



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED: FEBRUARY, APRIL, OCTOBER, DECEMBER

APRIL 1914

	Page
Consequences and Penalties—The Editor	167
Brookfield—William E. Marshall	178
Some Aspects of Immigration—J. S. Woodsworth	186
Copyright in Canada—John H. Moss	194
Canadian Theatres—Martin Harvey	212
Horace I. 38—J. Henderson	219
The First Newspaper—Stephen Leacock	220
Eilidh—Mary E. Fletcher	229
In the House of one Simon a Tanner—Maurice Hutton	230
Henry Grattan—Kathleen Mackenzie	250
From a Lost Anthology—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	273
The Land—Andrew Macphail	275
To a Young Bride—Archibald MacMechan	291
Military Training in the University—W. G. Peterson	292
The Greek Temple at Segesta—Eleanor Creighton	306
The People of God—J. P. D. Liwyd	313
Le Modernisme Catholique—Louis Perdriau	327

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

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE;—W. PETERSON, M.A., C.M.G., LL.D., Principal; F. P. WALTON, LL.D., Dean, Faculty of Law, McGill University; W. J. ALEXANDER, Ph.D., Professor of English; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English; J. MAJOR, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

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

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

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

All communications should be addressed THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

CONSEQUENCES AND PENALTIES

PENALTIES for the individual, consequences for the community. When the individual escapes the penalty which is his due, the consequence inevitably falls upon the community. The wage which is earned is awarded in one form or another, either in a lump sum to him who has earned it, or in doles, with added usury, to his associates and successors to the third and fourth generations, until the uttermost farthing is paid. Wrong-doing is as indestructible as matter. It passes over into suffering. Justice, which is eternal, then is satisfied. That is the burden of all history, and of religion, too.

We in Canada are now in the way of thinking upon these things, that is, if the art of thinking is not yet extinct. When that happens, as it sometimes does, the people perish. Primitive nations have an instinctive understanding of these deep matters. For the lust of one man Ilium was destroyed. That was the Greek view; but it was left for the Semites of lower Asia, from whom we have inherited most of our ideas of organized religion, to elaborate this doctrine of punishment; and their reading of history has been accepted by all the world which calls itself Christian. For the sin of the First Man death passed upon all, and reigned until the Second Man bore it in his own body. Then the people were saved.

But in time a nation becomes sophisticated. It develops a sophistry. It neglects or explains. Its perception is dulled. It finds a hundred reasons for the delusion that things are not what they are, and that the consequences of them will be quite otherwise than what they will be. Henceforth the way of that nation is the way which was followed by Nineveh and Tyre, and all other communities which have vanished into the cold void of history.

While the progress is at the height, it must always appear as a ridiculous assertion that it is righteousness alone—not

building railways with borrowed money, calling upon aliens to be fruitful and multiply, and possess the land—which exalts a nation. The prophet who utters the banality meets a sudden fate. They say: "Why should the man tell truth just now, when graceful lying meets such ready shrift?"

But, somehow, men's eyes do get opened when matters are strained up to the height, whether to hold or break. Then Democracy, like the blind giant in the story, begins to ask who constrains it to the temple of the unclean to abuse its consecrated gift of strength by prostituting holy things to idols. In the United States there is such a moment of awakening. The public conscience was not dead but sleeping. Democracy, which for a generation laboured in the public mill, a drudge for insolent masters, is beginning "to feel rousing motions disposing its thoughts to something extraordinary." At least it appears extraordinary to us; and our public conduct appears extraordinary to the people of the United States. Their public newspapers contain reading bitter to our taste.

Forgetting the days when their own legislators were bought and sold, and rejoicing in their new freedom, it seems to them the most natural thing in the world that corporations shall instantly and automatically obey the law, that wealth is entitled to no special privilege, that tariffs shall not be drawn by the men who are to profit by them, that public thieves shall go to the public prison, that international agreements shall be respected, that a professor is more likely than a politician to know about politics and to make a better president. They look with amazement upon our cynical unconcern, our half-concealed amusement, our indifferent toleration, our helpless acceptance of the performance which is going on in our municipal, provincial, Dominion, and Imperial assemblages.

It is not the intention in the present note to sketch, even in outline, the modern political and economic history of Canada—the theme is well understood—but rather to indicate tendencies, and apply general principles to a special case. We have received a check; we have not yet come to a real

impasse. The final issue depends upon our conduct in the immediate future. We have taken the twentieth century for our own, and we are beginning to learn that all centuries are pretty much alike, and are not so easily manageable as we, in our raw youth and inexperience, had supposed them to be.

Snugly ensconced against the north pole with the sun streaming down upon us on four sides, we forgot that it was merely the summer time, and that a long winter was bound to follow. Our century lasted only so long as the fugitive sun remained with us. With a naïve complacency we came out into the world. We are beginning to discover how complicated a concern the world really is, how cold and unsympathetic towards the enthusiastic ignorance of youth. We never suspected, in our ambition to keep out one race of immigrants and bring in another, for example, that Japan and Austria might have entirely other views, although any farmer could have told us that it is a dangerous practice, tramping round in another man's wheatfield. It is the part of wisdom to be tolerant of the failures of the young, and the world is very wise; but it is interested to discover in what manner of spirit we shall approach the difficulties in which we have involved ourselves.

We have been too much concerned about creating in the world an opinion of ourselves by a process of advertising. An advertisement works both ways, and it is hard to know what kind of opinion is being created. Our immigration literature has become an object of derision. A Canadian minister touring Europe with his retinue needs to be very wise if he would escape ridicule abroad and criticism at home, since comparatively few persons in Europe understand the difference between North America and South America, and they have long since been familiar with American potentates. All advertising is eventually harmful, unless it can be clearly shown that the advertiser is in possession of the goods.

Concerned overmuch with our exploits abroad we have neglected the business which lies next to our hands. The municipal service in our cities has broken down. We have

neglected those three elementary essentials which distinguish a civilized community from a company of savages, good water, good roads, security of life and property. In our largest city the roads are a marvel and a menace to all who pass by. The water supply is broken down hopelessly. Policemen are murdered in the streets, which appears to be a much more serious affair than the murder of citizens. The loss of property throughout the country by fire is the largest in the world. There have been other losses also, for property, after all, is property, even if it is owned by a foreign investor in the form of bonds and stocks.

One of our provincial legislatures has become a by-word, a place for laughter and hissing, and the attempt to remove the reproach was turned into a feeble and sinister farce. When charges are laid the official machinery automatically sets itself in motion to punish the informer rather than the culprit. We are told that in Quebec these things are to be expected; but when a member of the legislature of Ontario is discovered offering his services formally to an interest against whose ravages it is his business to protect the community, good men have reason for despair.

While one messenger of evil is yet speaking another comes bearing tidings worse still. The last to appear is Judge Fortin with his report upon civic corruption in Montreal. Four years ago Judge Cannon charged several aldermen with "grave malversation," but no penalty was exacted. The evil continued and spread. This new report covers 8,628 pages of evidence obtained under oath from 1251 witnesses, dealing with the purchase of properties in which the sum of six million dollars was involved. The judge against one alderman charges an "illicit pact"; against another, perjury; against one city assessor, "most pronounced malversation"; against another, "grave infidelity"; against an engineer, an offence for which the criminal code provides a penalty of two years' imprisonment; against four employees, "blame"; against agents, "malversation and blame"; against others, attempts to bribe; against an ex-recorder, "the organization of his batteries on the treasury."

In Toronto a controller was threatened with arrest. On the same day news comes from Ottawa that one alderman formally charged another with bribery; and from Regina, that "a second arrest was made" for attempted corruption of an official. Last of all, comes the messenger of evil from New Brunswick. The reason why no individual has been called upon to bear the penalty proper to his offence is in itself ominous. There is a profound belief that he is at once the victim as well as the criminal; and that the community itself and those most highly placed in it are instigators and accomplices.

In our imperial business, which comes within the purview of the Dominion parliament, we have failed, too. Our first attempt—poor and half-hearted as it was—to discharge the obligation for our defence to the harassed people of England, themselves already overtaxed and underfed, failed under the derision and contempt which, for the basest and most sordid political reasons, were heaped upon it. In our second attempt, and failure, these same considerations also bore a part; but in this case failure was better than success, since now there would be a cry from those who are more interested in freight cars than in warships, "Give us back our thirty-five million dollars" in one form or another. This sum would just suffice at the present moment for extricating our railway builders from the difficulties in which they have involved themselves; and there would surely be recriminations if it were not forthcoming. That Lady of the Snows in white raiment would then be transformed into a brawler in her mother's house, a wastrel in her own. The imperial vision has faded, and the famous cartoon in which *Mr. Punch* depicted our premier as a knightly warrior mounted on a charger hurrying to the relief of the oppressed, which at the time we looked upon with serious pride, now appears to have been drawn in a spirit of elaborate irony.

We have been too long living in the air in a kind of fools' paradise; but we are finding the solid earth again, and no one is very much hurt, although a good many people may have

to go to work. That will do them no harm. Gold is a sovereign standard for measuring the worth of all adventure, a solid metal for exploding political and financial flamboyancy. Our trouble began when public politics and private finance were allowed to intermingle. We will never have prosperity in business or purity in politics until each is assigned to its own place. We entered upon that course nearly forty years ago, when we adopted the principle that one part of the community should be compelled to support another part, when certain favoured persons were protected at the expense of less favoured persons. Self-reliance was destroyed. Sectional jealousies were created. The country was arrayed against the town. The favours which at first were granted as a matter of principle came to be exacted by bribery or by force.

Up to the present the sole claim to leadership has been riches; but our rich men cannot now help us much. Too many of them have been tried and found wanting; and the corruptest council elected by the people is not so dangerous as a dictator who himself is dictated to by a small group of individuals who have their own secret interests to serve. Nor can we expect much help from the press, since that part of it which is venal and treacherous is not yet sufficiently stigmatized and set apart so that the public may accept as a warning what it tenders as advice; although already the most casual reader is aware in a dull kind of way that the newspaper which is sold openly to-day may be sold secretly to-morrow. In the meantime he regards with sardonic unconcern the opinions which it utters, whether they deal with imperial politics or with the election of an alderman or the bestowal of a franchise.

When a political problem is at its hardest, it is always swallowed up by a greater one and is dissolved. The question of slavery in the United States was lost in the question if there was to be any union at all. Home Rule for Ireland became of minor importance in face of the question whether parliament or the army was to rule the empire. The dissension in Ulster was forgotten the moment men came to see that any kind of government is better than anarchy. Persons who are essen-

tially in the wrong by a curious fatality always call in haste for their own destroyer. For that reason nothing really serious ever happens in politics, unless, of course, the destroyer is too long delayed. That is the place of war in the world: it intervenes lest a worse thing befall. When people come to dread war too much their case is hopeless. They are afraid of bloodshed because they have not blood enough to keep them alive even if it were unshed. Then they fall from the estate of free men to the status of slaves, willing to accept any master, secure in their cunning to corrupt him and bring him down to their own level.

And so most political problems solve themselves. We have been worrying over immigration—how we should assimilate it, to what we should assimilate it, and with what likeness it shall finally be made to conform. The immigrant is likely to ease our minds by staying away. He is not so unsophisticated as he looks. He has heard that we have incurred great liabilities which he is expected to assume. So long as he was awarded free land the case was simple. When he is depended upon to buy land which is burdened with liabilities and speculators' profits, he is disposed to scrutinize the bargain. A calculation of this burden is not too complicated even for his simple mind. As an adult Canadian with a wife and three children, his share of the national debt is two hundred and fifty dollars. To this must be added his share of provincial and municipal debts. If thirty-five million dollars is given to a railway company, he contributes thirty dollars or thirty days' work. Every year he must pay his share of the interest on the capital which we have borrowed from foreign investors, amounting to a hundred dollars a year. He is offered in return a share in "the resources of the country," which is like offering him the sea to fish in, and he knows that the net profits from honest fishing are pretty much the same all the world over.

We in Canada do not understand failure in war, since England has never yet failed us. But we do understand failure in business—the phenomenon is so familiar—and to men who

live for business alone that is the supreme failure. The country is strewn with ruined enterprises, mines without metals, mills without power, factories without raw material, railways unfinished, companies without dividends, and all clamouring for assistance to banks which cannot yield, or to governments which should not. The promoters of these enterprises mistake themselves for the country, and their own for the public credit. The meanest trader who is brought to the end of his resources by miscalculation and extravagance could claim as much: but if he applied for public assistance, he would be quickly informed that there were courts of bankruptcy designed for his relief. Otherwise, our reasonable enterprises, our sound industries, and our well managed railways suffer for the sins of the flamboyant promoter and speculator.

There is nothing wrong with the *public* credit. There are funds in England eager to be invested in proper securities. The Canadian banks are filled with money. It belongs to the depositors, not to the banks. If they use it for other than legitimate purposes they will receive a smart check from the owners. A new perception of their responsibilities by the banks is the main cause of the present stringency. Indeed, too high credit, except as an expression of high character, is an asset of doubtful value. Lender and borrower suffer alike when money is too free. The lender finds his security impaired: the borrower sees the loan wasted. Montreal has been a free borrower, and now discovers that four million dollars have been cast away upon an absurd scheme for supplying water and disposing of sewage.

But in the main, the individual Canadian who relied upon himself alone has done well, and is doing well. Upon this ground of individual prosperity which underlies the ground of corporate failure, we may make a fresh start. To retrieve our position several steps are necessary. We must dis sever business from government, and avoid forever the methods of business in the business of government. We must close the public treasury against speculators who, under the guise of developing the country by the imposition of taxes, are con-

cerned only to exploit it, and quickly assume the successive rôles of confidence man, gambler, beggar, blackmailer—first beguiling money from the government, then frittering it away, then pleading for more, and finally demanding, under threat that “the credit of the country will be destroyed.” Public aid is essentially the same as private charity. The man who receives protection, subsidy, or guarantee on the ground that he is about to develop the country is in the same category as the man in the street who solicits ten cents from a passer-by on the plea that he is about to encourage the farmer by buying himself a drink distilled from barley.

Next, we must dis sever provincial from Dominion finance, and compel those who spend to retain the liability to pay. It is easy for the provinces to guarantee when they have no intention of making good. If the provinces were not involved those who bear their endorsation would not come to the Dominion treasury with so easy an assurance. For a province to pass up its obligations is little better than outright repudiation. It will find it is so considered when it goes into the market again. When the government voluntarily puts away from itself the power to protect, to subsidize, to guarantee, it will have to put an end to political corruption, and to much private dishonesty as well.

The public temper has been sorely tried, and there is a limit to its endurance. As an eminent jurist has observed: public opinion varies with the rate of interest. The people are slow to wrath, but they are also slow to forget; and when they get angry they are rarely just, as the railways and financial institutions of the United States are now discovering to their cost. The corporations which offended escaped the proper penalty; now, innocent and guilty alike are suffering the consequences. There is some evidence that our own corporations are in a like case. Much has been given to them: much is required. Their reputation is in their own keeping, and they will serve it best by remaining within their proper spheres—railways to transportation; banks to safeguarding deposits and lending

them for the sole purpose of transferring goods already produced from the producer to consumer. Anything further is speculation. Politics is for the individual, not for the corporation.

There are other reasons, too, why the moment is auspicious for a fresh start. Both political parties may cry quits. They have both been involved equally in the over-borrowing which, fortunately, has now come to an end. The Conservatives created the condition in 1878. The Liberals developed it. The Conservatives are now in the situation of the man in the street who is given a baby to hold: he cannot get rid of it, and he cannot set it down. After two years of office they must by this time have pretty well liquidated the obligations they incurred as the price of power, and Mr. Borden should be fairly free. He has kept his personal honour serene, as a beacon in Canadian politics. He has always been trusted. He becomes more trusted as his difficulties are better understood. A man in his position cannot always do what he would, he does what he must; but it would be a relief if he could give some sign that his personal predilections were to be more strongly exercised in public affairs, as Mr. Wilson's are in the United States.

What he would lose in one quarter he would gain in another. Members of parliament, who from long suffering are inured to the party whip, so soon as they find their leader in difficulty develop that form of independence which is the vengeance of small minds, demanding what can be exacted with safety. But, on the other hand, Mr. Borden would receive an accession of strength from those who habitually manifest their independence by shrewd observations or, at least, by silence when the chorus of adulation is at its height. Canada is suffering not from party government, but from a lack of it. The issues are not clearly defined, and parliament is a riotous mob when it should be composed of two ranks, each having a mind and knowing it.

But the lines are being drawn. It is announced with glee by the Conservative press than an important senator has

renounced his allegiance to the Liberal party on account of their attitude towards the free importation of agricultural implements. To magnify the importance of the defection a full description of his high place is given—the president of the largest implement company in the country, president of a waggon company, president of an American harvester company, director of a plough company. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier serves upon all members with such affiliations formal notice of their freedom to retire to their own place, he will have defined the issue, and will then, but not before, have an opportunity of doing something towards putting his policies into force by securing a full and free discussion of them. One would think that his experience in 1911 would have impressed him with the necessity of putting the sincerity of his followers to the test. Then we should have the full benefit of government by party and a chance to decide which was right and which was wrong. We should then be divided not by interest, but by principles upon which there might well be two opinions. Neither party would then feel obliged to condone the wrong doing of an individual and shield him from the penalty, since it would be quite clear that the consequence would expend its force upon the party, and the community at large would be saved.

