



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL
MONTREAL

VOL. XVII., 1918



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

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

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

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

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

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

The Editorial and business management is gratuitous.

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

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

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MONTREAL.

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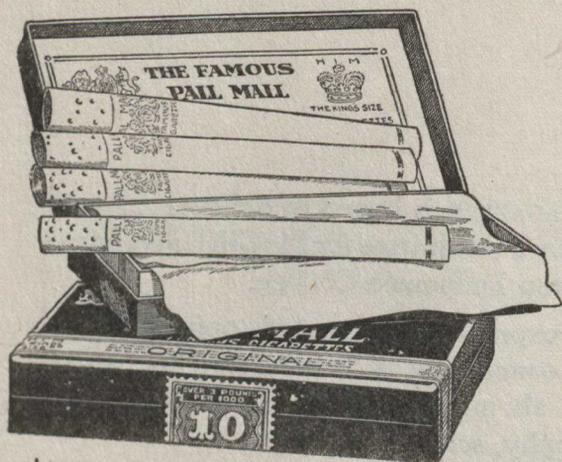
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TOPICS OF THE DAY

**NO
SUBSTITUTE
FOR
VICTORY** Amid the confusion of divergent views and conflicting counsels there is one certainty to which we may pin our faith,—that the Western front will hold. It will not hurt the Allies to be on the defensive for a time. But it may hurt the Germans. A repetition of anything like the carnage they suffered at Verdun will take the heart out of both army and people. As it is, there is great disappointment in Germany because the negotiations with the existing Government at Petrograd have failed to bring any of the other Entente powers into the German net. They have been solemnly notified that the sands have run out for them in the German glass, and that the Central Powers have now “recovered their freedom of action.” The Reichstag formula of 19th June, which pronounced for a “peace of mutual understanding and without indemnities,” is cancelled. And yet everyone can see how dear to the German heart peace would have been at this moment, even without the victory their militarists think they can achieve on the Western front. Such a victory, along with the triumph of the submarine, to be followed by the defeat of the British navy—not to mention the forces of the United States—would give Germany the world-domination for which she has been scheming. Without it the people of Germany, who are not really being heard from as yet, will have ample time and opportunity to realize the difference between a democratic peace and a German peace. They have probably been deluded into imagining that they were to get the former, but it looks as if their militarist leaders are again in the saddle, and from that the Allied Powers are entitled—to use a familiar German phrase—to “draw the appropriate conclusions.” It was they who made the war, and for them a democratic peace would spell defeat. When they got the

ingenuous Trotzky to Brest-Litovsk they lost no time in revealing to him the mailed fist under the velvet glove. They want to add the Baltic provinces to the German Empire. For the moment nothing weighs with them but that—neither the wretched internal condition of Germany, where there would be a revolution to-morrow if there were any left there, except women and children, to follow the Russian example, nor the discontent of their Turkish and Austrian allies, who are kept in line only by the hope that “Mittel-Europa” may be in this way built up to their profit, nor the protests of such publicists as Dernburg and Maximilian Harden, who have strongly objected to the repetition in the East of that annexationist policy which has produced such a harvest of tears for Germany in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine. So all we can do in the meantime is to get ready to defend the Western front. Undoubtedly a great struggle is before us—probably the main crisis of the war. It is the best of omens for us that the Allied armies are in good heart. Even the Russian withdrawal has not daunted their noble courage. And so far as England is concerned, there is greater unity there—in spite of certain fluctuations of opinion—than there has been for a long time past. The attitude of Labour, for example, to the undoubted needs of the situation is beyond all praise. When the trade unions are told that more men must be got for the imperial army, they don't retort that they were promised that there would be no further drain on the man-power of skilled labour. They know, what many anti-conscriptionists in Canada seemed to ignore, that in the circumstances of this awful war no absolute pledges could be given in such a matter. They have the measure of the situation created by the collapse of Russia, the need for reinforcements in Italy, and the increased pressure on the Western front. It is this, along with other favouring factors, that heartens the British Government to resolve to fight on rather than take a single step in the direction of a peace which would undoubtedly fail to free the world from the menace of future war. In the words of a recent visitor to Canada,

Sir F. E. Smith, Attorney-General of Great Britain, "whatever happens, whatever the cost may be, of blood and treasure; whatever mortgages we draw upon the future vitality of our stock and upon our future resources, *this quarrel goes through to the death.*"

WAR AIMS AND PEACE TERMS After the recent pronouncements on both sides of the Atlantic, no one can complain any longer of vagueness on the part of the Allies. This is all the more satisfactory as it was not really from them that a re-statement of war aims was required. It was not they who began the war, and their aims are still what they were in August, 1914. They are fighting for the restoration of public right in Europe, for "reparation" and "security." But whereas their spokesmen have used many words in the endeavour to be more specific, no similar utterance has come as yet from Berlin. This statement may be revised when the German Chancellor makes his promised address to the Reichstag, but meanwhile it is true to say that all the talking has been on our side. It began with Lord Lansdowne's letter, which was taken to mean that, while pressing the war vigorously, the Allies ought to satisfy the world that their aims are unselfish and are devoted to securing a permanent peace, guaranteed by a league of nations. But more than a score of nationalities and states are now combined against the Central Powers, and for any better organized league than these already form we shall have to wait till after the war. When the Germans are beaten, when they have repented in sackcloth and ashes of all the crimes that have been brought home to them, and when their militarists cease to speak of the "next war" by which they hope to retrieve the mistakes and miscalculations they have made in this one, there will be a place for them, too, in any future league. They cannot say as Mr. Asquith said the other day for England, that if they were back in August, 1914, they would do the whole thing over again exactly as they did it then. Those who have been calling on us for a "re-statement" of our war aims really

meant to ask whether we could not let the Huns down a little more easily. And when a statesman writes that "it would be a crime to continue the war unnecessarily for a single day," he must intend to imply that there are people who would be guilty of such a crime. Frankly, we do not believe that such people exist. England is being twitted with imperialistic aims because the publication of certain secret treaties revealed the fact that, as the war progressed, she had to satisfy some of her actual allies and to attract others to share the fortunes of the Entente. Do not let us forget that war aims and peace terms are not necessarily identical. For instance, we did not go into the war with any intention of capturing Jerusalem, but now that we are there it is extremely improbable that one of the conditions of peace will be that Jerusalem shall be restored to its former owners. Imperialistic aims can be rightly credited only to those who began the war with the deliberate intention of extending the boundaries of the German Empire. If they will relinquish all such designs, the Germans may resume their place at the council table of the nations, and after a time they may even be re-admitted to friendly intercourse. Meanwhile their hands are not clean.

THE TRUTH The Government control of the press in Ger-
EVEN FROM many, of which startling examples have quite
GERMANY recently come to light, is responsible for the
astounding phenomenon that not even now does the German
people seem able to get into its head the idea that there must
be something radically wrong about the way they approach
current issues. They do not listen to the inner voice which
ought to say to them, in the words of Oliver Cromwell, "I
beseech you, brethren, by the bowels of Christ, to believe
it is possible that you may be mistaken!" And yet there
was a time when Germans spoke the truth. In a recent
lecture before the University of Oxford, Mr. Spenser Wilkin-
son, the Professor of Military History, refers to a report by
the Senate at Hamburg as giving the real clash of purposes
between Germany and England. "When, in 1883," says

Mr. Wilkinson, "the German Government asked the Senates of Bremen and Hamburg to lay before it any complaints or desires in regard to the trade of these towns with West Africa, the Hamburg Senate reported that England, in all the treaties which she had made with the native chiefs for the suppression of the slave trade, had stipulated for free and unhindered trade; that this stipulation had never been framed for the exclusive benefit of Englishmen, and that most of the treaties expressly bargained that the privileges granted should be given to the 'subjects of the Queen of England and all European Powers friendly to her.'" 'The German firms,' the report goes on to say, 'especially those established at Cameroons, gratefully recognize the ready goodwill with which the English consuls and English ships of war have often protected their interests with the same energy that they would have employed in the case of English firms. This was especially the case quite recently in regard to conflicts with the chiefs at Cameroons.'

RUSSIA Conditions in Russia are likely to be considerably worse before they are any better. It is difficult at this distance to follow the course of events, but that seems to be the present outlook. The correspondent of the *London Times*, formerly in Petrograd, continues to make himself responsible for the statement that we ought not to trust either Premier Lenine or Foreign Minister Trotzky, and that the former in particular was commissioned and financed by Germany to go to Russia in order to sow disaffection in the Russian army. He also says, in reference to Mr. Arthur Henderson, whose demand for the destruction of militarism "universally" ranges him with the Leninites, and is at the same time pleasing to Germany, because it encourages pacifist tendencies in the countries that are at war with her, that all the time this eminent British labour leader was in Petrograd last spring and summer he was living, all unbeknown to himself, in an atmosphere created by the Soviet promoters of the Stockholm conference,

who had also been active in "directing the Russian revolution according to German plans." Whatever the truth may be, and whatever may be the issue, it is difficult to see that the present is an appropriate time for heaping eulogies on Russia, as some speakers try to do. If Russia makes as much progress in the next hundred years as she has done in the last, those who are alive at the end of that period will no doubt have good reason to be proud of her. But that does not help the present situation. It may prove in time that the Bolsheviks have been the heralds of a universal pacification, a regeneration of society, *the* league of nations, and all the rest of it. But to belaud their present actions is distinctly to weaken the Allies' power of resistance. Fortunately so far, none of the Entente countries has shown any disposition to follow in the Russian steps—which must be a disappointment to the Germans as well as to the Bolsheviks themselves. And certainly our men at the fighting front, who have now to stand up against increased Teutonic pressure, cannot be expected to sympathize with any of the eulogies of Russia that have lately been pronounced. The simple fact is that at present the Russians are, from our point of view, defaulters. Their new government has treated existing compacts as "scraps of paper." No doubt it is striving, in its own way, to combat unnumbered difficulties, and its former allies will be glad to give it all possible assistance, as opportunities may offer. But for the present Russia has simply opened the door to our enemies, and it seems doubtful, to say the least, whether its representatives will prove anything like a match for German cunning. That is why we cannot wonder that M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister of the French Republic, which has been allied with Russia in peace as well as in war, should have used such language as the following about the conference at Brest. Litovsk: "Germany is seeking to destroy the military power of Russia, to separate her from her Allies, to prolong the anarchy, to lay hands on a nation of 180,000,000 souls so as then to subject the country to German exploitation, to take her factories and railways, and to disintegrate and cut

up the whole country so as to share out the remains afterwards. The success of these tactics momentarily enables the enemy to transport his troops to our front, to free his prisoners, and to control the revolution." Therefore, he could not possibly, said M. Pichon, "enter into official relations with the Petrograd 'Government,' which, without consulting the Allies, had ordered an armistice with the enemy, had opened peace negotiations, had published treaties, had threatened if the Constituent Assembly were recalcitrant to dissolve it, and had hinted at the repudiation of Russia's Foreign Debt." The Foreign Minister's statement was adopted in the French Chamber by a majority of more than four to one.

**"KHAKEI"
COLLEGE**

The scheme for the establishment of a Canadian Khaki University, as set forth in our December number by President H. M. Tory, has made notable progress within the last few weeks. The approval and the co-operation of the Government at Ottawa had been secured by the promoters—several of whom have long been interested in Canadian Y.M.C.A. work at the front—before any definite action was taken in the matter; and an Order-in-Council has been passed quite recently establishing the "Khaki University of Vimy Ridge" for Canadian soldiers and giving it a definite official status in the military organization of the Canadian army overseas. With the co-operation of the High Canadian command, a committee of supervisors has been appointed, including several of the heads of leading Universities of the Dominion, to whom will fall the duty of determining what extent of recognition and credit can be given to the khaki student, on his return to Canada, for such work as he may have accomplished. Dr. Tory is himself to act as President, and having been granted leave of absence by the University of Alberta, he has already left for the other side to take up the work. The nucleus of the student body will consist of men known to be serving overseas who may be glad of the opportunity of continuing and possibly completing, during the period of demobiliza-

tion, the studies which they were following before enlistment in our universities, colleges, and high schools. Some of the teachers will be provided from the same sources. A good deal of scattered work is even now being overtaken on a smaller scale at Whitley and in other camps in England and France, and Dr. Tory's first effort will be to correlate this work, and prepare it for absorption in the wider activities of the new University. In the earlier stages of the movement, it is probable that great attention will be paid to what may be called Extension Lectures to large groups (on the problems of reconstruction, the interpretation of contemporary history, etc.), and also to the teaching of commercial and agricultural subjects, even of a grade below ordinary matriculation; but as the war draws to its close a fuller programme will be undertaken with the view of meeting the various needs of our returning soldiers in the interval between the conclusion of peace and their repatriation in Canada. All who know President Tory's great organizing ability, as well as his high personal qualities, of which intensity of purpose and moral enthusiasm are by no means the least conspicuous, will be hopeful that he will contrive to make the new venture a notable success.

W. P.

GOVERN- It has been observed that the outstanding fact
MENT of the year 1917 was not the entrance of the
CONTROL OF United States into the great battle for freedom,
RAILWAYS but the development of socialism among all the democratic peoples of the world; the establishment of new relations between the citizen and his government, which, while they may be necessary for the successful conduct of this unparalleled war, are essentially opposed to those which have hitherto obtained in democratic nations. The emergence of these socialistic developments appears to be due to some inherent inability of democracies reared upon a foundation of individualism so to organize their resources and their energies as to equip themselves for participation in conflicts which, no longer confined to mere armies, involve the preser-

vation or destruction of whole nations. Are our democratic roots about to flower in a hegemony of socialism?

Reflections such as these follow naturally on the assumption by President Wilson of the control of American railroads. No one supposes that the controller nominated by him can operate the railroads with greater efficiency than the men who have given to the North American Continent the cheapest railway transportation in the world; and it is expressly stated that the railway executives will continue in charge of operation. The transfer of several hundred railways to governmental control, while it may result in improved co-ordination of facilities and in saving the waste of competition, became necessary through the burdens imposed upon the railroads by a vast mass of restrictive legislation, both state and federal, and by the destructive policy of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Happily, the President has been wise enough to promise protection of the vast interests of the proprietors of the roads: the opposite course would have spelled national disaster.

The Canadian railways which, like the lines across the border, have suffered from an inequitable regulation of rates, have, nevertheless, been operated so ably and patriotically during the war that at no time has the movement of freight and passengers suffered from congestion. Yet we are informed that a committee of the cabinet is now considering the expediency of taking them under government control. It is difficult to see what is to be gained by such a step, when the Canadian Railway Association of National Defence, comprising the executive heads of the leading railways, has the full confidence of the Canadian people, and is doing, economically and without political interference, all and more than all that is likely to be accomplished, with less efficiency but with greater expense, under government control. The question is no doubt complicated by the national ownership of the Canadian Northern and the Transcontinental, but the Canadian people will look askance at any interference with the management of the Canadian Pacific.

W. V.

To some the imprisonment of Joseph Caillaux
CAILLAUX will recall a full page photograph which was reproduced by *L'Illustration* only a few months before the commencement of the War. It shows the accused of to-day—then Prime Minister of France—stepping into the street from his office with the jauntiest air which has ever been worn by a political or financial promoter. Had he cornered the steel market or caused a suspension of business at Monte Carlo, he could hardly have viewed the world with more self-satisfaction than is depicted in this photograph. *Eheu fugaces!* Time will not turn back the clock for Caillaux. If ever Nemesis hastened her pace to catch up with the appointed victim, she has been overhauling this one stride by stride ever since the brief moment of his culmination. As though his wife's trial were not enough, he must carry restless intrigue to the Argentine and to the banks of the Tiber. Now comes the day of reckoning.

It is not good ethics to pronounce judgment before the full evidence is in, and at the date when this is written there exists the remotest possible chance that Caillaux may prove himself to be as innocent as Dreyfus. But the chances are all the other way. It is not a question of one single incident. Ever since Agadir he has been suspect on grounds which for a time were somewhat impalpable but steadily have been assuming a more substantial form. It is now about a year since his character was drawn by a firm hand in the pages of "*The New Europe*" under the general heading of "Enemy Portraits." That he possesses most unusual agility of thought and yields to no Frenchman in adroitness will be recognized by all who have followed his career with any care. But at this point vulpine talents are not likely to save him any longer. The net into which he has fallen was set in both hemispheres. Or, to speak more accurately, it was he himself who dug deep the pit into which he has fallen.

In short, Caillaux has proved himself to be the most complete exponent of those evils which occur when national politics become subject to the dictates of dollar diplomacy and

unscrupulous finance. Norman Angell maintained that there could be no European War because all nations are so bound up through trade that even the winner must inevitably be a loser. This was a condition which Caillaux approached not in the character of academic theorizer but as one who would make patriotism a slave to speculation. Giolitti is another man who has long tended to regard national efforts from the angle of commerce—suffering himself to be dazzled by the splendour of German prosperity. But Giolitti, whether from possessing a larger measure of public spirit or by virtue of superior astuteness, has managed to keep out of scrapes which were likely to cost him his parliamentary immunity. It is a long stretch of imagination to suppose that Bernstorff was wilfully seeking to harm Caillaux when he wrote the despatches which Lansing has reproduced. And to take them at their face value they can only mean certain doom. For Clemenceau is the last man in France to condone such traffic with the enemy in time of war. Caillaux's peace record was bad enough, but these are no longer days in which he can save himself by blackmail.

PARTY POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES As the preparation of the United States increases in magnitude one hears it said more and more often that President Wilson missed a great chance by failing to place his government on a national basis at the moment when he declared war. Whatever the other qualifications of the Democratic party, it has never contained more than a small percentage of the men through whom the large business enterprises are conducted. It is true that to help forward the common cause many Republicans are now working fourteen hours a day at Washington in various departments which have been created to meet the emergency. But the administration has in no sense lost its partizan character—which means the retention in office of far too many incapables. It may seem ungracious to pass criticism upon the splendid efforts of our illustrious ally, and needless to say this subject is mentioned by us in no spirit of carping.

Looking at the situation, however, in the most impartial way, it is manifest that the United States is encountering its full share of the troubles which were faced at the outset by France and Great Britain—troubles due to the inherent difficulty of getting the best administrative results quickly, in a crisis, when the executive can only command the talents of a party. To take a single example, Mr. Root is now in vigorous health, but no place can or has been found for him at the head of a great department. It is, of course, very easy to turn and rend Garfield for the break-down of the Fuel Administration, but there must be something at loose ends in other quarters when anchors are reaching the seaboard from the interior as equipment for ships of which the keels have not been laid.

Within twenty-four hours from the publication of Garfield's edict there arose at Washington a strong demand for a general reconstruction of the administrative system. Discontent with present methods and results is showing itself most strongly in the Senate, where some personal feeling was kindled by the manner in which Garfield comported himself at his formal meeting with that historic body. But, while the Senate is showing more active displeasure than the House, there is steadily rising in both branches of Congress a conviction that aid and comfort are being given to the enemy by failure of the Government to place business problems in the hands of business men. It now seems plainly indicated that within a few days the Military Committee will report a bill to create a War Cabinet to take over the whole conduct of American operations in the war, under the President. The latest information on this measure is that it will create a Super-Cabinet, "directly responsible to the President and having powers superseding those of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and other statutory officers of the Government who have to do with the conduct of the war."

Besides being highly important in itself, the line of action thus contemplated adds still more to our knowledge of the changes which democracies must make in their administrative methods when they are called upon to perform great tasks

quickly. In this case the movement for reconstruction has every outward appearance of springing spontaneously from Congress as a whole. Whether Senators and representatives feel that the country is tired of having them play politics, or whether they have had a genuine searching of heart, we are now very likely to see in the United States a strong, persistent demand for national rather than party government.

C. W. C.

THE UNION GOVERNMENT'S OPPORTUNITIES

IN forming an estimate of the opportunities for public service that lie before the Union Government, it is difficult to draw a line between what is within the sphere of practical statesmanship and what is beyond it. Difficult, because for the first time in her history Canada possesses a Government so constituted as to personnel, and dowered with a mandate so weighty and insistent, that policies quite Utopian in normal times may be not merely practicable but obligatory. It is not too much to say that no other Administration ever had it within its power, as this one has, to make dreams come true; to translate into action counsels of perfection heretofore found chiefly in pre-election programmes of Opposition parties.

For the closest parallel in Canadian history to the present political situation we have to go back to 1867—the Confederation year. The Administration was a coalition. It had behind it the driving force of a great ideal. It represented not only political renunciation and party sacrifice but national hope and determination. So pronounced appeared to be the disruption of political parties that Lord Monck, despite the warnings of shrewd old “John A.,” cherished the belief that partyism was dead. The parallel holds good even to the development of a sectional issue, for Nova Scotia was seething with discontent, and Howe was threatening Tupper with eight hundred men in each county ready to take oath never to pay tribute to a Federal tax-collector.

That was fifty years ago. The Coalition of 1867 had its day and ceased to be. The Coalition of 1917 faces greater liabilities, but it possesses larger assets. It, too, represents abandonment of party, but it is, in a sense foreign to its prototype of 1867, the outgrowth of a national consciousness so

compounded of individual sorrows and sacrifices, so interwoven with patriotic ideals and aspirations, that it may be said to be a consecration, rather than a mere political creation. It is not easy to overstate the weight of the mandate given the new Government. In the days immediately following a heated controversy ending in a general election, we may miss the full significance of the decision. On its face the verdict of December 17th is an order for "full steam ahead" in war work. Beneath the surface it has a deeper meaning, for it represents high resolve, patriotic sacrifice, and earnest striving after the things that are more excellent. We have laid our costliest gifts on the altar, half involuntarily it may be, but having so done the spirit of dedication has prevailed and dwells amongst us. Canada has spoken out of a full heart, and has placed behind her new Government a volume of moral power that will justify undertakings which no ordinary Administration dare hazard.

What of the power behind the Government when measured in numbers? It is quite within the possibilities that, in a House of two hundred and thirty-five members, the Administration will have a majority of sixty. If it look only to the English Provinces—from whence cometh its strength—it will find a popular majority in its favour estimated, without the soldiers' vote, at two hundred and fifty thousand.

Here, then, we have a Government buttressed by moral and physical forces as was never any of its predecessors. It is well within the competence of such an Administration, if it have the imagination and the courage, to accomplish much more than war work, onerous as that must be. But it will do well to bear in mind that its support will weaken, if not vanish, the moment it forgets that it is relying on the spirit of the nation. It can rest confident that the Canadian Democracy — which has been on trial and has justified itself in the face of all the world — will meet any drafts made on it on grounds of national need.

Of the tasks which confront the Government the foremost is, of course, the prosecution of the war — and all that it implies. The mere enumeration of the measures directly associated with or developing out of the war, already undertaken or foreshadowed by the Government, is evidence that it is seized of the realities of the situation. The Manifesto issued by the Premier promises action to ensure enforcement of the Military Service Act; adequate taxation of war profits; increase in the income tax; effective arrangements for demobilization, care, and vocational training of returned soldiers; assistance to those of them who settle on the land, and adequate pensions to those who have been disabled and to the dependents of those who have fallen.

Closely allied to this direct war work are proposals for increasing the production and controlling the distribution of food; for promoting thrift and eliminating waste; for co-operation of farmers to ensure a smaller spread between the price they receive and what the consumer pays; for co-operative management of the railways, to avoid duplication of services and to diminish waste; for encouragement of ship-building, reduction in public expenditure, prevention of undue profits, of food-hoarding, and of combinations to increase prices.

Indicative of the purpose of the Government to grapple with problems not forced to the front by the war, are such far-reaching propositions as the abolition of the Patronage system; the extension of the Civil Service Act to the outside service; the enfranchisement of women; a strong and progressive policy of immigration and colonization; co-operation with Provincial Governments for improvement of highways; investigation of the possibilities of air service for national purposes; and, last but not least, consideration of the needs of the industrial population, and the development of a national spirit of united effort.

A goodly programme, perhaps making heavier demands on the administrative than on the legislative side. For the most part the suggested measures are not acutely contro-

versial, and in carrying them out the Government should be able to rely with certainty on the steady support of the country. Before dismissing these subjects, a word as regards two of them.

Sentence of death was passed on Patronage in the Manifesto, and this malefactor—parent of half the ills we have suffered through partisanship, yet possessed of such uncanny power over the politician that he dare not demand its destruction—is already on the gallows, if the trap has not actually been sprung. The outside Civil Service is to be treated as the inside—i.e., appointments to it are to be on merit, and not, as heretofore, on the recommendations of the dispensers of Patronage. Purchasing of supplies for the Departments has been placed in the hands of a Commission, and the Patronage List—unblushing witness to the dominance of partisanship—has vanished, let us pray, for ever. Now the question arises, How long and how strong is the arm which is accomplishing these reforms? Can it reach the Intercolonial and the Trans-Continental; can it grasp the Canadian Northern, and place the operation of these national highways on a business basis? Mr. Blair made a courageous effort with the Intercolonial, and failed. A party Government had to bend before a partisan storm, and restore Patronage to its seat. The new Government, owning roads that connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, has to deal with a far more complex problem. The exigencies of war are making inexorable demands that these roads be operated with the maximum of efficiency and at the minimum of cost. This implies, of course, that Patronage have no place in the scheme of management. But Parliament must control. The hand that holds the purse must be the hand that directs. Short of leasing the roads to a company, responsibility for their management must be in Parliament. The situation is difficult, but here again there is hope to be found in the strength of the Government's position. Behind the most efficient administrative machinery and methods must be the ablest railway operators—and behind all must be a Government

ready to stake its existence upon the maintenance of the policy that partisanship shall neither tithe nor toll the nation's highways.

The promise to consider the needs of our industrial population is trite. It has been a commonplace of every programme drafted by a Canadian political party. Probably owing to the large proportion of her people engaged in non-industrial occupations, and to the comparative prosperity of the artisan, Canada has escaped labour problems in the acute form which they have assumed in Great Britain and Australasia. The fact should be not a sedative but a stimulant. Let us not go upon the assumption that increased labour representation, as such, and a labour party, as such, are inevitable. If we can satisfy Labour that its best defence against injustice, its surest guarantee of a fair division of the fruits of industry, are to be found in close alliance with its fellow-citizens, and in working with the ordinary political machinery rather than in creating new instruments, we will surely help the state. Help it not only by preventing the introduction of disturbing influences into the councils of the country, but by maintaining among the whole body of the people the sentiment of common interest. To accomplish this, however, there should be no delay in grappling with the subject in all its ramifications. The agitator is abroad in the land, and when with one hand he can point to a government report which confesses that eighty per cent. profit on its capital was made in one year by a meat-handling concern, and with the other to thousands of homes where meat food is almost unknown, it is not hard for him to demonstrate to his hearers that wage-earners must combine as a political force if justice is to be done. Why should we wait? Unemployment on a large scale is coming, for peace will end the war orders—estimated at \$1,812,000,000—which have for three years kept Canada prosperous. Readjustment of industrial conditions is inevitable. We can estimate, with an approach to accuracy, our labour problems, and we know how Britain is meeting hers. Can we not, by taking thought

for the morrow, and by sympathetic co-operation with organized labour, lay the foundations of an enlightened policy? Labour has been loyal to the country in war; let the country be loyal to it in peace. Instead of waiting until paternal legislation is forced upon us, why should a progressive Government not adopt a policy based on frank acknowledgment that one of the chief aims of the state must be to ensure to the wage-earner a larger share of the results of his labour, and guarantees against the injustice of Capital, the ills of unemployment, and the perils of old age and sickness?

