



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED: FEBRUARY, APRIL, OCTOBER, DECEMBER,
IN MONTREAL.

OCTOBER 1910

	Page
Imperialism, Nationalism, or a third Alternative—A Westerner	339
Oxford and Working-Class Education—J. A. Dale	359
Higher Education in France—O. S. Tyndale	377
A Modern Sparta—F. C. Nicholson	389
The Eye—S. C. Swift	409
George Meredith's Women—J. G. Sime	410
The Laurentians: Evening—Brenton A. Macnab	431
Canada's Substitute for Old Age Pensions—F. A. Carman	432
Climbs in the Canadian Rockies—J. W. A. Hickson	439
The Exportation of Electricity—Arthur V. White	460
Miss Minnelly's Management—E. W. Thomson	468
Pataud and Puget—May Houghton	486
Destiny—E. B. Greenshields	493
The Church's Natural Allies—Francis W. Grey	494

MORANG & COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

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

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The purpose of the University Magazine 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.

The Editorial management is gratuitous, and the proceeds of the publication are applied to the payment of contributors.

The subscription price is one dollar a year for four numbers, containing about 700 pages. Copies are on sale at all book stores for thirty-five cents each. Subscriptions, advertisements, and enquiries of a business nature should be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Morang and Company, Toronto.

IMPERIALISM, NATIONALISM, OR A THIRD ALTERNATIVE

BEHIND the usual form in which a choice for our country's destiny is presented to Canadians, that is, as a choice between Imperialism and Nationalism, there lies a fallacy which is made only the more perplexing by those who complacently, and quite unconscious of their real inconsistency, tell us that we may choose both. That fallacy lies in this, that we are not told as plainly as we should be, that Imperialism is also, in its essence, Nationalism, though with a different nationality in view.

Canadians will not appreciate fully and clearly the problem presented to them until they cease for a while to use the word "nation" or "nationality" as a kind of given term, and get back to its origins and its implications. For the truth is that this idea lies behind every possible destiny that has yet been suggested for us. Independence means the establishment of a new Canadian "nation". Annexation meant absorption into the American "nation". Imperialism really means, for all real Imperialists, the overflow across various portions of the earth, Canada included, of the British "nation", with, of course, touches of local colour here and there. Thus in all our thinking about our political future—I had myself almost written "national future"—we tacitly assume "nationality" in one form or another as the ultimate goal towards which we must move.

It is, however, a fairly accurate generalization to say that the history of western civilization shows that political ideals are the product of existing political facts, and that such ideals live on in the thoughts of mankind long after the political facts which have produced them have begun to change until they become inconsistent, nay, utterly at variance, with

the actually existing condition of affairs. For example, the ideal of the single city-state was the product of the facts of the Grecian world and that ideal lived on, as an ideal, long after the Roman power had begun to overwhelm all individual cities and, as Polybius said, "to draw all things to one centre".

And then, when the world had become accustomed for centuries to the Roman *imperium*, to the single world-state, that form of political organization became in turn the pervading ideal, and so it, too, lived on in the form of Holy Roman Empires and Papacies, and such, long after the modern nations had, as a matter of fact, begun to evolve and after many of them had, indeed, established their independence and individuality. So now we have lived for several centuries with the "nation" the "national state", territorially established, as our idea of political organization. Therefore, when we are driven to think out a future for such new communities as Canada, Australia, or South Africa we cannot help thinking in the terms to which we have become accustomed. Nations and nationalities are quite the usual thing, you know, and of course we must follow the fashion and have a nationality of some kind, be it Canadian, or American, or British. But the truth is evident that we are really looking backward at the past instead of forward to the future when we approach the problem of our political destiny with "nationality" assumed as our desired goal.

There is no need now to present arguments against absorption into the American nation. Our real troubles begin, our deepest perplexity arises, when men talk obscurely about Canadian Nationality and Imperialism at the same time. It is time the people of Canada looked these two questions fairly in the face and answered them: First, to what nationality do we belong? Second, to what nationality do we desire to belong? Will my readers face those questions and say, is it Canadian or British? Will my readers please say, definitely, which? Those who say "Canadian" will say it with a hidden doubt. Those who say "British", will say it, if they are native born, also with a hidden doubt. But there will be

some absurd and illogical enough to say, "I belong to both." It is these latter, above all, who must clear up the obscurity of their thought, if they hope to act wisely when the crisis comes. Let them ask themselves honestly, can a man belong to two nationalities at once? Surely nationality is like personality. You cannot cut it in two. Neither can you belong to two nationalities any more than you can be two persons at the same time. Thus it will come about that those who would dearly love to say "I belong to both," who cannot surrender either without a pang, will be driven, as the writer has been driven, to turn upon that word "nationality" and demand of it what it means, what good it contains, why it continues to exist.

Can there be any doubt now about the real reason why we have no very strong movement either towards Canadian independence or towards British "Imperial Unity"? There is a stronger reason than love of Britain working against the former and a stronger reason than love of autonomy working against the latter. That reason, I believe, is this, that Canadians are becoming dimly conscious that the idea of "nationality" is of an older, outworn age, and are groping slowly but steadily towards an ideal that will evolve the harmonies of the future rather than preserve the antagonisms of the past.

Let us look, first, at the suggestion of Canadian independence. Why is it that that thought strikes no really responsive chord in Canadian hearts? It is surely not merely because it implies separation from Britain, but also because it presents an ideal that can now no longer satisfy. Who among Canadians can become enthusiastic at the thought of independent nationhood? Who really can desire very deeply to add one more to the already too large number of quarreling nations that now go "snarling at each others' heels"? Is the present blessed condition of the nations, with their jealousies and rivalries, their suicidal contest for supremacy, their outpouring of millions from their treasuries to forge the machinery of destruction while beneath the windows of those treasuries the people are starving for food, while the imperious necessity of "national" defence against rival nations without

postpones again and again the reparation of social injustice within—is this blessed condition so attractive in all its features that Canadians can be expected to select it as their ideal, and to aspire to be admitted to that charmed circle and to join in that mad dance of wastefulness, and hunger, and death? Since they must choose an ideal to be striven towards and yearned for in the passing years, surely Canadians are beginning to feel that they had better choose something other and nobler than that, even though the way be longer and the task more tedious.

It is not alone a love of Britain, therefore, but a deep dissatisfaction with the merely “national” ideal itself, which is throwing, and will continue to throw, the very coldest of cold water upon any movement towards Canadian independence. The last “nation”, in the old sense, was born in 1783. It is certain that there will never be another. It is too late in the day.

Instead, also, of the mere love of autonomy, it is rather this same slowly developing dissatisfaction with the old “national” ideal which is throwing, and will continue to throw, a good deal of water, not so cold perhaps, but at least quite tepid, upon the movement called “Imperialism”. Because, mark you, Nationalism is still the very core of Imperialism, except that here it is the British “nationality” which is to be exalted.

It is surely about time that we turned away for a while from the question, what do you and I mean by the term when we say we favour “Imperialism” and asked rather what, by its origins and implications, the word “Imperialism” itself really signifies. Among His Majesty’s titles there is only one that speaks openly of Imperialism. He is called Emperor of India. He rules India, so far at least as India itself is concerned, by the sheer force of practically arbitrary power. There we have Imperialism pure and unalloyed. That is what Imperialism—an *imperium*—is. And no matter in what other connexion the term is used, there lurks within it some shade more or less pronounced of its real and original meaning.

In the politics of the western races we have always and everywhere had a struggle between a desire for unity and a desire for local liberty. Greece represented the extreme form of the latter; the Roman *imperium* the extreme form of unity. Up to the present time we have been unable to achieve any lasting unity without an *imperium*. When the Western Empire fell the struggle was renewed within the nations themselves, and unity was never attained except by the exercise of an *imperium* that crushed out all local authority, all local freedom of action, though finally in many cases the *imperium* of the absolute monarchy has been transferred to the hands of the united *nation*. The Southern Confederacy yielded only to the power of the national *imperium*, using Lincoln and Grant as its instruments. The States of the American union are not now free to come and go. The absolute imperial sovereignty of the nation imposes irresistibly its supreme will upon them. This is why we ought not to let pass unobserved the habit of some neo-Imperialists of speaking invariably of "the over-sea states—not nations—of the Empire".

Now, among the widely-scattered populations who all owe allegiance to King George V. there has arisen a certain desire for greater unity. This is in direct conformity with one of the natural and historic tendencies of the human mind. Unity has never hitherto been attained otherwise than by an *imperium* which has overridden local freedom of action and so the movement has been somewhat naturally given the name "Imperialism". It will not do to talk of Federalism as furnishing an exception to the rule I state. The South was kept in the union by force of arms. Nova Scotia yielded only to the application of an external *imperium*. What would the Kaiser not do if Saxony proposed to separate from the German Empire?

The choice of the term "Imperialism" was the more to be expected when we remember that in a vast portion of the territory concerned, from India to the least of the Crown colonies, a real *imperium* is still exercised. Can we really

wonder, remembering also '37, when a real *imperium* was attempted even in Canada,—can we really wonder that there are quarters in Canada where little enthusiasm for Imperialism prevails?

The main difficulty which Imperialism is bound to meet in its path arises from the fact that its devotees—I mean its real devotees, as distinguished from those complacent souls who talk wisely of “Canadian nationality” and “Imperialism” in the same sentence, nay, in the same breath—these real devotees are quite obviously proposing the development of one Imperial nation as a means of unity and that nation they intend shall be the British nation. These people call Canadians “over-sea Britons”. They talk, as I have said before, of the “over-sea states” or “sister states” and are extremely shy of adopting the expression “sister nations”. For them there is to be but one nation that shall bestraddle the world like a five-footed Colossus and cast fear into the hearts, this year of Germans, next year, it may be, of Frenchmen or Russians. The real Imperialists who live in the British Isles look upon their own proposals altogether as a means of strengthening and expanding the nation to which they belong, of making that nation greater and more powerful and more able to protect its “interests”, including “British trade interests”, in all corners of the earth, even in those uncivilized lands where those “interests” are likely to meet, say, German “interests” as rivals, and to need the strength of an imperial nation to uphold them. These Imperialists know perfectly well, what our Canadian Nationalist—Imperialists so continually forget, that Canadians cannot belong to two nations at the same time, and it is British nationality, not Canadian nationality, that they are choosing. They actually dream of moulding the millions of men who will dwell in Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, the vast majority of whom will never cross the estranging seas, and will perhaps not be even remotely of British origin, into a single homogeneous British “nation”.

But it is not the mere impossibility of such a dream, nor its intimate association with real arbitrary rule in India and the Crown colonies (I speak here of the *form* of government only and of course with ready recognition of its beneficent results), nor again not merely its evident inconsistency with Canadian nationality, nor any mere fear of danger to Canadian autonomy—though all these have their effect—which prevents Canadians—real native Canadians—from entering into such a purpose with enthusiasm. There is, I repeat, the deeper reason, that Canadians cannot possibly feel that the mere national ideal, whether Canadian, American, or British, will ever satisfy them. That is a legacy from the past, not a promise for the future. As annexation would only have meant the appearance of a still larger American nation, with a still larger fleet with which to strut round the world and with still greater ability to “whip all creation,” so also Imperialism, as it is understood and intended by all real genuine Imperialists, holds out to us, though in another form, the same old suggestion of one great independent nation, just one of the same old nations somewhat overgrown, facing the other nations in the same old way. As an ideal destiny for Canada it represents no advance upon old conditions. It simply asks us to mark time. This is, I feel confident, a strong underlying reason why “Imperialism” is not being embraced with greater eagerness.

There are other reasons also for the lack of sympathy which undoubtedly exists between those many thousands of Canadians on the one hand who love England for what she has been and has done, who are determined not to sever the political tie that joins us and her, who yet are not really “Imperialists”, though they often unthinkingly allow themselves to be called so, and the aggressive, ultra-loyal Imperialists on the other. Canadians are a democratic people and they cannot sympathize with those who in their hearts love an *imperium*, who accept popular government and local autonomy only because they must, and to whom therefore the words “Imperialism” and “Empire”, just because of

the associations of imperiousness and domination over dependencies, which cling to them, roll so sweetly on the tongue.

By the inevitable association of ideas, derived from the facts of past and present history, Imperialism suggests either the absolute domination of a country by an external power or the indivisible unity of a single nation absolutely sovereign over all its parts. This is why Imperialism will not, and cannot, succeed in Canada. It is useless to say that we do not mean any such thing by our "Imperialism". If we do not, then we should not use the word but find another that will express properly our ideas and purposes, rather than suggest difficulties and arouse opposition.

There can be no doubt that our present uncertainty arises from the impossibility of reconciling pure British Nationalism with pure Canadian Nationalism and from our failure to recognize openly our actual dissatisfaction with both of them. What we are really groping to find is a third alternative, a way out of this *impasse*.

Canadians will, I believe, find this way (1) by a simple and plain rejection of "Imperialism" with all its inevitable implications, and (2) by a simple and plain and openly avowed modification, amounting in effect to a rejection, of the pure Nationalism of Europe. To do these things we must talk not of "the Empire" but rather of "the United Nations". The self-governing Dominions should so develop their strength, their importance, and their autonomy in its widest sense, as to show to the world that they clearly and undeniably might, if they so wished, declare their independence and assume their places among the present nations as the equals of the best of them; but they should nevertheless deliberately and consciously refrain from that declaration and declare this rather—"The older nations may stay apart if they will, they may adhere to the old system of rivalry and disintegration if they please, but as for us, the younger nations, the children of a new and better day, we propose to submit to a legal and political tie binding us together

among ourselves because we believe that in so doing we shall suffer no loss of real dignity or of so called national honour, but rather that in thus partially losing our lives we shall ultimately the more surely save them." This tie should be as distinct from a single united Imperial nationality on the one hand as from a mere alliance on the other. It should, and might well, be a type or pattern for other nations to follow. We may indulge in no vain dream that they would soon do so. To do that is one thing. To create the example in a perfectly feasible case is quite another thing. Why should the great Mother of Nations with her children not do it?

Surely, surely the glory of Canada's true destiny is slowly dawning upon Canadian hearts. That destiny is to pass beyond and rise above the old nationalism of Europe, and to be the first born "nation" of the new and nobler type. The old nations have been as savages in the forest, feeling no limitation but the physical force of their fellows around them. That is the exact condition of Europe to-day and it will be true of the United States also when their predatory "commercial interests" are as widely extended among the weaker peoples as European "interests" are. But Canada's contribution to history and to civilization is to be that she shall consciously declare her desire to be merely one of a "Union of Nations" who are all prepared to be limited, not merely by the physical power of neighbours, but by a self-imposed legal and contractual bond.

And observe how far removed from "Imperialism" this would be. It is no mere question of words and phrases. It is a question of underlying purposes and principles. Imperialism proposes to expand, advance, and uphold the supremacy of, the British nation. It proposes to keep up the struggles of the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries over clashing trade interests in the territories of the weaker tribes and peoples. It is from this clash of trade interests alone, whether in Morocco, or the Bagdad Valley, or in Persia, that the threatened war will come. But why should Canadian swords leap from their scabbards over some German Fashoda?

Quite clearly the only thing for those Canadians to do, who believe thoroughly in Canadian equality and autonomy, and are yet eager to continue the connexion with the United Kingdom, is to refuse to be classed with those who mean and intend something quite different by their phrases "Imperialist" and "Imperialism", and to adopt a political terminology which will express their political principles with greater accuracy. Let them, let us—for the writer is one of them,—deliberately pursue the purpose of showing to the world an example of a "Union of Nations". Let us talk of "The Council of the United Nations", not of an "Imperial Council". They have the latter in Russia; and there it suits exactly the spirit and purposes of the nation.

The first step to be taken would be to insist on equality and to destroy "dependency", by calling upon the statesmen of Great Britain, such as Lord Crewe and Mr. Balfour, who have been talking recently about Canadians being "equals and allies", to live up to their words and to make us equals and allies in fact and in law and not as a mere matter of condescending compliment uttered in the interests of an "Imperial policy". What is the use of these men speaking of Canadians as "equals and allies" when the local head of our Executive Government is appointed for us by the people of Britain through the British Ministry; or as long as an emigrating Englishman loses his political status when arriving in Canada by becoming subject to the legislation of the British Parliament which once represented him and his suffrage, but does so no more; or as long as foreigners naturalized by the Canadian law are subjects of the King within Canada, but nowhere else in the world; or as long as Canadians are represented at, say, Washington by an ambassador in whose selection they have no voice; or as long as the Canadian oath of allegiance, which many of us took otherwise so gladly in May last, contains that clause which must have stuck in many a throat, and which refers to the Dominion of Canada as "*belonging to and dependent on*" the Kingdom of Great Britain? Is this the position of "equals and allies"? How much longer

do Englishmen expect to keep on kindly calling Canadians "equals and allies", and yet to retain in their own hands, as the last loved and cherished relic of "Imperial domination", all the forms and machinery of union?

There has recently been some discussion about the Governor-Generalship. There is no doubt that this office has been the principal outward evidence of our inequality and dependency. The appointment of a Canadian would not change the position in the slightest degree. The present occupant by sheer force of personality and political genius has placed that office on so high a plane that it can never again be reached by an appointee who might reasonably aspire to one of the less politically developed Dominions. In proof of this affirmation I may cite the common agreement and belief that the office must next be occupied by Royalty itself. From Earl Grey to the brother of the late King, and from that to the King himself is an easy sequence of events. The real solution then lies in the evolution of the office by force of events and effluxion of time into the Crown itself. To have accomplished this transformation is Lord Grey's warrant for high place in the long history of England.

This proposition will come as a shock to many who mistakenly think that our political connexion with the United Kingdom depends upon the retention of this office. In reality nothing would bring us closer to Britain than its supercession. The office is not created by the British North America Act. It is only incidentally referred to therein. It is really the creation of the royal prerogative and by that prerogative it could be re-assumed. We should then stand simply and plainly upon the words of the British North America Act, which places the Executive Government of our country directly in the hands of His Majesty.

Let me explain by an apparent digression what I mean. We Canadians know that the centre, the linchpin, so to speak, of our constitutional system is the Crown, and we are all determined to adhere to that system of parliamentary government with a responsible Cabinet which revolves round

that centre. We are loyal to the "Crown" and to the person in whom that idea is incarnate. We recognize the enormous advantages of the system of hereditary monarchy by which the succession to the formal headship of the State is made practically automatic and is permanently assured. We know that it was partly owing to the absence of such a plan of automatic succession that the Roman Empire fell to pieces. We feel the ties of kinship and of common political ideals binding us closely to the people of the United Kingdom, and we desire to retain our share, not only in fact but in form, in their glorious destiny both past and future. We recognize the worth of that noble family whom that people have chosen as the permanent head of the state, and we are content that the "Crown", as the centre of our constitutional system, should continue to be personified in His present Majesty and the heirs of his body. That exceedingly small portion of us who are fortunate enough to be able, even once in a life-time, to cross the ocean are glad of an opportunity to look upon his face and to see him surrounded with all the pomp and pageantry that befits an ancient and popular monarchy. When we see him and see that pageantry we see our real head. We know that he is our King too, and that he is part of our Canadian Parliament, as our Constitution says. But he cannot be in two places at once; and so we make our essential and central mistake. In default of the real cope-stone of our constitutional system we improvise an artificial one; I speak with all respect and with the deepest appreciation of the worth and ability of that long line of statesmen from Elgin to Grey who have acted as Governors-General. I speak of the office, not of persons. We make the mistake of being content with one who is sent merely to act the part of King; and yet in our heart of hearts we know, when we look upon the pageantry of the opening of our Parliament, that we are looking, not at a reality but at an imitation.

Now observe that the King does not always open even his British Parliament in person. But when he does not,

he does not send some one to act as King in his place. He sends Lords Commissioners who pretend to be only what they are, and they bear and read the royal message. But it is not THEIR message, it is the KING'S. Section 17 of the British North America Act says:—"There shall be one Parliament for Canada consisting of the Queen (King), an Upper House called the Senate, and the House of Commons." But in opening this Parliament it is not the words of the King which are employed. They are not delivered to "His Majesty's Ministers"; and the words in reply are not addressed directly to "Your Majesty". The Lords Commissioners who open Parliament in London use the King's own words. Parliament replies by an address, not to them but to the King. Why does not the person who opens our Parliament at Ottawa speak and receive the address in the same way?

Should we not recognize facts and have realities around us? Two facts we have. First, the King is part of our Canadian Parliament and the head of our Executive Government. Second, he cannot always be here in person. Then by all means let us have some one to speak for him, but to speak directly IN his name and WITH his name, as the Lords Commissioners often do in London, and as I think other Lords Commissioners did in Edinburgh for a hundred years before the Scottish Union. We do not lack other precedents either. The term "Governor" is borrowed from the great trading companies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who had governing powers. These do not furnish the true precedent or the true tradition. When the Norman and Plantagenet Kings went from England to their continental domains they left England in charge of a "Chief Justiciar". The office subsequently developed into a strictly judicial one and at last disappeared altogether, but originally it took the form of a lieutenantcy or vice-royalty for the whole Kingdom. (See Stubbs, Vol. 1, pp. 374-7.)

Now, compare the modern example, constantly repeated. When our Governor-General leaves Ottawa the Chief Justice

of Canada acts as Administrator in his place. When the Lieutenant-Governor of a Province takes a trip the Chief Justice of the Province acts as Administrator. This is a peculiar and significant recurrence to an ancient constitutional form. Talk about our absence of old traditions! Here we have in Canada been acting on a precedent which is over eight hundred years old. Is that not good enough for the most conservative of us? And would it not be good enough if we adopted it altogether?

For myself I can conceive of nothing that would tend so much to draw us nearer to the Crown and to him who wears it as to dispense before long (we could not have done it before, as South Africa could not yet) with the services of those honourable and excellent noblemen who are sent out to us to act as Kings, to let the King speak with his own words at the opening of our Parliaments both Federal and Provincial, and receive, there, addresses to himself alone not to his subordinate, to let orders-in-council be made by him, the King, and not by another,—in a word, to let the King be really, as the law says he is, the head of our Executive Government; but, as he cannot be everywhere personally present let him speak through an Administrator, a "Chief Justiciar", who shall always use the King's words and not his own merely, who shall act for the King in a simple, unostentatious way.

What I propose would be in excellent keeping with our democratic spirit; and yet to my mind it would exalt immeasurably in the popular imagination the glory and greatness of the Kingship. Imagine nine Legislative Assemblies from Charlottetown to Victoria listening to the King's own words and addressing the King himself, rather than submitting to the absurdity of some rewarded party politician masquerading in a cocked hat and addressing *him* as a sub-sub-King! What could bring the Crown and the Throne more directly home to the minds of the people than such a change? The words of the King read by the Administrator or "Chief Justiciar" could be approved by

cable, and it should be a King's pride to receive an address once a year from each of nine Provincial Assemblies.

Either one of two things could be done. Either let the Chief-Justice also hold *ex-officio* the office of Administrator or "Chief Justiciar", in which case we should again have a sort of recurrence to the older days when the King sat in Court himself; or, let the office of "Chief Justiciar" or Administrator be filled automatically on each vacancy, by the promotion or accession under statutory rule of either the Chief Justice or, if thought preferable, the judge with the oldest commission. The judgeship would then be vacant, to be filled in the ordinary way. Long training in judicial functions, where impartiality between contending parties is necessary, would be one great qualification enjoyed by such an official. Such a plan would furnish a permanent automatic succession to the office with no party patronage involved directly at the moment, and with no jar of an election contest. The incumbents would be men with a knowledge of constitutional law and precedent and also generally with some knowledge and experience of political affairs. Only once in a decade or so would a political situation arise which could give them the slightest chance of showing partisanship, and at such a time instructions by cable from the King himself—not from his British Ministers who should have nothing to do with it, if equality is to be preserved—would keep them right.

Now I protest that this is no mere matter of form, though in any case constitutional equality has a great deal to do with form. "You are a dependency no longer," say the Englishmen. Very well, then let us have forms represent realities. Let us get rid of the badges of dependency and establish the evidences of equality. Equality, not independence, is the antithesis of dependence.

Of course, I do not speak so much of the immediate future, because no one is worrying very much about the matter just now, but I am anticipating the time when Canada will have, say twenty million people. Then really

His Majesty ought to come himself at times and do these things for us in person. Then our British "equals and allies" should try to get along themselves for a while with a proxy. They should take their turn at the sort of absentee royalty that we have enjoyed so long. They should play fair with us and let us have the real King once in a while. This, too, would be the remedy for the possible objection that a "Chief Justiciar" might not be able to occupy that exalted first place in social life that must be properly filled by some one.

And here let me also ask Canadians not to be misled by the reasons which may hereafter be given for refusal, if our Canadian Parliament should invite His Majesty to visit Canada. Whatever other reasons may be given, let us be sure that one real unconfessed reason will be that London statesmen realize only too clearly that if once His Majesty opens his Canadian Parliament in person the equality of the Canadian Parliament in which the King himself has taken part can no longer be denied, and the appearance of domination over dependencies will be forever gone. Yet the invitation should ultimately be given, and should be repeated with gentle, but gradually firmer, emphasis, until it is understood in London that our King must come to his people.

Let no one imagine danger to the "Imperial tie". If the allegiance of eight, or twelve, or twenty million Canadians depends, in even an infinitesimal degree, upon the presence among us for five years at a time of an English nobleman, however high his character, then we are in a parlous state indeed. In reality the Governor-Generalship will very soon be a cause of weakness to the union, just because it is a badge of dependency and because the essential condition of unity in the future is going to be equality. To my mind the idea that the Governor-Generalship will in future strengthen the "Imperial tie" is no more reasonable than the plan of tying together the tops of two mighty swaying oaks growing side by side in the forest so that they may not fall apart. Their roots, in fact, intertwine deeply in the mother earth,

and so they stand sturdily together. Thus also it will be with Canadian and British loyalty to be United Nations. Observe, I speak also of "British" loyalty. Our British "equals and allies" will be glad to know that we have such confidence in them.

There is no doubt that the questions of ultimate legislative authority, of Canadian representation abroad, etc., could be adjusted with as little jar to existing machinery as the question of the Governor-Generalship, if only the essential condition of formal equality were observed, and if only London statesmen could cast off the obsession that in order to maintain unity there must be some power, force, authority, proceeding forth from their capital and retained in their hands.

But there is no space to speak of the details of these things here. My purpose is simply to emphasize the truth that the basis of unity must be found, not in the expansion of a single Imperial nation of the old type, but in the creation of a new and modified type of nation which shall be voluntarily self-limited, which shall submit from the beginning to a limitation of its independence and freedom of action, by means of actual legal and constitutional forms, but which will not be absorbed completely into a single indivisible *imperium* such as exists in the United States and Germany.

This can only come about by the self-repression of the British nationality so far as the self-governing Dominions are concerned, by its self-confinement to the British Isles, by the development of similarly restrained nationalities—if we could then properly call them nationalities—in these Dominions and by their voluntary contractual union on a basis of equality into a new system to be known as "The United Nations". This would mean the surrender, on the one hand, of all idea of the United Kingdom continuing on a wider field the *rôle* of "predominant partner", such as England has played in the case of Ireland; and, on the other, of the ultra-nationalistic tendencies that are said to exist in some quarters in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

It would mean the cessation of all this talk about "Imperialism" and "Imperial unity", which terms contain for so many the connotation of arbitrary rule, of aggressiveness, and indeed of class domination; and the substitution therefor of that new phraseology which will be the harbinger of the new era.

It is really difficult to understand why those who are eager to preserve the tie binding the five nations together fail so greatly to seize the opportunity that lies before them, why they will persist in alienating both Canadian autonomists and "little Englanders", by talking "Imperialism" so much, when, by simply recognizing the new national autonomy to the full, and then proclaiming their desire for a Union of Nations,—of these five Nations first, anyway, let the others unite when and how they may,—they might have them all, Socialists and Labourites included, throwing up their caps for such a Union as long as it were not misnamed an "Empire" nor its theory miscalled "Imperialism".

Why, the very religion of the socialist, and the trades-unionist, and the labourite is internationalism. How the tables would be turned upon them if the movement for greater unity between Great Britain and the Dominions were presented to them in that form, in the form of that Union of Nations which is the avowed goal of their desire! The rebels of '37 who were called disloyal vindicated the principle which has alone preserved the family connexion; and even so, I believe, will a thorough understanding between the autonomists in the colonies and the opponents of "Imperialism" in the British Isles be found ultimately to be the only safe and sure means of strengthening the tie that is to bind the United Nations together.

The fact is that the real cleavage in Canadian opinion is not between those who desire close unity with the Mother Country and those who do not, but rather between those, on the one hand, who desire the chief instrument of that unity to be the expansion of the old British nationality, and those, on the other hand, who are determined to assert the perfect

equality of Canadians, individually, collectively, and as a separate nationality of the new type, with the people of the older British nationality, lords and peers included; and who are determined also to resist any attempt to draw Canadians into the circle of that system of class distinctions and class domination, around which the political battle is now raging in the United Kingdom.

The "Imperialists" of the British Isles ought to recognize the fact, that most of the distaste for "Imperialism" that exists in Canada is due, not to secretly nourished hopes of separation, for there is little of that, but to deeply ingrained repugnance to the general political principles of those men who seem to be constituting themselves Imperialism's chief protagonists. Tendencies are revealed by extremes. How can an Imperialist hope for much sympathy in Canada when he suggests Canadian representation in an aristocratic House of Lords as a means of closer union? One sympathizer he would have in that western politician of prominence who, being an ardent Imperialist, revealed the true gospel of Imperialism when he spoke the other day of "the superiority of the few."

I have said enough, I hope, to indicate what I conceive to be the only method of reconciling Canadian nationalism and British nationalism, and of avoiding a breach between the two. That method lies in a profound modification of the very spirit of nationalism itself and at the same time in a complete and final renunciation of the essential implications of "Imperialism" which is only exaggerated nationalism in any case. Canada objected to the establishment of an Imperial Council and insisted that the term used should be "Imperial Conference". The mistake was that the wrong word of the two was rejected. The reasons for Canada's objections could not possibly apply to a "Council of the United Nations," because the implications involved in that term speak of full equality and autonomy and not of dependency. With respect to the outside world, also, a "Council of the United Nations" would suggest only peaceful self-repressive purposes,

while the term "British Imperial Council" inevitably speaks the old language of egoistic aggressiveness and defiance.

In that "Council of the United Nations" King George himself should preside, because his doing so would both announce the more clearly the equality of all before the Throne, and also place his Throne and Crown upon a pinnacle of greatness to which the present system could never raise them. Then, truly, he would be the Sovereign of Five United Nations.

It is but one of the many glories of England that she gave to the world a type of representative government for all nations to imitate. Shall it not be her latest and greatest glory to originate a "Union of Nations" which will usher in the better days that are to be?

And will not all true Canadian hearts leap up to grasp and realize that ideal? And is it not an infinitely grander ideal, much more full of hope for the progress of the world than the maintenance of any mere "British" supremacy?

A WESTERNER

OXFORD AND WORKING CLASS EDUCATION

OXFORD is proverbially in perpetual unrest. She is also proverbially asleep—so blinding is the flash of a halftruth from its facet. In truth she is very human, and can therefore be both. Her inhabitants are ordinary mortals of at least the usual variety of calibre and temperament. She has changed very fast since the days within living memory, when in my own college, “every man kept his horse, and there was a wine every night (and sometimes two).” The changing conditions have bred searching thought and criticism within and without, which has expressed itself in a stream of proposals for reform. It is because her roots are so deep and tenacious, and the current of her life so strong, that she can (with whatever dialectic pains) sustain these, and absorb something at least of their substance into her own ever-changing self. That is her guarantee of life, of unchanged identity.

The study of the reform proposals from Ruskin and Arnold, Jowett and Pattison to Bishop Gore and Lord Curzon, will be an interesting chapter in the history of the ideals and practice of a University. The critical activity of the last three years may be illustrated by a few instances. In July 1907, Bishop Gore moved in the House of Lords for a Royal Commission to enquire into the endowment, government, administration and teaching of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and their constituent colleges, in order to secure the best use of their resources for the benefit of all classes of the community. The Commission was not appointed, but during the controversy thus renewed, the Chancellor (Lord Curzon of Kedleston, formerly Viceroy of India) began to do commission-work by collecting evidence and bringing together a great variety of suggestions, naturally

of unequal value, which are now under consideration. His letter containing them was published in 1909 as *Principles and Methods of University Reform*. Meanwhile, in 1908, was published *Oxford and Working Class Education*, a report produced by a joint committee of the University and the Workers' Educational Association. There has been a constant stream of articles and letters in the press, much of it the work of names highly honoured in the University: e.g. the recent correspondence on Compulsory Greek in *The Times* (following on Mr. T. C. Snow's admirable *How to save Greek*), and the letters of Sir William Anson in *The Oxford Magazine* (following the manifesto of the Six Tutors). Much of this literature deals with internal affairs: the fact of its wide publication bears witness to the widespread interest in university reform. Lord Curzon's work convinced him "that there exists, both among resident and non-resident members, a powerful and consentient feeling in favour of certain changes: and that the moment is singularly favourable for carrying them into execution." He considered the movement stronger within than among non-resident members. Indeed we have recently seen cases where a reform urged by the united body of interested authorities and expert opinion, has been voted down by a majority of non-residents, the far backwaters of whose life have not yet been reached by the moving current of university thought.

There is, however, to-day a body of criticism and a demand for reform which comes from outside the university altogether: I shall confine my attention to this. The background of the movement can be very briefly sketched. The history of modern education will contain few chapters of more absorbing interest than that dealing with the working classes. The gradual realisation of this particular problem, and the sense of national responsibility and security is marked by the irregular progress which reached the end of its first stage in the (Compulsory) Education Act of 1870. Since this point the trend of legislation has been towards a steady organisation and improvement of elementary education.

But the rapid growth of industrial towns far outstripped the provision for the teaching of children. Meanwhile the life of these communities developed on the one hand a philanthropic interest in the intellectual welfare of the adult workers, and on the other a keen ambition in some of the workers themselves. The result was a widespread but sporadic movement for adult education. The chequered history of this movement¹ reveals, just as one would expect, a fine enthusiasm largely lost by want of knowledge and method; both philanthropists, students and teachers were ill fitted to know just what was needed and how to supply it. The story of most of these is one of brief success and final failure. This failure the development (become rapid since 1876) of the elementary system—its tendency to push upward into higher work, its constantly rising standard, and the raising of the school age—did much to offset. So did the isolated success of some very remarkable institutions such as the Workingmen's College, some of the Adult Schools of the Society of Friends, the Polytechnics, etc.; all working along their own lines, but very few reaching to what is called Higher Education. Direct touch with the Universities came through the Extension movement—the term dates from 1845 in its present sense of the “extension of university teaching beyond the limits of the university.” Many proposals to this end were made by distinguished educationists. Indeed the greatest names of the day are found inventing schemes which, though they came to nothing at the time, have received the tribute due to their wisdom and statesmanship by being incorporated long after in various phases of national education. The experiments of Mr. James Stuart, begun in 1867, led Cambridge to establish an Extension syndicate in 1873. London followed in 1876 and Oxford in 1878; the movement grew to great proportions and is increasing to-day. It has done a work

¹ There is a good brief sketch by M. E. Sadler in *Continuation Schools*, 1907; another by A. Mansbridge in the *Co-operative Wholesale Annual*, 1906.

of far-reaching importance,¹ touching the national life over a very wide area.

