isle Inconnue*, in which an honest effort is made to do justice to the alien race. But the enlightenment they afford hardly penetrates the night of popular

ignorance. All one nation knows of another is gross caricature, which travellers generally confirm. In his charming *Sensations d'Italie*, Bourget makes a significant confession. He tells of his prolonged efforts to understand the English, of his residence for weeks and months in various parts of the kingdom, and of his free intercourse with all kinds of men and women, high and low. In spite of his best efforts, he found no answer to the riddle of national character. It is a sort of impenetrable armour-plate. Where Bourget failed, lesser men will hardly succeed.

While, then, it must be clear that, for the majority of mankind, travel is a modern superstition, another symptom of the universal unrest, that it is almost barren of real profit and true pleasure, that it does not always benefit even men of genius, or soften national prejudices, there still remains the problem of its fascination. There is a temperament which finds in travel supreme satisfaction and delight. It is a childlike temperament, at once adventurous and dreamy. It preserves to maturity the child's universal curiosity, the child's receptivity, the child's easy capacity for enjoyment. Being vividly alive, "ennui" and "boredom" are for it words without meaning. The price it has to pay in bodily discomfort, it never stops to reckon. Stevenson had this temperament, and Boswell, and Froissart, the true "enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure." In his fiftieth year the Canon of Chimay set out from Carcassonne for the country of Gaston de Foix. His preface breathes the spirit of the happy traveller: "As yet I thank God I have understanding of all things past, and my wit quick and sharp enough to conceive all things shewed unto me touching my principal matter and my body yet able to endure and suffer pain." That must have been one of the most delightful journeys ever undertaken. Froissart had an excellent travelling companion of his own age, Sir Espang de Lyon, who knew the stories of every strong place and told them to the great historian as they rode ever westward. His mention of Pamiers as "delectable, standing among the fair vines and environed

with a fair river, large and clear," his grateful memory of the four flagons of wine Sir Raymond of Lane brought to the "Star" at Tournay, as the best "that I drank in all my journey," his commendation of the hay and oats procurable at Tarbes, show how catholic was his appreciation of the good things along the way. Every morning after the knight had said his prayers, he chatted with the eager Canon on local history, "whereby I thought my journey much the shorter," and "every night as soon as we were at our lodgings, I wrote ever all that I heard in the day, the better whereby to have them in remembrance." In his ability to enjoy and to learn, Froissart is the model traveller.

The fortunate possessor of the traveller temperament will have his curiosity aroused to the point of enthusiasm regarding foreign lands, long before he has ever set eye upon them. In spirit he has often adventured thither. He will learn consciously or unconsciously much of their history, their literature, their art. He may even acquire something of foreign tongues that he may be able to greet brothers of an alien race. He will pore over maps and plans and sketch itineraries. He will map out a hundred journeys for one that he shall achieve. He will travel in his arm-chair by his own fireside. He will hang on the lips of travellers who have performed their pilgrimage. All his preparation may go for nought. He may never stir beyond his own parish. He may die, as the song says, without ever seeing Carcassonne; but death itself shall not deprive him of the rich pleasure of anticipation.

Should his stars be propitious, anticipation may become reality. Some day his dream may come true, and he will carry out his long cherished design. He will set out with the hopes of Columbus, and he will discover new worlds. It will be impossible to disappoint him. Everything small or great,—the coat of arms on an English engine and Giotto's campanile, the lemonade-seller by the Loggia dei Lanzi, and the Perseus of Cellini, the pink hawthorn beside the Cher, and the mountain peak that hangs over Lake Lucerne

at Brunnen—each has for him its interest apart. His enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure will grow by what it feeds on. Cities and governments of men, well-tilled fields and hills whose heads touch heaven, steep, lonely paths and thronging boulevards, monuments to the heroic dead, shrines, praying-places, great storehouses of beautiful things, workmen in narrow alleys and dark shops, soldiers and sailors in strange uniforms, mountebanks at street corners,—whatever is strange and stately and human will crowd impressions on his open, eager mind without ever overloading it. He will be all eye and ear; and yet the eye will not be filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.

A lengthened stay in each place will not be requisite. Even if he be restricted to mere glimpses of strange lands, even if he may only spend days where he would fain spend months, the true traveller will express the utmost sweet from every moment of his sojourn. The first morsel of a feast is more keenly savoured than the last. One glance at a foreign sight may answer a long considered question. Suddenly the key may be found to fit the lock. One stroll through the Luxembourg gardens filled with busy French housewives, each with her bit of work in her lap, may contradict a thousand scabrous novels. Even where the voyager fails to grasp the meaning of what he sees, the unsolved mystery becomes part of the romance in which he is living.

For the true traveller is a king in exile, a prince in disguise. In a measure he has shed his personality on his departure from the familiar environment. He has escaped from his shadow. He is no longer plain Mr. Suchanone known to all in the home place, but that exciting thing, a stranger among strangers. He is a mystery to his fellow-passengers in the train or the other diners in the *café*; and they are equally mysteries to him, so many human beings, each with his own life, his undivulged and guarded secret. And yet the true traveller is never alone and never feels far from home. A mouthful or two of foreign speech backed by good-will finds him friends in every place. The ability to make a poor joke

with his neighbour on a *bateau-mouche*, or to question his gondolier, or even to ask his way about a German city will procure the boon of human intercourse. Bacon was quite right when he wrote, "He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel."

Mere progression, mere moving from place to place, continually towards the unknown, even what dull people call "a prosaic railway journey" is the traveller's joy. Vistas open out on either hand, alluring towards the sky-line. What he sees is strange and new, but there is beyond that hill something still more wonderful which he will never see. Aimless explorations of foreign thoroughfares, drifting with the tides of life along unfamiliar streets, are long adventures crammed with episodes. The joy of wandering is slow to pall, and it is to be enjoyed at the full when a man shakes himself free of all aids but his native powers and marches forth alone into the wide world. Pleasant enough in cities though wandering be, it is only in the open country that it reaches the full growth of delight. Only when the traveller has turned his back on the city does he hear plainly far within the deepest recesses of his being the welling music of nature's eternal wander-song. Many poets have tried to translate it into mere words; and many versions have rendered thus much, or that part; but beyond question the palm goes to the German people. In their speech is the most glorious song of the open road ever written.

"O Wandern! O Wandern! du freie Burschenlust!  
Da wehet Gottes Odem so frisch in der Brust!  
Da singet und jauchzet das Herz zum Himmelszelt;  
Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite Welt."

The traveller who knows that song has always May about him. The trees are bursting into leaf, the birds are singing on every bough, and his heart joins in sweet accord.

Beyond all controversy, then, great is the joy of travel, great in anticipation, great in the actual moment, and great



also in the golden retrospect. Pleasure is a pure good, say the philosophers, reacting on and heightening the vitality. But, after all, the pleasure of travel is only a pleasure, like any other; and it passes. It perishes in the using. It is gone, like the joy of a tearing gallop, or a full creel, or a Christmas dinner, or a well won victory at golf, or a Marie Hall concert, or a talk about realities with a friend. Even for the exceptional nature, the joy of travel fades to a pleasant memory in a limbo of pleasant memories.

Probably the educative effect of travel is also less than people think. The younger sort may be too young to profit by it, and the older sort too firm in mental set to be in any way remoulded. Of course, seeing is believing. Unimaginative people must have the object before their bodily eyes. Unless they can look on the glass case in Greenwich hospital which holds Nelson's coat with the tarnished orders on the breast and the jagged hole in the left epaulet, they can never realize the heroism of Trafalgar. But without the sight of that sacred relic, thousands have thrilled to Southey's impassioned prose. It is also true that even those of suppler fancy profit by travelling through their geography and history. Their knowledge gains in definite outline and precision. It may be conceded further that the rare, predestined traveller will by travel deepen and broaden his sympathies. To stand in the very square that saw the agony of Joan the Maid, to read the one word "*immerita*" in her epitaph can unlock the fountain of tears. To see Tell's mountains is to gain insight into the progress of human freedom. To wander through the Forum explains the grandeur that was Rome, and the frieze at the base of Victor Emmanuel's statue of golden bronze glorifies the Risorgimento. The tow-boats on the Rhine, and the factory chimneys among the ruined castles epitomize the history of Germany. So much may be granted. Still, more than half the value of such impressions depends upon the previous preparation, or, to be exact, upon the traveller's knowledge of books; and if he had to choose between books and travel, he would not hesitate a minute. A man with the

temperament I have tried to describe will, beyond question, learn many things, enrich his experience and acquire new impressions by a journey to Rome, but he will also enrich his experience and gather fresh impressions by a ramble of a few miles from his own front door. He is independent of mere place. An afternoon's march over an accustomed road up a nameless Pisgah overlooking a valley and a river, or an hour alone on an island of rock in the centre of a silent autumn landscape will disturb him with the joy of elevated thoughts. In Holy Week, he may light upon three crosses on a hillock near the highway and not far from the city.