As regards subjects not specifically dealt with in the Manifesto: It would be a pity if the passing submergence of partisanship were not made the opportunity for an earnest attempt to settle, on a basis having some prospect of permanency, the several questions dividing East from West. It is rumoured that the highly-controversial tariff problem is to be laid on the shelf during the term of the war. The subject that is most likely to arouse partisan and sectional feelings is to be decided when party and section again ply their discredited trade. The question is essentially one for compromise. What better medium for its settlement, then, than the Government in which both East and West have just shown such marked confidence? In the mood in which the two sections are to-day a compromise agreement should be more readily found than it will be after a post-bellum controversy. Owing to the prosperity resulting from high prices for their products Western farmers are perhaps not so disposed as they were to insist on revolutionary changes in the tariff, while the Eastern manufacturers, confronting readjustments made necessary by the ending of the war, are in a peculiarly favourable position to include a new tariff in their survey of the field. From the standpoint of the farmer the subject presses, for he, like the artisan, is convinced that conditions rob him of a large share of the results of his labours. Judging by a report recently published regarding the situation in the States the conviction is probably well founded. This report gives

the following graphic figures relating to one year's farm production:

	Amount	Per cent.
Received by farmers	\$ 6,000,000,000	46.1
Received by railways	495,000,000	3.8
Legitimate expense of selling	1,200,000,000	9.2
Waste in selling	1,560,000,000	12.0
Dealers and retailers' profits	3,745,000,000	28.9
	\$13,000,000,000	100.

If Canadian farmers fare no better our basic industry should not have long to wait for substantial relief.

It should not be forgotten that the tariff and the revenue are cognate questions. In meeting our overwhelming national liabilities it may well be that alterations in the duties on imports will make heavy demands on the people on both sides of the Great Lakes. Will it not be better to ask the people for these sacrifices now, rather than in the days to come, when the patriotic fires are burning lower?

Reform of the Senate—for long years held before the eyes of the Liberal Opposition; then delayed the while the sickle played on the ripened corn in the Tory majority in the Senate; and then clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind—is peculiarly a measure to be undertaken by a non-partisan Administration. It is controversial only in an academic sense. Certainly so moderate a suggestion as that of Sir Clifford Sifton should be carefully considered. It is that ex-Lieutenant-Governors, ex-members of Dominion Governments, and ex-Premiers of Provincial Governments, of a certain tenure of office, should become Senators, and that representation in the Upper House should be given, for defined terms, to Universities of a certain standing. This would ensure a considerable proportion of members of experience in public affairs and in public office, and of both political parties.

Perhaps—who knows?—the pressure of war conditions may lead us to reduce our "overhead" costs. We are sadly over-governed, and many of our legislative bodies, and their

retinues, could be abolished without danger of centralization. The Government should carefully nourish any sprouts that indicate germination of this idea. For instance, the Maritime Provinces in 1864 could not accept Maritime Union, but that is no reason why age may not display more wisdom than adolescence.

To a strong, non-partisan organization comes with peculiar force the demand for legislation promoting the purity of elections. Governments have grappled with the evils of electoral corruption so ineffectively that vote-buying may be said to be part of the recognized machinery of elections. The results are incalculably bad. Many high-minded men are kept out of political life through refusal to stain their hands, while the almost universal condonation of the evil has created wholly false standards of public morality. A pamphleteer in the Province of Quebec has frankly argued that electors are justified in accepting money for their votes and in afterwards denying under oath that they had done so. That the evil is not ineradicable is the conviction of that experienced campaigner, Sir Clifford Sifton, who goes to its root when he proposes the prohibition of contributions to party funds by companies, contractors, and civil servants, and by all other persons unless the contributions be made publicly. Violation of such a law he would constitute a criminal offence, and would enforce it through two prosecutors in each riding, one from each political party, bound to investigate all accusations and bring to trial every *prima facie* case. If so essential a reform is practicable the country has a right to expect that the Union Government will attack the subject with vigour. Allied questions are the effective prevention of "gerrymanders," reform of our alien citizenship policy, and the subject of the representation of minorities, while within the economic sphere lie such problems as selective conscription for farm work; restriction of the importation of luxuries, and the provision of rural credits. As regards the last-named it might be mentioned that before the war German farmers, through co-operation, borrowed at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Saskatchewan farmers paid 10 per cent.

Not foreshadowed in the Manifesto, prohibition of the importation of liquor, and of the transportation of it from one Province to any other where Provincial prohibition prevails, is already the law of the land. Notice has been served, on all whom it may concern, to prepare against the day of Dominion-wide prohibition of manufacture. By one stroke of a strong pen we are saving the cost of unnecessary imports, and reducing demands for shipping and dock space. We are helping, both at home and abroad, to conserve food products for food purposes; and are, by making our own people more sober, increasing Canadian capacity to produce. Who can doubt that the one year after the war will grow into many years before Philip sober will have opportunity to appeal to Philip drunk? That the Government promptly attacked this debatable subject, and that the country loyally and enthusiastically endorsed its action, is proof of the truth of the proposition that Canada is prepared to accept the consequences of her decision of December 17th, be they what they may, so long as she is convinced of the loyalty of the Government to the country's ideals.

Any reasoned consideration of the Quebec situation would require a separate article. That situation will make demands on all that the Government possesses of patience, tolerance, and breadth of vision. Quebec is sulking in her tent. Hurried attempts at reconciliation may be as dangerous as belated ones, for they are apt to be misunderstood, or by ignoring essentials lead to but a temporary and superficial peace. No patriot will desire the present antagonism to continue, but before a reconciliation that may be lasting, because based on verities, can be effected, it will be necessary that the two races come to an understanding in regard to the two basic questions out of which that antagonism has grown. Broadly put, these may be defined as the status of Quebec in the Dominion and the status of the Dominion in the Empire. Quebec, growing steadily in population and material strength, has developed a conviction that Canada is, or should be, a bi-lingual country.

As a Toronto journal has well said, English-speaking Canadians regard the Dominion as a one-language federation, included in which is a bi-lingual Province. Unless the French-Canadians accept this definition, lasting reconciliation will be difficult to attain, for it is clearly the unalterable determination of the English Provinces that they remain English-speaking. The spirit as well as the text of Clause 133 of the British North America Act are so clear on this point that there cannot be any injustice in asking the French-Canadians to loyally accept that Clause as defining the limits of their rightful claims. It reads thus:

“Either the English or the French language may be used by any person in the debates of the Houses of the Parliament of Canada and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec; and both those languages shall be used in the respective journals and records of those Houses; and either of those languages may be used by any person or in any pleading or process in or issuing from any court of Canada established under this act, and in or from all or any of the courts of Quebec.

“The Acts of the Parliament of Canada and of the Legislature of Quebec shall be printed and published in both those languages.”

This question, then, is one of law. The other is one of policy. *Le Soleil*, a Quebec journal, commenting on the elections, is credited with saying that the English Provinces are an Imperial Federation. Mr. Bourassa expresses the opinion that the Union Party will permanently represent the Imperialist sentiment of Canada. Both the Quebec journal and the Montreal writer have come close to the truth. British Canada has pledged itself irrevocably to the Empire. If French Canada cannot come with us on this path, real union is impracticable. Does it look forward to Annexation? We cannot go with it. Is it prepared to welcome Independence? We cannot join it. Stripped to the buff the situation, as the English Provinces see it, is this: This is, and is to be, an English-speaking Dominion with a bi-lingual Province, the whole in permanent relationship to the British Empire.

There is nothing in such a destiny to affright the French-Canadian, and if he will accept it there is no reason why we in Canada should not live together as one people, united in spirit and in aim.

This brings us to the subject of those external relations one phase of which is responsible for placing Quebec over against the English Provinces. The end of the war will be the beginning of an era of discussion respecting our position in the Empire. It is altogether probable that the two schools of thought that have always been in existence will persist, but with this all-important modification: that each will whole-heartedly proclaim its adhesion to the principle of a United Empire. It is inconceivable that the sacrifices of Canada, made for and with the Empire, should not be accepted by all English-Canadians as dedicating their country to the principle of perpetual union. The distinction between the two schools will be marked, therefore, not by fundamentals but by variance as to methods. One may advocate organic, legislative union; the other, a looser harness. We need not worry overmuch as to which will win. With the fields of Flanders and of France for anvil, war has hammered out our destiny. We are for ever united to the other peoples of our blood. That is the central fact to Canadians who hold, even as a religious creed, that within such union will be found verge and room for our highest development as a people and opportunity for our greatest contribution to the welfare of the world. The Union Government, even if it see the end of the war, may not be called on to define any policy in regard to our relations with the Empire. It was impossible to assume before the war that Canada had already passed the cross-roads. Ten years ago, in Montreal, Lord Milner placed half a century as the period within which Canada must choose her part, must make her confession of faith. One-fifth of the allotted time had not passed when the confession came—clear, unequivocal. "The rest is all but leather or prunello." When the appointed hour arrives this or any Canadian Government will have but one duty, to bring to the trysting-place

all that it is dowered with of honesty, courage and intellect to further as best it may the will of the people that this nation of nations, this British Empire, shall, "under God, take a new lease of life."

From the unity of the race within the four corners of the Empire to closer union with the race throughout the world is but a step. Opportunity coincides with desire to improve the Dominion's relations with the United States. It is a fact pregnant with hope—and extraordinarily significant of the shifting of national values from bases that four years ago seemed permanently established—that for the first time since the Great Schism the people of Canada regard the people to the south as friends in the full sense of the term. Despite the friendliness that has generally marked official intercourse—and post-prandial addresses by distinguished Principals of Universities, and other folk less distinguished—it were idle to maintain that the mass of the people of Canada have entertained thoroughly cordial sentiments towards the United States as a nation. The United Empire Loyalists, smarting under the lash that exiled, left deeply impressed on the Canadian people their judgement of the Americans. Then followed the war of 1812-15; the Maine boundary dispute; the outcry for "fifty-four-forty-or-fight;" the denunciation of the Reciprocity Treaty; the McKinley Act, the Alaska Boundary controversy—a sequence of events that preserved alive from generation to generation the spark of resentment. Behind these active agents in the propagation of distrust was the powerful, if less noticeable, agency created by the conviction, growing with the development of immigration to the States, that the people of the Republic were no longer predominately of British descent; that non-British ideals were gaining the ascendancy, and that the Americans were becoming a foreign people, and were not merely a branch severed from the Anglo-Saxon trunk. Then came the cataclysm. The world rocked on its foundations—but the United States pursued its business as usual; tolerated German outrages; protested the British blockade. Canada, stoking her

blood and gold into the furnace of war, was deeply hurt at the apparent indifference of the States—and then turned again to her task with a shrug of the shoulders as one who would say, "It is as I expected." Came Wilson's bugle-call to action. The waters of the great deep of neutrality were broken up, and America poured forth her very soul in a wave of passionate indignation. The Anglo-Saxon race stood united against a common foe. The gap of a century and a half was bridged. The essential unity of our aims, of our national ideals, was made manifest. We had scratched the dollar-chasing American—and lo, he was a man and a brother, quick to give voice to appreciation of what we had accomplished, ready to revise his opinions regarding our Mother Country and her place in history. The friendship thus strengthened must be developed, encouraged, made permanent. The Union Government, forecasting all that this friendship will mean to Canada and to Britain, must do what it can to promote fellowship between the two peoples. The traditional perfunctory diplomatic attitude should give way to one of undisguised desire for the closest relationship compatible with our position as an independent nation and as a part of the British Empire.

And so, to end where we began. The opportunities of the Union Government are limited only by its ability to appreciate the significance of its mandate, and the strength of its will to follow that mandate to its logical conclusion. It were a thousand pities if the Government cannot rise as high as its fountain-head—cannot match the courage of our sons in Flanders, or echo the determination of our people at home. "History," some one has said, "will be the Huns' greatest enemy." It will be Canada's greatest ally. Even a weak Administration cannot impair the judgement of history on what she has done. But a Government of high ideals, with a constructive policy, can do much at this juncture to make still more memorable these days of fate. Will our Government prove that democracy, self-sacrificing, patient, heroic, is wise also in its choice of instruments? Sir Charles Tupper

said that it requires a great country and great circumstances to develop great men. We possess the two creative conditions, and the time is at hand to determine if out of these conditions great men have been born. The Government is not to be content with efficiency as a war instrument. It must seek to translate into legislation the spirit of consecration to duty and the will to sacrifice that must, in time, pass, but that to-day possess the Canadian people. Great tasks, greatly done, already mark the New Era. We no longer consider the rustic cackle of our bourg the murmur of the world. Party distinctions, and all the tow of trivial, hampering ambitions that follow in their wake, have been marooned. Now, therefore, is the time, before they return to plague and divide us, for the Government to take its courage in both hands and give the reforms that Administrations less favoured at their birth have failed to give. Canada has in many ways approved herself the "True North." The obligation lies heavily on Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues—Gentlemen Adventurers chartered for a new and great emprise—to maintain her claim to the title.

JAMES S. BRIERLEY

PARIS IN 1794

IN the last number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE the writer of "Paris in 1871" tells of his remaining in the city after the fall of the Commune and of studies in the earlier and equally tragic period during the Reign of Terror in 1794. The following are his notes:

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In the Bibliothèque Impériale, now the Bibliothèque Nationale, I spent much time. By a marvel of good fortune it had escaped destruction in the days of the Commune; I hardly know why, for it is near the Palais Royal, which lay in the very centre of the storm. It was too early yet to study the history of events in the recent upheaval, and my thoughts turned to the upheaval of the Terror nearly eighty years earlier. I followed my father's example. I read about it day after day. I visited its scenes. I came so to know its personalities that in those days I think I lived through two revolutions, the one in the present, the other in the past. There were likenesses and contrasts, and they all had their centre in beautiful, civilized, barbaric Paris—the Paris of the keenest, coldest insight in art and letters, but the Paris, too, of unchastened and undisciplined passions.

To me, observing this play of passion, feeling it myself with intensity during the awful days which I had just seen, the records of the Paris of the earlier Terror were, as my father had said he had found them, singularly bald and untouched with emotion. I read the speeches of the members of the Convention who were causing this terrible drama, and I found passion in denouncing manœuvres of opponents, bitter hate of each other; but I found little that expressed the emotions from day to day of the men who witnessed the workings of revolutionary rage. A Parisian who had just seen fifty people beheaded would chronicle it in much the

spirit that we should chronicle to-day the meeting in the street of a similar number of people. There was no human setting to these bald records. This must be the spirit in which a soldier comes to look upon war. To him it is a mechanical problem of the impact of opposing forces. The human drama of life and death is less important than the military problem. It is not from a soldier that one gets harrowing descriptions of battlefields. These the person unused to war, or paid to chronicle war, describes. And the records of the Terror are as bald as a soldier's chronicle of a battle.

There were a few human records, however, and I was delighted to find in the great library the narrative of Arnault, a famous dramatist of the time. His attitude towards the Terrorists was one of unmitigated contempt. They were cannibals who, by a dire turn of fortune, had for a time gained control of Paris. Arnault was living quietly in Paris, occupied with his literary work, a little nervous for his own safety, and keeping away from scenes of violence. He had a horror of the sight of blood and could never bear to see even an animal suffer death. When I read this man's book I felt that his outlook was rather like my own. He, like me, was an onlooker at tragic scenes, and I followed with fascinated interest his account of the events of the Terror. He avoided any sight of the orgies of "the cannibals." If he happened to find himself near the Place de la Révolution and saw the crowds gathering for the daily spectacle he ran off as fast as he could.

One day crossing the rue de la Féronnerie he saw Marie Antoinette in a tumbril going to her death and hurried from the awful sight. A few months later, on April 4, 1794, Arnault was passing along the rue St. Honoré in the late afternoon. Again he met the procession of death. He had forgotten what now he remembered—that there was to be something of special interest this afternoon, for criers had gone through the streets to announce that Danton was to die. Arnault thought swiftly that, much as he hated the

sight of blood, he should like to see Danton die. Two men were then most conspicuous before the public as leaders in the revolution. They were Danton and Robespierre. Arnault despised them both. To him they were wild beasts. But he distinguished between them. Danton was a lion, Robespierre only a savage tiger. Danton was a vulgar demagogue, but he had spoken openly and taken the risks that courage takes; Robespierre, on the other hand, was secretive, cowardly, bloodthirsty. Between them these men had caused hundreds to die, but now, by a turn of fickle fortune, Danton was himself going to execution. Arnault had encountered him only once. He had been with a friend at the theatre and they had talked too audibly. Suddenly a big man sitting in front of them turned and said politely: "M. Arnault, will you permit me to hear just as if they were playing one of your own dramas?" The big man was Danton. He and Arnault knew each other by sight, but they spoke only this once.

And now, in the rue St. Honoré, Danton was passing along to the scaffold. M. Arnault was glad; it might mean the end of the savagery that was disgracing civilization. There now he could see him, the man who had made audacity his religion; the most powerful man in France, after the king had been overthrown in August, 1792; the man who in September might have checked the plan of taking from the prisons hundreds of royalists to be butchered, but who had permitted the mob to go on with its dread work, since it was time, as he said, for the people to have their revenge. He had led France into the fatuous course of declaring war on all monarchies. Now his day had come, and he was struck down by his former friends.

Arnault looked with eager eyes to see the great figure of Danton. There were many carts laden with victims, but no one could fail to mark Danton. There he was standing in a cart with two others, and these two others men of letters like Arnault himself—Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine. Danton was standing between them, his hands bound behind his back. The two men of letters were overwhelmed by the

horror of their position. Fabre was hardly conscious, indeed almost dead already. Camille, on the other hand, was struggling, and in his struggles he had torn away the collar and shirt from his neck. "It was I who in 1789 called you to arms," he shouted out to the crowd; "my crime is to have shed tears"—tears he meant for the sufferings of the very people who now jeered as they watched him go to his death. An aristocratic figure was there in a waggon—Herauld de Séchelles, a Parisian man of pleasure, but a leader in the new movement. His air was tranquil and indifferent; he seemed, indeed, detached from life. He was overdoing the part of Socrates, says the dramatist who watched him. So striking was his attitude that the crowd, which rarely knew the names of those in the tumbrils, asked who he was. Danton nearly every one knew, and his air was one of disdain. He was not pale but had, on the contrary, the flushed complexion of a man returning from a banquet. As they passed a café Danton saw a man making a rapid sketch of those in the tumbrils. It was David the painter, a bitter foe. "You lacquey," Danton shouted out to him.

Here truly was a scene for a tragedian, and Arnault, in spite of his horror of blood, felt that he must see the end of the drama. He had an appointment with his friend Méhul, the great musician, who lived in the rue de la Monnaie. This errand he could quickly finish and he might then hurry back to the Place de la Révolution and be in time. He ran to Méhul's house, despatched his business in a word or two and told him to what spectacle he was hurrying. Méhul, who shared his horror of blood, would now have gone with him, had he not been in dressing gown and slippers. Why should one be disturbed in the leisure of home even though dozens of men were almost passing the door on the way to execution? Arnault ran back through the rue St. Honoré and then into the garden of the Tuileries, which looks out upon the Place de la Révolution. It was a warm spring afternoon. The lilacs on the terrace of the Tuileries were in full bloom. Evening was near and the sun was already setting in the west.

Arnault stood by the railing of the garden and looked through the iron bars at the scene before him.

A crowd filled the great square. Rising above the heads of the crowd was the dark mass of the scaffold. As Arnault looked out to the west the scaffold had the setting sun as a background, and the figures on it stood in dark outline against this bright light. The executioner had already begun when Arnault arrived at his point of observation. Against the bright light in the sky appeared a dark figure as it mounted the steps of the scaffold. At the top other dark figures surrounded it while it was being bound to the plank. Then the figures separated slightly. The knife could be seen poised high in the air in the groove in which it ran. When Arnault saw it begin to move he knew that a head was about to fall. Then another dark figure climbed the scaffold; again there was a confusion of figures about it, a pause, and again the knife fell. Danton, we know, stood among the steadily diminishing group of men at the foot of the scaffold with their backs to it, probably, as Sanson, the executioner, wished, that they might not see their friends perish. Danton had a word of cheer for each victim. When one of them tried to kiss him in farewell and the executioner checked the movement, Danton said, "You cannot prevent our heads kissing in the basket." He was himself the last to die. "The day was drawing to a close," says Arnault; "at the foot of this horrible scaffold, with its great mass in colossal silhouette against the sky, I saw rise up, like one of Dante's shades, this tribune. His figure, half brightened by the setting sun, seemed as likely to be rising from the tomb as about to enter it. Nothing could be bolder than the countenance of this atheist of the Revolution, nothing more formidable than the outline of his profile which defied the axe or than the expression furnished by that head, which, though about to fall, seemed still to dictate laws." Men shook with horror mingled with admiration when they repeated some of the last words that fell from Danton's lips. "Above all things, don't forget to show my head to the people; it is good to look at." But there

was a softer note: "My beloved, shall I no more behold you?" he murmured; and then "Come, Danton, no weakness." In the weary days in prison he had talked much, they said, of trees and of life in the country. It was the springtime, and he longed for the freshness of the green fields.

Witnessing the death of Danton so cured Arnault of his horror of blood that, when Robespierre's turn came, in July, he went deliberately to see the execution. A great crowd impeded the progress of the laden waggons through the streets. Robespierre, his jaw shattered by a shot, was a ghastly object as he lay with his head tied up. He spoke no word from the time he was seized until his death. The crowd which a few short weeks before had jeered at Robespierre's victims now hurled maledictions at Robespierre and even raised their hands to strike him. For Danton there had been some who felt pity; for Robespierre there was only hate. Arnault watched with something like glee the end of the man who, while he preached equality, was resolved not to suffer equals. Perhaps Sanson handled his victim roughly. At any rate, when the bandage on Robespierre's wound was removed, he gave a great cry of pain. Arnault saw him disappear as he had seen Danton disappear and went off, no doubt breathing more freely than for months before. A wag of the time wrote an epitaph for Robespierre:

Passant, ne pleure pas mon sort;
Si je vivais, tu serais mort.
(Weep not for me, O passer by;
For had I lived, you here would lie.)

I had been a witness of a second Terror, and these scenes from the first Terror fascinated me. I quite understood why many a high-minded man thought the Terror to be necessary. Well-ordered States had always been ruthless in punishing those guilty of treason. In England it was the law until 1870 that the man convicted of treason should be drawn in a hurdle to the place of execution. There he was to be hanged and, after other indescribable horrors, his body was to be

divided into four quarters. Usually these quarters were exposed in some public place in as many different towns in order to promote loyalty. When we condemn the horrors of the French Revolution we should not forget that little more than a century earlier, even in mild England, mangled human fragments were jolted in carts over rough country roads to be exposed in shapeless masses in quiet towns that the people might learn the blessedness of shouting "God save the King." Loyalty was ruthless against treason, and when the old treason became the new loyalty we need not wonder that the new smote the old relentlessly.

During that summer in Paris I often visited a scene which never failed to move me profoundly. It was Picpus, the little burial place where lie more than thirteen hundred victims of the last terrible days of the Terror. Many of them were of high rank, and their relatives have been able to preserve this sacred spot, little changed from what it was when some of the noblest in France were, not laid, but tossed pell-mell into this resting place. For months the Place de la Révolution had been the place of execution. It was then, and as the Place de la Concorde it remains still, the centre of interest in Paris. The gardens of the Tuileries bordered its eastern side. Upon it looked out the windows of the Tuileries. That grim black object, dominated by two high wooden posts which stood near its centre, and about which a degraded crowd gathered daily to witness scenes of blood, was not pleasant to look upon. The members of the Convention now sitting in the Tuileries came to dislike having a full view of the grisly thing, the witness to the horror of their work. The people of the district actually complained that the air was tainted and that the burials in the neighbouring cemetery of the Madeleine and in the Parc Monceau were likely to provoke a pestilence. The shopkeepers, too, thought that the executions injured business. Then, as now, Paris liked to do its shopping in the late afternoon. Yet it was at this time that the executions took place, and a vicious crowd gathered in the great shopping street, the rue St. Honoré, to see the tumbrils

go by. For safety the shopkeepers had to close their doors and thus lose the best fruits of the day.

The remedy was to remove the scaffold from the great Place, and this was done. In the far east of Paris was a public square, known formerly as the Place du Trône. The name was changed first to Place du Trône Renversé and later to the Place de la Nation. It was and still is a working-class quarter. The people of the neighbourhood were perhaps less sensitive than those of the neighbourhood of the Place de la Révolution. At any rate here, for six terrible weeks before Robespierre fell and the Terror ended, the executions took place and thirteen hundred persons were beheaded—an average of more than thirty a day. Near by, only a few streets away, was a large field belonging to a convent of White Sisters. It had become national property when the church lands had been confiscated and had been leased to someone. Now the city of Paris took it for public purposes, and a corner of it was made into a burial place. As the executions took place in the late afternoons, the burials must have been chiefly at night. The road was so bad that sometimes the laden waggons stuck in the deep sand, and reinforcements of horses were needed to drag them out.

Perhaps I was morbid in those melancholy days, but this place, as I have said, fascinated me. My father had written to me about it, and had told me of a visit he had made to it in April of one year. It was, he said, a glowing spring day, with a cloudless sky and a warm sun. In the Place de la Nation a fair was going on and a great and noisy crowd had gathered. There were merry-go-rounds with the pleasure seekers mounted on strange beasts, on pigs, cows, and weird horses, circling in the air. Steam-made music filled the air. He asked himself whether of all these thousands in the square there was even one who realized the scenes which that spot had witnessed. He had gone from this noise to the quiet spot a few hundred yards away where the dead lie under the green turf. There he had spent a peaceful hour and, as night was drawing on, he had come back again to the blare

and the strident music of the square. He begged me not to miss so vivid a contrast.

It was not in April, but in June and July, that I haunted this little cemetery of Picpus, exactly seventy-seven years after its tragic history had begun. To reach it one enters by a doorway in the white wall of the convent extending along the street. Then one crosses a courtyard into a great garden surrounded by a high wall. Usually I saw some nuns standing or sitting in the shadow of the wall or under one or another of the few trees. Like my father I wondered if these occupants of to-day realized what had taken place here in the past. The cemetery lies in the right-hand corner of the garden from the point of entrance. It is surrounded by a stone wall. Its most sacred spot is a separate enclosure at the far end, walled off and only to be seen by strangers through the iron railing of the gate. The enclosure is small, not larger than a good-sized room. Through the grill one sees a few cypress trees, a rich green turf. Underneath, in the unchanged and untouched confusion of the days of the Terror, when rude hands tossed them here in the darkness of night, lie the bones of thirteen hundred men and women.