The foundation of the University Extension system marked a very definite stage in higher education. From the first it stood for a higher standard of work, in both continuity and intensity: it grew with the growing possibilities, opened up by the rapid spread of national education. Its creators insisted on minimum courses of 10 lectures (reduced by Oxford to 6), supplemented in the case of the more earnest students who formed the nucleus, by an equal number of classes and essays: most of the lecturers were men of distinction who after a few years' service passed into other callings; though some men of tireless energy and boundless enthusiasm have devoted many years to imparting the inspiration and guidance in study which is their special gift. Naturally enough, this movement also, with all its success created a demand it could not satisfy. The same demands were made as those upon which its own work was founded; for a higher standard, for greater continuity and intensity. Out of these demands grew what is now the Workers' Educational Association. The first definite suggestion was contained in letters by Albert Mansbridge in the *University Extension Journal* for 1903, on the relation between the movement and the great working class organisations, co-operative and trade unionist. The effect of the suggestion, which was at once welcomed by many leading men on both sides, was very remarkable. At the present moment, the Association is a federation of over 1000 societies pledged to further higher education by all possible co-operation between universities and working class organisations.

In the years that have passed since the beginning of Extension, universities have been founded in all the great industrial communities, and there are many university colleges; the Association is in close alliance with them all.

¹ Its history (up to 1891) has been told by H. J. Mackinder and M. E. Sadler in *University Extension, Past, Present and Future*, and by R. D. Roberts in *Eighteen Years of University Extension* (1891).

It has for some time been actively supported by the official *Oxford Magazine*. It has in fact established an extremely powerful position on both sides. Its fundamental desires were two. *First*, "to lift working people of all degrees educationally, plane by plane, until they are able to take advantage of the facilities which are and may be provided by the universities." The channels by which it was to work to this end were (1) assistance in the development of a school continuation system; (2) assistance of working class efforts of a specifically educational character; (3) co-ordination of popular educational effort. The value of the Association in this type of work became clear at once, as many towns (e.g. Reading, Rochdale) bore ample witness. It was partly of organising character, and partly missionary: preaching the real meaning of education and possibilities of reaching out towards it. On this side it was the organisation and stimulation of the demand. *Second*, "to promote the higher education of working people primarily by the extension of university teaching." On this side it was the organisation of the supply. It has thus worked from both ends, striving to raise the level of demand and to increase the accessibility of supply: it has been the round table at which they met.

The work thus begun proved very far-reaching. Occupying as it does central ground, the Association has, with its rapidly growing influence, spread its enquiries and activities over an ever wider field. Its policy has been wisely guided. Albert Mansbridge, a working man who owed his education to the Extension, saw its first possibilities and has risen to all its opportunities. With a burning enthusiasm and entire self devotion he combines a true statesmanship, backed by full knowledge of the educational problems: this the Board of Education has recognised by putting him on their Consultative Committee. The Association has grown more and more to focus advanced educational opinion within and without the universities. I think it fair to say that it expresses the most liberal body of educational thought in England to-day. It has in this way reached a position of independence, notably

of the Extension under whose ægis it began; while the width of view resulting from the great variety of minds which are constantly in touch, makes its criticism at once moderate and constructive. Its Conference at Oxford in 1907 suggested the formation of a committee of seven nominated by the Vice Chancellor and seven by the Association. This was done and the committee met under the chairmanship of the Dean of Christ Church (who is also chairman of the Extension Delegacy) with Mr. Shackleton, M.P. (ex-chairman of the Labour Party), as vice-chairman; the secretaries were Mr. Mansbridge and Mr. Zimmern, a fellow and tutor of New College. "We live," says one of the Labour representatives, "in strange times. Labour has met Oxford, without patronage on the one hand, or loss of dignity on the other. The benefits have been mutual. We have learnt something of each other's language, something of each other's difficulties. . . . Our Report is important. But more important still is the fact that such a report is possible." (*The Highway*,¹ Dec., 1908.) The Committee found its work grow under its hands, both in bulk and importance: its Report was (after reference to the University bodies concerned) published in 1908 by the Oxford University Press, and has had a large sale.

The Report opens with a very brief sketch of "educational movements particularly affecting workpeople", then passes to a short statement of the "purpose, history and endowments" of the university and colleges of Oxford. This chapter is a moderate statement of facts based on the best authorities. The historical conclusion reached is that "the important difference between medieval and modern Oxford is not that in the Middle Ages the majority of students were drawn from the poorer while to-day they are drawn from the wealthier classes, but that in the Middle Ages the University was open to practically all who desired to learn, irrespective of wealth or poverty." Admitting that "the problem was then far simpler than it is now," the Committee

¹ *The Highway* is the monthly paper of the Association.

proceeds to maintain that its recommendations, "which aim at removing as far as possible the bar of poverty, and making the University more accessible to working class students, are thoroughly in harmony with the original objects of the colleges."

The next chapter deals with the University Extension movement as being "the chief existing means by which it is sought to introduce teaching of a University standard to persons unable to enter the University." The defects of the system are stated to be (1) the lack of endowment, which means that the lectures must pay, and so has a bad effect both in choice of subject and on the lecturer's method; (2) the teaching is unsystematic and not personal enough; (3) lack of touch with the working classes. These criticisms throw much light on the whole problem, and point to the solutions suggested by the Committee. All three must be admitted with qualifications. The lack of endowment could easily have been cured if the Education authorities had had sufficient intelligence to wish to use the splendid instrument that lay to their hands, or if the universities had possessed the confidence of the authorities. When in 1890 it was decided to use the proceeds of a new spirit duty for higher education, Parliament limited the grants to scientific and technical subjects. "It is certain that the State aid thus given to other than elementary education cannot long remain one sided in its character;" and in the book to which these words are prefaced Messrs. Mackinder and Sadler sketch out the future "in view of the altered prospects." But it was not to be. Education authorities have only recognised extension work rarely and with misgiving. The reasons given are partly the urgency of technical education, but partly the *second* defect just mentioned. In considering this it is too often forgotten that twelve or even six lectures at fortnightly intervals, with the readings, intermediate meetings, essays and examination, which mark a good centre, mean a very fair piece of work. The centres vary greatly, and the number of really first rate centres is comparatively

small. But any lecturer's experience will confirm my own that the standard of the best students is very high: far beyond (owing to their previous education and maturity of mind) what is possible to the ordinary undergraduate. There is of course no necessary opposition between "mere lectures" and "solid work." The degree of "mereness" depends partly on the students' previous education, partly on the lecturer's skill in adapting himself to this, partly on the students' calibre, industry and opportunities; partly also on the lecturer's power of resistance to the attractions of a wide popularity. No doubt these conditions frequently spoil the quality of the work, still it is a simple fact that the Extension serves admirably some of the noble purposes of liberal and humane education. But it is also true that it does this mainly for the middle classes: for these are the classes whose circumstances have led them to ask for it, and enabled them to pay for it. The *third* defect must therefore be admitted, in spite of the success of some working class centres, and in spite of the fact that many lecturers can show not a few working men and women among their very best students.

The Extension has an enormous clientèle and a great sphere of usefulness: but it cannot meet the demand for an organised university education equal in continuity and intensity to that given within the walls. Professor Stuart pointed out in 1874 that "while, by permitting the residence of non-collegiate students, we have taken a great step towards rendering our universities accessible to all classes," yet "the expression *all classes* means only those who can procure some years of continuous leisure, which is far harder to get than the requisite money. Among these classes whose circumstances debar them from residing at a university, there exists a widespread desire for higher education of a systematic kind." Since then the need has been largely supplied for the large towns by the foundation of non-residential universities and university colleges. Still, it is the glory and the problem of national education that with each new

satisfaction, fresh demands arise from fields as yet untouched. Each of these movements has been driving "new pathways to the commonplace," and finds part of its justification in the demand for new pioneering. It is well said in the announcement of *The Highway*, "it will work for its own extinction, and the moment of its success will be the moment when the creation of a truly democratic system of education makes its existence unnecessary."

Just as the original foundation of the colleges marked a definite advance in the quality of learning as well as its accessibility, so did the Extension in its time and way, and so now does the Workers' Educational Association. It profits by the rapid growth of capacity for further education to secure greater reality and thoroughness; a truer, less dilettante scholarship. The ultimate aim was expressed by Vice Chancellor Dale of Liverpool University in words which carry the full weight of his position and character:

In looking back over the last thirty years I realise how the whole relationship of the English universities to the English people has changed and broadened. Within that time we have seen one barrier after another crumbling, parting, being swept away. Thirty years ago the universities of England were the universities of the few; to-day of the many; to-morrow I trust they will be the universities of all. The barrier of creed has practically gone, the barrier of sex is going, and now the task before us is to see that the social barrier shall go as well—that the possession of money or the want of it shall no longer stand in the way of getting a sound, solid and complete university education.

The Association calls for the best that the university can give: it is not content with anything less than that the teachers and the standards should be as good for them as for the undergraduates; and that study should be capable of completion at Oxford itself. That this is quite possible has been proved by the fact that in the first set of tutorial classes formed in consequence of the Report, already at the end of the first year "some have reached a very high standard indeed, and would bear comparison with work done by first class students in the Final Honour Schools at Oxford."¹

¹ This is the verdict of Mr. A. L. Smith of Balliol, and therefore an independent and authoritative judgement.

It desires too that men who have done the work should get the official recognition. This principle the university has recognised in its institution of a Diploma in Political Science for which the students of the Tutorial Classes and Ruskin Hall are eligible. But there is no question of debasing the standard of the university. These students will not compete in the subjects which require a long preliminary schooling: in some subjects (e.g. Greek) by which Oxford sets great store, they are never likely to compete at all. But in subjects which can be studied in their own language, and in which keen minds and matured experience can make up for lack of school preparation, they are competing now and successfully. Seven out of the first eight centres studied Industrial History. In such subjects as this the tendency will rather be to raise the university standard, especially if the universities can continue the supply of such teachers as those who have taken these first classes. Again, the requirements of these classes call sharp attention to the shortcomings of the previous education of the students, and will surely react favourably on the standard of the schools—a standard which of itself is steadily rising. In its chapter on the demand for university education, the Report says (§68):

The elementary school system created within the last 38 years, in spite of the early age at which it terminates, has already succeeded, firstly in supplying the basis of intelligence which makes a future training possible; secondly, in awakening the more thoughtful members of the working classes to a keen desire for advanced study under competent guidance—in short for university education.

In further explanation it says (§78):

It has always been the privilege of the older universities (not of course to the exclusion of the new) to train men for all departments of political life and public administration. Throughout the 19th century a considerable proportion of those who as ministers or members of Parliament or as public officials wielded a great influence, have received their earliest education in political ideas at the hands of Oxford, and have acknowledged freely that they have learned through it to be more efficient servants of the community. The Trade Union secretary and the Labour member need an Oxford education as much, and will use it to as good ends, as the civil servant or the barrister. It seems to us

that it would involve a grave loss both to Oxford and to English political life were the close associations which have existed between the university and the world of affairs to be broken or impaired on the accession of new classes to power. . . . In the words of. . . Mr. Sidney Ball, Fellow of St. John's College: "changes in the structure of English society are throwing more and more responsibility on the shoulders of men who have had no opportunity of obtaining the synoptic mind which, as Plato says, is desirable in governors."

It is not to be supposed that the Association desires to stop the rising of men out of their class, as the Scottish ploughman's sons have risen (§81). But they do desire that the only higher education open to their class shall not be such as inevitably leads to that conclusion. The man of very exceptional ability has always tended to rise. His case is not urgent: we need only be careful neither to remove the obstacles in overcoming which he will grow greater, nor to allow his path to be crowded with obstacles of the wrong sort, as is done by the shallow optimists who salve their consciences by saying "genius will out". The urgent case is that of the mass of workpeople who are rapidly gaining education and political power and the consciousness of civic responsibility—a side of their development which has been fostered by the trade organisations, the co-operatives, the admission to local authorities and the Imperial parliament. I have before me many speeches and pamphlets in which the ideal of citizenship seems honourably translated from Athenian to modern terms: and the Report itself states the ideal in the famous words of Milton—the right education is "that which fits a man to perform nobly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of war and of peace."

A much more serious misunderstanding would be to suspect the Association of materialistic conceptions of education. Its ideal is in fact far less materialistic than is that of the "humanists" who regard technical education as sufficient for the working classes, or the "realists" who regard a liberal education as all very well for leisured and unpractical people. Against such poor and shortsighted conceptions

the Association has from its first day fought unceasingly and uncompromisingly, as all its records show.

The great importance of the movement is that it has brought out from many of the highest representatives both of the working class and the universities, declarations of the value of liberal education, and the function of universities to diffuse it as widely as possible. . . . Education that is liberal has no direct bearing upon daily wage-earning work; it is desired for its own sake, or for ideal reasons that are latent in the word liberal—the privilege of the free and gentle. This does not prevent us from recognising the urgency of education for bread and butter, it only insists on the value of education for intellectual freedom. What is urgent for livelihood is not for that reason most valuable for life.¹

Again the matter is clearly put in the Report (§82) :

Any organisation of Higher Education which is based on the assumption that education of a "general" kind is desired or needed only by those entering the professions, while technical education alone is suitable for persons engaged in manual labour, is fundamentally mistaken. It is of course true that the education of the majority of the latter may be predominantly "technical". But technical and general education ought not to be distinguished on the ground that they are fit for different classes, but because they stimulate different sides of the same individual: and in our opinion a man who will throughout life work with his hands needs a general education for precisely the same reason that it is needed by a lawyer or a doctor, in order that he may be a good citizen, and play a reasonable part in the affairs of the world. Manual labour (except when accompanied by undue pressure) does not in any way disqualify a man for receiving such an education. . . . The truth is that the education of every class must keep two objects in view, because in a democratic world every man and woman stands in a twofold relationship to the rest of society. On the one hand, as a workman whether with head or hand, he must obtain the technical qualifications needed to maintain him in independence, or to advance him in life. On the other hand, as a member of a self-governing nation he must acquire the civic qualities which enable him to co-operate with his fellows and to judge wisely on matters which concern not only himself, but the whole country to which he belongs.

It is recognised that there must be for some people some extension of the meaning of "liberal" (hardly any label needs it more). This is put forcibly by "a workman, student and trade unionist" (§82).

It may be very good for the commercial prosperity of the nation that our workmen should be higher skilled and more capable than their brethren in America and Germany, but when education has made a man a better workman it has not done all it can for him, nor all he has

¹ *Some Functions of a University*, published by the W. E. A. in 1905.

a right to expect. The time has come for the working man to demand a share in the education which is called liberal because it concerns life not livelihood, because it is desired for its own sake, and not because it has any direct bearing upon the wage-earning capacity. By the avenues of Art, Literature and History, it gives access to the thoughts and ideals of the ages: its outward mark is a broad reasoned view of things and a sane measure of social values, in a word it stands for culture in its highest and truest sense. This liberal education should be a common heritage. But in this, as in many other things, the working class has been for long a disinherited class, and the national universities, which are the natural fountain head of national culture, have been regarded as the legitimate preserves of the leisured class. This state of things has not only wronged the working class, it has to a great degree sterilised the universities themselves.

I quote these words for the same reason as the Report does, namely, that "they show admirably the nature of the education" desired by the representatives of the working classes; a true ideal of humane culture. Of course the meaning and worth of that ideal would be very variously understood and valued over any large section even of those workpeople to whom the words convey any meaning at all: but that the feeling is wide and deep is beyond question. The list of members of the Association is made up of men who in many walks of life from the highest to the humble have stood for culture against any prevalent narrowness or littleness. The Association is the dream and the work of Albert Mansbridge, whose bright spirit breathes the purest humanism. And perhaps there is no one to whom he has turned so much for inspiration as M. E. Sadler; nor is there in the educational world of to-day any source of inspiration so generous and so unflinching.

As I do not fear that personal affection has biased my understanding of these men's aims, so too I can rely on my recollections of working men students, for they are recent and not readily effaceable. The statement commonly made that such cases are exceptional is to me puzzling: the proportion of people keenly interested in intellectual and spiritual matters, or capable of much progress in higher education is not known exactly in any class of society. But even if it were high in the classes which have great

opportunities, that would not warrant the assumption that it is low in the classes which have had little or none. At any rate such an assumption is contrary to much experience. For myself I need only recall such classes as one of about 100 workingmen, mostly labourers and poor, who met on a succession of Sunday mornings at 7.30 to hear talks on philosophy—their rapt attention and keen questions, their heartfelt expression of thanks, “we have been more grateful for the new ideas than we should have been for bags of gold.” The lecturer did not experiment with bags of gold, but he was humbled by the reality of their gratitude. I recall such a class, and many such students, rather than such really exceptional cases as that of an engineer friend who has risen to high scientific achievement while still pursuing his calling, because they are only samples of a very large number. There is no class monopoly of human capacities: there has been a class monopoly of opportunities in all industrial countries. The Russians might as well say that there is no capacity except for anarchy in the Jew whose education they proscribe. No, there is little fear that the new students will prove scornful of the humanities, though they will extend in some directions the meaning of this beautiful term too often narrowed: neither will they be utilitarian, except that they will mean their learning to issue in better living, in wiser political judgment to face the problems of their class and of society.

This leads me to a point in which difficulty naturally arises in the minds both of friends and critics. The Report says (§90) “it is undoubtedly the case that workpeople feel, and feel with justice, that there are certain departments of knowledge in which something more than the best academic training is needed for the attainment of comprehensive and impartial views; and that they are sometimes inclined to suspect teachers of displaying in these subjects an unconscious class bias.” It has often been stated in far sharper terms that Oxford cannot be trusted to teach history and economics, and that the teaching must be “radically altered.” There is obviously grave danger here of class dictation, and inter-

ference with the liberty of teaching and the pure pursuit of truth. But the problem is one which further knowledge on both sides modifies considerably. It is best met by the frankest co-operation between sincere men on both sides, such as the universities are already accepting, with the best results so far. It is axiomatic that teaching must begin by being intelligible (i. e. vitally related to the student's experience) and must develop by progressive explanation. Most recent working class education has been ruined by neglect of this: the new movement must succeed by adopting it. In dealing with adults especially, this means sympathetic co-operation. The whole experience of the W. E. A. (a happy comradeship of university and workshop—*experto crede*) goes to prove that the danger is avoided in practice. The brief career of the W. E. A. by its provision of contact with Oxford in summer meetings or tutorial classes, has converted hundreds of these dictators who (it must be remembered) know Oxford only as a class institution. Nor must it be thought that there is no justification for their attitude. An Oxford history recently published groups together—not only in the casual phrase, but in the fundamental bias—"crime, disease, discontent, and Radicalism." Now schoolboys, especially of the upper class, will of course take this as it is given them: but maturer men, not only of the lower classes, will assuredly not; at least in a textbook which seems to bear the authority of a great university and is not an avowed polemic. It is not surprising that *The Highway* should write (Aug. 1909): "what kind of rulers can these boys be expected to make, what breadth of political view can they be expected to take, who are thus fed in their early years by class bias, and whose judgement is thus warped at the commencement by distorted history? . . . but in the eyes of a workingman student. . . . it will count against Oxford and shake his growing faith in her." Such teaching is in fact proof of bad social circulation and will remedy itself when the circulation of the thought-blood of the state is healthier. There will then be neither abuse of, nor interference with, the liberty of teaching.

To quote *The Highway* again (Nov. 1909): "a great People's university is indeed in the maturing, and the hope of it lies in the fact that it is the result of a direct fusion of Labour true to itself, with the Universities true also to their highest ideals."

The suggestions of the Report have been largely adopted. The Joint Committee on Working Class Education has been appointed, and the plan of co-operation adopted by the other universities in conference. The Inter-University Conference (Oct. 2, 1909)—at which every University and every University College was represented—was unanimous in its approval. "Every delegate was clearly anxious that the scheme of Tutorial Classes in industrial centres should be developed to the utmost practical limits, and there was none but the smallest divergence of opinion as to the steps which should be taken." (*Oxford Magazine*, Oct. 21, 1909.) The Tutorial Classes have been successful far beyond expectation: the first year saw 8; this year sees 35, and the supply of teachers is already more difficult than that of students. Students are admitted to the Oxford Diploma in Economics, and a Diploma in Political Science has been instituted. Of the first students (I have not the statistics for this year) almost all were hand-workers: they made practically all the attendances possible: their work won the highest praise from Oxford. The classes have incidentally led to the happiest relationship between students and teachers, and have become practically a true club, such as those which so greatly enrich the university career of the Oxford man. In three towns at least this club is settled in its own premises: in Birmingham a place for it is found in the university buildings.

The other main proposals deal with the entrance of work people to Oxford itself: but as this is not an immediate contingency, I will leave it with a few general observations. First there is no doubt as to the desire—sometimes bitter with the sense of disinheritance. Secondly, there is no ground for the fear that working men will swamp Oxford—the vast majority must be extra-mural, and the proportion who can be free to go to Oxford and be good enough to reach

her standards cannot be large. Thirdly, there is the proposal for a Working Men's College, renewed in different forms by Mr. Hudson Shaw and by Lord Curzon (it had been suggested in 1891 by Messrs. Mackinder and Sadler). But the Association has made it quite clear that this will not do. Oxford must not stoop to them; they will rise to her and she must give her best. She has little better to give than the common life of the college. Of course there will be difficulties of various kinds (carefully considered in the Report, and by the Dean of Christ Church in *The Highway*, Oct. 1908) but these will vanish with changing conditions. It must be remembered that Oxford is a most "democratic" society, where the good fellow may on the whole be sure of good fellowship. And besides, the introduction of new types of student always makes at once less and more difference than is anticipated: it makes no revolution at all, but a deep and vital assimilation. Very soon after the coming, e.g. of the non-conformists, of the non-collegiates, of the Rhodes scholars, and the foreigners (whose increase was so striking a feature of last year's Freshman list)—even the most conservative find their misgivings turn to relief. So it will be when the workingmen come—it has proved so with the few who have already entered. And the names are both many and honourable of those Oxford men who rejoice to see her spreading her sphere of influence, and drawing from fresh well-springs new sources of life. These men remember what Oxford meant to them, and live lives enriched by the associations of art, literature, and history in which she steeped them. They desire that no one who has the capacity, shall go poor of these riches. They think it a tragedy that any man's hunger for the intellectual life, or any man's desire of "mastery for service" should go unsatisfied. They see that if the political problems of democracy are to be solved, it can not be by the evil conjunction of ignorance and power.

"Ardent students must still gather round teachers in universities, as necessary to-day as in the Middle Ages,—

more necessary, since it is a larger and more disorganised society which is crying out for their guidance. England has become democratic since then: more men are seeking the knowledge that leads to power, and attain it through other studies and careers than did the medieval churchmen. But amid the tumult of modern life we need more than ever the cloistered quiet of Universities, where the men and women who are making the England of to-morrow, wandering scholars like those of old, with the experience of many cities and minds of men, may meet to lay their plans for the regeneration of society." (*The Highway*, Dec., 1908.)

In the words of *The Highway* again: "Plato said, in his half humorous, half pathetic, way, that the world would never go straight till the kings became philosophers or the philosophers became kings. The modern world is faced with the nobler task of making the people both kings and philosophers: for unless democracy puts on in some measure the philosopher, it cannot hope to win or retain its kingdom."

J. A. DALE

HIGHER EDUCATION IN FRANCE

EDUCATION, like so many other things in France, is under the direction of the State. All appointments to professorships in the secondary schools and in the universities are made by the Minister of Public Instruction, who is assisted by the Council of Public Instruction. No changes in the curricula may be made without the sanction of the Minister, and it is he who, in the name of the State and on the recommendation of the University authorities, confers the various academic degrees.

There are about fifteen State Universities in France, and several Catholic Universities. The degrees conferred by the latter are not recognised by the State.

Before speaking of higher education proper, a prefatory word should be said about secondary education and the French baccalaureate—a degree which corresponds to the Canadian A.A., inasmuch as it is the goal of secondary education, but which requires preparation of a more serious character and represents, in reality, a standard considerably in advance of that set by our school-leaving examinations.

The baccalaureate is passed in two parts, at the end of the fifth and sixth years respectively of the "lycée" or "collège".¹ In the first part there are four divisions to choose from: 1.—Latin and Greek. 2.—Latin and Modern Languages. 3.—Latin and Sciences. 4.—Sciences and Modern Languages.

In the second part, passed a year after the first, there are two divisions: 1.—Philosophy, and the elements of the more important Sciences, History and Philosophy. 2.—Mathematics, and the Sciences, History, and Geography.

The work done in Latin and Greek is quite extensive—

¹ A "lycée" is a secondary school under the direction of the State; a "collège" is one controlled by a municipality.

considerably more so, for instance, than that accomplished by our average Arts student who drops his classics at the end of his second year. In modern languages—in the teaching of which the “natural method” is now pretty generally employed in the lower classes—some twenty texts are studied, with grammatical and literary commentaries. In philosophy, the study of certain prescribed texts is made the “point de départ” for the explanation of the main philosophical conceptions, and a general exposition of the history of philosophy.

It should be mentioned that there are no female teachers in the secondary schools for boys. Also, it must be confessed, the “professeur de lycée” or the “professeur de collège” is intellectually superior to our average schoolmaster. The manner of his appointment, which I shall explain later, insures a certain mental standard, and a solid basis of general culture. Moreover, he has, as a rule, fewer class hours, so that he is enabled to give serious preparation to his work.

Another point to be observed is that the “lycéen” or “collégien” is obliged to work infinitely harder than our schoolboy. He has from four to six hours class, and from five to seven hours study daily, under surveillance if he is a boarder. Then, it is to be expected that the intellectual development of the lycéen is much more advanced than that of our sixth-form boy—at what expense it is not for me here to consider. It is in the “lycée” that the Frenchman’s ambitions first take definite shape, that his intelligence becomes aware of itself, so to speak, and that he forms his first intellectual friendships. In the “lycée” the first verses are written, attempts are made at literary publications, and theories of art and literature are ardently discussed. So it is we find a book like Maurice Barrès’ “L’Homme Libre” dedicated to “Quelques collégiens de Paris et de la Province.”

The candidate who has passed the examinations of one division in each of the two parts above mentioned is entitled to the degree of “Bachelier ès lettres” or “Bachelier

ès sciences", according to the division he has chosen. The degree is obtained, as a rule, between eighteen and twenty years of age.

The bachelor may enter immediately one of the four faculties of a University, or he may spend an extra period of one, two, or more years in the "lycée" in preparation for one of the higher schools of which I shall speak later.

The two academic degrees, properly so called, are the "Licence" and the "Doctorat". The "Licence" is, broadly speaking, the equivalent of our B.A. The candidate for the "Licence" must have the bachelor's degree, and must have been a registered student of the University for at least one academic year. He is supposed, of course, to attend lectures, but great liberty is allowed him in that respect, and the French student attends a considerably smaller number of lectures than the Canadian or American. The average student spends two years in preparation for the "Licence" examinations.

The candidate may choose one of four divisions in the Faculty of Arts: 1.—Philosophy. 2.—History and Geography. 3.—Classic Languages and Literatures. 4.—Modern Languages. All candidates are obliged to undergo an examination in Latin sight translation.

The arrangement of the examinations is noteworthy. There are three or four written examinations, and from five to eight oral examinations—the former each of four hours' duration, the latter of fifteen minutes. The written examinations consist of translation of texts with commentaries, and essays on a given subject, relating to the works previously prescribed.

The "Doctorat ès lettres" is usually obtained some years after the "Licence". The candidate must be "licencié" and must present two theses. The main thesis—which almost invariably exceeds three hundred printed octavo pages, the average length being five or six hundred pages—must be written in French. The minor theses, which had formerly to be written in Latin, may now be either in French

or in any other language taught in the Faculty. The subject and plan of both theses must receive the approval of the Faculty.

The theses are submitted in manuscript to the Dean who, after having examined them in conjunction with one or more professors, passes them on to the rector (principal), with a report indicating the qualities and defects noted therein. The rector, if he deems the theses worthy of serious consideration, grants permission to print them. Then takes place the "soutenance". The candidate defends his theses before a jury specially appointed, numbering six as a rule.

Each member of the jury questions him on different points of the work, criticising certain opinions or calling into question the accuracy of certain statements. The "soutenance" of each of the two theses must last at least two hours, and is open to the public.

After the deliberation of the jury, the candidate, if he be judged worthy, is admitted to this degree of "Docteur ès lettres" with very honourable mention, with honourable mention, or with no mention. The decision of the jury is officially confirmed by the Minister of Public Instruction. The main thesis is generally a work of some importance and requires preparation of a very serious character. It represents several years of literary labour and research.

The appointments to professorships in the "lycées" are made in the following manner: Every year the State announces the number of the posts that will be vacant in the various departments of secondary education. Those desirous of obtaining one of the posts take part in the "concours d'agrégation". The candidate must be a "licencié" and must be provided with a "Diplôme d'études supérieures". To obtain this diploma, at least one year's study is necessary after the "Licence".

The requirements for the "Diplôme d'études supérieures des langues classiques" (leading to the "agrégation des lettres") are as follows: 1.—Thorough study of three texts,—Greek, Latin and French,—chosen by the candidate and

approved by the Faculty. This study is in preparation for two texts: a.—The composition of a "mémoire" (varying in length from eighty to two or three hundred pages) on a question connected with one of the three texts. Discussion of this "mémoire" (a ceremony similar to the "soutenance de thèse"). b.—Thorough (oral) explanation, grammatical and literary, of a passage from each of the three texts. 2.—Interrogation on a subject chosen by the candidate from among the different departments of philology. Diplomas are granted also in the departments of Philosophy, History and Geography, and Modern Languages.

The programme of studies preparatory to the competitive examinations for the "agrégation" held in July and August are published in August of the preceding year, so that at least one year's study is required after the diploma is obtained. Of course, since the number of candidates greatly exceeds that of the vacant posts—sometimes in the proportion of ten to one—the majority are obliged to go up two or three times, and some are never successful.

During the year of preparation the candidate is obliged to attend a certain number of lectures on pedagogy, and to teach a certain number of hours in a "lycée". If he is at a University centre he attends whatever lectures have bearing on his programme.

There are eight "agrégations": 1.—Philosophy. 2.—History and Geography. 3.—Letters (French, Latin and Greek Literature). 4.—Grammar (French, Latin and Greek, studied from the point of view of Philosophy and Grammar). 5.—Modern Languages (one only is chosen). 6.—Mathematics. 7.—Physical Sciences. 8.—Natural Sciences.

The written examinations are similar to those for the "Licence", except that the time allowed for the essay is seven hours. In the oral part, besides explanations of texts, the candidate is obliged to give a lecture on a subject chosen from the programme, after five hours preparation under surveillance. He is given a subject, and then is led off to

a private room by an attendant. He is not allowed to have any notes with him, but may call for whatever books he desires. The lecture is supposed to last forty-five minutes.

In the case of a modern language, the candidate has to give two lectures, under similar conditions—one in French, and one in the modern language he has chosen.

The candidates who are "agrégés" are assured of posts in some "lycée" or "collège". They are gradually promoted from the lower to the higher classes, from the smaller to the larger schools, and the more fortunate are appointed later on to professorships in one of the universities. For this latter appointment the degree of "Docteur ès lettres" is required.

A distinguishing feature of education in France is the number of higher schools. I shall not speak of the essentially technical schools, of which the following is a partial list: Saint Cyr (military), l'École Supérieure de Guerre, l'École Navale, l'École des Mines, l'École des Ponts et Chaussées, l'École Forestière, l'Institut Agronomique, l'École des Arts et Métiers.

The oldest of these institutions is the "Collège de France", founded in 1530 by Francis I, and destined to teach subjects not in the curriculum of the University. Lectures are now delivered on various subjects, literary, historical, and scientific, by a staff of remarkable ability, numbering such men as Bergson, Bédier, Abel Lefranc. When a vacancy in the staff occurs it is filled by a vote of the remaining professors.

No degree is granted. The public is admitted without any restriction whatever, so that the audiences in the lecture-rooms of the "Collège de France" are extremely heterogeneous—the regular students, as we understand the term, forming a comparatively small portion. Not only are there representatives of the various races of Europe, America, and Asia, as in the Sorbonne, the name given to the building in which are the Faculty of Arts and the Faculty of Science of the University of Paris, but also of almost every class of society.

It is quite a common thing to see several automobiles waiting at the gate for the fine ladies, clothed luxuriously and after the latest fashion, who wish to hear Bergson's latest theory, or what the Abbé Loisy has to say about certain dogmas of the Church of Rome. Beside these may be seen a female votary of letters, careless of attire, and even, perhaps, of cleanliness, her tattered leather "serviette" crammed with notes and books of every description. The same contrast is to be remarked in the male portion of the audiences. Important looking gentlemen in silk hats and frock-coats, whose be-ribboned button holes betoken public recognition of their services, seat themselves beside less fortunate "habitués" scantily clad and of humble mien. Especially noticeable is an old "intellectuel" who has for years been a frequenter of the "Collège de France" and the "Ecole des Hautes Etudes". He wanders from lecture-room to lecture-room, equally interested apparently, in classical archæology and the "chansons de geste". When he has absorbed his fill of learning for the day, he repairs to a neighbouring café and holds forth to anyone who happens to be present on the comparative inferiority of the present generation in intellectual matters, with the inevitable refrain of, "Il n'en était pas ainsi de mon temps."

The "Ecole des Hautes Etudes" is an institution of a special character, resembling somewhat the German seminaries. It is in the building of the Sorbonne, but is not directly connected with it. The programme of courses is almost as varied as that of the Collège de France, and the staff also is composed of well-known men—Paul Passy, Brérard, Lefranc, etc. The students take an active part, give lectures and comment on texts under the personal guidance of the professors. The work done, generally of a high order, is frequently published. Admission to the courses is free, students being required simply to give evidence of their capability to follow the work, and to do their share of it.

The "Ecole Polytechnique" was founded in 1794 under

the name of the "Ecole centrale des Travaux Publics". It is a State institution, and the entrance examinations are competitive. The students remain three years in residence, and after graduation obtain positions in the government factories or railways, in private companies, or else enter the army as artillery officers. Tuition, lodging, etc., are at the expense of the Government.