THE EDITOR

BROOKFIELD

R. R. M.

i

Now hath a wonder lit the sadden'd eyes
Long misted by a grievous winter clime;
And now the dull heart leaps with love's surprise,
And sings its joy. For 'tis the happy time;
And all the brooding earth is full of chime;
And all the hosts of sleepers under ground
Have burst out suddenly in glorious prime;
And all the airy spirits now have found
Their wonted shrines with life and love entwined 'round.

ii

And now I no more sorrow for the dead,
The friend I love hath pain of death no more,
He hath mortality forever shed,
He is of happiness the spirit's core.
And my heart's memory brims, yea, runneth o'er,
With lavish bounty of his teeming worth:
(What times he did his garnered wealth outpour,
In wisdom's word and deed and pleasure's mirth)
Wherefore my soul hath joy in life's great freedom-birth.

iii

And so, I mount the richest sunset hill,
Singing the wandering echo of a fame
That shall forever have its roaming will
In love-awakened hearts where dwells the name
Of him whose genius, burning to high flame,
Was reared within these woods with spark divine.
Brookfield! Thy beauty slept, until he came
To wake thee up to visions that were thine
Hadst thou but dreamed what lay beyond the rule and line.

iv

Hadst thou but dreamed! Ah, dreamers 'neath the blue
 Of day, the dreamers in the starry night;
 Pillowed on stone and kissed by sun and dew!
 On ye, the ardours of the Infinite
 Descend in winged raptures, and the light
 Of Heav'n stirreth to bliss each mortal pain,
 Wide opening dreaming eyes in spirit sight!
 —Alas! how many waken up again,
 Singing their ecstasy unto the wind and rain.

v

Behold, One cometh in the spirit now!
 —A wraith of tender, melancholy song—
 The once familiar friend of bird, and bough,
 And flower, and brook, and meadow. Not for long
 He wandered with the meagre, vagrant throng
 Of shepherds piping in the early day.
 Death mocked his young heart-ease; and soon among
 Forgotten things a woeful shepherd lay:
 And soon the melody grew faint and died away.

vi

On yonder hill, close to a great high road,
 Made by the pioneers from sea to sea,
 The Poet lay, unheeded;—and the load
 Upon his broken heart sank heavily
 With cattle's tread, and withered grew the tree
 That bent o'er him, and dwindled to a path
 The great highway that was so wide and free;—
 Only a chance-hewn stone of poorest worth
 Clung like a widowed love to his dead, buried earth.

vii

We know his fellow-shepherds cried to Heaven,
 And thrilled the winds with their melodious loss;

And doubtless, some late-straying sheep were driven,
 By that rude, wailing music's urge, to cross
 The moonlit stream and crop the golden moss;
 And evermore were changed from sheep to man,
 And evermore cared not for worldly dross,
 And evermore heard call of Spring, and ran
 Into the joyous woods to follow after Pan.

viii

And He, our freedom's guide, our Spirit's friend,
 Had more than loving word for that lone grave,
 Where homing neighbour never came to lend
 It presence. His warm heart was moved to save,
 From utter, last neglect, a name that gave
 The grace of life in songs now little read,
 Since other ease of heart we most do crave.
 Dear Friend! Whose love our weak remembrance fed,
 Thou gav'st our silent bard a home among the dead.

ix

Among the mounds of love—no more alone—
 With charity of marble at his head,
 And, clinging to his feet, that poor, chance stone,
 Now, in the churchyard, rests the long lost dead.
 What though his coming was unheralded
 With pomp and praise, he hath his meed of earth;
 And on his grave the flowers he loved are spread,
 And many a kindly eye will read his worth,
 And sometimes there the heart of love be poured forth.

x

Lo! now, another comes to swell the praise:
 He bringeth far-off memory of the sea,
 And of the pathless woods' alluring maze,
 And of the ringing ax, and crashing tree,
 And first log hut, and brush fire setting free

The age-imprisoned soil to ease the needs
 That crown the pioneer's hard destiny.
 Haply, the warring world no braver breeds,
 Than he who turns a forest into waving meads.

xi

Yet still we sing: *Saul hath his thousands slain,
 And David tens of thousands!* As of old,
 We make great holiday of bloodiest gain,
 And wreath the shining victor's head with gold,
 And bless his gory trophies, and unfold
 Them in Love's sacred temple, and outpour
 Loud gratitude to God—that didst uphold
 Our hands to kill our brother man in war.
 Ah! Christ is dead,—and we the Roman Guard adore.

xii

But see this happy village festival,
 Where all the country folk are gathered round
 Responsive to the clear, vibrating call
 Of one uplifted voice,—whose echoes sound
 Above the hill-tops now. This toil-won ground
 Is holy: here the burning bush flamed high
 One hundred years ago, when faith was crowned
 In the first settler's log hut built near by,
 And love, in that rude home, was blessed with children's cry.

xiii

Not that the Venturer grew rich or great,
 Or seemed a hero or was honoured more
 By those who followed him to conquer fate
 In the far wilderness; nor that he bore
 Himself as one who paid for other's score;
 But that among the forest immigrants,
 He was the first life-bringer to explore
 These hills, where the shy Indian had his haunts,
 And prove the settler's worth, beyond the body's wants.

xiv

And it was well the body's wants were few,
 To those who made the homes here—day by day
 Toiling and sweating while they hacked and slew
 The forest, burned the brush, and cleared away
 For garden patch and grain, and flax and hay.—
 But ah! the wives in rudest suffering strong!
 Little of rest there was for such as they,
 Little save care, ev'n in the baby song
 They crooned, in midst of work for all the household throng.

xv

And yet they were not sad—these pioneers:
 (Tales have been told of humour all their own,
 And of their wit that crackled unawares,
 And of their sturdy way, and look, and tone,
 And high assurance when their work was done.)
 Surely, for them, the thrush at evening sang,
 The Pleiades and great Orion shone,
 And the life-giving sun in splendour sprang,
 And the glad harvest moon her golden lamp did hang.

xvi

Long years ago, they went to take their rest
 Beneath the spreading trees on yonder hill—
 The field they cleared for use at God's behest,
 And where the quiet tenants of his will
 Are undisturbed of any joy or ill.
 And here and there, white stones with carven name
 Tell who lies covered up, forever still:
 But the First Settler has a shaft of flame
 Reared by the villagers unto his worth and fame.

xvii

Since then the years have flown, flown like the wind
 That passeth o'er this hill, laden with life.

This is the hill where I was sure to find
 My friend in days of old. Here, I am rife
 In freedom—not from the surcease of strife
 Of God with man (Lord, Lord, cease not with me!)
 But from the bloodless Fate with hidden knife,
 Shearing the heart aspiring to be free
 Of lust and greed and self, whate'er the prize may be.

xviii

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
 Whence cometh help! My help is in the Lord!*
 Behold, O man, what is it that He wills
 Of thee! But to do justice in accord,
 And to love mercy better than the sword,
 And to walk humbly in the sight of Him:
 Thus, is the olden vision still outpoured
 Upon the hills, for all whose eyes are dim
 With seeking in the places where the bale-fires swim.

xix

Thus, am I in the spirit with my friend,
 Here in the village which he glorified;
 And unto which his heart would always wend,
 —Impatient of the world of human tide—
 When Spring began to call him to her side
 With robin's song and the arbutus trail,
 And all the lure of freedom undenied,
 And all the wistful life of hill and dale,
 And river, lake, and stream, and love that would not fail.

xx

And as he roamed the shores and woods and clears,
 —Seeking, for aye, the bloom of yesterdays,—
 The mayflowers smiled and lent their sweetest airs,
 And violets curtsied from the road-side ways;
 The red-veined slippers of the elves and fays
 Were hanging near the rose and eglantine,

And mystic trilliums still did heavenward gaze;
 The blue flags waved, and lilies gan to shine;
 The golden-rods and asters thronged the steep incline.

xxi

And something of that bloom was shown for me,
 One eager day, when the Rhodora flamed
 Her leafless beauty on us suddenly
 Down in an old-time pasture road, and claimed
 A first love's privilege, and was not shamed:
 My friend had fondest greeting for the flower;
 And gentlest love-speech ever poet framed;
 And all my vagrant heart was stayed, with power
 Of love I never knew, until I shared his dower.

xxii

Ah, he was richly dowered of the earth!
 The grain of sand, the daisy in the sod,
 Awoke his heart; and early he went forth,
 Through field and wood, with young eyes all abroad;
 And saw the nesting birds, and beck and nod
 Of little creatures running wild and free,
 (Which know not that they know, yet are of God)
 And kept his youth, and grew in sympathy,
 And loved his fellows more, and had love's victory.

xxiii

To such as heard, he was an answerer
 Of things that lay outside the rule and line.
 To those who loved, the follower of a star
 That led him on and on with heavenly sign,
 And lit his soul, and made his utterance shine;
 So he went forth to many in his day:
 And when he passed beyond at Sun's decline,
 Some who had never seen him caught the ray;
 And some came then to praise who could have cheered his
 way.

xxiv

There is the little cabin in the tree,
Where sometimes he would go for solitude,
And ease of heart, and thoughtful reverie,
And rain upon the roof, and dreamy mood,
And light the world hath never understood.
Ah me! the door is broken now, and wide;
And yet, I feel as if it might intrude
Upon a resting soul to look inside;—
Such is the quietness and lack of earthly pride.

xxv

O Friend! who so didst joy of knowledge use,
That men look up and brighten at thy name,
And speak of genius, and put by the news
To tell some good of one death cannot claim,
Nor life require to read in sculptured fame.
The wind upon the hill hath sweetest hush;
The day is melting into tenderest flame;
And from the valley, where the waters rush,
Comes up the evensong of the lone hermit-thrush.

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL

SOME ASPECTS OF IMMIGRATION

GO where we will, we cannot escape the immigrant. The British or American immigrant meets us so frequently that his presence is taken for granted. He is in offices and stores; in churches and theatres; in social and political gatherings. He has already become an accepted part of Canadian life.

The figure of the immigrant who does not speak English is hardly less common. He greets us at the eastern seaports. He is pushing his way from the mining towns of Nova Scotia out into the remote rural districts, where he apparently thrives on farms abandoned by Canadians. He jostles us on the streets of Montreal, and his children threaten to outnumber the English children in the schools. In Toronto he has burst the confines of "The Ward," and taken possession of the quiet walks of Queen's Park. He may be seen trudging along the rural lanes of old Ontario as he goes to work in some newly opened industrial "plant." He crowds the lumber shanties and construction camps of the north country. In the West, in the cities, on the prairies, and in the mountains, he is always in evidence. At "the coast" several industries have passed almost exclusively into his hands.

As we cannot escape the immigrant, so we cannot escape the problems which his coming has created. Let a group of men begin to discuss any Canadian question and it will not be long before the immigrant appears. The theme of conversation may be business, education, politics, religion,—the immigrant demands recognition. How could it be otherwise? Every third or fourth man in Canada has come to this country within the last ten years; every seventeenth man within the last twelve months.

So rapid and profound has been the change in Canadian life that it might be supposed that the altered conditions

would be generally recognized, and adjustments consciously and intelligently made. But, partly because we live in an age of rapid development, partly because, contrary to the general impression, most men readily and almost unconsciously accept and adapt themselves to new conditions, few of us have noticed the far-reaching and profound character of the changes that are taking place. We take things as they come, more or less as a matter of course, and with the easy optimism of a new country consider that whatever is is right.

It requires a conscious effort to think back even one or two decades and attempt to regain the point of view which was once held. We are beginning to speak about a Canadian national consciousness. Twenty years ago few of us could boast of anything wider than an "old Ontario" or a Quebec consciousness. It is immigration that is primarily responsible for the filling in of the waste places and the bridging over of the gaps that so widely separated the detached communities that till recently have constituted Canada. Such new and perplexing questions as our relation to the empire, to the United States, to Japan, and to India, are evidences of an emerging nationality—a nationality made possible by our increased population; a nationality whose destinies are being determined by the character of that population.

We have boasted much of our prosperity. But whence our commercial and industrial growth? A group of Canadian business men were discussing the immigrant; a real estate agent exclaimed petulantly, "This is our country; its resources are ours, why divide up with these foreigners?" Such an attitude is not uncommon. Yet it would be safe to say that any despised Italian or Galician labourer has produced more real wealth than this real estate speculator who had grown rich simply through the rapid increase in land values.

In a recent number of *The Commercial* appears an interesting article on the effect of immigration on business. The writer attempts to show what a flow of half a million of new citizens annually means to Canada. He estimates that the

transportation companies receive not less than \$15,000,000 per annum, and it may be much more. He estimates that the purchase of the equipment which the newly arrived settler requires for himself and his family may be computed at \$15,000,000. Such calculations are, of course, largely guess-work, but the commercial importance of a large immigration can hardly be over-estimated. Increased bank clearings and volume of trade and building records, which are the boast of every Board of Trade in the Dominion, are directly due to the accessions to the population and to the increased borrowing power which such accessions have made possible.

But this army of settlers must maintain itself and loans must be repaid—and repaid with interest. This cannot be done indefinitely by bringing in more settlers and borrowing more money. Temporary prosperity has apparently blinded us to the fact that production is the base of permanent prosperity. The statements recently made by English financiers ought surely to sober us. According to Sir George Paish of the *London Statist*, the interest on foreign capital invested in Canada—half of it within the last seven years—amounts to twenty dollars per head of the entire population. This means not only stringent national and municipal economy, but a greatly increased volume of production.

Construction has been pushed forward; fortunes have been made; but what of the conditions of those employed in industry? Increased cost of living, low wages, unemployment, industrial disputes—such are the ugly facts that confront social workers in nearly all Canadian cities. It is difficult to distinguish always between local and general causes, but we cannot avoid the responsibility of grappling with both.

One fundamental difficulty seems to be that we have artificially stimulated immigration, bonused industries, and subsidized railways, and yet have done little to care for the welfare of the immigrant or the worker. That, it is declared, would be “paternalistic” or “socialistic.” The demand for a minimum wage or for the provision of steady work for those

engaged in seasonal employments is still met by the well-worn objection that the laws of supply and demand cannot be altered. What is our whole immigration policy—and our fiscal policy, too—but a complete abandonment of the *laissez-faire* position?

Thus we face, at present, an anomalous situation. There are tens of thousands of men unemployed, and yet hundreds of thousands more are being poured into the country. Surely we are curiously inconsistent. If there is to be “state interference” that is of immediate benefit to the transportation companies and manufacturers, is it unreasonable to ask for “state interference” that will be of permanent benefit to the people at large?

It has been suggested that immigration should be stopped or, at least, lessened. This may, indeed, be advisable, until we are more fully prepared to cope with the situation. There is, however, another course open. Canada is not overcrowded. Our natural resources are such that there is still room for millions of people. But it must be clearly understood that the interests of the people are of chief importance. A system of national employment bureaus, provision for unemployment insurance, a rigid inspection of lumber and construction camps, instruction and financial assistance for immigrants willing to go on the land—such measures would do much to relieve the present unemployment.

Closely associated with unemployment is the question of low wages. Continued immigration makes it very difficult for the Canadian wage-earner to maintain the Canadian standard of living. In most cases the immigrant's standards are decidedly lower than the Canadian standards. But the Canadian must compete with the immigrant. So it would seem that low standards bid fair to win. Even though the immigrant may be ambitious to attain Canadian standards, and, in spite of economic laws, actually attempt to adopt them, he must in turn compete with his later-arrived brother-immigrant, who, anxious only to gain a foothold, is willing to take the lowest wage and put up with almost any privation

or injustice. The low standards of the most backward countries of Europe constitute the base line. So long as standards of living in Canada are even a little above the line, immigration will continue, and, as waters find their level, the tendency is for the standards to approximate.

But, further, many of the immigrants are unmarried men in the prime of life. They can exist on less than married men who have families to support. Thus, already, the standard wage for unskilled labour is the "single man" standard. If the labourer is reckless enough to marry, his wife must support herself. If there is a family, the family must supplement the earnings of the mother. Thus children are taken early from school, and the welfare of the next generation mortgaged. From the purely economic standpoint, any system in which labour is unable to perpetuate itself cannot be justified. From the standpoint of justice or ethics, it is indefensible.

The fact is that, in Canada, industrialism has been suddenly thrust into what was essentially an agricultural society. Many of our laws are not modern. Child labour laws, and shop and factories Acts, lag far behind English legislation. So, too, laws affecting women are hopelessly out of date. In the province of Quebec, for example, women still labour under the disabilities imposed by the old French laws, and in British Columbia they are insulted by the so-called "squaw law," which came into force when there were few white women in the colony. The standardization and modernization of laws affecting industry have become imperative.

Improvement comes slowly and is resisted, because the Canadians who largely dominate the situation do not understand the new social order. Country-bred men, essentially individualistic in thought and ethics, have attained positions of responsibility in highly organized industrial concerns. Knowing the opinion of the "hired man" of a quarter of a century ago, they imagine they know the opinion of the English or foreign mechanic in their shops. Hence, misunderstandings and trouble. It is not easy for one class to understand another.

Here we touch one of the most important effects of immigration, the stratification of society. In England we have been accustomed to class distinction,—the king, the nobility, the gentry, the upper and lower middle classes, and, to borrow a continental term, the proletariat. In Canada we have boasted that we have no classes. The “hired man” married the farmer’s daughter. One of their sons went into business; another entered one of the professions. It was easy to pass from one group to another. But to-day we are beginning to have capitalists, and among the lower classes “white men” and “foreigners.” On a railroad train in western Canada the “pullman,” the tourist, and the colonist cars reveal social grades that are becoming more and more distinct. Or, again, the conductor is a “white man,” the porter a negro, the cook a Chinaman, the train-boy a Japanese, the section man a Swede, and the construction gang a motley crew,—Italians, Galicians, or Hindus. And speaking of Hindus, was not the caste system of India the result of successive waves of immigration? Are we, in Canada, to build up a caste system as in India or to remain independent races as in Austria-Hungary, or to intermarry and become a mongrel race? The question ought to be fairly faced in order that those races, or classes, or individuals that cannot be incorporated into Canadian life—when we decide what that ought to be—should be excluded.