Of men and women—yes, the women were numerous; there were no less than a hundred and seventy-six who went to their death here during those last terrible weeks of the Terror. Since the policy was to inspire all classes with such fear that no one should dare to raise a hand against the republic, it was thought well to strike every rank and every age. Over a hundred perished who were under twenty-one. There were boys and girls of sixteen and one child of fourteen. There were ten of eighty years and more. There were persons of high rank, a German prince allied to the Prussian royal house, more than one duchess, a marchioness so old as to be childish in senility, and a viscountess so young and fair that to those who saw her die she seemed only a girl. Science was struck down here in the person of Lavoisier, the great chemist, and poetry was wounded when fell the head of André Chénier. The names of all the victims are now inscribed on slabs of

marble in a chapel near by, built in their memory. Here are still offered up daily prayers for the souls of these martyrs who perished in 1794. Once a year members of their families come here in the fresh springtime. They wear sombre black, and they walk in solemn procession from the church to the quiet corner where lie their dead in what they call the field of the martyrs.

I tried to find some vivid record of the martyrdoms. Here on the chapel wall were the names of sixteen nuns who all perished on the same day. Did they stand at the foot of the ladder which led up to death in a little group wearing the robes of their order? Did they moan and weep or did they, like most of those overtaken by this awful fate, meet death in calm and self-contained silence? Did those who still remained alive whisper a tearful goodbye to the one of their number just summoned to mount the terrible ladder? We do not know. Few records exist of the last moments of those who perished.

I found one, however, which told the story of three ladies all belonging to one noble family; they were the Marquise de Noailles, her daughter-in-law the Duchesse d'Agen, and her grand-daughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, daughter of the Duchess. They had been accused of taking part, while prisoners in the Luxembourg, in an imaginary conspiracy. Almost from the first they had realized that the scaffold would probably be their fate. The ladies belonged to a Roman Catholic circle that was as austere in respect to religion as were the English Puritans of the days of Cromwell. At first these devout aristocrats had been confined in their own house. One day when an old priest, named Perrichon, paid them a visit, the youngest of the three, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, asked him whether, should need arise, he would accompany them to the foot of the scaffold. Surely no more searching question was ever put to a spiritual counsellor. The Christian faith was proscribed in France; the exercise of a priest's functions was prohibited; all spiritual ministrations to the condemned were forbidden; and the penalty for dis-

obeying the law was likely to be death. The old priest, who was a timid soul, hesitated in his alarm. The thought, however, came to him that God would protect him, and he gave the promise.

It was not easy to know at what time he might be required. The ladies were carried off to prison and the names of those to be tried on any given day were not announced beforehand. The Court sat in the Palais de Justice from ten to two, and at four the tumbrils arrived to carry to the scaffold those who had just been condemned. One morning when M. Perrichon was about to go out a knock came to his door. He opened it to find the Noailles children with their tutor, who was pale and tearful. Leaving the children to play in the outer room, the tutor followed the priest to his bed-chamber and then told his terrible news. The ladies were at that moment before the Revolutionary Tribunal; they would be executed immediately after trial; he had come to ask the priest to keep his word. Naturally the priest was staggered and, for the moment, overcome. But he recovered himself quickly and hurriedly changed his dress to the dark blue coat and red vest which he had promised to wear that the ladies might the more readily know him in the crowd. He dared not, of course, wear his clerical dress.

The priest went to the Palais de Justice and tried in vain to enter that beautiful room where the dread Revolutionary Tribunal was setting. Someone who came out told him that the verdict had been rendered. Finding that he could do nothing, he went away, not wholly sorry, it seems from his narrative, to be checked in carrying out a dangerous promise. He called to see a lady whom he could trust. By this time he had a raging headache, and he begged her to make him a cup of coffee. After he drank it his courage returned, and she urged him to try still to discharge the sacred duty he had promised to perform. Accordingly, with slow and hesitating steps, and with, he admits, the hope in his heart that he might not find those whom he sought, he went back to the Palais de Justice.

There, at five o'clock, he still saw no sign that the victims were to go to the scaffold that day. He waited restlessly, mounted the steps of the Sainte Chapelle, walked up and down inside and outside the great Palais de Justice, sat down, stood up, all the time passing no word with any of the people whom he met. He kept his eye on the great court in front of the palace from which the tumbrils always started. He tried not to look agitated, but his inner thought was that within two hours those whom he sought would be dead. Presently there was a movement in the outer court. He took his place near the door through which the condemned always came. Already the tumbrils were standing there and the victims soon appeared.

The carts were long in loading, for to-day there were many to go to execution, forty-four in all. In the first cart were placed eight women. The cart moved to a point near where the priest stood, and waited. He scanned the faces eagerly; seven he did not know, but the eighth, a very old lady, he recognized. She was sitting on a rough bench with her hands tied behind her back; it was the old Marchioness, now past eighty, and in her second childhood. The priest hoped that the other two ladies, his friends, might have been spared. But a second tumbril was quickly filled. There were six men and two women, and, alas, the two women were the Duchesse d'Agen and her daughter. The younger lady, dressed all in white, showed a tender solicitude for her mother, and the six men, strangers to the ladies, moved a little aside so as to give them as much space as possible. The other carts were in time filled; but the first one had to stand for a quarter of an hour before the procession of tumbrils was ready to move. All the time the savage crowd feasted its eyes upon the victims and wished to see something in their demeanour that should make the scene vividly tragic. "See the young lady," the priest heard someone near him say, "how she moves; she speaks, she does not seem sad." The carts started. The priest hoped he would be observed by the ladies, and was ready to make the sign of absolution. He saw the young

Viscountess looking about on every side. But she did not see him, and the tumbrils were gone with his mission still unfulfilled.

The priest hurried to intercept the procession on its long way to the Place du Trône Renversé. Before it reached the Pont du Change he was able to take a conspicuous place at the entrance to the bridge. The tumbrils passed him, but again the ladies did not see him. He followed through the whole length of the bridge, but the crowd was too dense and he could not get near the tumbrils. Again was he tempted to give up. He had done all he could. He was tired; his head was aching; and he wanted to go home and not to follow this dread procession to the scene of horror. Then a singular thing happened. Suddenly a great storm broke over Paris; a fierce wind swept through the streets; rain fell in torrents. In an instant the streets were cleared. To see a grim tragedy the curious and morbid crowd had no need to wait to-day and be drenched to the skin; to-morrow it could see another cortège not less interesting than this; and it hurried to shelter. The priest saw that he could now approach the tumbrils; again he spurred himself to his task; he was able to draw near the two ladies; they saw him and he murmured the Church's absolution.

When the tumbrils reached their destination the rain had ceased. Troops surrounded the scaffold, and the priest, soaked to the skin and shivering, partly no doubt at the horror of the spectacle, took his place among the spectators. They were again numerous and were laughing and enjoying themselves. The priest thought that the executioner did his work with promptness and tact. All the condemned were placed with their backs to the scaffold so that they might not see the actual beheading. The chief executioner was a tall, stout man, who kept a rose in his mouth. His sleeves were turned up, his hair was tied in a queue, his features were regular and striking. He did his work coolly and skilfully. Every detail of that scene the priest noted. He spares us nothing of the terrible things he saw as he stood there watching for the last moments of the noble women who had been his friends.

The youngest of them saw him, turned her eyes up to heaven and then lowered them to the earth. The crowd jeered at her as the Jews jeered at Christ on the cross. "See how content she is, she lifts her eyes to heaven, she prays—but what good will it do her?" They hurled insults at the poor senile old marchioness, who was allowed to sit on a wooded bench while she awaited her turn. She was the third to die in that company of more than forty. The seventh woman to die was the Duchesse d'Agen. Her manner, says the watching priest, was exactly what it had been when she went to the Holy Table. She wished to die before her daughter, and this, too, her daughter wished. The priest was watching every slightest incident, and he had extremely observant eyes. With hands tied the ladies could do nothing for themselves. As the executioner's rough hands removed the head covering of the Duchesse he failed to see that it was held by a pin. In removing it he pulled her hair with some force and caused a look of pain in her face. When the mother disappeared, her daughter, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, took her place. She was in white, and looked younger than her four and twenty years. The crowd was shouting insults and curses. She heard a young man blaspheming, and turned to beg him to ask pardon of God. She, too, suffered pain when her head covering was pulled off. She is happy in being dead, thought the priest when he heard her head fall. She had seen him as he stood so near and he had heard her murmur an adieu to her dear ones.

Now that she, the last of the three, was gone his mission was completed, and he thought of hurrying away from the scene, though still there were more than thirty to be executed. One of them, however, attracted his attention and he waited. The man was of medium stature and of solid figure. His countenance was imposing. Though, with a touch of consideration, the executioner had arranged the condemned in rows, their backs to the scaffold and their faces towards the Faubourg St. Antoine, this man was not content merely to await his turn. He wished to observe what was going on

and stepped out from the others and turned towards the scaffold. When his turn came he mounted the steps firmly, looked carefully and unmoved at the executioners, the apparatus of death and the plank on which he was to be strapped. His name, as our priest learned, was Gossin. He had been a member of the National Assembly and had played an important part in the work of dividing France into departments in the early days of the Revolution. The priest thought his demeanour was even too proud and disdainful. This man was the twelfth person to be executed. It was eight o'clock and growing dark. There were many still to die, but the priest had had enough. Suddenly he realized that he was chilled and freezing in his wet clothing, and he hurried away home. He had surely had a day of emotions, and his keen eye had noted with striking vividness the scenes which he had witnessed. That night Picpus was again the scene of the dread things that followed death. The carts with their silent burdens came across the rough field to the burial place. The people of the neighbourhood were little aware of what was going on. It was done under cover of night, and few knew that hundreds of dead had been laid in a corner of this quiet field.

Eight years passed. The Revolution ended in the only way it could end by bringing France under the mastery of the triumphant soldier. When the sway of Napoleon Bonaparte was established he aimed at the reconciliation of classes. The aristocrats began to come back. Among these were Madame de Montaigu-Noailles and the Marquise de Lafayette, daughters of the Duchesse d'Agen. One of their first cares was to find the place of burial of their martyred mother, of their grandmother and of their sister. It was not easy, but Madame de Montagu persevered. She went among the houses in the poor quarter near the square where the executions had taken place. Some who could tell her nothing sent her on to others who might be able to help her, for traditions had passed from mouth to mouth among these unlettered

people. At last she found an eye-witness. This was M'lle Paris, a poor mender of lace, and she told this pathetic story.

Her father, an old man, had served the noble family of Brissac for thirty years; her brother was an employé of the staff of the National Guard. This brother was the support of the family, for his father, after the Revolution had ruined his patrons, no longer received his pension, and during the Terror she herself could find no lace to mend. One day her brother did not come home at the usual hour. She went out to seek news of him and when she returned, after a vain search, she found the house deserted; her father, too, was gone. During her absence the poor old man, hardly able to walk, had been dragged off to prison, and her brother, she afterwards learned, had been arrested in the morning of the same day. She could never find out what crime they were accused. The authorities would neither arrest her nor permit her to visit the accused. The only time she saw them was when they passed through the street in a tumbril on the way to execution. A friend who saw her in the watching crowd tried to lead her away; she would not go, and the friend himself went off in tears. She saw her father and her brother beheaded. If she did not die upon the spot it was, she said, only because God supported her. She did not fall down; she remained rooted to the spot, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, murmuring prayers in a mechanical way. When she came back to consciousness the square was nearly deserted. Laden tumbrils were just setting out on the road to the fields under the guard of gendarmes. She could hardly walk; she did not know where they were going, but she followed them. They went over the rough road to Picpus; she recognized at once the convent of the Augustinian nuns. Thus it was that she learned where her relations were buried. "Since that time," she said, "I often go there; winter and summer it is my Sunday walk."

The Noailles family and others whose relatives lay in Picpus bought not only the little burial place, but a part of the adjoining field, and secured the right to bury in it their

own dead. The enclosure, sacred to the martyrs, was walled off, to remain forever holy ground to their families. The later dead are in an outer enclosure, and this is strewn thick to-day with tombs of some of the noblest in France. General Lafayette lies here, side by side with his wife, whose mother and four or five other members of the Noailles family were among the martyrs. Here too lie members of the Lévis family, of lineage so ancient that it claims kinship with the Virgin Mary.

All this is a part of the story of Picpus which I studied out in the weeks after the fall of the Commune. The last time I went there was on July 27, the anniversary of the day when Robespierre fell and the Terror ended. I rang the bell of the entrance door on the white wall of the Convent. I was admitted promptly to a little courtyard. By this time the attendant knew me and he went with me across the large, rather bare, garden to the enclosure of the cemetery. We walked through the outer court with its many tombs, and I stood again at the grated gate enclosing the inner spot where the foot of the stranger does not tread. Evening was coming on and I called up another evening just seventy-seven years earlier. No loving hands smoothed out the distorted limbs of the old and the young who then found here a grave. No one who cared for them was here to inspire any pity or tenderness. Rough men did rough tasks and kindly night concealed the horrors of their work. Three of those who lie here came vividly before me: the withered old marchioness, a child again at eighty-four; her fair and devout grand-daughter; and, last of all, André Chénier. His was a fiery soul; he dared to speak out boldly and he perished. The attendant was growing impatient that I should leave; perhaps he did not like to linger after nightfall in this haunted spot. It was quite dark when he closed behind me the outer gate of the Convent. One thought weighed me down as I walked away: the most relentless force in all life is man's cruelty to man.

GEORGE M. WRONG

THE LITTLE SON OF THE PROPHET

The prophet, after fulfilling his long and hard preparation in the desert, had denounced the sins of the people and delivered the Lord's message. He has long looked for one to take up his mantle when the time comes, and his choice has fallen on a lad for whom he has a strong affection. But the lad has disappointed his hopes, and proves unequal to the heavy burden of prophecy.

This crisis opens the deeper issue of the conflict between the desires of the human heart and the life of ascetic dedication, with the final cleaving doubt of the validity of the revelation of God's will.

Had I struck you full in the face,
And said, "As God liveth, you lie!
Look now to your sword and His grace,
If on Him such as thou mayest cry!"

You had stood to your ground and returned
Blow for blow and a thrust for a thrust:
Alas! That mine anger is turned,
From the flame that it was, into dust!

I should know if you are the Lord's,
As you say by your soft-spoken mouth,
Or one of the Philistine hordes
Come up from the lands of the south.

But O Son, my Son, little Son!
(I am soft, somehow—is it age?—
I should curse you as once I had done,
But something has failed from my rage.)

It is long, it is long since the day
Jehovah cried out on my sin,
And I rose while the dawn was yet grey,
With naught round my loins but a skin.

And with locusts and honey for bread,
 And the parched, desert pools for my drink,
 Impalpably driven, I sped
 Till I came to the world's very brink.

It is long since I came back, O Tyre,
 From the Pit that I saw there beneath;
 And I thundered, O Sidon, the fire
 And the whirlwind of Judgement and Death!

"Ah Jehovah! Jehovah! Declare
 Not yet from Thy Word have I failed!
 Let my heart and my soul be laid bare,
 Not yet from Thy trust have I quailed!"

So I cried to Him just ere you came,
 O my Son, my Son, little Son!
 More loudly protesting the flame
 As I knew in my heart it was done.

Did I cry for some girl I had known,
 Some curious way, all these years,
 Since I thought that I went forth alone,
 Now remembered in bodings and fears?

I know not! Nay only I know
 I was strangely, infinitely tired—
 In the heart of my out-thundered woe
 Peace, only peace, I desired.

For O Son, my Son, little Son,
 I dreamed of that hour when I hurled
 From my couch at the daybreak to run
 Till I came to the edge of the world.

And I thought, Lo, my strength is long passed;
 I have spoken, and they have not heard;
 On him shall my mantle be cast,
 And he shall go forth with my word.

And the flame of my prophecy fired;
 As of old in the trance I was rapt;
 I forgot that I ever was tired,
 Till suddenly, reed-like, I snapped.

.

For a son of my flesh did I cry,
 When I said, "Lo, the son of my soul!"
 And at once as the light of mine eyes
 I loved you and silently stole

With a whisper, half glad, half afraid,
 "Are you he? Are you he? You are he!"
 As though I had spoke to a maid,
 Not a lad in the height of his glee.

Was it fancy I caught in your mirth,
 Like the ground of an infinite theme,
 The chant of the tides of the earth
 Flooding in on a silver-voiced stream?

And I laid on your shoulder a hand,
 Forswearing the kiss I had given,
 Torn in twain by Jehovah's command,
 Yet driven, and driven, and driven

To cry out His Word to your beauty,
 Though with flowers I covered His rod—
 O iron and pitiless duty
 Thou layest on Thy servants, Lord God!

.

The world did not know it, I poured
 The vials of wrath while I wept.
 I spake with my lips for the Lord,
 But to you in the stillness I crept.

“O my people, my people,” I cried,
 But I thought, am I better than they?
 I have laboured for naught but my pride,
 Has the Lord but to me shown the way?

And the infinite pathos of life
 Flooded in on my soul like a wave,
 And, broken, I cried from the strife
 For one moment of love ere the grave.

And the bodings and fears that I knew,
 Ere you came, O my Son, little Son,
 They clustered and clustered round you,
 Till you and that pathos were one.

I struck the world full in the face,
 But I only could look in your eyes,
 And plead with my own that God's grace
 In your heart like a well-spring might rise.

And they shone for a space with new light,
 And your hair as a prophet's was blown,
 But, ah Watchman! What of the night?
 Ah, what was your faith when alone?

I watched you and watched you. I know
 That you felt that I doubted your word
 Were hurt O the pity but oh!
 My heart cried out, “Has he heard?”

You were splendid in unsullied youth,
 Had you need to the desert to run?
 Had you need of repentance and ruth,
 When your life was hardly begun?

And I said, I am old, he is young,
 And the youth that I had was a day,
 He is wiser than I, and I flung
 My heart and my soul in your play.

And ah, had you known how I quaffed
The wine of youth's cup once again,
How the heart and the soul of me laughed—
Not a jot of my mirth did I feign.

But sometimes, betweentimes, I burned
With the old, unslakeable thirst,
But now you no longer turned,
So it seemed, with a flash as at first.

Had I pleaded too often and long?
Or perhaps you already had heard?
Did I give you one note for a song?
Did my prophecy whine to a gird?

But now it is long since we met,
O my Son, my Son, little Son,
And it may be I wrong you, but yet,
Ah, what have you done—have you *done*?

Now judge you I dare not: 'tis past,
The time of my judgement and wrath;
But on whom shall my mantle be cast,
And who with my word shall go forth?

Wild honey and locusts—ah, must
These be your meat ere you learn
The zeal of the Lord—from the dust
Must you drink the parched pool ere you burn?

Yet I called down fire from above
To wither my people with flame,
And to you I have pleaded with love,
And oh, little Son, 'tis the same!

I believed (oh, I half believe still!)
That *once* you did hear, and I cried . . .
But you felt I had pitted my will
Against yours, and you shrank back in pride.

And a gulf that widens each day
Now sunders our paths, and we go
Each one on his separate way—
Ah whither? Would God I could know!
I could suffer the pain of my loss,
Talk and play, together, like prayer;
Yea, all but my hope were as dross
Did I know but my hope were your care.
Let me go to the desert again,
Lest I fret you, my Son, little Son:
It will pass, all this yearning and pain—
When my dust and the desert's are one.
Or once more shall I come back at length,
And find that my word was approved?
Hear a voice, aye your voice in its strength,
O Son, little Son, so beloved!

ALFRED GORDON

THE LAW OF BLASPHEMY

WHAT is blasphemy? Is Christianity part of the law of England? Such are the questions to which the judicial members of the House of Lords have lately directed their attention in the case of *Bowman v. The Secular Society Limited* [1917], A.C., 406. This is not the occasion to deal with the purely legal aspect of these questions. The writer has done so elsewhere (*Michigan Law Review*, Jan., 1918). But it has seemed to him that the subject is one which may appeal to a wider circle of readers than could be expected to take an interest in matters of mere law. Indeed it extends beyond the sphere of law and oversteps the frontiers of morals and religion. The whole of history rightly understood is the history of ideas. This alone is what matters in the record of the past. The history of blasphemy is a chapter in the history of ideas. To one short section of this chapter it is our purpose to call attention in the following pages. We shall see how courts of law adapt themselves to the spirit of the age, while maintaining the fiction that the law alone remains unaltered in a world in which everything else is continuously changing.

Blasphemy is a thing of long standing, and so is its punishment by legal process. In England it fell within the competence of the ecclesiastical courts, and, after the Reformation, of the Court of Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission. In the age which followed the restoration of Charles II, the ecclesiastical courts had lost much of their authority, while the courts which had succeeded to their jurisdiction had themselves been abolished. It was at this point that the Court of King's Bench intervened to punish grave offences against morals and religion, thus bringing them for the first time within the scope of the common law (Stephen, *Hist. Crim. Law*, vol. 2, p. 470). The history of the law of blasphemy therefore, viewed as an offence at common

law, lies within the compass of little more than two hundred and fifty years. The reported cases relating to the subject are neither numerous nor, judged by legal standards, of great importance. Indeed if this had not been so, the task with which the House of Lords recently found itself confronted would have been less difficult than it proved. However, though most of the reported cases throw little light on the law, they throw considerable light on the progress of ideas, and this is the point of view from which we shall approach them.

The earliest case is *Rex v. Sidley* or *Sedley*, in 1663. The defendant was the notorious Sir Charles Sedley, whose gross misbehaviour at the Cock Tavern in Covent Garden, recorded by Pepys, July 1st, 1663, is better remembered than his former reputation as a man of letters. His enormities are rather hinted at than described in Siderfin's Report (1 Sid., 168). For the instruction of those who may be unacquainted with the possibilities of the French language in its stage of ultimate decay, when serving the purposes of the law, the original is reproduced:

Sr. Ch. S. fuit indict al common ley pur several misdemeanors encounter le peace del Roy & que fueront al grand scandal de Christianity, et le cause fuit quia il monstre son nude corps in un balcony in Covent Garden al grand multitude de people & la fist tiel choses & parle tiel parolls &c. (monstrant ascun particulars de son misbehavior) & cel indictment fuit overtment lie a luy en Court & fuit dit a luy per les justices que coment la ne fuit a cel temps ascun Star Chamber encore ils voil fair luy de scaver que cest Court est custos morum de tous les subjects le Roy, et est ore haut temps de punnier tiels profane actions fait encounter tout modesty queux sont cy frequent sicome nient solement Christianity.¹ Mes auxy morality ad estre derelinquy, et apres que il ad eē continue in Court p recogn² del terme de Trin. al fine del terme de St. Mich. Le Court luy demand daver son triall pur cel al Barr, mes il aiant advise³ submit luy mesme al Court & confesse l'indictment. Pur que le Court consider quel judgment a doner, et pur ceo q̄ il fuit gents' home de trope

¹The punctuation is faulty. The meaning is "it was high time to punish such profane actions, committed against all modesty, which were as frequent as if not only Christianity but morality also had been neglected."

²After he had been kept in court by recognizance.

³Being advised, he submitted himself to the court.

aunc. family (ore del pays de Kent) & son estate incumber (nient intendant son ruine mes pur luy reforme ils fine luy forsque 2000 marks & que serra imprison pur un weeke sans baile & del bone port pur 3 ans.

It appears that Sedley was indicted for indecency and blasphemy. But as Lord Sumner observed, in the case of the Secular Society, "the indecency was so gross that little stress was laid on the blasphemy, which was probably both tipsy and incoherent." Pepys adds the information that it took the form of abusing of Scripture and preaching a mountebank sermon. We need not dwell upon the case any further, for it barely establishes that blasphemy is a crime, and certainly throws no light upon the question what makes it so.

The case which is usually taken as the starting point of the series of decisions upon this branch of the law, is Taylor's Case in 1676. An information was exhibited against the accused in the Crown office for uttering of "divers blasphemous expressions, horrible to hear." Hale, C.J. (he who tried and condemned witches and was a great judge nevertheless) said that "such kind of wicked blasphemous words were not only an offence to God and religion, but a crime against the laws, state, and government, and therefore punishable by this Court. For to say religion is a cheat, is to dissolve all those obligations whereby the civil societies are preserved, and that Christianity is parcel of the laws of England; and therefore to reproach the Christian religion is to speak in subversion of the law" (1 Vent., 293). Another report of the same trial adds a few more details (3 Keb., 607). The judgement of Hale, C. J., is there rendered as follows:—"These words though of ecclesiastical cognisance, yet that religion is a cheat, tends to dissolution of all government, and therefore punishable here, and so of contumelious reproaches of God, or the religion establishit; which the Court agreed and adjudged. An indictment lay for saying the Protestant religion was a fiction for taking away religion, all obligation to government by oaths, &c., ceaseth, and Christian religion is a part of the law it self, therefore injuries to God are as punishable as to the King, or any common person." The prisoner being found guilty was fined

1000 marks and to be imprisoned until he found sureties for good behaviour for life, and pillory at Gilford, where the words were spoken, and at Westminster, Cheapside, and Exchange, with a paper "for horrid blasphemy, tending to subvert all government."

Taylor was probably mad. He was certainly obscure and miserable. Obscurity was not the fate of the next victim of the blasphemy laws, Thomas Woolston, if fame may be assessed by the noise he made in his lifetime, and the four-column notice dedicated to his memory in the Dictionary of National Biography. He has been described as "a clergyman who joked about the miracles." Perhaps he did. He began by explaining them away, which shows once more that it is *le premier pas qui coute*. Fitzjames Stephen, who was a pretty wide reader, had not seen his book. He refers to a full account of it given by his brother Leslie in "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." According to this writer Woolston was half mad and wholly absurd (*Fortnightly Review*, March, 1884, 296; *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, i, 228-37). The writer in the Dictionary of National Biography treats him rather more kindly. He writes: "The vigour of the Discourses is undeniable, and it has been said with some truth that they anticipate the mythical theory of Strauss." From the same source it appears that "he bore the repute of a sound scholar, a good preacher, a charitable and estimable man." These valuable qualities, however, did not save him from prosecution for blasphemy. He was tried on 4th March, 1729, by Chief Justice Raymond, on the charge of "publishing five blasphemous libels wherein the miracles of our Saviour were turned into ridicule, and His life and conversation exposed and vilified." His counsel, Dr. Worley, argued: first, that the book was not writ against the Christian religion; and, secondly, that, "admitting it was, yet it could not be punished by the temporal courts, but was a matter innocent in itself and lawful for every man to do." The second of these points the court said they would not suffer to be argued: "for the Christian religion is established in the

Kingdom; and therefore, they would not allow any books to be writ which should tend to alter that establishment. They observed too, that as the Christian religion was part of the law, whatever derided that derided the law, and consequently must be an offence against the law; for the laws are the only means to preserve the peace and order of every government, and therefore, whatever exposes them prevents the peace and order of the government to be kept" (1 Barn., K. B., 163). This passage, it must be admitted, is not remarkable for logical coherency, but it is plainly inconsistent with the view for which little, if any, judicial authority will be found before the middle of the last century, that you may say what you please about Christianity, so long as you say it decently and reverently. Another report varies the phrase without affecting the substance. According to this the Chief Justice said: "Christianity in general is parcel of the common law of England, and therefore to be protected by it; now whatever strikes at the very root of Christianity, tends manifestly to a dissolution of the Civil Government, and so was the opinion of my Lord Hale in Taylor's case; so that to say an attempt to subvert the established religion is not punishable by those laws upon which it is established, is an absurdity." His Lordship added: "I would have it taken notice of that we do not meddle with any differences in opinion, and that we interpose only when the very root of Christianity is struck at as it plainly is by this allegorical scheme, the New Testament and the whole relation of the life and miracles of Christ being denied" (Fitz. 65-6). In a third report the court is made to say: "They desired it might be taken notice of that they laid their stress upon the word general and did not intend to include disputes between learned men upon particular controverted points" (2 Str., 834). Woolston was found guilty. The court sentenced him to pay a fine of £100 and to lie in prison for a year; further to continue in prison for life unless he found security for his good behaviour during life, which he failed to do. He survived his sentence some four years, and died within the rules of the King's Bench.