Entrance to the "Ecole des Chartes" is also obtained through competitive examinations, about twenty students being received each year. This institution was founded in 1821 for the furtherance of the study of national antiquities. The course comprises three years. Lectures are delivered on paleography and kindred subjects. The graduates of this school usually take positions as librarians, keepers of archives, or curators of museums.

Perhaps the most interesting of these higher schools is the "Ecole Normale Supérieure". It was founded in 1794, for the purpose of training professors for the secondary schools and the University. At that date it had on its staff such famous scientists and literary men as Laplace, Lagrange, Monge, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Laharpe, etc. In more recent times it has been the scene of the early work of Pasteur, Taine, and many other well-known figures of the intellectual world. The present director is M. Lavisée, the historian.

About thirty Arts and twenty Science men are admitted each year, by competitive examinations. The examinations extend over a wide range of subjects, and the successful candidates may be considered to have already a solid foundation of culture, and—what is almost as important—a knowledge of how to work. They have almost all spent one or more years of preparation in the "post-graduate" class of the "lycée", called the "cagne", where they are subjected to a severe but most effective training.

The students of this school, unlike those of the schools mentioned above, must attend lectures at the Sorbonne and pass the examinations of the University. They remain three years in residence, and go up for the "Licence", the

“Diplôme d'études supérieures” and the “Agrégation”, while at the school.

Situated in one of the quietest streets of the Latin Quarter, surrounded by a pleasant garden and enclosing a large back courtyard, this rambling old stone building is perhaps the nearest approach in France to the colleges of the two great English Universities. There is an analogy also in the spirit of the institution. It is at the “Ecole Normale” especially that knowledge is pursued for its own sake. There is something in the atmosphere and traditions of the place which helps to form the “lettré” and the “savant”. The mutual contact of what may be called picked men in the different departments of learning is of inestimable value, and one can hardly spend three years in such company without receiving a strong intellectual impetus and being considerably broadened in one's views.

There is a marked “esprit de corps” in the school, and the “Normaliens”, not without reason, consider themselves on a different plane from the ordinary students of the University. Indeed it might be said that the “Normaliens” form, as it were, an aristocracy of intellect. This fact has been recognised by those in charge of educational matters, and the general democratic trend of affairs in France has manifested itself in the recent history of the Institution. Up to some twenty years ago the students attended only the lectures delivered in the school by its own staff. Then the greater part of these lectures were suppressed, and the students were obliged to attend a certain number at the Sorbonne. Finally, in 1906, the remaining courses at the school were suppressed, and now the “Normaliens” attend the same lectures as the “Sorbonnards”.

The “Ecole des Sciences Politiques” is an “école libre”, that is, not under the control of the State. The council of direction is composed of such men as Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Prince Arenberg, Comte L. de Ségur. On the staff are various well-known diplomatic men, University professors, bankers, and so forth. The regular course comprises three years,

but partial courses may be taken. The programme of studies includes political economy, economics, diplomatic history, and other subjects of like nature.

The "Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales" is an institution of a somewhat similar character. It contains four divisions: 1. The school of Ethics, Philosophy and Psychology. 2. The school of social studies. 3. The school of Art. 4. The school of journalism. In the school of Art (divided into three sections: plastic art, music, and literature,) the musical and the literary movements of the day are reviewed and commented upon weekly.

There is also an "Ecole des Langues Orientales vivantes", and at Rome and Athens are schools for the advanced study of classical archæology. Appointments to these two latter institutions are made by the State.

Mention should be made, too, of the "Institution Thiers". It is a private foundation, destined to facilitate matters for a certain number of men doing higher intellectual work, such as the preparation of a doctor's thesis. No courses are given: it is simply a place of residence, and those who are admitted receive a scholarship which frees them from pecuniary cares. Only a few men are accepted each year. Application is made to the directors with an outline of the work in view.

A word may be said with regard to the status of women in higher education. They are admitted into the Universities under the same conditions as men. They are not, of course, received into all the special schools I have mentioned, but there is, at Sèvres, an "Ecole Normale Supérieure" for women. The entrance examinations are competitive. For the "agrégation" women undergo the same tests as men, a sufficient number being received each year to fill the vacant posts in the secondary schools for girls.

To the Canadian University man examining the French system, several points are particularly striking. The first is the different character of the examinations, representing to some extent different methods of teaching. It will have

been noticed—I am speaking now of the Faculty of Arts—what importance is given to the literary part of the work. Instead of having four or five definite questions to answer, the student is given a subject for an essay, a subject connected, of course, with the texts on the year's programme, and three or four hours to write it in. Then, in the examinations on certain texts, the translation must be accompanied by a grammatical and literary commentary, which is worth a high percentage of the total marks. Thus it is not sufficient to "get up" a certain number of facts; the student must have a comprehensive view of his subject, must be able to express his thoughts in good literary form, and thoroughly grasp and explain those of his author.

He has been prepared for this in his earlier work. From the beginning of secondary education great attention is devoted to literary training. Compositions of different natures are frequently assigned, and in the study of texts, French as well as foreign, ideas and literary canons are discussed, with every effort on the part of the professor to develop the pupil's originality and critical faculties. Then, in the University the student is supposed to take an active part in many of the courses. He gives lectures or explains texts, his work being criticised by the professor. A large number of lectures are devoted to the "explication des textes", and fewer courses are delivered on the history of literature as such.

Again, oral examinations play a very important part. They are indeed the finals, the written examinations forming, as it were, an eliminating process. Only those who pass the written are allowed to go up for the oral.

Another noteworthy difference is the liberty allowed to the student. He must register at the beginning of the term, and is supposed to attend a certain minimum of lectures. No supervision is exercised in that respect, however, so that he goes to no more lectures than he pleases.

It is to be remarked that in spite of this comparative freedom, the average French student, at least in the Faculty

of Arts and in the Faculty of Science, reads more than the average Canadian or American undergraduate. With the exception of a certain class of law and, to a less extent, of medical students, almost all French students go to the University chiefly to learn something.

This is, no doubt, explained to a certain extent by the fact that education in France is essentially democratic in organisation and spirit. The way is made comparatively easy for the poor man's son who evinces an intelligence above the average. Scholarships are offered in the primary schools which are free for the "lycées" and "collèges", and then, besides the admission to the higher schools, there are scholarships offered to bachelors desiring to go forward to the "Licence". The "licencié", in turn, who is in straitened circumstances, may obtain a minor position in a school while preparing for the "agrégation".

On the other hand, there is not the same element of young men who go to the University because it is "the thing to do" or because they think it affords excellent opportunities for amusement. As a matter of fact the French University, as such, does not afford any opportunities for amusement, nor even for social intercourse among the students. There are no fraternities, no debating societies, no University union. University sports are unknown, and for that reason, as well as because all the Universities, omitting the Catholic Institutions, are simply different parts of one State system, and have, so to speak, no individual existence, there is no University spirit.

O. S. TYNDALE

A MODERN SPARTA

I HAPPENED the other day to meet one of those blameless Scotchmen who seem to carry about with them, wherever they wander, an encasing atmosphere of good words and good works, that ought, one would suppose, to breathe a kindly influence and yet somehow or other generally contrives to exasperate and ruffle the spirits of those who are made conscious of it. The gentleman in question came from the chief stronghold of his fraternity and bore upon him the marks distinctive of that branch or scion of the order which flourishes in the shadow of Arthur's Seat. I had myself at one time been driven by the awkward casualties of the world into that city of righteousness: I had passed several thousands of days in the courts of its rulers—not without a lively sympathy in the Psalmist's preference for the unit—and had grown familiar with their ways. The memory of those past years was revived in me, and as I mused upon the experiences they had brought with them, I was led to wonder how it was that the godly citizens among whom my lot had been cast should seem to me so much less admirable than their prototypes of two or three generations ago. And so I found myself attempting to reconstruct in my own mind the character and spirit of that bygone age and to compare it with the present. I recalled the tales told me long since by those who had themselves made part of that vanished life, and I jotted down such points as appeared to me significant or interesting. I do not pretend that the sketch which has resulted from that attempt is in the least adequate; it is fragmentary, casual, and wayward. But, such as it is, it is derived from trustworthy sources, and perhaps it may indicate and partially explain some of the principal differences between the modern Presbyterians of Edinburgh and the ancestors from whom they have been evolved.

The family from whose chronicles I have drawn my facts and illustrations flourished some eighty years ago: it was that of my grandmother, and I think it may be taken as a fairly typical example of the simple Scotch household of the time. My grandmother herself was characteristically Scotch and to the end of her days spoke nothing but the genuine vernacular—that racy and expressive idiom which was peculiar to the Scotch gentle folks of older days and the almost total disappearance of which one notes regretfully. She lived in straitened circumstances, but in the Edinburgh of that age worldly wealth had not erected its barriers to any formidable height and a man's sterling virtues, or what were then regarded as such, were more efficacious than his counters in admitting him to the best society of the city. Thus it came about that her friends and acquaintances were drawn from all ranks and orders, and though the accepted social distinctions between the gentry and the lower classes were scrupulously observed, I do not fancy that this often precluded a friendly intercourse between them. The spirit of independence does not invariably insist upon an assumption of equal rights.

The rules of the household were plain and hard, and rigidly enforced. Complaints were never allowed and I scarcely imagine that it ever occurred to anyone to make them; certainly by those who had not yet attained to years of discretion no remonstrance against the established order of things was ever dreamt of. There was indeed no sense of grievance or ill-usage in the matter, for the head of the family was subject and obedient to the law no less than the meanest of its retainers, and the recognition that our betters are bearing our woes will, as Edgar discovered, generally keep us from feeling intolerably injured. Each day, each hour of the day, was regulated by its duties as punctiliously and austere as the observance of a Jewish ceremonial, and the reflection suggested to Mrs. Todgers in the case of Mr. Moddle that "he might do well to benefit by Lord Nelson's great signal at the battle of Trafalgar," was constantly before the minds of one and all and was rarely disregarded.

The morning opened as a matter of course with prayer. Private devotions were followed by the family matins which were attended by the entire household, including the domestics and the babe in arms. A seemly behaviour was demanded even from that small worshipper, and he was not suffered, as I have known him to be in these degenerate days, to lift up his voice in anger or make a joyful noise to the Lord. The usual course of the proceedings was to read one of the metrical Psalms and a chapter from the Old Testament and to conclude with an extempore prayer, for however much the Scotch may be considered as lacking in the gifts of fortune, proficiency in that latter exercise seems always to have come to them by nature. Thereafter, as preliminary to breakfast, a sober grace was said by the head of the household and not, as is so common in more modern times, by one of its youthful members. This is a point worth noting, for the custom of assigning such devotional offices to a child, attractive as it may be in theory, too often leads in practice to a self-consciousness and self-importance that are singularly displeasing and irreverent. But on the children of that age self-effacement and submission were inculcated as a matter of course, and there was no idea of letting the development of their young personalities have free play, at whatever cost to the comfort of their elders. I do not mean that the latter adopted their system of education from any selfish considerations; they acted according to their convictions and would have been honestly horrified at freedoms in which our present day youths are commonly indulged; and though I will not uphold their ancient discipline as altogether to be imitated, I cannot help suspecting that a small infusion of it into modern methods might be wholesome and tonic both for child and parent. However that may be, the children of whom I was talking were sufficiently unobtrusive; at meals they were not permitted to speak until they were spoken to, and they ate what was set before them whether they found it palatable or not. I recall a little anecdote

told me in illustration of this latter point by my mother. She had gone from Scotland, while still in her girlhood, to act as governess in an Irish family, and it so happened that one day at dinner, when the fish was being helped, one of the children remarked: "I don't want any fish, thank you." The words struck her with an amazement of which the impression remained with her to the end of her days. Such audacity had never been even remotely conceived of by her, and she gazed from one head of the table to the other, half expecting the thunderbolt of retribution.

Similarly there was no thought of providing amusements for angel infancy. When breakfast was over and the older children had dispersed to school, the smaller ones were left entirely to their own resources, the one thing clearly impressed upon their minds being that they must be quiet and on no account give any sort of trouble. In all probability they were at least as contented thus as their modern representatives are with their superfluity of toys and multiplicity of occupations. They could, like Ruskin in his early days, study the patterns of the wall paper and the carpet, or, as they grew in wisdom, they could exercise what art faculty they might possess in carving little images from fruit-rind or in threading bunches of fine beads into rings, bracelets, brooches, and other lady trifles of the sort. The latter talent was one in which many of them attained a remarkable skill and I have seen examples of their handiwork, the design and delicacy of which were very charming. There is a suggestion of our Kindergarten methods in this, no doubt, only they were then applied by nature and in consequence, perhaps, were more efficacious than in their modern form. So, too, the elder boys, in the general dearth of sports and pastimes, would be likelier than they are now-a-days to exercise their powers of observation on the common things that lay round them. I cannot tell if they were eager to impart the random truths thus harvested by their eyes, but I know that many of them, in the rambles and holiday excursions to which they were addicted, acquired a good working knowledge of natural history in its various branches.

In these latter diversions the girls of the family rarely took any part. The principal occupation of their lives was needlework, and instruction in that art was commenced at a very early age. The small "goldilocks" of six years old would sit and sew her fine seam—though I question if the appropriate cushion was provided—and would perfect her dexterity by the elaboration of a lawn night cap,—a performance which requires for its adequate accomplishment a knowledge of all the varied intricacies of the craft. It is difficult to realise the extent to which the women of those days passed their lives in plying their needle and thread. All the napery of the household was sewn by hand, the personal linen, shirts, collars, and cuffs of the men, and various other articles being stitched with an exquisite neatness which the machine can hardly rival. Athena was honoured then as the patroness of housewifery more heartily than as the goddess of pure wisdom, and compared with this branch of education the more strictly academical instruction received by the girls at school took a subordinate place. It is significant that the two things in which they were disciplined equally at home and at school were the study of the Old Testament and needlework—unless, indeed, we should add to these the acquisition of a correct deportment and seemly manners. Children were subject to very rigid rules of decorum in those times: on entering a room, for instance, where their elders were present, they were always expected to make a bow or a curtsy and to offer a deferential greeting; they saluted their parents with a "Good-day, Mamma," "Good-day, Papa,"—or in the more formal households, "Good-day, Ma'am," "Good-day, Sir,"—and the observance of ceremony was enforced in various small matters: to take a single example, they were never allowed, either in summer or winter, to come upon the hearth-rug, which was looked upon as ground sacred to the grown-ups. Indeed the whole duty of the child was pretty well summed up by a small urchin I have been told of, who on being asked one day what he had done at school, virtuously replied:—"I said my psalm and I

makit my boo." If one thinks of the children depicted in Miss Austen's novels, one is led to the conclusion that a much greater indulgence in such matters was granted them in England than in Scotland.

To return to the school curriculum of the maidens, I am not sure, on thinking things over, that its range was so limited after all. They certainly were not, as happens in some of our present Academies for young ladies, put to all, and more than all, the learnings that their time could make them the receivers of, but they were at least thoroughly grounded in grammar, arithmetic, and writing, and also in history and geography, as these subjects were understood by the "pre-scientific" school. Drawing—also according to old style—was commonly included among the domestic accomplishments, and probably the majority of her Scotch sisters could have competed with Rosie Mackenzie in the execution of their five pieces of music.

The system of education, thus roughly indicated, had had something to recommend it. It taught thoroughly what it did teach and impressed upon its pupils habits of accurate and deliberate thinking. It was rare to meet with a gentlewoman of the old régime who could not express herself fluently and forcibly upon any subject about which she was minded to converse, and though one might not always subscribe very heartily to her opinions, one had at least to acknowledge that they possessed a measure of logic and consistency and had not been collected quite at random. Moreover the school discipline seems to have inspired many of the pupils with a love of knowledge for its own sake such as is seldom observable in our less serious and more utilitarian age. They could not, indeed, very easily neglect their mundane affairs and live, like Prospero, all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of their minds; occupation with books was very generally regarded by the notable housewives of those days as a shameful waste of time for the girl who had left school, and so they were often able to indulge in study only at odd moments and by stealth, but perhaps

there was as much profit and satisfaction to be found upon such prohibited paths to self-improvement as there is upon our smoother thoroughfares to culture. A course of lessons in Italian or singing was regarded by them much as an entertainment or a personal adornment might be by a girl of the present generation, and they would gather their savings that they might afford themselves such a treat.

In this connexion it may be mentioned that the practice of wearing ornaments or finery of any description was virtually non-existent amongst the old-fashioned children. I remember my mother telling me how on one occasion the appearance of a fellow-scholar with a tortoise-shell comb in her hair was to her like the opening up of a new kingdom. She came home in a state of great excitement, and with perhaps some budding hope in her child's mind she described the thing of beauty to her mother. My grandmother's dry comment was merely, "It's what's inside the head interests me, Jessie, not what's outside of it."

This somewhat inhuman scorn of gauds was matched by the general plainness and simplicity of apparel. The ladies' gowns were almost always made at home under the supervision of a sempstress who came to the house and gave her services at a charge of one and sixpence a day. All the competent needlewomen of the family were called upon to take part in these dressmaking operations, one of them being generally told off to read aloud while the others plied their task; and if things went reasonably well—I am aware that I report things almost past belief—a single day sufficed for the completion of a gown. It may be worth adding that when the particular dressmaker whom I have in my mind rose in the world and prospered, she set up business on her own account and her charge for the creation of such a garment thereupon mounted to three and sixpence. Her motto in life must, I fancy, have been "Excelsior," but she seems to have made a better end than Longfellow's aspiring youth, for she ultimately scaled the dizzy pinnacle of a guinea a gown. This final stage marks, I presume, the advent of a laxer and more luxurious era.

The dresses for every day wear were, of course, made of some plain and serviceable stuff; the silk gown which was affected by the ladies of that period for their more serious decking, as Emilia might say, was another matter altogether, although it did not differ greatly from the ordinary habit either in design or elaboration. It was expected to do duty for a score of years more or less, and thus the serious and great business of choosing the material for it was on no account to be scanted and generally meant a strenuous afternoon's work. The intending purchaser repaired, not unattended, to the premises of a reputable old-established firm—still in existence, I may add, and still famous for its Lyons silks—and examined the various pieces with sober deliberation, for there was no undue hurry and the services of the salesman were ungrudgingly bestowed; indeed the complaisance of the trades-people went so far as to provide a dish of tea for the refreshment of their customers on these occasions; and so eventually the election would be made. It is to be noted, however, that what was really regarded as of prime importance in this transaction was to secure a sound and durable material; economy had a more potent voice in the matter than vanity, and the thought of presenting a handsome appearance was as nothing in comparison with the satisfaction of driving a good, honest bargain.

The mention of tea reminds me that I have said nothing on the important and perennially interesting subject of eating and drinking, in which, if not to so great an extent as Sir Andrew Aguecheek's philosophy would have approved, the life of those days did yet in some considerable measure consist. It goes without saying that the food was very homely and that there was little variety in it. In winter, indeed, there was not much opportunity of procuring fresh food of any kind, and it was usual for a family to provision itself by laying in a cask of pickled herring, a side or two of salted meat, a keg of powdered butter, and a supply of pickled vegetables. In summer provisions were obtained at the markets. The mistress of the house generally visited them in person, ac-

accompanied by her maid who carried a large basket in which to receive the purchases. It must be remembered that shopping in those days was complicated by the absence of errand boys, delivery-vans, and similar easements, and that heavy articles had to be conveyed home by one's own retainer or by a hired porter.

At breakfast, which was ordinarily an early meal, porridge was the chief, and in the case of the children, the only diet. The latter, before their subsequent departure for school, were given a penny apiece to provide them with what aliment they might elect to purchase for their midday meal; it usually took the form of newly baked rolls which were sent up hot, on a tray, from some neighbouring baker's. Raspberry tarts, gingerbread nuts, and the various other delicacies of the conventional tuckshop were, so far as I know, very little in evidence. Dinner took place at four o'clock and consisted almost invariably of two courses—soup (Scotch broth, pea-soup, cock-a-leekie, or some such nutritious compound) and meat. Sheep's head was a favourite dish, as might perhaps be inferred from Carlyle's eulogium of it. Salt fish took the place of butcher's meat once a week—on Fridays. I do not imagine that there was any thought of penitential discipline in this arrangement, and certainly the choice of the day was not due to any papistical tendencies but merely to the force of tradition. Fresh fish was also acceptable on occasion and I have an idea that an entire cod could be bought for sixpence if the Maggie Mucklebackits were not demanding exceptionally exorbitant prices. Fish-shops, it should be said, were at that date non-existent in Edinburgh, so that the careful housewife had herself to repair, or send a deputy, to the fish-market at six o'clock in the morning. Pudding found no part of the regular dinner and only appeared on state occasions or when visitors were present. This was surely a fault, as Elia would have said, and one can only hope that, like other pleasures, when it seldom came it wished for came.

The only other meal of the day was tea, which followed

at no great interval after dinner, the usual hour being six o'clock. Bread and butter, cut in piles, furnished forth the solid part of the feast; if a guest of honour happened to be present, jam might be added. The butter was of two kinds—fresh and “powdered,” *i.e.*, sprinkled with salt, the former being for the palate of the grown-ups, the latter for the nourishment of the children. Cake was seldom seen, if I may judge from another childish memory of my mother who recalled how a present of sponge-cakes was made her while she was suffering from some illness or other, and with what a mingled sense of disappointment and astonishment she found herself unable to relish the pleasant viands and had to console herself by observing how heartily they were appreciated by her brothers and sisters. It is perhaps superfluous to mention that tea itself was something of a luxury in those days. Its quality, however, was good; that used by the family when alone cost six shillings a pound, and the superior brand, reserved for company, nine shillings.

Probably the nearest approach to a spirit of cheerfulness and conviviality in connexion with creature comforts was afforded by the appearance of toddy at nine o'clock. Scotch drink has always been acknowledged as potent in dismissing rigour to bed, and the little ceremonial which accompanied its administration on these occasions spread an agreeable and unaccustomed atmosphere of sociability. A tray was brought in with a kettle of boiling water, a decanter of whisky, lemons and sugar, and toddy-rummers, *i.e.*, a sort of tumblers mounted on stalks. The head of the house would then compound the beverage and ladle it out into these vessels; ladies received their modest allowance at two removes from the fountain-head, for they were provided with glasses of a smaller size into which it was ladled from the rummers.

But in spite of such mild festivities as this the grave livers of Scotland certainly inclined for the most part to lean and sallow abstinence; indeed the ideal of comfort, so universal in modern times, hardly existed then either for master or for man. The domestics of that age, in par-

ticular, could not by any stretch of imagination be looked upon as pampered. They wound up their days with toil and nights with sleep, and the labour with which they followed the ever-running year could hardly be called profitable from the merely worldly point of view. The ordinary wages of a servant in such a household as that which I have in my mind were six pounds a year, and out of this sum she was expected, and generally managed, to pay for her pew-rent and provide herself with a black silk gown in which to go to church on Sunday. On ordinary days she dressed in print-stuffs of strong and lasting quality (two of the favourite prints were, I believe, the so-called "hail stone drop," a dark blue cotton with a white spot, and the galatea stripe, also in blue and white), and she also wore a big white cap to cover her hair, but of course the latter article was bare of any kind of ornament except the frill. She was not ashamed of her calling in those days and carried its insignia serenely, if not with pride.

The servant nearly always stayed in her place for a considerable time: she was thought to be a flighty lass who did not make out more than her year, and for six months at least she was fast bound, as the term of her hiring—she was "harled," *i.e.*, definitely engaged by her employer with a shilling of earnest money—was for that period. Her work lasted all day long and every day and was often extremely arduous, especially when a washing was toward, as generally happened once a week. On such occasions she frequently had to rouse from her pallet long before the low-roosted lark (there are authentic tales of mistresses who routed up their sluggard maids at two o'clock of the morning), to fetch water in tubs up three flights of stairs, to wash the whole of the family linen, and have it ready before breakfast time to be carried out for bleaching to the Calton Hill. This latter process required some little time and no doubt afforded the one breathing-space in her toilsome day, for, the Calton Hill being the regular bleaching ground of the city, the water nymphs would congregate there in force, and so rare and

excellent an opportunity of gossiping was not likely to be wasted.

These hard-wrought damsels, it will be seen, had no superfluous leisure, and if Lamb's contention be just, that the only true time is that which a man can properly call his own and which he has all to himself, they must be said to have passed nearly the whole of their days in a shadowy and alien existence. If ever by any chance a servant's regular and prescribed tasks were overtaken, she was expected to apply herself forthwith to what was known as a "tak-up", *i.e.*, a piece of knitting which might be worked at in odd moments. Among the manifold duties demanded of her was that of helping in doing the household mending, but it must be admitted that in houses where a spirit of concession and liberality prevailed, she was granted one evening in the week on which she might do her own and also, if so she pleased, might speed her needle in the interests of a more or less problematic wedding outfit, for nearly every right-minded girl was eager to fill her "kist"—the large wooden box which held all her worldly possessions—with a store of good solid clothing against her prospective marriage day.

The treatment to which these dependents were subject, harsh as it may sound, seems nevertheless to have been accepted by all parties as entirely fit and proper, and the constant service of that antique world was frequently inspired by a real affection for those in authority over it. The domestics felt that they belonged, in a sense, to the family and they took a keen personal interest in all its affairs. A wedding or a festival, a mourning or a funeral—and very particularly the latter ceremony—would exhibit this sentiment at its best. Thus I recollect my mother's telling me that when her uncle died and she had to settle his affairs, she suggested to a maid who had been in his service for several years and who had quite recently lost her own mother, that a sum of money might in this instance be more acceptable than the customary suits of solemn black which were ordinarily presented to the domestics on such occasions. "What!"

exclaimed the distressed damsel, deeply hurt at the proposal, "think you that I wouldna wear a new suit of black for my ain master?"

The respect paid to death was indeed a prime characteristic of the race. They took a sombre joy in the manifestations of mortality and found a natural and prompt alacrity in entering the house of mourning. Indeed their whole philosophy was in accord with that grave mood which discovers a curious satisfaction in contemplating the passing of all human activities and emotions. The thoughts that bulked most prominently in their minds were of death and the preparation for death; life, as George Herbert puts it, was a business, not good cheer; and its end, in the metaphysical no less than in the literal sense of the word, was death. The subdual of their natural and cheerful instincts and impulses was constantly before them and found its culmination in the Sunday, round which the planetary weekdays revolved, each more or less affected by its relative distance from the central orb. I am afraid this illustration is hardly apt, for the gloom of the Sabbath was, in Ruskin's phrase, both prospective and retrospective, but we may let that pass. In any case the airs of Paradise that fanned the house upon that day were mostly of a withering description. In the particular family whose ways I am recording, the general severity was at least so far mitigated that it was not held necessary to keep the blinds down all day long, but during the earlier hours a rigorous silence was imposed on all the inmates and on communion Sunday the elders took no food till after the church service. Thus even at its best the Sabbath exacted a sufficiently stringent discipline. Breakfast was disposed of earlier than usual, that the family might repair betimes to church, for the sermons of that age, as everyone knows, were of the story-without-an-end order and cut a monstrous cantle out of the morning. At the conclusion of service the worshippers hastened homewards for the mid-day meal—it consisted, in this household, merely of soup and bread, and the maid-servant used to slip out of church a

few minutes before the rest of the family that she might be in time to heat the former article against their arrival; in most households, however, cold meats only were provided on the Sabbath, so that no cooking might be required. Any stray minister or missionary who might be in want of a bite and a sup would be invited to partake of this brief repast; brief it had to be, for Sunday School followed immediately after it and the children and their pastor had to speed churchwards once again. My grandmother used to tell a story of an old minister who frequently used to honour their table in this fashion, and when he had snatched his last hasty mouthful and the time had come for him to join his scholars, his words of leave-taking invariably were:—“A weel, Mrs. Wulson, I maun awa to my brute beasts.”

Nor had the elders much more leisure, for they were due to attend the afternoon service which succeeded the Sabbath School without interval. The first break in the austerities of the day came with the return of the family to tea; this was, for the younger children at least, an unusually festive occasion, for in the absence of the maid servant, who had her brief weekly outing on that afternoon, they were permitted to enter the kitchen and participate in the preparations for the meal. I do not know if the custom was exceptional, but for the Sabbath tea my grandmother was in the habit of making pancakes, and that operation together with the prospect of its agreeable results diffused a spirit almost of hilarity over that fugitive hour. It did not last long, for when tea was over and the tea plates had been washed (by the way, it should be noted as a curious anomaly of logic that whereas the breakfast and teaplates were washed and put by, the dinner plates were stacked up and left uncleaned until the morrow,) the rest of the evening was devoted to serious reading, the selection of books being limited, in the case of the children, to the Bible and Bunyan. An endeavour to discover the name of David's mother in the pages of the former afforded, I believe, the only lawful excitement of

the evening, but I have never heard that she was successfully run to earth.

So the Sabbath came to an end and before them lay the prospect of another week of unbroken routine. There was no thought of grumbling at such a state of things, no idea that recreation and enjoyment might be desirable. Holidays, in the modern conception of the word, were virtually unknown. New Year's day with Hogmanay formed the one festival of the year, for Christmas Day and Easter Day were almost universally ignored, as savouring of Popery. No one dreamt of taking week-end trips or of renting apartments in the country and moving there *en famille* for the summer vacations. The only times when such migrations were justified were when one was invited to pass a few days—or more likely a few weeks, for there was still a fine solidity about the old-fashioned hospitality—with a friend. For the rest, why should one gad about and take up with idle toys? One lived in the fairest of God's cities and in any case one had enough to do in walking according to the law and keeping one's conscience unspotted.

I think that the predominant quality of natures formed by such a system of life as I have attempted to indicate, was fortitude. The modern Athens might for a considerable period of its history have been no less aptly termed the modern Sparta. The power of endurance displayed not only by the hardier citizens but by delicate women and children was very remarkable; they regulated their actions by a constant sense of duty and made no complaints, and thus gradually lost the desire for complaining. Nor did they look upon such an attitude as particularly meritorious; rather it was felt to be something disgraceful that one should acknowledge, far less succumb to, pain. I recall a story told of a lady who, in the days before anaesthetics had been discovered, bore the pangs of a long and excruciating operation without either word or moan, only breaking silence at the end to say to the surgeon quite calmly and pleasantly—"Thank you very much." So, too, the children were expected

to bear their woes silently. I have often heard my mother say that, though sick with headache, it never would have occurred to her to mention the fact. So long as she could keep her feet, her plain duty was to go about her business as best she could and not to trouble grown-up people unnecessarily with her passing aches and pains. It will be observed that this view of sickness and suffering was not altogether alien to that advocated in our days by the Christian Scientists, but of course the standpoint was entirely different, for the Scotch were emphatic in their assertion as to the reality of such evils.

It is obvious that this prime virtue of fortitude is likely to comprise within itself a number of admirable secondary qualities. The creatures of that brave old world were for the most part patient, frugal, temperate, and industrious; they were, up to a certain point, perfectly sincere, and, it may be added, they were little given to introspection. Their early schooling in obedience and the consequent acquisition of an extraordinary self-control probably saved them from that infirmity with its heritage of dusty answers, dejection, and shattered nerves—the evils that so often, in this strange disease of modern life, follow us disquietly to our graves. The malady of “nerves” was indeed not altogether unknown even then, but I fancy it was regarded with a good deal of scepticism; I have heard of one worthy gentlewoman who expressed her opinion on that subject. “When I hear of a girl with nerves,” said she, “I just think it’s a way of saying that she has a bad temper!”

Perhaps as a corollary to this habit of refraining from too curious an enquiry into the state, or rather the processes, of one’s soul, the spirit of interference was much less rife then than it is now-a-days. Those stern companions felt, I suppose, that everyone must work out his own salvation or perdition in his own fashion, and that they were not justified in attempting actively and directly to influence another’s course. Perhaps, too, they may have perceived how futile such interference generally proves to be. But

indeed they always avoided, or at least disguised, any strong participation in the affairs of others, and such praise or censure as they vouchsafed to offer was expressed with the utmost restraint. Natures so markedly independent as theirs are so little claimative of mundane refreshments on their journey through life—the claims that they did make were upon the world to come—were not likely to be effusive in their ways.

It will be noted that nearly all the virtues instanced are of what may be called the passive order. I am afraid that the system did not foster the active virtues to any conspicuous extent; sympathy, charity, loving-kindness, generosity in its wider significance, were not greatly in evidence. The natural impulses were looked upon with distrust and disapprobation and were kept under as far as might be. Those stern moralists doubtless held with Iago that our bodies are gardens to the which our wills are gardeners, and perhaps they were thus vehement in their weeding because they were conscious in themselves of a strongly passionate substratum in which the nettles were very ready to thrive; and indeed, for that matter, their wielding of the pitchfork was not by any means invariably efficacious. The drawback to any such severely repressive policy is that it is apt to kill the pleasant spontaneities of life. In their intercourse not only with the world but with their nearest and dearest they affected a cold formality of manner which must at times, I fancy, have choked the affection it was intended to cover. It is all very well to maintain that only the angels may safely be familiar, but the ramparts of reserve are surely raised too high when wife and husband accost each other with a "Sir" and "Madam," and any demonstration of tenderness towards one's offspring is felt to be a weakness. This spirit of reserve may perhaps account to some extent for what was a noticeable characteristic of the time—a strong predilection for domestic pets, on whom some portion of otherwise pent up emotion might be lavished. Not that these pets were regarded with any of the unwhole-

somely sentimental fondness or yet with the ostentation and pride, or rather vanity, in their singularities, which are common enough in this drossy age; the creature was looked upon as a companion, not as a toy, and was treated most kindly and affectionately but without any undue indulgence. Probably Scott's attitude to his dogs was not unlike that of very many of his countrymen; one remembers how he wrote of them in his diary when the shock of his misfortune was fresh upon him: "My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any painful reflections I have put down."