The truth seems to be that for the many, travel is scant gain, while for the chosen few, most apt to profit thereby, it is a luxury but no necessity.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

## ENNOIA

i

There was a Woman, God's Thought, as they say,  
Who unto angels gave the earth in care,  
But vainly, for they found Man's daughters fair,  
And, putting their high place and charge away,  
In verdant groves at evening with them lay,  
Siring a riotous race who filled the air  
With clamorous cries of strife, while, clotted there,  
Innocent blood dabbled the blackened day:  
Till She, unable to unfasten Fate,  
Seeing Her children in such misery thrust,  
Took on their form, their sins to expiate,  
An inert prey to their most violent lust—  
A Queen of Beauty raised reincarnate,  
Fair and more fair from each last frame of dust.

ii

And you, my Love, who make my days a flame,  
My soul a solitude where all things burn,  
Cooled only by your kisses as you yearn  
With cloying sweetness o'er my whispered name:  
How shall I know that you are not the same,  
Kissing Christ's Cross, though toward the South you turn—  
Making sin fair, until God's judgement spurn  
The sudden anguish of the end of shame?  
For Sappho's songs fall fainter on my ears  
Than the most quiet of your love-glad sighs,  
And Helen's beauty, perished not these years,  
Seems but a cloud crossing your calm, deep eyes:  
Yet—have they virtue, though such queens shed tears,  
To win one soul from Hell to Paradise?

## iii

A Gaelic legend saith that one, Christ's Bride,  
 Shall come, even as Christ, but from the West,  
 And with white peace and holy quiet dressed,  
 Shall shepherd all the nations to her side:  
 And nameless longing like a child shall hide,  
 Forgetting the old grief, upon her breast;  
 There shall the infinity-worn soul find rest,  
 And there the sick heart shall be satisfied.  
 She is God's Thought, and if a Queen thou art,  
 As my love counts thee, thou art surely she,  
 For Heaven's flames, not Hell's fires, burn my heart,  
 Raptured with foretaste of the bliss to be,  
 Seeing thy beauty—and that fairer part  
 Which they who love not Truth can never see.

ALFRED GORDON

## VILLAGE LIFE IN THREE COUNTRIES

### CANADA

AS I used to see it in the evening, from Ste. Anne de Beaupré, or Chateau Richer, Ste. Famille had for years fascinated me. Long after the shadow of the Laurentians falls over the north shore of the St. Lawrence, that part of the Island of Orleans occupied by Ste. Famille is still in brilliant sunlight, and the procession of little farmhouses and barns, running along the cliffs from either end of the parish, glows like something moulted. This effect is increased at the highest land, where the houses cluster round the three-steepled church and old convent.

As no outsider had ever stayed there, to my knowledge, I determined that I would, and paint some real *habitants*. It was a hot day in June when I arrived. Walker had driven with me on a buck-board from the upper end of the Island, to aid in my search for a place of abode, and we had asked for accommodation, without result, at every likely-looking house for the last mile. Finally, a quarter of a mile beyond the church, we stopped before a large, square house with a broad verandah in front of it. On knocking, the door was opened by a stout, elderly woman in an old fashioned lace cap and white apron, with an attractive smile. She turned out to be Madame Michel Marquis. She and Luce, a very thin old maid, with a nut-cracker nose and chin, had been observing everything the neighbours were doing, this hot afternoon, through the slats of the green blinds. The windows being open they could see and hear, unobserved, all that was going on outside, and talk scandal to their heart's content. "Tiens! des Américains! des Américains!" had been Luce's comment on seeing us stop at the door. But although we were well received, and in spite of old Madame Marquis' fascinating smile and sympathetic face, we were given the

same answer as to accommodation that we had invariably got at the other houses, that she had nothing for me to eat; and, besides, she added, "I am not well."

Having told her she could not be so fat without having sufficient food, that what she could eat I could eat, and that the toothache she complained of would disappear shortly, I said I had decided to return with my traps on the following day, and stay with her for a few months. In spite, however, of the fact that she had hospitably stood us beer, as it was very hot, and shown me a bedroom with a dungeon of a sitting-room attached, one of the principal ornaments of which, besides the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in bright colours, was a photograph of a dear departed boy, framed in a sort of glass case and surrounded by four silver-plated coffin handles, and that she had sent for her husband Michel to inspect us, she still protested that she would not receive me, no, nor ever would.

I did arrive, however, as I promised, the following day at two o'clock, and strange to say, after several summers, we are very good friends, and I always get plenty to eat. The food is principally made up of pea soup, pork, and eggs in one form or other; although I have chicken sometimes, sturgeon caught in the fish trap on Friday, and tough beef on Saturday and Sunday; but the pea soup goes on always.

Michel Marquis,—Madame's husband,—is a thin old man with whiskers under his chin. He is the best all round workman in the parish. If you want the best of anything you go to Michel. He can make the best pump, do the best bricklaying, masonry, carpentry, or painting. In winter he converts the kitchen into a workshop where he makes furniture, principally chests of drawers. These are generally made of yellow butternut, enriched with black walnut ornaments; and although the drawers do not always run true, and are, in trying to shut them, a frequent cause of profanity, a set of them has come to be a necessary part of every properly equipped Ste. Famille bride's outfit.

The day after my arrival Michel took a day off work in my honour; he wanted to introduce me to some of his friends and to show me the place. We first visited the church, where I saw the pew he had sat in twice on Sundays and once on week days for fifty years. It is in the first row of the gallery and he appears to be in the habit of sitting with his knees crossed; for where his right toe would come in contact with the woodwork a hole two and a half inches in depth has been worn. Next we went to see the *curé*, Monsieur Gagnon, who very politely offered me a glass of wine and showed me his garden and orchard. After some other visits we arrived at Michel's foster brother's, Onézime Morency. His is a typical, old, low, stone farmhouse with a very high pitched roof. There are large barns and stables alongside. On that sunny afternoon its boarded floor, scrubbed yellow and smooth, rack with dishes, bunk in the corner, and pictures of saints on the walls made an appropriate setting for his daughter Eva, a girl of seventeen, who sat spinning. In her homespun dress, *bottes sauvages*, and braided hair, Evangeline seemed to have come back to life.

After his work is over at six, and he has had his supper and returned from evening prayers, which are at seven, Michel sits on the verandah, facing the sun setting beyond the Laurentians across the water. At first it was all very well to talk and smoke with him at that hour, but he shortly began to look on it as a duty I owed him, and gently to reproach me when I was late. Madame Marquis is afraid of the night air, and won't come out, but observes the world, for the most part, and talks to us generally, through the slats of the green blinds. I hear from them that the man with the long grey beard, sitting at his door on the other side of the road, is Joe Asselin; that he has sold his farm, and lives on the proceeds with Julie his old wife, who is nearly bent double with overwork; that the two old people in the next little house, are Jacques Guay, who was a sailor and used to own a schooner, and his wife Philomene. Monsieur Marquis tells me that the sons of the latter, who are longshoremén,

in Montreal, send them money to live on. "To live on," snorts Madame from within, "I call it dying on. They are just waiting for death in the cheapest way possible. Why, they go to bed at dark to save candles." I learn, too, that Louis Marquis, no relation of Michel's, however, lives in that other little house over there. "He was a widower," says Michel, "and married a widow, two years ago; his age being sixty-eight and hers sixty-three. You may imagine it was not a love match. It was all for money. You see, she had fifteen hundred dollars, whilst Louis had a house and five hundred dollars. As was to be expected, the marriage turned out badly. They have been separated four times in the last year, and always for the most trivial reasons. 'When,' says Louis, to all the neighbours, as an explanation of one such separation, 'she knows I like my food *salée*, why can't she make it so; she tells me to put in more salt myself, that she likes her food *doux*, and will make it so. As if she did not know as well as I do that I like my salt cooked.' And all the other causes of separation are very similar."

Although Michel knows a great deal about his neighbours, church fêtes, and how to do so many things well, most of the simplest things outside his own parish he knows nothing about. One evening he told me he had once seen a *nègre* in Quebec and asked me where negroes came from. But my explanations seemed hopeless when I found that the old man had never heard of Africa, the northern or the southern States, or of the Civil War between them. He takes one newspaper, the *Quotidien de Lévis*, because it only costs a dollar a year, and he has one book, "Le Médecin des Pauvres," which he reads because "it is so well written." Being curious to know why he considered it "bien écrit," I got for answer "because when the author has something to say that I could express in a few words he writes so well that he spreads it over four or five pages." But he understands human nature, as I found when in the long evenings I read Molière aloud to him, to avoid being questioned. "Le Médecin malgré lui" he especially appreciated. And although Madame believes that



had she sown her "bouquets" in the second quarter of the moon, instead of the first, they would have been double instead of single, she understands people and the human heart.

Sometimes neighbours come and sit and talk; Onézime Morency often did on his way home from church. On one such occasion he told me Eva was to be married the next week, and invited me to go to the dinner he was giving after the wedding. On the following Wednesday, after the church service, I was given a seat in one of the carriages forming the procession from the church to the house a mile and a-half away. The bride and groom were in the first carriage, which was followed by about twenty others. It was a very important affair.