There were doubtless other prosecutions for blasphemy during the middle part of the 18th Century, but they did not excite notice and have, with unimportant exceptions, escaped the reporters. The case of Peter Annets, the deist, belongs to this period (1763) and shows what kind of *mitigated sentence* a blasphemer might expect. The case is reported 1 Wm. Bl. 395. The accused was charged with publishing a blasphemous libel entitled the "Free Inquirer," tending to blaspheme Almighty God and discredit His Holy Scripture, particularly the Pentateuch, by representing that the prophet Moses was an impostor. To this information he pleaded guilty. "In consideration of which, and of his poverty, of his having confessed his errors in an affidavit, and of his being seventy years old, and some symptoms of wildness that appeared on his inspection in court, the court declared that they had mitigated their intended sentence to the following, viz., to be imprisoned in Newgate for a month; to stand twice in the pillory with a paper on his forehead inscribed *blasphemy*; to be sent to the house of correction to hard labour for a year; to pay a fine of 6s. 8d., and to find security, himself in £100 and two sureties in £50 each, for his good behaviour during life."

At the end of the century fresh impetus to such proceedings was given by the publication of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." A time-honoured ceremony, which excites perhaps more merriment than respect, is the reading at the opening of each Commission of Assize in England, of His Majesty's Proclamation against Immorality and Profaneness. Originating in the reign of William III (Steph. *Hist. Crim. Law*, vol. 2, p. 469), it is still part of the panoply of English justice. At the end of the century a number of well-meaning individuals constituted themselves a society for the enforcing of His Majesty's proclamation. It was known, for short, as the Proclamation Society. The chairman in the year 1797 was Porteus, Bishop of London, and it included in its ranks Mr. Wilberforce and a miscellaneous collection of baronets, gentlemen, and clergy. It was this body which in that year

thought fit to institute proceedings against one Thomas Williams, for publishing Paine's book. The circumstances in which they did so are described as follows, in an introductory note to the report in Howell's *State Trials* (vol. 26, col. 654).

"The subject of the prosecution is "The Age of Reason," parts the first and second, which purports to be 'An investigation of True and Fabulous Theology.' The first part made its appearance in the year 1794 and attracted little attention; but in the latter end of 1795, the second part was published, and excited a general avidity to read the book, particularly among the middling and lower classes of life. Soon after the publication it was mentioned to the Society, at several of their meetings, as a most dangerous work and they determined to watch its progress. In the beginning of the year 1796, the very excellent answer to it by a learned prelate [Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff] gave great hopes that the poison instilled into the minds of many of the readers would be converted to a wholesome and sober aliment, and the Society seemed to think the noisome work would of itself die away; but they were disappointed; for at the close of that year they were informed by many of their most intelligent members, who spoke from their own knowledge, that in several widely extended parts of the kingdom . . . and even in Scotland the work had been circulated with more than common industry amongst considerable bodies of people, and was producing the most pernicious effects; and that new editions were preparing and about to be published in almost every part of the country." The Society, therefore, having taken the opinion of Mr. John Bayley, afterwards a judge (who while he had no hesitation in saying that an indictment would lie, hinted, nevertheless, a doubt as to its expediency) launched the prosecution in consequence of which Williams was put upon his trial before the Court of King's Bench on June 24th, 1797. Erskine's address to the jury, which in form displays the highest quality of his genius, in substance is the sorriest claptrap. Mr. Kyd made a laboured defence which was chiefly remarkable for ignoring

his client's claim to clemency if not to acquittal, namely that he probably knew nothing of the contents of the incriminated publication. Lord Kenyon, who was a good lawyer, but had been somewhat imperfectly educated, summed up the case to the jury in a short address, which left no doubt as to his own sentiments. It was on this occasion that he performed the surprising feat of changing an apostate into an apologist in a passage which Lord Campbell cites with malicious enjoyment in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*. "Christianity," he said, "from its earliest institution met with its opposers. Its professors were very soon called upon to publish their apologies for the doctrines they had embraced. In what manner they did that, and whether they had the advantage of their adversaries, or sank under the superiority of their arguments, mankind for near two thousand years have had an opportunity of judging. They have seen what Julian, Justin Martyr, and other apologists have written; and have been of opinion that the argument was in favour of these very publications." The jury, as was to be expected, instantly found the accused guilty.

Judgement was postponed. Before it was pronounced Erskine had dissociated himself from the prosecution. The circumstances of his doing so, which are very much to his credit, are related by himself in a letter to Mr. Howell, the editor of *The State Trials*.

"Having convicted Williams," he writes, "and before he had notice to attend the Court to receive judgment, I happened to pass one day through the old Turnstile from Holborn, on my way to Lincoln's Inn Fields, when in the narrowest part of it, I felt something pulling me by the coat, when on turning round I saw a woman at my feet, bathed in tears and emaciated with disease and sorrow, who continued almost to drag me into a miserable hovel in the passage, where I found she was attending upon two or three unhappy children in the confluent smallpox, and in the the same apartment not above ten or twelve feet square the wretched man I had convicted was sewing up little religious tracts which had been his principal

employment in his trade, and I was fully convinced that his poverty and not his will had led to the publication of this infamous book, as without any kind of stipulation for mercy on my part, he voluntarily and eagerly engaged to find out all the copies in circulation and to bring them to me to be destroyed."

Keenly affected by what he had seen, Erskine represented to the prosecuting Society that "mercy being the grand characteristic of the Christian religion which had been defamed and insulted, it might be here exercised not only safely, but more usefully to the object of the prosecution than by the most severe judgment which must be attended with the ruin of this helpless family." The Society, however, declined to act upon this advice and Erskine returned his retainer, which for certain technical reasons he was able to pronounce irregular. The prisoner was brought up for judgement on April 28th, 1798, and was sentenced to be kept at hard labour for the space of one year, and then to give security on his own recognizance for good behaviour during life. The whole course of the trial shows plainly that the milder theory of the law of blasphemy which has ultimately prevailed was as far from the mind of the king's judges at the end of the 18th century as it had been at any previous time since blasphemy first emerged into view as a criminal offence at common law.

The prosecution of Williams, as Mr. Bayley anticipated, so far from arresting the circulation of Paine's books, only gave them an added notoriety. A few years later another victim was found in Daniel Isaac Eaton, who was charged with publishing a blasphemous and profane libel against the Christian religion and the Divine Founder of it (31 *State Trials*, 927). The offence consisted in publishing the third part of "The Age of Reason," a copy of which Eaton had procured from Mr. Duane, the editor of the *Aurora* at Philadelphia. The accused conducted his own defence and read a long argumentative address, which brought him into frequent conflict with Lord Ellenborough, the presiding judge. Unlike Williams, who was as ignorant as he was miserable,

Eaton was a man of ideas. He probably knew a good deal more about Church History than his Lordship, who was the son of a bishop, and he added to his learning an obstinate perversity such as has often merited the crown of martyrdom. Ellenborough was genuinely shocked by his destructive criticism of the New Testament. Found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to be imprisoned eighteen months in His Majesty's gaol of Newgate, and to stand in the Pillory between the hours of twelve and two, once within a month.

Prosecutions for blasphemy were frequent during the early part of the 19th century. Between 1821 and 1834 there were seventy-three convictions, often followed by severe sentences. Since 1837 prosecutions have been far less numerous, and concurrently the notion has developed that blasphemy consists not in what is said but in the way of saying it. In 1842, Mr. Justice Erskine, son of the Lord Chancellor, used the oft quoted words: "It is indeed still blasphemy, punishable at Common Law, scoffingly and irreverently to ridicule or impugn the doctrines of the Christian Faith; yet any man may, without subjecting himself to any penal consequences, soberly and reverently examine and question the truth of those doctrines which have been assumed as essential to it" (*Shore v. Wilson*, 1842, 9 Cl. & F., at p. 524). This passage undoubtedly indicates the modern point of view. But the spirit of persecution was too manifest in the prosecution of the well-known secularist, George Jacob Holyoake, which took place before Mr. Justice Erskine himself in the same year. It seems that in the course of a walk from Birmingham to Bristol, Holyoake lectured to the Mechanics' Institution at Cheltenham on Emigration and the Poor Laws. At the end of the address a member of the audience, laying a trap for the speaker, said: "The lecturer has been speaking of our duty to man, he has nothing to tell us as to our duty to God?" "I do not believe there is such a thing as a God," Holyoake replied and added a flippant phrase. For this he was punished with six months imprisonment. This is

believed to have been the last prosecution for blasphemy by spoken words as distinct from blasphemous libel.

Within comparatively recent times the militant atheism of Bradlaugh and his associates excited retaliatory measures on the part of offended orthodoxy. The prosecution of Ramsay and Foote in the year 1876 gave the late Lord Coleridge an opportunity of restating the law of blasphemy in a form more consonant with modern ideas. If he was not absolutely the first English judge to give authority to the statement that any one may question the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity, provided he does so decently and reverently, he was the first to lay down the principle in circumstances which attracted public attention. Sir James Stephen, himself a judge of the High Court, and the author of a learned *History of the Criminal Law*, took the unusual course of questioning the correctness of the judgement in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. On the other hand, Mr. Apsland, a member of the Bar, in his pamphlet on the Law of Blasphemy, entered the lists on the side of Lord Coleridge. There the matter rested in an equipoise of uncertainty until the recent judgement of the House of Lords, which I have taken as the text of this article, finally and authoritatively accepted Lord Coleridge's view as correct.

So we come back to our starting point, *Bowman v. The Secular Society, Limited*. The case admits of simple statement. There is nothing in it to alarm the most lacklaw reader. Bowman by his will had left the residue of his estate to the Secular Society, a body incorporated for the objects set out in its memorandum of association. The first of these, and the one which gave colour to the rest, was to promote "the principle that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge and not upon supernatural belief; and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action." The bequest was disputed on two grounds: first, that the object of the Society was wholly illegal, being directed to the subversion of the Christian religion, so that the very memorandum of association itself was a blasphemous

libel and an infringement of the criminal law. Secondly, that even if the objects of the Society were not illegal in the sense of being criminal, they were nevertheless unlawful in the sense that the law would not sustain a bequest in favour of a Society designed to promote them. It was in connection with the first of these arguments that their Lordships took occasion to inquire into the law of blasphemy, with the result that by a unanimous vote they pronounced in favour of the view formulated by Lord Coleridge in the case of *Reg. v. Ramsay & Foote*. What must seem curious to the lay mind is that, in pronouncing what the law of blasphemy is to-day, the House of Lords declared at the same time what it has been ever since the crime of blasphemy first received the attention of the courts of common law. Such, at least, is the orthodox theory of judicial decision, according to which the business of judges, however eminent, of courts of justice, however august, is not to make law, but to ascertain it. The result is that in legal intendment the law of blasphemy is the same to-day as it always has been, so that Lord Raymond in the reign of George II, or Lord Kenyon or Lord Ellenborough in the reign of George III, if they had taken occasion to devote as much thoughtful attention to this subject as our own Law Lords did the other day, must necessarily have arrived at the same conclusion. Nor did their Lordships recoil from this result. They agreed, rejecting the contrary view of Sir James Stephen, that the essence of blasphemy consists not in what is said but in the manner of saying it. Even Lord Chancellor Finlay concurred in this view, though with regard to the second point he was in a minority of one, holding that though the bequest was not illegal as designed to encourage crime, it was nevertheless unlawful in the sense that the law would not give effect to it. Commenting upon the case in the *Law Quarterly Review*, Sir Frederick Pollock writes, "there is nothing to say of Lord Finlay's dissenting opinion in general except that it says in very good form all that can be said for the losing side, and has no worse fault than that of being a century out of date."

The sketch of the history of the law of blasphemy given in these pages treats the subject as it were *in vacuo*, without reference to the general movement of the law in the direction of religious toleration. This is justified, for so far as legislation is concerned blasphemy remains to-day precisely what it has been any time since the 17th century. But if it is impossible, even in the absence of legislation, that any rule of the common law should continue permanently irresponsive to the movement of opinion, this must especially be the case when opinion has left its record in the statute book in the very province of law to which the rule in question belongs. The progress towards religious freedom indicated by the repeal of statutory penalties and disabilities affecting Protestant Dissenters, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, and Jews (the principal landmarks of which are the Toleration Act of 1689, the Act 53 Geo. III, c. 160, the Roman Catholic Relief Acts, 1829 and 1832, and the Religious Disabilities Act, 1846), the admission of Jews to Parliament, as the result of the Parliamentary Oaths Act, 1866, the opening of the English universities to all these classes of persons by the Universities Tests Act, 1871, have indeed technically left the law of blasphemy unchanged, but have in their cumulated effect wrought a revolution in men's ideas of what is and what is not permitted in regard to public utterance upon matters of religious belief. The modern attitude towards blasphemy is partly the consequence of this legislation, partly the result of causes of which this legislation is itself the consequence. The case of *Bowman v. The Secular Society* does not so much make a change in the law as it recognizes the fact that a change has taken place.

This is what constitutes its chief interest to the lawyer and, perhaps, to some who are not lawyers as well. In vain Lord Finlay protested that "it can never be the business of a court of law to begin by inquiring what is the spirit of the age and in supposed conformity with it to decide what the law is;" for this, consciously or unconsciously, is exactly what the House of Lords has done, and it is what judicial decisions must always do, when not held in rigid bonds by statute, if the voice

of the law is to be anything better than the noise of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Neither law nor religion can be finally stated. Each admits of progress, of discovery. But it is not easy to build on the shifting sands of opinion. Hence the fondness of mankind for creeds and codes, of which the first promises finality in religion, the second finality in law. But it is a vain yearning. The impregnable rock of to-day disintegrates into the shifting sands of to-morrow. Again and yet again the house which man has made so strong for himself is found to be built on insecure foundations. The study of the history of opinion may suggest to some the pessimistic conclusion that human progress has been little else than progression in the dismal path of error. Others, buoyed by a robust faith, through all the dark record of ignorance and oppression which makes up a great part of what we call history, will still catch a vision of the broken lights by which men have guided their footsteps towards the ideal of an ordered and reasonable freedom.

R. W. LEE

THE IRRELEVANT ROSE

TURNING over the leaves of an encyclopedia, which shall be nameless, I lighted on this priceless sentence, "Except for ornamental purposes, roses are of small importance." The author's identity need not transpire. He is probably of blood kin to Nicholas Bottom, weaver, of Athens; for he writes himself down "crop expert," and Nick was of opinion that good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow. Both have a following that would endorse the "expert's" judgement on the secular crop of roses.

I looked up from the printed page to the single rose in its slim glass vase standing on my writing table beside the statuette of Here. The Greek girl is engaged in fastening the clasp of her himation on her left shoulder; and the rose stands as high as her head. It is quite a common rose, which blooms untended year by year in a neglected corner of the garden. It bears no famous name, has no pedigree, is subject to no diseases; it is just a common pink rose backed by the spray of green serrate leaves on which it grew. Grouped with the little plaster cast of Here, it forms a bright patch of grateful colour, the centre of the dun, book-lined study.

When it was picked yesterday, it had the shape of a conical bullet; the outer petals were beginning to curl backward, away from the solid centre in curiously gradual curves, which might almost be represented in a drawing by straight lines. Some hidden force drew back those petals, definitely pulled them away. How, the botanists do not know; they talk of "leaf movements" and "turgidity of cells;" but no one has explained the mechanics of the phenomenon. The solid pink core looked almost as if it had been carved with some keen-edged tool. The poet was right in setting

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

To-day the unfolding process has been completed, and the bullet has opened out into a flat pink wheel of crinkled, fluted tissue raying from a yellow heart. The subtle perfume invades the sense, insisting on notice, like the unceasing pulling of tiny invisible hands, the hands of sylphs. To-morrow the pink tissue will have faded ever so slightly into a colour less precious, and the rose will not be so lovely. On the next day the petals will begin to fall. Spenser must have marked the same changes in his time.

Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
 That fairer seemes the less ye see her may.
 Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display:
 Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away.

The moral is so plain that it is hardly worth spelling out; none the less the poet continues his parable.

So passeth in the passing of a day
 Of mortall life, the leafe, the bud, the flowre.

According to Ruskin, flowers are something over and above, a gift thrown into the scheme of things; and the rose has always queened it over the others. From the prehistoric past, it has been the favourite flower of the Aryan peoples, and has been carried with them in their wanderings in every zone. Why is this? Whence arises this "pre-established harmony" between the growing thing which yields comely blossoms, but no fruit, and the spirit that is in man? Utility has no answer; roses are of small importance.

Perhaps the answer is shadowed forth in the fellowship of the Greek girl, though moulded of inanimate clay, and the living rose beside her. The Greeks were not always fighting at Marathon, or listening to Demosthenes, or witnessing the tragedies of Aeschylus. If the Anthology, which means nosegay, may be submitted as evidence, "the jolly old Greeks," as Kingsley called them, had time to consider the lilies of the field. They were passionately fond of flowers, and, above

all, of the rose. Meleager sang of the spring, like the veriest tiro in the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper, though, be it confessed, with more verve and grace.

And the meadows laugh and sing,
For the rose is opening.

The rose bloomed on through the summer months. An unknown admirer of Anacreon expresses the wish that summer may long "pour his waste of roses" about the Teian poet's tomb. Anacreon, or one of his imitators, made a whole poem on "the spendors of the royal rose."

The joy of mortals and the gods' delight,
Emblem of tender love and beauty bright.

Even in those ancient times, the rose of the poets was not the mere untended wilding, but the cultivated garden rose, with its natural tendency to double. Then, as now, there were winter roses.

The roses that in Spring did blow,
Do now, amid the winter's snow,
Put forth a wealth of blossom red.

The roses of Pæstum were noted for blooming twice in the year, though none are to be found there now. Even in parts of Canada, the roses bloom in September as well as in June. And there are Christmas roses.

The chief association of the rose has always been with love. The "flower-fair Graces" wore it in their ordered tresses. With it Aphrodite decked "her lovely amorous form." Meleager named it "the lover-loving," or "love's token true," and wove it with other flowers into an unfading coronal for Heliodora's dark hair. Even now the rose is the choice offering at beauty's shrine. The sentiment of the Greek lyric moves the gilded youth of the present day to arm himself with a sheaf of American Beauties when he goes forth to pay his respects. There were flower markets in Athens, as there are florists' shops in New York, where roses were for sale. Hence the epigram,

Hail! thou that hast the roses, thou hast the rose's grace,
But sellest thou the roses, or e'en thine own fair face.

Like Tennyson's young squire, who wooed the miller's daughter, the Greek lover longed to change places with the insentient decoration of the beloved. But the rose on the white neck is a prettier fancy than the necklace.

Oh, would I were a red, red rose,
That I might be caressed
Upon that fair abode of snows,
Those hills upon her breast.

Love and Death are never far apart; theirs is an ancient fellowship; and to the Greek, the frailty of the rose was as evident as its beauty. Hardly has the beautiful, coloured, scented thing reached perfection, than it begins to fade and die, thus offering man an unmistakable emblem of his own mortality.

Brief is the rose's bloom, so cull
The flower while it blows:
For when its bloom is passed, thou'lt find
A thorn and not a rose.

Centuries afterwards, our English Herrick, who had a cure of souls, proffered the same Anacreontic counsel to the golden girls of all time.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The same sentiment inspires Waller's more stately pleading with the Cruel Fair, whom he resembles to the rose he sends her, with this admonition:

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things fair
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Music, says the analytic thinker, works its spell by this very thing, the sense of the transient, of loveliness which cannot be clutched and held, but slips away and eludes the yearning spirit the very moment it is born.

The point of Keats's famous ode is that the song of the nightingale links the remote past with the impassioned present moment of delight, and forms a chain of memory through the ages.

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient times by emperor and clown.

So with the royal rose. No hungry generations tread it down. It blooms, they say, luxuriantly on the torn battlefields of France, hiding the awful wreckage of war with a veil of beauty. Indeed the rose may survive the human race which loved it, and still bloom triumphantly when the planet is our grave. Centuries before Christ, men thought of the rose—its lovely colour, its ravishing perfume, its touching frailty—as we moderns think of it now. They loved it as we love it. There is a gay-coloured trail of its petals through the story of man upon the earth, and there are the ashes of roses by its side. Poetry is one long romaunt of the rose in all the varied speech of human kind. Dante had a vision of a mystical white rose of which the petals were the souls of the redeemed, rank above rank. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music have all laid the rose under contribution. Fighting men have worn it as their badge in long, fierce wars. It is the national flower of England, redder now than ever with her best heart's blood. Sweep the rose out of art and literature, and both must be the poorer. The world will have lost a precious, irreplaceable jewel. From the earliest times, it has bloomed year by year, century after century beside human dwelling-places to make man yearn for beauty, to reward that longing, and to teach him the lesson of his mortality.

But what saith the Crop Expert? "Of small importance," quotha. Truly, it cannot be eaten for food or woven into clothing, or built into a shelter from the weather. Utility is justified of her children. Still, he might have remembered how important it is in making *pot-pourri* for old-fashioned drawing-rooms, and in furnishing princesses in fairy-tales with feather-beds.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE SERMON ON THE WRATH OF GOD

THE little steep-roofed, dormer-windowed houses of St. Eulalie stand so close together that in the long leisure of a summer Sunday afternoon gossip greets gossip from door to door all down the length of the one and only street.

Opposite the houses are long low barns, whitewashed and thatched, with swallows' nests thickly plastered under their overhanging eaves.

Behind the houses "ribbon fields" of wheat and clover, of tobacco and oats and flax, stretch away to a swift and sparkling river.

Nobody's dwelling is more than a story and a half in height, and everybody's doorstep is on the street. Some of the houses consist of but one single living room, with a sleeping-loft overhead. Every householder has an old-fashioned well with a sweep, and also a quaint outdoor oven of sun-dried bricks.

There is but one structure of any pretensions in all the length of the village, and that is the great Roman Catholic church, solidly built of limestone and crowned by two tapering spires, sheathed in gleaming tin.

When the sun is low, these spires shine far across the level land, and from them there floats serenely the evening angelus. "Mother of God, pray for us sinners," say the villagers, when they hear these bells, "now and in the hour of our death."

Behind the parish church wooden crosses, white for the young and black for the aged, preserve the memory of sons and daughters gone forever from the village; and half-way down the one long road a great cross towers, upholding the emblems of the crucifixion—hammer, nails, spear, and crown of thorns.

The house-mother who walks abroad, knitting as she goes, pauses here to make her reverence and murmur a prayer. Her son, returning from the field, checks his oxen here for a

brief devotion. Even the young girls, laughing together with French light-heartedness, become suddenly grave as they approach this place, and each makes the sign of the cross upon her tender breast.

St. Eulalie, it will be surmised, is not progressive. Its people have never heard of the simple life, but they live it to the full—the life of a people very near to the ground, but perhaps also very near to God.

In Father Gilbert's time, at least, one soul, afire with God, was a shining and a guiding light to all these simple folk.

St. Eulalie worked hard in those days, as indeed it does still. Its busy housewives rose at dawn to do the work of primitive homes, where there were none of the modern labour-saving conveniences. In these households there was generally a baby—and also an ex-baby, just old enough to get into mischief and danger. The troops of boys and girls were clad in homespun woven by mother or grandmother in a primitive clacking loom. Their stockings, tuques and mittens were knitted by mother and older sisters, from homespun yarn. The hours of the village school were long, and every boy had many chores to do at home, while every girl must be little mother and help with the housework. The men were early afield, wringing a scanty living out of stony acres in the brief summer of the north—for the land bore but poorly, even though it was ceremoniously blessed each spring with bell and book, with censer, chant, and candles.

But none worked harder than Father Gilbert in all the village, or in all the land. Down the river was an Indian village where he ministered in a rude wooden shack, with a gaudy little altar. Northward and southward were scattered hamlets, separated from St. Eulalie and from each other by miles of virgin forest, and in every one of these he must say mass at least twice a year. Five schools were catechized by him, and it was part of his work to see that they were well attended and well taught.

Up the river there was a lumber camp, where Father Gilbert used to say mass, in a roofed basement biding its time

to grow into a church. The lumbermen and their affairs were ever on his mind. He tried to keep them from brawling and drinking, and to see to it that they came to mass, saved their money and wrote home. The villagers told him all their sorrows. He settled their disputes. Their little farms and their "arpents" of meagre land were bought or sold at the parish church door.

Yes. In all the good Father's flock, none worked harder than he. A frail man, goaded by an exacting conscience, temperamentally responsive to beauty, exquisitely sensitive to pain, on him were laid the cares, the temptations, the sorrows, and the discontents of all the countryside.

In St. Eulalie, hemmed in by dark fir forest and sunny river, isolated from the great world, the slightest event in the life of anyone was of interest to all. A new soutane on the lean limbs of the good Father would have been the subject of staccato enthusiasm all up the river and down. But there was no tradition of such an event in St. Eulalie. And under the lowest of the curving roofs, there was never a humbler meal than those which the priest's old servant set before him day by day.

Into this life of hard work and ascetic living there had come one brief period of pleasure when Father Gilbert had enjoyed the outing of his life. He had journeyed even to Quebec, and there joined the great gathering of country priests convened to celebrate a trio of red-letter days.

When the longest day is near at hand, at the crown and climax of the year, the Roman Catholic Church keeps the Fête-Dieu, or Feast of God. Quebec has but one thought that day—and that is of the Host carried through the streets of the old gray city with all possible reverence and splendour.

The intrusive visitor realizes himself to be a rank outsider. The usually ubiquitous hacks and cabs may not cross the route of the procession, and all the streets cars are at a standstill.