There was of course little scope in these lives for the development of what would now-a-days be called the aesthetic sense. An appreciation of the sound and solid qualities of things and an absence of affectation generally saved them from exhibitions of really bad taste, but the lack of beauty in their surroundings does not seem to have been painfully felt, though one artistic soul is said to have taken his place at the breakfast table sighing because the one beautiful object upon it was the harmless, necessary egg. This deficiency of imaginative perception is apparent in a quality which they undoubtedly did possess in a considerable degree—their humour. A strong sense of humour can hardly be denied them, though it was restricted, I think, within narrow limits and was singularly devoid of all endearing attributes. They had a genuine, though for the most part a grim and somewhat savage enjoyment in the ludicrous aspect of certain things—mainly those in which they were pre-eminently interested, such as death and religion, for they were not in the least afraid of jesting on these sacred subjects—a sufficient proof, if any were required, that their convictions thereon were sincere and firmly based. But their humour was rarely lighted up by any gleam of imagination, and indeed that quality formed but a small portion of their mental equipment generally. One of their most marked characteristics was a love of reasoning and logical deduction which led them successfully

up to a certain point, but failed to help them further. I fancy that many of them showed possibilities in youth which somehow were not very adequately realised in later life; their ideas soon became fixed and took on a tinge of obstinacy and unadaptability. This tendency may be seen in what was one of their notable virtues—their economy. They perceived that it was an excellent thing to be thrifty, but could seldom comprehend that an uncalculating liberality might on occasion be one of the things that are more excellent still. Not that they can fairly be called mean or ungenerous; they were eminently just and scrupulous in all their dealings and they could not infrequently be exceedingly liberal in an impersonal and unimpulsive fashion. But any abandon in such matters was certainly regarded with disapproval; extravagance was looked upon as one of the deadly sins and even when a slight concession to it was felt to be inevitable, it was generally accompanied with remorse. I recall a story told of an old lady of the time who was giving a tea-party; the first arrival found her seated upright on the sofa, shaking her head mournfully and fanning a flushed face. "Oh, Mrs. Macdonald," said the guest, "I fear you have given yourself far too much trouble on our account." "It's no the trouble I mind, Mrs. Grant," said her hostess, "it's the expense."

Hand in hand with this spirit there went a strong dislike to receiving favours from anyone or to feeling one's self under any sense of obligation. If any such debts were incurred, they had to be cancelled as soon as might be by the return of a literal equivalent, for the imaginative element that enters into such transactions was, here again, but dimly apprehended. I have been told that during the last illness of a friend, my grandmother and her household were in the habit of taking dainties in the shape of fruit and cake to tempt the invalid. She died, and some time had passed when one day her old mother appeared, covered basket on arm. "This," she said, presenting the basket to my grandmother with an

air of ruthless determination, "This, I think, is about the value of what you brought my daughter!"

This last anecdote indicates the somewhat ungracious aspect of their nature. It must be admitted, I am afraid, that the desire to please was little cultivated by them and that they were not richly endowed with the precious and indefinable gifts of charm and tact. They did not attempt to understand or make allowance for a point of view different from their own, and even that engaging form of vanity which inspires the wish to produce a favourable impression on others had small power over them. Personal vanity, too, in the stricter sense of the word, was certainly not one of their weaknesses. Pride they did possess, but it was concentrated as a rule upon the family as a whole rather than upon the unit, for the spirit of individualism was still latent. Thus a misdemeanour or error on the part of any member of the family was taken to heart by all and was looked upon as a personal disgrace. They preserved a dignified reticence upon their private affairs and were very loyal to their race; the agreeable pastime of divulging family broils and railing at one's kinsmen, in which some moderns find so constant and intense a satisfaction, was unknown to them. There was a decency to be observed in these matters as in all others.

This in fact was the first and the last rule of their lives; and lives conformed to such a rule do unquestionably possess a certain dignity and inspire a certain admiration, though one may perhaps shrink from the thought of what it must have meant to share them. It is no small thing to achieve sincerity and consistency, and that much those old inhabitants of the Gorgon city do seem to have done. They were able to realise their ideal with a large measure of success simply because the ideal was a limited one. If not conspicuously happy they were at least neither acutely unhappy nor yet bored. That unrest which men miscall delight did not touch them, and however conscious they might be of their own rectitude, they managed at any rate to escape self-consciousness and its attendant pains. They had not, I fear, the one thing

to which all others are added, and it is not easy to regard them with any ardent sympathy or affection, but at the same time one cannot help regretting the decline and decay of their astringent virtues among the ranks of their more conciliatory descendants. There are incompatibles in morality no less than in chemistry and the attempt to mingle them is not to be commended. This, if I am not greatly mistaken, is the error into which these later generations have fallen.

F. C. NICHOLSON

THE EYE

Thou silent speaker of the soul's deep thought,
Thou voiceless herald of the heart's intent,
No golden tongue howe'er so eloquent
So much of Man's true self to light hath brought
As thy quick glance with changing passions fraught:
Dread hate, fair love, impatience, sweet content,
Forbearance long, hot anger quickly spent,
Command, defiance, wrong, forgiveness sought.

But ah! another power to thee is given,
The sweetest gift of wisest love divine:
The myriad beauties of God's earth and heaven
Thou canst drink in like draughts of quick'ning wine.
Ah, lonely he who, shut in endless night,
Knows not the rapture of that glorious sight.

S. C. SWIFT

GEORGE MEREDITH'S WOMEN

SOME time ago I heard a person ask with what seemed to me a certain impatience,—as if he had asked several times before without receiving any definite answer,—Who *are* the favourite authors of women, and what is it that attracts women to them?

I was at that time already struggling to get down some impressions of Meredith and his work as a whole, and had come to the conclusion that it was for me a hopeless task. For it seems to me that George Meredith is one of those writers who can be only appraised by a critic as intellectual as himself; only really understood by one who has had an equal experience of life. Yet my feeling of personal affection both for the man and his work—shared I believe by many other women—made me loth to lay aside the subject altogether; and it occurred to me that it might perhaps be worth while to make some effort to consider the two questions I have mentioned,—Who are the favourite authors of women and what is it that attracts women to them? taking Meredith as a starting point for their consideration.

Meredith from a woman's point of view seems to me a natural enough starting point, answering as I think he does to Swinburne's description of the great imaginative writers. Such a writer partakes, as Swinburne has it, both of the masculine and the feminine character, is able to enter at will into the kingdoms of the man and of the woman: view, that is, the great facts of life intellectually and emotionally,—think like a man and feel like a woman.

Any work of art, whether it be literature, or music, or pictures, or architecture, or anything else, needs, as we all know, two minds before it can be said to have any real existence—the minds of the creator and of the percipient. According

to Swinburne the works of the greatest imaginative writers need three. For he contends that a man alone or a woman alone sees such work only partially, in a glass darkly, and that a combination of the two minds is needed to come face to face with the significance of the whole.

George Meredith possesses, I think, the singular intermingling of sheer intellectual force together with the emotional understanding of humanity and its frailties, which Swinburne declares to be the hall-mark of the greatest: this it is that makes it possible to approach his work from two entirely different standpoints; to set aside as for the moment non-existent, his more evident leaning towards what is complex and intellectual, to dwell on the simple, natural side of his work, his sympathy with nature, his love for, and understanding of, the world of beasts, and most especially that purely human, intuitive side of him which made him above all things the friend and portrayer of women. By considering this aspect of his work alone, by taking the women of his books into our consideration, it is possible that we may light upon some fragments of an answer to our questions; or at any rate some suggestion as to why he is one of the favourite authors of women.

I have run on with any random thought that came uppermost in my mind on the subject, "speaking," as Mrs. Micawber says, "necessarily as a female". I have attempted no new suggestions, remembering that platitudes can be of intense interest if they only approach our own case, and feeling comfortably certain that both Meredith and the preferences of women are robust enough and secure enough to stand any involuntary misrepresentations of mine.

The vast tract of Meredith's intellectual knowledge I have thus of course left absolutely unexplored. We all know that his acquaintance with literature, classical and modern, was both wide and deep; that politics and statesmanship attracted him irresistibly, for the bent of his mind was historical; that a sympathetic understanding of both men and women, or as we elect to call it psychology, must

have been his birthright; that he had some understanding of the plastic arts; and that music was his adored recreation.

The fact that all this knowledge did not mummify Meredith into either a scholar or a specialist, may be one bond between him and womankind. Women recognise instinctively that intellectual knowledge is only valuable to a man in so far as it helps him to bring everything into direct touch with life. For never yet did there live a real woman who would not endorse Goethe's remark, "Everything is hateful to me which only instructs me without increasing or directly invigorating my mental activity."

Then Meredith can hardly in the exact sense of the word be termed a story-teller. Women generally care less than men, I think, for the story, pure and simple, partly perhaps because genuine story tellers, like Defoe or William Morris, or W. W. Jacobs, for example, are apt to take but slight interest in women as individuals, rather tending to regard woman collectively as a sort of force of nature. I have met several times the man who prefers "The Shaving of Shagpat" to any other of Meredith's works, but never yet the woman. Women usually like what is incompatible with the relation of a direct narrative, discursiveness, excursions into the side-paths of emotion. They rarely, I think, appreciate at its full value the definite perfection of writers like Flaubert or Turgenieff, preferring the lack of finish which gives to the work of Tolstoi or Balzac a greater semblance of reality. I do not know whether this childlike pleasure in what is *real*, resembling actual life, indicates a less developed aesthetic sense in woman than in man. However this may be, I think that what especially does appeal to women in Meredith and writers of his *genre* is what constitutes alike the strength and weakness of such writers,—I mean the power to sympathise with points of view so divergent that it is impossible for them to pursue uninterruptedly the highroad of their theme.

Still another thing all those writers well beloved of women seem to me to have in common,—an extreme interest

in women and their ways. Whatever men may think about the matter, women agree with Pope, I fancy, in believing that the noblest study of womankind is woman, or words to that effect. Women indeed seem to me extraordinarily grateful for being studied and quite pathetically eager to respond. They hold indifference in such abhorrence that they would rather, I verily believe, be wrongly explained than not explained at all.

At any rate it is to be observed that they rarely show rancour at harsh judgements of their sex. They hear with the utmost equanimity that woman is at heart a rake, or that she has no character at all, possibly from a consciousness that the man who so emphatically sought the North Pole would with equal emphasis at another time of his life go in search of the South one. In a word, woman is, I think, both more practical, in the sense of being more concentrated on one or two definite aims; and more egotistical, in the sense of being more deeply interested in herself and her own sex, than man: and those authors who gratify these demands of her nature are best beloved by her. The practical, constructive instinct of woman leads her to regard art, not so much a thing of beauty, as a useful vehicle for some definite purpose. She demands from her favourite authors that intellectual knowledge and artistic perfection shall not be ends in and of themselves, but that they shall be a means to enable *woman* to cope more successfully with the real facts of life. I do not of course mean that she makes this demand consciously: her nature demands it for her unconsciously as the plant demands fresh air and moisture. And her other dominant instinct—her egoism—leads her to read and re-read those authors who are most interested in womankind and most successful in its portrayal.

If these be some of the qualities demanded by women from their favourite authors, what are the qualities demanded by such authors, and more especially by George Meredith himself, both from their flesh and blood women-readers and from the women of their own imagination?

In this connexion the comparison, ever recurring at the time of Meredith's death, between the women of Meredith and those of Shakespeare seems to me an interesting circumstance. My own experience has been that these are the two writers most constantly read, and most affectionately regarded, by English-speaking women—in Shakespeare's case, in spite of his medium, women being mostly, I believe, of Sandra's way of thinking, that writing in verse is like talking on tiptoe. I have heard it suggested that the women of our own time and the women of the Elizabethan period have much in common. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a fact that the women of Shakespeare and Meredith bear in many respects strong resemblance to one another.

Both writers grant to their women many talents of silver, and proceed to demand much of them. They could hardly pay them a greater compliment. Both regard women as less complex than men, as creatures of a simpler make, of more elemental impulses, closer to Mother Earth. "Women," says Meredith explicitly, "are in and of Nature." Both give women credit for no overwhelming qualities of reason or imagination: rather they show them to us concentrated on one or two definite aims of a practical and intensely human nature, and making for their goal with the certainty of the homing pigeon. Both realise fully that the woman who takes to introspection is lost.

Yet here it is—in the matter of introspection—that we come to the essential difference between the women of the two writers: for while Meredith's women sometimes drink of that questioning cup which denies peace to us, Shakespeare's never do; unless in a quite exceptional case like that of Lady Macbeth, whose nervous system was unable to bear the tremendous strain put upon it. Normally, Shakespeare's women are a great deal too busy living to go about asking unnecessary questions,—questions which sensible people have virtually answered long ago by putting them aside as unanswerable. Had you asked Portia to prove the fact of her own existence I imagine she would have felt merely

annoyed at the futility of such a question. She was willing enough to ask questions herself for any practical purpose—to get Bassanio out of a hole, for example,— to ask questions and to answer them too: but being a sensible woman she recognised that once in this world, the obviously reasonable thing to do is to keep in harmony with one's surroundings, in other words to enjoy life as much as circumstances will allow: and this she proceeded to do. Intelligent as they undoubtedly were, one cannot call either Portia or her sister-women intellectual in the usual sense that the term is used. Unlike the Girton student they would on most occasions have been happily unable to “verify their statements”. I fancy indeed that in all probability they would have been at one with Henriette's magnificent assertion when urged to intellectual effort, “*Je me trouve fort bien, ma mère, d'être bête.*”

But who would venture to suggest that if Imogen, Desdemona, or Portia had wished to study there was any lack of brains for them to study with? Who knew more definitely what was worth having than Rosalind? Who more successful in attaining her object and that with no undue fuss, and neither stress nor strain? A “womanly woman,” as Mr. Stead somewhere calls her, ignorant of life and prompted by the loftiest motives, is one of those thoroughly respected and respectable institutions that is apt to drag us down to the damp caverns of despair. Thackeray's Amelia and Dickens's Agnes should be lessons to any man. If we bring to real life the same common-sense test that we bring to the practical business matters of the world: if we judge, I mean, not by the motive but by the result, who can doubt that practical women of this world like Rosalind or Beatrice possess the only knowledge that is worth having—that they were, in other words, past mistresses of the technique of life? They grew all of a piece, as Stevenson says, like the branches of a tree, and they did it equally successfully.

I suppose that, as a general rule, the more familiarity or knowledge there is, the less there is consciousness of such

knowledge. Perfection in any branch is so unconscious of itself that it is unable to explain the various steps of its progression. These women understood the business of living so well that they applied their knowledge instinctively without even being conscious of possessing it. They were much in the same case as the old Scotch cook giving a lesson in scone-making who could get no further than:—"Weel, ye tak' flour and ye tak' water and ye tak' raisin' stuff, and then—weel, ye just mak' a scone." And her state of mind was, I imagine, not so far removed from that of Beethoven, had he been asked to give a receipt for the making of the Ninth Symphony, from Turner's had he been asked how he painted the "Fountain of Youth," or from an oak's if it were called upon to explain how it succeeded so admirably in growing into a tree. Rosalind, the old Scotch woman, Beethoven, Turner, and the tree had all got so thoroughly to the place where they wanted to be that they had one and all forgotten the sign-posts on the road.

When we come to Meredith's women the first thing we notice about them is that they have lost the simplicity and certainty of their Shakespeare sisters. Unlike Mas' Gammon and his dumplings, they are no longer in harmony with universal nature. The technique of their living is less perfect. They are tinged with the uncertainty and disquietude of the women of our own time. They suffer from the consciousness and pain which attend equally the process of learning and unlearning. They have not indeed reached the deplorable state of the Ibsen woman, of whom it may truly be said that her attitude to life is that of a performer on the violin, playing a solo before a large audience, and learning the instrument as she goes along. But they occupy a place midway between the two. They *have* knowledge but it fits them a little constrainedly. It is not so absolute that it has become an integral and unconscious part of their being. They are as yet under the law, not under grace. But to most of us the period of growth is to the full as interesting as the period of realisation. In the growing stage we feel that all things

are possible, and these hewers of wood and drawers of water, through whom knowledge is consciously and painfully passing, are intimately dear to some of us from the very fact of their likeness to ourselves.

These women of a man's imagination are endeared to us for one thing by the fact that they do, one and all, grow. Some progress joyously and unconsciously by the road of happiness, like Perdita or Beatrice, others consciously and painfully by the road of suffering, like Sandra Belloni or Diana of the Crossways, and no one yet, I imagine, has been able to come to any definite conclusion as to which is the better path for development. However that may be, that these women *do* grow is, I think, indisputable, for in Shakespeare, in Meredith, yes, and in a certain way in Ibsen too, the older women have gained in knowledge of their own limitations, consequently in common-sense and in understanding of the ways of mankind. Their very existence proves to us refreshingly the existence of men who are pleased to regard women from another standpoint than that of the *ewig weibliche*. Pope could have found in any one of them his "reasonable woman, witty and handsome, yet a friend." They illustrate Bernard Shaw's dictum that a woman begins to be tolerable, socially speaking, at thirty—though after this, he adds, there is no reason why she should ever leave off improving. Where can a man find anything more companionable than women like Lady Blandish, Rosamond Culling, Mrs. Lansdale Frickler with her boy-like, candid charm, or Lord Ormont's sister Lady Charlotte Eglett?

Such women, socially speaking, have reached their majority. They are bright, alert, wise in the ways of the world: they are never boulders in the stream of conversation, for they carry such learning as they possess very lightly. Like Stevenson's chosen companion, they could wonder themselves crazy over the curve of an eyebrow, then wittily discourse upon their capacity for wonderment. They have sound sense, not the less sound on account of the sparkle: they are perhaps "subtly civilised," as Henry James says

of one of his heroines, but unlike that lady they keep in close touch with ordinary humanity.

As young women they are less experienced but equally human. Shakespeare, Meredith, and, we may add, Ibsen—and I mention Ibsen because from certain aspects no one understood women more thoroughly than he—are all at one in granting them certain qualities not usually supposed to be the birthright of the sex. Next to their broad humanity, the most striking, and perhaps the most unexpected quality we come across in both Shakespeare and Meredith women is that of wit. We all must agree that a woman with a sense of humour has always been caviar to the general, so it rather staggers us to find both Shakespeare and Meredith showing us women constantly fencing with men and passing their guard. As to this particular quality, Ibsen's men and women alike are either too earnest or not quite earnest enough, whichever way you like to look at it, to have time for any wit at all.

With the women of Shakespeare and Meredith we cannot but feel that it is their double endowment of common-sense and wit that pulls them out of any mischief they may happen to fall into. A combination of these two qualities it is that makes of them the companionable women they are: it teaches them when to speak and when to keep silent, when to act and when to get a man to act for them. It leads them to success as surely as the lack of it leads their Ibsen sisters to failure. To Meredith common-sense and wit were the very root and flower of civilisation, the one inseparable from the other. "The first condition of sanity," he says, "is to believe that our civilisation is founded on common-sense," and again, "To love humour you must know the real world and know men and women well enough not to expect too much of them, though you may still hope for good." . . . "The stroke of a great humorist is world wide, with lights of tragedy in his laughter."

A perception of the Comic Spirit therefore, together with a sense of the importance of common things—which is

what I take common-sense to be—were to him the outward and visible signs of a sound and capacious mind: and to endow women with a combination of the two is the highest compliment he can pay their sex. He would have women taught to use both their wit and their wits, for “women use their wit when they have it,” he says, “on the side of sound sense. . . . They are not necessarily heartless for being clear sighted. They seem so to the sentimentally reared only for the reason that they do use their wits and are not wandering vessels crying for a captain or a pilot.”

The next thing that strikes us in every one of the three authors we have named—Shakespeare, Meredith, and Ibsen—is that the women are in an extraordinarily delightful and unexpected way the companions of men. I use the word companion advisedly to avoid the complications which so inevitably beset the word friend.

As to the possibilities of the continuance of such a feeling as friendship between man and woman Diana Warwick probably thought soundly enough when she said: “Men appear to be capable of friendship with women only for so long as women keep out of pulling distance of that line where friendship ceases.” And Nietzsche showed perhaps even keener sight in writing, “Success in marriage is based on a talent for friendship,” implying thereby, as it would appear from the context, that friendship is a talent usually better suited for display between a man and a woman after their marriage than before it.

Certain it is that in almost every one of the plays and novels not only of Shakespeare and Meredith, but of Ibsen as well, we do find again and again between man and woman the refreshing link of companionship, over and above the more obvious and every-day one of sentiment. Neither Meredith nor Shakespeare harps eternally upon the difference of temperament between man and woman: rather each brings out the likeness in disposition and the possibilities of companionship between the two. “As the two, however divergent,” says Meredith, “both look on one object, namely

Life, the gradual similarity of their impressions must bring them to some resemblance. The comic poet dares to show us men and women coming to this mutual likeness: in social life their minds grow liker, just as the philosopher discerns the similarity of boy and girl until the girl is marched away to the nursery."

Again and again Meredith shows us his women spending their childhood and youth as the friends and constant companions of their fathers and brothers. Diana Merion, Carinthia Jane, Cecilia Halkett are like a reversion to Shakespeare's age when the relations between parents and children seem on the whole to have been kindly enough. In the literature of the intermediate time, in Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, not to mention Jane Austen, Dickens or Thackeray, where do we find a really friendly or companionable relation existing between father and daughter? I do not even except such cases as those of Emma and Mr. Woodhouse, or Little Dorrit and her father, for their communications, affectionate though these were, were confined to the merest commonplace. If they had attempted ever such a little more we feel that their instincts would surely have been in immediate opposition. In Meredith, on the other hand, we have the feeling that his fathers and daughters fully understand one another, and that the fathers, looking upon their daughters as the sweetest of diversions, train them to be the wisest of delightful companions. The women gained suppleness of mind and body by the early, natural, masculine companionship. They lost some of the less desirable characteristics usually supposed to be distinctively feminine. It was still early enough for them to be shaken out of themselves and to have something else shaken into them. It heightened, as we have noticed, their capacity for comic perception; it enabled them to detect the absurdities of those they loved, and to see themselves somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes without loving them less.

In walking and riding with fathers and brothers they learned to love nature and natural things—the "mossy-footed

squirrels" in the woods—and to understand that we do not get to heaven, as Meredith himself puts it, by renouncing the mother we spring from. They became supple and robust like the women of Walt Whitman's ideal. They love to get up at day-break, they swim, they ride, they leap, they fence. They give us the feeling that we are dealing with sane, clean, trustworthy women, holding loveable those things which we ourselves hold loveable, and with enough of the child left in them to be loveable themselves.

Their animals go along with them, trusted friends. Can we think of Diana Warwick without her Newfoundland, Leander, whom she called "Hero" when she wanted him to come in a hurry: he surely is as real to us as Sir Walter Scott's own Maida, and humanised as little as Diana herself is angelised. "The Hercules of dogs he was, a very ideal of the species, toweringly big, benevolent, reputed a rescuer of lives, disdainful of dog-fighting, devoted to his guardian's office, with a majestic paw to give, and the noblest satisfaction in receiving caresses ever expressed by mortal male enfolded about the head, kissed, patted, hugged, snuggled, informed that he was his new mistress's one love and darling."

Perhaps, too, it is their perception of the humorous side of things that heightens the aesthetic sense of these women, and that tends at the same time to lessen their personal vanity, for though we are given to understand that Diana Warwick and her sisters looked decorative enough, we do not gather that the process of decoration occupied their minds to the exclusion of every other thought. How characteristic is the description of Diana's house! "She would have costly furniture because it pleased her taste; and a French cook for a like reason, in justice to her guests; and trained servants; and her tribe of pensioners; flowers she would have profuse and fresh at her windows and over the rooms; and the pictures and engravings on the walls were (always for the good reason mentioned) choice ones; and she had a love of old lace, she loved colours as she loved cheerfulness, and silks, and satin hangings, Indian ivory

carvings, countless mirrors, Oriental woods, chairs and desks with some feature or a flourish in them, delicate tables with antelope legs, of approved workmanship in the chronology of European upholstery, and marble clocks of cunning device to symbol Time, mantel-piece decorations, illustrated editions of her favourite authors; her bed chambers, too, gave the nest for sleep a dainty cosiness in aerial draperies."

This acquisitiveness, excessive though it was, and marking the days of Diana's apprenticeship to life, is surely of a pleasanter kind than that of a human magpie I lately chanced upon, who had already collected 750 rings for her own ten fingers, and was greedily on the track of more. She was, she said, "a specialist on rings." The other pole from Cecilia Halkett, the heiress with her pearls "not of price, and not worn to fascinate jewellers."

Diana too, however, even in her 'prentice days could be simple enough, as poor Redworth found to his cost when he chanced on the evening meal she had meant for herself alone. It proved a feminine one enough—tea and bread and butter: and the best thing to be said of such a dinner is, as Diana remarked, that one is ready for supper soon after.

There is in Diana and most of her sisters a refreshing disposition to treat life as if it were a morass, a desire to step lightly over its difficulties, combined with an almost masculine reticence in times of trouble. They make us bid for sympathy. They do not sob, like Kipling's women "from the tops of their palates, or their lips, or anywhere else:" they rarely sob in public at all, and when they do their tears affect us as a man's might do. Neither do they tear their passions to tatters. Considerate at all times of others, they express their deeper feelings chiefly by suggestion: at the crises of their lives they speak little even to the sympathetic, but rather think their thoughts to them.

In these women of a later age there seems to be revived an outstanding quality of the Elizabethan time—the quality of friendship,—of loyalty to their own sex.

The intermediate novelists and playwrights if they allow of the existence of friendship between women at all, view it mostly as a brittle thing, liable to crack alike irreparably if exposed to the coldness of envy, or uncharitableness, or to the heat of a fiercer passion. In Ibsen—our third great portrayer of women—we do not find much friendship of any sort whatever, whether between man and man, man and woman, or woman and woman. Ibsen's men and women have not I think the qualities necessary for friendship: they have neither the leisure for it nor the capacity for taking things for granted. They shatter their friendships by overmuch questioning. To stand the stress and strain of life friendship needs the intuition and the trustfulness of a Rosalind or a Diana. Celia leaving her court-life to go into the unknown with Rosalind: the outcry of Beatrice, "Oh that I were a man," when Hero is in trouble: the fidelity of Emilia to Desdemona rather than to her own husband: do these not inevitably bring to mind the bond between Tony and Emmy: the loyalty of Madge to Carinthia: the dogged fidelity of Danvers to Diana? There is something to be said for Meredith's summing up of a woman's needs, for if she have a faithful lover, a faithful friend, and a faithful servant it is difficult to see what more she can ask of the gods.

There remains one more quality outstanding in the Shakespeare and Meredith women, but a quality so comprehensive that it swallows up perhaps all those I have already mentioned—I mean the quality of adaptability. Humour, wit, aesthetic sense, a lack of personal vanity, a talent for friendship or love, what are all these but the power to adapt one's self rapidly and unself-consciously to circumstances? What is courage but this? No sensible woman feels courageous in unfamiliar circumstances where she thinks she is likely to get the worst of it: yet with adaptability she may so familiarise herself with the danger as to see a way out, in which case courage will have a chance to revive. The power of adaptation, the power, that is, to fuse one's self with adverse circumstances, though presenting

a superficial idea of weakness, is in reality the greatest strength of all. For unfamiliarity is surely the one thing impossible for the mind to bear: in adaptability alone lies the possibility of continued existence.

The adaptability of Shakespeare's women has become so integral a part of themselves that they adapt themselves as they breathe, instinctively, as we say. With no aggressive show of intellect or will power they fuse with their surroundings in an absolute harmony, and succeed.

Ibsen's women on the contrary, with a show of somewhat obvious intellect and will power and very little adaptability at all, are unable to free themselves from the grip of circumstances, and equally unable to mould circumstances to their own requirements, and they fail.

Meredith's women occupy between these sheep and goats a midway place. No women are at times more charming—and what is charm but a perfectly evolved adaptability? but they reach harmony by way of disharmony, learning but slowly to resolve their discords. Uncertainty as to how best to adapt themselves, or a too intense preconception as to the one way to do so, leads them at times to a consciousness of self and to a consequent flickering of their charm. Warm-blooded as they are they seek an intellectual refuge against the besiegings of the blood—a "rock-fortress," Meredith calls it; and a rock-fortress is but a stubborn and unyielding refuge. More or less they all resemble Diana who could accept subjection only one way—by burning. The same with their courage: it is of that tenacious kind that is allied to timidity, the courage that holds fast because it is afraid to let go. We share something of Percy Dacier's feeling to Diana in his last interview with her. "Her bloodless, fixed features revealed an intensity of anguish that checked him. Only her mouth, a little open for the sharp breath appeared dumbly beseeching. Her large eyes met his like steel to steel, as of one who would die fronting the weapon." We strangle like him a loathsome inclination to admire.

Diana and her sisters are, as a type, proud, reticent, generous, and trusting, with a passionate undercurrent of which they are at first, in their imperfect understanding of the riddle of life, more or less ashamed. Torn by conflicting qualities they make their way but slowly from the law to grace, learning only after their social majority the truth implicit in all the great teachers—that suppleness of mind avails more than rocky determination. Diana learned painfully, like most of the rest of us, that alike in the intellectual and moral spheres, it is impossible to succeed as the Irishman played the fiddle—by main strength. Success eluded her so long as she pursued it with good resolutions and high aims. Like many another she found it so much easier to brace than to relax, that she had difficulty in recognising that what is true of knowledge is also true of willing—that both became unconscious and automatic in proportion to their intensity. Her powers got jammed by the very energy of her efforts, just as memory gets jammed sometimes by the preoccupation of trying to remember a word. A masterly inactivity is perhaps like charity, a late human development. It is so tempting to run things to earth, to reason upon them to the bitter end: so hard to realise that we must follow out even consistency with a charitable inconsistency, that never yet has any definite system gone on all fours under all circumstances.

It was in her half-fledged condition, when she seemed as if she were indeed one of the “last things to be civilised by man,” that Diana committed her capital error of selling Percy Dacier’s secret to the great editor Mr. Tonans. I have very often heard this commented on as unnatural: to me it seems, taking Diana at that stage of her development, the most natural action in the world. To begin with, Diana misread herself. Her constantly introspective attitude is conclusive of this. Had she understood her own nature she would have ceased to speculate, and put the matter aside as closed: as it was she never ceased asking herself unanswerable questions. Her womanly power, her warm,

passionate, loving nature she mistrusted: and when Percy Dacier made a direct appeal to it she mistrusted it so deeply that she considered herself degraded by being made to feel conscious of its existence. In desperation and to raise herself in her own eyes, she turned immediately to what she had been accustomed to regard as her stronghold, her intellect, her conscious power to reflect. All through "Diana of the Crossways" there is something pathetic, I think, in Meredith's presentation of Diana: her childlike confidence in her intellectual power; her assumption that her intellect it was that made her sought after and beloved of man; her pride in her writings; her entire unconsciousness that but for Redworth's booming her books would have come into the world still-born; and at the crisis of her life her vindication of what she considered a disrespect to her womanly dignity by the childish disclosure of a secret, in the hope of proving herself the intellectual comrade of the man who had had the power to degrade her in her own eyes. "I gave him these privileges because I am weak as the weakest, base as my enemies proclaim me. I covered my woman's vile weakness with an air of intellectual serenity, that he, choosing his moment, tore away, exposing me to myself, as well as to him, the most odious of reptiles."

She misunderstood the whole situation. The desperate need of money which seemed to her, sitting in her own room, her dominant necessity, the necessity which took her, as she imagined, to the great editor's den, had not power, once there, even to make her drive a bargain for the sale of her wares. The consciousness of a fact known only to Percy Dacier and herself it was which had power to fill her with a childlike exultation, which made her smile at the fancied elongation and stare of the features of Mr. Tonan if she should disclose her secret to him. There is something child-like and pitiful in this woman leaving her own queenly domain to explore the bleak and barren possibilities as to her intellectual equality with man.

No doubt seems to linger in Meredith's mind that in

this world progress has ever been through suffering rather than through pleasure or material prosperity—"there is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by." He brings Diana, and how many of her sisters, to their bearings by the sorrow attendant on their own mistakes. "Women rooted to the bed of the river veer with the tides like water-weeds," he says; so he gives his women full liberty to work out their own salvation in their own way. He applies to them in many ways the same standard as he applies to his men. He considers them for example equally as citizens; equally competent to respect the laws of citizenship; equally able to face the consequences of breaking those laws. He shows them by the practical experience of life that a woman breaks any social law at her own peril, no matter the motive with which she has broken it. This is the way of the world, and she shows most sense who most rapidly adapts herself to its usages, compounding with society as best she may for the payment of her debt. The amount of the price exacted it may be, perhaps, that awakes in her nature a sleeping sympathy for fellow-women less experienced than herself. Again and again Meredith dwells upon this sympathy, akin to friendship yet differing from it—a closer bond, between woman and woman than any friendship can ever be. Meredith calls it the "fervid, latent sisterhood in the breast of women." It is the protective, sheltering feeling of a woman versed in the ways of the world for the girl setting out with high hope of success. Diana calls it her one solid gain in return for the loss of many unrealised and unrealisable hopes. "It was just when Diana Warwick had lost her own sovereignty, and felt most bitterly her feminine danger and her friendlessness that her compassion for her sex became deeply sisterly in tenderness and understanding." It is touches like these that bring it home to us that Meredith's women do live and move and have their being in reality, and that they are, as we hope to be ourselves, perfected in weakness. They are like a composite photograph, no reflection of any one woman, but the salient features of many women merged into one

representative whole. No living woman but must see reflections of herself in each of these sisters of a man's imagination.

The dominant idea in Meredith, as in all great writers—come at it as they may—is, I take it, the harmonising of life. There is, he says himself, more in men and women than the stuff they utter, and, throughout his work, he would have us judge his men and women, I think, not so much by what they actually do, as by what they make us feel that they have it in them to do. Meredith shows us creatures of like passions with ourselves, emerging with difficulty from the romantic, sentimental ideal, to join the ranks of those they began by hating and despising—those who realise the importance of the common things of life. He teaches his women by the lessons of practical experience that a high ideal closes approaches, or easily inclines to self-worship, and that in dealing intellectually with the big questions of life they are safest, to keep pretty near the surface of things, as the deeper they try to go the darker and most uncongenial do they find it. In the end many of them succeed in learning what their Ibsen sisters never grasp,—that there is danger in cutting adrift from those superficial aspects of life in which our natures alone permit us to be comforted.

The strength of the Shakespeare and Meredith woman alike lies not in intellectual grasp, not in conscious power to reflect, not in originality, nor yet in logical consistency. Where her strength does lie, is in power to adapt herself to circumstances; in unconscious assimilation of the ideas of others; in capacity for deep feeling and for self-forgetfulness in affection—the depth of the feeling to be determined by the relation it bears to common-sense, and the affection to be estimated as genuine in proportion as she is willing to subdue her most ardent desires for the sake of another.

The stronger the character or the more pronounced the capacity the more time, I imagine, is demanded for its development. "A character," says Meredith himself, "that does not wait for circumstances to shape it, is of small worth to the race.