What Europe has failed to do in a thousand years, Canada must attempt; namely, to discover some *modus vivendi* by which peoples diverse in race, in language, in religion, and in social customs, can develop a common national life. Old land problems, often in a complicated form, are already facing us in Canada. Witness the public school controversies in Alberta and Manitoba.

We are coming to realize that though the far-reaching political effects of immigration have hardly had time to manifest themselves, the immigrant is no longer a negligible factor in political life. Many view with apprehension the introduction of a large, ignorant, purchasable vote. Without doubt Canadian politicians are playing upon the ignorance

and prejudices of the more illiterate classes from south-eastern Europe. Without doubt thousands of newly arrived Canadians have learned as their first lesson in citizenship that in Canada the franchise is a marketable asset. We shall soon face a more serious situation than ever confronted the United States.

But, on the other hand, it is just possible that the immigrant may prove our political salvation. We live under the curse of inherited party politics. The immigrants on their arrival are not attached to any Canadian party. The British immigrants reinforce and reinvigorate many of our common institutions. The American immigrants are unaccustomed even to the names of the old-line Canadian parties, and are not familiar with many of our forms of government. They are compelled to study the situation, and so their influence in the West has often been stimulating. As illustrating definite political trends, attention should be called to the fact that while the trades and labour councils are largely in the hands of old country Britishers, the non-English element among the labour classes will probably prevent effective organization along the lines of the English labour party. Or again, American influence is to be clearly recognized in Saskatchewan and Alberta in the social tendencies of the grain growers' movement.

Many of the European immigrants are fully the equal of Canadians, and bring with them a knowledge of institutions and laws modelled on other, and sometimes better, lines than our own. Even the despised south-eastern Europeans are already revealing abilities and possibilities of no mean order. A passionate love of freedom, an idealism that knows how to dare and to suffer, a social outlook—these are qualities that will do much to purge and ennoble political life.

In studying the whole situation, political, economic, or social, one is impressed with the need of new Canadian ideals—if, indeed, we can be said to possess at present any distinctively Canadian ideals. Some of us, doubtless because we are Ontario-born, have been accustomed to regard Ontario as the most typical of the provinces. As a matter of fact,

there is no typical Canadian province; there are several distinct types. The Ontario type—with Toronto writ large all over it—is certainly not general enough for Canada.

The descendants of the English or Scotch or Irish are doubtless a fine class, but so also are the descendants of the French and the German, and so, too, the later-arrived Icelanders and Poles. The Protestant religion may or may not be the finest yet produced. It can hardly be said to be sufficiently catholic to dominate a community in which are large numbers belonging to the Roman or Greek communion, or to the synagogue. The commonly accepted individualistic ethics developed splendid fathers and neighbours, but has failed to train these very men to meet the political and industrial needs of the day. The educational system in which we have been brought up may have been fitted to meet the needs of a homogeneous agricultural community; it is not adequate to the requirements of the situation when the population is bi-lingual or multi-lingual, and when an increasing proportion of that population must be trained for industrial pursuits.

We have talked long enough about assimilating the immigrants. To what are we to assimilate them? After what likeness are we to fashion them? Our own? Heaven forbid. We are not good enough, or attractive enough. These immigrant peoples have a great contribution to make to Canadian life. They may help us to create a higher type, which will embody the best elements of all. Or, again, if we are not destined to develop a single, composite type, they may perform the equally important service of teaching us that there are other types than our own. "God has many bests" is the way in which a wise old teacher once put it.

While retaining our own individuality we must attain a sympathetic understanding of other peoples. Tolerance does not mean a forfeiting of convictions; it means the enlarging of our field of vision until we can see something else than the reflection of ourselves. We Canadians need catholicity of spirit, and still more, perhaps, imagination, and, above all, a great and worthy ideal.

J. S. WOODSWORTH

COPYRIGHT IN CANADA

THE passage of the British Copyright Act of 1911 attracted little, if any, public attention in Canada. It was practically unnoticed by the press, and its importance is to-day unappreciated by many, even of those genuinely interested in studying the public questions of our own times. Yet this statute marks an epoch in our constitutional development as a self-governing dominion of the British Empire, and may also be said to embody the most advanced step yet taken by Great Britain towards the realization of the poet's dream of a world "lapt in universal law."

By this enactment Great Britain adopted for herself the recommendations of the Berlin Convention of the powers, and modified and simplified her domestic law so as to bring it into harmony with the law of the other countries adhering to the Convention. At the same time, she left the law then prevailing in the self-governing dominions unchanged, accorded to those dominions freedom to come within or stay without the Convention as they should deem best, and formally abandoned the control previously exercised over colonial legislation upon this subject, while holding out the strongest inducements to the self-governing dominions to follow her lead and to adopt, with or without modification, the law she had herself chosen.

Canada has not yet decided what use it will make of the liberty thus achieved. Action of some kind must soon be taken. The law at present operative in Canada is, as will be shown, in an absurdly anomalous and chaotic condition, and calls for correction. It is hoped that the following brief account of the history and present position of the law of literary copyright in Canada may be of interest, and perhaps of assistance, when the nature of the change to be made comes up for consideration, and that it may also prove sug-

gestive to students of our constitutional growth who are not particularly concerned with the subject of copyright itself.

Copyright has never had any political significance in a party sense. It has never touched the pocket or the sentiment of the people of Canada sufficiently to arouse the passions and prejudices which have obscured and distorted the more famous issues upon which attention is usually concentrated—consequently we have an opportunity here of examining what may be called an admirable specimen of constitutional development, which we may discuss in a wholly uncontroversial spirit. Though copyright exists not only in literary productions, properly so called, but also in pictures, photographs, music, and numerous other forms of intellectual activity, it will be convenient, in order to avoid elaboration, to speak of literary copyright alone. Most, but not all, of what follows applies to the other kinds of copyright as well; but the scope of this article will not permit of any attempt to explain the points of difference.

The term "copyright" may be understood in two different senses. The author of a literary composition, which he commits to paper belonging to himself, has an undoubted right at common law to the piece of paper on which his composition is written, and to the copies which he chooses to make of it for himself or others. If he lends a copy to another, his right is not gone; if he sends it to another under an implied undertaking that he is not to part with it, or publish it, he has a right to enforce that undertaking. The other, and much more important, meaning of the word is the exclusive right of multiplying copies; the right of preventing all others from copying by printing, or otherwise, a literary work which the author has published.

The law of copyright in the latter sense, that is, the recognition of the exclusive right of multiplying copies of a published writing, is of modern origin. It was only since the introduction of printing that any question of the extent and duration of copyright could be expected to arise, and it is not till about a century after printing was introduced that

we find evidence of the recognition in any public form of the copyright of authors, or of the remedies by which its infringement might be redressed. The earliest evidence which occurs is to be found in the Charter of the Stationers' Company granted by Philip and Mary in 1556, and the decrees of the Star Chamber which followed shortly afterwards.

These enactments, which were of a licensing character, owed their origin to the religious conflicts of the time, and were directed, by the religious party which was in the ascendant, to the prevention of the propagation of obnoxious doctrines. The ultimate recognition of the author's rights as the dominating factor was the result of a gradual development through a bewildering series of enactments extending from the date mentioned down to 1842, when the imperial parliament passed an Act, 5 and 6 Victoria, chapter 45, which remained in force in Great Britain till 1911, and, as will be explained, is to-day in force in Canada. In the interval there have been numerous statutes dealing with various phases of the subject, but these need not be referred to in detail.

It will be worth while to pause and consider briefly some of the outstanding features of this Imperial Act of 1842, as we shall have occasion to refer to it frequently in discussing the subsequent history of the law both here and in Great Britain. Before doing so, however, it will be well to notice the criticism passed on this and the other British Copyright Acts in the Report of the Royal Commissioners on Copyright of 1878. This report said:

"The first observation which a study of the existing law suggests is that its form, as distinguished from its substance, seems to us bad. The law is wholly destitute of any sort of arrangement, incomplete, often obscure, and even when it is intelligible upon long study, it is in many parts so ill-expressed that no one who does not give such study to it can expect to understand it.

"The common law principles which lie at the root of the law have never been settled. The well-known cases of

Millar *vs.* Taylor, Donaldson *vs.* Becket, and Jeffries *vs.* Boosey, ended in a difference of opinion amongst many of the most eminent judges who have ever sat upon the bench.

"The fourteen Acts of Parliament which deal with the subject were passed at different times between 1735 and 1875. [Several other statutes have been passed since 1875.] They are drawn in different styles, and some are drawn so as to be hardly intelligible. Obscurity of style, however, is only one of the defects of these Acts. Their arrangement is often worse than their style. Of this the Copyright Act of 1842 is a conspicuous instance."

The first thing to be noted about the Imperial Act of 1842 is that it contains an express provision that it shall extend to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and to every part of the *British Dominions*. It thus, by its very terms, came into force in Canada as soon as it was passed. The endurance of the term of copyright was fixed at the natural life of the author plus seven years, or forty-two years from publication, whichever should be longer.

The Act also provided for the delivery of a copy of every book published to the British Museum within a stated time, and also, on demand, for delivery of copies for the libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin,—all these copies being deliverable free of charge, and penalties being fixed for non-delivery. Provision was also made for the keeping of a book of registry at Stationers' Hall, wherein the proprietorship of copyright and assignments thereof might be registered, and certified copies of the entries in this book were made *prima facie* proof of such proprietorship or assignment.

Registration at Stationers' Hall was not made essential to the existence or validity of the copyright, but the proprietor was forbidden to sue for infringement unless he first registered. The usefulness of such a requirement seems very difficult to understand. It did not afford a complete record of existing copyrights where a person proposing to republish a book already in print could go to ascertain whether copyright existed or whether it was open to publication. In practice

it has had little or no effect, except to create a trap for the unwary publisher,—which has been rendered the more dangerous by the decisions of the courts which have required literal compliance with the technical requirements of the Act.

Another section of the Act prohibited importation into the British dominions of foreign reprints of works first published in the United Kingdom. For many years there was much doubt as to whether a book first published in one of the colonies would be protected throughout the British possessions, and it was unanimously held by the House of Lords in 1868 in the celebrated case of *Routledge vs. Low* that, in order to acquire copyright under the Act of 1842, the work must be first published in the United Kingdom and that publication in one of the colonies was not sufficient under the language of the Act.

This opinion caused great dissatisfaction in Canada and the other colonies and in India, as it either destroyed or rendered worthless all copyright property in the numerous works since 1842 which had been first published there. This grievance was finally removed by the International Copyright Act of 1886, which placed works first produced in a British possession on practically the same footing as a work first produced in the United Kingdom.

Still louder complaints arose from Canada in respect of another phase of the copyright situation introduced by the Act of 1842. Owing to Canada's proximity to the United States, where at that time the British author enjoyed no copyright protection and where consequently cheap reprints of British works were freely published, our public had been in the habit of obtaining their supply of current British literature in a cheap form from the United States.

The section of the Act which prohibited the importation of foreign reprints stopped the flow of this supply into Canada, while the British publisher declined to issue cheap editions for use in the colonies for fear they would find their way back to Great Britain and there compete with the more expensive library editions through which at that time the British author reached the local public by means of the circulating libraries,

—cheap editions as they now exist being then practically unknown in Great Britain.

This situation resulted in a very peculiar and, as it proved, very successful experiment in legislation by the imperial parliament. In 1847 it passed the Foreign Reprints Act, which enabled the Crown by order-in-council to suspend the prohibition against importation into a colony in case the Crown should be satisfied that the local legislative authority had passed legislation adequate to secure to British authors reasonable protection within such colony.

Canada accordingly introduced sections into its Customs Acts providing for the collection by the customs authorities of an *ad valorem* duty of twelve and a half per cent. on British copyright works, which duty was to be paid over to the owner of the copyright; and thereupon in December, 1850, an imperial order-in-council was passed suspending the prohibition on the importation of foreign reprints, and the cheap American editions once more made their appearance.

Unfortunately the machinery for the collection of the duty for the benefit of the author and publisher broke down completely. The colonial customs authorities had no interest in seeing to its collection and in practice little or nothing was realized by the proprietor of the copyright from this source, so that ultimately the author and publisher ceased to concern themselves with the matter and to all intents and purposes abandoned the Canadian market to the American publisher without any return.

A ludicrous but significant illustration of the value of Canadian copyright to an English author during this period is furnished in a document sent in 1875 to Archbishop Trench from Her late Majesty's treasurer. It announced that the sum of eleven pence was in the hands of the paymaster-general and would be paid to Dr. Trench on presentation of a signed receipt. It appears that this sum, eleven pence, represented the total amount the customs authorities in Canada had levied on the archbishop's behalf during nearly as many years,—that is, they had collected at the rate of a penny a year for him,

although it is well known that Dr. Trench's books had during this period a large and constant sale in Canada.

We now come to the passing of the British North America Act, followed shortly by the Canadian Copyright Act of 1875, and the important constitutional case of *Smiles vs. Belford*. Before entering upon a discussion of these statutes and this case, let us summarize briefly the position of the law as above outlined.

Literary copyright in Canada was governed exclusively by imperial legislation under the Act of 1842, and the Foreign Reprints Act of 1847. The British author, by publication in the United Kingdom, obtained copyright throughout the British dominions, and consequently in Canada. Publication in Canada, however, conferred no copyright anywhere. The copyright obtained theoretically by publication in the United Kingdom was in practice worthless, owing to the right of importation of foreign reprints given by the Act of 1847 and the failure of the customs authorities to collect the duties imposed by Canadian parliament to meet the requirements of that Act.

The Canadian market was thus in the hands of the American publishers, to the exclusion both of the British author and of the Canadian publisher. It must be borne in mind, as already indicated, that at this period a British author or publisher was absolutely without redress as against an American publisher who reprinted and issued his work in America, the United States having persistently refused to become parties to any treaty providing for reciprocal copyright protection.

Under these conditions the British North America Act was passed in 1867, and it will be remembered that by Section 91, the Dominion parliament was given power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Canada in relation to all matters not exclusively assigned to the provincial legislatures, and it was specially declared that the exclusive legislative authority of the parliament of Canada should extend to all matters coming within some twenty-nine enumerated classes of subjects, of which No. 23 was "Copyright."

In pursuance of the authority thus conferred, the Dominion parliament, in 1875, passed the Canadian Copyright Act. This statute was modelled on the American copyright legislation, both in regard to the term of copyright granted and the conditions upon which it was made dependent. The term for which copyright was to endure was twenty-eight years, with the right of renewal under certain conditions for a further period of fourteen years. In order to obtain copyright, the author was required to print and publish in Canada, and was required to make entry of the copyright at the Department of Agriculture, and to print notice of such entry on the title-page or frontispiece of the book. A prohibition was also enacted against the importation of foreign reprints of works copyrighted under this statute, and the right of confiscation of infringing copies was conferred. It should be noted that entry at Ottawa is a condition precedent to the existence of copyright, and in this respect differs from registration at Stationers' Hall under the Imperial Act of 1842, which is only a necessary preliminary to an action at law.

The provisions requiring printing in Canada should also be specially observed. This requirement, borrowed from the United States legislation, forms no proper part of a copyright law, which is intended for the protection of authors. It is in reality a species of protection introduced for the benefit of the book manufacturers' industry. This Act, having been reserved by the governor-general under Section 55 of the British North America Act for the queen's assent, the imperial parliament in the same year passed a Statute, 38 and 39 Vic. Cap. 53, authorizing Her Majesty-in-Council to assent to the Act, which was accordingly done.

After the passing of the Canadian Act of 1875, it seems to have been assumed by Canadian publishers, or some of them, that this Act virtually repealed the Imperial Act of 1842 so far as Canada was concerned, and that consequently Canadian publishers were free to publish English copyright books in Canada without regard to any claims on the part

of the proprietors of the British copyright. This idea, however, was dissipated by the decision in the leading constitutional case of *Smiles vs. Belford*, 1 Ontario Appeal Reports, 436. The plaintiff in that case was the author of a work called "Thrift" which he published in England in November, 1875, but which was not published by him or with his authority in Canada, and was not entered in the Department of Agriculture under the Canadian Copyright Act of 1875. The defendant, without reference to the plaintiff, printed and published copies of this work in Toronto, and the action was brought to restrain the continuation of such printing and publication.

Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot granted an injunction as prayed, and the defendant appealed to the Court of Appeal, where the case was very fully considered. It was contended by the appellants that the effect of the Canadian Act of 1875 taken in conjunction with the Imperial Act authorizing its approval by Her Majesty, was to repeal, so far as Canada was concerned, the Imperial Act of 1842, and that consequently no copyright could exist in Canada unless the requirements of the Canadian Act had been complied with; but the court held that the Canadian Act had no such effect, and that the plaintiff had copyright throughout the British Empire under the Imperial Act of 1842 by virtue of his publication in England, and that consequently reprinting and publishing in Canada could be stopped, although importation of foreign reprints under the Foreign Reprints Act could not be prevented unless the Canadian Act had been complied with.