From many gray towers, near and far, floats the clangor of blessed bells. Flowers are strewn and censers swung before the slowly advancing Host by many acolytes. The procession

is a stream of gorgeous colour—colour everywhere, in episcopal robe, in cope and chasuble, in canopy and banner; and in it appears a rippling band of purest white, a long line of little first communion girls, white as the blossoms which June brings forth on the Canadian hawthorn.

This continent can show few fairer sights than the Fête-Dieu procession in gray Quebec, and no Fête-Dieu ever excelled the one which Father Gilbert saw.

The Fête that year was not a solitary day, single though sufficing. Quebec made holiday again on the morrow, when the great statue of Laval was unveiled with stately ceremonial, and on the third day with unusual revelry the city celebrated the feast of St. Jean-Baptiste—one of the greatest holidays in the French-Canadian's year.

From river shore to highest turret of the fortress Quebec had adorned herself. Against the sky, blue as only a northern sky can be, tossed a glory of colour—streamer and pennant and flag. Lower down along the walls, gorgeously massed or flowing in long festoons, were the tricolour of France, the red of England, the papal yellow, and Mary's heavenly blue. At night the stars were eclipsed by crowns and crosses of lights.

And the Canadian June, so often cold—June that knows so well how to rage and how to gloom—June outdid herself with blue and golden weather.

The heart of Father Gilbert overflowed with fervent joy.

Under the radiant sky, in the beautiful city, with the stimulus of new thoughts and exquisite sights, there came to his soul an utter conviction of the love of God.

When Father Gilbert's holiday was over and he returned to his life of work and poverty, this conviction was with him still. And so the first sermon preached in St. Eulalie had the love of God for its theme.

"We are told, my children," said the good Father, speaking perhaps a little above the heads of his listeners, "that the laws of Nature, which are God's laws, are pitiless. And yet see how they have spared and cherished the little bird. It is perhaps not yet a year old, and see, you could crush it with

your hand. Yet as weak as it is, so young, of so small intelligence, God has brought it up from the south with the spring; over long leagues of sea and land, God has taught it to find its way and to build its home. In the face of these laws the frail and tiny thing can find its food and rear its nestlings, and see! it is happy—it sings!

“Of God is the love that welcomes the little baby to the poor home, where already there are so many mouths to feed. It is God’s love that when He calls us we are ready to go. I have stood by many deathbeds, my children. I have always found that the fear all passes away as death draws near, and before God takes us He makes us willing to go, or else we sleep ourselves away like tired children, and wake up in God’s keeping.

“God has borne and carried us all the days of old. He tells us to pardon one another till seventy times seven. Will He not do much more Himself?”

Ah, it was a memorable sermon—some of the hearers never forgot it, and they thanked the preacher for it with simple fervour.

But in their thanks Father Gilbert’s over-sensitive conscience found cause for uneasiness and sorrow. Had he not prophesied smooth things? Was he not neglecting to put before his people’s eyes the terrors of the law, and the sterner lessons of nature?

Ah, yes! God made the spring, but He made also the fierce northern snowstorms, and the long black nights. He made the white-throat, singing its matins in the spring dawn; He also made the wolves, which were a winter terror to some of the isolated farms.

Pierre and his wife were wrangling again. Desirée had spent her yarn money for a foolish fine hat, instead of handing it to her mother, as was meet. Raoul loved too well the whisky blanc. Ah, yes! The people must hear words of warning and rebuke. At All Souls’ Tide, when the harvest is garnered and measured, Mother Church bids her children consider whether they themselves have brought forth the fruits of good living.

And then Father Gilbert planned a searching sermon, thunderous with the terrors of the law.

But the beloved doctor of St. Eulalie left his arduous work, forever and ever, on All Saints' Eve.

Under every one of the low, steep roofs hearts were aching, for every one of the humble households had lost its best friend—but one. And how could one preach threatenings to a bereaved people?

Next—as if the disease had been waiting its opportunity to find the community robbed of its defender—scarlet fever came. It took more hardihood than Father Gilbert could muster to preach terrors then. How could he suggest thoughts of pain and fear to fathers torn by anxiety or broken by bereavement?—to mothers worn with vigils and with tears?

And then came Christmas, when the village babies reverently drew near to the manger cradle in the village church, and looked with wondering, innocent eyes on the Divine baby represented there. One could not speak of God's wrath and of purgatorial terrors then.

Moreover, it was a hard winter, long, and cruelly cold. There was much sickness in the community. The visits which had to be paid to the dying were more than usually numerous, difficult, perilous. The good Father's time and sympathies were much drawn upon, and to deal adequately with a theme so awful as the Wrath of God one needed leisure. The subject must not be lightly treated. One must answer all objections, assemble all the arguments, convince all doubters of the reality and the terror of Hell. For this was to be a great sermon—the great sermon of Father Gilbert's priesthood; his expiation if, unhappily, he had prophesied deceits, and led his people astray.

But meantime, Lent was here, and one must speak of the Sacrificial Love of Calvary, and of the Risen Christ.

And so the year drew on towards spring.

The one village road, winding past the meagre farms, was deep in mud and slush. Cawing crows flapped heavily above the spires of spruce and fir. The first robins, calling down

bramble-grown logging roads, bade the pale blossoms of the north woods to "wake up, cheer up, come up!"

Wedges of flying geese clanged high overhead.

The ice in the river turned black, grew rotten, and dissolved into fragments which rubbed together in the quickening current with eerie whisperings.

In the further woods, winter logging camps were breaking up, and the Father was fortifying his soul against the difficult time before him, when Jacques and Pierre would come to the most effete civilization within their reach, with accumulated winter earnings, and a cumulative winter thirst.

So the shepherd of their souls was meditating over a sermon on the sin of drunkenness—and this burning, present-day issue hid higher and more awful themes as a burning candle, close at hand, obscures the stars.

The loggers would spend their earnings on whisky blanc, unless their consciences could be roused to restrain them. There would be brawls and blasphemy should the whisky flow too freely, and then, perhaps, a fatal accident on the river, and a sinful soul sent forth unshriven.

While Father Gilbert meditated and prayed over his temperance sermon, a messenger came to summon him in haste to the deathbed of a notorious character, dwelling beyond the river—whose soul waited affrighted on the brink of the river of death.

Antoine Latour, half-breed, and half-believer, had always been a heavy anxiety to his spiritual shepherd. He was, as all the village knew, a petty thief, a truant from mass and confession, a toper, a "vaurien." Now, after many disappointed hopes and apparently hopeless prayers, the shepherd found this poor, ragged black sheep turning to him at last.

The Indian herb-doctor, whose simples and charms were the sole remedies Antoine would use, returned, baffled, from a dying patient, and on his way home stopped to deliver a message. Antoine wanted the priest and the viaticum. To Father Gilbert the message meant the chance—under God—to save a soul.

So as dusk fell that wild spring evening, the Father, with his threadbare cloak closely wrapped about him, came to the door of Hippolyte, who ferried people over the river.

"It is necessary that I cross at once," he said in the habitant French of his people; "thy boat, Hippolyte."

But Hippolyte offered only remonstrances, poured forth with French fluency and fervour. The river was falling, not rising—and that after many hours of heavy rain. What held it back? Probably a log-jam above. "It is dangerous, my father," pleaded Hippolyte. "It is in the service of the good God," replied the priest; "thy boat, my son."

Hippolyte was cautious in counsel, but not in action. He sprang into the boat as a matter of course.

"Thy boat—not thyself, my son," said Father Gilbert. "I do not need thy help"—and the slender hands, the hands of a saint and a scholar, grasped the oars.

"Go thou ashore," he said. But Hippolyte still remonstrated. It might be wiser to hasten. The crossing would be shorter with two to pull.

But "It is my duty," said the priest; "it is not thine. Thy duty is to wife and children." And at last, filled with the dignity and power which could at times almost transfigure his slender frame, he said, "I am thy father and master in God, and I command thee to go back."

Hippolyte, in deep distress, had no alternative but to leap ashore and push the boat off, depositing the lantern, which he had carried, in the bow.

For some minutes he watched the light slowly receding into the all-encompassing blur of mist and rain.

The night was filled with soft, confused noises—the whispering of the river, the sighing of the wind-rocked forest beyond it, the murmur of the rain.

And then above all these, distant still, but ominous to a woodman's ear, another sound arose. The logs! The logs which had been jammed together upstream and pressed into a temporary dam by the waters accumulating behind them, had suddenly given way.

The river bed, where the little ripples whispered softly to the rain, would change, in a few moments, into a mad wallow of racing, leaping water, and rolling, battering logs.

The lantern-light still gleamed faintly, far across the flood. It was near the further shore, but Hippolyte's practised eye told him that it had not yet reached the slack water upon the river's margin.

And even as he watched, it suddenly shot onward, spun around, and—went out.

Only a mad black turmoil, lit here and there by gleams of foam, rushed roaring onward into darkness.

* * * * *

Long before morning broke above the turbid water all the community was astir. Every able-bodied man of the village, and many from far beyond, had gone downstream. All along the river margin lanterns gleamed and voices halloed.

"Lumber jacks," who had acquired by perilous practice the art of standing firm on a wet and rolling footing, pulled the log masses asunder, dreading to see what might lie beneath. The most drunken and the foulest-mouthed among them were eager to offer this last service to him who had cared for their souls.

When night fell again on a spent river, softly sobbing its repentance, lanterns again twinkled far downstream, where search was still being carried on by those whose busy days allowed them only their hours of rest to offer.

And so the padre was found at last—so bruised and marred that he would scarcely have been recognizable, save for the remnants of his black soutane still wrapped about him.

There had not been in the memory of St. Eulalie's oldest gossip such a funeral as his. The "lumber jacks" were there in force. The dirtiest of them had "cleaned up" for it. The most drunken were thoroughly sober, and filled with good resolutions.

Frail, white-haired folk, who seldom left the shelter of the fireside, were there, weeping the pitiful tears of age, while they leant on the willing arms of younger generations.

And there, to show Mother Church's recognition of her son's fervent devotion and faithful service, was a small deputation of "religious" from Quebec—clergy in long black robes, and monks in the picturesque brown habit of St. Francis.

They laid him in the village churchyard, among the simple people whom he had loved, and the fields that he had blessed. There, with the deep grief of many loving hearts, with the fervent prayers of the poor, they placed at his head the cross, emblem and memorial of a love even deeper, a life even more patient than his.

There the matrons and maidens of his flock are wont to hang wreaths of paper flowers, bound with sleazy ribbon, which are, one must confess it, in execrable taste.

And there the children leave bunches of the flowers which he loved—wood violets, and Canadian may-flower, and the tender little linnæa of the north woods, whose rose-flushed bells are twin-born, like the love to God and man in Heaven-touched souls.

"These are the flowers of the good God," so he used to tell the children, "which grow in the wild lands."

"The good God"—it is always of the "good" God that these simple people speak; never of the "jealous" God, nor of the "all-seeing" God, nor of the God who is "as a consuming fire."

For that great sermon on the Wrath of God was never preached in St. Eulalie, after all.

E. M. G.

“BEAUPRÉ,”

A SKETCH OF A SMALL HABITANT VILLAGE NEAR QUEBEC

VERY seldom do tourists coming to Quebec forget to pay a visit to the world-famed St. Anne de Beaupré, which takes a little less than an hour to reach from Quebec. There, going into the renowned church where Blessed Saint Anne has cured such countless thousands, one may see crutches, boots, and all the different belongings of the maimed who have been healed, left as a tribute to testify, through St. Anne, their absolute faith in God.

It is not of the shrine, though, that I wish to write, but of Beaupré, a small village some three miles distant from St. Anne de Beaupré. Few there are—and I think I am right in saying so—that have visited this place, yet to those few it seems almost as though a peep into Paradise had been granted them.

Taking at Quebec the electric car which conveyed us to Beaupré, we arrived there just in time to enjoy a good old-fashioned habitant dinner at a small boarding-house, run, I believe, by the eldest daughter of the establishment, who is assisted by the never-failing real Canuck family of sons and daughters, daughters' children, sons' children, dogs, pigs, hens, etc., etc., the old father and mother doing their share as well as all the others. Such a family! Talking and singing all day long, friends ever with them, children shrieking, yet all happy and contented, with an air to the house of wholesomeness and of things kept clean and bright by their ever-willing hands.

To such a place we went for “diner,” as they call it—for is it not true that “an empty stomach denotes an unhappy heart!” also, to “take in” the view one must be warm and comfortable, made so with the help of a good meal. And such a view as there was! So many innumerable things to

store in the tiny spaces of one's mind, to be called forth as needed, perhaps to soothe the breaking heart, to cheer the worried, or even to make the thoughtless pause—and think! For of one and all who look on this marvellous creation that God has given us, few could fail to have a glow deep down within them and the compelling desire to murmur: "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world!"

On entering the village of Beaupré one has such a feeling of peace and security. Here stretches a long white road, with houses on either side—little warm nests of contentment. The mother, happy in washing, cooking, living for her family; the father, or young boy, whistling as he goes about his work that must be done to keep a home for their loved ones, waiting only until it is finished to call in their neighbours and make merry, perhaps with a little music from a concertina, or mouth-organ—for they all like music, these Canucks—perhaps only to have a gossip over the pipe, while their Madame sits silently by, listening attentively, nodding a soft assent now and then to what *her man* says is right.

Pages could be written on the fascination of the real old habitant life and the wonders of their country, the country God has given them, though sometimes one questions if He did not forget to open their souls to the beauty of it all, that of itself alone could enrich them so much.

"Diner" is over; and now I stand looking about me from the little gallery of the boarding-house. Directly in front is a small lawn covered now with the unmistakable signs of winter—God's carpet of white snow. Some large trees—now all so grim and forbidding, waiting only until they are once more given their covering of green before they laugh and flirt with the wind—form an avenue up to the house. In the distance gleams the St. Lawrence river, majestic always, though storm-swept at times, glistening through all the tragedies it has been called on to witness—ever a sign of God's power, a symbol of His strength.

With a start I awake and come back to the present. I hear our party being informed, "Oh, yes, m'sieu, there is

a grreat hill, oh! verry good for to ski!" and I remember, of course, that this was one of our reasons for coming here. To those who love ski-ing, one of the greatest of winter sports, I would recommend a day at Beaupré. What more wonderful than to ski down a stretch of over two miles, as we did! One felt then equal to realizing the desire expressed in the song, "Oh, for the wings of a dove!" for the eagerest lover could not have wished to go more swiftly than we went.

But to get to this hill, first we leave the house, passing up a white straight road; to the right we turn up another straight road. There stands *the Hill*, and such a hill! Up we go, past a tiny house snuggled against the edge of the cliff, past fields of white gleaming in the sun, and still onward and upward. Occasionally sleighs pass us by, some drawn by oxen hauling the sweet-scented wood just freshly cut; others with horses ready to shy at the sight of our skis, but soon loudly called to attention by the harsh tones of their masters. Still on we go, into the depths of quietude—the soul of the country.

At last we arrive at our objective—not the top of the hill, for that seemingly goes on interminably, but at the end of our quest. Here it is we get a perfect view of the surrounding country, and decide, yes, now we will ski home the way that we have come, but first we must take time to look around. We mark our progress up; now we have twisted that way, now this; yet we find that, after all, we have ended just over little Beaupré village.

Everywhere there is a great stillness, but hush!—a little bird gives thanks to God. Softly breaks on the air the jingle of sleigh bells, and through the overhanging trees, bent with their silver load that sparkles with happiness—for the sun is smiling at them—comes a sleigh, the farmer driving his Madame and her friends home from visiting. All are happy; their clothes are perhaps better than their neighbours', they have a bigger home, perhaps a gramophone. Why not be content! They nod, laugh, and pass on.

It is up here amongst all this solitude that my thoughts will ever long to stay. For I, too, like all God's creatures, have assuredly felt the crushing weight of this world, the terrifying loneliness and sorrow that so often seem too hard to bear. All around me is the stillness of the mountains locking their secrets from wind and sky. Far away stand the highest, rising, a deep sombre blue, against the silver clouds and softer blue of sky, here and there shaded, as though the Mother sky were caressing and hoping by love rather than by force to win these rocky fastnesses. Nearer, the smaller hills, more timid than their brethren, nestle close to them, as if confiding in their strength, yet stand out a silver grey against their more aggressive outlines. Directly below me stretch fields, fenced off to enclose the small houses of the village, but gradually sloping downward until they reach the borders of the river. To the right, in the distance, gleams Quebec, radiating in the sun, now a vision of happiness and sparkling with an old-world wisdom. To the left stand these mountains, mist, dreams, the world, and sorrow. Stretching as far as the eye can see still flows the St. Lawrence, reflecting the blue of sky and mountain. Here only, I feel, is peace to the broken soul. I stand and dream; memory has come to soothe me—what does it matter, all this trouble and sorrow! . . . Smile when the sun shines on you, gleam through the sorrow and pain.

I hear a call; "Come," they cry. We leave. Down we spin on our skis; laughing and happy. One falls, the other passes. On down, until in too quick a time we are back at the starting point, exhilarated, merry.

Once more, only this time down the straight road we go, to the left along the straight white road, up the Avenue. Here we are. Tea please, then—home.

But with what different thoughts I return; gone is the sorrow and care. Through everything, whatever befalls, there is One who cares, always there, ever helping, easing our pain, suffering with us—no more loneliness. . . .

BEAUPRÉ? a small peep into Paradise, a glow to the soul, and a memory of one perfect day in God's country!

. . . . For I have seen
 In lonely places and in lonelier hours,
 My vision of the fair, immortal face—
 Dim vision of the flawless, perfect face
 Of her whom men call Beauty—proud, austere,
 That lifts men's spiral thought to lovelier dreams.

MARGARET STUART COOK

EDELWEISS

Fields of the farthest north,
 Where the winter flowers grow,
 Where the hope of summer is
 Under the sparkling snow.

Gone is the waving grain,
 Buried the rose-bush low,
 Lost till it bloom again
 When the summer flowers blow.

Fields of the farthest north—
 Hearts that are old with woe
 Open to love again,
 Whether it stay, or go.

GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

NIETZSCHE, THEOLOGY, AND THE WAR

AT the outbreak of the war, an "enlightening" band of English writers declared that Frederick Nietzsche had been both the prophet of the international upheaval and one of the most potent causes of the German conduct of war. They said it was the un-Christianity of Germany promoted by the sinister influence of his writings that was responsible for Teutonic inhumanity and disregard of international obligations. The fact that before Nietzsche, the rhapsodist, was born, Frederick and Clausewitz had inculcated certain doctrines which have been followed out with scientific thoroughness by our enemies in the present war—that Prussian militarism would have been the same had Nietzsche never lived—appeared to carry no weight with these interpreters of political and historical development. Frederick and Clausewitz had not attempted, at least openly, to undermine Christian ethics, but Nietzsche despised them; therefore the *odium theologicum* fastened on him. The fact of militarism must somehow be brought into relation with the Nietzschean philosophy. His ideals are surely those of modern Germany; hence this evil, this crime against civilization. So ran, and still runs, the reasoning of certain mid-Victorian intellectuals, who include some philosophical idealists and "illuminated" professors.

One who has written a book on "Nietzsche and the Ideals of Modern Germany" endeavours, if I understand him, to support Christianity against the attacks of the philosopher by pointing to the self-sacrifice and heroism of Christians in the present struggle. It seems to be forgotten sometimes that Nietzsche's first severe illness was due to his work in an ambulance corps and in the hospitals during the Franco-Prussian war. His sensitive organism broke down at the

terrible experiences. Such pragmatist reasoning as the author referred to employs might be used in support even of Nietzsche's much-attacked dictum, "A good war sanctifies a bad cause." And, moreover, sacrifice in the interests of the State is not a peculiarly Christian virtue.

The accusation brought against Nietzsche of having perverted the German mentality is now somewhat dying down, since our uninformed public, at first misled by some of our thinkers, has been reading a little and learning a few facts for itself; and even our thinkers are beginning to express themselves with a little more balance, and, in the particular case, beginning to see the difference between a mere sequence of events and a causal connection between them. Thus Mr. William Archer, who has been very active in fastening the charge on Nietzsche and in spreading an inaccurate historical diagnosis of the causes of the moral degeneration of our enemies, appears to have recently reached a different, but not original viewpoint; for in an article of August, 1917, he says that "the root of the evil lies in the tremendous smashing triumph of 1870-71." He omits to add that Nietzsche in 1872 was the first to warn his countrymen of the moral dangers of this triumph in tending to produce an arrogant, over-exalted and self-centred national mind. The accusation against Nietzsche should never have been made because his influence, as clearer and calmer French critics have seen, is a de-nationalizing and de-Germanizing one, akin to that of Goethe's and Schopenhauer's.¹

The belief, widespread in the English-speaking world, that Nietzsche has been specially contributing to the war and its conduct—a view which shows a surprising simplicity of mind in the application of the causal principle, seeing that it greatly exaggerates both the direct and indirect influence of intellectual and moral factors even in the case of an intelligent people like the Germans—seems, apart from the

¹ So has William Salter. That his "Fr. Nietzsche, the Thinker," 1917, and Wolf's "Philosophy of Nietzsche," London, 1915, have been produced during the war, shows that English-speaking thought can still be objective.

influence of pamphleteer literature like Cramb's "Germany and England," which gives a garbled account of Nietzsche's philosophy, to be based on the fact (1) that he was a German; (2) that he did not think highly of the English intellect; (3) that his works, and especially "Zarathustra," which abounds in praise of war and conflict, have been widely read by the German youth; and (4) that he disseminated anti-Christian phrases and taught men to despise sympathy and the exercise of pity towards their less fortunate fellow-creatures. The meanings behind some of these sayings, and the fact that Nietzsche taught in allegory and metaphor, appear to have escaped some of his critics, including certain Oxford professors, who, without doing much to enlighten the public about them, declare that his ideas have been greedily swallowed and braced up his countrymen to this aggressive war. One might as well condemn Carlyle for his admiration of Thor and Odin and his sympathetic references to the virtues of Valhalla. Nietzsche himself practised some of the simple precepts of the Gospels; it was the general view of the world, including man, lying behind them that he condemned.

It is not difficult to test such explanations and to see that they fail. They fail to make clear—indeed, they simply fall down at—the fact that men like Adolf von Harnack, Rudolf Eucken and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, leaders of thought in their respective spheres, who repudiate all intellectual connection with Nietzsche, have supported and encouraged the standpoint and policy of a government which most Englishmen and Americans think has acted with wickedness and folly, and regard Great Britain and the United States as masquerading hypocritically and being false to the best interests of civilization. Many of the Christian theologians of Germany regard the acts which their enemies consider to be inhuman and criminal as redounding to the credit of their country; but they can hardly be accused of being under the influence of Nietzsche. When they tell us that the work of Christianity is to be seen in the destructive force of the German submarine and compare the progress of the war

with the passion of the Founder of Christianity, how can any reasoning being suppose that the influence of Nietzsche is reflected here?¹ The problem of the attitude of our educated enemies is difficult and complex: at times we understand it as little as they appear to understand ours. It is not to be explained by supposing—what would not be in accord with the facts—that a whole people, or even its guiding spirits, had given up the ethics of Christianity. And even if they had, it would be the veriest assumption to infer that this must entail a general moral degeneration. It would show a childish ignorance of history to say that a high morality is synonymous with Christianity. Ancient Greece affords an instance to the contrary. The position of many influential German thinkers is that, while the Christian virtues ought undoubtedly to be practised by individuals in their intercourse within the State, these have no application to, and remain without moral sanction in, the relations of different States with each other.

It would be interesting if our academic critics of Nietzsche could point to any prominent German writer who is a Nietzschean, or who is more Nietzschean and more anti-Christian than Mr. Bernard Shaw. It would be very absurd to say that because the latter has been a literary phenomenon in Great Britain, he has had a political, much less an imperializing, influence. It is equally absurd to say the same of Nietzsche, who wanted a new ordering and disciplining of crude, chaotic human life so that it might attain some great non-national end, and who found himself in deep and relentless antagonism to most of the outstanding political and academic figures of contemporary Germany and most of all to its Imperialism. It is true that the success of the German arms in the war of 1870-71 aroused his youthful enthusiasm and led him for a time to form the highest expectations of what

¹ "We are fighting," says the Cardinal-Archbishop of Cologne, "for the sacred treasures of Christianity, and for its own particular gift, Kultur"; the Rev. Dr. Dryander, of Berlin Court fame, is convinced "We are fighting with a gentleness unexampled perhaps in the history of the world"; and the philosophy-professor of Idealism, Dr. Lasson, declares, "In a world of evil, we stand for love."

the German people might be able to contribute to general European culture. His great desire was to produce a synthesis of Hellenism and Germanism, along the lines indicated by Goethe and Winckelmann. But his hopes quickly died down as he came to see that what lay behind the German military successes were the policies of Bismarck, "who has piled up for the Germans a new tower of Babel," mistaken vastness for greatness, and from whom, as he said later, dated "the era of German 'Verdummung.'" He detested the growing feeling of national self-complacency and superiority, and afterwards found that the German "Geist" had left the German "Reich." But even in 1872, in his polemic against D. F. Strauss, he saw in the chaotic intermingling of styles, in the unwillingness of the Germans to conform to international standards, "in their phlegmatic feelinglessness for any kind of form apart from mere vastness," simply a new sort of barbarism. That Richard Wagner, his earlier teacher and inspirer, condescended to become a German was made by Nietzsche the bitterest reproach against him.

Nietzsche regarded a civilization that was to be national only, as trivial and contemptible. No one was more alive to the dangers—which he perceived years before his latter-day penetrating critics—likely to result from the tendency of modern Germany, backed by Prussian Imperialism, to become too absorbed in itself, thus leading to the erection of nationality, *Germanthum*, into a criterion of the true and the great, with a consequent diminution of interest in wider realities. After describing in "Ecce Homo" the general licentiousness in this respect of the German historians, his rage against the tendency (which has perhaps reached its culminating point in Chamberlain's "Foundations of the 19th Century," in which Jesus is proved to be of Teutonic origin) breaks out in the following unmeasured indictment of the whole nation: "Not only have the Germans entirely lost the breadth of vision which enables one to grasp the course of culture and the value of culture; not only are they one and all political or Church puppets; but they have also

actually put a ban upon this breadth of vision. A man must be first and foremost a German, he must belong to the race; then only can he pass judgement upon all values and lack of values in history, then only can he establish them." And he adds with bitter sarcasm: "To be German is itself an argument; the Germans stand for the 'moral order of the universe in history.'" These words were a prophetic diagnosis of the later German mind, as reflected in the recent utterances of her idealist philosophers and numerous theologians. In the "nationalization of Germany" Nietzsche saw the great failure of the country to rise to a conception of the noble ideal set it by Goethe, "the good European," who could be content with nothing less than the attempt to enter upon and enjoy the whole heritage of human achievement. But German Imperialism was beginning in Nietzsche's day, as Imperialism always has a tendency to do, to preach as a patriotic duty the deliberate restriction of that heritage. Hence his saying in "Beyond Good and Evil," that "the great men of old were patriots only in their weaker moments, in old age, or when they rested from themselves." And in the "Genealogy of Morals" he asks: "Can anyone interest himself in this German Empire? Where is the new thought? Is it only a new combination of power? . . . Helping the highest thoughts to victory is the only thing that can make me interested in Germany."