To be set too early is to take the work out of the hands of the Sculptor that fashions men." Recognising thus that the sounder the nature, the more rubbish there usually is to be worked through before the essential part of the character be reached, Meredith grants to his men and his women alike, opportunity to learn what it is they really ask of life. He allows them more than one essay in friendship and sentiment to give them time to distinguish their geese from their swans. For how else is man or woman to learn to judge of character? If in the earlier episodes of sentiment, Meredith's women soar so high as to be unable to recognise barriers in the fences raised by man, they pay to the world the full price for their flight. But provided a woman's moral and intellectual constitution be sound and healthy enough for her not to be irretrievably damaged in the process, what can give her so much strength of character, so much wisdom in the ways of mankind as the payment of the debt she owes to the world. How else can she learn so absolutely to distinguish the essential difference between sentiment which does the madder thing, and passionate affection which is the fulfilling of the law. Passion, Meredith defines as "noble strength on fire." It may at times, he says, tug against common-sense, but it is never divorced from it. If it offend against parvenu conventions, it violates no law of Nature. It makes no noise. It only asks for what it thinks it may have, is sane, constantly just to itself, claims what it feels to be its own. It is the poetry of tasted life.

"Is it any waste of time," he says, "to write of love? The trials of life are in it, but in a narrow ring and a fierier. You may learn to know yourself through love, as you do after years of life, whether you are fit to lift them that are about you, or whether you are but a cheat and a load on the backs of your fellows. The impure perishes, the inefficient languishes, the moderate comes to its autumn of decay—these are of the kinds which aim at satisfaction to die of it soon or late. The love that survives has strangled craving; it lives because it lives to nourish and succour like

the heavens. But to strangle craving is indeed to go through a death before you reach your immortality."

It is in affection such as this that Meredith recognises the last appeal for women. Lacking it, or having lost it, he speaks of them as "rudderless vessels doing the desperate thing to save themselves from destruction." When Dahlia Fleming wrought her final undoing by turning from it, Meredith says, "a stir of the blood would have endowed her with womanly counsel."

In Meredith's women we find, I think, an example of extremes meeting, or, as Novalis has it, of contrasts that are, after all, nothing but inverse resemblances. These women travel, like most of the rest of us, more or less in a circle, and life has nothing better to teach them at the last than to return as nearly as may be to all outward seeming to the unconscious charm of their youth. At first as at last their attraction lies in their simplicity, but there is an intervening phase when their simplicity is masked by an apparent complexity of thought and action which an imperfect understanding of themselves, and of life bristling with unexpected difficulties, has led them to assume. In this middle period they are tense with the fear of failure: it is only the experience of years that gives them courage to relax.

Their first simplicity is unconscious, a reflection of their own gaiety and of their unlearnedness in the ways of the world. Their last simplicity is a process of elimination, a conscious casting-away of acquired complexities which understanding of mankind and its ways makes it no longer necessary for them to retain. Graceful, loveable, and well-bred they are at all times, but while their first simplicity has the exquisite artlessness and freshness of a folk-song, the last suggests rather the experienced simplicity—the elaborate yet delicate art of a lyric of Heine.

In art as in life, each gain must have, I suppose, its exact equivalent in loss, yet the last restraint of these women which can so nearly simulate a lost unconscious simplicity, is surely close upon a conscious mastery. And it seems

to me that it is just such control, just such ease of conscious mastery, that is to Meredith the aim and end of all existence, the pearl of great price for which all else is worth the sacrifice. "Only those who have attained self-mastery," he says again and again, "are true aristocrats. Only rulers of themselves have the right to call themselves free." And as we watch these women of his, painfully working towards such freedom, we see the growing harmony of their natures leading them to a perception of the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance, and to a reverence for it.

J. G. SIME

THE LAURENTIANS: EVENING

The hill-tops hold, then hide, the waning gleams,
The changeful sky puts on its purple light,
And shadows fall so soft and sweet, it seems
As if such darkening never grew to night.

The flitting will-o'-wisp his lantern swings,
And sounds of day are done. Now to the ear
The evening melody more softly clings,
And trills the mountain stream, so cool and clear.

Fair is the land and fair the arch above;
The moon has risen in a flood of light,
And gentle breezes sigh as if in love
With all the charms of this Laurentian night.

BRENTON A. MACNAB

CANADA'S SUBSTITUTE FOR OLD AGE PENSIONS

THE Canadian system of Government annuities has now been in operation for approximately a year and nine months. In the first year and-a-half of that period—the latest date for which returns are available—757 annuities were sold, and for these the Department of Trade and Commerce, which administers the Act, received \$562,566. The annual values of the annuities sold aggregate \$174,100.

Evidently the annuities are taking hold. Evidently, too, they are being used to provide for old age by persons in very moderate circumstances. The figures for the first 18 months show that a small proportion—about one-fifth of the whole—are immediate annuities. That is, they are bought by those who have reached or passed the age of fifty-five and want the annuity to begin at once. These are people of some means, though a large number of these annuities, on the other hand, are for small amounts. But more important in its influence on the social well-being of Canada is the number of those who are taking out contracts in their earlier years, with a view to having a pension to fall back upon when they have reached the age of fifty-five—the earliest age at which the annuities may begin to come in—or at a later date if they so choose. Of these deferred annuities there are 617, while the fact that the average of all annuities—immediate and deferred—is \$230 is an indication that this means of thrift is appealing to persons of small income.

It is in these small annuities that the hope of the system lies. It is improbable that many labourers or even artisans will be able to retire at fifty-five on an annual income of \$600, the highest Government annuity open to purchase. But he who knows at that age that he has

an assured annual income for life of \$50, or \$100, or \$200, has solid reason for facing "the menace of the years" "undismayed." He will not have a competence—though the highest figure comes pretty close to what many men earn in the prime of life—but he will be able with it to supplement his earnings very materially. And if he choose—as is very probable—to let his pension accumulate till his powers begin to decline—say, till he reaches sixty, or sixty-five, or seventy, he will in this way provide a very tidy pension against a rainy day.

This is how it will work out. If he puts by \$13.00 year by year from the time he is twenty-five, when he has reached the age of fifty-five, he will be entitled to an annuity of \$64.57. If he waits five years before beginning to use the annuity, it will have risen to \$99.34. Five years more would bring it up to \$156.63; and if he waits till he is seventy, without having paid in a cent since he was fifty-five, his life annuity will be \$258.95. Sixty-five, it may be remarked, is the age at which the New Zealand pensioner begins to draw his pension; both the German and the English workman must wait until seventy.

A question which naturally arises is how the Canadian system of annuities compares with the provision made against old age in other lands. In making this comparison the three countries already mentioned may be taken as typical. Germany comes closest to the Canadian system; it provides a State-aided compulsory insurance for all those who earn less than \$486. New Zealand and the United Kingdom both grant non-contributory old age pensions, the New Zealand pension being just double the English.

The comparison may well begin with Germany. The German law divides workmen into five classes, the pension varying from class to class. Contributions towards the pension are made by both the employer and the employee on a weekly basis; the State makes a flat addition to each pension varying with the class in which the workman comes. The lowest class is those whose incomes do not exceed \$85.15; the combined contribution of employer and employed is 3.36

cents per week, and the total pension is \$26.76 per annum, of which the State contributes \$12.17. The highest class is those whose income lies between \$279.79 and \$486.66; the combined contributions of employer and employee are 8.64 cents per week, and the yearly pension is \$55.96, of which the State pays as before \$12.17. Of the contributory portion, the employer and employee each pay half; to secure a right to a pension contributions must be paid for 1200 weeks.

For purposes of comparison it will be simplest to deal with the contributions on a yearly basis. The 1200 weeks in the German system may be conveniently divided into twenty-five years of forty-eight weeks each, it being a principle of that plan to allow a leeway for failure to pay a limited number of weeks in the year. In making the comparison I have also disregarded the division of the contributions between the employer and the workman; as it might be a nice question as to which pays in the long run. If the division is to be regarded, of course, that will reduce the cost to the individual workman by half. But the other interpretation will give a comparison between total costs in Germany and Canada, apart from the share borne by the State, which in Canada is confined to the cost of administration and whatever cost may be involved in basing the annuities on four per cent. interest as against a probable lower market rate.

Under the German system, then, the minimum pension which begins at seventy and amounts to \$26.76 per annum, cost \$1.61 annually for twenty-five years. In Canada, an annuity of the same amount to begin at the same age would cost \$2.74 a year for twenty-five years, that is, the payments would begin when the workman was forty-five. In the same way the German maximum pension of \$55.96 costs \$4.14 annually for twenty-five years. In Canada an equal pension would cost \$5.74.

The figures as to Canada are taken from a book published by the annuities branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce. The annuities are offered on two plans; on one, the more costly, the whole of the payments with three per cent.

compound interest is returnable to the heirs in case the annuitant dies before the annuity begins; on the other, the less costly, there is no return. For the comparison with Germany I have taken the lower figures, for the reason that in Germany there is no return unless payments have been made for five years; and then the return is only half of the amount paid in and without interest. The less expensive Canadian plan, therefore, more nearly approximates to the German system.

In the comparisons made above, no account was taken of the fact that part of the German pension is contributed by the Government. The basis of the pension there is calculated on the annuity earned by the joint payments of workman and employer. To this amount the Government makes a flat addition, as already explained. Strictly, therefore, the comparison with Canada should be made on the basis of the share of the pension which is purchased by the contributions of employer and workman. In this case, the cost in Canada, of the German minimum pension, would be only \$1.50 as against \$1.61 in Germany. So that in reality, the contributors in Germany pay for part of the government grant. Or, to put it another way, apart from the special government grant, the Canadian annuities are cheaper than the compulsory insurance of Germany.

Again, Canada also has an annuity which may be purchased jointly by employers and workmen. Circulars have been issued to a large number of manufacturers and other employers, explaining the plan and giving quotations. The cost of the German pension under this plan in Canada would be \$4.94 for twenty-five years. This is much higher than in Germany; but, on the other hand, the pension in Canada, for the rate quoted, begins ten years earlier than in Germany.

Then the Canadian system has an advantage which is impossible under the German plan. Not only may the annuitant begin to receive his annuity fifteen years earlier than in Germany; but he may also begin to make his annual contributions much earlier and in this way lessen the annual burden. If he chooses to begin his payments at the age of

twenty-five and to wait until he is seventy for the pension, the German pension would cost him only seventy-seven cents per annum. If he does not begin his payments until he is thirty, the cost will be \$1.03 per annum; and if he waits until forty, it will be \$1.92. Only the latter, it will be noticed, is more costly than under the German system; in the two other cases the cost is materially less.

Enough has been said in comparison of the Canadian annuities with the compulsory insurance of Germany. The comparison with the old age pensions of New Zealand and the United Kingdom will be much less complicated. In both these countries there is, of course, no contribution paid by the beneficiary. The State bears the whole cost. Thus, there remains to consider only the cost, at Canadian rates, of an annuity equivalent to the pensions granted in these two members of the Empire.

The British pension is only half of that paid in New Zealand and it begins five years later. The year of payment in New Zealand is sixty-five and the amount \$126.52; in the United Kingdom the amount is \$63.26 and the year of commencement is seventy. Of course the cost in Canada will depend on the age at which the annuitant begins his payments. If he begins at twenty-five—not an unreasonable age—the British pension would cost him only \$1.83 yearly, and the New Zealand pension \$7.05 yearly. If he confines himself to a period approximating the length of the contributory period in Germany, the cost of the British pension would be \$6.49, and of the New Zealand \$18.23. The New Zealand pension is naturally the more expensive because it begins five years earlier than in the United Kingdom.

We may, then, sum up our comparison somewhat in this way:—The minimum German insurance against old age will cost in Canada, under similar terms, \$2.74 as compared with \$1.61 in Germany; but it may, under reasonable conditions, be purchased in Canada as low as 77 cents per annum.

The British old age pension, under the same reasonable conditions, may be purchased in Canada for \$1.83 per annum;

and the New Zealand pension—double the amount of the British and beginning five years earlier—may be similarly purchased for \$7.05 a year.

It must be admitted that the Canadian annuities are more costly than the old age insurance of Germany, but this is because the German government makes a material and direct payment towards that insurance, while the Canadian government contributes only the cost of administration. Leaving out of account the direct contribution of the German government, the rates are lower under the Canadian system. Moreover, the Canadian workman, by spreading his payments over a longer series of years, can reduce the annual burden much below the German figure.

Of course there can be no comparison of cost between the Canadian annuities and the free pensions of the United Kingdom and New Zealand. But I think it has been shown clearly that a pension, even as high as that given in New Zealand and commencing at as early an age, can be secured by the Canadian workman at a cost within the reach of most, if not of all. This cost, figured down to a weekly basis, is less than fourteen cents; while the tables published by the Canadian government show that a payment of twenty-five cents a week, begun at the age of twenty-five, will return to the workman \$64.57 at the comparatively early age of fifty-five.

In my view the Canadian system possesses three distinct advantages to which as yet no reference has been made. In the first place, by the opportunities which it offers of a good rate of interest upon reasonable terms and with absolute security, it supplies a strong motive to thrift, and by the call which it makes upon the personal responsibility of the annuitant, it tends to develop the valuable qualities of independence and self-reliance. In the second place, the Canadian annuities cannot have the effect of reducing wages; though one cannot feel so confident of this result, either under the German compulsory insurance or the old age pensions of Great Britain and New Zealand. In the third place, there

is no limit under the Canadian system to the income of the annuitant; while Germany limits the benefits of its system to those whose income is not over \$486, in New Zealand the pensioner is limited to an income of \$241.96, and in Great Britain to \$165.44. These limitations have at once the effect of narrowing the range of the benefits of the provision made against old age and of setting certain bounds within which thrift yields no profit. For instance in New Zealand, although a pension is paid to those whose income does not exceed sixty pounds, for every pound of income which the pensioner has over thirty-four pounds his pension is reduced by an equivalent amount.

I am not opposed to old age pensions. But I think even this brief survey of the position puts the burden of proving their necessity on the advocates of old age pensions. I see no reason to think that, under Canadian conditions, Government annuities will not obviate the need of old age pensions for a long time to come.

FRANCIS ASBURY CARMAN

CLIMBS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

IN a more literal sense than the late Sir Leslie Stephen could apply the phrase, "the playground of Europe" to Switzerland, can it be said of the Rocky Mountains of Canada that they form "the playground of North America," and in addition are gradually acquiring the position of a great international playground. For, whereas in Europe there are other mountain ranges besides the Swiss Alps, which afford an equally varied scope to the skill and taste of the mountaineer, there is nothing else of the kind in North America which is comparable with the Rockies in regard to natural charm, variety of scenery, and immensity. It is interesting to notice that in Canada, as elsewhere, appreciation of the mountains proceeded in the first instance from other than natives of the country or inhabitants of the mountain regions.

Almost immediately after the completion of the railway from Winnipeg to Vancouver, a few English and Swiss mountaineers visited the Rockies, and made the ascent of some of the chief peaks of the Selkirk Range in the vicinity of Glacier. They were shortly followed by energetic Americans like Messrs. Wilcox and Allen, Phillip Abbott, Thompson, and Professor Fay of the Appalachian Mountain and the American Alpine Clubs, who did good climbing and exploration in the main range, especially in the Lake Louise district. Then came the important explorations and mountaineering work to the north of the Canadian Pacific Railway by Messrs. Collie, Stutfield, and Woolley of the English Alpine Club; by the Rev. James Outram and by Jean Habel of Berlin. These covered the years 1898 to 1903. The delightful accounts which some of these enthusiastic lovers of nature

gave of their work, combined with a steady inpouring of American travellers, gradually led to an awaking of the apathetic Canadian mind to an appreciation of the value and charm of unscaled peaks, unexplored glaciers, and untrodden valleys, and to the undesirability, if not disgrace, of mountaineering in the Rockies being in the hands of those for whom no national interest was involved.

So, over four years ago, the Alpine Club of Canada was founded, after the example of other leading clubs of a similar character, and already under the able guidance of its indefatigable and first President, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, who has given us an excellent volume on the Selkirks, counts over 500 members. During the summer of 1909, nearly all the most important first ascents were made by members of this Club. To show how popular mountaineering is becoming in the Rockies, it may be mentioned that during the same season, "Sir Donald," the stately monolith at Glacier, the ascent of which at one time used to be regarded as one of the feats of the season, was ascended at least ten times by more or less experienced climbers, both with and without guides. There can be no doubt that the Canadian Rockies will grow steadily in favour as a holiday ground both for genuine mountaineers as well as for ordinary tourists. For there is probably no other so important mountain range on the earth, the unexplored region of which is so easily accessible. In the matter of making first ascents, the Rockies offer a regular paradise for the mountaineer. And by going a little further afield first ascents will remain possible in Canada for many years to come. That some of these will not repay the toil involved in reaching them seems equally certain.

There are still a few current fallacies concerning mountaineering which, as might be expected, are most widespread among those who know least about the subject. One of these prejudices is that mountaineering is extremely dangerous; another, that danger, as such, attracts the mountaineer. It is strange and also amusing to hear the

first opinion expressed by people who calmly spend week after week in railway trains on this continent without a qualm as to the conditions under which they are travelling. The danger of accident, if you are under the care of a good Swiss guide, is not comparable with the danger of accident under the care of locomotive drivers, conductors, telegraph operators, and switchmen, many of whom, though by no means skilled, and some of whom, though notoriously incompetent, are yet maintained in their positions through the tyrannical action of labour unions. The yearly death-roll of the Swiss Alps, which is frequently pointed to, proves when analysed, not that mountaineering is necessarily more dangerous than other kinds of sport, but that about eighty per cent. of the fatal accidents are preventible, being due to under-rating of obvious difficulties, and over-rating of human capacity; to neglect of the simplest precautions on the part of the inexperienced, such as overlooking weather conditions and dispensing with the use of guides. People ought not to expect to be able to perform miracles in mountaineering any more than in other lines of human activity.¹

It is really astonishing that there were not more fatal accidents in early days of mountaineering in Canada, when the use of the rope and the ice-axe were novelties to many of the intrepid and enthusiastic individuals who climbed without guides. Even though they let the really first class climbs alone, it must be considered that the greatest good fortune attended their efforts. Curiously enough, the only mountaineer to lose his life in the Rockies until the year 1908, was the experienced Phillip Abbott of Cambridge, U.S.A., on Mount Lefroy, the pass between which and the glacier-clad Mount Victoria at Lake Louise now bears Abbott's name. He had unroped at a dangerous

¹ It is credibly reported that an American some years ago got off the train at Glacier with a bicycle to ride up "Sir Donald." Another whom I met was preparing to walk up in thin-soled shoes, when fortunately for him one of the guides pointed out that they would be cut into ribbons in a couple of hours. A rancher was indignant with me because I refused to allow him to join our party on one of our more difficult climbs. He believed that he could ride anywhere, and that it would be easy for him to make the ascent by the rope being attached to his horse.

place, and the ledge either gave way or he slipped, and thus his companions were without the means of preventing his fall. The only other mountain in the Rockies which is distinguished by a death is Avalanche Peak at Glacier in the Selkirk Range, an easy climb even for inexperienced amateurs. In this case the victim was also unroped and disobeyed the instructions of the guide. One of the Swiss guides sardonically remarked to me a couple of years ago that the Rockies required a few more victims to become really interesting and attractive. From what one was able to observe during recent visits, it seems probable that some of these will soon be forthcoming; although it does appear as if there were sometimes a special providence guarding those "who rush up where angels might fear to tread," from dangers lurking unnoticed, that would certainly try the skill and nerve of seasoned mountaineers.

Secondly, it is a complete mistake to suppose that danger as danger lends an enhancement to the climb. This is a fallacy founded on a failure to distinguish between the spirit which impels the "oromaniac" and that which actuates the genuine mountaineer. What the latter really delights in is in bringing endurance, skill and science so to bear upon the difficulties, that what would be formidable dangers to the less trained and experienced, are largely, if not wholly, deprived of their hazardous element. The moral discipline resulting therefrom is perhaps unequalled by any other sport. Probably none makes an appeal to more of the tastes and aspirations of complex manhood, and in so satisfactory a degree, as does mountaineering. It does not excite our surprise that to many people this statement will appear quite unintelligible. For we are not all constituted alike, and it is very fortunate that it is so. Otherwise the glaciers and peaks might everywhere be disfigured by specks of humanity, and there would not be sufficient guides to go round; while, what would be still worse, there would be no escape from our wearisome fellow-creatures and the dull round of civilized existence. Happily there is no fear of a dense population in those regions.

The present writer is neither an advocate of nor an apologist for mountaineering. Least of all does he desire to moralise about it. When one is asked in tones which imply that the answer must, at least, be doubtful, "Does the exertion repay you?" the reply is, "Yes, if it were only for the physical regeneration which comes out of it, in addition to which the scenes displayed by Nature are a never-ending source of satisfaction for the imagination and memory." Only to the mountaineer does Nature display some of the grandest sights upon which human eye can gaze: "the curves of the wind moulded cornice, the delicate modulations of the fissured snow," stupendous precipices bending down into inaccessible space, white ethereal peaks like crystallised clouds sending up point after point into the azure blue sky, the light flashing to and fro from the beryl blue and light green sides of the deep crevasses, the glories of the mountain sunrises. These are some of the sights which delight the soul of the mountaineer and tempt him ever onwards.

The weather is the chief factor with which the mountaineer has to reckon: it makes a climb either enjoyable and in the case of the higher peaks even possible, or may render the ascent of even an easy mountain hard and perilous. In this respect the summer of 1907 was extremely unfavourable in the Rockies, August being unusually cold and wet, and heavy snow-falls frequently taking place on all the peaks over 9000 feet in altitude. The writer and a companion had a trying experience on the ascent of a virgin peak, the most westerly mountain in the magnificent Selkirk Range at Glacier. Having slept in a shack in Cougar Valley near Deutschmann's Caves, about three hours ascent from the Hotel, we left early in the morning under seemingly favourable auspices for our mountain which required a long tramp to its base. We had crossed a snow-field and ascended about half way on the *arête* when a severe thunderstorm broke out, followed by heavy showers of hail. The storm lasted several hours, during which, enveloped by cloud and sleet, we worked our way to the summit which was not

visible ten feet ahead. I thought we should never get down again, for our hands were so numbed with cold that we could hardly grasp the sharp ledges of rock. Water poured from our boots at every step. The rock climbing was very sporting but under the circumstances not enjoyable.

During the same summer one of the few fine days at the end of August was utilized to climb Mount Lefroy (11,225 ft.), which was found to be in such excellent condition that only very little step-cutting was necessary. In some seasons the steep walls on its scalable side are glare ice, but on this occasion the ice was covered by about a foot of snow, which held well. As we had started early from Lake Louise, about 3 A.M., we were able to ascend and descend again to Abbott's Pass before the snow had become too much softened by the sun. The views from Mount Lefroy and Mount Victoria are superb; on a clear day, which one usually has in July, less frequently in August, the outlines of Sir Donald and the lesser peaks at Glacier, one hundred miles distant, are easily distinguishable by the naked eye.

A few days before this the writer with two Swiss guides attempted the ascent of Pinnacle Mountain, attracted to it by the fact that it was one of the few virgin peaks then remaining in the Lake Louise district. It had for some time been the envy of mountaineers. It forms part of the east range of mountains in Paradise Valley—so named by Mr. W. D. Wilcox, one of the first to explore and describe this beautiful region—adjoins Eiffel Peak, and is separated by Sentinel Pass from the massive, glacier-crested Mount Temple, "the monarch of the district," both in altitude and in its impressive isolation. Pinnacle Mountain is of bold and castellated appearance, and although only a little over 10,000 ft. high had, owing to the steepness and the rottenness of its rocks, hitherto baffled the efforts made to scale it, by two strong parties led by Swiss guides. Our party experienced a similar fate owing to a fresh fall of snow, which, combined with a furious wind, rendered impracticable the route we

had mapped out. We got as far as the other parties, only to find that further advance was impossible.

Towards the end of July, two years later, we were again on our way to Pinnacle, which in the meantime had not been again attempted. This time we were better prepared for difficulties and felt more confident of ultimate success. The party included one of the former Swiss guides, Edward Feuz, Jr., of Interlaken; another guide, Rudolph Aemmer, from the same place, and a porter to carry blankets and supplies. Leaving Lake Louise in the afternoon, we camped for the night at an altitude of about 6,000 feet in Paradise Valley, the name of which might advisably be changed to Porcupine Valley, since it would be difficult to find any region in the Rockies more infested by this animal. Before going to bed we had to kill several in order that our night's rest should not be disturbed or our tent and food destroyed. The last animal, the eighth, was finished off by felling a spruce tree at the side of our tent, to the top of which the brute, on being chased, had climbed. During the night we heard them again, and on the following night killed as many more.

The weather next morning was so unpropitious looking that we did not leave camp till 6.30 o'clock, two hours later than we had planned to leave, and even then a drizzle of rain kept up; so that it was not until we had ascended a respectable distance that we were certain of going on. At first our route lay alongside of the stream which flows from Horseshoe Glacier and then over a grassy slope carpeted with brilliant flowers to a rocky plateau and a slope covered with soft snow. Continuing over boulders and shale we reached a steeper snow slope, where we roped. The ascent of this was very easy and we proceeded rapidly till a steep *couloir* was reached that had been climbed on an earlier occasion, and which was now in a less favourable condition than it had been two years before. It was filled with ice, covered with hard snow, which necessitated the vigorous use of our ice-axes for step-cutting. Loose rocks, insecurely held by snow

and thin ice, rendered the greatest care desirable, lest some of the *debris* should be precipitated on the head of the last man on the rope. On gaining the top of the couloir, we came out on a narrow ridge which connects a *gendarme* to the main body of the mountain. From here onwards the handholds were more or less unreliable owing to the friable character of the rock. Then followed some delicate rock climbing requiring caution rather than gymnastic capacity; and after an awkward corner was "negotiated" we reached a smooth perpendicular wall two hundred feet or thereabouts in height. Following our previous route we now made a sharp descent into a kind of amphitheatre which can be crossed by a narrow ledge running under the wall, with a drop of about 500 ft. on the other side, and were thus brought to the *arête* connecting Eiffel Peak with Pinnacle Mountain. From here, until within about 300 ft. of the top, the climb consists in ascending perpendicular but more or less easy rocks, which, however, require constant attention owing to their rotten character.

After four hours and three-quarters we reached the ledge, under a precipitous black tower, which had been the terminus of not only our, but of the other previous expeditions. Here we rested for half an hour and fortified ourselves with sundry refreshments.

At this point almost vertical rock faces present themselves on every side. The tower is pierced by a "crack" or chimney for over sixty feet which seemed to previous parties to offer the best chance of ascent. But as it is almost wholly devoid of handholds or footholds, and what there are, are at too great distances to be serviceable, it had been attempted unsuccessfully. We intended to let it alone, to proceed to the left and to skirt the wall of the mountain facing on Paradise Valley. Fortunately the weather had by this time quite cleared up, and the atmosphere was calm.

Our progress from here upwards was extremely slow: for the tawny coloured limestone rock was of a disintegrated and treacherous sort. It was covered in many places by

a glaze of ice, which when disturbed had a tendency to bring down the eroded rock at the same time. The support between ice and rock appeared to be mutual. The handholds were bad, and for the most part there were none. Our ice axes which we had brought with us were now unnecessary, and we had to be careful not to use them for steadying ourselves on the rocks lest we should precipitate downwards our insecure footholds. There was no definite ledge to follow on this crumbling wall of rock. But Feuz, who led with cat-like tread and avoided anything in the nature of a spring or jerk which might detach our insecure supports, picked out places here and there which appeared to offer a temporary support. A few inches of rock, when not slippery, will serve as a transitory resting place for part of the sole of a well-nailed boot. Fortunately we had plenty of rope, so that instead of being limited to the usual 15 feet between each person we were able to allow from 25 to 30 feet when desirable. This extra allowance enabled us sometimes to manoeuvre into better positions.

But it is better, as that veteran climber, Edward Whymper, says, not to attempt to describe such places; for whether done lightly or with laborious detail, "one stands an equal chance of being misunderstood. Their attraction to the climber arises from their calls on his faculties, on their demands on his strength, and on overcoming the impediments which they offer to his skill. The non-mountaineering reader cannot feel this, and his interest in descriptions of such places is usually small unless he supposes that the situations are perilous. They are not necessarily perilous, but it is impossible to avoid giving such an impression if the difficulties are insisted on."

After advancing steadily, and almost horizontally, along the face of the wall for nearly two hours we unexpectedly came upon a *couloir* which promised a rather speedy end to our climb. It was fairly broad, was filled with ice and snow and led up to a "saddle" between the southerly tower and the summit. Crossing it carefully we ascended by

the rocks on its left side, and at its head landed, to our great surprise, on a bed of shale, which by an easy slope led in a few minutes to the comparatively comfortable summit. It was now 2.35 P.M., so that the last 250 feet, in vertical height, had required fully two hours and a half to scale.

With a feeling of great satisfaction, we threw ourselves down and basked in the warm sunshine. The atmosphere was delightfully still, and the view of the Ten Peaks, which engirt in crescent-like form Moraine Lake and quondam Desolation Valley, magnificent. To the east and south the panorama, which includes as prominent objects Mounts Ball and Assinaboine, the "Matterhorn of the Rockies," is extensive, but on the west and north rather limited by Mounts Hungabee, Ringrose and Lefroy. The hour spent on the summit was all too brief. After administering again to the *corpus vile* and crowning our vanquished peak with a cairn, we took a few photographs and started on the descent.

On the principle, seemingly well founded, that in the majority of cases descents are, if not more difficult, more trying and dangerous than ascents, the guides were very unwilling to return by the same route, if this could be avoided. We therefore decided to proceed from the "saddle", between the black tower and the slope leading to the summit of the peak, in order if possible to skirt the tower and come down by the already mentioned chimney. This route would involve a complete "traverse" of the mountain, and would thus add an additional interest to the climb. It would also, we believed, be more expeditious and less dangerous: and in this we were justified.

For about a quarter of an hour, we followed a narrow but firm ledge around the black or southerly tower. Then at the corner where it terminated there was a peculiar arrangement of rock, which formed a small square hole, with blue sky on the other side when one looked through. Under the hole there was a gap in the ledge of nearly three feet, with a drop of anywhere from twelve to fifteen feet

into a dark pit below. This could only be crossed by lying flat, stretching one's feet through the hole to the rock on the other side, and then drawing one's self through and swinging into an upright position by the help of the rope and some handholds on the further wall of rock. The operation looked more trying than it actually was; for there is practically no chance of a mishap when two guides, whose caution is beyond praise, and in whom one has complete confidence, hold firmly on the rope. One cannot but re-echo the wish of a veteran climber, that men of the same class in English speaking countries were as capable, well-informed, and reliable as are these Swiss mountaineers.

We were soon over this difficulty and then perceived a way into the chimney already referred to. To descend this, the obvious way was to come down on the rope. We were prepared with a loop which we slung round a firm piece of rock, rendered more adaptable to the purpose by a little hammering with our ice-axes. Then through the loop was passed a rope about 120 feet long, which being doubled still gave us sufficient length. I went down first and was held on a second rope by one of the guides, so that an accident was excluded. The rock was here very firm, but there were no handholds; and footholds only after descending some thirty feet. We got down safely and rapidly, Aemmer coming last. Then the rope was pulled down, but the loop had to be left. It may be useful to a later party. I suffered nothing worse than a little torn clothing and a feeling which, though intense, fortunately was only temporary, that I might have a permanent groove around the middle of my body.

It was a few minutes after 5 P.M. when we thus regained the ledge where we had started five hours earlier on our exciting trip to the summit. After a short rest we started to retrace our route of the morning. The descent occupied about as much time as the ascent owing to the character of the rock, and to the fact that it is not all straight descent but somewhat up and down work. A mountain like Pinnacle, with very little snow, offers scarcely any opportunity

for making rapid time downwards by glissading. It was after 9 P.M. and dark when we reached our camp and found our porter had concluded that we were staying out all night.

A month later, the same two guides and myself attacked Mount Deltaform, the highest of the Ten Peaks. This grim-looking, sharp, triangular-shaped mountain, which had been climbed only once, six years previously, had the reputation of being one of the most difficult climbs of any hitherto attempted in the Rockies. This was at least the opinion of the well-known guide, Kristian Kaufmann, of Grindelwald, who had made over thirty first ascents in Canada, amongst them nearly all the first class peaks, that had been climbed up to the year 1905. This combined with the rather terrifying account given of it by one of the party who made the first ascent, Professor Parker of Columbia University, had some time before aroused my desire to try it, which became further stimulated after the ascent of Pinnacle, from the summit of which Deltaform looked very attractive.

Setting out about noon from that ever enchanting gem of scenery, Lake Louise, which by the way is an excellent centre for climbing, with a porter and a couple of pack ponies to carry our tent and supplies, we followed the trail around the east side of Mount Temple, and passing Moraine Lake on the left, proceeded towards the head of the valley of the Ten Peaks. Here we pitched our camp, at the side of little Wenkchemna Lake, opposite to the north-west side of Mount Deltaform, the precipices of which, seamed by small glaciers and snow-falls, rise almost vertically for over 4000 feet above Wenkchemna Glacier.

The situation of our camp was charming and was protected on all sides from wind. An agreeable feature of the landscape, and a welcome change after scraggy spruce and small jack-pines, were the larches, which surrounded us at an altitude of 7,000 feet. It was not possible, however, to attempt our mountain from this side, so we had planned to push on the same night over Wenkchemna Pass and reach

its approachable side in Prospectors' Valley by daylight the following morning. We were anxious to lose no time lest the fine weather should break up, as it often does, with disastrous consequences to mountaineering, at the beginning of September in the Rockies. Moreover I was desirous of climbing the peak on the sixth anniversary of its first ascent.

Starting from our camp about 12.45 A.M. after a couple of hours sleep, we had an easy climb by brilliant moonlight, partly over rock and partly over snow, to the summit of Wenkchemna Pass, 8,100 feet above sea-level. Then descending rapidly for 1,000 feet, we skirted the side of Neptuak, the ninth of the Ten Peaks (Deltaform being the eighth), and proceeding slowly, but steadily, over great blocks of rock and some easy ledges, reached the base of Deltaform about 5 A.M. It was not quite light enough to discover distinctly a route of ascent. We were now as it seemed about the centre of the mountain, and while awaiting the sun, lay down on a broad ledge and slept for half an hour. About a quarter to six, having scanned pretty thoroughly the face of the mountain, we started for a moraine directly above us, at the head of which we roped and proceeded up a broad gully of hard snow. There being underlayers of ice, we had occasionally to cut steps, particularly in crossing from one side to the other to ascend by the rocks wherever they offered a more rapid and easy route. For three hours the climbing was of a fairly simple character, the first real difficulty then presenting itself in the shape of a chimney about forty feet in height. An examination disclosed the facts that it was filled with loose stones, and that the footholds and handholds were both few and precarious. At this point an accident occurred, which I thought, at first, meant our defeat.