This decision caused great dissatisfaction among the Canadian publishing interests. They complained that they were damaged, on the one hand, by authors belonging to the United States publishing in Great Britain, and thus securing a copyright in Canada; and, on the other hand, by British authors making arrangements with United States publishers whereby the latter secured the Canadian as well as the United States market, the consequence being that Canada

was flooded with cheap American reprints to the great detriment of the printing and publishing trades.

In 1889, the Dominion parliament, in an effort to remedy these grievances, passed an Act to amend the Copyright Act of 1875. The effect of this amendment, if it had become law, would have been to confine copyright in Canada to works first printed and published or produced in Canada, or to works, which, if first printed, published, or produced elsewhere, should be reprinted and republished or reproduced in Canada within one month after printing or production elsewhere.

The passing of this Act, which was conceived in the interests rather of Canadian printers and publishers than of either authors or the reading public, gave rise to a serious controversy between Canada and the mother country. The home authorities took the position that the Act involved a retrograde step, and was not in the best interests of the Empire or the public, and consequently refused to permit the royal assent to be given to the Act, which never became law. The Canadian authorities, on the other hand, asserted, in a series of very able state documents, the doctrine of Canada's right to legislate for herself and to judge for herself what was in her best interests. On account of its bringing into prominence in this clearly defined way the question of Canadian autonomy, the subject of copyright acquired for a short time a public interest which it would otherwise not have achieved.

This dispute was finally set at rest in the year 1900, when a compromise was effected, and the assent of the Crown was given to a dominion statute amending the Copyright Act of 1875. This amendment rendered it possible for the owner of a copyright in a work first published in any part of the British dominions other than Canada, to grant a license to reproduce editions of such work for sale in Canada only. In the event of such a license being given, the minister of agriculture was authorized to prohibit the importation into Canada of copies of the work published else-

where. This enactment rendered it possible for a Canadian publisher to contract for the Canadian rights in an English work without fear of competition by importation of the home or American editions.

This Act did not, of course, touch imperial copyright and left it quite optional with the British author whether he should authorize a special Canadian edition to be printed in Canada. If he did not choose to do so, the Act did not affect his rights at all, and he might still obtain protection against the publication of any unauthorized edition.

In the meantime, in the year 1891, the United States had passed what was known as the Chace Act, the effect of which was to enable British authors to obtain copyright in the United States on condition that they printed and published there, Great Britain having by a ruling of her Crown officers admitted the right of American authors to obtain copyright under the Acts of 1842 and 1886 by publication in the British Empire. Canada has, however, refused to permit United States authors to obtain Canadian copyright under the local Act, unless such authors have previously obtained British copyright.

It will be remembered that under provisions of the Canadian legislation passed pursuant to the Foreign Reprints Act, the Canadian customs authorities were supposed to collect an *ad valorem* duty for the benefit of the British author, but the collection of this duty had in practice been neglected, and, finally, in the year 1895, these provisions were repealed and directions were issued by the customs authorities in Canada to cease to collect these duties.

The effect of this action by the Canadian customs authorities was first brought into prominence by the case of *Morang & Co. vs. Publishers' Syndicate*, 32 Ontario Reports, 393, followed shortly afterwards by *Black vs. Imperial Book Co.*, 5 Ontario Law Reports, 184. In these cases it was held that inasmuch as Canada, by abandoning the collection of the duties for the benefit of the authors, had ceased to make adequate provision for their protection, the Foreign Reprints

Act automatically ceased to have effect here, and that consequently the importation of foreign reprints of a book having imperial copyright under the Statute of 1842 could be prevented. These cases bring us down to the law as it stands in Canada to-day.

We have the extraordinary position that there are two separate and distinct copyright laws in force in the Dominion. First, the imperial copyright law under the Acts of 1842 and 1846, by virtue of which copyright is acquired by publication anywhere in the British Empire, and in aid of which the assistance of our Canadian courts can be invoked. Secondly, a copyright law of a local character under the Dominion Act of 1875 as amended, which confers copyright in Canada only, and in order to obtain which printing and publication must take place in Canada, and entry must be made at the Department of Agriculture. The only practical advantage which the local copyright possesses over the imperial is that it enables the proprietor to invoke the aid of the customs authorities to stop the importation of piratical reprints in the customs house. This assistance is not granted by the Canadian customs authorities to the proprietor of imperial copyright who is left to seek his remedy through the courts.

It will be convenient here to revert to a consideration of the international aspect of copyright law. As long ago as 1844, the British parliament passed an Act authorizing the Crown by order-in-council to enter into copyright treaties with foreign nations, providing for the granting of reciprocal rights to the subjects of the contracting powers, and a large number of treaties were made in pursuance of this statute. The result of this was that a complicated state of circumstances arose, for the rights of an author in foreign countries varied according to each particular treaty.

In consequence, in 1885 an attempt was made by several of the great powers to secure uniformity throughout their dominions, and a conference was held at Berne, with the result that a draft convention was finally agreed to by the

various powers. The conference then adjourned and re-assembled in 1887, when the convention known as the Berne Convention was signed. The signature of Great Britain was affixed on September 5th, 1887, and on November 28th of the same year an order-in-council was issued giving full effect to the Convention throughout the British dominions, the order-in-council being passed pursuant to an enabling Act of the preceding year.

Canada consequently became, as part of the British dominions, bound by the Convention, and has remained subject to it ever since. The Berne Convention was modified in the year 1896 by what is known as the Additional Act of Paris, 1896, and was revised and enlarged in 1908 by what is known as the Berlin Revised Convention. The fundamental principle of the Berne Convention was that authors of any of the countries of the union or their representatives should enjoy in the other countries the rights which the respective laws of such other countries granted to natives, except that the term of protection was not to exceed that granted in the country of origin. The outstanding feature of the Berlin Revised Convention is that the signatory powers agreed to legislate to provide a uniform term for the duration of copyright throughout the countries comprised in the union, and in other respects to promote uniformity of law. The term contemplated is much longer than the British term formerly existing and gives copyright for the life of the author and a period of fifty years after his death, subject to certain minor restrictions. These international conventions possess great interest, both in their bearing upon the subject of international law and also in connexion with the development of our relations to the British Empire.

The bringing together of nearly all the great powers of the world into a harmonious and comprehensive agreement providing for a practically uniform system of law dealing with the highly important subject of the protection of an author's rights in intellectual works, is a unique achievement, and is of the utmost importance, not only in itself

but as affording a striking example of what is possible in the way of international coöperation for the advancement of law.

So far as regards our own constitution, Canada's inclusion in the terms of these conventions has brought out in a striking manner the peculiar position she occupies with regard to foreign nations. Without elaboration it may be said that the discussion and correspondence with regard to this aspect of the subject have done much to direct attention to the anomalies involved in this position.

Almost immediately after the signing of the Berlin Revised Convention, an imperial conference was held in London, at which Canada was represented by Mr. Fisher, then minister of agriculture, at which it was resolved to recommend that the Convention should be ratified by the imperial government on behalf of the various parts of the empire, but that no ratification should be made on behalf of a self-governing dominion until its assent to ratification had been received, and that provision should be made for the separate withdrawal from the Convention of each self-governing dominion. The conference then proceeded to recommend the passing by the British parliament of an Act on the lines which were subsequently embodied in the British Copyright Act of 1911, 1 and 2, George V., Chapter 46.

This Act is of the utmost importance from the British domestic point of view. When it was passed, there were extant something like twenty-two statutes, dating back to 1735. Each class of work, books, music, lectures, plays, engravings, sculpture, had received different treatment in different statutes. The new Act was designed to sweep away all the contradictions, anachronisms, and anomalies which were inevitably prevalent under the conditions described, and to bring the whole subject of copyright into one statute in a simplified and easily intelligible form. The longer term of copyright recommended by the Berlin Convention was adopted and the troublesome and useless requirement of registration at Stationers' Hall was abandoned.

In its international aspect, this enactment, embodying the uniform features proposed by the Berlin Convention and providing for Great Britain's adherence to the Convention, will undoubtedly come to be regarded as a significant landmark in the history of the development of freer and better relations between the great civilized nations of the world.

For Canada, however, at the present time, it is the imperial and constitutional effects of this legislation that are preëminently interesting. The absolute control of copyright law within their borders is expressly conceded to the self-governing dominions, while adequate machinery is provided to enable any of them that desire to do so to bring their law into line with that of the home land, and thus obtain the reciprocal advantages offered, including, amongst others, participation in the Berlin Convention. Moreover, the possibility of the existence of special conditions in some of the dominions is recognized, and a margin of variation from the parent type to meet these conditions is allowed for, substantial identity only being insisted upon.

In the meantime, and until a self-governing dominion deals with the subject, the law in such dominion, as it stood at the time of the passage of the Act, is left unchanged, the imperial enactments repealed by the Act, in so far as they are operative in that dominion, being continued in force there until repealed by the local legislature.

This legislation is of such a striking and unusual character that a quotation in full of the principal sections dealing with its application to the British possessions may be pardoned. They are as follows:

25. (1) "This Act, except such of the provisions thereof as are expressly restricted to the United Kingdom, shall extend throughout His Majesty's dominions; provided that it shall not extend to a self-governing dominion, unless declared by the legislature of that dominion to be in force therein either without any modifications or additions, or with such modifications and additions relating exclusively to procedure and remedies, or necessary to adapt this Act

to the circumstances of the dominion, as may be enacted by such legislature.

(2) "If the Secretary of State certifies by notice published in the *London Gazette* that any self-governing dominion has passed legislation under which works, the authors whereof were at the date of the making of the works British subjects resident elsewhere than in the dominion or (not being British subjects) were resident in the parts of His Majesty's dominions to which this Act extends, enjoy within the dominion rights substantially identical with those conferred by this Act, then, whilst such legislation continues in force, the dominion shall, for the purposes of the rights conferred by this Act, be treated as if it were a dominion to which this Act extends; and it shall be lawful for the Secretary of State to give such a certificate as aforesaid, notwithstanding that the remedies for enforcing the rights, or the restrictions on the importation of copies of works, manufactured in a foreign country, under the law of the dominion, differ from those under this Act.

26. (1) "The legislature of any self-governing dominion may, at any time, repeal all or any of the enactments relating to copyright passed by parliament (including this Act) so far as they are operative within that dominion: provided that no such repeal shall prejudicially affect any legal rights existing at the time of the repeal, and that, on this Act or any part thereof being so repealed by the legislature of a self-governing dominion, that dominion shall cease to be a dominion to which this Act extends.

(2) "In any self-governing dominion to which this Act does not extend, the enactments repealed by this Act shall, so far as they are operative in that dominion, continue in force until repealed by the legislature of that dominion.

(3) "Where His Majesty-in-council is satisfied that the law of a self-governing dominion to which this Act does not extend provides adequate protection within the dominion for the works (whether published or unpublished) of authors who at the time of the making of the work were British

subjects resident elsewhere than in that dominion, His Majesty-in-council may, for the purpose of giving reciprocal protection, direct that this Act, except such parts (if any) thereof as may be specified in the order, and subject to any conditions contained therein, shall within the parts of His Majesty's dominions to which this Act extends, apply to works the authors whereof were, at the time of the making of the work, resident within the first-mentioned dominion, and to works first published in that dominion; but, save as provided by such an order, works the authors whereof were resident in a dominion to which this Act does not extend, shall not, whether they are British subjects or not, be entitled to any protection under this Act except such protection as is by this Act conferred on works first published within the parts of His Majesty's dominions to which this Act extends: "Provided that no such order shall confer any rights within a self-governing dominion, but the governor-in-council of any self-governing dominion to which this Act extends, may by order confer within that dominion the like rights as His Majesty-in-council is, under the foregoing provisions of this subsection, authorized to confer within other parts of His Majesty's dominions.

"For the purposes of this sub-section, the expression 'dominion to which this Act extends,' includes a dominion which is, for the purposes of this Act, to be treated as if it were a dominion to which this Act extends."

Canada has so far not adopted the British Act of 1911. Consequently, the Imperial Act of 1842, as well as the numerous later statutes which were applicable to Canada, are still in force, although repealed so far as the mother country is concerned.

In 1911, Mr. Fisher introduced a bill into the Canadian House of Commons, which was intended to embody the provisions of the British Act of 1911, but owing to the change of government in September of that year, the bill was never passed, and the law in Canada remains to-day as it was prior to the passing of the English Act.

Mr. Fisher's bill contained one feature which would no doubt have become a subject of much discussion had the measure been gone on with, and it will have to be thoroughly canvassed when the matter comes up again for attention, that is, the provision requiring printing in Canada in order to acquire copyright in books first published here. The object of this provision was, no doubt, a retaliation upon the United States on account of the similar provision in their copyright law, but it is open to grave question whether the inclusion of this feature would not have resulted in serious complication in working out imperial copyright and international copyright under the Berlin Convention. The provision is also open to the objection that it really should not form part of the law of copyright at all, as it is designed to afford protection to the printing industry rather than to authors.

It is, however, contended by the Canadian publishing interests that, so long as the United States insist upon printing within the states as a condition of obtaining copyright there, any abrogation by Canada of the manufacturing requirements in so far as they apply to the American author would place the Canadian publisher in a very disadvantageous position, and it may be that restrictions on the importation of copies of works manufactured in the United States can be framed under the last clause of Section 25 and incorporated in an Act which will justify the secretary of state in giving his certificate under that section, and so bring the British Act of 1911 into operation here.

In any case, we cannot stand still. Our present copyright law is obsolete, anomalous, and inadequate, and must be remodelled. The adoption of the British Act of 1911, whether with or without modification, would seem to be not only in the best interests of authors for whose protection copyright law exists, but also highly desirable for the development of the ideal of imperial unity.

JOHN H. MOSS

CANADIAN THEATRES

IS Canada ripe for the foundation of national theatres? I venture to think it is. Convince Canada that national theatres can be vital educational factors, as every great European country—with the exception of England—has long been convinced, and I predict that national theatres will arise in every important city in the Dominion.

How have European powers of the old days, and of the new, given practical proof of this conviction? In the days of ancient Greece, by the yearly Dionysia at Athens organized by her rulers, financed—and joyfully financed, as a guerdon of singular distinction—by her wealthy citizens, to which flocked from far and near tens of thousands of her people to witness the greatest tragedies of all time. In the day of the mediæval Roman Church, by the performances of Mysteries and Moralities, frequently written by the priests themselves, in order to strengthen, by their emotional appeal, the faith of her followers. To-day, by the endowment of royal, municipal, and national theatres in Russia, in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Hungary, in Bohemia, in Bulgaria, and Servia, even in little Denmark, where performances of classical plays may be given at prices within the compass of the poor, for their culture and education.

Taking Russia first,—and the following statements are taken from a report upon a White Paper which was issued by the British government a few years back, containing despatches from British ministers abroad as to the financial support from state, municipal, or other funds given to dramatic, operatic, and musical performances,—in Russia the theatre is looked upon as being an educational institution, which the poorest may visit and enjoy. You may go to the opera for five pence, to a French or German play for nine pence or ten pence, and to a Russian play for three pence (which by

the way, does not seem much of an encouragement to the native drama). There are three Imperial Theatres at St. Petersburg, and three at Moscow, all of which are the property of the Emperor, and under the control of the Ministry of the Imperial Household, which is responsible for their financial liabilities, and makes up any deficit in the cost of maintaining them which is not met by the sale of the tickets. Happy Russia! A considerable sum is expended in pensions to retired artistes. Happy Russian artists!

Besides these state theatres, particulars are given of what are styled "popular" places of amusement. A form of theatre which has been instituted in the principal towns of Russia since 1898, is the "Narodny Dom" or "Peoples Palace." It is an establishment subsidized by the state, and having as its object the instruction and entertainment of the working-classes by means of operatic, dramatic, and musical performances of a high standard, placed within the reach of even the poorest section of the population, by reason of the extremely moderate prices at which tickets are sold. At St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Kieff these popular theatres are maintained under the direction of the temperance societies, and there is a second theatre at Kieff, and one at Kharkoff under the control of the Societies of Popular Instruction.

In Paris, the oldest and most famous of national theatres, the Comedie Française, receives £9,600 a year from the state, and its building is a freehold property. The French republic spends £57,000 annually on its four national theatres. In Berlin, the Emperor allows the Royal Play House £10,000 a year from his privy purse, and leaves the building rent free. He also supports the theatres at Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden. In Vienna, the Austrian Emperor allows the Burg Theatre £24,000 a year from the civil list. The government of Bohemia allows to the Czech Theatre at Prague a subsidy of £5,400; the theatre is rent free; and the heating, light, staff, and scenery are paid for.

The Royal Play House at Dresden is subsidized by the King of Saxony at a yearly cost of £8,000. There are also

houses for dramatic representations wholly or in part supported by state or royal funds in Munich, Würtemberg, Copenhagen, Lisbon, Bucharest, Belgrade, and Sofia.

In England, half throttled by the chill grip of a narrow Puritanism, which would ban art, and dramatic art in particular, as something evil in itself, and half stifled by a complacent commercialism, which is content to limit the appeal of the theatre to a dividend-paying entertainment, we are slowly awakening to the need of organizing the theatre after the model of these more enlightened countries. Matthew Arnold, as long ago as 1870, wrote, "The people *will* have the theatre; then make it a good one. The theatre is inevitable; organize the theatre." If "the people will have the theatre" could be said in England in 1870, with its handful of theatre goers, what would Matthew Arnold have said of the spectacle of a Canadian city in 1914, with its teeming thousands who flock to the theatres here? I mean that I can visit a town at home with 70,000 inhabitants and count upon an audience of 700. I can visit a town in Canada of 70,000, and count upon nearly ten per cent. of the entire population. I would venture to say, therefore, that if the theatre of England needs organizing, Canada, with its love of the drama more strongly developed, needs it more.