It is well known that, in his latest works, the term German becomes for Nietzsche the worst term of abuse. It was his pride that although his works were written in German they were conceived in French: for the German intellect was to him "indigestion." He allowed no credit to them as philosophers and would not even admit their eminence in music; so that a certain Chauvinist in his Review of Teutonic Pretensions might have profitably borrowed from Nietzsche, only he could not have turned the borrowings to the advantage of his own countrymen, since Nietzsche placed the English as a cultural nation even below the dwellers in the "Flatland of Europe." It is not improbable that, notwithstanding his

declared scorn of fame, his natural antipathy to Germans and German thought was increased by his failure to attract notice at home during his lifetime. So much for his being a German.

But what about Nietzsche's "Immoralism" and his praise of war? Surely these must have had a baneful effect, considering the wide circle of his readers and the high literary excellence of his writings, especially "Zarathustra!"

In no points, I think, has Nietzsche been more misunderstood than in these, more especially abroad; and in none perhaps is he more easy for the superficial to misunderstand.

After the foregoing it may be said at once that the goal of civilization is not, according to Nietzsche, Germanism. "The Nietzschean war" has nothing to do with the aims of a military oligarchy; it is not conceived in the interests of any one State. The individualist Nietzsche detested the State as "the most cold-blooded of all the monsters that appeal to the many, all too many." Not for any fantastic redemption of the world through the spread of Teutonic culture does Nietzsche recommend war, but in order that manliness and courage shall not become extinct and the morally flabby and unfit shall not cover the earth and prevail. This war is conceived as a social and moral conflict in which civilization everywhere has a common interest, which is regarded as unavoidable in the interests of a deeper culture, the problem of which in its final stage consists in heightening the type man, and so leading beyond man. And in attempting to realize theoretically this ideal we are carried, according to Nietzsche, away from and beyond the prevailing system of social or herd-morality, meaning by this an ethic based on pity and sympathy and the principle of the equality of all men. "For pity," says Nietzsche, "only increases the amount of pity," *i. e.*, suffering in the world—"Pity is an evil," said Spinoza—and the morality of sympathy tends ultimately to our viewing the world as a huge lazaretto. Nietzsche starts with the undoubtedly given inequality of races and individuals, and desires to see this increased and heightened, not levelled out or flattened down. His Naturalism is the diametrical opposite

of Rousseau's, of whose "Return to Nature" he wittily said it would be a return "*in impuris naturalibus.*" We are not now concerned with the question whether Nietzsche's criticism of Christianity, as having promoted the "immorality of sympathy" and the depreciation of moral vigour and having tended to debase the civilization of Europe by concentrating attention rather on the many incapable instead of the few *præclari*, is well-founded. It is at best one-sided, because it is an attack on one kind or aspect of Christian doctrine which Nietzsche took over from Schopenhauer, who saw Christianity rather through a Buddhistic veil of suffering and resignation. But we are concerned to emphasize the fact that Nietzsche's praise of strife and war has no reference to international wars or to nationalistic aggression. "We good Europeans are not French enough to love mankind; on the other hand, we are not German enough to advocate nationalism and race-hatred or to take delight in that national blood-poisoning which sets up quarantine between the nations of Europe." ("Ecce Homo.")

Physical wars interested Nietzsche very little, because, except when purely religious, they were mostly for commercial and national ends. "Valour" and "shining armour" with him have reference to spiritual and social conflicts. Here, as elsewhere, Nietzsche expresses himself in metaphors and symbols. "War" indeed he required, "though war without powder, between different thoughts and between their hosts." "Your war," says Zarathustra, "ye shall wage for your thoughts." Of course, Nietzsche was no pacifist; he had been too much influenced by Hegel for that, than whom no philosopher in modern times thought so exclusively and intensely in terms of struggle and overcoming; and moreover, he knew that his own ideas would have to fight against prevailing theological views, as well as against the present European State system, the transcendence of which was involved in his scheme of a United States of Europe.

Like Carlyle, whom he nevertheless ridiculed, Nietzsche holds that the value of civilization is to be measured by its

production of great and unique personalities, such as Napoleon, Frederick, Goethe, and Beethoven. "For civilization, as for war, dominant personalities are needed, and all education begins with obedience," declares Zarathustra. "The good of humanity does not lie at an indefinite end, but discloses itself in the highest examples." As is well known, the "aristocratic radicalism" of Nietzsche culminates in the ideal of the Superman, which takes the place of a philosophy of religion. The ultimate trend of Nietzsche's culture-ideal is the energy of living strained to the utmost—in his own case over-strained—by the greatest amount of opposition which human life can experience: a truly heroic ideal. "I do not praise the country," says Zarathustra, "where butter and honey flow." With Ibsen, Nietzsche would say, "My God's a storm where thine's a clod"—no hoary innocuous old man, but young and vigorous like Hercules, with a fresh outlook on life.

Nietzsche undoubtedly supplies a bracing tonic by the emphasis which he lays not only on the necessity but desirability of experiencing resistance and of undergoing discipline and struggle as a means to the development of intellectual and moral vigour. "Let us remain hard, we last Stoics," he exclaims in "Beyond Good and Evil"; "let us cultivate in the school of high and severe training a new form of nobility, opposed to the ethics of the crowd"—an ethic which he believed was leading mankind more and more into a moral quagmire and causing a general deterioration of human life. But "I am not a law for all," says Zarathustra—a point frequently overlooked in interpretations and criticisms of Nietzsche. The injunctions of Zarathustra apply to a species of being that has yet to be evolved, and which according to Nietzsche are not likely, if evolvable, to be exclusively Germans. We may pass over the superficial identification of the Superman with the blonde beast. We see in the concept of the Superman a reflection of the influence of Hegel's Absolute (removed as it is above conventional morality or even moral predicates), which Nietzsche by a biological interpretation brings down to earth from the region of metaphysical transcendence. His

more practical and immediate ideal of the good European represents an individual capable not only of entering upon the whole circle of human achievement, but also creating new cultural values, in doing which he is not to be deflected from his aim by the desire either to attain happiness for himself or to avoid the infliction of pain on others.

It has been said that some younger Germans have as a result of reading Nietzsche—and it might be added, Carlyle—drawn dangerous inferences as to “heroes” and “supermen”—the superiority of will-power over reason, of force above “ballot-box democracy,” and the undesirability of flabby humanitarianism. The exhortation “Dare to live dangerously” is not a bad one for youth: for those who will not take some risks are not likely to achieve much. They are likely to leave the stagnant pools undisturbed. But what influence have readers of Nietzsche had on the general course of events, and more particularly of political development and German foreign affairs? Having lived for several years in different parts of Germany, I can say that older Germans mostly regard Nietzsche as weak stuff, as a dreamy philosopher suitable for young men and women. Even after the year 1900 it was surprising to notice how little Nietzsche’s writings were known outside of an academic and literary circle. To the numerous socialists of Germany Nietzsche’s Individualism could hardly appeal. To many he was just a “verrückter.” Some English and American writers speak as if every peasant and every soldier carried around a copy of “Zarathustra” or the “Genealogy of Morals,” and could read them, even if he did. No one who has lived in Germany can go so far astray as to suppose that the writings of Nietzsche have had any influence on the drill-sergeant or Junker class or German Emperor, who probably has not read one work of this literary genius. Nor has Nietzsche been the spiritual guide of the millions of Roman Catholics in South Germany and Austria—and only the Turks in Armenia have surpassed the Austrians in their atrocities in the Balkans. It is significant that the late Professor Muensterberg, in his attempts to present

an attractive picture of German life and culture to democratic America, never referred to Nietzsche; but it is not surprising, considering the unfavourable estimate which Nietzsche had formed of the German Empire and German ideals. If some of our neo-Hegelians and theistic Idealists, instead of raising unnecessary dust and relieving themselves under the pressure of events by aimless whacks at Nietzsche and German materialism, would re-read some of the dicta of Hegel regarding the super-moral character of the State (of course Prussia) and refresh their minds about the tricky practices of the Old Testament and the dubious record of Ecclesiastical Christianity, they might be able to discover the theoretical justification for, and the forerunners of, every disregard of international law and recognized principle of morality displayed during the conduct of the war. But instead of this they play to the gallery and use the opportunity to make grist for their own much-depleted mills by showing the evils that have resulted from the assumed influence of the teachings of Nietzsche and the alleged growth of materialism in Germany. It would be more in accord with history if they tried to understand how religious idealism in Germany has gone hand in hand with political absolutism.

Compared with the influence of the Germanic philosophy of history taught by Hegel, the influence of Nietzsche has been comparatively superficial and will probably be—apart from the literary side of his achievements—rather transitory. In producing a philosophy of history and law conceived in thoroughly nationalistic terms, Hegel wrote an apology for the Absolutism of the Prussian State, and repudiated conventional morality as binding in intercourse between different States. He regarded the Prussian State of 1821 as representing the ordinances of God on the earth, and as one in which everything was very good. He admired its military power, believing that war was to nations what the winds were to the sea, “preserving mankind from the corruption engendered by immobility,” and that victory in war indicated the passage of the divine spirit to the nations that overcame. To the Kingdom of

Prussia he ascribed the leadership in civilization which the historians of Israel had once claimed for their people. Is it any wonder that von Treitschke, whose influence in promoting a sort of national megalomania is not to be overlooked, should have designated Hegel as the first head among political philosophers? Hegel's nationalistic philosophy of history has had an enormous influence on German historians. The obsession of nationalism, which Nietzsche despised, and which has displayed itself so amazingly in the utterances of the German theologians, with their discourses about the "German God" and the "German salt of the earth," are all in line with the Hegelian construction. The utterance of the German Emperor: "God created us to civilize the world," is just a popular rendering of the memorable saying of Hegel: "The destiny of the German race is to supply the sustaining pillars of Christian teaching." The views which a flustered and uninstructed English-speaking world has tried to explain by pointing to the influence of Darwinian views and the spread of the Nietzschean philosophy, which nobody seems exactly to know, have their roots in a classic Idealism that provided a foundation for a theory of the State based on force.¹ Aggressive national influences, which date from the rise of modern Prussia, stimulated by a philosophy which makes the German nation a law to itself, have either consciously or unconsciously interwoven themselves with, and to a large extent overborne, the cosmopolitan tradition dating from Lessing and Goethe and the internationalism of Kant, of which Nietzsche is the intellectual successor.

Those critics of Nietzsche who say that he is responsible for, or at least reflects the practical repudiation of, Christianity by the Germans—that the spread of materialism is at the bottom of their desire for war, and both are the cause of their evil conduct—supply, I think, conspicuous and by no means subtle examples of fallacious evasion and of a kind of generalization which does not rise above the level of the *cum hoc ergo*

¹ Professor Dewey has expounded this clearly in his "German Philosophy and Politics," chap. 3.

propter hoc form of argument. In the light of European history, their assumptions seem to be very absurd. One of them appears to be that the surrender of dogma and the growth of free-thinking must necessarily lead to violence and have evil effects on mankind. Was this the cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Was atheism responsible for the fires of Smithfield or the massacre of Perugia? Did not one of the most powerful ethical impulses come from the Stoics, who were materialists and rationalists? On the other hand, philosophical and political Idealism has again and again down to the present time, recommended and interpreted war as God's way of punishing or purifying and bracing up the nations. During this conflict the Pope and the Bishop of London have almost repeated the teachings of Moltke and Treitschke. Their concept of God is not removed above that of a despotic and angry Oriental monarch. Even a distinguished philosopher seems incapable of seeing any further. Although Professor James Ward speaks very contemptuously of "superficial criticisms," his own attempt to defend war, based on a schoolroom conception of the universe, is pitiably weak. He seems to close his eyes to history when he speaks of the German ideal of militarism being a great experiment which, if it be now exposed and refuted, will make the world move on. And, with a stony-hearted and otiose Leibnitzian optimism, he concludes, the result will then be worth the cost. Really! "es fehlt uns *nur* der Glaube."

Militaristic thought has nearly always gone hand in hand with some form of philosophical Idealism or Theism. The latter has usually provided the apology for war. Of all the vapid nonsense anent the present war given out by our theologically minded, the feeblest is this, that excessive rationalism is responsible for the aggression and crimes of Germany, a view which reminds one of the ecclesiastical explanation of a certain disease prevalent some years ago among cattle in England as being a punishment for the spread of radical views about the origin of the Bible. The owners of the cattle for the most part knew nothing of these views, and if they had

would doubtless have repudiated them. It is on a par with the legend given out by the clergy at the time of the French Revolution, namely, that the horrible subversion of the existing order was due to anti-Christian writings, and that the sanguinary crowds were under the influence of the "goddess of reason." They never thought that the fury of the mobs against the Church might be due to the fact that the clergy had for centuries helped royalty and aristocracy to sustain a regime of unjust repression and spoliation.

Another curiosity of historical explanation on the part of certain interpreters is this. Before the war they were telling us that materialism was dead and spiritualistic (idealistic) interpretations were gaining ground everywhere, not merely in Germany, which has always been its home, but even in France, where they pointed to M. Bergson, whom they evidently did not understand, or else would have perceived that his philosophy offers no foundation for this assertion. They said that Haeckel (who, by the way, disclaimed materialism and has always been an internationalist in feeling) was "a voice crying in the wilderness," although a million copies of his "World-Riddles" had been sold. Then suddenly, at the outbreak of the war, these same people discovered that the whole evil is due to the influence in Germany of a materialistic philosophy, which had supplanted the older Idealism, that had, however, in the meantime experienced a revival. What have ecclesiastical authorities to say to the fact that, while belief in religious dogmas has steadily declined in Western nations, the demand for justice, honesty, and benevolence has steadily increased? If their intellectual opponents took such a simple view of the concatenation of causes as they do, they would argue that this moral improvement was the direct result of the decay of religious belief. France affords a notable instance of a moral improvement taking place along with an increasing turning away from the tenets of organized Christianity. The moral discipline of the Japanese is remarkable, but it does not rest on religious foundations; and it is said to have shown some signs of deterioration since contact with

Western (Christian) civilization. And it is not out of place to recall the fact that the moral tone of society, including life in the convents and monasteries, during the Middle Ages when Christian Faith was supreme in Europe, was notoriously low. The strange thing is that our civilization is weaker on its moral than on its scientific side, and that it is on this side it has remained more closely in touch with supernaturalism.

The attempt of orthodox thinkers to connect the present war or any other war or violence with the spread of anti-Christian or rationalistic views respecting the universe and the destiny of man, appears to assume that Christianity has always been opposed to war and its brutalizing consequences; and history shows such a claim to be utterly groundless. The argument can be turned against the record of Christianity. The Christian Churches have not only not restrained their followers from war, but have actually promoted in their own interests internecine strife. They have taken but slight stock of the reported utterance of their Master: "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." Nor have religious wars been remarkable for their mildness. The Thirty Years' War put back the civilization of Germany probably one hundred years; it is calculated that the population of Bohemia was reduced by two-thirds; the war was conducted with all the brutality and abominations of pagan times. The records of Papal warfare are stained by worse outrages than were executed at the instance of the educated officers of the Roman legions. Christianity has again and again been freshly "consecrated" by the sword. Non-German Christians have convenient memories in these matters at the present time. This is exactly one of the complaints of our enemies. We are seeking to do, say they, merely what France, England, and we must add Austria, did in the last few centuries. They appealed to the right of the sword, and the various branches of the Christian Church, the English Bishops included, were singularly unanimous in accommodating their principles to an imperialist warfare. "It is very ridiculous of you to discover," says the aggrieved Teuton,

“now that you have attained all you want, that my imperialistic aggression is supremely opposed to Christian principles.” So far as the history of the Churches goes, the Teutonic position is well founded, and receives fresh illustration from the moral support extended by the clergy of Germany to the cruelties of militarism.

To us there appears to have been too much ethicising from the group standpoint regarding both the causes and motives of the present war; and this has tended to over-hasty analyses and a lack of historical perspective. The fact of there being a great moral difference, according to which side is victorious, undoubtedly reacts on our judgements respecting the genesis of the war, of which one of the main causes was the disturbance of the balance of power in the Balkans. But it leads only to confusion and not to a clear understanding to identify the results with the human motives behind the struggle. An emotional ethical standpoint has been given up by scientific historians, and by many others, in the interpretation of past events. It is difficult to do this in the case of contemporary events, because these interest us so keenly: they almost inevitably call forth ethical judgements, and the practical attitude which frequently is the source of error in the attempt to understand the causation of phenomena.

The war seems to us a gigantic struggle of conflicting national interests, resulting from and involving a great complexity of factors, economic, racial, and moral, in which Christian ideals have temporarily, at least, gone down: with which it might be said, and has been said, even by orthodox defenders, these ideals have nothing to do. Indeed, Christianity is tending to be dissolved into, what it once was before, a group of national religions; so that a keen-minded Oriental has pertinently inquired whether European civilization is not reverting to Polytheism. Such is the pressure of the struggle that men of letters and men of science in the various belligerent countries have turned to belittle achievements which they formerly admired, their attitudes undergoing

a change as irrational as that between the fluctuations of the waves of the sea.¹ Many of those among us who before the war admitted that German scholars had made of the Bible a living book, now declare that the German rationalists have destroyed the Bible and undermined the foundations of Christianity; either ignoring or being unaware of the fact that there is at least as much radical thought on Christian origins to-day in Holland, the United States, and England, as there is in Germany. Such people wish, it seems, to make the war a reason for preserving the flies of paganism in the pieces of amber! Others, distracted by the events of the day, and not deriving consolation from the mental opiates supplied by traditional orthodoxy, any more than a gout-racked patient obtains relief through an impossible remedy from accredited medical practitioners, are stretching out their hands to the twilight altars of the occult. The lowest passions have been aroused, there has been an appalling increase of diseases, a multiplication of maimed human bodies, hundreds of thousands of promising lives snuffed out, and education has suffered for the next twenty years. And yet certain "expounders of the meaning of history" are convinced that all this is an indispensable way of purifying humanity and effecting a new spiritual enlightenment. Only by the shedding of blood, say these whose thought is still on an archaic level, and whose method of educating humanity does not rise above the way of the abattoir, can man's moral estate be advanced. To which both human reason and the heart reply: "Away with your old rubbish; nous n'avons pas besoin de cette hypothèse."²

One of the most fundamental and persistent of the factors

¹ There have been, however, some notable exceptions in England and in the Anglican Church (which does not depend on the votes of congregations to retain the services of independently-minded ecclesiastics), and also, notwithstanding a tone of bitterness, among the scientists of Germany.

² In one of his later apologetic-explanatory efforts, a militant prelate, whose war utterances have let in a flood of light on the recesses of the episcopal mind, has declared: "When one great nation was bent on war, and had been preparing for it for forty years, even God could not stop it." I believe there is still a chance of mankind delivering the Bishop of London's God!

in the present struggle is the ideal of an aggressive nationalism which ecclesiastical Christianity, so far from exercising a check on it, has actually at times lent itself to promote. One of the severest criticisms to be passed on the Christian Churches in connection with the war is their prior attitude of apathy toward the tendencies which promoted it.

Nietzsche saw, years before his fatuous and slow-minded critics, that Europe was suffering from the *névrose nationale*, which he declared to be primarily due to Germanic aspirations. He feared that this might lead to a decline, to a twilight of European culture. Unlike some of our teachers, he demanded "not the existence of the State at any price, but that the highest models may be able to live and create in it."¹ And how far his viewpoint was removed from that of the state-philosophy of Prussia is shown by his repeated pronouncements that "culture and the State are antagonists." He had as little interest as had the Founder of Christianity in the world of Principalities and Powers. For anyone who recognizes "values which he rates a hundred times higher than the welfare of 'Fatherland,' society, blood-relations, values which are international, and knows no country or race, it would be humbug if he sought to play the patriot." Nietzsche desired and believed that men could rise, as he did, *above* their country to the thought of something greater. "What I am concerned with," he declares in one of his latest works, "for I see it preparing itself slowly and hesitatingly, is the United Europe." The league of nations, which is now being advocated among English-speaking statesmen as the permanent solution of the conditions that have led up to the European anarchy, is in line with Nietzsche's wide outlook of the future of Western civilization. Hence it is nothing else, as Mr. William Salter has said, than "one of the comedies of the history of culture in

¹ A well-known preacher in New York has recently given forth the following proposition, which might well have issued from the German Emperor: "The State must be obeyed under pain of incurring the guilt of mutiny against God." How hopelessly limited this cosmology!

England and America that the man who proposes this far-reaching, super-national faith is charged with complicity with the present European war."¹

J. W. A. HICKSON

¹ In an address given during the war, a distinguished neo-Hegelian thinker, one of the most learned in German philosophy in Canada, has found a proof of the general deterioration of the German mind in the fact that it has not produced a new philosophy of religion in the last hundred years. This is nearly the only point which Nietzsche overlooked in his criticisms of modern Germany, perhaps because he thought he had supplied what was lacking in his philosophy of the superman. The position of the thinker referred to strikes one as surprising, because one would have naturally supposed that he was satisfied by Hegel's attempt to erect Christianity into the Absolute Religion. Otherwise what has prevented the school of British Hegelians, who have borrowed so widely and deeply from the Germans, supplying the desideratum?

THE MAKING OF POETRY

IT is one of the less pleasing consequences of the spread of education that a great many people nowadays think they could write poetry—good poetry—if only they had the time to spare and could get some well-informed person to tell them what to write about, or, more important perhaps, what *not* to write about, if they would escape the yawns of the general or the ban of plagiarism from the particular.

This agreeable impression, like others of our youth, is pretty sure to become modified under the obliterating fingers of time, mayhap to die away altogether into the light of common day; but nevertheless some there be who will continue to cherish the idea, coupled with an intention at some misty and receding date to revive their early aspirations, long dulled by disuse, and to court the muses in earnest. This haunting notion may suddenly take shape like a flash of lightning—it may not mature till they have retired from law or dry goods altogether, never particularly attractive to them, as they have always been accustomed to maintain, yet liable to leave an unpleasant void in their lives now that they have got their children placed out and their great echoing house sold. To such persons is this paper addressed in no unsympathetic spirit and (shade of R. Louis Stevenson please take note) in “a language understood of the people.”

It is true that an objection may be stated here at the outset that the sort of people we have been talking about, people who stop to count the cost, to dawdle over the matter, are not the stuff of which poets are made—“Poeta nascitur,” etc. But as each individual of this sort will be ready to maintain in his own mind that he is in reality a poet by nature and only prevented from following his bent by circumstances beyond his control, we may afford to dismiss this initial contention and go on as if it had not been made.

To produce poetry of any value, there should be found four entirely different gifts, no one of which is uncommon in itself, but each is very unlikely to be found in combination with the others: (1) imagination; (2) facility of expression; (3) judgment in regard to subjects to be treated of; (4) industry. Of these the first three at least are necessary for the production of work that is to live, and when this comes to be looked into, and these different points are given due weight, it will begin to appear why good poets are hardly commoner than good Christians.

Poetical imagination is a common enough quality, though it might not seem so to the unobservant. To transmute it into words is a different matter, and to the unfortunate who has been denied the gift of utterance, who is beset by what he can ne'er express yet cannot all conceal, "fallings from us, vanishings," it is more of a hindrance through life than a blessing. The poet or semi-poet of this sort has the enthusiasm for nature, but utterance will not come. The *afflatus* seems to him too mysterious, too holy to be trifled with, and his gift is therefore liable to be kept jealously out of sight; besides, who would want his cash-book to be in charge of an embryo poet, or to reflect that the boluses were compounded in his pharmacy and the calomel weighed out by a mute, inglorious Milton? And so he gets no credit for the faith that is in him, through inability to come in touch, through shyness, through sheer lack of the mind to explain himself; and his talent, such as it is, lies buried in a napkin.

The gift of poetic fluency without insight is different. Its possessor is not given to effacing himself or his wares. He believes in letting his light shine before men. An unpromising beginning—yet, if the reams of his stuff were picked over, it is not improbable that an occasional gem might be discovered; for in literature as in art mother nature does not deny some glimpses of herself to her faithful worshipper, however poorly equipped. But lines in the style of the following, easy enough to manufacture and not so far out of the way in respect to motive, can yet hardly be expected to give

pleasure—we suppose an elderly city dweller retiring to the country:

That plot, his later years to crown
 He wisely chooses out of town—
 Ignores the crowded, base tram-car
 And travels by the C. P. R.

The trouble here is that the poet cannot appraise his own work. He has got the idea that because Pope and Cowper dashed off verses on every occasion he ought to do the same. Betwixt him and his brother of the first-mentioned type (whose product we have been unable to sample for the reason that he does not in fact produce) there is a great gulf fixed, perchance a mutual antipathy.

In relation to our third point: Poetical insight and fluency combined will not get you on without judgement in the choice of your materials. Want of discrimination as to subject is truly a misfortune of the gravest sort, and has brought many a fine writer to shipwreck. I have seen a poem of length called the "Columbiad," now happily extinct, relating in imitation hexameters the adventures of Columbus—an American Odyssey; another of equal longitude upon the nurture and admonition of children; and I have even heard of a production, the "Leviticud," a relic doubtless of Puritan days, and consisting of a rendering of the book of Leviticus into English rhyme.

Collins, a great poet—"Poor Collins," Dr. Johnson used to call him—sank into neglect and early madness from this very cause, which he did not himself perceive; yet how could he expect people to be interested in "Persian eclogues" or odes on the passions? A case nearer our own days is that of Hood, with his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," at the non-success of which the author of the "Song of the Shirt" was bitterly disappointed; but who, since Shakespeare, with his Puck and Queen Mab, could make such creations live? There are no fairies now, though there once were, and nobody, hardly even a child, wants to hear about them any more.

But what shall we say of the need of industry—industry that is, of the studious and painstaking sort, without which mere talent is as good as useless? This gift seems in general to want no recommendation, for is it to be denied that the special mark of a great writer is fertility? Has he not more material on hand than he can profitably use, more trouble to keep his ideas within compass and bound than to produce? Yet is the rule not invariable, as nothing relating to poetry is invariable. Coleridge could have written double the amount he did if he had been able to concentrate his ideas. He planned a great epic on the taking of Jerusalem, to abound doubtless in eloquent or recondite speeches from Flavius Titus, Eleazar and other personages of note, but voicing his own philosophy of two thousand years later. From this portentous performance it may be that we are none the worse of having escaped; at any rate, he never got to the point of commencing, and for his reputation with the years has had to fall back upon his fantastic "Ancient Mariner."

Scantiness of product is no absolute bar to immortality.

Wolfe, the writer of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," is otherwise unknown to fame, but has the quasi-honour of having his solitary performance often ascribed to Lord Byron or Thomas Campbell; and Henry Kirke White of Nottingham, another reverend author, whose one slim volume about "Gilderoy," etc., is not read, retains his place in popular memory by his authorship of a couple of stanzas or so in the hymn—

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go.