When we arrived at the house we found that, although we had put on black coats and patent leather boots, and when dressing thought we were rather overdoing it, we were no grander than the majority of the guests, in which were included brothers, cousins, and uncles from Quebec and Montreal, who seemed to have all prospered as frame-makers, shoemakers, and tailors. As we stood about the door outside the house, great preparations were being made for dinner inside. One man known as "La Soupe" was improvising tables to seat the sixty or so people who were to dine. When "La Soupe" who was in his *bottes sauvages* and *etoffe du pays*, (working clothes) had finished his tables, he disappeared across the fields. Half an hour later we saw him enter the front gate, now arrayed in all the splendour of a frock coat and top hat; his wife in black on his arm. "La Soupe" is very ugly. He has also a sense of humour, and his magnificent bows, right and left, as he made his way to the door of the house were amusing. Shortly after this we were all asked to go in. There were about six tables, and I felt much honoured by being placed at the head of one of them, but in great trepidation about the carving. For before me on the same large platter I found I had a roast of beef and also one of mutton. I began by asking the person to my right which

she would have, when Mrs. McKay,—who although a French-Canadian, and speaks almost no English, has the name of McKay,—told me I did not need to ask that, but to give some of each to each. With this in my mind things went smoothly. My labours were relieved by being handed at intervals a small glass of pure de Kuyper gin. Water in it would not have been good enough for a wedding.

When every one had eaten and drunk a great deal, a toast to the bride and groom was proposed, which the groom answered; then the two of them sang a duet about birds that had made themselves a nest. Then others sang, and, finally, when the company was sufficiently mellow “*La Soupe*” was allowed to sing his apparently well-known *double entendre* song. At this point Pierre Létourneau hurriedly left the room, got into his rig, and went off in the direction of the church; no one knew why.

When all was cleared away dancing began. I knew the Church allowed only square dances, so, to avoid being laughed at when trying to do the complicated steps necessary in the country for the quadrille, I said I could only manage round dances, hoping really to escape altogether. But the excuse was of no avail, for shortly I was presented to Miss Drouin from Montreal, who would dance a waltz with me. Of course I was in for it and had to make the best of a difficult situation. What I was afraid would happen, did happen; we were the only dancers. The guests already in the room stood round the walls and looked; others came to the windows and looked; some standing on things to get high enough to see over the heads of those who had front places; others came to the doors and looked. Still the dance went on and on; the girl would not stop. At last it did come to an end, when I had my reward, for I was thanked on all sides for the beautiful waltz. By this time Pierre Létourneau had returned, and we found out why he had left so hurriedly.

It appears that during the banquet, whilst others were eating, and drinking, and singing, Pierre was thinking; and usually when he thinks deeply, something awkward is in store

for some one. In this case whilst thinking of ancestors he became convinced that the bride and groom were distant blood relations, and that a dispensation not having been procured, no marriage had really taken place. This he had hoped to be true; for he likes trouble. And now on his return, it gave him great pleasure to be able to announce that on examining the church registers he had found his surmise to be correct, and that the whole ceremony would have to be repeated the next morning after the proper payment for the dispensation had been made. This was a sad blow, but had to be endured. In spite of this contre-temps the festivities were not interrupted, but were kept up until early morning; the allegory of the birds and their nest, however, which the happy couple had so touchingly sung about at the wedding banquet, was not realized as soon as expected. That night the bride was taken care of by some of her maiden companions, whilst the groom was doomed to pass what remained of it in the barn amongst the hay.

The after marriage ceremony was duly performed the following morning and the couple left Ste. Famille for Quebec, there to live, I hope, happily ever after.

#### FRANCE

One summer, many years ago, I made a three months' stay in Burgundy. Fred Brown, who is now Slade Professor at University College, London, was my companion. Pontaubert, where we were is on the river Yonne in the department of that name; to get there you take train for Avallon. From Avallon by a *Route Nationale* you reach Pontaubert at the end of three miles, the celebrated old church and monastery of Vezelay being ten miles further on. Pontaubert is a group of stone and stucco farmhouses on a hilly height between two elbows of the river, which makes a great curve between them, and bounds the fields which stretch from behind the houses on one side of the village. On the opposite side, low, partly wooded hills, rise rather abruptly. The church and "grade place" form a centre.

Most of the people are small proprietors and have land for crops and pasturage, besides a vineyard. The holdings are very small; the largest proprietor being our landlord who has, everything included, about eighteen acres. You would imagine that the vineyards that cover the hills sloping to the south all belonged to one person, but this is not so, as each peasant owns a small strip, some more, some less, whose boundaries are marked by stones invisible from the distance. They take no chances as to whether a man is amongst his own vines or not when the grapes are ripe; for no one at all is allowed amongst them for ten days before the vintage. Very often a farm is made up of a field here and another there, so that it is more convenient for the farmer to live in the village and go thence to his work; there are no isolated farmhouses.

On the main street, as it leaves the "grade place" at the side farthest from the church, is our inn, with its courtyard, like the other houses, surrounded by barns and stables, from which proceed the small noises of rabbits, the cooing of pigeons, and the lowing of cows. There is also at our service across the street a bowling alley, where for exercise, usually before *déjeuner*, we played nine-pins. The main entrance to the inn is from the street. The first room immediately on entering is a very large stone-floored apartment and is the wine shop, kitchen, and dining-room, all in one. At the back of it is a room with a billiard table. The cooking is done at a large, open fireplace to the left on entering, and done well too, by a stout old woman, who, after bending double, with head invisible from a back view, over an almost imperceptible fire, for an hour or so, would produce from mysterious *casseroles* and things, a *déjeuner* fit for the most exacting *gourmet*; consisting of, perhaps, soup, an omelette, pigeons, salad crisp and fresh, cheese, and coffee; and all for four francs seventy-five a day *vin compris*. The sleeping rooms are bare and tile floored, but have clean and comfortable beds. For bath we had the river in the valley across the fields, passing as we went old women or young girls watching tethered cows, and knitting.

From our bathing place we could hear the laughter and cackle of washerwomen, gaily pounding the life out of clothes, in the morning sun.

At the far end of the village is a large house in an extensive garden, surrounded by a stone wall and many trees. We never knew who lived there, being told it was a count who was *très riche* and only spent a small part of each year in the country.

Otherwise the inhabitants are exclusively peasants or their sons who have returned after a successful career as café or small shop-keepers in Paris, or Auxerre, or somewhere else, and are referred to by their proud relations as now being *rentiers*.

Although we, no doubt, had plenty of rain at times, I remember Pontaubert as a sunny place, where morning after morning we took our way down the white and grey and red street to this or that sunlit subject; white umbrellas raised and traps of all kinds in our hands, looking, no doubt, grotesque, without fear of our appearance exciting any visible astonishment in the minds of the tolerant inhabitants. Models, old women and young ones, were easy to get, but on account of not understanding the dialect they speak amongst themselves, conversation was difficult, which was a loss, as what an amateur model of this kind has to tell you is often amusing. We employed for weeks an old woman, so old and deaf that whenever she was spoken to, while sitting half asleep in the sun and posing for us, she would invariably answer: "Yes, I am very old, I am eighty-seven." She became a beggar at a church door counting her beads: in my picture I mean. Then there was Joséphine, who was sixteen, with little, black sabots and quaint face, who posed with a pitcher in her hand on the top of a flight of outside stone steps in the shadow of a neighbour's house. It being the afternoon and house work finished, all the gossips in the neighbourhood brought out their chairs and sat in a group in the same shadow, and talked about others who were not there, in the dialect of the country. They doubtless talked about things they should

not have talked about, for one day I frightened them very much by saying something to them in their own patois which was all I knew, but pretending to know a great deal more.

On wet days, of which after all, there were a few, I liked the sabot-makers' shops best: they were so clean, with all their chips and shavings. There was one especially, where Pierre Forain worked and sang, to whom the world seemed to have many roses and the smallest possible number of thorns. The reason for his feeling so keenly the *joie de vivre* I found to be Marie the schoolmaster's daughter, whom I had often noticed passing on errands, perhaps oftener than necessary. However that may be, one day towards the end of July she appeared in the wine shop, just as we had finished our mid-day meal, accompanied by her father and Pierre. The old man having told us that his daughter and the young sabot-maker were to be married, and that the wedding would take place in two weeks' time, Marie, struggling with her blushes and confusion, managed to present us each with a handful of *dragées*, which I found to be the prelude to an invitation to two balls that were to take place, one the evening of the day of the wedding and the other the day after. We promised to go, and the trio continued their walk, announcing the marriage to all their friends and giving *dragées* as they issued invitations.

On the day of the wedding the church bells seemed to ring continuously from daylight until ten o'clock, or later. After the church ceremonies and the wedding breakfast, which I did not see, the procession started. This consisted of those who had been asked to the wedding breakfast, fourteen in number; the men in top hats and black broadcloth coats, to which they were so unaccustomed that, although when in ordinary working clothes they looked like stalwart fellows with a swinging gait, in this garb they looked clumsy and *gauche*. The girls, as is usually the case, looked much smarter in their fine feathers. The procession led by a fiddler was at first a more or less solemn one, and the airs he played were dignified; but on its return, after visiting friends not only

in Pontaubert but in the two neighbouring villages, it was much less solemn and the fiddler played his gayest marches. The fourteen who formed the procession were the only real wedding guests. Others were invited to different entertainments in connexion with the festivities, such as the ball given on each of the two evenings. But the fortunate fourteen were supplied with food and drink as a reward presumably for supporting, entertaining (I should have thought, being in the way of) the unfortunate, newly wedded couple for two whole days and nights.