And it needs it not only because of the wide appeal which the theatre has to its people, but because the national spirit of Canada has, under existing circumstances, little or no outlet for its expression in drama, and is hampered even in its effort to strengthen those ties which bind it to the mother country by means of the drama. A feeling of dissatisfaction with the condition of the theatre in Canada seems to be more and more widely felt. I was reading a short time ago an address delivered by Mr. Bernard Sandwell before the Canadian Club at Hamilton. Mr. Sandwell gives voice very pointedly to the suspicion that, while there is no need to worry about the economic future of Canada, there is some reason for the consideration of its spiritual future. Mr. Sandwell, in reviewing the condition of art in this country, and more

especially of dramatic art, points out that, however excellent and admirable the technical qualities of the many distinctly American plays which visit this country may be, they deal after all, and very naturally, with their own problems, and not with Canadian problems. He feels, and of course he can speak with much greater authority on the subject than I, that in the Canadian attitude towards the Old World there is something fundamentally different from the attitude of those across the line, that this element goes to the root of the Canadian character, and must find an echo in its drama. It seems to me he must be right, and in his contention that those who have the care of national Canadian character at heart and the fostering of imperial ideals must see to it that in considering the influences which mould that character and feeling those ideals are not neglected.

I should like, however, to interject a strong appeal, that my words may not be misconstrued. Looking back upon the history of the Canadian stage, which has been so intimately bound up with the stage of the United States, I think Canada has every reason to be grateful for the influence which the many distinguished American actors and actresses have brought to it. They have upheld the highest traditions of dramatic art. I have only to mention the names of Edwin Booth, of Laurence Barrett, of Joseph Jefferson, of Madame Modjeska (who practically adopted the United States as her country), of Madame Janauschek, and in later times, Mr. Edward Sothorn, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. Faversham, Miss Anglin, and many others, who have borne aloft in the old days, and the younger of whom still bear aloft, the banner of legitimate and classic drama on this continent. Nor should we forget the loyal and devoted support the people of the United States and of Canada accorded so bountifully to my old chief, Sir Henry Irving, whose influence in the highest walks of the drama was as powerfully felt and acknowledged here as in his own land.

I am sure that no yearning for the expression of a more national feeling will ever blind us to the debt we owe to such

distinguished names. But this Canadian nation is a fact. In the words of Wordsworth, "it feels its life in every limb," and the time is coming, if it is not here already, when it must express itself in art. It is doing so in some walks of art already. No one can look upon many of the recently erected public and city buildings, or upon the vast structures reared by the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways for their *dépôts* and their hotels, without feeling that Canada is already expressing itself with a strong individuality in architecture. Nor is evidence lacking of a virile, national expression in much of the work of pictorial art. But in the expression of national character, in drama—that most vital of all arts—there is room for growth. The time will no doubt soon come when the stuff of which this great continent is made up will find voice in national drama. Certainly the stories of the old heroes who played such a valiant part in the defence of its liberties, and later on in the moulding of the varied elements which compose the Dominion into a national entity, as also the conflict of racial characteristics which still goes on, would form inspiring themes for the coming Canadian playwright.

Such a drama must come in time, but for the moment we are concerned with immediate difficulties. Mr. Sandwell hopes to find a solution of these difficulties in the foundation of repertory theatres. Well, the repertory theatre movement has been an active one for some time on my side. It was a reaction against the purely commercial managers of theatres, who were concerned simply in giving the people what they are supposed to want, although the effort of those who give the people what they are supposed to want, it seems to me, brings them little more success than the success of those who give the people what they want themselves. The repertory theatre aimed at satisfying the cravings of the intellectual playgoers, who were in the minority among playgoers, and very properly it seems to me, because the bulk of the people go to the theatre to have their emotions aroused, and not to have their intellects appealed to,—and the bulk of the people are right. Emotion is the domain of art, and not intellect, as

Ruskin has wisely pointed out. He allows the artist an occasional use of his intelligence, and only when, as he delightfully expresses it, he has nothing better to do. At the same time, there is no doubt that the repertory theatre movement has done much good to the theatre at home. It has brought forward many brilliant dramatists. It has broadened the appeal of the theatre among a class of people who were content before to take their drama in their study, and it has let in a gust of fresh realistic air into an atmosphere which was decidedly stuffy with the accumulation of the worn out devices of the stage.

But it is a very debatable question whether the repertory theatre system, as such, will endure; and if it is not to endure, I doubt whether it is worth the while of Canadians to give it much serious attention. I would venture to suggest that Canada in this matter may go further than the founding of repertory theatres. It might go to the length of founding national or municipal theatres. That is what we in England are aiming at to-day, and we are reaching it partly by the way of the repertory theatre. But there is no need for Canada to traverse a by-path when she can take a short cut to the goal.

Let me outline, in a few words, what we in the Old Country are engaged upon. In 1916, we shall celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. A movement was started some years back to erect a monument to him, worthy of the British race and the stupendous genius we wished to honour. Some were for merely a sculptural monument, others, and by far the greater number, saw an opportunity for the realization of a vision we have long contemplated, the building of a national theatre. A general committee, embracing almost all the distinguished names in the British Isles, was formed, and an executive committee, of which I have the honour of being a member, was selected to carry out the scheme. We appealed for £500,000—roughly £250,000 for site and building, and £250,000 for endowing the theatre. The supreme controlling authority is to be a body of governors—five appointed by the Crown, nine by the universities and other public bodies,

and among the *ex-officio* governors, one is to be the High Commissioner for Canada. Its objects are to give a Shakespearean play at least once a week, to revive any vital English classic drama, to produce new plays and translations of representative work of foreign drama, ancient and classical. A splendid stimulus was given to the undertaking by the gift by an anonymous donor of £70,000. Since then, subscriptions have been coming in—not so fast, I am bound to say, as we might wish. I myself was able to add about a thousand pounds to the fund by giving lectures on the project through the provincial centres, and forming local committees pledged to carry on the work. We have now acquired a site opposite the British Museum, and we are in hopes that an enlightened government will ultimately help by making us a substantial grant, and thus giving proof that we in England so far recognize the claim which Shakespeare has upon the gratitude of all English-speaking people, the enormous educational value of the serious drama, the necessity of providing some standard of representation against the fluctuating tastes in drama among succeeding generations of people, and the need of taking our place among the other enlightened countries of Europe. It seems monstrous that we in England have neglected this matter so long, and have left to the enterprise of self-sacrificing men like Sir Henry Irving the burden of an institution, in support of which other countries, municipalities, or sovereigns have granted substantial sums. The foundation of such an institution is the only permanent salvation of the drama in England, as it is the only permanent salvation of the drama in Canada. I commend the consideration of this matter to Canadians with the profound conviction that in their determination to leave nothing undone which shall be to their advantage in the culture or in the education of their people, they will find no force so potent as the maintenance of national theatres throughout their Dominion.

I look forward to the obvious outcome of national theatres in Canada and at home, namely, the periodical exchange of

the companies performing at the various theatres. The permanent company associated with the national theatre in England will visit the great centres of Canada, as Canada will send the companies which grow up in its national theatres to visit us. The foundation of a chain of national theatres throughout the English-speaking world would do more to tighten the bonds of Empire than all the utilitarian and political schemes put together. It will form a common ground of association for British people, removed far above party question, in an atmosphere of art and culture. The great states of the world have covered themselves with more glory by their encouragement of the arts than anything else.

The patriotic man who will lead the way in such a movement will achieve a guerdon of renown, and earn the gratitude of his fellow-Britons more surely by this means than any other. He will be creating a new and indestructible link with the motherland which no question of political or local expediency will weaken.

MARTIN HARVEY

HORACE. I. 38

I hate the Persian pomp, my boy;
 Crowns please me not with linden bound;
 Seek not to find by anxious search
 Where summer's lingering rose is found.

Be not too nice to suit my taste;
 A simple wreath of myrtle twine;
 It best becomes both you and me
 While drinking 'neath my sheltering vine.

J. HENDERSON

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER

"HOW likes it you, Master Brenton?" said the brawny journeyman, spreading out the news sheet on a smooth oaken table, where it lay under the light of a leaded window.

"A marvellous fair sheet," murmured Brenton Caxton, seventh of the name, "let me adjust my glasses and peruse it further lest haply there be still aught in it that smacks of error."

"It needs not," said the journeyman, "'tis the fourth time already from the press."

"Nay, nay, Nicholas," answered Master Brenton softly, as he adjusted his great horn-rimmed spectacles, and bent his head over the broad, damp, news sheet before him. "Let us grudge no care in this. The venture is a new one, and, meseems, a very parlous thing withal. 'Tis a venture that may easily fail and carry down our fortunes with it, but at least let it not be said that it failed for want of pains in the doing."

"Fail quotha!" said a third man who had not yet spoken, old, tall, and sour of visage, and wearing a printer's leathern apron. He had moved over from the further side of the room where a little group of apprentices stood beside the wooden presses that occupied the corner, and he was looking over the shoulder of Master Brenton Caxton. "How can it do aught else? 'Tis a mad folly. Mark you, Master Brenton and Master Nick, I have said it from the first and let the blame be none of mine. 'Tis a mad thing you do here. See here," he went on, turning and waving his hand, "this vast room, these great presses, yonder benches and tools, all new, yonder vats of ink straight out of Flanders, how think you you can recover the cost of all this out of yonder poor sheet? Five and forty years have I followed

this mystery of printing, ever since thy grandfather's day, Master Brenton, and never have I seen the like. What needed this great chamber when your grandfather and father were content with but a garret space, and yonder presses that can turn off four score copies in the compass of a single hour—'tis a mad folly, I say."

The moment was an interesting one. The speakers were in a great room with a tall ceiling traversed by black beams. From the street below there came dimly through the closed casements the sound of the rumbling traffic and the street cries of the London of the seventeenth century. Two vast presses, of such colossal size that their wooden levers would tax the strength of the stoutest apprentice, were ranged against the further wall. About the room, spread out on oaken chairs and wooden benches, were flat boxes filled with leaden type, freshly molten, and a great pile of paper, larger than a man could lift, stood in a corner.

The first newspaper in the world was going to press. Those who, in later ages—editors, printers, and workers—have participated in the same scene can form some idea of the hopes and fears, the doubts and the difficulties with which the first newspaper was ushered into the world.

Master Brenton Caxton turned upon the last speaker the mild, undisturbed look of the eye that sees far across the present into the years to come.

"Nay, Edward," he said, "you have laboured over much in the past and see not into the future. You think this chamber too great for our purpose? I tell you the time will come when not this room alone, but three or four such will be needed for our task. Already I have it in my mind that I will divide even this room into portions, with walls shrewdly placed through its length and breadth, so that each that worketh shall sit as it were in his own chamber, and there shall stand one at the door, and whosoever cometh, to whatever part of our task his business appertains, he shall forthwith be brought to the room of him that hath charge of it. Cometh he with a madrigal or other light poesy that he would set out

in the press, he shall find one that hath charge of such matters, and can discern true from false. Or cometh he with news of aught that happens in the realm, so shall he be brought instanter to the room of him that recordeth such events. Or if so he would write a discourse on what seemeth him some wise conceit touching the public concerns, he shall find to his hand a convenient desk with ink and quills, and all that he needeth to set it straightway on paper; thus there will be a great abundance of written matter to our hand, so that not many days shall elapse after one of our news sheets goes abroad before there shall be matter enough to fill another."

"Days!" said the aged printer, "think you you can fill one of these news sheets in a few days? Where, indeed, if you search the whole realm will you find talk enough in a single week to fill out this great sheet half an ell wide!"

"Aye, days indeed!" broke in Master Nicholas, the younger journeyman, "Master Brenton speaks truth, or less than truth. For not days, indeed, but in the compass of a single day, I warrant you, shall we find the matter withal." Master Nicholas spoke with the same enthusiasm as his chief, but with less of the dreamer in his voice and eye, and with more of the swift eagerness of the practical man. "Fill it indeed," he went on, "why, gad zooks man! who knoweth what happenings there are and what not till one essays the gathering of them. And should it chance that there is nothing of greater import, no boar hunt of His Majesty to record, nor the news of some great entertainment by one of the lords of the court, then will we put in lesser matters, aye whatever comes to hand—the talk of His Majesty's burgesses in the parliament, or any such things."

"Hear him!" sneered the printer, "the talk of His Majesty's burgesses in Westminster forsooth! And what clerk or learned person would care to read of such. Or think you that His Majesty's Chamberlain would long bear that such idle chatter should be bruited abroad. If you can find no worthier thing for this our news sheet, than the talk of the burgesses, then shall it fail indeed. Had it been the

speech of the king's great barons and the abbots 'twere different. But dost fancy that the great barons would allow that their weighty discourse be reduced to common speech, so that even the vulgar may read it and haply here and there fathom their very thought itself—and the abbots, the great prelates—to submit their ideas to the vulgar hand of a common printer, framing them into mere sentences! 'Tis unthinkable that they would sanction it!"

"Aye," murmured Caxton, in his dreaming voice, "the time shall come, Master Edward, when they will not only sanction it but seek it."

"Look you," broke in Master Nick, "let us have done with this talk of whether there be enough happenings. An there be not enough"—and here he spoke with a kindling eye and looked about him at the little group of apprentices and printers who had drawn near to listen—"if there be not enough, then will I *make things happen*. What is easier than to tell of happenings out of the realm of which no man can know, some tale of the Grand Turk and the war that he makes, or some happenings in the New Land found by Master Columbus. Aye," he went on, warming to his words, and not knowing that he embodied in himself the first birth on earth of the telegraphic editor, "and why not? One day we write it out on our sheet 'the Grand Turk maketh disastrous war on the Bulgars of the North, and hath burnt divers of their villages.' And that hath no sooner gone forth than we print another sheet, saying: 'It would seem that the villages be not burnt but only scorched, nor doth it appear that the Turk burnt them, but that the Bulgars burnt divers villages of the Turk, and is sitting now in his mosque in the city of Hadrian.' Then shall all men run to and fro, and read the sheet, and question and ask: Is it thus? And is it thus? And by very uncertainty of circumstance they shall demand the more curiously to see the news sheet and read it."

"Nay, nay, Master Nick," said Brenton firmly, "that will I never allow. Let us make it to ourselves a maxim that all that shall be said in this news sheet, or 'news paper,'

as my conceit would fain call it, for be it not made of paper"—here a merry laugh of the apprentices greeted the quaint fancy of the master—"shall be of ascertained verity and fact indisputable. Should the Grand Turk make war, and should the rumour of it come to these isles, then will we say: 'The Turk maketh war,' and should the Turk be at peace, then we will say: 'The Turk it doth appear is now at peace.' And should no news come, then we shall say: 'In good sooth we know not whether the Turk destroyeth the Bulgars or whether he doth not, for while some hold that he harasseth them sorely, others have it that he harasseth them not. Whereby we are sore put to it to know whether there be war or peace, nor do we desire to vex the patience of those who read by any further discourse on the matter, other than to say that we ourselves are in doubt what be and what be not truth, nor will we any further speak of it, other than this.'"

Those about Caxton listened with awe to this speech. They did not know—they could not know—that here was the birth of the Leading Article, but there was something in the strangely fascinating way in which their chief enlarged upon his own ignorance that foreshadowed to the meanest intelligence the possibilities of the future.

Nicholas shook his head.

"'Tis a poor plan, Master Brenton," he said. "The folk wish news, give them the news. The more thou givest them the better pleased they are, and thus doth the news sheet move from hand to hand till it may be said, if I, too, may coin a phrase, to increase vastly its 'circulation.'"

"In sooth," said Master Brenton, looking at Nicholas with a quiet expression that was not exempt from a certain slyness, "there I do hold thou art in the wrong, even as a matter of craft or policie. For it seems to me that if our paper speaketh first this and then that, but hath no fixed certainty of truth, sooner or later will all its talk seem vain, and no man will heed it. But if it speaks always the truth, then sooner or later shall all come to believe it, and say of any happening: 'It standeth written in the paper, therefore it is

so.' And here I charge you all that have any part in this new venture," continued Master Brenton, looking about the room at the listening faces, and speaking with great seriousness, "let us lay it to our hearts that our maxim shall be truth and truth alone. Let no man set his hand to aught that shall go upon our presses save only that which is assured truth. In this way shall our venture ever be pleasing to the Most High, and I do verily believe"—and here Caxton's voice sank lower, as if he were thinking aloud—"in the long run it will be mighty good for our circulation."

The speaker paused. Then turning to the broad sheet before him, he began to scan its columns with his eye. The others stood watching him as he read.

"What is this, Master Edward?" he queried presently. "Here I see in this first induct, or column as one name it, the word 'King' fairly and truly spelled. Lower down it standeth 'Kyng,' and yet further in the second induct 'Kynge,' and in the last induct where there is talk of His Majesty's marvellous skill in the French game of palm or tennis, lo, the word stands 'Quhyngge!' How sayest thou?"

"Would'st have it written always in but one and the same way?" asked the printer in astonishment.

"Aye, truly," said Caxton.

"With never any choice or variation to suit the fancy of him who reads so that he who likes it written 'King' may see it so and yet also he who would prefer it written in a freer style, as 'Quhyngge,' may also find it so, and thus both be pleased!"