Albeit that the first line, and several others as we know them, have been twisted and ravined by the jackals of hymnology.

A reference in the last clause leads by an easy transition to the consideration of criticism.

A poet of no mean calibre represents a firm of publishers as addressing a brother of his craft as follows:—

Or supposing you've nothing original in you,
 Write parodies, sir, and such fame it will bring you!
 Or in case nothing else in this world you can do
 You surely, at least, sir, are fit to review.

The function of criticism is undoubtedly salutary on the whole, but the blunders and ineptitudes made in this trade exceed the ordinary bounds of imagination. "Critic, you have frowned," heedless too often of insight, knowledge, or sense. The writer, in his small way a student of nature, has often been struck by the peculiar fitness of the following stanza, illustrative of sunset:

In darkness and in weariness
 The traveller on his way must press;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Yet these very lines have been selected by a critic of standing to show that Keble (stigmatized as a little ape by Carlyle) knew nothing about the matter at first hand, and must have been a city dweller and a chamber poet all his life.

The critic's unconscious aim is quite often to exhibit himself rather than to detect or show forth his author's merits or shortcomings. Again, though there be room for improvement and condensation, Heaven knows, about the article so often served as poetry, where is the use of telling a man that if his writings were only more compact they would be less diffuse—that if he took more pains in polishing and finish, his work, though wanting perhaps in the charm of spontaneity, would be less slovenly: in short, that if he were somebody else he would not be the same person—and of seizing every opportunity wherein he shows the least resemblance to another, to pounce upon him as a plagiarist?

O! where abroad shall rest be found—
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound
 Or pierce to either pole!

Each season has its own disease—
 Its peril every hour;
 Death rides on every passing breeze—
 He lurks in every flower.

Then let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungallèd play ;
 For some must watch while some must sleep—
 So runs the world away!

This sounds a pretty, plaintive little poem enough, and would probably be so pronounced by any critic off his guard. A thought too pessimistic, perhaps, and so its writer might be cautioned not to give way to his saturnine humours if he would avoid the suspicion of anarchism or downright infidelity. But in fact the poem is no poem at all, not in the ordinary or critical sense, being but a compost made up with only a word or two altered here and there from three different writers extending through as many centuries and all perfectly orthodox, beginning of course with Shakespeare the infallible, through James Montgomery the respectable, down to Reginald, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

Plagiarism, the poetic bugbear of the day, is a distinctively modern conception. Early literature, sacred as well as profane, is full of adaptation without acknowledgment or thought of fault; and even, coming nearer our own time, anybody who takes the trouble will find the same underlying ideas repeated in Goldsmith, Burns, Campbell, and Pope.

SCOTT: E'en the slight hairbell raised its head
 Elastic from her airy tread.

TENNYSON: The flower she touched on dipt and rose
 And turned to look at her.

And glancing into our latest poet-novelist, George Gissing, we come upon:

The form of her half-seen foot bowed the herbage with lightest pressure.

Such giants are of course immune from attack, but from the above it will be seen that even if you do venture a bit of imitation you are not so certain of being found out or of being

pronounced guilty when brought to the bar of public judgement. If it is plagiarism to dip into the stock of imagery common to the ages, or a crime to think anything that has been suggested before, then Virgil, David, and half the writers of the psalms were plagiarists; but when a poetaster employs the garment of another's figures and fancy to cover his own bareness of ideas and taste, that is real plagiarism.

Professor W. H. Carruth, in his admirable "Verse Writing" lately published, suggests as an introduction to original composition, to try translation of good poetry from a foreign language. This would seem an excellent plan, especially in sharpening one's wits by the strife between the letter and the spirit of the original, with the result sometimes, as in the case of Edward Fitzgerald of "Omar Khayyam" fame, of a beneficent infusion of the translator himself. But this liberty must not degenerate into licence. It will hardly do (as has nevertheless been done) to render the words, "But Jeshuron waxed fat and kicked," in this fashion:

Jeshuron waxed both sleek and fat,
And down his cheeks they hung;
He kicked against the Lord his God,
And high his heels he flung.

Yet from the stony ground of translation are some gems to be got when searched for. The lines in the Consecration Service for Bishops and ascribed to Dryden, beginning:

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire,—

excel or are at least equal to the original Latin, and present a remarkable contrast to the alternative verses, a dreadful piece of doggerel attributed to Archbishop Cranmer, a writer whose strong point, as he himself frankly admits, is prose.

Similarly the metrical psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins (*temp.* Henry VIII) were so bad as to be considered for long a downright scandal upon religion, yet from this desert comes forth the following, perhaps one of the finest pieces of linguistic interchange extant:

The Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high;
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.
 On Cherubim and Seraphim
 Right royally He rode;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And he as sovereign Lord and King
 For evermore shall reign.

A writer like John Stuart Mill might be expected to account poetry anathema, but in fact he speaks of it with respect and almost in the language of panegyric, on the ground, if I remember rightly, that it is able to convey ideas to the mind in a more concrete and concise form than prose—which is undoubtedly the fact. Try to render the following terse iambs into prose:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 To each I deem thy foe:

and what would we get? Something like this:

But on no account let me arrogate the right to decide in matters wherein my information and means of arriving at the truth are confessedly defective, nor, in particular, assume the awful functions of judge and executioner where my views, conjectural at best, may prove eventually to be entirely erroneous.

Mill also defines poetry as the thoughts and words in which emotion spontaneously embodies itself, and a later writer says that poetry has always been the most direct utterance of the human heart. For this reason it would seem to possess a value peculiar to itself, and one which it might be well to preserve from extermination in these days when the merciless mills of science grind swiftly, in addition to their grinding exceeding small. It is true that in the ceaseless flow and eddy of all things, we are experiencing for the moment something of a recovery, a movement among the dry bones; but

none the less does the poet, or what is left of him, from being a demi-god, a leader and protagonist of men, find himself an anachronism, a curiosity to be interviewed and put through his paces by young lady reporters in becoming costumes, and his message, which even fifty years ago would have been looked upon with respect as something at any rate traditional, picturesque, and venerable, now set down as traditional indeed, but doubtfully picturesque and not in the least venerable. The mind of the age is set in another direction, and what an age calls for it is going to have; but in accounting for the poetic sterility of the times consideration must also be given to the accumulations of poetic material already on hand. True, the mean production of good poetry has never been large, but then about all the poetry worth saving has been preserved in one shape or another, and the store, with time, has come to be enormous. Let him who thinks all that is necessary to produce some striking poetic creation is a glowing fancy and a little industry, start to work and see how many images he can turn out whose origin could not be traced back through Goldsmith, Shakespeare, or Jonson to Horace, and perhaps to Homer.

The following alliterative bit I had supposed, in my innocence, to be original, but I have come to find it tinctured with Henley, Tennyson, and the unknown author of "The dowie dewes of Yarrow," at which point of investigation I quit:

WIND OF THE SOUTH.

Whispering low, young wind of the south,
 Light, debonair and free,
 Bring me a breath, a sigh from her mouth,
 Over the rolling sea.
 Sing to me south of her grace and her youth,
 Where the long surges be.

Not to embrace her, scarcely to trace her,
 Hid in the sunset glow
 (Courteous as fair, light as your air,
 Ever she seems to grow).
 Then breathe in my ear—She will soon be here.
 Wind of the south, sing low.

The general trend of poetry is toward sadness. We have now and then a Browning finding all right with the world, or

an Addison blithely singing of his life sustained and all his wants redressed, but the bulk of poetry is in a different note. These cheerful strains are neither numerous nor, for some reason, particularly popular.

Con of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb,
Nor return to reproach our defeats with thy victories.

Such is the dim note we catch from far-away Celtic times, and our own day and generation seem to the full as replete with sad experience moving to the stillness of their rest. But a century ago Lord Byron had written:

The serpent of the woods by art
Is won from power of harming;
But that which coils around the heart
O who hath power of charming?

and even this is but an echo of the age-long refrain, "Vanitas vanitatum—all is vanity."

We have now taken a look from a window of our twentieth century abode whence, for all poetical purposes, the very houses seem asleep and all that mighty heart is lying still, upon a figure flitting through life's unequal span with abnormally developed brain and cruelly unfair environment, the figure of one who has elected, because he could not help himself, to follow the most unprofitable and least satisfying of all trades. But without going his length or incurring his too frequent fate, it is possible, as I think has been shown, for less conspicuous persons, even amateurs, to bring back in some measure

. the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

through the medium of verse to find the brooks tinkle a perennial welcome and the willow boughs beckon to sympathy and rest; in glassy waters to see the reflection of this broken and disproportioned existence, one day perchance to be made whole; and in the stillness of that hour when daylight dies and sunbeams melt along the silent sea to find a soothing contrast to life's unrest and a grateful earnest of eternal peace.

HENRY CARTER

RUPERT BROOKE

MEMORY AND EVERLASTINGNESS

IN the poems of the late Rupert Brooke we find a poignant attention to the subject of immortality or a future existence. A thought after a race through the flaming little book is that, had he lived, the latest Cambridge bard might have been, in time and ripening, our particular singer and prophet of immortality, not altogether unsatisfying even to a rational age. As it is, he darted some "bright shoots of everlastingness."

Brooke did not stick in the partly negative mood of that early masterpiece "Second Best," or "The Hill," or "The Vision of the Archangels." Out of the early acceptance of death as individual destruction rises again love's lyric cry for something more. The South Sea poem "Tiare Tahiti" marks the slight but spiritual advance to a pantheism which finds that

Out of time, beyond the sun,
All are one in Paradise.

And

Instead of lovers, love shall be

And my laughter, and my pain
Shall home to the Eternal Brain.

How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,
Where there are neither heads nor flowers?

Above is a Shelleyan vein. And the poet can't help playfully-sadly going on to anticipate that

we'll be missing
The palms, and sunlight, and the south.

So we shall collectively "miss" our former selves, now "one in Paradise" and absorbed!

The same thought of the many returned to and merged in oneness occurs in the sonnet of "1914" on "The Dead" (No. 4), as the writer also reverts, perhaps, in that sequence, even to the earlier idea of annihilation, when he says ("The Dead," No. 3), "Their sons they gave, their immortality." Here is the idea of some of Shakespeare's sonnets, that children are the future life.

But the general trend in the later poems is towards the paradox of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," that just as the individual in his present life is at once limited and infinite, so in some deeper sense he will be in a future life at once an individual still, and potentially, yet more nearly actually, one

with all we love,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

In "The Great Lover" Brooke says,

Oh, never a doubt but somewhere I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers.

Similarly in the memorable sonnet, "The Soldier," he says,

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given.

Take this in connection with lines in the Sonnet suggested by Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research:

when we're beyond the sun,
We'll
. find
Some ghost-forgotten nook, and there
Spend in pure converse our eternal day,
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before
.
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

You have pretty much the view expressed less poetically in the last lines of "In Memoriam" (before the Epilogue). Don't be deceived by the lightness of tone here, that it is all

play. Even the earlier sonnet, "Oh! Death will find me," is possibly as much ecstasy as play, with its praise of the

Most individual and bewildering ghost.

Though in "The Great Lover" and the sonnet laughing at Psychological Research Brooke asserts that spirits gone free from this clay have no more concern about it, yet he does unbend a little in "Hauntings." There, as in life faint memories come:

So a poor ghost, beside his misty streams,
Is haunted by strange doubts, evasive dreams,
Hints of a pre-Lethean life, of men,
Stars, rocks, and flesh, things unintelligible,
And light on waving grass, he knows not when,
And feet that ran, but where he cannot tell.

Matter is indeed so "unintelligible" compared to spirit. Surely individuality lives in memory.

Was not Brooke on the verge of saying something more on the relation of memory and the future life? "A pulse in the eternal mind," actively pulsating, and "shall home to the Eternal Brain" ("Tiare Tahiti")—in the latter case he was thinking more of absorption, but in the former phrase from "The Soldier," as in the passages quoted above from "The Great Lover," the Psychological Research Sonnet and "Hauntings," there is something different. Brooke is vaguely recognizing the infinity or eternity of the individual personality, almost in spite of his general philosophy. The brilliant "Dining-Room Tea" perhaps most distinctly shows this recognition; the poet had his moment of universal vision, in which he saw his friends eternized, "freed from the mask of transiency," "immove, immortal." Here is the idealistic prophet bursting forth from rationalistic scepticism. Almost the poet rationalizes the irrational. The Platonic appears even more essentially here than in "Tiare Tahiti."

But Brooke did not yet explicitly take one further little step and consider that "pulsing in the eternal mind" may have a wrong sound to it, in that in this life already we are

in "the eternal brain," or pulses of the "eternal mind." In it we live, move and have our being. And at the same time we are individuals. But no doubt Brooke saw this, and meant that what is now more unconscious or potential, our oneness with all, may with death become more real or active or predominant.

Had he an idea, in this "pulse of the eternal mind, giving back the thoughts by England given," of identifying our future existence with memories of us in the universal mind? Memory is the repetition in a way of an original mental activity or "pulse" or state, the vibration that goes on and on, the re-pulsation, the resurrection and the life of an event. Are not our lives the thoughts, experiments, mental adventures of the Eternal, that thrill in His life, repeat and perpetuate themselves in the eternal Memory? Was there not partial truth in the Petrarcan, renaissance cry that Fame is a man's immortality! Milton was completing or clarifying the partial truth when he explained that true fame is God's judgement or memory. Shall not the dead of England, who die for Heaven's freedom, kindness, and peace have everlasting life in the Universal memory? Was not Brooke reaching the conception that as they, living, are God's *thoughts* filled with England, so, "dead," they pulse again as His *memories* of what England meant in them to Him?

The pleasing coincidence may be noted that the stars, which Meredith (Sonnet on Lucifer) calls "the brain of heaven," and Longfellow "the forget-me-nots of the angels," were figured by Shelley (Adonais) as the mansions prepared for the great and beautiful who die. Housed in such cells of "the eternal brain," we shall live, both great and small, as its memories.

It might be objected that this conception of a future existence would reduce it to a standstill, about as unprogressive a fixity as the harp-playing of old fancy. But memory is not stationary. It is the one fashioner of progress. All creative action arises out of memory. Supposing that in God our earthly personalities no longer developed themselves

as such, they would as His memories share the more closely with Him and with one another in the creative energy. But there seems more elasticity of growth in a memory, quite apart from aberrations, than in a thought. That in this life we should be thoughts, and memories in a next, does not suggest the stoppage of growth. Nor is loss of self-consciousness involved. A philosopher defined God as "thought thinking on thought," and being in His image, as we, His thoughts, are self-conscious now, we should be still more so as His memories.

In an infinite memory all may be said to live forever. Even "finite" memories perhaps forget not anything absolutely. The life, the deed, the influence of it have, essentially, everlasting ripples of living, moving, and being. An evil, painful memory troubling Eternal Peace (to be paradoxical) may be one's life in hell, just as in ill-doing and the misery of it Dante or another descends into Inferno in this life. And will not the virtue of sacrifice in our English dead blossom ever in their dust? Will it be forgotten by men, let alone by the World-Soul that, as Brooke seems to think, contains men? Will not any man who truly died for humanity live ever as one of the sweetest and most paradisaic pulses in the eternal mind?

Perhaps heaven and hell are the happy and the unhappy states of consciousness. As in this life we are now in heaven, now in hell, comparatively speaking, so the future need not be expected necessarily to be continuously or exclusively heaven or continuously or exclusively hell, but as Eternity thinks or remembers, resurrects us. One difference may be that while in these shadows of immaturity most of us have ordinarily very dull assurance of whether our state is Inferno or Paradiso or Purgatorio—of the difference, for example, between an opium paradise and a spiritual exaltation—it is conceivable that as pulses of memory in the Infinite we may advance to a self-knowledge and inward discrimination of a more definite character, to thought thinking closer upon thought.

Such are some reflections, fanciful perhaps rather than philosophical, suggested by a poet dealing passionately and piercingly with the issues of death and life. Of course there is the ancient platitude that in the Infinite, time not existing, thought and memory are identified. A more "final" and less romantic view of human eternity is that of Browning's "Last Ride Together," where the rejected lover cries out, "What if this hour with you is for ever heaven?" "All that is lasts ever, past recall." Brooke's "Dining-Room Tea" understands in another way "the instant made eternity." Longfellow, in "The Old Clock on the Stairs," sees existence as eternity made up of time's nothingness. Everything that we are or do or experience is, in itself, world without end. And yet we like the colour and the human feeling of past, present, and future. We like to think of a "future" life for ourselves, of a God also who not only is but was and ever shall be, and, if so, of an eternal "memory" in the eternal mind. Even though we may guess that, in "the Soul of all," thought and memory may somehow coincide, yet Brooke's lines look humanly to a future and a memory.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

—*Shelley.*

W. F. TAMBLYN

CAN GERMAN KULTUR SURVIVE?

GERMAN spokesmen have often asserted that the war was necessary for Germany in order to ensure the perpetuation of her civilization. It is irony that, from its nature, German social organization is self-destroying. German *Kultur* aims chiefly, through national organization, to secure advantages for Germans over other men. Theirs is an autocratic, not a democratic, form of government.

Human development is ultimately retarded when a group of men, through combining their strength, advantage themselves at the expense of their fellows. A tradition of co-operation secures united action among the individuals comprising a group of gregarious animals. The habit is an eminently valuable, primitive characteristic. Through it many animal races have over-lived and succeeded against more powerful competitors. For example, the habit of united action makes baboons contemptuous of the more powerful leopard; a leopard easily destroys an individual ape, but no leopard, however hungry, ever attacks a herd of baboons. The habit of co-operation has been useful to mankind. It has secured man's mastery over many of the difficulties with which his development has been beset. Now that those difficulties are past, the habit of co-operation has lost its usefulness. Its survival in Western Europe from an earlier stage of social development is but one of many examples of the persistence of primitive characters.

Man's "struggle for existence" has become a struggle between individual men. In our highly-organized civilization the struggle is no longer one between man and extra-human agencies. For that reason, the habit of co-operation is no longer an advantage. It formerly secured man against his enemies and advanced human development in doing so. It became a disadvantage, and retards development, when a

group of men combine to benefit themselves at the expense of other men. It is so because, just as diamond alone cuts diamond, the development of the most efficient type of man is obtained most surely by the attrition of individual man against individual man in a struggle uncomplicated by accidental influences, such as the habit of co-operation.

Human development must proceed through individuals, because individuals alone can reproduce. Therefore, the form of social organization which will produce the best men is that which secures freedom for unrestricted development to individuals. The German system of government certainly does not do so. "A fair field, no favour, and may the best man win" is not a Prussian maxim. German policy, by co-operation, aims to secure advantage for Germans over other men. The truth is, German national customs are of a primitive type. In them, social development has not reached so high a level as in a community organized under a democratic form of government.

In primitive forms of life, gills served, and still do serve, an essential purpose. Rudimentary gills sometimes appear when they are no longer needed. Vestiges of them may occur as little holes—branchial clefts—in the necks of highly-developed animals, even of men.

The habit of co-operation and gills are each primitive characters. Each was essential under certain circumstances. Either may create disadvantages for the beings in which it persists after its usefulness has been outlived. A modern civilization which attempts, by co-operation, to secure benefits for one group of men at the expense of other men is as primitive an abortion as is an ichthyoid monster. Such a civilization is out of date. It harms those whom it would help. It shields them from the competition through which they should develop. Nietzsche wrote, "That which hurts me makes me strong." In her national policy Germany paradoxically violates the dictum of her most fashionable philosopher.

Propagandists often appeal to "Darwinism" in justification of German war policy. They do not understand that German policy is confounded by the first principle of evolution. Teutonic policy seeks the good of the German State; but man is a living being, and his development can proceed only through his body. The very methods by which Germany seeks to preserve her Statehood ensure its destruction.

Powers can be maintained and developed in living things by but one method, and that is by their use. So soon as a master-people (*Herrenvolk*), by helotism or other device, assumes privileged position over other men it deprives itself of competition. In doing so, an incentive to exertion is lost. Abilities not fully exercised atrophy from disuse and tend to disappear. Spartan national customs, strict caste rules, or stringent house laws, for a time may secure exercise and perpetuation to powers by which a ruling nation, class, or dynasty wins pre-eminence; but the ritual of tradition cannot secure so constant an exercise of abilities as is enforced through the competition of unhandicapped rivalry. History, through the centuries, presents a never-ending succession of men—one or many—who achieve command through native excellence, only to lose position and be submerged as the qualities making them superior become dulled and lessened by disuse. Through their commanding position they made other men serve them; and their pre-eminent abilities, incompletely employed, disappeared. It is only under the spur of full, necessitous use that qualities are maintained undiminished. In removing the necessity for exertion, one of Nature's laws, insistent as gravity, is offended. The sin brings its own punishment; powers—organs—incompletely exercised tend to disappear. A nation which, by war, economic manœuvre or, otherwise, obtains advantages over other men for its citizens removes its people from the stress of competition. In doing so, it exposes their qualities to deterioration. German national organization is suicidal since it tends not to improve, but to deteriorate, the qualities of men

subject to it. Such an organization must disappear; the health of a State depends upon the breeding of the men composing it.

Teutons, through worship of their national machine, have entirely lost sight of the end for which it was devised. Like the rulers of decadent Rome, they no longer realize that the nation is but a means for ensuring security to the individuals composing it. German ethics make the nation an end in itself, for which the individual and his interests must be sacrificed. The religion of modern Germany, as of Imperial Rome, is the good of an Empire. Marcus Aurelius persecuted Christians not because of the mystic ideals of their religion, but because Christianity preached tenets dangerous to the political integrity of the Roman Empire. Christianity satisfies individualism. It gives hope to individuals, if not through brotherly love on earth, through the just awards of life after death. That is one reason why Christianity was so quickly accepted by the minds of peoples restrained under a religion having for its end the good of a system of government. In this respect, the antithesis between Rome and Christianity is precisely the difference existing to-day between Teutonic autocracy and the democracies with which Pan-Germania is at war.

"Manners maketh man." It is true of men; it is far more true that customs are the nation in which they are embodied. A nation of bad manners must necessarily disappear. Rome disappeared because Roman manners were immoral, unuseful to a highly-developed civilization. Like the despotisms preceding it, Imperial Germany must disappear; its customs and national policy are primitive and unsuited for the continued development of mankind. Autocracy is biologically unsound. Because of its sure foundation in the very nature of life, democracy inevitably must prevail.

THOMAS L. JARROTT

INTEGGER VITAE

Horace, Book 1, Ode XXII

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Iubae tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

INTEGER VITAE

Horace, Book 1, Ode XXII

Who wholesome is of life, and pure of heart,
Needs not a bow, nor any Moorish dart,
Nor quiver-load of shafts with poisoned end,
Fuscus, my friend;

Whether through sultry Syrtis he may stray,
Or through gruff Caucasus he make his way,
Or journey where, through weird and mystic places,
Hydaspes races.

For as, care-free, deep in the Sabine grove,
Weaving for Lalage a song of love,
I strolled, a wolf fled from me—fled alarmed,
And I unarmed;

Wild Daunias has no such monster fed,
In all her spacious forests acorn-spread,
And Juba's land, the lion's arid nurse,
Breeds nothing worse.

Place me on plains bleak bald and barren, where
No tree is nourished by the summer air,
A zone where cruel Jove ill-treats the ground,
And fogs abound;

Place me where suns roll all too close above,
On land not fit for homes, in thoughts of love
For Lalage, sweet-smiling, sweet of voice,
I will rejoice.

JAMES FERRES

INDIVIDUAL PREPAREDNESS

(AN ANALOGY)

WITH the greater part of the world in conflict, public men in all neutral nations, as well as among the belligerents, were pointing out the dangers facing the countries that lay inert, not ready to defend themselves against wanton and unprovoked attack such as that of which the Allies had been the victims.

The United States, far the greatest of the neutrals, stood long on the brink of indecision, asking herself the question, what assurance is there that at any moment we may not suffer an indignity which will force us to take up arms to maintain our honour? We pride ourselves on the fact that we have the money, the men, and the resources, but are we prepared?

Granting that the need of preparedness was apparent, how was it to be attained?

The purpose of this article is to show that "Preparedness" in the accepted sense of the term was, for the nation as for the individual, impossible without actual participation.

The reason for this impossibility is supplied by nature herself. The average human body is very poorly prepared to resist disease so long as it is subjected to no serious attack. In scientific language, its opsonic index, or resisting power, is low.

Take the case of the recruit. When he begins training, in order to protect him from the ravages of typhoid fever, the army physicians inject into his system 500,000,000 dead typhoid bacilli, or germs. Immediately his body prepares to defend itself. The brain flashes over the nervous system the news of the attack. The blood system at once begins the manufacture of millions of leukocytes, or white blood corpuscles, whose function it is to fight disease. As

soon as the leukocytes are ready they are rushed to the front through the blood stream to meet the invader. In other words, when the alarm is sounded the business of munitions making and of transporting war material is begun. Before the onslaught, the soldier's opsonic index, or efficiency for resisting disease, was perhaps only twenty-five per cent. Now it has jumped to probably fifty per cent.; and the enemy is checked.

But now comes another attack. The physicians this time inject 1,000,000,000 dead cells. Now the supply of leukocytes is multiplied, by virtue of the facility acquired in the first engagement, until the opsonic index jumps to seventy-five per cent., and again the foe is repulsed.

But suppose a few million live typhoid germs had entered the system in the first instance. Then the body would have had no time to manufacture defensive munitions, the disease would have spread practically without opposition, and life probably would have been extinguished.

National defence is analogous to this biological process. Only when attacked is a peaceful country capable of preparing to fight.

Canada furnishes outstanding evidence of this fact. Up to the autumn of 1914 the Dominion had been virtually unprepared. It had a militia; it had garrison patrols. Imperial officers annually for two weeks gave instruction and drill in summer camp. The result of this nominal preparedness was a defending body that would have been helpless before the attack of any second class power.

But when the call came in 1914 what happened? Instantly a great people rose to the emergency; throughout Canada men sprang to the drill ground; factories hummed day and night, and before the year was out the First Contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Force had been trained, equipped, armed, and sent to England, thence to proceed across the Channel and write an imperishable chapter in the annals of the great struggle for the liberty of the world. When the majority of these brave men had laid down their lives

for freedom, more were ready to take their places and "carry on"; and this marvelous work of the defence of the Empire still continues and will continue as long as the need lasts.

The history of the response of all the Entente nations is similar. Great Britain herself, invincible at sea, had but a handful of men ready to fight on land. But the genius of the race responded to the call. Kitchener and his aides transformed a mob of artisans and clerks into a splendid fighting machine, and the rush of the conquest-mad Teutons was stopped. So it was with Australia, with New Zealand, with India, with France, and with Russia. Each has astonished the world by the facility with which it buttressed itself to meet the crisis.

But only when the crisis arose. Before that all, so far as military power was concerned, were fat and weak, blind to their danger and deaf to warning. Their opsonic indices were low. Their blood cells were undeveloped.