The ball to which I was invited took place in the *grande-salle* of an inn on the outskirts of the town. It was brilliantly lighted and the whole appearance of the place, aided by music from two violins and a harp, was very inviting, and not in any sense squalid. Many of the young fellows came in new, blue smocks, and looked more at home than the superior beings who wore black broadcloth. There is very little left in the way of local female costume, all the girls being dressed in fashions of a Parisian kind, more or less rich, according to their means. I suppose I looked as if I would like to join in the dance and as if I did not know how to make the first advances, for shortly the bride came up and asked me if I would dance a waltz with her. I did, and several more, after which I left. But it appears the last guests did not leave till after four in the morning.

About eleven next morning as I was seated at work outside the village on the other side of the river, I heard the sound of a fiddle faintly, then louder, until the eternal procession appeared in silhouette against the sky crossing the bridge a few hundred yards off. It then wound its way towards me along the river bank until I found myself surrounded. After jokes of every kind had been exchanged amongst themselves, and admiration of what I was doing expressed, they all sat down under some trees close by, where they laughed and sang and told stories which, had Boccaccio heard, I do not doubt would have made him add several numbers to his

"Decameron." After a dinner and ball again that night the unhappy couple were allowed to go their way in peace.

We had no very grand friends at Pontaubert, but some very warm-hearted ones. There was Michel, the mason; Petit Coq, the baker; and Jules Chauvin, the miller. I was Monsieur Guillaume, and Brown was Monsieur Frederick. We had games with the three, sometimes of nine-pins during the day on the green across the way; but oftener of billiards at night in the room behind the wine shop. We never played on Sundays or fête days, which were reserved for village sports who decided at such times by contests of skill who should pay for the *petit vin* they drank. The green bowling alley was always in good condition but so much could not be said for the billiard table. It was very old and small and its cushions had got wizened and hard. The balls were large and heavy and the cue tips measured half an inch across, and it took all the mason's muscle to make an all round the table shot, of which he was very fond. Our last night was celebrated by a memorable tournament, during the progress of which our Pontaubert friends offered a *punch au vin chaud* served in a huge bowl, in order that we might all *trinquer* in honour of the sad occasion. After a like refreshment ordered in by us, and consumed amidst much smoke and many songs from the miller, and a few from Petit Coq, we said good-night and good-bye. It was time, for the distant sound of horses' hoofs warned us that the *gendarme* would pass in a minute or two and that our landlord ought then to have his house closed for the night. It was eleven o'clock.

#### ENGLAND

We are at the Sheffield Arms at Runswick, in Yorkshire. "We" means, Jackson, Lawson, and I. Jackson brought us here; he knew the place and said there were plenty of painting subjects to be found; but he has now left us to our own devices for a time, and we feel stranded, and as if we had got into the most foreign country we had ever been in. The food is good, but we are almost starving. When we are placed



before a twelve pound roast of beef of the best that can be produced and quantities of potatoes, we do not seem, after the little Paris restaurants we have been accustomed to, to know what to do or where to begin; and when this is followed by cheese cakes, and a quarter of a large factory cheese, over which we can hardly see one another, we are in despair. Good spring water also seems objectionable.

Then some of the notices in windows at Hinderwell and Staithes, places we have walked to, make us feel how out of it we are. "Hot water a penny and a free table," or the Misses Jones will sing at a "meat tea," to be given in aid of the Methodist foreign missions. We have heard of beef tea and of tea meetings, but a "meat tea," like so many other things here, is strange to us.

This little hotel is in a field a few paces off the road, and although not visible from our door, the village of Runswick is only a few hundred yards away. It is over the cliff which ends the field, and between that and the German Ocean below.

Runswick is built in three stories, with paths and stairs from one storey to the other. Coals have to be carried in baskets on women's heads from the top of the hill down to the houses by the sea. There is one road down, but it seems to be too steep for a heavy load. It is wonderful what a weight these women can carry on their heads without an effort. Troops of them, carrying bait from the mussel beds between this and Whitby, pass Runswick on their way back to Staithes, and are very picturesque.

One thing that makes the difference between a village such as this in England or anywhere in Europe and one of its kind in Canada, is the atmosphere there is behind all the people and buildings. It is made up of mysterious things that happened to both, generations ago. Our landlady, who doses in the evening in front of a huge fire while Jane and Maggie finish washing the dishes in her sanded floored kitchen, told me that her father was a brother of Lord John Manners. She says he ruined himself with horse racing, but consoles herself for her descent from the "quality" to the working

classes, by saying that, "if everyone was oup i' the world ther'd be nobody to do the wark." She tells me too, that her husband's mother was sold to his father in a halter in the market place at Loftus, and that it was the last sale of the kind in England.

She also informs me that Brown is a great grand-nephew of an "ould say captain of the name of Couk." This, I, with great acumen, discovered to mean Captain Cook. I had known Captain Cook from my earliest infancy, and knew that he had been eaten by cannibals, but looked on him as a sort of dreadful example of what too much circumnavigating may lead to. But to see his spirit-level, and great grand-nephew in the flesh, made him into a real, although an unfortunate, person.

Mrs. Brown is a very big and portly woman, with apparently only one tooth. Perhaps this one tooth is so large and prominent that it hides others. She has very large, red arms, always bare, and talks about "Chaise kicks," "these pairts," and the "lads," of whom she has no good to say. While she sits before the fire in the evening and the maids work, Brown, who is a small man, plays cards with Gyp, the grave-digger, in a corner. They have on the table between them a "moog of ale," the contents of which they gradually imbibe, sup about, and then have another.

The centre of the village over the cliff, and of its life, is the cockpit. It is no longer really a cockpit; and I cannot find anyone who ever knew it as a place where cocks were fought—there are only legends to that effect—but it is a clear space on the first storey of the village, some forty feet above the water, whence the state of the weather can be observed and forecasts made. It has a rough bench on it, usually occupied by Andrew Clark, the oldest inhabitant, with his short, black clay, Toze, the coxswain of the life-boat, Sanders the blacksmith, and old Jousy.

When a regular parliament is on, younger men stand about with their hands in their pockets. The eternal talk is about what kind of weather is coming. It seems to us that

the decision that it is going to be too bad to venture out, and that there will be no fishing that day, is arrived at as often as possible.

In a little, steep, stone paved street, with steps at intervals, just behind the cockpit, is the shop kept by Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster is an old bachelor and the only rich man in the place. When the fishing is bad he gives credit and tides things over. He has only slept once away from his own house in fifty years; and that on a celebrated occasion when he went to Newcastle. He has red hair and a cat twenty-six years old, whose fur is rubbed off at all its corners.

Every man in Runswick has a dog, and it is wonderful how fond these dogs are of hares, and how well they understand the art of catching them. It happens in this way: the master wanders along the beach in bad weather, when fishing is out of the question, in search of Whitby jet; of course the dog goes along too, but is forgotten and disappears. His master's interest in Whitby jet is so great that he forgets all about Fido, until, to his astonishment, the dog returns with a hare in his mouth. He can't, of course, allow his dog to get into trouble with the game-keepers, so he immediately conceals the hare under his blue jersey. The result is that when the men return home they have often increased enormously in size.

They also buy wine, spirits, and cigars from Dutch and Belgian vessels lying out at sea just beyond the three-mile limit; but Mr. Hatt, the coastguard, tells me that although he knows all about it he says nothing as long as what they buy is kept in the village and not sold all over the county.

I have got well under way with a large picture. It represents a lot of little girls on a hillside, some making a daisy chain, while others are picking flowers. Mr. Hatt, the coastguard before mentioned, has lent me his tiny orchard, which has a gate and a key, to use as my studio. I can get children any day but Saturday to sit; but Saturday they won't do anything for me for love or money; it's a holiday. They all go to an old dame's school, and she has consented

to hand me out one at a time during school hours as I want them. The holiday this gives them and the importance of being asked for, more than the sixpence they get from me, reconcile them to sitting still for an hour or two. With, "noo, Jeannie, thoo beha' theesel', or I'll warm thee," the little girl is handed over. On the road to the orchard Jeannie, who is nine and small for her age, says, "I hope the truuant maister wont see me, but if he doos I'll jist say I's twinty." I say "all right," and with a clear conscience we start to work.

In the evening Jeannie, whose power of forethought and organization may be guessed from her preparation for the reception of the truuant maister should he come along, will be the leader in the games, all the little girls of the place then play on the piece of flat green sward which forms the bank of the cockpit. Here in the warm light of the sun's after-glow, from above the cliff, with the moon rising across the sea in front, these children dance "ring a ring a rosey" and play "kiss in the ring," singing at the same time the song appropriate to each in their sweet childish voices. Again, the background comes up of mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers, and still others, having done the same thing for centuries before these children were born.

In August a marriage took place in Runswick; Lizzie Taylor, known as Lizzie Toze,—for she, like most others, has a family nickname,—was the bride. As she, in common with everyone else in the place for that matter, had done us many good turns we gave her a wedding present, consisting of a dozen plated knives, forks, and spoons. The evening before the wedding we were all asked to go to the "wedding house" to see the presents. Ours we found to be considered the grandest, but Tolmache's—Tolmache is a painter who has recently arrived—a lamp, ran it a good second. He gave the lamp in his own name; but besides, anonymously, a baby's cradle with china twins pinned to the pillow. He did not want it to be known who had sent the cradle, but of course it was easily found out, and it was thought to be a fine joke.