"That will I never have!" said Master Brenton firmly. "Dost not remember, friend, the old tale in the fabula of *Æsopus* of him who would please all men? Here will I make another maxim for our news paper. All men we cannot please, for in pleasing one belike we run counter to another. Let us set our hand to write always without fear. Let us seek favour with none. Always in our news sheet will we seek to speak dutifully and with all reverence of the King, His Majesty; let us also speak with all respect and commendation

of His Majesty's great prelates and nobles, for are they not the exalted of the land? Also I would have it that we say nothing harsh against our wealthy merchants and burghers, for hath not the Lord prospered them in their substance. Yea, friend, let us speak ever well of the King, the clergy, the nobility, and of all persons of wealth and substantial holdings. But beyond this," here Brenton Caxton's eye flashed, "let us speak with utter fearlessness of all men. So shall we be, if I may borrow a mighty good word from Tacitus, his Annals, of a complete independence, hanging on to no man. In fact, our venture shall be an independent newspaper."

The listeners felt an instinctive awe at the words, and again a strange prescience of the future made itself felt in every mind. Here for the first time in history was being laid down that fine, fearless creed that has made the independent press what it is.

Meantime, Caxton continued to glance his eye over the news sheet, murmuring his comments on what he saw: "Ah! vastly fine, Master Nicholas—this of the sailing of His Majesty's ships for Spain—and this, too, of the Doge of Venice, his death, 'tis brave reading and maketh a fair discourse. Here, also, this likes me, 'tis shrewdly devised,"—and here he placed his finger on a particular spot in the news sheet—"here in speaking of the strange mishap of my Lord Arundel, thou useth a great S for strange, and setteth it in a line all by itself whereby the mind of him that reads is suddenly awakened, alarmed as it were by a bell in the night. 'Tis good. 'Tis well. But mark you, friend Nicholas, try it not too often, nor use your great letters too easily. In the case of my Lord Arundel, it is seemly, but for a mishap to a lesser person let it stand in a more modest fashion."

There was a pause. Then suddenly Caxton looked up again.

"What manner of tale is this! What strange thing is here! I' faith, Master Nicholas, whence hast thou so marvel-

lous a thing! The whole world must know of it. Harken ye all to this :

"Let all men that be troubled of aches, spavins, rheums, boils, maladies of the spleen or humours of the blood, come forthwith to the sign of the Red Lantern in East Cheap. There shall they find one that hath a marvellous remedy for all such ailments, brought with great danger and perils of the journey from a distant land. This wondrous balm shall straightway make the sick to be well and the lame to walk. Rubbed on the eye it restoreth sight, and applied to the ear it reviveth the hearing. 'Tis the sole invention of Doktor Gustavus Friedman, some time of Göttingen and brought by him hitherward out of the sheer pity of his heart for them that be afflicted, nor shall any other fee be asked for it, save only such a light and tender charge as shall defray the cost of Doktor Friedman, his coming and going."

Caxton paused and gazed at Master Nicholas in wonder.

"Whence hadst thou this?"

Master Nicholas smiled:

"I had it of a chapman, or travelling doctor, that was most urgent that we should set it forth straightway on the press."

"And is it true?" asked Caxton. "Thou hast it of a full surety of knowledge?"

Nicholas laughed lightly.

"True or false, I know not," he said, "but the fellow was so curious that we should print it that he gave me two golden laurels and a new sovereign on the sole understanding that we should set it forth in print."

There was silence for a moment.

"He *payeth* to have it printed!" said Caxton deeply impressed.

"Aye," said Master Nicholas, "he *payeth*, and will pay more. The fellow hath other balms equally potent. Of all these he would admonish, or shall I say advert, the public."

"So," said Caxton thoughtfully, "he wishes to make, if I may borrow a phrase of Albertus Magnus, an advertisement of his goods."

"Even so," said Nicholas.

"I see," said the master, "he payeth us. We advert the goods. Forthwith all men buy them. Then hath he more money. He payeth us again. We advert the goods more and still he payeth us. That would seem to me, friend Nick, a mighty good busyness for us."

"So it is," rejoined Nicholas, "and after him others will come to advert other wares until belike a large part of our news sheet—who knows? the whole of it perhaps—shall be made up in the merry guise of advertisements."

Caxton was silent in deep thought.

"But, Master Caxton," cried the voice of a young apprentice, a mere child as he seemed with fair hair and blue eyes filled with the native candour of unsullied youth, "is this tale true?"

"What sayest thou, Warwick?" said the master printer, almost sternly.

"Good master, is the tale of the wondrous balm true?"

"Boy," said Caxton, "Master Nicholas hath even said, we know not if it be true."

"But didst thou not charge us," pleaded the boy, "that all that went under our hand into the press should be truth, and truth alone?"

"I did," said Caxton thoughtfully, "but I spoke perhaps somewhat in overhaste. I see that we must here distinguish. Whether this is true or not we cannot tell. But it is *paid for* and that lifts it, as who should say, out of the domain of truth. The very fact that it is paid for giveth it, as it were, a new form of merit, a verity altogether its own."

"Aye, aye," said Nicholas, with a twinkle in his shrewd eyes, "entirely its own."

"Indeed so," said Caxton, "and here let us make to ourselves another and a final maxim of guidance. All things that any man will pay for, these we will print, whether true or not, for that doth not concern us. But if one cometh here with any strange tale of a remedy or aught else and wishes us to make advertisement of it and hath no money to pay for it, then shall he be cast forth out of this officina, or office, if I

may call it so, neck and crop into the street. Nay, I will have me one of great strength ever at the outer door ready for such castings."

A murmur of approval went round the group.

Caxton would have spoken further, but at this moment the sound of a great bell was heard booming in the street without.

"'Tis Big Ben," said Caxton, "ringing out the hour of noon. Quick, all of you to your tasks. Lay me the forms on the press and speed me the work. We start here a great adventure. Mark well the maxims I have given, and God speed our task."

And in another hour or so, the prentice boys of the master printer were calling in the streets the sale of the first English newspaper.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

EILIDH

How still and calm she stands, this little maid,

In the first spring of youth, with air remote,

As tho' she still fared forth, perchance afloat

On perilous seas, or wandered unafraid

Down dim, green places where white fairies played.

Her lips unclose, and straightway from her throat

Leaps fairy music, every haunting note

With dreams beloved or old enchantments weighed.

Strange notes, strange songs of half forgotten days,

Of Life and Death; and through them breaks the roar

Of wild waves beating on a wilder shore.

Shê sings, but asks from us no meed of praise;

Her eyes are far beyond us, and she sees

The frown or smile of her far Hebrides.

MARY E. FLETCHER

IN THE HOUSE OF ONE SIMON A TANNER

MANY people, beginning with the Greeks perhaps, have transmitted to us their conception of an ironical God: astrologists, palmists, fortune-tellers of every kind, have perpetuated and unconsciously strengthened the theory. What God but a God of irony would have permitted and encouraged mankind to build up out of its ingenuity sciences falsely-so-called? Dreams that the fate of each man hangs upon some star which saw his birth? Fancies that his destiny is marked even in the lines of his hands, for those that run to read? Cuvier, again, thought he saw a humorist in the Creator, who gave the mole its eyes that it might see and see not.

Possibly, if we look at some of the quaint coincidences of history, if we watch some of the greatest movements and forces, or some of the most dramatic tragedies, of the world,—wholly divorced and distinct in their issues,—arising under similar circumstances, or at least passing through a stage of similar surroundings, we shall have the same impression of an ironical humour, playing like a lambent flame behind the masque of life and the theatre of this world. The starting point for this study of quaint coincidence shall be circumstances, themselves humble and homely even to quaintness: “the house of one Simon a tanner.”

In and about the close of the fifth century before Christ and in the dusty city of Athens—less dusty than to-day but dusty even then—there lived a humorous philosopher, scoffing at politics and, most of all, at the democratic politics of his city, yet the reverse of an aristocrat; a man of the people, with bare feet, who did not think it necessary to prove that he was a man of the people by flattery of them or by demagogism, or by debasing the coinage of his speech to fit the gutter, like the Père Duchesne of Revolutionary Paris; like the second Père Duchesne of Communard Paris; like

Monsieur Hervé of the twentieth century Paris and *La Guerre Sociale*; who proved it better by telling every one exactly what he thought without respect of persons; a swearer of strange oaths, if perchance by strange oaths he might make swearing ridiculous; a scoffer at poets, even more than at politicians, yet the most poetic of philosophers; a more friendly critic of the working man, in whom he recognized at least a knowledge of a few humble but most necessary duties, whereas the poet knows nothing thoroughly, neither life nor life's means; a dreamer of theologies, not merely premature for the Greece of his century, but premature still after twenty centuries of Christianity; theologies in which Justice passes wholly into Love, and Retribution passes out of sight; yet wistfully tender of the exploded and pre-scientific theology of his own age and city, and dying with recognition of it on his lips and with the injunction laid upon his friends that they pay for him, as he throws off life's fitful fever, the cock paid to *Æsculapius* by the convalescent; a founder of schools so distinct from one another, that, as with the different schools and ages of Christianity, it is hard to recognize their common origin: of the Puritans of Greece called Cynics, and Stoics, and Platonists; of Utilitarians and Positivists called Epicureans and Cyrenaics; of the mere controversialists, scribes, and lawyers called Eristics; and, above all, of the Intellectuals called Peripatetics, and of the pure sceptics of the later Academy.

The coiner finally—and this, says Aristotle, is one of Socrates' two contributions to philosophy—of the most vivid and suggestive of all analogies; of the analogy between the teacher and the midwife; between education and accouchement; between thought and birth. "You must be born again," said Socrates to his countrymen: born again intellectually if not spiritually (that idea was left for a greater Master to develop): "thought is a birth; you must be born again and become as thinkers and philosophers." The coiner of the analogy, more homely and humorous, between himself as teacher and the stinging fish of the *Ægean*, which

stank and stung upon the fishy wharves of the Peiræus, whose touch paralyzes; education is the paralysis of youth; its touch paralyzes in the child and youth, his habits, faiths, and moulds of life; not seldom it corrupts the child and spoils him for life; leaves him blank, luke-warm, negative, in later language Laodicean, cosmopolitan, deraciné; a creature of no convictions and no society, no milieu, no local colour; a hybrid, so hybrid that it is nothing; knowing everything, helpless for anything; paralyzed in youth, before life's voyage is started: of the analogy, again, less depressing, more homely still, between himself as teacher and the teasing mosquito, gnat, or horsefly, that will not leave the kindred spirits of those noble, indolent, sluggish beasts called men or horses, to sleep and to be happy; that buzzes and stings through the sleepy evening and night and far into the morning, till a man may as well be up and working, and burning midnight oil, for there is no sleep for him who has mosquitoes about him, or schoolmasters.

And then there were other analogies less vivacious and grotesque, even more pregnant of results to-day. The prison is a hospital, the magistrate is a doctor, the criminal is a patient; crime and sin are maladies of ignorance and only require the medicine of scientific treatment and of education; all evil is involuntary, like all sickness; and so on with all the other corollary ideas exploited to-day by Elmira and by every other prison which claims to be scientific and philosophical; until we reach the last corollary which is to-day almost the breath of our nostrils, and permeates the air we breathe; all the schemes for the regeneration and reformation of human nature by means of legislation and state control, and the abolition of private property, at least among the ruling classes.

All these platforms and these analogies were set forth to the world, according to the biography of Socrates by Diogenes Laertius, in the house of a certain tanner named Simon, where Socrates was a constant visitor, and were first recorded systematically and preserved for future ages by

Simon himself: nay, this same Simon is currently supposed not merely to have reported Socrates, but to have composed a few of the minor works attributed to his master or to Plato: the tracts on "Justice" and "Virtue," and the dialogues, "Hipparchus," and "Minos." Here was one and the first of the world-moving spirits which expressed themselves "in the house of one Simon a tanner."

And then, when the Socratic "new-birth" and the Socratic "conversion," both wholly of Greece and of the intellect, had done their work and founded their various schools, with nothing in common between them but the intellectual activity and restlessness which had found voice in the tanner's house, another tanner, and a second Simon, opened his house to another homely yet mighty guest and to a yet wider, deeper, and more permanent re-awakening of the powers of humanity.

Socrates was a man of the people and spoke to the people; and his language was full of the weavers and tanners in whose homes his characteristic parables were spoken; but, after all, man is not a creature of intellect, even though he be a Greek, so much as of feeling and instinct; and the gospel of Socrates fell on stony ground and among thorns; a gospel more sympathetic with humanity and more human was needed.

University professors, no doubt, and students also, here and there,—though thrones rise and fall, and kingdoms disappear,—find happiness enough in their exotic life, their idiotic life (I speak, of course, in the sense of the Athenians), of thought and reading, of standing under the wall while the dusty storm sweeps past; but for the world which has no time to read or think, which is spent by the labours of the plough and spade, or pent within factories, and stores, and cottages, plying the yet duller labour of selling ribbons across a counter, or "of suckling fools and chronicling small beer"—in this age ginger-beer—for all of this common population some good news is needed when evening comes, and some church-bells; still more, when the evening of life is coming, some better news is needed than the vivid parables of Greece

which talk of education alternately as a birth and a paralysis and an insect-haunted slumber; something else than education and the intellect, more enthralling, more satisfying than the difficult respiration of high altitudes, is needed by the ploughman and the clerk, and the common man and woman of poor imagination and low intelligence. Parables are good enough, admirable; the greatest of all masters used them not less than Socrates; but they must change their substance and their theme, and turn from education to life and from intellect to feeling.

And so the second Simon, the second tanner or shoemaker, lived not in glorious Athens but in absurd Joppa; and there took in among his lodgers for a time a more humane and human figure than Socrates, and a man even more simple in his habits of life, not a talker but a fisherman. "And Peter lodged in the house of one Simon a tanner."

And so it came to pass that Simon, a tanner, sheltered under his roof not only the founder of the first real church, the only church of the great men of Greece, and still the church of a large number of men of like mind with Socrates and Plato (of a large number absolutely, albeit a small number relatively to the number of souls in the world), the church of doubt, hope, and charity, not only the founder of the Wee Free Church of the Intellectuals, but also the founder of the earliest and still the most popular form of Christianity; of that form of Christianity which has adapted itself most readily and handily to the shadowy religions which it superseded, and to the primary instincts and needs of human nature.

In the wavering enthusiast, in the irresolute, loving and lovable man, who lodged at Joppa with Simon the tanner, lay human nature itself, in one of the best of its common forms; and the ardent, timid, and volatile spirit of Peter, because it was wide as human nature, and not a narrow spirit or a "sport" like Socrates, became an elastic rock on which to build a natural, normal church, and a real religion; not formalism like the Paganism or the Pharisaism which it superseded; not Intellectualism, no, nor yet a soaring idealism

of strait doctrine, like the churches of his fellow-apostle Paul, ever on the point of o'erleaping themselves and falling over on the other side.

The simple and human church which budded at Joppa amidst the mingled smells of fish and tanning, neither denied sin, like the Socratic church of the other tanner, by translating it into terms of ignorance; nor yet aspired to rise superior to it with phrases and formulæ and imaginations, like the various self-righteous sects of Protestantism which trace their creed to St. Paul.

Rather, like the old Paganism which it replaced, it provided ritual and sacrament, purification and absolution, that atonement might be made for sin. With neither the intellectual pride of the other tannery nor the spiritual pride of the disciples of the tent-maker, the church of Joppa accepts human nature as it finds it, exacts confession and penance, bestows pardon and peace upon its humble followers.

With a virgin goddess for its women—to supersede the superhuman Athena and Artemis and the infra-human Aphrodite—and a man-god for its men, and saints of every colour, clime, and class, and both sexes, to replace the mythical and monstrous heroes of Paganism, it slipped into the place of each local form of Paganism, and replaced it with the minimum of disturbance, yet with some distinct and wholesome difference; and with such vitality and permanence, so that even to-day, wherever it lives a sheltered life apart from commercialism, science, and politics, it continues to produce a type of simple godliness, the nearest in life and feeling to the first days of Christianity.

Peter's ghost, if he returns to earth from Simon's house in Joppa, to some of the back townships in Quebec, will find other things familiar to him besides "the ancient and fishlike smell" and the reek of tanning; will find less to disturb and disconcert his faith than if he sought the more ambitious and the more famous seats and centres of modern Christianity.

The Mariolatry might surprise him; but he was already learning, even at the Joppa period, to call nothing natural,

common or unclean. In the simple and laborious lives of the Quebec *habitants* he would find the gospel story still rehearsed to the assembled family on Sunday mornings in the living rooms of such villages as have no church near enough to serve them; still remaining the first interest of life, therefore, if the daily need of food, shelter, and clothing, and the daily round of toil with the net and plough, and the annual harvest of herring and grain may be counted out as obvious and unquestionable, and hardly worthy to be called an interest. At any rate, all these secular necessities, and all secular festivities also, birth, marriage and burial, he would find caught up into the same gospel atmosphere, and redeemed and relieved by the use of the same sacred rites and sacred names which he was beginning to understand in Joppa; the gospel for the fishermen and tanners of Joppa still serving the tanners and fishermen of Rivière Madeleine and Ste. Anne des Monts.