And even then there had to be a sacrifice. The German bacillus, fully developed, had almost its own way with noble Belgium and brave Serbia, as it might have had with the larger nations had it not been for these "buffer states." It was no attack by dead cells that these heroic countries had to face. They were practically wiped out as nations in standing against the first crash of the invader. Since then, the resisting power of all the Allies has grown with every fresh encounter, until now the defenders have taken the offensive and are well on the road to exterminating the disease of Prussian militarism and restoring to health and strength the weaker states.

But how about Germany? It may be said: Was she not prepared? Clearly she was. But she never in modern times had been anything else. In 1870, or only a little more than forty years before she wrecked Belgium, she was fighting France. Since that time she has never slipped back from her militaristic standard. If not actually engaged in war she has maintained her war machine and improved it, benefiting by the study of other nations' conflicts; and some of the very

men who directed her armies in the war of 1870 have been among her chief advisers in the present struggle. Her aggressive organism has been developed by each minor war it has engaged in or taken an indirect part in, reaching at last its present consummation of virulence.

Let us carry further the analogy with the processes of Nature. In every bio-chemical reaction there must be the agent, the antibody and the complement: the cell to be destroyed, the substance capable of destroying it, and the completing energy without which the reaction cannot take place. In common speech, there must be the lock, the key that will fit it, and the hand to turn the key.

In the case of national defence the enemy is the agent, munitions the antibody, and the trained army the complement. Neither of the latter two is of practical value without the others. The country cannot be defended without munitions; munitions are useless without trained men to handle them, and men cannot be trained, history shows, without fighting. A man cannot learn to swim without entering the water; in order to learn the tricks of the fighter he must have a sparring partner.

Once roused to meet an opponent, a country's vital system, as we have seen, develops rapidly and in many directions its resisting power. Different kinds of military resources are required to meet the demands of the several forms of defence, just as the body must supply different defences to destroy the germs of typhoid fever, syphilis, or tuberculosis.

The munitions plants, the supplies, the training camps, the Army Service Corps, and the transports are the counterparts of the red blood corpuscles, or erythrocytes, which both manufacture arms and material and carry them to the front.

The several kinds of leukocytes are represented by the various arms of the active service. The infantry, the main unit of the army, corresponds to the polynuclear white cells, whose function is to advance and attack the enemy, and take prisoners by enveloping his forces.

The smaller mechanical branches of the army are like the mononuclear leukocytes, the biological equivalents of the machine guns, with their rapid, withering fire; the light artillery, hurling small projectiles; the gas receptacles, emitting waves of poisonous gases, and the patrols, destroyers and "sea wasps," or submarine chasers, of the navy.

The eosinophile cells, throwing multiple and heavy projectiles, represent in the body the heavy artillery of the land forces and the first line battleships and dreadnoughts of the navy.

Behind the advance lines of the army and navy of the human body's fighting machine are the medullary white cells, immature, undeveloped, the soldiers and sailors in training.

Further developed than these, yet not fully trained fighters, are the medullary cells in process of division, which are the stretcher-bearers and scavengers of the battlefield.

With most of these means of defence only slightly developed, and faced by the German military system, with its powerful artillery, its apparently inexhaustible high explosives, its efficient aircraft, its devilish ingenuity in mining, its remorseless use of poison gas, and, of late, its unrestricted sea murder, the Allies gradually have had to create means of saving themselves. To-day, as the fruit of many a bitter fight, they can hurl four high-power shells to the enemy's one; they are steadily, we believe, driving his flying machines from the air; they have outmatched his inventiveness with the giant "tank," which crawls over every defence that can be constructed, and with the "sea wasp," which is of such small draft that it can fight a submarine without danger of being torpedoed.

With its forces so well marshalled, a nation is not defeated, even when the army of the enemy has penetrated well into its territory. The glands of the body, such as the tonsils, may be entered by disease germs; but if the body has been immunized the invaders will be destroyed or thrown off. The enemy may enter the fort, as the Germans did at Verdun, but a veteran force will throw them out.

But always, be it remembered, the defence cannot be successful without the complement—the men trained on the field, to turn the key.

The lesson is clear for the neutral States as for the individual. By virtue of the recent ramifications of militarism, national preparedness has been forced on some of the neutrals, especially the United States. The attack from Mexico had never been serious enough to develop the resisting power of America. The Mexicans are dead cells, but the injection of a sufficient number of them into American territory would have raised American fighting strength as it never would be raised by occasional border raids.

On the other hand, the kind of invasion so blunderingly plotted by Germany would be to the United States an injection of very live cells. We have the testimony of American army officers that the country could be swept from coast to coast in a few weeks by a small trained army. With such a danger brought to its doors, any neutral is likely to learn real preparedness.

How about the individual? In the case of the individual these defences can be developed only by inoculation. A man may think he can protect himself against disease by "taking care of himself"—keeping in good condition through exercise and diet. But many a strong man has succumbed to typhoid fever or pneumonia after a few days of such exposure as the soldier is subjected to. Men died by the thousand in the Spanish-American and the South African wars. The trouble was not that they were not "fit," as the term is generally understood. The system which they thought so strong had never been put to the test before. On the other hand, men who actually were suffering from a disease caused by an organism have, after inoculation, gone into the trenches and come out healthier than they had ever been.

The efficiency of inoculation is shown by the records of the Canadian troops in the present war as compared with the South African war. In the earlier struggle, when inoculation was not practised, it is recorded that one death in nine in the

Canadian forces was due to typhoid fever. In the present war, under inoculation, there have been about 40,000 Canadian casualties. Of these fewer than 200 have been typhoid cases, and most of them came early in the fighting, when inoculation was optional. Since it has been made compulsory, fewer than 100 men have been attacked by typhoid fever and not more than ten of these have died. Such immunity, operative for twelve months, may be obtained by anyone who will submit to inoculation.

Preparedness, for the individual and for the nation, means scientific fighting.

J. J. Ross

THE MIND

The human mind has blood and hands and feet,
And it must suffer if it bides at home,
Like some poor sickly soul, who fears to roam
Beyond his garden walk, or keeps his seat,
While muscles dwindle, in some dim retreat
From which old tethered Custom never stirs.
Friends! let us be like Alpine travellers
And on Thought's uplands often let us meet
Those "thoughts that wander through eternity."
Two guides I know upon that lonely way:
And who with Milton goes will see the day
Blacken and brighten o'er humanity;
Dante will lead to where all souls abide,
And show, in spheres of rest, the glorified!

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

THE U. N. B. AND ITS HAPPY WARRIORS

This is the happy Warrior: this is He
That every man in arms should wish to be.

IN the year 1800, a date easily remembered, there was established at Fredericton in the newly formed province of New Brunswick an educational institution, with the privileges of a university, including the power to confer degrees, called the College of New Brunswick.

Quite a few of the loyalists, who by this time largely comprised the population, were graduates or undergraduates of Yale and Harvard. Knowing well the value of education, they made every possible effort that the inhabitants in the new settlements might at least have the opportunity to provide the ordinary "schooling" for their children, and that the means of attaining a higher education might be within reach. When the college was established it was welcomed heartily by those citizens, now practically deprived of access to the seats of learning in the New England States.

The College of New Brunswick did good, if comparatively limited, work. It does not appear that the attendance was large, or that degrees were conferred to any extent. Financial stringency was then, as even now with most colleges, a serious hindrance. The public grant, supplemented by the fees of students who, however capable and willing to study, were not in a position to draw money as from a tap, was insufficient. Millionaires who could be made doctors of law and literature, in return for pecuniary contributions, had not been invented.

So, some years passed away, and it became necessary to look about and see what could be done to keep the new institution on its feet. Poor old stupid George the Third

had ended his unhappy career, and his unworthy son, the fourth George, of whom we are probably more ashamed than of any other king who sat on the throne, was doing his best to hinder and hamper Canning and the few other able statesmen of his time, who were striving to settle the principles of the future home and foreign policy of the Empire. The authorities of New Brunswick conceived the idea of securing the interest of Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord and King of that day; and so, by various enactments, as the lawyers have it, the College of New Brunswick was re-founded as King's College, with our most religious and pious king as its true and proper founder. His Majesty was petitioned in the year of grace eighteen hundred and twenty-three, "to put the said college upon such a footing as to his said Majesty, in his Royal Wisdom, may seem meet." Royal wisdom, as applied to George the Fourth, is really lovely. However, the royal wisdom, or to speak truthfully, the wisdom of the statesmen in charge of colonial affairs, set itself in motion. Whether owing to the royal wisdom or not, henceforth the college developed as well as the straitened ideas of the narrow-minded times would allow. It was practically a Church of England institution, with a professor in theology, and with various religious tests, including no doubt a subscription by the president, the professor of theology, and likely the other professors, to that unique compendium of Church of England doctrine—two-thirds of which many people think might well be scrapped—the Thirty-nine Articles of religion. Nevertheless, a good classical and literary education men got in that old college, even if mathematics was more or less taboo, or at least underrated. All in all King's College did good work, and its graduates went forth into the world not unworthily equipped.

The time came when it was thought that a provincial university assisted by a public grant should be entirely free from sectarianism, and in the year 1859, by means of various further enactments, King's College became a thing of the past, and the University of New Brunswick arose in the

educational horizon. All religious instruction and lectures were done away with, the Thirty-nine Articles no more perplexed the aspiring student, the study of the Greek and Latin languages was no longer regarded as the only field for intellectual effort, the mathematical course was appreciably strengthened and popularized, and the college, relieved from the weight of reactionism, entered upon a career which has ever since been faithfully and honourably pursued. Perhaps it was about this time, when the erstwhile College of New Brunswick became the University of New Brunswick, that an impious alderman of Fredericton took it upon himself to change the name of a street leading to the college from College Row to University Avenue. One does not have much sympathy with changes of this nature. They bespeak snobbishness, and in effect remove milestones of history.

So much in the way of a brief outline of the earlier history of the U.N.B.

Some men of prominence have passed its curriculum. Parliament of recent years has had, amongst its leading exponents, graduates whose modesty—a modesty so strikingly associated with politicians—one feels sure would forbid the mention of their names.

Literature in prose and poetry is worthily represented by graduates and under-graduates, who have walked up the narrow, winding, hilly, woods-guarded path that leads from Gas Alley—may this name still survive—across the wide and gently sloping lawn, to the solid, substantial, unpretentious but imposing “main building,” overlooking the pretty tree-shaded capital and cathedral city. Other buildings have gone up, as time and occasion demanded—up-to-date, convenient, practical buildings, and sightly enough, fit for the practical lectures and labours therein expounded and carried on. But down on these modern structures the old gray college, through its antique-fashioned panes of window glass, looks with stoney stare, contemptuous of such new arrivals, as of the coming of ill-bred and unnecessary intruders.

The credit which reverend, learned, and eloquent alumni have brought to the college shrivels into nothing compared to the lustre that fairly illuminates its old class rooms and corridors through the imperishable deeds of those noble lads who, in the autumn of 1914 and since, tossed aside cap and gown, even more resignedly their books and scientific instruments, put on the uniform, took up the rifle and the spade, groomed horses, became batmen to officers—even sometimes very unmannerly officers, it is to be feared, became officers themselves, never unmannerly we trust, particularly to inferiors—for in this may the true gentleman ever be distinguished from the counterfeit—gave up their easy, scholarly mode of life, their late morning snoozes and merry midnight revels, gave up their freedom in fact, to become machines. Military authority promised when these boys enlisted that they would be kept together, but in the matter of recruiting military promises are not the most reliable. A magnificent record have the boys made in France. Many have attained distinction, and bear medals, worthily won and honourably worn. Not unnaturally the artillery attracted them, and their training in geometry and engineering makes them peculiarly useful in this arm of the service. Two field batteries mobilized in Fredericton late in the autumn of 1914, and one of these so many of the lads joined that it was popularly known as “the college battery.” Of course, when the battery went to England it was broken up, and the boys who had hoped to have been kept together, were scattered hither and thither. There was little complaint but bitter disappointment. The inducements held out to young Canadians of all classes, when volunteering, that they would not be separated from their pals, and the utter disregard of these inducements when the boys got overseas, are deeply resented by many of their relatives and form one of the blots on the generally clear page of Canada’s participation in the war. Students from all the Canadian colleges—or from nearly all—have most serenely done their duty. These bright, clean-limbed, quick-witted lads sprang to the fore at the time of their

country's need with surprising alertness. That they should ever be called to such a sacrifice was the last thing they expected when as verdant freshmen they entered the college doors. Wars, it was thought, were a thing of the past. So faithfully were the Christian pastors and Christian statesmen, throughout the world, attending to their sacred and responsible duties, that the possibility of a world war, exceeding anything in the history of mankind, was unthinkable. But the strong castle proved the frailest house of cards and fell in a day. To these young students—from every college—the quick and the dead, one wishes to pay the sincerest tribute of esteem, respect, and regard. There was so much ahead of them, and the country looked for so much from them.

The hoary colleges look down
 On careless boys at play,
 But when the bugles sounded war
 They put their games away.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
 Who laid your good lives down,
 Who took the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.

Many will come back, greater and more splendid men than they could possibly have been, had they remained deaf to the country's call. Canada will need such men. Men inspired by wisdom—incorruptible, above mere cynicism—will be needed in the period of reconstruction. The practical man, the railway magnate, the bank potentate, the corporation lawyer, the millionaire grandee, we will find in abundance; but if the country is really to be an ideal of democracy—democracy apparently so very susceptible to the insidious attacks of the twin parasites of greed and graft—the hope of the future must lie in those who, having faced death and passed through hell, will have experienced a real vision, and who with the same sublime courage and patriotism with which they faced the terrors of battle, will aid in and insist upon the building up of a national character, in which truthfulness, frankness, and honour, shall be of more value to the State than deceit,

duplicity, and chicanery. Looking out for such men, Canada will find many of them among the college boys now in France. Many will come home—the large majority we may hope—and their home-coming cannot be made too much the occasion for an ovation.

As Leacock puts it:—

Then shall the bonfires burn
To tell the message of their glad return.
Ho, porter, wide the gate, beat loud the drum,
Up with the Union Jack, they come, they come.

But, some will not come back. To use the quaint and touching colloquialism of the army, they have "gone west." And the ranks of the boys from the U. N. B. have been sadly thinned. Many who hoped to return and renew old acquaintances in the college city—so well beloved—will not return. They have won the "wooden cross." For them what nobler tribute than these lines recently appearing in the *London Times*:—

The brightest gems of Valour in the Army's diadem
Are the V.C. and the D.S.O.M.C. and D.C.M.,
But those who live to wear them will tell you they are dross
Beside the Final Honour of a simple Wooden Cross.

May the writer of this article be forgiven for introducing a personal note, only to say, that if it ever be his privilege to stand before one, in particular, of these wooden crosses in a cemetery in a small French town, he will bow before it with more lowly veneration than he would render to the most jewelled crucifix in the noblest fane of Christendom!

T. C. L. KETCHUM

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

THE STORY OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

Frederick Watson. A. & C. Black, Ltd., London. Agents: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. \$1.50.

The title of this book would be misleading were it not for the fact that the author is at pains in his preface to explain that the choice of the word "story" in preference to "history" is deliberate. But history it is, in the fullest sense of the word—and what a history! Ever since the tragic field of Culloden, which marked the close of the last rebellion of the clans against the King of England, if for "History of the Highland Regiments" we write "History of the British Empire," we shall gain some impression of the great rôle played by the Highland Regiments in the conquest of the lands and peoples which compose that Empire.

Pitt the Elder it was who recognized in the Highlanders of the various clans qualities which, when guided into proper channels, could not but characterize soldiers of the highest worth and merit. Brought up in comparative poverty, and sworn to obey his chief, whose word was absolute, the Highlander was imbued from his earliest days with the idea that courage was the most honourable virtue, cowardice the most disgraceful failing. Devoted to his native country and clan, and at all times fearful lest he should in any manner disgrace the tartan, the Highlander was peculiarly fitted to make a fine type of soldier in the service of the King. It was, therefore, little short of a stroke of genius on Pitt's part to have preserved a formation or organization approaching as nearly as possible that of the clan in which these Highland qualities could be most strikingly brought out and developed.

Various Highland Regiments were recruited from the wild mountains of Scotland, each of these bearing a distinctive name, usually that of the leader by whom it was raised, and wearing his tartan. Thus we have Fraser's Highlanders, raised in 1757, celebrated for the part they took in the capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759. These were later absorbed into the Seaforths. Many separate regiments were formed about this time, only to be disbanded or absorbed later on.

The Highland Regiments as we know them to-day came into being toward the latter part of the eighteenth century, with the exception indeed of the Black Watch, which dates from as early as 1725, when it consisted of a few companies forming a kind of vigilance corps of militia for preserving order amongst the clansmen. As early as 1745, however, the Black

Watch fought, under the well-known designation of the 42nd Regiment, in the Allied Army against Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy.

To have a clear idea of the scope of the present work, it is essential to bear in mind that the author limits himself strictly to the proper application of the term "Highland"—that is, he is careful to include only those regiments which wear the kilt. This number is limited to six, viz., the Black Watch or Royal Highlanders, the Camerons, the Seaforths, the Argyll and Sutherlands, the Gordons, and the Highland Light Infantry. On the above basis, the inclusion of the last-named regiment, in spite of its name, may come as a surprise to those readers who are familiar with the streets of Glasgow, for the H.L.I. are a trews regiment. The explanation lies in the fact that they were originally raised in 1777 as the 71st Foot or Macleod's Highlanders, when they wore the kilt, which was, however, discarded in 1809. The second battalion H.L.I. (the 74th Foot) was raised in 1787 and remained a kilted regiment until 1847. Other Scottish regiments, such as the Royal Scots or the King's Own Scottish Borderers, have indeed always worn the tartan, but only as trews. These regiments, moreover, are Lowland in their origin, the Regimental District of the Royal Scots, for example, being Edinburgh and Midlothian.

The Story of the Highland Regiments is one of absorbing interest, which takes us from country to country, through campaign after campaign. In all of the numerous expeditions to America during the second half of the eighteenth century—under Wellington in the Peninsular and at Waterloo—in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny—in all those campaigns, in short, in which British arms have played so glorious a part, the Highland Regiments have been there to share that glory.

Originally conceived so as to supply a want felt by the author himself, when as a lad he would fain have read the history of the regiments which he admired so much, *The Story of the Highland Regiments* is in the first instance intended by the author to interest young people. Mr. Watson may have full confidence, however, that his hope that their elders too may find the book of interest is assured of complete fulfilment. The present work supplies a felt want, in which others besides the author have shared.

The simplicity of treatment, which the author mentions as a drawback to the book for adult readers, is, on the contrary, one of its great recommendations, for it enables the reader to obtain easily a grasp of the subject along broad and general lines. The strong Scottish sentiment pervading the book is natural enough, and will, we feel certain, prove no stumbling block to those who, though of alien race, have at times felt admiration for the kilted regiments and their exploits.

Although the book requires no such recommendation to further its sale, the public should know that any profits that accrue are, for the duration of the war, being devoted to the Officers' Families' Fund.

The reviewer takes much pleasure in noting that the coloured illustrations are specially well done, the artist having been at great pains to be accurate in all details of tartan and sporran as worn by the different regiments.

In conclusion, we trust that Mr. Watson may one day complete his work to date by writing the Story of the Highland Regiments during the greatest of all campaigns, the present war. Such a work will show that the glory of the Highland Regiments is in nowise dimmed. It will be sure of a warm welcome from that numerous public "whose heart aye warms tae the tartan."

W. McL.

RUSSIAN AND NOMAD.

Tales of the Kirghiz Steppes. By E. Nelson Fell. Illustrated. London, Duckworth & Co. 1916. 7s. 6d.

The author of this book is an American, who, some ten years ago, was in charge of important mining operations on the skirts of the Kirghiz Steppes in Central Asia. The writer thus had abundant opportunities of observing the life of the Nomad tribes in this remote corner of the world. He has a poetical and artistic mind, and has appreciated to the full the attractions of his strange surroundings. In addition to this he has a rare gift of sympathy, which enables him to take a warm interest in the population of this district, consisting not only of the native Kirghiz, but also of Russian immigrants, mostly Little Russians from Southern Russia. Thus he is able to present us with a book which we have read with deep interest, dealing as it does with a race remote from the ordinary paths of civilization and reminding us more than once of Virgil's description of these northern tribes in the 3rd Georgic.

Mr. Fell's residence in these parts falls in the period of the Japanese War, when the whole of the Russian Empire was in a state of great unrest. Consequently, we get many sidelights on the attitude of the population towards Government and the labour question. Mr. Fell quite appreciates the good qualities of the Russian peasant population, and after reading his book we are confirmed in our belief that Russia will emerge from her present trials strengthened and purified. Especially do we feel this confidence about Southern Russia. There is something in the remarks on the Russian people on page 78 that sounds almost prophetic. For example: "There is no more tragic picture conceivable than a Russian crowd, swayed first by one leader and then another, following blindly where it is led."

We cannot understand on what ground Mr. Fell regards the district of which these Kirghiz Steppes form a part as the "ultimate birthplace of all our western modes of thought and culture and religion." He begins his book with this remark and recurs to the same thought more than once.

For example: "This is the oldest country in the world, the country which has been the longest settled by civilized man" (page 9); "The cradle of our race had been rocked under these stars, here had our childhood been spent" (page 49); "A race from which has sprung a large part, at least, of the great ideas which have swayed the world." We are rather mystified too by the following: "Visions of the successful trades which Jacob had made on these very hills." On page 157, the Oxus is confused with the Jaxartes.

The main thing, however, is that the author forms his judgements with a perfectly open mind. He tells us of the peasantry of his district: "The simplicity and naturalness of their outlook upon life are refreshing, and reveal to you in startling outline the conventionalism in which you have been trained, and whose limitations you have never realized before." With this attitude of mind and with the opportunities he had of close intercourse with the natives, Mr. Fell could not fail to produce an interesting book. A number of photographs are added which give vividness to the narrative. It is perhaps a pity that the sub-title, "Tales of the Kirghiz Steppes," is added, as the book is really a narrative of Mr. Fell's own personal experiences.

S. B. S.

ARMENIAN LEGENDS AND POEMS.

Illustrated and compiled by Zabelle C. Boyajian. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, Paris and Toronto. No date. 21s. net. (Miss Boyajian is giving all the profits of this edition to the Lord Mayor's Armenian Fund.)

The Armenians are among the oldest nations of the world, having retained their land, nationality and language from a time earlier than the period when the Romans first appear on the stage of history. They were already in the occupation of their present abodes about the year 600 B.C., and less than a hundred years later the name of their country appears in the cuneiform inscriptions. They migrated into Armenia from the more western parts of Asia Minor, and ultimately, no doubt, from the Balkan peninsula. Few of the theories about prehistoric movements of races have a better foundation than that which identifies the Armenians with the Paeonians, who in classical times gave their name to the district north of Macedonia.

From the time of Cyrus to that of Alexander the Great the history of the country is wrapped in obscurity, the account in Moses of Khorene being quite untrustworthy. After the defeat of Antiochus, however, in 190, the two princes of Greater Armenia and Western Armenia assume the title of King. These two monarchies were united under Tigranes in the first century B.C., and Armenia became a dominant power in the

East until it was overpowered by the Romans under Lucullus and Pompey. From this period the fortunes of the kingdom varied with the predominance of the Romans or Greeks on one side, and the Parthians or Persians on the other. Finally Armenia lost her independence in 428 (429) A.D. as a direct consequence of the short-sightedness which Theodosius had displayed in the peace which he concluded with the Persians in 387.

The Mahometan movement in the seventh century led to fresh troubles for the Armenians, but towards the close of the ninth century the country once more found rest under a native dynasty. This lasted till 1062, when the town of Ani was sacked by the Seljuk Turks under Alp Arslan. The Byzantine Emperor at this time was Constantine Ducas, and the capital was permeated with the atmosphere of the new renaissance and had little interest for anything but its literary studies. Such a society had not the vigour or insight to deal with a rude and capable warrior like Alp Arslan. Nine years later an Emperor of a different type sat upon the throne, but it was too late, and the Byzantine Empire received its death-wound from the same Turkish conqueror upon Armenian ground. The arrival of the Crusaders a little later enabled the Armenians to maintain their independence in new abodes in Cilicia for nearly three centuries. But here, too, the new principality was not destined to be permanent. Once more, at the beginning of last century, another Christian power, that of Russia, came to their assistance, and Armenia has shown signs of entering on a new national life. It will be seen that the tragedy of her existence is due to the fact that she has formed a little Christian oasis in the midst of strong nations professing a hostile religion.

Armenian literature begins with the conversion of the people to Christianity, for the old heathen works were destroyed. The fifth century may be described as its golden age. Much of the literary activity of the period consisted of the translation of Syriac and Greek books. The history of Faustus of Byzantium, for example, is a translation from the Greek. This history of Faustus goes down to at least 385; consequently, the date of his death on page 134 (384 A.D.) should be corrected. The subjects most popular with the translators were history and theology. The new Armenian principality, mentioned above, brought a revival of literature from the end of the eleventh century, to be followed from the thirteenth to seventeenth centuries by a new period of decay. The better opportunities, however, of intercourse with Europe that the last century has afforded, have once more seen Armenian literature flourish, with a new modern Armenian as its recognized literary language. Here we find Western influences—for example, Byron—apparent.

The present volume, in which both prose and verse are represented, gives us specimens from all these periods. Extracts of a legendary character from Moses of Khorene belong to the first period. The second con-

tributes "The Arrival of the Crusaders," by Nerses Shnorhali. The more recent movement is represented by examples of the work of Patkanian, Raffi, and many others.

The most striking feature of the Armenian people is the tenacity with which they cling to their nationality, language and religion. As an illustration of this intense conservatism we may quote a statement from page 156, that since the thirteenth century no prayers or hymns have been introduced into the Armenian Church. The Armenians are a remarkably gifted people, but we note a tendency on their part to rate some of their productions too high. Few, for example, will subscribe to the following about Moses of Khorene (page 151): "We must acknowledge that his book is one of the great works of all literature, and, if it were better known, would take a high place among the masterpieces of the world." Again, on page 186, we are told that the religious poetry of the Armenians is "of a depth and solemnity unequalled by any other poetry of this class." These quotations are from an Essay by Aram Raffi, which takes up about one-third of the book. The Essay is entitled "Armenia: Its Epics, Folk-songs and Mediæval Poetry." This Essay might perhaps have stood more suitably at the beginning of the book rather than at the end. Moreover, the reader would have found it clearer if it had been divided into chapters on history, literature, religion, and so forth; and these again into sections; under history, for example, the legendary period, the early history and mediæval and modern epochs. To come to minor points, it is not of much use to tell the English reader that Sourb Carapet is the patron saint of lovers (page 81). Sourb Carapet is the Armenian for the "holy forerunner," *i.e.*, John the Baptist. On page 163 we read of Constantine and Monomachus as though they were two persons and not one.

The illustrations are very beautiful, and form a great feature of the book

S. B. S.

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