The wedding breakfast next morning, at seven o'clock, to which we were asked, we tried to avoid by not awakening in time. But it was useless, as before that hour guns were fired off at our windows, so that there was no possible excuse for over-sleeping. When after hurriedly dressing, in answer to this loud summons, we got outside the front door, we found there a fishing girl apiece, waiting to conduct us to the "wedding house." The breakfast consisted of cakes, ale, and spirits of all kinds,—no bread, tea, or coffee. These were common and to be had every day. At eight o'clock, the bride and groom to be started, accompanied by two bridesmaids with their escorts, for Hinderwell, a mile off, where the parish church is, there being only a Baptist chapel in Runswick itself. On their way to Hinderwell they called at the Sheffield Arms, had drinks, and left money in order that any one who might come along during the morning should have a drink too, for luck. By the time of the church service the men must have been a little the worse of wear. Certainly by noon, when they reappeared in Runswick they had to be supported in their uncertain walk by the three girls. This is not surprising, as on the way home after calling at two public houses in Hinderwell and again at the "Sheffield," they had to run the gauntlet of the village itself. From every house in Runswick as they came down the hill there issued a woman with a bowl of hot spiced spirits of some kind or other; gin, brandy, or rum. They call this "meeting them with the pots," and to have refused to drink would have been an insult. The poor, new husband when he got back once more to the "wedding house" had to have his collar cut in case of apoplexy, and be put to bed. However, at five o'clock in the races run on the sands, which form part of the ceremonies, Robinson, the best man, won the ribbons although he was in as bad condition as the bridegroom when he arrived at noon.

The last entertainment in connexion with the wedding took place the next evening, and might be described as a "smoker" with ladies present. It was given by the bride's

father, Toze, the coxswain, in a room twelve feet square, with a table in the centre, and chairs ranged around the walls. The chairs were sufficient in number to seat all the men, but the ladies had to stand up or sit on the men's knees. They did not stand up. This did not surprise us, as when you call at any house in the place, there being a great scarcity of chairs, the girls usually do this, under the eyes of their parents in preference to standing.

Lawson refused to have a girl on his knee, so to avoid trouble he drew his chair to the table where, having his knees under it, he was safe. The result of this selfishness on his part was that poor Jackson had to have two. Lawson was comparatively happy with his knees protected at first, but when the coxswain, who had announced his intention of singing three hundred and sixty-five songs,—one for every day in the year,—had got to his fifteenth song and tenth glass of beer, his troubles culminated. For when Toze, who stood beside the table to sing, in the excitement of the fifteenth song, began beating time on his head with a tin tray, poor Lawson much irritated already by the general conduct of the whole entertainment and enduring with impatience the combined misery of noise, tobacco-smoke, intense heat, and bad air, was driven in a frenzy from the room. We also left shortly; the next day life became normal again.

W. BRYMNER

## METHODISTS AND PRESBYTERIAN SCOTLAND

THOSE minds which are considering the question of union between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches will find something of interest in the story of the dealings of the Presbyterians of Scotland with George Whitefield and John Wesley. Hitherto there has been little or no impulse from without to explore this interesting and instructive episode in religious history. The institutions created by the great Methodist preachers in Scotland were never so great that either Methodist or Presbyterian historians should dwell on them; and Scottish historians, as is only human, have laid stress on the steady and continuous succession of evangelical preachers which their own church has produced. Burton, it is true, refers to Whitefield's first visit and mentions the revival at Cambuslang: "There had arisen one of those strange and melancholy exhibitions called religious revivals, with which, fortunately, Scotland has been but rarely and but casually visited." Not a word suggests that it may have grown out of the Methodist movement, though Burton does say that when Whitefield appeared and preached "the spiritual tempest was worked up to its wildest climax." Similarly, Cunningham, in his "Church History of Scotland," tells of Whitefield's clash with the seceders and of his preaching, but does not suggest any connexion of the great evangelist with the beginning of the "Cambuslang work." This, we are told, "occurred, not under the preaching of Whitefield, but under the preaching of Mr. McCulloch, the pastor of the parish." Later, Whitefield arrived, "increasing the excitement by his impassioned oratory." Finally, Cunningham dismisses the revival, which spread to various parts, by saying, "Like an epidemic, it had mysteriously come and it now as mysteriously disappeared;" much as a solemn medicine-man might close a

discussion on an eclipse of the sun beyond his wit to explain, or a virulent plague beyond his skill to diagnose. In conclusion, the work of the first Methodists at large, which was far more important than the first ebullition of religious emotion, receives even scantier recognition. John Wesley is not once referred to, though he visited Scotland twenty-four times; nor is Whitefield's activity followed up, though he crossed the border and aroused the church by his eloquence on fourteen several occasions. All this does much credit to the Scotsman's ancient instinct for maintaining the independence of his land, and perhaps history is, after all, a small sacrifice to lay on the altar of one's country.

However, in these latter times, the Rev. D. Butler, formerly parish minister of Abernethy, Perthshire, and now of Galashiels, has, I know not under what impulse, thrown a flood of light upon this interesting episode in his admirable volumes, "John Wesley and George Whitefield in Scotland," (1898), and "Henry Scougal and the Oxford Methodists," (1899), so that we are now enabled to form something like a discriminating judgement of the relations of the earliest Methodists with the Presbyterians in Scotland.

The first thing that is apparent is that Whitefield and Charles Wesley, and presumably also John Wesley, owed a very great deal to Scottish Presbyterianism; for from Scotland there made its way to Oxford and into the so-called, "Holy Club," founded by Charles Wesley, and into the hands of particular members of it who can be named, at dates which can be specified, a fountain of inspiration in the form of a little treatise entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," the same being by one, Henry Scougal, born in the manse at Leuchars (1650), and educated at King's College, Aberdeen. His father afterwards accepted an appointment as Bishop of Aberdeen from Charles II; but the bishops created by the Stuarts did not prevent the Church of Scotland from remaining in heart and life Presbyterian. Henry Scougal was for a year parish minister of Auchterless, about twenty miles from Aberdeen, and then became Professor of Divinity in King's



College, Aberdeen, where he died in 1678, at the early age of twenty-eight years.

"The Life of God in the Soul of Man" was first published in 1677, in an octavo volume of 128 pages. Its matter may best be summed up under two heads: (1) "What Religion is. . . . It is Christ formed within us. . . . I know not how the Nature of Religion can be more fully expressed than by calling it a Divine Life, and under these terms I shall discourse of it." The question is then asked, "Wherein the life doth consist?" In sharp contrast with the general opinion of the time which made orthodoxy a chief feature in religion, this saint answers: "Love to God, charity to Man, purity and humility;" but he is no mere mystic, seeking by meditation to fill his inward life with quiescent moral emotions. "Religion," he says, "is better understood by actions than by words." (2) Scougal then turns to the "Methods"—it is his own word—"by which we attain so great a felicity" as the divine life, i.e. to the acts in meditation, the focussings of the thought and emotion by which the various elements in the divine life may become characteristics of the Christian's soul. "We must endeavour to form internal acts of devotion, charity, etc." For example, "We should meditate on His goodness and love. . . . To beget Charity we must remember that all men are nearly related unto God. . . . To beget purity, we should consider the dignity of our nature. . . . Humility ariseth from the consideration of our failings. . . . Prayer [is] another instrument of Religion," and finally, the sacrament. The young writer concludes, "Thus I have briefly proposed the Method which I judge proper for moulding the soul into a holy frame."

I have tried to cull from this little flower of Scottish piety its honied essence in order to explain the influence it exerted in the little groups at Oxford which a scoffing generation of students nicknamed the "Holy Club," and "the Methodists," because they adopted a methodical system of study and of pious exercises, such as might be suggested by Henry Scougal's book. Now let us see it at work. The little book, we ascer-

tain by the testimony of Mrs. Wesley, was known in the rectory at Epworth. It was reprinted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in London in 1726. That year Charles Wesley passed from the rectory at Epworth to the University of Oxford, and in 1729 drew together a little company who met for mutual, intellectual, and spiritual improvement, "the Methodists" in fact. Some of the favourite books in this group are known—Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," William Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," and his "Practical Treatise of Christian Perfection," and finally Henry Scougal's "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." That this last was not least, at any rate in the mind of Charles Wesley, the founder of the "Holy Club," is witnessed by his giving it to George Whitefield when he was beginning to hover on the outside edge of the circle (1732).

The irresistible suggestion is that it played at least a considerable part in the religious growth of Wesley himself and all his group, though of that we have no distinct record. However, let George Whitefield declare what the book did for him:<sup>1</sup> "In a short time (i.e. after a first loan of books by Charles Wesley), he let me have another book entitled, 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' and though I had fasted, watched, and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I never knew what true religion was till God sent me that excellent treatise by the hand of my never-to-be-forgotten friend. At my first reading I wondered what the author meant by saying that some falsely placed religion in going to church, doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet, and now and then reaching out their alms to their poor neighbours. 'Alas,' thought I, 'if this is not religion, what is?' God soon showed me; for on reading a few lines further, that 'true religion was a union of the Soul with God and Christ formed within us,' a ray of divine light was instantaneously darted in upon my soul, and from that

<sup>1</sup> "The Full Account of the Life and Dealings of God with the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield" (1745).

moment, but not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature."