He was accustomed to a certain caste-system in religion; he was accustomed to the rule of priests and scribes and Pharisees; and to the exclusion of the uncircumcised; he would not be offended then at the sacerdotal authority of the *curé* and the submission of the flock. He would see the church, it is true, in other places, if to other places he should go, sinking in the trough of the waves of science and civilization, and materialism; but what then? He was sinking once in the trough of the waves himself for lack of faith; and the remembrance would prevent despair. He would see unreality, it may be, and insincerity and formalism in the high places of his church: he had seen them there before and had heard his Master rebuke them. These things, he would feel, are like other sins, are a part of human nature and can no more be removed even by religion than hunger, poverty, and sickness. And if some enthusiasts of modern creeds, some apostles of betterment, retorted that these evils also they were prepared to treat with even greater confidence than they would treat sin, to treat and cure them, I suppose he would mildly answer that in Joppa they had not expected to see the end of these things until at least the Messiah came; seeing

that the Master himself had seemed to assume the permanence of poverty (as his later disciple, Pascal, had assumed it in later days). So Peter in Quebec would not be scandalized to find these tares in the wheat accepted there as inevitable and natural; there they lie, sickness, poverty, and hunger, waiting for the harvest, as the daisies and the heads of mustard seed lie in the wheat-fields waiting for the harvest to uproot them.

Here are the first two dramas of the Trilogy founded upon "the house of one Simon a tanner." The third is the most dramatic of the three; at any rate the most melodramatic, and the most tragic. Its date is nineteen centuries later and begins in July, 1793, in the city of Paris. Simon, the third tanner, is occupying the second floor of the tower of the Temple Prison and with him is lodged Charles Louis, Louis XVII, the heir of the Bourbons.

Simon, the tanner, is a lay figure in the other two dramas, and his lodger is the hero. Here the lodger is almost a lay figure, and little is known of him, either during his lodging with the tanner, or at other times; nothing indeed for certain after his lodging, seeing that he is generally supposed to have died in June, 1795, still in the same rooms which had been occupied by Simon, seventeen months after they and he had passed out of Simon's charge.

Nor yet is Simon himself a protagonist in this tragedy. The tragedy lies in the circumstances rather than in the characters. The tragedy lies in the fact that the history of the Bourbon monarchy, the most picturesque, romantic, and piquant chapter in the most picturesque and piquant of histories, the history of France, practically ended in the house of the third Simon, shoemaker, or tanner.

The candle of monarchy flickered again, it is true, for a few years between 1815 and 1830; sputtered feebly and fitfully between 1830 and 1848, and did not finally expire—in circumstances the most picturesque and poignant imaginable—until our own times; until that autumnal day in 1873 when the Count de Chambord, Henri Cinq, alias "the stout man with a

limp," alias "Monsieur de Trop,"—these were some of the nicknames which his caustic and melancholy humour accepted or invented for himself—sacrificed himself and his cause to that White Flag which his country would not bear; or it may be (who knows?) to his dislike of his Orleans cousins. But the monarchical restoration or revival of these later years was so feeble, the Revolution did its work in France so thoroughly between 1787 and 1815, that the death of Louis XVII in the Temple Prison, in 1795, or the reported and assumed death, was practically the death-knell of hereditary monarchy in France.

That death-knell in itself perhaps is insufficient to constitute tragedy. The governments that have followed monarchy in France, Cæsarism, and the Republic, may have lacked the dignity and the solid prosperity of the old monarchy; for Cæsarism has been but a bloody adventure alternating between victory and defeat, mainly a history of campaigns for foreign glory as the price of despotism at home; and the Republic has been at present largely a record of commercial and materialized democracy, of political corruption, sordid and mean beyond measure; especially between 1880 and 1910; the thirty years during which France was governed by that crafty animal, the politician, at his worst; from the craft of Monsieur Thiers, the craftiest of his kind, down to the corrupt and ephemeral premiers and presidents who trafficked with Panama, sold themselves to Jews from Frankfort, and provoked by their corruption the Boulanger episode and the Dreyfus scandal: Grevy, Faure, Loubet, and Fallières, are poor names matched with the ancient statesmen and kings of the French monarchy, but their system may in time conceivably work out more happiness for France as a whole, and at the same time outlive the squalid corruption of the last generation of the Republic. It is not, then, the disappearance of monarchy which is itself the tragedy, but the circumstances under which it disappeared "in the house of one Simon a tanner."

The tanner in charge of the Dauphin introduces of himself at once that element of the grotesque and comic which we

hold, after Shakespeare, to be a necessary relief to tragedy (though Greece almost forbade it), and which is rampant and riotous in the tragedy of the French Revolution.

Why was the tanner, or shoemaker, put in charge of the Dauphin? Just because it was the French Revolution, the gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the return to Nature. Not from brutality, that is to say, or cynicism, as royalist historians imagine it, not because the tanner was a brute and a monster, as Dumas represents him in the "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge"; not so, says Monsieur Lenotre, but from that crude romance and that childish idealism, the romance and idealism of the illiterate and unthinking, which ran riot through the early days of the French Revolution. Never were people so childishly romantic *en masse* as in Paris then; never were the crude formulæ of the philanthropist and the humanitarian, and the egalitarian, so glibly parroted or swallowed. What is a tanner or shoemaker? What but an honest man, who works with his hands to supply those articles of clothing which even philosophers must wear in winter in the Parisian streets, which even Socrates wore occasionally at dinner parties in deference to social prejudice. So, then, the tanner or shoemaker is the type of honest labour. He is more. He labours sitting at his bench, his labour becomes mechanical, and he has time, abundant time, for thought and conversation. Why then is he not also the type of natural philosopher? It was not for nothing surely that the first Simon collected and collated the parables of Socrates. It was no coincidence. It was because he was a tanner, or rather shoemaker. It was not for nothing possibly—though this be conjectural—that Peter chose to lodge with a tanner. He wanted, we may infer, congenial and intellectual company. "The rich are such poor company," as Cephalus puts it. It is no accident, to take a modern instance anachronistically, that Leicester and Northampton produce more shoes and more radicalism than all the other towns of England put together. But at any rate—and this seems to Monsieur Lenotre established beyond conjecture

—it was just because the third Simon was a shoemaker, that is, at once honest working man and thinker, that he was selected to lodge and tutor the little Capet, the imprisoned Dauphin, Charles Louis XVII.

The appointment was made by one of those fantastic dreamers only prominent in days of Revolution, relegated to asylums often in tamer times. Even the mild religious revival known as the English Revolution of 1649, had its fanatic, fantastic dreamers, fifth monarchy men and Anabaptists like Harrison, thorns in the flesh of Cromwell the practical statesman; but the little finger of France is thicker for all idealism, for all fantastic, fanatic dreaming, for all childish romance, than the loins of heavy England. So Anacharsis Clootz and Anaxagoras Chaumette became powers in Revolutionary France, greater than their British prototypes in England; but like their prototypes, so far as they could, they gave to the Revolution the character of a religious revival and the inauguration of the reign of the saints. It was not their fault if French human nature turned it afterwards into a general rebellion against all authority, human or divine; “*ni Dieu ni maitre.*”

And the second of these saints, Anaxagoras Chaumette, with the same mixture of incompetence, romance, and religion, which dictated the assumption of his own Pagan name Anaxagoras, appointed Simon, because he was a shoemaker, to the post of tutor and guardian of the Dauphin.

For Anaxagoras the second—we learn—so named himself “in memory of a famous Lacedæmonian who was hanged for his republicanism;” did it matter to anybody but musty scholars and dusty triflers, that Anaxagoras the first was not a Lacedæmonian, was not hanged, and was not conspicuously republican, not more so than every other Greek? After all, Clazomenæ is near enough to Lacedæmon in sound and in geography for a democratic reader like Chaumette, who had no time to waste on philological niceties; and as on broad general grounds, without subtlety or quibbling, he named himself Anaxagoras, so on the same broad grounds he appointed

Simon tutor of the Dauphin; because he was a shoemaker, and because the apostle of the Revolution, the prince of all sentimentalists, the tutelary deity of flatulent humanitarianism, Jean Jacques Rousseau, had pronounced a benediction upon shoemakers in his "Emile." "Emile" honoured shoemakers much more than emperors. "Emile" preferred that his pupils be shoemakers rather than poets.

So Simon the shoemaker was installed in charge of the Dauphin, and part, perhaps, of Rousseau's benedictions gradually fulfilled themselves. If the shoemaker did not avert the Emperor, if he even hastened his advent, at least it may be urged that poetry was effectually banished from French politics from that time forth for ever more; even if Jean Jacques' and Anaxagoras Chaumette's, and Socrates' own distrust of poetry had a large element of poetry in it (else why their very poetic faith in the sacramental efficacy of making shoes?). "I will give the Capet cub," said Anaxagoras, "some education; I will keep him away from his family till he lose the idea of caste;" so he consigned him to Simon.

Simon's educational system—like other systems of artificial education—appears to have left the child's human nature much as he found it. He had to cut his pupil's mind, of course, like his shoes, according to his leather; and the result was, so to speak, also leathery. One of the few anecdotes about the child which are beyond cavil introduces an early touch of very human tragedy. The little boy, surrounded with Anaxagorases and Anacharsises, with caricatures of ancient Greek republicans who had never existed, caught the tone of caricatured democracy with a nervous child's precocity, and a timid child's servility. There was a noise overhead one day from the rooms occupied by his mother and sister. "What!" cried the promising young democrat, "what! have not those harlots been guillotined yet?"

Bring up a child on politics—royalist or republican, it makes no difference—and these are the shocks you are preparing for yourself. One honest republican stomach was turned; and M. Danjon left the prison to return no more. It

is not recorded how Anaxagoras himself received these first fruits of "Emile," and technical education, and the gospel of cobbled salvation. The "dignity of labour" is a charming phrase; but every man who has blacked his own boots for a month or two and minded his own furnace—who in Canada has not?—is conscious of an impression that even the conscientious and efficient discharge of these dignified labours may leave the labourer a servant not less unprofitable than the poet, than the soldier, even than the king, or in fact than any other social parasite and political abortion; and with this impression in his mind he is a little indifferent ever afterwards to the blague and blather of labour-politics.

But to return to our royal cobbler and *sans-culotte* prince, it was better, possibly, for France to be ruled by Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis Philippe, and the rest, than by a nature which promised to be at once so adroit and so mean. But the tragedy of Louis XVII does not lie only in the fiasco of an education directed by a cobbler, and a cobbler appointed by virtue of his cobbling. It lies rather in the mystery which surrounds the end of this unhappy boy, and in the strange serio-comic drama of his house after him. He "abode in the house of one Simon a tanner" from July 3rd, 1793, to January 19th, 1794. Then the tanner left the house and the boy remained with his new keepers, if he remained.

There lies the mystery. Simon the tanner was reported to the British government to be friendly to his prisoner and to the royal cause, and to be terrified on this very account and anxious to resign his charge. He did so resign after the six months mentioned, and removed to mysterious lodgings near the prison, not forty yards from his previous home in the tower, carrying his soiled clothes and other belongings thither in a cart at nine o'clock at night. A child was left in the charge of the new gaolers and a receipt was given by them to Simon for the person of the prince. But the next morning the child so left by Simon was closely imprisoned by the givers of the receipt, and was not seen again for six months by any one. Simon himself did not leave the neighbourhood of the Temple

till July, 1794, six months after he had left the actual prison. A fortnight afterwards he took sides with Robespierre and the municipality or commune of Paris—a strange action for a friend of the British, and of royalty—in their last struggle with the Convention; was arrested and, in company with the Robespierres, was guillotined on the 10th of Thermidor year II (end of July, 1794).

Naturally we imagine all Paris, feverish at all times, at the hottest fever-heat on that July night of the dog-days; but it seems not to have been so. Politics were already out of fashion with the Parisians, and only the professional politicians of the parliament, and the Robespierres themselves, and Hanriot, Couthon, St. Just, Simon and the like, were interested in the execution. Hardly any one followed the procession of the condemned men to the Place de la Revolution. Ballet girls arrived at the Pantheon in muslin skirts and pink tights on that same tenth night of Thermidor, to take part in a religious performance (republican style), and were annoyed and surprised to hear that something had happened politically and that the fête was postponed.

Madame Simon was arrested and kept in prison till August 25th (7th of Fructidor); the rest of her life was passed in different places and conditions more or less miserable. She died on June 10th, 1819, in the Hospital for Incurables, Rue de Sevres.

To return to the dirty linen of this poor household, and of France, and to the child handed over by the Simons to their successors, the poor thing died eighteen months after their removal from the tower in June, 1795; it never left the prison; it was never seen for the first six months which followed the Simons' departure by any one but the gaolers; it was only seen by them through a barred wicket; the room in which it was confined had neither air nor light; only a lamp was suspended opposite the grating in the wicket. The door was barred up and the grating arranged on the very day and night which followed the withdrawal of the Simons and the formal signing by their successors of the receipt for the Dauphin's person,

on January 20th, 1794. Naturally, then, there is some plausibility in the story told by Madame Simon in old age in her Hospital of Incurables, that the dirty linen covered the real Dauphin, and that the Dauphin who remained was a supposititious mute introduced on January 19th, just before the exodus of the Simons, by a royalist agent Genès Ojardias in a paste-board horse, a humble and more merciful counterpart of the wooden horse of Troy.

At the same period of her life she professed to recognize as the lost Dauphin, the claimant or Pretender called the Baron de Richemont. He was only one claimant, it is true, out of several, and by no means the best. Even Madame Simon herself was not left in undisturbed possession of her poor identity. There was another woman, a Madame Giraud, living at Toulon, who claimed for a time to be *la veuve Simon*, and, unlike the real widow, boasted of her ill treatment of her royal charge. There was yet a third Madame Simon, so called, who died in 1860 in the department of the Haute Marne. She attained the goodly age of one hundred and fifteen years before she left this vale of woe, if she was the Madame Simon of the Temple Tower. Her husband also, according to this version, escaped the scaffold and lived to feed swine after feeding the mind of a prince, and died at Joinville in 1830; so hard is it in history to make sure that even the minor characters of a public drama have quitted the stage for good and all, even though their necks have passed beneath the guillotine. As for the other pretenders, Naundorf, recognized by the court of Holland and still recognized in the person of his descendants by "*la partie de la Survenance*" in France, and now at last, since the autumn of 1913, recognized in the law courts as a true Bourbon by the present government of the French Republic; Mathurin Bruneau, tried at Rouen somewhere about the spring of 1819; and Hervagault, are not their histories written in some hundreds of volumes by M. Foulon de Vault (M. Henri Provins), M. Gruau de la Barre, M. Otto Friedrichs, and others? They do not enter largely into this sketch of the tanners named Simon, for Madame Simon recognized none of them, and

acknowledged as "her little Charles" only the Baron de Richemont.

Nuns, nurses, soldiers, fine ladies, and police officers come to her bedside in the hospital—in Monsieur Lenotre's history—and question her. She tells the same tale down to her death, with more or less reserve according to the character of the questioner. With great reserve when the questioners are police officers, but without serious change. The account given of her by those who saw her in the hospital was favourable, absolutely unlike the picture of the virago described by Dumas and the royalist historians. Possibly they were taken in by Madame Giraud of Toulon.

But the boy smuggled away by Genès Ojardias, if there was a boy in that dirty linen, never established his identity to the satisfaction of any one, unless it be the historian Savigny long afterwards, and those whom Savigny may have persuaded. He has not satisfied M. Lenotre, who leaves the question open, content in his last words to establish the real existence of Genès Ojardias, the alleged abductor, a conclusion not without interest or importance, but not sufficient to establish the identity of Louis XVII with de Richemont or with Naundorf; *a fortiori* with either of the lesser pretenders. If Ojardias saved him, one would have expected to find the salvage at once reported throughout Europe, and the course of history modified accordingly. But the child may have been saved and lost again, or may have been saved and yet may have seemed "impossible," too unequal for the lot and character of a king, even as kings then went. Or he may have been saved only to be destroyed again by the unscrupulous ambition of Louis XVIII: this is the view of those Royalists who accept his escape from the tower. But if he was saved, yet seemed impossible, he certainly improved with time (like the leather of his tutor). The Count de Richemont appears to have been a harmless and presentable person, qualified to console and satisfy Royalists more exacting than Madame Simon; while de Naundorf was yet more demonstrably an honourable and worthy man; even though for many years he practised only the trade of a watch-maker,

the heritage, presumably, of his father's hobby for mechanical toys and lock-smithing, and even though he spoke wretched French, the legacy, presumably, of his mother.

But part of the fascination of the history of this third Simon lies in the dramatic ending of the Bourbon line after the death of the tanner's wife in 1819. There was the Revolution of 1830, the fall of Charles X, and the accession by cunning and treachery of Louis Philippe, the fall of the treacherous cousin in 1848, and then, in our own days, the very curious and complex intrigue from 1871 to 1873, which almost united the Bourbon lines and almost restored the descendant of the old series of Louis', the Count de Chambord, as Henri V. The same irony of fate which staged so much history in the house of one Simon a tanner, removed the bars which divided the competing Bourbon lines and left a childless man to represent Absolutism, with no heirs but Orleanist princes: so the old quarrel of legitimist and constitutional monarchy bade fair to reconcile itself. The obsolete legitimists would have their obsolete king for a year or two, and the constitutionalists could wait for the future, which in any case belonged rather to them.

And then, at the last moment, Fate proved ironical and the plot broke down, through the honesty of the king, it may be; through the conscience of Henri V who, unlike Henri IV, did not think Paris worth a falsehood. "Paris ne valait pas le tricolore," to be more correct; he would not give up the white flag, the fleur-de-lis of France, whose only home to-day, if it has a home, may be said to be in the Province of Quebec, where old France still lives. But Paris and France would not take the white flag, even for a season, even to escape radicalism, and socialism, and anarchy. Cynics, with the Pope at their head, smiled at all this fuss about a table napkin, a piece of white cloth; but the white flag was the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual doctrine, the doctrine of the divine right of the Bourbons. The nation, even a large section of the monarchists, all the Orleanists of course, and some others scarcely Orleanists, insisted on

the tricolour as the emblem of popular sovereignty, of the divine right of numbers, as some of them said; of the divine right, at any rate, of the individual to consideration proportionate to his merit, as any man may fairly say. There was no reconciliation possible except the providential death of His Majesty before the negotiations should reach an end. The count saw it, and with his fearless appreciation, or depreciation, of his position he put the case in a nutshell. "I am Monsieur de Trop," he said, "apart from my flag; apart from my flag what am I? Only a stout man with a limp."