Aemmer, who had entered the chimney first and had cleared away most of the rubbish, was well towards the top and was waiting for Feuz to follow, when, although exercising great caution, he dislodged a good-sized stone, which crashing

down, inflicted a severe wound on the back of Feuz's head. Fortunately I was standing on a ledge at the side, out of the danger line. Blood streamed down over Feuz's face and neck, and I, concluding that the climb was at an end, immediately began to consider how we were to get Aemmer down the chimney. But as soon as the stunning effect of the blow had passed over, Feuz pulled himself together with wonderful grit and pluckily declared that the accident would not make any difference. Nor did it, beyond delaying us half an hour. Fortunately, we all got through the chimney without any further mishap, and reaching a safe ledge over which trickled a stream of water, washed and bandaged Feuz's wound.

Some very steep ledges followed, and then about 11.15 o'clock we found ourselves on a broad bed of shale which we thought might be the beginning of the final *arête*. But in this we were mistaken. In the meantime we rested and partook of a frugal luncheon.

On starting up again, we soon perceived that we were considerably further from the summit than we anticipated, and, as it turned out, we had some hard climbing ahead of us. Apart from the general steepness and sharpness of the ledges, from many of which streams of water poured down over our arms and legs from the melting snow higher up, there were a few special difficulties which required particular caution and care. One of these consisted in traversing a very steep ice-slope to some rather unsound and perpendicularly placed rocks; the other in the ascent of another chimney near the summit which offered no footholds at its base. Standing on Feuz's shoulders Aemmer managed to find one or two slender handholds further up and thus draw himself into the chimney, after which it was easy for him to assist Feuz, who in turn helped me. From the chimney we soon reached the last *arête* that leads to the sheer pinnacle of the summit. It seemed at first sight quite inaccessible, but Aemmer quickly perceived a way up and in a few minutes we were seated on the sharp, white, weather-worn

limestone rocks of the top. The ascent from Prospectors' Valley had, including stops, taken about eight hours.

As it was now almost two o'clock, we realized that not much time could be spent on the summit if we wished to get off the mountain before nightfall. So after a short rest and the erection of a new cairn, we began the descent a little before 2.30 o'clock. There is not much to relate about the return, except that it occurred without mishap and that we came down the lower and longer chimney on the rope, a method of descent which saves time and is perfectly safe, provided you can attach the rope securely. A large and firmly imbedded rock at the head of the chimney served as a means of fastening a loop, through which the rope was passed. No time was given up to rests, and as there were no unexpected delays, we descended at a fair rate. On reaching the long gully by which we had begun the ascent, it was found to be in a better condition than in the morning; the snow having been softened by the sun permitted us to leave the rocks altogether and to descend more rapidly by it, although we were not able to glissade. A few minutes after eight o'clock we left the snow, and were able to dispense with the rope, which had bound us together for over thirteen hours. Descending the moraine rapidly and hurrying down some rough grassy slopes, we lighted a fire in the valley, finished the remainder of our provisions and passed another hour in a more or less dreamy state. About 11 P.M., the moon having again made its appearance, we commenced the return trip around Neptuak and across Wenkchemna Pass: and shortly after 3 A.M. reached our camp, all extremely sleepy, after an absence of over 28 hours. We had been favoured by perfect weather throughout.

During the month which elapsed between the ascent of Pinnacle Mountain and our climb of Mount Deltaform, various climbs and expeditions were made, of which the following may be mentioned:—A trip to Lake O'Hara, and Lake McArthur from Hector, spending the night at the camp

of the Alpine Club and returning to Lake Louise next day with some members of the Club over Abbott's Pass and Victoria Glacier, a delightful excursion, within the capacity of any good pedestrians, armed with rope and ice-axes. Lake McArthur is perhaps the most striking of the Canadian mountain tarns, being situated at an altitude of 7,300 feet, under the beetling cliffs of Mount Biddle, which forms a remarkable background in the shape of a semicircle. From its centre there descends a green coloured glacier into the lake, which is of a deep cerulean blue. Large bits of ice are constantly dropping off into the water, and are to be seen floating about even in the middle of summer.

Some days later Mount Fay was climbed from a camp a little beyond the head of Moraine Lake. It is by no means difficult, mostly snow and ice work, but was rather long and fatiguing as we did it. Owing to the danger of avalanches we avoided the Fay Glacier, and instead crossed the huge moraine of Wenkchemna Glacier, and ascended a steep snow slope between numbers Four and Five of the Ten Peaks. As the snow was very hard, about 400 steps had to be cut, labour which considerably delayed our progress. After four hours steady work, we reached the top of the slope and came out on a beautiful white snow field on which we rested and took luncheon; then crossing it rapidly we reached the ridge of Mount Fay, the rocks of which are fairly good. On the top was a huge snow cap with an enormous cornice which was constantly avalanching. The summit, which we reached after seven hours and a half, was of unblemished and dazzling white against a sky of Italian loveliness. After a delightfully lazy hour spent in enjoying the panorama, which included a particularly fine view of the majestic pyramid of Assinaboine, we tried to cut short our return by descending a precipitous snow slope a little below the summit. But the snow was so hard and would have necessitated so much step-cutting that we abandoned it, and, returning to the *arête*, followed the route by which we had ascended. It was nine o'clock and practically

dark when we again reached Wenkchemna Moraine, on which, although lantern-armed, we went astray and stumbled about until we unexpectedly saw much lower down the valley the light of our camp fire, which we reached about 11 P.M.

A week later I was at Glacier with Feuz to climb "Sir Donald", without which a visit to the Selkirks seems incomplete. On a previous occasion we had waited ten days for the weather to change. This time, the omens, after appearing at first doubtful, were favourable. The difficulties of the climb have usually been much over-rated by all except British alpinists.

Feuz awaked me at 2.30 A.M. and after breakfasting we started at 4 o'clock. The weather was cool and fine; the summit of "Sir Donald", which towers 6,700 feet above Glacier House, was absolutely clear. The route lies at first through a beautiful wood of Douglas Fir and alongside the rushing torrent of the Illecilewaet. Then leaving the great glacier of the same name to the right, one ascends by a trail and later over rough boulders to the moraine, the head of which we reached in two and a half hours from the Hotel. From the moraine one steps on to the Vaux Glacier and ascending this without difficulty owing to the fact of our wearing "creepers" strapped on over our nailed boots, which saved step-cutting, we reached the *bergschrand* which has for years been the chief source of difficulty to climbers of Sir Donald. It was in good condition, and we were able to step off the glacier to the upper rocks without difficulty. These rocks are sharp and perpendicular but firm, and afford a bit of good climbing. Then follow some easy ledges to the left, on which we rested and took a second breakfast. Recommencing the climb about 8 o'clock we soon reached the chimney discovered in the autumn of 1907 by my guide. Although more difficult than the previous route, known as the Vaux route, it avoids the ascent of a couloir rendered dangerous through falling stones, and at the same time affords a piece of excellent rock climbing.

It consists of three vertical pitches of varying difficulty. The first pitch is climbed by making use of both walls of the chimney with legs and arms; the second is easy with plenty of hand and footholds; the third is the most difficult, owing to the absence of handholds, to the fact that the walls are too far apart to be used simultaneously, and to the existence of an overhanging rock at the top. It has been recently proposed to lay a cable through this chimney in order that the guides may be able to drag up the heavy and inflexible carcasses of tourists, some of whom with more zeal than knowledge wish to climb the peak as an afternoon's exercise.

Once this chimney is passed there are no further difficulties. The rock is good and was on this occasion in a particularly excellent condition, being quite dry and free of ice. We reached the summit, which is not actually visible from Glacier House, at 10 o'clock. It affords uncomfortable seating room for about three persons. But it was too cool to remain on the top for more than a few minutes, so we quickly descended to a sheltered nook a little below, and, as usual, administered to our bodily necessities. The view from the summit is hardly so fine as that from some of the lower peaks in the neighbourhood. It suffers "from the lack of any effective foreground, as you are standing on the most striking object in the panorama." But it is enormously extensive. "The spectator seems to be in the centre of a perfect universe of mountains, a chaotic, far-stretching wilderness of peak, snow-field and valley; which in imagination he sees extending hundreds of miles to the Pacific, nearly a thousand miles northward to Alaska, and heaven knows how many thousands to the south."¹

We had intended descending by an unusual route, the south-east arête; but the threatening state of the sky rendered

¹ "Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies," pp. 225, by H. E. M. Stutfield and H. Norman Collie, F.R.S. It is when standing on "Sir Donald" or "Victoria" on a clear day that one feels the force of Mr. Whymper's remark that the Canadian Rockies comprise "sixty Switzerlands rolled into one."

the attempt inadvisable. A storm seemed imminent; there was a strong wind and it had turned unpleasantly cold: so we decided on the ordinary route, and taking it leisurely were back again at Glacier House about half past four. "Sir Donald" is something more than a "pleasant saunter", as the ascent was rather affectedly described by a Scotch alpinist. It is really a very interesting climb; because it presents a pleasing variety of rock and ice work. But it offers no difficulty for good amateurs or for a well-guided party with a little experience and endurance, provided the *bergschrund* is in good condition.

Returning to Lake Louise the following day in glorious weather, our hopes were high that an expedition we had planned in order to explore the Ptarmigan Valley, north of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Laggan, and inspect the east tower of Mount Douglas, which had never been ascended, though twice attempted by strong parties of climbers, would stand a good chance of success. We immediately set about making arrangements and started a few days later (alas! under none too favourable auspices), with several pack ponies and a packer, a first rate fellow, who attended us afterwards on our trip to Mount Deltaform. On the way through the very beautiful valley, an incessant downpour of rain accompanied us, which still kept up after we had reached our camping ground twenty miles north of Laggan. The rain was succeeded next day by high wind and frequent snow flurries, while on the surrounding mountains there was a fall of at least a foot of fresh snow. The temperature at night was well below freezing point; and as we had no sleeping bags and only a limited supply of blankets, I found it impossible to get more than an hour or two of rest. Although able to make a couple of minor first ascents we were frustrated in the main object of our trip, for the fresh snow on the top of Mount Douglas having melted during the day, had streamed down and formed a coating of ice on the vertical cliffs of its sides, rendering them far too dangerous to attempt. In addition to this

the weather was atrocious. In the midst of a snow storm, we made our way over an un-named pass across a snow-field to the base of the peak, and having left our rope at the foot so that we should not be tempted to do anything foolish, scrambled up an easy slope to about 10,000 feet, whence we could see dangling down the precipitous and slightly overhanging wall of Douglas the length of rope which an earlier party of English climbers had been obliged to leave behind. With what may seem a very unenterprising restraint we contented ourselves with mapping out the route to be taken on a later occasion; and, returning to camp, got back the following evening to Lake Louise, enjoying on the way a fine climb with an unsurpassed view of thirteen lakes, and building a stone-man on one of the mountains guarding the first Ptarmigan Lake.¹

It is often asked: how do the Rockies of Canada compare with their rivals the Alps of Switzerland as a field for mountaineering and in respect to natural beauty? In answer, we may quote the opinion of two very experienced climbers and travellers whose judgment appears on the whole to be very fair, although it must be mentioned that they were prevented attempting some of the most difficult climbs in the Laggan group of mountains. "While recognising that some of the higher peaks will always afford magnificent climbs," regarded from the severely "greased pole" point of view that Mr. Ruskin used to deplore, Messrs. Collie and Stutfield think that "the majority of the loftier mountains will not test the skill of the modern Alpine gymnast very severely. Nor, perhaps, from an aesthetic standpoint, can it be maintained that the Alps of Canada possess quite the grandeur or stateliness of their European compeers. It is doubtful, for instance, if there are any mountain landscapes in the Rockies that

¹ Since this article was written the ascent of Mount Douglas has been accomplished. It was extremely hard in parts, while the descent was still more trying. The veteran guide, Edward Feuz, Jr., of Interlaken, who accompanied the party, declared that a thousand feet of it exceeded in difficulty any climb which he had made either in Switzerland or the Rockies. Eighty feet of rope are now hanging down at the most difficult place, about 800 feet from the summit.

vie in sublimity with the view of the Jungfrau from Interlaken, the Italian sides of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa or the Metterhorn. On the other hand, they have a very remarkable individuality and character, in addition to special beauties of their own which Switzerland cannot rival. The picturesque landscapes in the valleys, the magnificence of the forests, with their inextricable tangle of luxuriant undergrowth, and the wreck and ruin of the fallen tree trunks, the size, number and exquisite colouring of the mountain lakes, in these things the New Switzerland stands pre-eminent. In the Alps we can recall only one lake of any size surrounded by high glacier-covered mountains, namely the Oeschenen See; in the Rockies they may be counted by the score—gems of purest turquoise blue, in matchless settings of crag and forest scenery, glacier and snow, storm-riven peak, and gloomy, mysterious canyon. Last, but by no means least, in the free wild life of the backwoods, can be found absolute freedom from all taint of the vulgar or the commonplace; and the sense of mystery and awe at the unknown—things which are gone from the high mountain ranges of Europe—yet linger around the crests of the Northern Rockies.”¹

Notwithstanding the hordes of tourists who have greatly increased since the above was written and who naturally enough are encouraged by Western Fairs with their accompanying reduced railway rates, it is still possible for those who wish to shun the society of these wayfarers, and who long for the solitude of the forest and peerless valleys and keen air of the great peaks to procure a tent and an outfit and escape in a day's march from the dull routine of a semi-civilized existence. And in Canada there still exists “that chiefest charm of novelty and adventure, the thrill of climbing virgin peaks,” of traversing untrodden valleys, and of discovering new scenes that in the near future thousands will be seeking beyond the limits of the present round of well-known resorts.

J. W. A. HICKSON

¹ “Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies,” p. 321.

THE EXPORTATION OF ELECTRICITY

"It is very little advantage indeed to this Country to develop power which is to be transmitted to the United States."—Report Canadian Section of the International Waterway Commission.

HAVE the people of Ontario, while contemplating the disposal of Canadian Water Powers, considered fully to what extent their own future power, heat, and light, may depend upon their retaining control of these water powers?

Ontario is dependent for its supply of coal, especially hard or anthracite coal, upon the United States, and few events would prove more disastrous for the people of that Province than to be deprived of this necessity. Even if coal were brought from either the Atlantic or Pacific Coasts, the costs and difficulties of transportation would add much burden to the Ontario consumer.

It is important that Ontario—as well as other provinces of Canada—should be in a position to command as far as possible a continuous supply of coal from the adjacent coal fields of the United States.

If the people of Ontario entertained any apprehension that their supply of hard coal might be greatly increased in cost, interrupted, or entirely cut off, they should yield their best support to any efforts put forth by the Governments, to keep the assets of that province in such a condition as would establish a working basis upon which a *quid pro quo* could be given in exchange for those commodities which it is necessary to import. The question then first to be considered is, what are the possibilities that Canada may at some future time suffer from a cutting off of the United States coal supply; and then, what are the means within our power which may assist us to make it worth while for

the States to continue to export some of their coal to Canada?

It has been a policy of many countries to prohibit the exportation of certain natural resources which are essential to their own welfare, and such policies are being more and more adopted. Take, for example, the phosphate rocks so valuable as an agricultural fertilizer. Formerly the United States permitted all comers, so to speak, to avail themselves of its phosphate beds. But suddenly it was forced home to the United States Government that in the very near future the people of the United States would require their own phosphate beds. Thus, discussing this subject, President C. R. Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin says:—

“During the summer of 1908 the attention of President Roosevelt was called to the fact. . . . and it was urged that the Western phosphate lands now owned by the Government should be withdrawn from private entry until such time as legislation could be secured to permit their exploitation upon a lease system, containing a clause preventing the exportation of the phosphate. Later the matter was again presented to the President, and to James R. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior. Both the President and Mr. Garfield instantly appreciated the fundamental importance of the matter, and on December 9th, 1908, the phosphate lands of the West were formally withdrawn from private entry, thus retaining these deposits of fundamental importance to the future of the nation as its property.”

“Indeed,” says President Van Hise, “by the statesmen of foreign, civilized nations, exportation of phosphates would be regarded as unthinkable folly.” And he urges, to use his own words, “that there should be a law which prohibits absolutely the exportation of a single pound of phosphate rock.”

From this illustration it may be gathered that where foresight has shown that the people of the United States will need a natural resource, effort has been made to retain such a resource for the people of the United States.

Now as a result of special investigation carried out in the interests of the National Conservation Commission of the United States, it seems clear that the known coal fields of the United States are within measurable distance of exhaustion. Some authorities contend that under existent

rates of consumption the hard coal may be exhausted in about another half century.

That the time may come when it may be deemed expedient to reserve to the United States her supply of coal, is not an impossibility. Indeed the subject has already been broached. Mr. George Otis Smith, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, and one of the most prominent officials of the United States Government, after commenting upon the supplies of coal, says:

“This glance at the world's reserves of coal shows plainly not only that the United States leads all other countries in production, our annual output being nearly 40 per cent. of the total, but also that it possesses the greatest reserves. Yet in respect to no mineral is there greater need to emphasize the folly of exporting the raw material. Let us keep our coal at home, and with it manufacture whatever the world needs.”

Mr. Smith advises: “Let us keep our coal at home and with it manufacture whatever the world needs.” Is it without significance that such a policy should even be suggested?

When Mr. E. B. Borron in 1891 made his report to the Ontario Government on the Lakes and Rivers, Water and Water Powers of the Province of Ontario, he drew special attention to the fact that Ontario has no true coal. Mr. Borron says:

“Thus it will be seen that in respect of fuel, and consequently of steam power, Ontario occupies on this Continent a very unfavourable, one might say, ‘unenviable,’ position, as compared with the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, and with many, if not most, parts of the United States, and still worse as compared with England, Belgium, and other great manufacturing countries in Europe. As was well said in the ‘Monetary Times’ a few days ago, ‘Ontario has to import her motive power, and the Dominion commits the folly of taxing it.’ To which might have been added—‘with the possibility of being denied even that poor privilege should at any time commercial intercourse with our neighbours to the South be suspended or interrupted.’”

We have not yet had the supply of coal suspended, but the winter of 1902-03 is still fresh in our memories, when the coal supply was interrupted by the coal miners' strike, and the people of Ontario paid up to fifteen dollars and more per ton for their hard coal supply. How would

the people of Ontario fare were the United States to carry out any such policy as that suggested by Mr. Smith, of keeping their coal at home?

Now, for both power and heat there is a partial substitute for coal to be found in hydro-electric power. I am not here considering the substitutes of wood and peat. Of hydro-electric power Ontario possesses probably sufficient for all needs. Let it be known, however, that the amounts of water power which may be economically transmuted into electrical energy are much less than are popularly supposed. Ontario and Canada may yet require every unit of electrical energy as much as the United States may yet require "every pound" of phosphate rock.

Certainly the people of Ontario and Canada are in better circumstances to maintain a supply of heat and power if their water powers, including their full share of International water powers, are reserved to themselves and not permitted to be exported, except upon terms and conditions which will conserve absolutely the present and future interests of the citizens of Canada. Not only would the water powers of Canada provide, to a certain extent, a substitute for the coal supply of the United States as a means of furnishing light and heat and power, but control of these water powers would secure a basis upon which negotiations for coal could be conducted in a possible day of need. Canada would be in a position to exchange, if need be, part of her electric energy for part of the coal supply of the United States. It is obvious, however, that if United States interests should control both the coal and the water powers, the situation of Canada would become exceedingly grave.

Far-sighted men have realized how dependent the people will yet be upon hydro-electrical energy, and backed by great capital, certain syndicates have been acquiring all the possible power sites available. Such monopolising power syndicates have been denied again and again. Let the following testimony be considered upon this point.

Charles Edward Wright, Assistant Attorney to the Secretary of the Interior at Washington, writes in the usual flamboyant way:

“Far-sighted Captains of Industry, realizing what the next generation will bring forth,—reduction in the fuel supply with its complement, an enhancement of cost, and anticipating the advancement that will come in the art of utilizing hydro-electric power, have already seized advantageous points, and even now a small group of ‘interests’ controls the third of the present water power production; that is, produces power the equivalent of that proportionate part. With this portentous concentration of power production, the States, in part, must contend. . . This, and preceding generations, have realized the significance of monopoly in those things which are vital factors in the lives of all consumers, whether it be heat, light, food products, or transportation. Yet all of these united must be multiplied to be tantamount in power to the monopolistic Colossus which is yet but a suckling, nurturing itself at the breast of its foster-parent, the public. For heat, light and transportation and the power that turns the spindles and grinds the corn, will be the product of transmuted water power within the lifetime of our children.”

Commenting on this condition of water power monopoly President Roosevelt said:

“The people of this country are threatened by a monopoly far more powerful, because in far closer touch with their domestic and industrial life, than anything known to our experience. A single generation will see the exhaustion of our natural resources of oil and gas, and such a rise in the price of coal as will make the price of electrically transmitted water power a controlling factor in transportation, in manufacturing, and in household lighting and heating. Our water power alone, if fully developed and wisely used, is probably sufficient for our present transportation, industrial, municipal, and domestic needs. Most of it is undeveloped and is still in national or state control. To give away without conditions, this, one of the greatest of our resources, would be an act of folly. If we are guilty of it, our children will be forced to pay an annual return upon a capitalization based upon the highest prices which ‘the traffic will bear.’ They will find themselves face to face with powerful interests entrenched behind the doctrine of ‘vested rights’ and strengthened by every defence which money can buy and the ingenuity of able corporation lawyers can devise. Long before that time they may, and very probably will, have become a consolidated interest, dictating the terms upon which the citizen can conduct his business or earn his livelihood, and not amenable to the wholesome check of local opinion.”

The testimony of President Roosevelt and of Assistant Attorney Wright clearly indicates the apprehension with which the aggressive conduct of the water power interests

is viewed in the United States. While the United States has witnessed the greatest activity of such interests, their efforts have been directed towards Canada also, and the attempt to obtain corporate control of the available power at the Long Sault Rapids on the St. Lawrence River is the latest and most flagrant attempt to make the people of Canada pay a toll in the future for both heat and power.

No one can contemplate what has been taking place in connexion with the proposed Long Sault development without seeing the same kind of hand against which the citizens of the United States have been forewarned by the Chairman of the National Conservation Commission, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, when he says:

“There could be no better illustration of the eager, rapid, unwearied absorption by capital of the rights which belong to all the people than the water power trusts, not yet formed but in rapid progress of formation. This statement is true, but not unchallenged. We are met at every turn by the indignant denial of the water power interests. They tell us that there is no community of interests among them, and yet they appear year after year at these Congresses by their paid attorneys, asking for your influence to help them remove the few remaining obstacles to their perpetual and complete absorption of the remaining water powers. They tell us it has no significance that the General Electric interests are acquiring great groups of water powers in various parts of the United States, and dominating the power market in the region of each group. And whoever dominates power, dominates all industry. Have you ever seen a few drops of oil scattered on the water spreading until they formed a continuous film, which put an end at once to all agitation of the surface. The time for us to agitate this question is now, before the separate circles of centralized control spread into the uniform, unbroken, nation-wide covering of a single gigantic trust. There will be little chance for mere agitation after that. No man at all familiar with the situation can doubt that the time for effective protest is very short. If we do not use it to protect ourselves now we may be very sure that the trust will give hereafter small consideration to the welfare of the average citizen when in conflict with its own.”

Mr. Pinchot says the “paid attorneys” appear year after year asking that obstacles be removed, which prevent their perpetual and complete absorption of the remaining water powers. We may look for such procedure in Canada as well. The Long Sault, Cedar Rapids, or any other of the water powers on our International waters are prizes any corporation may well covet.

Let the people of Ontario and Canada inform themselves upon what is taking place by way of effort to control or take away their best and largest water powers and realise what all such deprivation may mean in the future. Then if it appear that men like Sir James Whitney, Mr. Clifford Sifton, Mr. Adam Beck and others are endeavouring to conserve the water powers and other natural resources for the people, let it become the duty and privilege of every citizen to yield to such men and those associated with them in the efforts above mentioned every support which can be given. If this is not done, we may expect the day to come when, despoiled of our water power assets and facing the exigencies of the future, we will find that the large power interests, to borrow the words of President Roosevelt, will dictate the terms upon which the citizen can conduct his business or earn his livelihood, and not be amenable to the wholesome check of local opinion. Canadians desire no such conditions.

ARTHUR V. WHITE

NOTE.—It appears to be the intention that the boundary waters between Canada and the United States should be equally divided between each country. Thus under Article VIII of The International Boundary Waters Treaty of 11th January, 1909 (with Rider attached by the U. S. Senate March 3rd, 1909), "The high contracting parties shall have, each on its own side of the boundary, equal and similar rights in the use of the waters hereinbefore defined as boundary waters." Where these waters are used for hydro-electric development it might, in certain instances, be fitting that the various power sites be selected in the very best situation, and if sites so selected resulted in the development in one country of more than half the power, the increment over the half might be inalienably safeguarded as a possession of, and provision made for its free entry into the other country.

The laws at present applicable to the exportation of electric power may be well illustrated with reference to power development upon the Niagara river.

On June 29th, 1906, "A Bill for the Control and Regulation of the Waters of Niagara River, for the Preservation of Niagara Falls, and for Other Purposes," and known as the Burton Bill, was passed and received the approval of the President of the United States (Pub. No. 307, 59th Cong. 1st Sess. *Statutes at Large*, Chap. 3621). The Burton Act would have expired by limitation on June 29th, 1909, but was extended on 3rd March, 1909, by Joint Resolution of Congress (H. J. Res. No. 262, 60th Cong. 2nd Sess.) until June 29th, 1911, and is still in force.

Under this Act (exclusive of the 10,000 cubic feet per second diverted for the Chicago Drainage Canal) permission is granted to divert 15,600 cubic feet per second from the Niagara River on the U. S. side. Under the I. B. W. Treaty, however, the States may make a daily diversion not exceeding in the aggregate at a rate of 20,000 cubic feet per second. The corresponding quantity for Canada is 36,000 cubic feet per second.

Under the Burton Act permits may be granted to transmit electrical energy from Canada to the United States to the aggregate amount of 160,000 horse power. The jurisdiction in this matter is vested with the U. S. Secretary of War, and in his Opinion given 18th January, 1907, the order for *fixed* Permits was decided as follows: The International Railway Company may export 1500 H. P. The Ontario Power Company 60,000 H. P. The Canadian Niagara Falls Power Company 52,500 H. P., and The Electrical Development Company 46,000 H. P. (See Annual Report U. S. Secretary of War 1907, page 34.) Under the Burton Act *revokable* Permits for the transmission of additional electrical energy from Canada into the States may also be granted, although in no case shall the amount included in such permits with the 160,000 H. P. mentioned above, and the amount generated and used in Canada, exceed 350,000 H. P.

In Canada the Dominion Act 6-7 Edward VII, Chap. 16, entitled "An Act to Regulate the Exportation of Electric Power and Certain Liquids and Gases," provides for the export of electricity to the States under an export duty not to exceed \$10 per H.P. per year. Thus Canada has legislated for the *exportation* of electricity, and the United States has legislated for the *importation* of electricity; but at the second annual meeting of the full Commission of the International Waterways Commission—the Commission, that is the executive body dealing with these matters—a fundamental subject laid down for discussion was "The Transmission of Electric Energy generated in Canada to the United States, and *vice versa*." Canadians should be interested in the *vice versa*.

A. V. W.

MISS MINNELY'S MANAGEMENT

GEORGE RENWICK substituted "limb" for "leg," "intoxicated" for "drunk," and "undergarment" for "shirt," in "The Converted Ringmaster," a short-story-of-commerce, which he was editing for "The Family Blessing." When he should have eliminated all indecorum it would go to Miss Minnelly, who would "elevate the emotional interest." She was sole owner of "The Blessing," active director of each of its multifarious departments. Few starry names rivalled hers in the galaxy of American character-builders.

Unaware of limitations to her versatility, Miss Minnelly might have dictated all the literary contents of the magazine, but for her acute perception that other gifted pens should be enlisted. Hence many minor celebrities worshipped her liberal cheques, whilst her more extravagant ones induced British titled personages to assuage the yearning of the American Plain People for some contact with rank.

Renwick wrought his changes sardonically, applying to each line a set of touchstones,—“Will it please Mothers?” “Lady school-teachers?” “Ministers of the Gospel?” “Miss Minnelly's Taste?” He had not entirely converted The Ringmaster when his door was gently opened by the Chief Guide to the Family Blessing Building.

Mr. Durley had grown grey under solemn sense of responsibility for impressions which visitors might receive. With him now appeared an unusually numerous party of the usual mothers, spinsters, aged good men, and anxious children who keep watch and ward over "The Blessing's" pages, in devotion to Miss Minnelly's standing editorial request that "subscribers will faithfully assist the Editors with advice, encouragement, or reproof." The Mature, with true American gentleness, let the Young assemble nearest the

open door. All necks craned toward Renwick. Because Mr. Durley's discourse to so extensive a party was unusually loud, Renwick heard, for the first time, what the Chief Guide was accustomed to murmur at his threshold: "De-ar friends, the gentleman we now have the satisfaction of beholding engaged in a sitting posture at his editorial duties, is Mr. George Hamilton Renwick, an American in every——."

"He *looks* like he might be English," observed a matron.

Mr. Durley took a steady look at Renwick: "He *is* some red complected, Lady, but I guess it's only he is used to out of doors." He resumed his customary drone:—"Mr. Renwick, besides he is American in every fibre of his being, is a first rate general purpose editor, and also a noted authority on yacting, boating, canoeing, rowing, swimming, and every kind of water amusements of a kind calculated to build up character in subscribers. Mr. George Hamilton Renwick's engagement by "The Family Blessing" exclusively is a recent instance of many evidences that Miss Minnelly, the Sole Proprietress, spares no expense in securing talented men of genius who are likewise authorities on every kind of specialty, interesting, instructive, and improving to first-class respectable American families. Ladies and gentlemen, and de-ar children, girls, and youths, we will now pass on to Room Number Sixteen, and behold Mr. Caliphaz C. Cummins, the celebrated author and authority on Oriental and Scriptural countries. Mr. Cummins is specially noted as the author of 'Bijah's Bicycle in Babylonia,' 'A Girl Genius at Galilee,' and many first-class serials published exclusively in 'The Family Blessing.' He may——"

Mr. Durley softly closed Renwick's door.

The Improving Editor, now secluded, stared wrathfully for some moments. Then he laughed, seized paper, and wrote in capitals:—

"When the editor in this compartment is to be exhibited, please notify him by knocking on this door before opening it. He will then rise from his sitting posture, come forward for inspection, and turn slowly round three times, if a mother, a school teacher, or a minister of the Gospel be among the visiting subscribers."

Renwick strode to his door. While pinning the placard on its outside, he overheard the concluding remarks of Mr. Durley on Mr. Cummins, whose room was next in the long corridor: "Likewise talented editor of the Etiquette Department and the Puzzle Department. Mr. Cummins, Sir, seven lady teachers from the State of Maine are now honouring us in this party."

Renwick stood charmed to listen. He heard the noted author clack forward to shake hands all round, meantime explaining in thin, high, affable volubility: "My de-ar friends, you have the good fortune to behold me in the very act of composing my new serial of ten Chapters, for "The Blessing" exclusively, entitled "Jehu and Jerusha in Jerusalem," being the experiences of a strenuous New England brother and sister in the Holy Land, where our Lord innogerated the Christian religion, now, sad to say, under Mahometan subjection. In this tale I am incorporating largely truthful incidents of my own and blessed wife's last visit to the Holy Places where——"

Renwick slammed his door. He flung his pen in a transport of derision. Rebounding from his desk, it flew through an open window, perhaps to fall on some visitor to "The Blessing's" lawn. He hastened to look down. Nobody was on gravel path or bench within possible reach of the missile. Renwick, relieved, mused anew on the singularities of the scene.

The vast "Blessing" Building stands amid a city block devoted largely to shaven turf, flower beds, grassed mounds, and gravel paths. It is approached from the street by a broad walk which bifurcates at thirty yards from the "Richardson" entrance, to surround a turfed truncated cone, from which rises a gigantic, severely draped, female figure. It is that bronze of Beneficence which, in the words of the famous New England sculptress, Miss Angela C. Amory Pue, "closely features Miss Martha Minnelly in her grand early womanhood." In the extensive arms of the Bene-

ficence a bronze volume so slants that spectators may read on its back, in gilt letters, "THE FAMILY BLESSING." Prettily pranked out in dwarf marginal plants on the turf cone these words are pyramided: "LOVE. HEAVEN. BENEFICENCE. THE LATEST FASHIONS. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."

Not far from the statue slopes a great grassed mound which displays still more conspicuously in "everlastings," "THE FAMILY BLESSING. CIRCULATION 1909, 1,976,709. MONTHLY. COME UNTO ME ALL YE WEARY AND HEAVILY LADEN. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR."

The scheme ever puzzled Renwick. Had some demure humour thus addressed advertisements as if to the eternal stars? Or did they proceed from a pure simplicity of commercial taste? From this perennial problem he was diverted by sharp rapping at his door. Durley again? But the visitor was Mr. Joram B. Buntstir, veteran among the numerous editors of "The Blessing," yet capable of jocularities. He appeared perturbed.

"Renwick, you fare rather fresh here, and I feel so friendly to you that I'd hate to see you get into trouble unwarned. Surely you can't wish Miss Minnelly to see *that*."

"What? Oh, the placard! That's for Durley. He must stop exhibiting me."

"Mr. Durley won't understand. Anyway, he couldn't stop without instructions from Miss Minnelly. He will take the placard to her for orders. You do not wish to hurt Miss Minnelly's feelings, I am sure." Mr. Buntstir closed the door behind him.

"Bah—Miss Minnelly's feelings can't be so tender as all that!"

"No, eh? Do you know her so thoroughly?"

"I don't know her at all. I've been here three months without once seeing Miss Minnelly. Is she real? Half the time I doubt her existence."

"You get instructions from her regularly."

"I get typewritten notes, usually voluminous, signed

'M. Minnelly' twice a week. But the Business Manager, or Miss Heartly, may dictate them, for all I know."

"Pshaw! Miss Minnelly presides in seclusion. Her private office has a street entrance. She seldom visits the Departments in office hours. Few of her staff know her by sight. She saves time by avoiding personal interviews. But she keeps posted on everybody's work. I hope you may not have to regret learning how very real Miss Minnelly can be. She took me in hand, once, eight years ago. I have been careful to incur no more discipline since—kind as she was. If she sees your placard——"

"Well, what?"

"Well, she can be very impressive. I fear your offer to turn round before visitors may bring you trouble."

"I am looking for trouble. I'm sick and tired of this life of intellectual shame."

"Then quit!" snapped Buntstir, pierced. "Be consistent. Get out. Sell your sneers at a great established publication to some pamphlet periodical started by college boys for the regeneration of Literature. Don't jeer what you live by. That is where intellectual shame should come in."