If the primal emotions and fundamental, all-comprehensive conception of religion constitute the foundation of any religious movement and the institutions in which it ultimately embodies itself, then the life of George Whitefield, and to some extent the two Wesleys, and their great movement and its institutions were built up in very large measure upon stones quarried in Scottish Presbyterianism; and one great impulse, of the many which made Methodism, came from Scotland.

A second influence from the north—neither so clear nor so important as the first—appears in the Calvinism of Whitefield. It will be remembered that he believed in election, while John Wesley believed in free-will, free-grace, which may be vaguely traced to the two Erskines, the genii of the Scottish Secession Church. Ebenezer Erskine, the founder of the body, may be described as an evangelical and Calvinistic High Church Presbyterian, that is, to the preaching of a fervent Gospel he added an unshakable sense of the divine right of Presbytery and the divine truth of the Presbyterian standards, the same being Calvinistic. General Assembly has passed an undemocratic Act (1732) withdrawing the right to call ministers from the congregation at large, and restricting it to the elders along with the "heritors" or the town council, as the case might be. Erskine had the temerity to treat this Act as fallible and reversible, and agitated against it accordingly. He was summoned to the bar of Assembly and rebuked, but entered his protest in memorable words: "To imagine all acts of Assembly to be standards of discipline is to enslave our conscience to the humours or rash decisions of men." One of the grave responsibilities associated with the Presbyterian form of government is that men who, taken as individuals, are gentle and even humble, when massed as a majority in Presbytery or Assembly, acquire a sort of collective infallibility not always good for the church. At any rate, General Assembly regarded Erskine's protest as bordering on treason, and dismissed him from his charge.

Accordingly, along with a small group of sympathizing ministers and ultimately his brother Ralph, he formed a secession under the name of the Associate Presbytery. They were evangelical and they needed support; and, being few, they turned to Whitefield, whose name had gone abroad over the land. In May, 1739, Ralph Erskine invited him to Scotland; in June, Whitefield's Journal reports him as reading the sermons of the Erskines, and thereafter he first mentioned his Calvinistic views in a sermon. The inference is that he drew his Calvinism, as well as his conception of religion, from Scotland; but this must be qualified by the fact that his contemporaries attributed it, not to Scotland, but specifically to Jonathan Edwards, with whom he came into contact in New England.

Let us turn now to consider the elements in the early Methodists' preaching which would put them into sympathy or antagonism with the Scots. This brings us to John Wesley. He also was of Oxford and of the "Holy Club." Indeed, he ultimately supplanted his brother Charles in the leadership of the "Methodist" circle. It is fair to assume, then, that he knew Scougal's "excellent treatise" and was helped by it, but the little book did not create the transformation of view and of feeling in his life that it did in that of George Whitefield. That which he regarded as his conversion came somewhat later through the influence of German Moravians (how international the christianity that is of the heart really is!), at a prayer-meeting in Aldersgate St., London. Let him describe the whole occurrence: "About a quarter before nine, while he, [one who was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans] was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ; I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. . . . I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart."

By this happening, John Wesley took his place at the side of Whitefield in regarding religion as an inward experience, a heart-life before it would become an external practice. In this the two were one, and also in its necessary consequence, the relegation of mere orthodoxy to the background of the religious consciousness. As Jeremy Taylor had already put it: "Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge." Here the Methodists were in the forefront of the progressive thought of their time. That Christianity is not an orthodoxy but a life, a divine life through Jesus Christ, is the instinctive finding of the mystic. But it was not the view of the Scottish Christianity of that day taken as a whole. There orthodoxy of the type of the Calvinistic Reformation was an integral and an indispensable part of religion. Scotsmen did not talk so much as the Methodists of "lost souls" but of people "destitute of religious instruction." Preaching was not so much as it was with John Wesley "proclaiming the mercy of Christ," but rather expounding the truth. However, the advance of general culture, the critical mind and the modern spirit called in those days comprehensively, "moderatism," tended to soften the dogmatic obduracy of Scottish Presbyterianism and to reduce Christianity to a life, alas! often a mere correct life. Obviously, John Wesley's belief in the free-will would be against him when he crossed the border to a land where true thinking after the Calvinistic views was an essential part of religion; and their proclaiming an experience a life rather than a theological system, as well as their un-Scottish emotionalism, would be against both Wesley and Whitefield.

Yet there were many points at which the Scots would at once understand the two preachers. They would grasp immediately Whitefield's Calvinism. They would be led on to take a kindlier view of Wesley, and, like Whitefield, to ignore the man's Arminianism for the good he did. The growth of 'moderatism' would make this easier. Moreover, many features in the Methodist movement which struck the Church of England with horror, were quite normal, or at least nothing

extraordinary, in Scotland. Field-preaching in Covenanted times had been quite usual—indeed, almost the only way of worship for those who would not compromise with the government, and it had been revived by the Secession. That religious worship should consist of singing, extempore prayer, and, most important of all, of “preaching the Word,” was unknown among Anglican divines and was found in England only in the rare and secluded non-conformist chapels. On the other hand it had been the method of worship for which Scotland had suffered much at the hand of tyrannical kings. Had not the Scottish Confession of Faith (1560) declared: “The notes of the trew Kirk of God we beleve, confesse, and avow to be, first the trew preaching of the Worde of God . . . secundly, the right administration of the sacraments of Christ Jesus . . . lastly, Ecclesiastical discipline uprightlie ministred, as Goddes Worde prescribes, whereby vice is repressed and vertew nurished”—the very foundation stones of Methodism. That laymen should venture publicly to address a religious plea to a congregation was unheard of in the English Church. In Scotland, from the beginning, laymen and elders had their conspicuous place in the congregation, ruling the people and, if necessary, addressing them—though the Scottish elder has always been over-awed by the learning of the ministers.

Let us see how the sturdy people of the north actually received the Methodists. Whitefield’s friendship with the Erskines it was that opened the door to him, though it must be remembered that he was already the most famous orator in the English-speaking world. He met with the Associate Presbytery at Dunfermline in 1741, who, as we have said, while evangelical in their desire to bring God’s word home to the people, were sticklers for the orthodoxy and divine right of Presbyterianism. Let Whitefield describe the experience: “I met most of them, according to appointment, on Wednesday last. A set of grave, venerable men! They soon proposed to form themselves into a presbytery and were proposing to choose a moderator. I asked them, for what

purpose? They answered, to . . . set me right about the matter of church government, and the Solemn League and Covenant. I replied they might save themselves the trouble, for I had no scruples about it; and that settling church government and preaching about the Solemn League and Covenant was not my plan. I then told them something about my experience, and how I was led out into my present way of acting. One, in particular, said he was deeply affected; and dear Mr. Erskine desired they would have patience with me; for that, having been born and bred in England, and having never studied the point, I could not be supposed to be so perfectly acquainted with the nature of their covenants. One, much warmer than the rest, immediately replied that no indulgence was to be shown me; that England had revolted most with respect to church government . . . I asked them seriously what they would have me to do? The answer was that I was not desired to subscribe immediately to the Solemn League and Covenant, but to preach only for them till I had further light. I asked, 'Why only for them?' Mr. Ralph Erskine said they were the Lord's people. I then asked whether there were no other Lord's people but themselves? and, supposing all others were devil's people, they certainly had more need to be preached to; and therefore, I was more and more determined to go out into the highways and hedges; and that if the Pope himself would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly proclaim the righteousness of Christ therein. . . The consequence of all this was an open breach. I retired; I wept; I prayed; and after preaching in the fields, sat down and dined with them and took a final leave."

No one is to blame for the disagreement between Whitefield and the Secession. Both parties were evangelical, but the Erskines, as I have said, were the High Churchmen of the times, holding the views of the Reformation, it is true, but in their later and stereotyped edition which identified the Gospel with Presbyterian forms of government and belief. Whitefield stood at the point to which, through religious and in-

tellectual changes, Britain had come. He preached the simple Gospel with a very marked indifference as to outward forms and theological standards: this, be it noted, while his beliefs were not essentially different from those of the Erskines. Hence the breach.

On the other hand, the Kirk of Scotland, in that it comprehended within its wide fold at once evangelical and "moderate" spirits, could understand Whitefield, especially as he was a Calvinist, and I suppose the ministers were human enough to welcome him all the more warmly because he had broken with the Seceders. At any rate, he was received with open arms. He writes from Edinburgh, August 8th, 1741: "On Sunday evening last I preached in a field near the Orphan House to upwards of fifteen thousand people; and on Monday, Friday, and Saturday evenings to near as many. On Tuesday I preached in the Canongate Church, on Wednesday and Thursday at Dunfermline, and on Friday morning at Queensferry. Everywhere the auditories were large and very attentive. Great power accompanied the Word. Many have been brought under conviction."

All classes, rich and poor, came to hear him. The *Scots' Magazine* perhaps gives a fair idea of the light in which he appeared to the "moderate" laymen of the time: "This gentleman recommends the essentials of religion and decries the distinguishing punctilios of parties; mentions often the circumstances of his own regeneration and what success he has had in his ministerial labour." At Glasgow, Whitefield preached some ten times, mostly in the High Churchyard. At the request of his hearers he printed each sermon after preaching it, and thus put it at once into circulation. He was given the honour of the freedom of six Scottish towns, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Sterling, Paisley, and Irvine in 1742, and Edinburgh in 1762; and he was the guest of His Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Earl of Leven and Melville.

Mr. Butler's wide-spread net has gathered many references to the results of this first sojourn of Whitefield in Scotland,



which lasted thirteen weeks. An Edinburgh minister writes to the great preacher: "Since you left Scotland numbers in different places have been awakened. Religion in this sinful city revives and flourishes. People hear the Word with gladness, and receive it in faith and love. New meetings for prayer and spiritual conference are being begun everywhere. Religious conversation has banished slander and calumny from several tea-tables. Praise is perfected out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Some stout-hearted sinners are captivated to the obedience of Christ."

A minister of Aberdeen wrote, and there is a sincere personal note in his words, that Mr. Whitefield had revived in that city "a just sense and concern for the great things of religion. I often think that the Lord sent him here to teach me how to preach, and especially how to suffer. His attachment to no party but to Christ appears to me a peculiar excellence in him."

From Dundee, another wrote: "I look upon this youth as raised up by God for special service, for promoting true Christianity in the world and for reviving it where it is decayed. . . . Many here are blessing God for sending him to this country. . . . God by owning him so wonderfully is pleased to give a rebuke to all intemperate bigotry and party zeal, and to tell us that neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth, but the new creature." The whole story is very much to the honour of Mr. Whitefield and to the credit of the evangelic spirit and large-mindedness of the ministers of the Kirk, and of Scotland in general. So, also, was the Cambuslang revival, which commenced between Mr. Whitefield's first and second visit; and was a ripple of Scottish evangelical fervour, raised under favourable conditions, not by Mr. Whitefield's presence, but rather by his work elsewhere.

Cambuslang is a parish near the left bank of the Clyde, some four and a half miles above Glasgow. Its minister was the Rev. William McCulloch, a well-educated, enlightened, zealous, progressive young man. Scottish Presbyterianism has

always had a quota of educated young ministers, thoroughly Scottish in their instincts, yet with eager eyes cast abroad—to Geneva, to England, to Germany, to missionary lands, as the case might be—for such new light or fresh guidance as the Lord may be granting to his church scattered through every race and speaking every tongue. Mr. McCulloch had his eye early set upon Whitefield's movement as a great religious phenomenon. Possibly he had a certain initial sympathy with him through his own custom of preaching in the open fields. His worshipping flock was too large for his little church and, more concerned about his people than the decorum of his rites, he was wont to hold his services, in fine weather, on "a brae . . . . near the church, scooped out by nature in the form of an amphitheatre." There he preached to large congregations, whose attention he would call to the astonishing ministrations of Mr. Whitefield in England and America. Mr. McCulloch had met Mr. Whitefield in Glasgow, and watched the results of his work there with great care. He afterwards wrote what reads like a report of it to Mr. Whitefield himself. In a narrative of the revival, attested by Mr. McCulloch himself, it is told how, for "nearly a twelvemonth before the work began, he had been preaching on those subjects which tend most directly to explain the nature and prove the necessity of regeneration, according to the different lights in which that important matter is represented in Scripture." At the end of January, 1742, Whitefield having been in Glasgow, four and a half miles away, in September, 1741, "a more than ordinary concern about religion appeared among the people" at Cambuslang. More preaching was petitioned for, and circles for prayer were formed in the homes. Yet the movement was characteristically Scottish. People, "under deep concern about their salvation," were not dragged to the penitential bench, but came to the minister at the manse. The people again asked for more preaching, and a daily sermon was given. At the end of April, Mr. McCulloch was able to write Whitefield that "about three hundred souls have been awakened . . . . more than two hundred of whom are,

I believe, hopefully converted and brought home to God." On June 3rd, Mr. Whitefield landed at Leith for his second visit to Scotland, and was to be present at communion at Cambuslang on Sunday, July 11th. He reached that place on the Tuesday. Since the great Covenanting days, communion-tides, rare in those days, had been from time to time occasions for vast gatherings and a more than ordinary religious fervour; but nothing Scotland had ever seen could equal, for numbers or for emotion, the masses assembled to hear Whitefield. "It far outdid all that ever I saw in America," writes the great preacher. "For about an hour and a half there was such weeping, so many falling into deep distress and manifesting it in various ways, that description is impossible. The people seemed to be smitten by scores. They were carried off and brought into the house like wounded soldiers taken from a field of battle. Their agonies and cries were deeply affecting. Mr. McCulloch preached after I had done, till past one o'clock in the morning, and even then the people could scarcely be got to retire. Throughout the whole night might the voice of prayer and praise be still heard in the fields."

One Sunday some 20,000 were present. Communion tokens were issued to more than 1,700. Seventeen services were held in succession, and as many tables spread in the open, as, I believe, was the custom till not so long ago in Highland Cape Breton. Five hundred souls were believed to have been awakened. A second communion of a similar nature was held in little more than a month (August 15th), likewise with Mr. Whitefield present, and was yet more remarkable for numbers and for emotion. "Very great but decent weeping and mourning was observable through the auditory." For our purpose, the important thing was that as many as eleven ministers with elders from many parts of Scotland, including Edinburgh and Glasgow, were present, showing that the interest and sympathy were general. Accordingly, the revival spread to many other Presbyteries and parishes, to Glasgow, Irvine, Edinburgh, Dundee, Crieff, Nairn, and as far north as Cromarty and Goldspie. The whole movement was a

welling-up of the native springs of religion; but the great stimulus from the beginning had been Mr. Whitefield. This could only be because Scottish piety and the springs of life in Mr. Whitefield had a common source beneath the surface.

Yet there were those who looked askance at revivals, particularly the Cameronians and Seceders. These last proclaimed a day of fasting and humiliation through their whole body for having countenanced Mr. Whitefield, "a priest of the Church of England, who had sworn the Oath of Supremacy and abjured the Solemn League and Covenant," as well as "for the symptoms of delusion attending the present awful work upon the bodies and spirits of men going on at Cam-buslang."

There are some who insist that religious emotionalism and revivals are not a great and good thing, and believe with Burton that they are "strange and melancholy exhibitions." The point is that Whitefield was understood and welcomed by the Kirk of Scotland. Only on one sojourn was there this more than ordinary ebullition of feeling. Fourteen different times, covering twenty-seven years, did he visit Scotland, always welcomed, always stimulating, the guest almost of the whole nation. For example, on his fifth visit (1751) he preached to a great congregation at Irvine, "at the desire of the magistrates," and in his ninth visit addressed General Assembly with great applause (1757), while "many ministers, perhaps a hundred at a time" attended his meetings then being held in the city of Edinburgh.

It was much the same with John Wesley, whose twenty-two visits to Scotland, spread over a period of thirty-nine years, have received scant attention from historians. Neither Burton nor Lang, secular writers, nor the church-historian, Cunningham, mentions them. They are, it is true, less interesting than those of Whitefield. They did not create such a ripple of feeling, but that does not prevent them from being influential and, from the point of view of the relations of the first Methodists and Scottish Presbyterianism, quite inter-

esting. There were reasons why Wesley's welcome was not so marked. He was a colder man. His sermons were more argumentative and less impassioned. He was not a Calvinist. Both he and Whitefield believed in a heart-religion, the work of divine grace, Whitefield preached God's grace to all, believing that the Lord would select his own to whom to grant it. Wesley likewise preached grace to all, but he believed all had the free-will to accept it and God's offer was free-grace to all. In a word, in their Gospel and in their practice in preaching they were at one; in their philosophy of it they differed, and though they had their controversies, they strove to keep the philosophy in the background. Wesley knew, however, that it would make a difference in Scotland, and wrote: "If God sends me, people will hear. And I will give them no provocation to dispute; for I will studiously avoid controverted points, and keep to the fundamental truths of Christianity; and if they still begin to dispute, they may, but I will not dispute with them."

Lastly, John Wesley was an organizer, while Whitefield devoted himself wholly to preaching. The latter, therefore, made it his policy to work for and through the existing Scottish organization, and regarded it as "a mistake" for Wesley to found societies. Wesley, on the other hand, had great faith in his societies, which he did not regard as constituting a church, but much as we might regard the Christian Endeavour Society, as a shelter and means of mutual care to his converts. Wesley thus left himself open to the appearance of being an intruder in a parish, founding independent organizations. Yet the welcome he received was great enough to bring him back again and again, over a period of thirty-nine years. It is true that the managers of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, did not build an open-air auditorium and charge a fee to hear him as they did for Whitefield; but churches of the Kirk were at his disposal on every side. Scottish cities, Perth and Arbroath, honoured him with the freedom of the city, though not so freely as had been the case with Whitefield. Ministers and people welcomed him as they had done his fellow-labourer,

though not so fervidly. He writes during his sixth visit: "Surely never was there a more open door. The four ministers of Aberdeen, the ministers of the adjoining town, and the three ministers of Old Aberdeen, hitherto seem to have no dislike, but rather to 'wish us good luck in the name of the Lord.' Most of the town's people as yet wish us well, so that there is no opposition of any kind. O, what spirit ought a preacher to be of, that he may be able to bear all this sunshine!"