"You are right. A man should not gibe his job. I must quit. The 'Blessing' is all right for convinced devotees of the mawkish. But if a man thinks sardonically of his daily work, that damns the soul."

"It may be an effect of the soul trying to save itself," said Buntstir, mollified. "Anyway, Renwick, remember your trouble with 'The Reflex.' Avoid the name of a confirmed quitter. Stay here till you can change to your profit. Squealing won't do us any good. A little grain of literary conscience ought not to make you *talk* sour. It's cynical to satirize our bread and butter—imprudent, too."

"That's right. I'll swear off, or clear out. Lord, how I wish I could. My brain must rot if I don't. 'The Blessing's' 'emotional'! Oh, Buntstir, the stream of drivel!

And to live by concocting it for trustful subscribers. Talk of the sin of paregoricking babies!"

"Babies take paregoric because they like it. Pshaw, Renwick, you're absurdly sensitive. Writing-men must live, somehow—usually by wishy-washiness. Unpleasant work is the common lot of mankind. Where's *your* title to exemption? Really, you're lucky. Miss Minnelly perceives zest in your improvements of copy. She says you are naturally gifted with 'The Blessing's' taste."

"For Heaven's sake, Buntstir!"

"She did—Miss Heartly told me so. And yet—if she sees that placard—no one can ever guess what she may do in discipline. You can't wish to be bounced, dear boy, with your family to provide for. Come, you've blown off steam. Take the placard off your door."

"All right. I will. But Miss Minnelly can't bounce me without a year's notice. That's how I engaged."

"A year's notice to quit a life of intellectual shame!"

"Well, it is one thing to jump out of the window, and another to be bounced. I wouldn't stand that."

Buntstir laughed. "I fancy I see you, you sensitive Cuss, holding on, or jumping off or doing anything contra to Miss Minnelly's intention." He went to the door. "Hello, where's the placard?" he cried, opening it.

"Gone!" Renwick sprang up.

"Gone, sure. No matter how. It is already in Miss Minnelly's hands. Well, I told you to take it down twenty minutes ago."

"Wait, Buntstir. What is best to be done?"

"Hang on for developments—and get to work."

Buntstir vanished as one hastens to avoid infection.

II.

Renwick resumed his editing of "The Converted Ringmaster" with resolve to think on nothing else. But, between his eyes and the manuscript, came the woful aspect of two widows, his mother and his sister, as they had looked six months earlier, when he threw up his political editorship

of "The Daily Reflex" in disgust at its General Manager's sudden reversal of policy. His sister's baby toddled into the vision. He had scarcely endured to watch the child's uncertain steps during the weeks while he wondered how to buy its next month's modified milk. To "The Reflex" he could not return, because he had publicly burned his boats, with the desperate valour of virtue conscious that it may weaken if strained by need for family food.

Out of that dangerous hole he had been lifted by the Sole Proprietress of "The Family Blessing." She praised his "public stand for principle" in a note marked "strictly confidential," which tendered him a "position." He had secretly laughed at the cautious, amiable offer, even while her laudation gratified his self importance. Could work on "The Blessing" seem otherwise than ridiculous for one accustomed to chide presidents, monarchs, bosses, bankers, railway magnates? But it was well paid, and seemed only too easy. The young man did not foresee for himself that benumbing of faculty which ever punishes the writer who sells his faculty to tasks below his ambition. At worst "The Blessing" seemed harmless. Nor could his better nature deny a certain esteem to that periodical which affectionate multitudes proclaimed to be justly named.

Renwick, viewing himself once more as a recreant breadwinner, cursed his impetuous humour. But again he took heart from remembrance of his engagement by the year, little suspecting his impotency to hold on where snubs must be the portion of the unwanted. Twelve months to turn round in! But after? What if an editor, already reputed impractical by "The Reflex" party, should be refused employment everywhere, after forsaking "The Blessing" office, in which "positions" were notoriously sought or coveted by hundreds of "literary" aspirants to "soft snaps?" So his veering imagination whirled round that inferno into which wage earners descend after hazarding their livelihood.

From this disquiet he sprang when his door was emphatically knocked. It opened. Mr. Durley reappeared with a

through closely resembling the last, except for one notable wide lady in street costume of Quakerish gray. Her countenance seemed to Renwick vaguely familiar. The fabric and cut of her plain garb betokened nothing of wealth to the masculine eye, but were regarded with a degree of awe by the other ladies present. She appeared utterly American, yet unworldly, in the sense of seeming neither citified, suburbanish, nor rural. The experienced placidity of her countenance reminded Renwick of a familiar composite photograph of many matrons chosen from among "The Blessing's" subscribers.

"Her peculiarity is that of the perfect type," he pondered, while listening to Durley's repetition of his previous remarks.

At their close, he briskly said: "Mr. Renwick, Sir, Miss Minnelly wishes you to know that your kind offer is approved. We are now favoured with the presence of four mothers, six lady teachers, and a minister of the Gospel."

Renwick flushed. His placard approved! It promised that he would come forward and turn round thrice for inspection. Durley had received instructions to take him at his word! Explanation before so many was impossible. Suddenly the dilemma touched his facile humour. Gravely he approached the visitors, held out the skirts of his sack coat, turned slowly thrice, and bowed low at the close.

The large lady nodded with some reserve. Other spectators clearly regarded the solemnity as part of "The Blessing's" routine. Mr. Durley resumed his professional drone:—"We will now pass on to Room Number Sixteen, and behold Mr. Caliphac C. Cummins in—" Renwick's door closed.

Then the large lady, ignoring the attractions of Mr. Cummins, went to the waiting elevator, and said "down."

Renwick, again at his desk, tried vainly to remember of what or whom the placid lady had reminded him. A suspicion that she might be Miss Minnelly fled before recollection of her street costume. Still—she *might* be. If so—had his solemnly derisive posturing offended her? She had

given no sign. How could he explain his placard to her? Could he not truly allege objection to delay of his work by Durley's frequent interruptions? He was whirling with conjecture and indecision when four measured ticks from a lead pencil came on his outer door.

There stood Miss Heartly, Acting Manager of the Paper Patterns Department. Her light blue eyes beamed the confidence of one born trustful, and confirmed in the disposition by thirty-five years of popularity at home, in church, in office. In stiff white collar, lilac tie, trig grey gown, and faint, fading bloom of countenance, she well represented a notable latter day American type, the Priestess of Business, one born and bred as if to endow office existence with some almost domestic touch of Puritan nicety. That no man might sanely hope to disengage Miss Heartly from devotion to "The Family Blessing" was as if revealed by her unswerving directness of gaze in speech.

"I have called, Mr. Renwick, by instruction of the Sole Proprietress. Miss Minnelly wishes me, first, to thank you for this."

It was the placard!

Renwick stared, unable to credit the sincerity in her face and tone. She *must* be making game of him while she spoke in measured links, as if conscientiously repeating bits each separately memorized:

"Mr. Renwick—Miss Minnelly desires you to know that she has been rarely more gratified—than by this evidence—that your self-identification with "The Blessing"—is cordial and complete. But—Miss Minnelly is inclined to hope—that your thoughtful and kind proposal—of turning round for inspection—may be—modified—or improved. For instance—if you would carefully prepare—of course for revision by her own taste—a short and eloquent welcoming discourse—to visitors—that could be elevated to an attraction—for subscribers—of that she is almost, though not yet quite, fully assured. Miss Minnelly presumes, Mr. Renwick, that you have had the pleasure of—hearing Mr. Cummins

welcome visitors. Of course, Mr. Renwick, Miss Minnelly would not have *asked* you—but—as you have volunteered—in your cordial willingness—*that* affords her an opportunity—for the suggestion. But, Mr. Renwick, if you do not *like* the idea—then Miss Minnelly would not wish—to pursue the suggestion further.” A child glad to have repeated its lesson correctly could not have looked more ingenuous.

In her fair countenance, open as a daybook, Renwick could detect no guile. Her tone and figure suggested curiously some flatness, as of the Paper Patterns of her Department. But through this mild deputy Miss Minnelly must, he conceived, be deriding him. With what subtlety the messenger had been chosen! It seemed at once necessary and impossible to explain his placard to one so guiltless of humour.

“I hoped it might be understood that I did not intend that placard to be taken literally, Miss Heartly.”

“Not literally!” she seemed bewildered.

“To be pointed at as ‘a first class general purpose editor’ is rather too much, don’t you think?”

“I know, Mr. Renwick,” she spoke sympathetically. “It sort of got onto your humility, I presume. But Miss Minnelly thinks you *are* first class, or she would never have instructed Mr. Durley to *say* first class. That is cordial to you, and good business—to impress the visitors, I mean.”

“Miss Minnelly is very appreciative and kind. But the point is that I did not engage to be exhibited to flocks of gobmouches.”

Miss Heartly pondered the term. “Please, Mr. Renwick, what are gobmouches?”

“I should have said The Plain People.”

“Perhaps there have been rude ones—not subscribers,” she said anxiously.

“No, all have acted as if reared on “The Blessing.”

She sighed in relief—then exclaimed in consternation:—
“Can Mr. Durley have been—*rude*?” She hesitated to pronounce the dire word.

"Not at all, Miss Heartly. I do not blame Mr. Durley for exhibiting us as gorillas."

"But how *wrong*." There was dismay in her tone. "Miss Minnelly has warned him against the least bit of deception."

"Oh, please, Miss Heartly—I was speaking figuratively."

Her fair brow slightly wrinkled, her fingers went nervously to her anxious lips, she looked perplexed;—"Figuratively! If you would kindly explain, Mr. Renwick. I am not very literary."

"Do the ladies of the Paper Patterns Department *like* to be exhibited?" he ventured.

"Well, I could not exactly be warranted to say 'like'—Scripture has such warnings against the sinfulness of vanity. But we are, of course, cordially pleased to see visitors—it is so good for the Subscription Department."

"I see. And it is not hard on you individually. There you are, a great roomful of beautiful, dutiful, cordial young ladies. You keep one another in countenance. But what if you were shown each in a separate cage?"

Her face brightened. "Oh, now I understand, Mr. Renwick! You mean it would be nicer for the Editors, too, to be seen all together."

Renwick sighed hopelessly. She spoke on decisively: "That may be a valuable suggestion, Mr. Renwick." On her pad she began pencilling shorthand. "Of course I will credit you with it. Perhaps you do not know that Miss Minnelly always pays well for valuable suggestions." She wrote intently, murmuring: "But is it practicable? Let me think. Why, surely practicable! But Miss Minnelly will decide. All partitions on the Editorial Flat could be removed! Make it cool as Prize Package or Financial Department!" She looked up from her paper, glowing with enterprise, and pointed her pencil straight at Renwick. "And so impressive!" She swept the pencil in a broad half circle, seeing her picture. "Thirty Editors visible at one comprehensive glance! All so literary, and busy, and intelligent, and cordial! Fine! I take the liberty, temporarily, of calling

that a first-class suggestion, Mr. Renwick. It may be worth hundreds to you, if Miss Minnelly values it. It may be forcibly felt in the Subscription List—if Miss Minnelly approves. It may help to hold many subscribers who try to get away after the first year. I feel almost sure Miss Minnelly *will* approve. I am so glad. I thought something important was going to come when Miss Minnelly considered your placard so carefully.”

“But some of the other Editors may not wish to be exhibited with the whole collection,” said Renwick gravely. “For instance, consider Mr. Cummins’ literary rank. Would it gratify him to be shown as a mere unit among Editors of lesser distinction?”

“You are most fore-thoughtful on every point, Mr. Renwick. That is so *fine*. But Mr. Cummins is also most devoted. I feel sure he would cordially yield, if Miss Minnelly approved. I presume you will wish me to tell her that you are grateful for her kind message?”

“Cordially grateful seems more fitting, Miss Heartly—and I am—especially for her choice of a deputy.”

“Thank you, Mr. Renwick. I will tell her that, too. And may I say that you will be pleased to adopt her suggestion that you discourse a little to visitors, pending possible changes in this Flat, instead of just coming forward and turning around. Literary men are so clever—and—ready.” He fleetingly suspected her of derision.

“Please say that I will reflect on Miss Minnelly’s suggestion with an anxious wish to emulate, so far as my fallen nature will permit, Miss Heartly’s beautiful devotion to ‘The Blessing’s’ interests.”

“Oh, thank you again, so much, Mr. Renwick.” And the fair Priestess of Business bowed graciously in good bye.

III.

Renwick sat dazed. From his earliest acquaintance with “The Family Blessing” he had thought of its famous Editress and Sole Proprietress as one “working a graft”

on the Plain People by consummate sense of the commercial value of cordial cant. Now he had to conceive of her as perfectly ingenuous. Had she really taken his placard as one written in good faith? He remembered its sentences clearly:

"When the editor in this compartment is to be exhibited, please notify him by knocking on this door before opening it. He will then rise from his sitting posture, come forward for inspection, and turn slowly round three times if a school teacher, a mother, or a minister of the Gospel be among the visiting subscribers."

Miss Minnely took that for sincere! Renwick began to regard "The Blessing" as an emanation of a soul so simple as to be incapable of recognizing the diabolic element, derision. He was conceiving a tenderness for the honesty which could read his placard as one of sincerity. How blessed must be hearts innocent of mockery! Why should he not gratify them by discoursing to visiting subscribers? The idea tickled his fancy. At least he might amuse himself by writing what would edify Durley's parties if delivered with gravity. He might make material of some of Miss Minnely's voluminous letters of instruction to himself. From his pigeon-hole he drew that fyle, inspected it rapidly, laughed, and culled as he wrote.

Twenty minutes later he was chuckling over the effusion, after having once read its solemnities aloud to himself.

"Hang me if I don't try it on Durley's next party!" he was telling himself, when pencil tickings, like small woodpecker tappings, came again on his outer door. "Miss Heartly back! I will treat her to it!" and he opened the door, discourse in hand.

There stood the wide, wise-eyed, placid, gray-clad lady!

"I am Miss Minnely, Mr. Renwick. Very pleased to introduce myself to a gentleman whose suggestion has pleased me deeply." Her woolly voice was as if steeped in a syrup of cordial powers. Suddenly he knew she had reminded him of Miss Pue's gigantic bronze Beneficence.

"Thank you, Miss Minnely. I feel truly honoured." Renwick, with some concealed trepidation, bowed her to his revolving chair.

“ Mr. Renwick.” She disposed her amplitude comfortably; then streamed on genially and authoritatively, “ You may be gratified to learn that I was pleased—on the whole—by your cordial demeanour while—er—revolving—not long ago—on the occasion of Mr. Durley’s last visiting party. Only—you will permit me to say this in all kindness—I did not regard the—the display of—er—form—as precisely *adapted*. Otherwise your appearance, tone, and manner were eminently suitable—indeed such as mark you strongly, Mr. Renwick, as conforming—almost—to my highest ideal for the conduct of Editors of ‘ The Blessing.’ Consequently I deputed Miss Heartly—with a suggestion. She has informed me of your cordial willingness, Mr. Renwick—hence I am here to thank you again—and instruct. Your short discourse to visitors will—let me explain—not only edify, but have the effect of, as it were, obviating any necessity for the—er—revolving—and the display of —er—form. Now, you are doubtless aware that I invariably edit, so to speak, every single thing done on behalf of our precious ‘ Family Blessing.’ For due performance of that paramount duty I must give account hereafter. My peculiar gift is *Taste*—you will understand that I mention this fact with no more personal vanity than if I mentioned that I have a voice, hands, teeth, or any other endowment from my Creator—*our* Creator, in fact. Taste—true sense of what our subscribers like on their *higher* plane. My great gift must be entitled to direct what we *say* to visitors, just as it directs what ‘ The Blessing ’ publishes on its story pages, its editorial columns, its advertisements, letter heads, everything of every kind done in ‘ The Blessing’s ’ name. I am thorough. And so, Mr. Renwick, I desire to hear your discourse beforehand. What? You have already prepared it? Excellent! Promptitude—there are few greater business virtues! We will immediately use your draft as a basis for further consultation.”

So imposing was her amiable demeanour that Renwick had no wish but to comply. He glanced over what he had

written, feeling now sure that its mock gravity would seem nowise sardonic to Miss Minnelly.

"In preparing these few words," he remarked, "I have borrowed liberally from your notes of instruction to me, Miss Minnelly."

"Very judicious. Pray give me the pleasure."

He tendered the draft.

"But no, please *deliver* it." She put away the paper. "Suppose me to be a party of our de-ar visiting subscribers. I will stand here, you there. Now do not hesitate to be audible, Mr. Renwick." She beamed as a Brobdignagian child at a new game.

Renwick, quick to all humours, took position, and began with unction: "Dear friends, dear visitors——"

She interrupted amiably:—"De-ar friends, de-ar visitors. Make two syllables of the de-ar. The lingering is cordial in effect. I have observed that carefully—de-ar softens hearts. Dwell on the word—dee-ar—thus you will cause a sense of affectionate regard to cling to visitors' memories of 'The Blessing's' editorial staff. You understand, Mr. Renwick?"

He began again: "De-ar friends, de-ar visitors, de-ar mothers, de-ar teachers," but again she gently expostulated, holding up a fat hand to stop his voice.

"Please, Mr. Renwick—no, I think not—it might seem invidious to discriminate by specifying some before others. All alike are our de-ar friends and visitors."

"De-ar friends, de-ar visitors," Renwick corrected his paper, "I cannot hope to express adequately to you my feelings of delight in being introduced to your notice as a first class general purpose editor, and eminent authority on——"

She graciously interposed:—"It might be well to pencil *this* in, Mr. Renwick, 'introduced to you by our de-ar colleague, Mr. Durley, the most experienced of our guides to the "Family Blessing" Building, as general purpose editor, etc.' That would impress, as hinting at our corps of guides, besides uplifting the rank of our valued colleague, Mr. Durley, and by consequence 'The Blessing,' through the respectful

mention made of one of our more humble employees. Elevate the lowly, and you elevate all the superior classes—that is a sound American maxim. In business it is by such fine attention to detail that hearts and therefore subscribers are won. But, Mr. Renwick, *nothing* could be better than your 'I cannot hope to express adequately my feelings of delight,' etc.—that signifies cordial emotion—it is very good business, indeed."

Sincerity was unclouded in her gaze. He pencilled in her amendment, and read on:—"and eminent authority on water amusements of a character to build up character in first-class respectable American families."

"Very good—I drilled Mr. Durley in that," she put in complacently.

"Dear friends," he resumed.

"De-ar," she reminded him.

"De-ar friends, you may naturally desire to be informed of the nature of the duties of a general purpose editor, therefore——"

"Let me suggest again, Mr. Renwick. Better say 'Dear friends, closely associated with "The Family Blessing," as all must feel who share the privilege of maintaining it, you will naturally desire to be informed,' etc. Don't you agree, Mr. Renwick? It is well to neglect no opportunity for deepening the sense of our de-ar subscribers that the 'Blessing' is a privilege to their households. I do everything possible to make our beloved ones feel that they *own* 'The Blessing,' as in the highest sense they do. They like that. It is remunerative, also."

Renwick jotted in the improvement, and read on: "A general purpose editor of 'The Blessing' is simply one charged with promoting the general purpose of 'The Blessing.' To explain what that is I cannot do better than employ the words of the Sole Proprietress, Miss Martha Minnelly herself, and——."

The lady suggested, "*I cannot do so well as to employ the words of it*—it is always effective to speak most respectfully of the absent Proprietress—that touches their imagination favourably. It is good business."

"I appreciate it, Miss Minnelly. And now I venture to adapt, *verbatim*, parts of your notes to me."

"It was forethoughtful to preserve them, Mr. Renwick. I am cordially pleased."

He read on more oratorically:—"De-ar friends, 'The Blessing' has a Mission, and to fulfil that Mission it must, first of all, entertain its subscribers on their *higher plane*. This cannot be done by stimulating in them any latent taste for coarse and inelegant laughter, but by furnishing entertainingly the wholesome food from which mental pabulum is absorbed and mental growth accomplished."

"Excellent! My very own words."

"The varieties of this entertaining pabulum must be *conscientiously* prepared, and administered in small quantities, so that each can be assimilated unconsciously by Youth and Age without mental mastication. Mind is *not* Character, and——"

"How true. Character-building publications must *never* be addressed to mere *Mind*."

"The uplifting of the Mind, or Intellect," Renwick read on, "is not the general purpose of 'The Family Blessing.' It is by the Literature of the Heart that Character is uplifted. Therefore a general purpose editor of 'The Blessing' must ever seek to maintain and to present the *truly cordial*. That is what most widely attracts and pleases all these sections of the great American people who are uncorrupted by worldly and literary associations which tend to canker the Soul with cynicism."

"I remember my glow of heart in writing those inspiring, blessed, and inspired words!" she exclaimed. "Moreover, they are true. Now, I think that is about enough, Mr. Renwick. Visitors should never be too long detained by a single attraction. Let me advise you to memorize the discourse carefully. It is cordial. It is impressive. It is informative of 'The Blessing's' ideal. It utters my own thoughts in my own language. It is admirably adapted to hold former subscribers, and to confirm new. All is well." She pondered silently a few moments. "Now, Mr. Renwick, I would be strictly just.

The fact that an editor, and one of those not long gathered to our happy company, has suggested and devoted himself to this novel attraction, will have noblest effect in rousing our colleagues of every Department to emulative exertion. Once more, I thank you cordially. But the Sole Proprietress of the remunerative 'Blessing' holds her place in trust for all colleagues, and she is not disposed to retire with mere thanks to one who has identified himself so effectually with her and its ideals. Mr. Renwick, your honorarium—your weekly pay envelope," again she paused reflectively, "it will hereafter rank you with our very valued colleague, Mr. Caliphaz C. Cummins himself! No—no-no, Mr. Renwick—do not thank me—thank your happy inspiration—thank your cordial devotion—thank your *Taste*—thank your natural, innate identification, in high ideals, with me and 'The Family Blessing.' As for me—it is for me to thank you—and I do so, again, cordially, cordially, cordially!" She beamed, the broad embodiment of Beneficence, in going out of the room.

Renwick long stared, as one dazed, at the story of "The Converted Ringmaster." It related in minute detail the sudden reformation of that sinful official. The account of his rapid change seemed no longer improbable or mawkish. Any revolution in any mind might occur, since his own had been so swiftly hypnotized into sympathy with Miss Minnely and her emanation "The Blessing." How generous she was! Grateful mist was in his eyes, emotion for the safety of the widows and the orphan whose bread he must win.

Yet the derisive demon which sat always close to his too sophisticated heart was already gibing him afresh:—"You stand engaged," it sneered, "as assistant ringmaster to Durley's exhibition of yourself!"

New perception of Miss Minnely and Miss Heartly rose in his mind. Could mortal women be really as simple as those two ladies had seemed? Might it not be they had managed him with an irony as profound as the ingenuousness they had appeared to evince?

PATAUD AND PUGET

THE French are immutably attached to their own Past. Since they have had many revolutions, it would be contrary to their conservative character to have no more.

In the very heart of Paris—rue *Grange-aux-Belles*—stands a great, sombre, silent house. Every morning its commercial neighbours look up with anguish at its shutters, almost always closed to the daylight, as though they divined behind them some terrible, threatening impersonation of that “end of all things,” that “great evening,” when the electric lights failed, in referring to which every true Parisian bourgeois momentarily forgets his tone of inoffensive scepticism. That house is the seat of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. It is the constant haunt of the citizen Pouget.

The citizen Pouget is seldom seen; rarely does he make even a fleeting appearance upon the platforms of the revolutionary re-unions, or in the turbulent crowd of the street manifestations, and he is *never* heard. Others may cry out, he holds his peace. These may become wrathful, shout, threaten: he remains tranquil; those may specify: he is silent. You may lead the French by eloquence, but you can terrify them by silence, and the obstinate silence of the citizen Pouget troubles the sleep of his compatriots. Such a silence is unheard of—intolerable.

Pouget is not only a member of the C. G. T., he is also, “on dit,” its undisputed master, its absolute dictator. Sombre, self-sufficient, impenetrable, inaccessible to the most pertinacious of journalists, he commands by the mere glitter of his steel-grey eye, a whole staff of fellow militants,—Secretary Griffuelhes, irritable and autocratic; Marck, the strike organizer; Bousquet, the great chief of the bakers’

Comment nous ferons la Révolution, by E. Pataud and E. Pouget. Paris, 1910. Tallandier. Price fr. 3.50.

syndicate who will one day refuse bread to the rich; Yvetot, bull-dog guardian against the enemy, best of good fellows for all the comrades, etc. If the citizen Pouget may be said to incline towards melancholy, at all events he has his gay side. This gay side is his friend the citizen Pataud.

If Pouget does not love the light, Pataud is king of it. Secretary of the syndicate of electrical workmen, he exercises an uncontested authority over the street lamps, the iridescent advertisement, the illuminations of the balls and theatres. In Paris, the "city of light," to rule the light is to dominate the town, and as every Republic is secretly searching for a King, Pataud accords better with the necessities of this one than anybody else. Thus Pataud and Pouget are as different as shadow from light.

The one hides himself, the other is the hypnotic spot to which all eyes involuntarily turn. The one keeps his lips scornfully closed, the other shouts with laughter. Twice Pataud has merrily plunged the town into darkness. Spectacles of all sorts were interrupted, cafés were lit with candles; in the streets the bourgeois trembled while the "Apaches" picked pockets, and knifed their enemies in happy freedom. Once Mr. Clemenceau suddenly saw his office lights go out, and a half hour of darkness and consternation rebuked his too ready attitude towards the strikers of Villeneuve. Pataud troubles diplomatic receptions and first nights at the Opera. He is the inventor of the new verb "to sabot," which has lately become integral in the Parisian language. He has sabotaged the Parisian's pleasures with a light heart and a sure hand for several years past, and will probably continue to do so until he gets what he wants, until he sees the "wheels go round" towards his great end and aim, the social revolution.

It is here that the diversity of temperament of the reserved Pouget and the expansive Pataud merge into one common ideal—they both intend to make a revolution. Not only do they wish to make it, but they know how they will do it, and this not only do they know, but this they have said.

A few months ago the windows of the Parisian libraries

were decorated with a new yellow book upon which appeared in large letters the names of these two disquieting citizens. "*How we will make the Revolution. Pataud and Pouget.*" The mysterious part of Pouget, the amusing career of Pataud, from being a "merchant of the four seasons" up to the secretaryship of his syndicate, fed fuel to the flame of curiosity,— "Pataud with something new to say;" "Pouget saying something at last!" All Paris bought the volume. There was laughter, jokes, and criticisms; the dailies produced fantastic illustrations of the coming events: "How Pataud and Pouget make war," "How Pataud and Pouget suppress the bourgeois," "How Pataud and Pouget establish the age of no gold."

The authors in their preface whimsically complain of the sabotaging of their title by the editor, "How we made the Revolution" they would have had it, so we must at once precipitate ourselves into a not far off future, an afternoon of 19. . . . to catch up with them at their point of view.

Behold then, the masons who have learnt a high courage from their habitually hazardous altitudes are in the full effervescence of a strike. Their manifestation surges suddenly up against a band of police agents who attempt to bar their route, the storm that is growling within them breaks out; blows are exchanged; a regiment intervenes, charges; blood is shed; the dead strew the pavement.

Thus the revolutionary situation is created. The government, though sceptical of the gravity of the proceedings, takes some precautionary measures, but the *Confédération Générale du Travail* and the anti-militarists enthusiastically prepare for the Universal Strike.

On the morrow, behold the gas-lighters, the men of transit under and above ground, the butcher's, baker's, grocer's boys, all quitting work. Thanks to the calm and intelligent persuasion of the strike leaders, the women's workshops are also emptied into the streets. As has so often happened at such times the girls are roughly handled by the brutal Paris police,—consequence, new battles, fresh

victims. Now Pataud's syndicate enters the arena, turning the balance in favour of the strikers. The government had foreseen the light-failure, but it had been unable to prevent the skilful sabotaging of the machinery.

Darkness cloaks the town; this is the axis of the unlimited, revengeful, offensive Strike, which on the following day is proclaimed, to the solemn chant of the International, over the newly dug graves of the victims. An attempt is made to slip soldiers into the empty post offices and railway stations, but again the methodical saboteurs have done their work, and to the conscious revolt of arms and brains is added the passive resistance of dogged machinery and vitiated material.

Profound is the effect upon the timid *bourgeois* of this sudden mocking of all the visible and invisible propellers of the familiar daily round. Many become terrified, emigrate, or conceal themselves in their country chateaux. Shops are shut, Krach succeeds Krach at the Bourse. For the workman himself the situation would have become serious had not the old spirit of the great 1789 revolution animated him like a preserving instinct. The separate syndicates of workmen, having each taken possession of the factories representing its special occupation, re-organize for themselves the conditions of labour, and assure the necessary production and repartition of food and all other necessities of life. The movement having spread to the provinces, the peasants have laid hands upon the chateaux. The proprietors are obliged to renounce their harvests. The clod-hopper is the last to take fire, but when he has caught the contagion he is more obstinate than the citizen.

The government proclaims a state of siege, but the mobilized regiments, their loyalty undermined by the anti-militarists, are half-hearted and hesitating. Then, crowning catastrophe, the fire goes up, that fire which has been set to the great barracks of Chateau d'Eau. The soldiers rush pell-mell from the burning building into the street; all discipline is at an end. The workmen, profiting by the distraction, have stolen in small groups to Vincennes, have seized the

magazine of arms, and are marching in triumph back to the town. Troops are sent to meet them, but their march is impeded by the crowds of old men, women, and children, who, insinuating themselves among them, implore them with cries and tears to spare their brothers and sons.

The army and the rebels meet, it is the critical moment. To the furious orders of their officers will the men respond? No. They hesitate—throw bayonets in the air, break their ranks, and the climax has passed. The army has gone over to the people. Together they march in triumph upon the Hotel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Elysée, the Palais Bourbon. Amongst the ministers and the deputies there is a general '*saute qui peut.*' A few socialist orators attempt to throw themselves into the breach but they are unheeded, the day of words has passed—the last hour of the State has come.

Now there is breathing space for the re-adjustment of the social machine, which must be set rolling on the road that leads to the great dream of liberty. The *Confédération Générale du Travail* decides to take immediate possession of the Bank of France and of all the great commercial enterprises. The government pawnshops are emptied of all objects deposited in them,—what a fantastic picture, that medley crowd retiring joyfully, dragging, carrying, being carried by, everything from an automobile to a silver thimble! The transport of travellers and merchandise, simplified by being performed gratis, is re-established.

In the country there had been some brutal executions, some vengeance, but these were incidents, not a system, and provisions of all sorts now began to flow into the town, while in return the farmers receive superior instruments of production. Work is recommenced with a feverish ardour and enthusiasm; those who refuse to join in the new order are boycotted. Finding themselves isolated and treated with scorn, they prefer to give in or to emigrate.

As the syndicates are the dispersers of food materials, of machines, and later on, of luxuries, the money that is

left flows automatically into their hands, from whence it is not returned for circulation, being only used for exchange with foreign countries. Commerce being thus suppressed, lawyers and financiers are superfluous, but the true intellectuals rejoice in the new régime, scientists and artists finding remuneration in the joy of free workmanship. Hospitals and hygiene are re-established on a firmer footing than that of the detestable, hap-hazard Public assistance administration; whilst women — Oh Suffragette, your occupation gone! — are looked upon as free, rational, independent helpers, to whom the prospect of maternity is freed from all harassing material anxiety. Education, begun in the schools, is equal for both sexes, and terminates in the work-room of the apprentice.

Thus the country knows at length a happy period of abundance, work, and union. When the coalition of foreign governments threatens its frontiers their armies are warned that it will employ the means that science has put at its disposition. No longer will conventions be made as to what are the arms of which it is possible to make use. The country will protect itself against this enemy as against fire or pest, that is to say, by every possible method — explosions provoked from a distance — such an experiment as has already been successfully terminated by a government engineer upon the wrecked iron-clad Iena. Death is threatened from bombs of glass, whose splinters inoculate with noxious microbes. Asphyxiating bombs fall upon the enemy. Rivers are poisoned. These means of defence, most of which are already known to scientists, check the invading strangers and suffice to protect the work of the revolution.

A new Utopia, a demoniac fairy tale, — you will say. Yes — perhaps. Such is the opinion of the greater portion of the public. The authors themselves make no pretence to a scientific form. They transport themselves into the future without embarrassment, and recount these events as passed. They suppose the social revolution accomplished and speak as though ocular witnesses of it. They have

made it by pure fancy evidently, but,—for there does exist a “but”—if they have imagined the story, they have not invented a single one of the elements which build it up. The movement grows spontaneously out of incidents usually futile—a strike, a fight, manifestations, victims. These things are by no means infrequent nor astonishing in the Paris of to-day. Thus in all the account of the future struggle and organization, only forces and groups which are actually in existence are to be found.

The revolutionary workmen's syndicates, their committees, the *Bourse du Travail*, and the *Fédération Générale du Travail* exist and act. What then? The army throws in its lot with the people's. Improbable? Yes, it was improbable in every revolution that has upheaved France, but it always happened. A portion of the troops passing over to the rebels have invariably decided the victory.

On this Utopia Mr. Jaurès, the great socialist orator, called by the incorrigibly irreverent, “Our First Trombone,” has given himself the trouble to talk at length. Before a packed and eager crowd, stifling in the hall of the ‘*Société Savante*,’ this orator, unique even amongst a people of orators, made oral war during three solid hours upon the volume of the citizens Pataud and Pouget. By the way, at that very moment King Pataud was threatening the saboting of the grand Opera gala given in honour of his confrere Manual of Portugal, and obtaining an augmentation of salary for his comrades.

M. Jaurès believes in a happy future. He wishes for it and in his way perhaps he works for it, but in the heart of parliaments, in electoral meetings. For he wants to do it nicely, legally, kindly, reasonably. He satirizes the methods of Pataud and Pouget. He makes jokes on their account. He finds them funny, but,—another “but”—it seems a little odd that the First Trombone of France should talk so long about such foolish things.

One part of his habitual audience, the students and the intellectuals, who have too much discernment in matters

of politics and science to confuse them with mere dreaming,—laughs with Jaurès and applauds tempestuously.

The workman, going away from the hall of the "Wise-acres Society," with his meagre savings, buys for himself the Utopia against which he does not laugh,—he thinks.

MAY HOUGHTON

DESTINY

For ages long the daughters of dark Night
Have spun the varied thread of joys and tears
For mortal man, until that strand so slight
Is severed by the inevitable shears.

And still they coldly ply their endless task,
While sparks from Life's vast reservoir of fire
Mix with the earth and wear its lovely mask
A little while, then to their source retire.

Is there above them all a living soul,
A diamond flashing forth its pure white ray,
While we but see the dark and grimy coal?
Blind race of men! As ignorant as they,
While love and hope and life to dust are ground
We only see Fate's mill-stones turning round.

E. B. GREENSHIELDS

THE CHURCH'S NATURAL ALLIES

IT is right and proper, according to an old Latin proverb, to take a lesson from the enemy, and, while it is true of the Church to-day, as it has always been, that no weapon formed against her shall prosper, this must, humanly speaking, be due, in the future, as in the past, to her policy, using the word in its legitimate sense, of turning such weapons against her enemies. It has been her invariable and God-guided wisdom, that is to say, to employ whatever means might rightly tend towards ensuring her victory over her assailants, even when those means have been originally devised by her assailants themselves. Her whole history, from the Upper Room in Jerusalem to the present time, is one long record of her triumphs, even in apparent defeat and humiliation.

Again, her enemies, since the Day of Pentecost, have been of two kinds, open and secret; the "ravaging wolves", spoken of by Saint Paul to the elders of Miletus and Ephesus, and the men from among her authorized rulers and teachers, "speaking perverse things", against whom he was no less careful to warn them. Concerning both something will be said in this article, since those whom I shall venture to refer to as the Church's natural allies are the same against open and secret enemies alike. And, if it be objected that, in the past, the Church has never looked for human allies but to her bitter cost, I answer that never have conditions, spiritual as well as temporal, been quite the same as they are to-day. Further, and as I shall hope to show, it is no mere human alliance that is here to be considered, but one in matters of vital import to Christianity only. Concerning this, moreover, I would suggest, that some foreshadowings of it, so to speak, are to be found in Holy Scripture. For if

it be true, as it is, that our Blessed Lord said, when the occasion arose, "he that is not with Me is against Me"; it is no less true that, on another occasion, He said of one who was casting out devils in His Name, and whom His disciples, in their zeal for His honour, forbade, "because he followeth not with us: Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our part." (S. Mark IX, 38, 39.)¹ Again, Saint Paul, the great champion of the Church's unity and authority, speaking of some who, he says, "preach Christ of contention", insincerely and without charity, does not hesitate to add: "Notwithstanding, every way, Christ is preached, and I therein rejoice." (Philippians I, 16, 18.) I shall hope to return to these foreshadowings, in due course; just now, I will ask only that the principle here indicated may be borne in mind as a possible justification of the alliance with which we are to concern ourselves.

Before, however, considering the possibility and the terms of any conceivable alliance between the Church of God and any other forces that may lawfully be called Christian, it may be well to give some attention to her enemies, open and secret. Of these, the open and avowed opponents, not of Catholicism only, but of all true Christianity, call for our first, and most immediate attention; for a study of their sources of strength and methods of attack; in order to ascertain, to the best of our ability, what lessons may be learned from them, and how they may be used.

If there is one fact more clearly shewn than all others, as the outcome of the Ferrer agitation, it is that the forces of socialism and anarchism, in the old world, and in the new, are fully aware of the strength to be derived from union, and from unity of purpose; are thoroughly well organized under leaders of whose ability and generalship, at least, there can be no question at all. And, while it may be true, as claimed by those who have made a study of the subject,

¹ Perhaps the words (S. John xx) "They beckoned to their partners who were in the other ship" might be taken as another instance of what is here alluded to.

that the best remedy—from the State's point of view—against socialism and anarchism is “rightly-organized trades-unionism”, a Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, cannot well accept the statement without qualification. He would say, and justly, that “rightly organized” means organized on Christian principles, since that is the only “right” which he can, or is willing to recognize; that no other can hope to withstand the forces arrayed against lawful labour, no less than against Society.

It is this consciousness of unity of purpose which underlies all the efforts of socialism to eradicate patriotism and to establish “internationalism”, as it is the fashion to call it; to break down all “artificial barriers” of political allegiance between the masses of one country and those of another. It is just one more “devil's mockery” of Catholicism, of that “fellowship of the Saints” which knows, “in Christ Jesus”, neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, since we are all His brethren, and “every one members one of one another”, even as the so-called Renaissance was “a devil's mockery of the New Birth”.¹ It is a policy, proofs of which may be met with at every turn; it is only recently that I came across a fairly noteworthy instance of it, in the capital of the Dominion. It was in the form of a notice, to this effect:

“Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but chains: and you have a world to gain!”

Leaving out the reference to more or less imaginary chains—except, of course, those of their own forging, *catenæ peccatorum*—this motto, it occurred to me, would serve, excellently well, for my purpose of indicating who are, or who should be, the Church's natural allies in her actual conflict with the forces which, during the year that has passed, have given such striking evidences of their numbers, their power, their ruthlessness, their world-wide influence and single-ness of aim, none other, indeed, than the overthrow

¹ A saying of the late Father Alfred Young, C.S.P.

of civilization as it now exists. The motto, thus adapted, would run thus:

“Christians of the World, unite. You have nothing to lose; and you have a world to gain!”

“Nothing to lose.” Is that not true, even should we be called upon “to lay down our lives for the brethren”, even as Our Lord laid down His life for us? “A world to gain.” Not for ourselves, but for Him. What else do we mean when we pray: “Thy Kingdom come”? And the means? Christian unity and singleness of aim, the only true “internationalism” because of His ordering “Who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth”; an alliance, defensive and aggressive, of all followers and lovers of the Incarnate Son of God.

For that, after all, that, and nothing else, constitutes Christianity; belief in the Divinity and in the Incarnation of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who though He be, as Saint Paul tells us, “God over all, Blessed for evermore”, was yet “made of a Woman”; was “made Flesh, and dwelt among us.” This, and this only, differentiates a real Christian from a merely nominal one; the belief and profession, of lips, heart, and life, that “Jesus Christ is come in the Flesh”. There has never been, and never will be, any other Christianity possible.

If so, who are to be, or should be, the Church's allies in her latest warfare with the powers of evil, “old foes with new faces” to reverse Kingsley's saying? Those, surely, who make this profession of faith; be they Orientals, or “orthodox Protestants”. To some, perhaps to many, even the mere suggestion of such an alliance with “heretics and schismatics” may seem little less than disloyalty to Catholic truth, if not worse. It will be my endeavour, in what here follows, to justify what I have suggested; to shew reasons for such an alliance, with orthodox Protestantism especially, since it is in the western world, chiefly, the world dominated,

religiously, not less by Protestantism than by Catholicism, that the fight, against the newest enemies of both, must be waged.

In order, however, to arrive at such a justification, if, indeed, it be possible to do so, it will be necessary, in addition to what I have ventured to term the scriptural foreshadowings of such an alliance, to go back to what, I think, was surely among the strangest revelations ever made by God to one of His servants. Most of us know something, at least, all we need, or care to know, about the moral condition of paganism at the time when Christianity first began to be preached. But even though, as Kingsley says,¹ "the sins of the heathen world are utterly indescribable," such as no man would dare to write, much less to print, as they were; the City of Corinth was a byword throughout such a world, for all that was vilest and most unspeakable. Yet it was concerning Corinth, of all places, that God said to Saint Paul: "I have much people in this city." (Acts xviii, 10.)

It has been the "tradition" of Catholics, almost, one might say, an article of faith, ever since the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, to regard Protestantism as a "pestilent heresy", as spiritually, and irredeemably evil, out of which no good can possibly come, and for which no excuse can be possibly made. Strictly speaking, Protestantism, in so far as it has departed from the Catholic Faith, is a heresy, but that it contains elements of truth, truths out of proportion, wrongly insisted on, if you will, cannot be denied. It is this measure of truth, honestly believed, and faithfully practised by men and women in good faith, to whom Protestantism is, simply, "the gospel," that accounts, religiously speaking, both for its continuance and for the lives of those who know no other form or measure of the truth of God. Protestants are, therefore, "material" heretics, but not "formal"; heretics in fact, but not in intention.

¹ Preface to "Hypatia."

But it no less is the "tradition" of Protestants, a tradition extending over the same period, to hold "Popery" in utter abhorrence, as a soul-tyranny, a tissue of lies and deceit, a veritable system of idolatry, the religion of anti-Christ. It requires a certain amount of courage, therefore, to plead with the traditionalist, on either side, that there may be good in the other, if only "in spite of his errors". Still more does it need courage to urge that, in face of a common and united foe, such traditions should be set on one side, if not forgotten, and that the followers of the One Lord, whatever differences may otherwise keep them apart, should fight, side by side, under His banner, against His enemies.

In considering even the possibility of such an alliance we must, necessarily, take into account the causes, which, in the first instance, led to our "unhappy divisions", and assume, honestly, whatever responsibility may be found to rest upon us, as Catholics. It takes two, as the old saying has it, to make a quarrel; but it is no less true that the older and better informed participant must bear the greater blame.

Who, then, apart from human perversity, the wiles of Satan and the inscrutable mysteries of Divine Providence, is really responsible for the existence and continuance of heresy? Charles Kingsley, from whose "Hypatia" I have already quoted, puts a noteworthy answer to this question into the mouth of one of his characters, the Abbot Philammon. "On the Catholic Church alone," he makes him say "lies the blame of all heresy and unbelief: for if she were for one day that which she ought to be, the world would be converted before nightfall." Is not this witness only the simple and shameful truth? Had the Church retained her first Pentecostal fervour would the "Reformation" have been possible, as, perhaps, in a very real sense, it was necessary? If every individual Catholic, man or woman, in a parish, a city, or a diocese, lived, but for one day, as God and the Church mean us to live, "worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called," how many Protestants and unbelievers in that neighbourhood would remain unconverted? Of

any who should so remain the Church in that parish, city, or diocese might truly say, with Her Lord; "now they have no excuse for their sin." And if "Popery" be all that Protestants believe it to be, why has it continued to exist, after nearly four centuries, in countries enjoying "the light of the pure Gospel," unless it be, as they must themselves admit, that their lives have not been in accordance with the faith they profess to hold.

But the excuse, so far as Protestants and unbelievers are concerned, does unfortunately exist everywhere, in the lives of nominal Catholics, and never, probably, to so great an extent as at the present day, save and except during the period immediately preceding the so-called Reformation. For that spiritual revolt, with all its eternal and incalculable consequences, the Church, in a very real sense, was, and remains, responsible; in and by the lives of her clergy, her laity, and even of her very Popes. For the continued existence of Protestantism, as for the socialism and anarchism which are the logical outcome of the first rejection of her Divine authority in spirituals, the Church, with the exceptions already indicated, must, once more, be held accountable. Not, thank God! in the measure and degree of the sixteenth century, since Protestantism is now an inherited condition rather than a revolt, but, none the less, by reason of every "lax Catholic" who, forgetful of his calling, his duties, and his privileges, has become an enemy of the cross of Christ.

If then the Church, in this sense, and in this way, is responsible for the existence of Protestantism, what is to be our attitude under the stress of modern conditions towards those who, through no fault, and by no conscious desire of their own, are outside her fold, yet actually, by virtue of being baptized Christians, belong to her care and to her jurisdiction? Hitherto, it has been to regard them as enemies, as formal heretics to be converted, or else avoided in spirituals; and we have spent our energies in controversies concerning matters which, however important in themselves, are as

nothing—I write under correction—compared with the vital issue: Christianity or Socialism: God's Kingdom, or the devil's. This attitude of antagonism, as already shewn, has been, and still is, common to them and to us. We have attached more importance, seemingly, to the validity or invalidity of Anglican orders than to Anglican orthodoxy; they, on their part, have made more of our loyalty to Christ's Vicar than of our loyalty to Christ Himself. Surely, in the face of a common enemy, that supreme loyalty, in so far as it is shared by them and by us, should come first.

It is, therefore, along the lines of a reconsideration of our traditional points of difference, their relegation to the place that properly belongs to them, that we find it necessary to take into account not only the "essentials" that divide us, but the misunderstandings which are not less, but, rather, more responsible for keeping us apart. We shall have to consider, also, the essentials whereon we are agreed, which spring from, and centre in, our common belief in the Divinity, and in the Incarnation, of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The chief of these is, evidently, that loving devotion to His Person, which necessarily follows any real belief in Him. Yet it is, strangely enough, on this very point, on that which should be the strongest bond of union between "all them who love Our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," that the first misunderstanding, and, consequently, the first cause of division, arises.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for any Catholic not a convert, or who has not made a study of Protestant devotional literature, to realize the intense, loving devotion to the Person of Our Blessed Lord which fills the lives of so many pious persons outside the visible fold of the Church. The norm of Catholic sanctity is so clear and distinct, that any other is inconceivable; we reason from our own experience, and conclude that since it is in conformity with the laws governing the spiritual life, as revealed in the Saints, all other experience must, necessarily, be at variance with them. It is just as difficult, in a word, for a Catholic to believe

in Protestant piety and sanctity—which are not, after all, Protestant, but Christian, however imperfect—as it must have been, speaking with all reverence, for Saint Paul to realize that God had “much people” in such a city as Corinth. Nor is it less difficult for a devout Protestant to realize that “Papists” have any true devotion to Our Blessed Lord; the cause being the same, in either case; a misunderstanding of the terms used by the other, but chiefly on the Protestant side.

Admitting, then, what is readily capable of proof, that orthodox Protestants have a very real and fervent devotion to the Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ; that, possessing this essential, at least, the greatest, indeed, of all sanctity, there are real saints among them, “souls naturally Catholic,” because Christlike, living, daily and hourly, in the conscious love and presence of The Beloved; how shall we account for their traditional belief that “Papists,” with some few and rare exceptions,¹ have no such devotion? It arises largely, I think, from the ambiguous use of the one word: “worship.”

In the “authorized” or King James version of the English Bible, “worship” is used, indiscriminately, for the adoration (*latria*) which Catholics render to God and to God only, and for the reverence (*worship, dulia*) which they pay to Our Lady and to the Saints; just as *adorare* (to adore) is used, in the Vulgate, in either sense.² When, therefore, Protestants assert that Catholics “worship the Saints”, they mean that we pay to creatures that adoration which is the sole due of the Creator, and a false conception, amounting to a charge of polytheism, arises out of a statement which, properly understood, is not only true, but as innocent as the expression that a man “worships” his wife, or a mother her children. The real meaning of the word, as indicating a measure of worth, or of worthiness, has been lost sight of, though it is still em-

¹ S. Bernard, S. Francis, Thomas à Kempis, Fenelon, Father Faber, and Cardinal Newman, are typical “Papist” lovers of Our Blessed Lord, in the eyes of devout Protestants.

² *Adorate scabellum eius*, “Worship (at) His footstool.” Of another of the servants who owed a hundred pence is said that he “adored” his creditor (*adoravit*: i.e. besought or implored him).

ployed in such official phrases as "the most worshipful the lord mayor of London."

So, again, the Catholic doctrine and practice of the Invocation of Saints, based, as it is, on intercessory prayer, and on the reverence due to spiritual "worshipfulness", has possibly on account of this very ambiguity, come to be hopelessly misunderstood and misinterpreted. Protestants, in common with all Christians, believe in the efficacy of intercessory prayer. But they have come to believe, or to act as if they believed that both the prayer and its efficacy stops short at the veil, just when, according to all the laws of spiritual life, it should become most efficacious because freed from all taint of selfishness, or possibility of variance with the Will of God. Plainly speaking, they are afraid to believe that those divided from us by "the narrow stream of death", to quote one of their own hymns, even though, "One family we dwell in Him", still plead in the Father's House for those who have not yet made the passage of the Jordan. To what cause are we to attribute a timidity fraught with so untold a spiritual loss, so contrary to all the instincts and longings of the human heart, to all that, naturally,—if one may say so,—a Christian would most lovingly and gladly hold to? There can be but one answer; the doctrine savours of "Popery". They are convinced that Catholics not only ask the intercession of the Saints, but, literally, pay them divine honours, have set them up "in the place of Christ", and have thereby derogated from His glory.

The misunderstanding, arising, as has been said, out of the one word, "worship", as signifying "adoration", was doubtless deliberately fostered by the more violent "reformers" of the sixteenth century, as the records of the period plainly shew. But in those whom they misled, as in the inheritors of their separation from the One Fold, a pure zeal for God's honour has been perverted into abhorrence of a practice which, as they understand it, has absolutely no existence. Let them be once convinced that the invocation of Our Blessed Lady and of those chosen friends

and servants of God, whom we call Saints, differs only in degree, but not in kind, from our "invocation" of any holy person on earth; that is, from asking "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man", or woman, which their own Bible tells them, "availeth much"; that we attribute, to Our Lady and the Saints, neither omniscience nor omnipotence, but only that knowledge of the family concerns—to speak with all reverence—which all those "within the veil" enjoy in God, and only that power of intercession which those who are beyond sin and self-will must surely possess with the Beloved "First-Born among many brethren"; and one cause of misunderstanding, at least, will have been removed from between them and us.

There is Scriptural proof, and to spare, as to this power of merit and of intercession; let it suffice to refer to a few passages only. "My servant Job shall pray for you, for him will I accept." That is the intercessory prayer of a saint on earth. "Remember Abraham, Thy servant." That is the pleading of the merits of a saint passed beyond the veil that we call death: not dead, "for God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Why should it be lawful for a Protestant to say, with the Psalmist, "For Thy servant David's sake, turn not away the face of Thine anointed"; and unlawful for a Catholic to say: "For Thy Mother Mary's sake, turn not away my prayer"? Has David's prayer more efficacy than hers, or will He listen more readily to the "man after His own heart" than to the Mother who fed Him at her Virgin breast? What does He say, Himself? "If any man minister unto Me, him will My Father honour." Of how much honour, then, shall She be deemed worthy of whom it is written that of Her "was born Jesus, Who is called Christ," that He was "subject" to Her; who ministered to Him, from the stable at Bethlehem to the Tomb by Calvary, as only a Mother can? Venerable Bede, indeed, in his homily on the text, "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it," gives us the true secret of Her blessedness. She was more blessed,

he says, in keeping The Word in Her heart, by loving Him, than by bearing Him in her womb, when He "was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us."¹ Is not this another misunderstanding that might well be cleared away, if possible? This, and the reason why, with Saint Elizabeth, we call Her "Mother of Our Lord", of Emmanuel, God with us; with the Church "Mother of God", in witness to the reality of His Incarnation.

But it is in relation to the supreme and ineffable pledge and memory of His Love, the Blessed Sacrament, that the most fatal of all our misunderstandings with our separated brethren has arisen. Here, again, we cannot doubt that the misunderstanding was, in the beginning, deliberately fostered by those who, having lost faith themselves in the Divine Mystery, were determined to draw the "unlearned and ignorant" into their net of error, on the plea of teaching them a "purer faith". Such wilful perversion of truth was, of course, wholly without excuse in its originators, who, trained in the terminology of Catholic theology and philosophy, maliciously misused and misinterpreted definitions, the real meaning and import of which they understood perfectly. The error, however, once propounded, found ready acceptance among populations accustomed to take the priests' word, on matters of doctrine, as final and not to be questioned, obedience to constituted authority, spiritual and secular, being a marked characteristic of the Feudalism which was so soon to disappear. The same zeal for God's honour which had been misdirected against a false conception of Catholic devotion to the Saints, was now misdirected against belief in the simple and literal truth of Our Lord's own words. It was only too easy, that is to say, to misinterpret such terms as "real" and "natural", in relation to the mode of Our Lord's Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, in such a manner as to give an impression of Catholic doctrine as wide of the truth as the difference

¹ Lib. IV. Cap. 49 in Luc. 11.

between worship and adoration. All the distinctions, so carefully laid down by Saint Thomas, between a sacramental mode of presence and one in conformity with the ordinary laws of a natural body, of time and of space, were scornfully swept aside as "scholastic speculations", and a "purer gospel" preached instead.

Yet, I have no hesitation in saying, from what it has been my privilege to know of God's "much people" in the City of Confusion, that the real heart-belief, difficult and vague of expression—tending to mysticism rather than to definition—of devout non-Catholics, in regard to this supreme manifestation of Divine Love and condescension, approaches very nearly, in essence, if not in terms, to the heart-belief of pious Catholics.¹ For under and beyond all dogmatic definitions which our faith accepts, our belief in our consciousness of the Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist is a spiritual reality, a part of the soul's life—"My Beloved is mine, and I am His"—a consciousness not to be expressed in words. It is, if I may say so, the difference between the teaching of Saint Thomas and his *Lauda Sion*, or his *Adoro Te*; between love and reason. It is on this point, more than on any other, that devout souls, both within and without the visible communion of the Church, must surely desire to be at peace and in mutual charity and comprehension.

As the last of the misunderstandings to be taken into account, and as closely connected with the foregoing, we have that authority of the Church's ministers, commonly spoken of, among Protestants, as "priestcraft", and as "tyranny over men's consciences". Once more, we have to charge the leaders of the religious revolt in the sixteenth century with wilful falsification of Catholic teaching, with deliberate misrepresentation of a divinely-constituted authority the

¹ See, for instance, the hymn of the Presbyterian, Dr. H. Bonar, beginning: "Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here may I touch and handle things unseen." Many other instances might be given.

restraints of which, on their pride, their passions, and their self-will, they were determined to shake off, on the plea of "Christian liberty". And naturally, since these heresiarchs were, almost without exception, priests and religious who had renounced their former faith from motives of which God alone has the right to judge; of which He has already judged, and rendered to each of them, "according to his works." The misunderstanding, however, as it commonly exists, arises from a mistaken and wholly arbitrary distinction between the authority of the Church, and that of the God-enlightened conscience of every faithful Christian. It was Cardinal Manning,¹ I think, who pointed out that a Catholic is not priest-ridden, but conscience-ridden, and that every consistent Protestant, who obeys the dictates of his conscience, is in precisely the same condition. The Protestant conscience invokes the infallible authority of the Written Word; the Catholic, that of the living, infallible Church, "the pillar and ground of the truth"; but, behind and above Bible and Church is the same Supreme Authority, God Himself. It is only because the Bible is His Word, only because the voice of the Church is His Voice—"he that heareth you, heareth Me"—that either has any claim to Christian obedience. Once more, if this were clearly understood, a further cause of division would be removed from between those who alike submit to one and the same authority—that of God. It is not man we obey, when we accept the teaching or instruction of a priest, but God, even as they listen to Him; it is not to man that we confess our sins, but to God, in the person of His minister.

Yet, when all explanations have been made, and all misunderstandings, so far as may be, cleared away between "men of goodwill," there remain the questions, both of the possibility, and of the lawfulness of such a Christian "internationalism" as I have here ventured to suggest for consideration. Our differences with our separated brethren arise, as has been

¹ In his *Religio Viatoris*.

shewn, largely from their misinterpretation of certain Catholic terms and practices, but it must not be forgotten that those practices, even in their lawful forms, and rightly defined, have certain devotional and spiritual effects, certain influences on the life of the soul, which differentiate the religious Catholic from the religious Protestant. We have to decide, therefore, to what extent that differentiation is real and typical, and to what extent only apparent. Also, whether, with all loyalty to our faith and to our traditions, there is any way in which we may lawfully emphasize the essential oneness of the life which has its source, its growth, its nourishment, and its consummation, in Christ.

We have seen that one, if not the only reason why Catholic devotion to Our Blessed Lady and to the Saints has been construed by Protestants into a derogation from the honour due to God alone, is the confusion of ideas arising out of the ambiguous use of the word "worship". But, if we really desire to prove our contention that the Mother of God and the Saints do not, as our separated brethren honestly believe, "take the place of Christ" with us, how are we to convince them? Not, certainly, by any lessening or verbal minimizing of our devotion to the Saints, and to their Queen and ours, but by a fuller realization that, as Saint Augustine says, "they truly honour the Martyrs who imitate the Martyrs." In what, after all, did their sanctity consist, save only in their likeness to their Lord; and who was more like Him than She who, for thirty years, lived in daily, hourly intercourse with Him, as a Mother with Her Son? We have Scriptural warrant, moreover, for setting up the Saints as models to be copied. "Be ye followers (imitators) of me," wrote Saint Paul, to his disciples, "even as I am of Christ." And again: "Mark them who walk even as you have us for a model." In proportion, therefore, as we have true devotion to Our Lady and the Saints, we shall learn, and, better still, share in the secret of their sanctity, likeness to their Lord and ours. Then, and

¹ Serm. 47 de Sanctis.

then only, shall we convince our separated brethren that our devotion to the Saints leads us, not away from Christ, but ever nearer and nearer to Him, since it was devotion to Him that made the Saints to be Saints. Then shall the reproach that is fallen upon us be taken away, and, on a common devotion to One and the same Lord, be founded that unity of all who love Him which alone can withstand the unity existing among the followers of Satan.

This, of the essence, and the spiritual efficacy of true devotion will, of course, hold even more true in relation to the Blessed Sacrament, the means, of Our Dear Lord's own choosing, not only of making us like Himself, which is much, but of making us one with Himself, "members of His Body," which is infinitely more. It is this grace of union, chiefly, and before all else, that He bestows, on those who love Him, in Holy Communion. It is a grace immeasurably easier of attainment by us, to whom He has granted, of His unmerited favour, a valid ministry and valid sacraments, than by our brethren; yet only the Last Day will reveal how much more nearly and more fully many of them have attained to this oneness with Christ Our Lord than many of us, in spite of the longer and the harder way they must needs traverse, to reach this consummation of all the soul's love and desire; that He should dwell in us, and we in Him, "as wax melted into wax," to use Saint John Chrysostom's wonderful simile. It will, surely, be on the realization of our common attainment, by the path He marks out for each of us, to this grace of union with Him, that we may hope to base a real fellowship of all whom He loves, and who love Him.

The alliance, then, seems to be possible, without any disloyalty, on either side, to that which each holds as truth, even as two or more nations have often united in resistance to a common foe, each remaining true and loyal to its own king and government, forgetting, it may be, old grievances and causes of difference, in the stress of the more immediate duty of self-preservation against powerful oppression.

There is no need, that is to say, even were it lawful, to minimize the real differences that exist between us, but there is urgent need of defining, clearly, what those differences are, and not to be kept apart, unnecessarily and even fatally, by misunderstandings and mere ambiguities, in the presence of a united, organized, and aggressive enemy, eager to take advantage of our disunion, and to exaggerate it, in order to weaken the forces of Christianity.

But, even if possible, is such an alliance, between the True Church and "heretics", a lawful one? Once more, I desire to profess, in all sincerity, my entire and unreserved submission, on this as on all other matters, to the divine authority of the Church. But, apart from those Scriptural foreshadowings, to which I must again allude; apart from the fact that the present sharp distinction between Christ's Kingdom and Satan's, is, except for the times of persecution, literally without parallel in the history of Christendom, there is the vital fact that the struggle is not merely between the Church and the forces of evil, but between those forces and all that can, in any real sense, be called Christianity. In proportion, therefore, as Protestants and Catholics can agree to unite on the basis of a common love and devotion to the Divine, Incarnate Son of God, in so far will each gain strength from the alliance. If it is not to the interest of the various denominations of Protestants to see the greatest body of professing Christians, the Catholic Church, oppressed or overcome—if that were possible—by socialism, it is equally true that the Church, humanly speaking, would lose, incalculably, by the victory of socialism over Protestantism as a Christian religion. In a word, Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, has everything to gain by unity in, and for Christ, and everything to lose by division. The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church, even as her Lord promised her; yet there is no reason why she should not accept the help of those who, in the primary essence of all true Christianity, are at one with her. That such an

alliance would lead, inevitably, to unity, to real oneness, who may doubt?

So far, we have dealt only with the external foes of Christianity. It may be well, however, before concluding, to say something regarding its secret enemies, since, in this case also, they are no less the foes of all true Christianity than they are of the Church. The conflict, here, to put it in as few words as possible, rages round the authenticity and divine authority of the Written Word of God, even as the open conflict rages round the Person and Divinity of the Living, Incarnate Word, God made Man.

Now, if there is one characteristic which, more than any other, is supposed to differentiate Protestantism from Catholicism, it is the attitude ascribed to each towards the Holy Scriptures. Protestantism claims, and is popularly held to be, the "religion of the Bible", Catholicism, the religion of tradition and of human authority. I say "supposed", deliberately, for, as there is abundant evidence to shew, the Church of the Fathers, of the Schoolmen, and of the Middle Ages, was, emphatically, the Church of the Bible. On her liturgy, her theology, her hymnology, on her whole literature, the Latin Bible, according to the witness of a non-Catholic scholar, Dr. Maitland, in his "Dark Ages," has left an impress only to be compared with that made by the English Bible on English-speaking Protestantism. Indeed, if the comparison halts, in any measure, it is because the impress is deeper, and more evident to those who know how to find it, in the former case than in the latter. There is a sense, in which it is as literally true to say that the Western, or Latin Church is as truly the work of the Vulgate as it is to say that Anglicanism is the work of the Book of Common Prayer; such work meaning, of course, the formation and nourishment of a distinct type of spiritual life and character. More, it is no less true that to those unfamiliar with the phraseology of the Vulgate—to refer, once again, to Dr. Maitland,—the Church's language, whether devotional or

literary, is almost incomprehensible; its beauties lost or hidden. It is a cipher without a key.

How, then, it may be asked, has it come about that, since the sixteenth century, the Catholic Church which, on the evidence of Blessed Thomas More, and many others,¹ encouraged and allowed the use of the vernacular Scriptures by the laity, has apparently withheld, or, at all events, seemed to discourage their use? The answer, so far as the charge has any basis, which we do not admit, would, I think, be found in the two words: "the Reformation." That is to say that a liberty conceded to the laity of a united Christendom would, for a time at least, be guarded, if not actually restricted—both being within the Church's right, who can withhold inopportune good as well as forbid evil—when, in whole countries, it degenerated into a licence which appalled the more moderate reformers themselves; and the Bible, which Christendom owed to the Church, was wrested into a weapon against her. It was inevitable, indeed, that, under the circumstances then prevailing, not only should the Church find herself compelled temporarily to restrict the general use of the vernacular Scriptures, which the printing press might, otherwise, have made available for every educated Catholic, rich or poor, but that the faithful themselves, seeing the blasphemous misuse and perversion of Scripture, that was going on around them, should come to regard vernacular translations as suspect, or even heretical. Being moreover, for the most part, unable to read the Vulgate, they naturally lost, in a very short while, their ancient, reverent familiarity with the sacred text. In a word, the conditions of war and rebellion are wholly different to those of peace, and the Catholic remnant, in England and Scotland, fighting for very existence, clung less tenaciously than they might have done to matters not absolutely essential to salvation. And it is no small part of the penalty incurred by the Church, through her respon-

¹ See *Encycl. Brit. Art.*: "English Bible;" and Gairdner "Lollardy and Engl. Refn.," Vol. II: "The English Bible."

sibility for the reformation, that both the scriptural and the liturgical spirit should have, seemingly, departed from her faithful laity.

But if the Church, prior to the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, was—as she still is—in this sense, the Church of the Latin Bible, it is no less true that, in a very real sense, English-speaking Protestantism is the fruit of the English Bible, which, as has been truly said, “has been the sole spiritual as it has been the sole literary food of countless millions of English speaking people.” The secular literature, as well as the devotional, of the countries commonly called Anglo-Saxon had been coloured and influenced by the “authorized” (King James) version of Holy Scripture to an extent, as was said just now, only to be compared with the influence of the Vulgate on Latin Christianity, that is on the later Roman Empire, and on European Christendom for the thousand years that the Church’s language was practically the sole medium of civilized intercourse between the learned of one country and those of another. It is Froude, no lover of the Church, or of Catholicism, who, in his *Life and Letters of Erasmus*, speaks of mediæval Europe as a literary republic, with one common language, Latin; and who deploras England’s severance from this community, on “religious” grounds. That, briefly, is what European civilization owes to the Church. That, also, is why the influence of the English Bible has been said to have been less than that of the Vulgate.

Yet it was, unquestionably, the misfortune of the Catholic remnant, in England and on the Continent, that it should have been impossible for them, at the time, to accept a translation which, made by professed heretics, and with more than a suspicion of heretical bias, was, nevertheless, as it still remains, the crowning glory of English literature; the flowering, as Carlyle says of Shakespeare, of all the antecedent centuries of Catholic civilization.¹ Whether it

¹ “The Hero as Poet.”

is now possible, as Dr. Barry has ventured to suggest,¹ for them to make this "well of English undefiled" their own, at this late day, it is, as he says, for the constituted authorities to decide. I would only presume to suggest, for my part, that, since it is the aim of the secret foes of Christianity to make void the authenticity and Divine authority of the Bible, and since it is to our interest, no less than to that of orthodox Protestants—much more, if anything,—to maintain that authenticity and authority, a common Bible, a common Scriptural phraseology would unquestionably be a source of strength to them and to us.

The alliance, therefore, between the Church and those of her separated children who still cling to the Person and Divinity of her Incarnate Lord and theirs, in the face of His enemies; who still hold, in spite of all the insidious assaults of modernism and of the self styled higher critics, to the authenticity and Divine authority of His written Word; must, evidently, if it is to exist at all, rest on these two essentials of all true Christianity. It will be our duty, in that case, to make the most of what is common to them and to us, the oneness, namely, of the Christ-life in all who are His; theirs, to put out of sight, as far as possible, the doctrines and practices wherein we differ from them.

It is in this respect, as I honestly believe, that a common Bible would be of untold service in promoting a better understanding. And, in urging on English-speaking Catholics a closer study and more reverent familiarity with the Sacred Text, I am only urging a return to the spirit and practice of the Saints, the Doctors, and devout laity of the Church, prior to that loss of so many of her children which she has never ceased to deplore and to suffer from. Moreover, since it is only by increased devotion to the Saints that we can hope to attain, in any measure, to their likeness to Our Blessed Lord, it is, surely, only our wisdom to follow the path they have marked out for us. It is the Bible which,

¹ "Literary Aspects of Old Testament." *Dublin Review*, July, 1909.

in a very real sense, made them saints. Their hearts, their minds, their memories, were saturated, if one may say so, with those Holy Scriptures which were "able to make them wise unto salvation". It is shewn in their prayers, their hymns, their meditations; the Breviary and the Missal are, literally, made up of Scriptural phrases, images, and allusions; is there any better nourishment of our souls that we may presume to devise?

In the revival of the Scriptural and liturgical spirit—they are one and the same, the spirit of the Church and of the Saints—moreover, we shall find not merely the means of increasing our devotion to Our Blessed Lady and to the Saints, and, most of all, to Our Dear Lord, but an ever clearer recognition of our fellowship, in Him, and by Him, with all those "who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity". Then, and then only, may we hope for an alliance which, in Him, shall lead to the "oneness" of all His, for which He prayed, on the night of His Most Bitter Passion, "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Then, and then only, shall we, together with all those who believe in His Divinity and His Incarnation, go forth, under His Banner of the Cross, "conquering and to conquer" all His foes and ours, whether open or secret; till the kingdoms of this world shall indeed have become "the Kingdom of Our God and of His Christ." ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM.

FRANCIS W. GREY