Scotland was indeed a land of sunshine to him compared with England. On the visit before (1761) he was invited to the home of the principal of Marischal College and of the Professor of Divinity, but one likes most of all to think of him at Henry Scougal's College, for John Wesley, too, knew the Scottish saint and cherished him enough to publish a little volume of his "Discoveries on Important Subjects" in his famous "Christian Library of the Choicest Pieces of Practical Divinity." "Going up to see the Hall, we found a large company of ladies with several gentlemen. They looked and spoke to one another, after which one of the gentlemen took courage and came to me. He said, 'We came last night to the college-close but could not hear, and should be extremely obliged if you would give us a short discourse here.' I knew not what God might have to do, and so began without delay, 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.' I believe the word was not lost. It fell like dew on the tender grass." The gift of that college to the world in its professor's little book returned in the third generation to itself, "like dew on the tender grass." Many invitations to the homes of the Scottish ministers, many offers of their pulpits, gave Wesley a sense of their brotherhood with him in the work.

He found the Scottish ministers, as a whole, earnest men, doing the work as he wished it to be done. "I heard a strong, close sermon at Aberdeen." "In the afternoon at Perth a young gentleman in the West Kirk preached a close, practical sermon on 'Enoch walked with God,' as I have not heard since I came into the Kingdom." "I have scarce seen such a

set of ministers in any town of Great Britain or Ireland" (as in Aberdeen). All this, be it remembered, when the clergy of his own church had barred Wesley from their pulpits and, on one lamentable occasion, he had been turned away from the communion. It is all to the honour of the man and the credit of Scottish Christianity.

None the less, Wesley received some hard knocks in Scotland because of his free-will doctrine: "I preached at Ormiston, ten miles south of Edinburgh, to a large and deeply serious congregation. I dined at the minister's, a sensible man who heartily bid us God-speed. But he soon changed his mind. Lord H—— informed him that he had received a letter from Lady H—— assuring him that we were dreadful heretics, to whom no countenance should be given. It is a pity! Should not the children of God leave the devil to do his own work? . . . I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost Dixon's in Haddington on the way to Dunbar. But the provost too had received light from the 'Circular Letter' [circulated by English Calvinists against John Wesley's Arminianism] and durst not receive those heretics."

It was quite consistent with the Seceders' early attitude to Whitefield and their belief, evangelical though they were in spirit, in true theology making true religion, that they should oppose John Wesley, but the great blow came when the evangelical party in the Kirk of Scotland itself, led by Dr. John Erskine (to be distinguished from the Seceders) of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, took the field. He had been associated with Whitefield so far that there had been an indirect attempt to censure him on the part of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, but he made a fierce attack on John Wesley in various publications, as, for example, "Mr. Wesley's Principles Detected": "Many religious societies have been lately erected in Edinburgh under the direction of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley; and most of their members are persons warmly attached to the doctrine, worship, and discipline established in the Church of Scotland. Damnable heresies, superstitious rites, and the wildest fanaticism may gradually gain ground; and opinions and practices take

place, the mention of which would shock many, it is hoped the greater part, of the people in this country attached to Methodism. If men are once brought to believe that right opinion is a slender part of religion, or no part of it at all, there is scarce anything so foolish or so wicked which Satan may not prompt them to by transforming himself into an angel of light."

Dr. John Erskine's night-mare of impending evils has been dissipated by events. Satan has not transformed himself with the anticipated success, into an angel of light. The Spirit of Truth who, John Wesley believed, led and inspired men in his day, as well as "the saints" of old, has somehow prevailed; and Methodism is now a great Christian body, preaching an orthodoxy of its own "once delivered to the saints," and scarcely distinguishable from the Presbyterian orthodoxy of the twentieth century. But Dr. Erskine did not marshall his battalions in vain. It must have appeared to the people that they had to choose between their Kirk and Methodism, and it is not surprising that they should stand by their church. In Dr. Butler's pages, we hear the lament of Wesley's preachers: "Mr. Erskine, being much esteemed in the religious world and recommending them through the whole Kingdom, our enemies made the advantage of them. These made the late Lady Gardiner leave us, after expressing a thousand times in my hearing the great profit she received by hearing our preaching. Many were then brought to the birth, but by those letters their convictions were stifled. What a pity good men should help to destroy the real work of God in the hearts of men!" The modern mind will lend a sympathetic ear to the wail of another: "We then spent our time and strength about the meaning of words, instead of promoting the fear and love of God."

The Methodists, then, founded no great denomination in Scotland. The great industrial movement had not brought vast masses together around mine and factory as in England. There was no great multitude of the unchurched, as there was south of the border. With all its weaknesses, its cumbersome theology, and its ecclesiasticism, the Scottish Reformation was,



as in no other country, a movement of the whole people, noble, merchant, laird, and peasant. It gave the land a fine system of education, parish schools, academies, and universities, old and new. It organized a church of the people, with a free form of government combined with unity on which the Methodist could not improve, and the voice of the preacher was heard through the land. Accordingly, Methodism did little in the way of supplanting the Kirk, but it did much *within* the Church of Scotland. It drew the clergy away from the love of theological truth, as their supreme object, to that love of the people out of which living preaching is born. The stress on intellectual truth imperceptibly grew less, the accent on the inward life as making the Christian grew noticeably louder. The severity of Reformation views of religion gradually softened. Men had based their religion on the thought of God as a king, the embodiment of justice. Through the Methodists a greater sense of God's character as Father came in. Not that the Reformers did not teach the love of God, but they conceived it as limited by His other attributes, so that His forgiving mercies were, in a sense, constrained into the channel of an historical revelation and confined by the necessities of an intricate judicial procedure. The Methodists exalted Christ as much as the Reformers, and preached the Atonement as forcibly, but they brushed aside the intricacies of theology and brought man, so to say, to have God, the Father, through Christ deal directly with the individual's soul. The Christian really became conscious that he was the redeemed child of the heavenly Father, and he shouted for joy—literally and persistently. The fountains of feeling bubbled over so, men's affections expanded so, the church took on a new sense, that it was the family of God, and the Christian began to shepherd his fellow-man and brother his fellow-Christian, without taking the minister into account, as was not formerly. Greatest of all, a great Christ-like pity for the lost world swept through the church. To the Christian man of wealth, there came a close and personal solicitude for the poor and the out-cast. The free man who trod his native soil, which the sole of slave had

never stained with blood, remembered the slave torn from his home, or toiling hard for masters to whom he was but a creature for burdens and not a soul subject to the divine love. The enlightened heart, counting up the mercies of the Redeemer to him, was brought to an abiding shame that those mercies were not being proclaimed "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." In the home, in the congregation, in Parliament, in the gaols and the slums, in the colonies made rich by slave labour, and in heathen lands, the evangelical revival wrought transformations for the love of God; but nowhere more so than in the pulpits, for from them, men, with their eyes opened, looked down upon the people scattered as sheep having no shepherd, and were moved with compassion. In that emotion, they learned the secret of preaching and the art of harvesting souls. In as much as Scottish Presbyterianism, along with the rest of the world, learned the message of the Methodists, it has proved able to remain, as it has been from the beginning, the religion of the whole Scottish people; but the Scots may say with no little pride that nowhere was the evangelical revival more truly the natural development of the native religion of the people than in the land of Henry Scougal and the home of John Knox.

Perhaps the greatest external monument of John Wesley's influence on Presbyterianism, is our hymn books. John Wesley taught Scotland once more to sing hymns, for in the hard struggles for liberty that gentle practice had gone out. He began in Glasgow, where he worked with the sympathy and encouragement of Dr. Gillies of the College Church. "At seven in the evening, Mr. G—— began the service at his own church. It was so full before I came, that I could not get in without a good deal of difficulty. After singing and prayer, he explained a part of the Catechism, which he strongly and affectionately applied. After sermon he prayed and sung again, concluding with the benediction. He then gave out, one after another, four hymns, which about a dozen young men sung. He had before desired those who were so minded to go away; but scarce any stirred, till all was ended."

That was the first lesson. Let Dr. Gillies tell of the way in which it was at first taken. "The singing of hymns here meets with greater opposition than I expected. Serious people are much divided. Those of better understanding and education are silent; but many others are so prejudiced that they speak openly against it, and look on me as doing a sinful thing."

Really, life is like a garden, and men like the early Methodists are gardeners who spend their life enriching the ground, and we are like the plants which draw their sustenance from a rich soil and lift their heads bravely towards the heavens, all too oblivious of the labours of those through whom we are what we are.

Similarly, the influences of Presbyterian Scotland on Methodism lie hidden deep in the soil. Henry Scougal's little book, the Erskines' sermons, and the sight of the church before the eyes of Wesley, when he was working out his great organization, who can now measure the influence of these? Professor Cowan of Aberdeen says that it is significant that the first advocate of lay representation in the Wesleyan Conference, Alexander Kilham, had laboured for three years as a superintendent in Scotland. At least Wesley was conscious, if not of an actual obligation, of a deep, underlying unity between his movement and Presbyterianism. "As soon as I am dead," he said, "the Methodists will be a regular Presbyterian Church;" while Samuel Bradburn, the Wesleyan leader, declared as long ago as 1792, "Our quarterly meetings answer to those church meetings in Scotland called the Presbytery; our district meetings agree exactly with the Synod; and the Conference with the National or General Assembly. Whatever we may choose to call ourselves, we must be Presbyterians." It is from the beginning a story of giving and receiving between Methodism and Presbyterianism.

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