Cold-blooded historians, not cynics or popes, see the force of this scruple of the flag. Have we not all seen or read every year on our own continent of the accidents and trifles which threaten the peace of nations, when there is a question of the flag, of some piece of white or coloured bunting? If the historians and cool observers are not contemptuous of Henry V as the Pope professed to be, nor yet wholly sympathetic with an honest man, the reason must lie elsewhere.

Human motives are too complex for the critical historian to appraise them confidently. The count was right from his obsolete point of view, in insisting on his flag; but he was also a man whose family had been wronged by crafty cousins. He was himself beset by intrigues of the descendants of the same cousins. Cousinly jealousy entered possibly as an alloy into the nobler motives which prompted him to break off negotiations with the monarchical bloc. And so the worthy linen draper, M. Chesnelong, who conducted negotiations in their last stages—as a tribute no doubt to the democratic spirit of the age—and who had almost beguiled the count, where princes and noblemen had failed, to rush and risk a Restoration and see what would become of it, the worthy linen draper failed also. The scheming cousins, or their partisans, overreached themselves, and the chance passed, humanly speaking, never to return,—never to return, at least, in our days, or in days that we are authorized to anticipate.

Of course those Royalists who believe in the survival of Louis XVII in the Baron de Richemont, or, more probably

and reasonably, in the Count de Naundorf, have their own explanation of the failure of all these monarchical revivals from 1815 to 1873. They see in this failure the righteous vengeance of Heaven for the usurpation of the crown of France by the wicked uncle Louis XVIII. Charles X, they say, knew of the usurpation and had his scruples, but was pacified by the importunity of his wicked brother. The Duke de Berri, Charles's son and heir, knew of the usurpation and was never pacified, but full of scruples, and open-mouthed in their expression; but he, providentially for his uncle's peace of mind, was assassinated outside the Comedie Française and died in the very green-room whither he had so often resorted to flatter and applaud the actresses; his son, the Count de Chambord, perhaps saw no occasion for scruples; but perhaps, again, inherited his father's scruples to the extent of never really desiring the crown. Hence it may be, in part or in whole, that he hugged his other scruple of the tricolour. In any case, so they conclude, Destiny and Heaven pointed the moral of Louis XVIII's usurpation: for the very ring with which, in July, 1871, Jules Favre signed away to Prince Bismarck the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine was the ring given him by his client de Naundorf; that is, on their theory, by Louis XVII. And this extraordinary coincidence appears to be a fact beyond cavil; though it is not a fact beyond cavil who de Naundorf really was. However that may be, the monarchy of the Bourbons, the most romantic in Europe and the most brilliant, ended in a political intrigue, begun, continued, and ended by a snap majority of members, elected to parliament on other issues and in the unexampled crisis following a disastrous war, and never at any time representing the full feeling of the country on the question which inspired the intrigue. The intrigue nearly succeeded, yet never deserved to succeed, and therefore in all probability would never have succeeded permanently. But while it lasted, it presented the supremely interesting spectacle of two honest gentlemen, the count and the marshal, Henri V and MacMahon, bandied to and fro in a political game of shuttlecock between those crafty animals,

the politicians of both parties, between those old parliamentary hands, Monsieur Thiers and the Duc de Broglie.

The real breath of monarchy in France expired with Louis XVI on the scaffold, or with Louis XVII "in the house of one Simon a tanner." And with that last breath in Simon's house or the house that had belonged to Simon, "Simon the tanner," *βυρραεύς*, as the Greek Testament calls him, but "Simon the shoemaker," *σκυτοτόμος*, as Diogenes Laertius calls Socrates' host, and Simon the shoemaker as the host of Louis XVII called himself ("ancien cordonnier" was his description of himself when he changed shoemaking for a government position)—and after all, the distinction between tanner and shoemaker seems negligible to the lay mind, since each is wholly concerned with hides as finished product or raw material—with that last breath in Simon's house concludes this sketch of Divine Irony—the irony which brought into the same savoury atmosphere of leather and cobbler's wax the birth of the first great church, the church of the intellectuals, the church of the men of the universities, who are content to read and think, and find happiness by losing their lives in books and laboratories: and the birth of the second great church, the church of the people, who, whether Catholic or Protestant, live by St. Peter's faith and by their emotions, and want something better than a Socratic dubitation and an academic "perhaps" for the rule of a lifetime and the hope of a deathbed; and last, and it may be least, the dying breath of the greatest and most brilliant monarchy of the most brilliant and dramatic nation of Europe.

MAURICE HUTTON

HENRY GRATTAN

“IT is the appointed lot of some of history’s chosen few to come upon the scene when a great tendency is nearing its crisis and culmination, specially gifted with qualities to realize the fulness of its possibilities.” This has been said of Nelson; it may be said with equal truth of the Irish patriot Henry Grattan, who by his genius wove together the various elements prevailing in Irish life, brought peace out of discord and showed the world what a united Ireland could do. About his life gathers perhaps the most interesting and important part of Ireland’s hapless history.

When he entered public life the time was ripe for a change; Ireland was stirring in her sleep. Many years had passed since Swift had tried to infuse something of his own fierce and indomitable spirit into a people exhausted by the struggle of centuries, bidding them demand the rights denied to them, bidding them rise and become a nation. He kindled the spark of the longing for a national life, but it was to lie dormant and only spring into active flame fanned by the breath of Grattan’s genius.

Grattan belonged to a distinguished Protestant family of the south; like most of the south of Ireland Protestants, he was of English extraction, thus inheriting that fine mixture of blood—the Celtic and the Saxon. It was the fashion in those days for Irish gentlemen to choose law as their profession, and this Grattan did. After graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, he became a student of the Inner Temple. He was not long in London before he began to take a keen interest in the debates in both Houses of Parliament, and many of his pregnant comments on those who took part in them have come down to us. Of the Earl of Chatham he writes, “He was a mountebank, but a great mountebank.” The oratorical power of the great and generous Fox is brought vividly before

us in this saying, "Every sentence came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic, three thousand miles long." Burke is pictured in this happy quotation, "He was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow unless he felt the king had a right to take it from under him."

To sit at the feet of such great speakers was not enough for Grattan, so he resorted to every means within his power to make himself perfect in the art of public speaking. It is certain his success as an orator was not due to the critical qualities of his early audiences, for, as we are told, he often addressed his landlady's pump or the trees of Windsor Forest. It matters little, however, in what way he gained his splendid power of oratory. He brought to it all the peculiar quality of his genius, a sensitiveness and instinct to feel the pulse of his audience, a gift of epigram combined with a force and passion that made his hearers see with his eyes and follow where he led. Added to this he possessed a purity of purpose and transparency of character that made him a moral force to quicken and lift the conscience of those who came in contact with him.

He was called to the Irish bar in 1772, but hating what he called the "vulgar honours of law" he soon entered public life. The Irish parliament at this time occupied a similar place to the Scottish parliament before its union with England: it was the parliament of a poor country enslaved and corrupted by its rich and more powerful neighbour. The condition of the people had never seemed more hopeless. The mass of them was sunk in an abyss of poverty and ignorance, owing to the severe commercial restrictions imposed upon them, to the harsh operation of the penal code, and, last but not least, to an ever growing pension list. So great, indeed, was the corruption of the pension list that £1000 a year had been granted to the Sardinian ambassador under a false name. Another £3000 a year was paid, at the king's request, to the Queen of Denmark who had just been banished for the sin of adultery; at the moment when this large pension was being paid to the Queen of Denmark Lord Harcourt was writing to Lord North,

“Our distresses have grown so great that almost an entire stop is put to all payments whatsoever, except for sustenance of the army.” Taxation had indeed reached a crisis. To add to the distress of the country, America was then in revolt, and Ireland was thus cut off from one of the few sources of wealth her commercial restrictions had left her.

It was plain to the English government that if Ireland was not to be declared bankrupt, the severity of the commercial code must be lightened, and in 1778, on the advice of Lord Buckingham, Lord North granted her some minor concessions. The commercial restrictions pressed upon both Catholic and Protestant alike, but for Catholic Ireland alone was reserved the iniquity of the Penal Laws. Torn apart and scattered by the persecutions and religious wars of Elizabeth and Cromwell, she was further weakened by plantations and settlements. It remained for the Penal Code to accomplish what these had failed to do. Under it began the real degradation, the real subjection of the native race, of all those indeed, whether native Irish, Norman Irish, or Anglo Irish, who, remaining true to their ancient faith, sank to a condition little better than serfs. Protestant Ireland, to her everlasting shame, acquiesced in this tyranny “and knelt to England,” as Grattan said, “on the necks of her Catholic countrymen.”

To understand the condition of political life in Ireland when Grattan entered parliament, one must remember that the Irish Upper House was made up chiefly of peers who were under obligations to the government, and, secondly, of bishops of the Established Church who were attached to the Castle by ties of strong self-interest. The Lower House was flooded with nominees of the peers, who generally voted as they were told. Many of the remainder were placemen, pensioners, or others conciliated by some form of governmental patronage. In such a parliament it can readily be seen that the English ministers could almost always count on a majority.

There were, however, some Irish peers, like Lord Charlemont and a few others, who were imbued with honesty of purpose and a patriotic spirit. These men provided a

party of absolutely independent members, who could not be influenced by even the most dazzling bribes. With Grattan at their head, they formed a small but vigorous opposition, and resisted consistently the various corrupt measures of the Castle administration.

The tasks Grattan set himself to do were stupendous,—to give Ireland freedom of trade, to bring about legislative independence, to reform parliament, and to emancipate his Catholic countrymen. Of this large programme he accomplished much, but not all; he freed Ireland from her commercial slavery, he gave her legislative independence, but although he laboured for forty years, with a “desperate fidelity,” for the relief of the Irish Catholics, he was not allowed to see their complete emancipation.

He was helped in his work by what was called the Volunteer Movement. Ireland was defenceless, the army for which she paid had been withdrawn from her shores, a rumour had spread that a French invasion was threatening. To meet this threat Ulster Dissenters, Protestants of the ruling class, and, finally, Catholics of the native race, united in defence of their country. Volunteer bands sprang up everywhere. It was a rare moment, indeed, in the history of Ireland when these three elements united as one body. They rose to defend their country, but they eventually came to demand political liberty.

It was a moment always feared by the English government. A united Ireland was not to its liking; its policy being to foster discord rather than unity. “Should we,” said Elizabeth’s ministers, “exert ourselves in reducing this country to order and civility, it must acquire power, consequence and riches, the inhabitants will then be alienated from England, they will cast themselves into the arms of a foreign power, or perhaps erect into an independent or separate state. Let us rather connive at their disorder, for a weak and disordered people never can attempt to detach themselves from the Crown of England.”

It was not the first time, however, that the Ulster Dissenter and the Irish Catholic had joined hands against the government.

They had a bond of common suffering in the severity of the tithe exactions. Just, too, as the Irish Catholics suffered from the Penal Code the Ulster Presbyterians were compelled to endure the Test Act, which invalidated their marriages. The Ulster Presbyterians of to-day have nothing to fear from the government; in the growth of material prosperity they have forgotten their patriotism; their bigotry has surely increased since the day they unanimously passed the generous resolutions dictated by Grattan, "that we hold the right of private judgement in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as in ourselves; that as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Code against our Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequence to the prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland."

The year 1778 brought with it not only the rise of the Volunteers, but also the Catholic Relief Bill of Mr. Gardiner which received Grattan's hearty support. It was only three years since he had entered parliament, three years well spent in gaining the knowledge of statecraft so necessary to the objects he had in view. Already the influence of his ardent patriotism had shown its effect upon the minds of the people; it had stirred even the selfishness of the Irish Protestants and they had begun to look with more kindly eyes upon their Catholic countrymen. They had begun to ask themselves whether the laws that crushed and made slaves of the majority of the nation could go on forever. The English government was decidedly in favour of some concession to the Irish Catholic, especially as they had recently made great concessions to the Catholics in Lower Canada.

The outcome of this religious tolerance was that a blow was struck at what was really the most evil part of the Penal Code, by which the Irish Catholic was prevented from all ownership or vested interest in land. By the carrying of the bill the Catholics were at last allowed to inherit property under the same conditions as the Protestants.

The spirit of the people was changing in every direction. The inadequacy of the commercial concessions made by Lord North only served to goad them into forcing England's hand and compelling her to grant them free trade. Notwithstanding the timidity of some of his colleagues, who thought the time was not opportune, Grattan decided to carry the battle into the centre of parliament.

Distress and misery abounded, yet in his speech from the throne Lord Buckingham said that "owing to the lamentable condition of the finances His Majesty was obliged to call upon his loyal subjects of Ireland to grant further exceptional supplies for the maintenance of the establishment." At the close of this speech Grattan moved an amendment. In an address full of fire and enthusiasm he asked why the speech had not touched upon the subject that was in everybody's thoughts, "To what was the bankruptcy of the State due? To the restrictions on Ireland's trade. The ill-fated measures of England have plunged this country into hopeless calamities; every condescension is extended to the monopolizing spirit of insignificant towns in England, while this faithful and oppressed people can neither draw attention nor pity." He ended by asking, "Of what does this establishment which we are asked to support consist? Of infamous pensions to infamous men." The amendment, which asked for complete freedom of trade, carried without division. And when the speaker went to present it to the viceroy he passed through two lines of cheering volunteers commanded by the Duke of Leinster. It was a difficult part Grattan had to play; the temper of the people was such that he feared an outbreak, but his fearlessness of language and his influence for moderation prevailed. He took without hesitation, however, his own course.

In spite of the government he proposed and carried by a large majority a resolution "That at this time it would be inexpedient to grant new taxes," and the day after this resolution was carried the House also decided that the Money Bill should be granted for six months only. Lord Buckingham was aghast at the new force that had risen in Ireland. "The distressed

state of this kingdom," he writes, "has diffused a spirit unknown before, the evils of free trade to Great Britain must, indeed, be great if they overbalance those which she must incur from the present resentment of Ireland against the commercial restrictions." His forcible despatches produced the desired effect, and the British parliament finally granted freedom of trade to Ireland. The greatest work of Grattan's life was accomplished. "Thus fell to the ground," says Lecky, "that great system of commercial restriction, begun under Charles II and carried down through each succeeding reign with ever increasing severity."

Another great measure was passed by the Irish parliament of 1780, namely, the abolition of the Presbyterian Test Act. Attached originally as a clause to Gardiner's Catholic Relief Bill of 1778, it had been thrown out in England. It was now brought forward by Grattan and the Irish parliament, out of gratitude to the Presbyterians of the north, who had been the leaders in the volunteer movement. Lord Buckingham again advised the government to capitulate, and after long delay the Irish dissenters were placed on a political footing with their Protestant countrymen, obtaining this favour by the liberality of the Irish House forty-eight years before it was granted to the English dissenters by their government.

The free trade granted to Ireland in 1779 had as yet borne little fruit, not only on account of the wars in which England was engaged but also because some governments, as for instance Portugal, would not recognize Ireland's new commercial status. This increased the discontent of the country, and the "epidemic madness," as Lord Buckingham termed the desire for legislative independence, grew in strength. Grattan realized also the precariousness of the commercial concessions granted by England in a moment of national fear, and the result was that on April 19th, 1789, he moved a Declaration of Independence. The speech that followed has been considered by himself and by those who heard him as his finest. To-day it loses nothing of its mingled fire and pathos. "Irishmen," he said, "were only asking for their birthright,

the birthright the ancestors of those who now sit in the House had thrown away and were now called upon to restore." He closed by saying, "The time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted, and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live, and though the speaker will die, the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet but survive him."

The motion was defeated, but even so the spirit had gone forth, the spirit of Grattan's genius, and although the majority of the House opposed the movement this was due only to the fear that the time was not ripe.

The best in the land were associated with him in the movement, and although loyal to the connexion with England, they yet resolved to use the first opportunity given to them since the Revolution of gaining their ancient rights. The Castle, equally determined on its side to defeat the national movement, resorted to a system of corruption unusual even in its history. In a letter the viceroy, Lord Buckingham, apologizes to the English government who objected to the heavy price he had to pay to carry the Mutiny Bill. The majority gained in this way was only a respite, the popular movement swept on to its climax.

Lord Buckingham retired, and was succeeded as viceroy by Lord Carlisle; and soon, for a second time, Grattan moved the legislative independence of Ireland. This time he was defeated by a very small majority, which indicates the changing mood of the parliament. "His speech," wrote Lord Carlisle, "was interwoven with expressions of loyalty to the king, and with sentiments of affection to and inseparable connexion with Great Britain, of a disposition to give her every possible assistance yet with a determination never to yield to the supremacy of the British legislature."

Lord Carlisle advised the English government to accede to Ireland's demands. "It is beyond a doubt," he writes, "that the practicability of governing Ireland by English laws is become utterly visionary. Ireland may be well and happily

governed by its own laws, it is, however, by no means so clear that if the present moment is neglected this country will not be driven into a state of confusion the end of which no man can see." "I wish to know," he goes on, "whether my chief secretary is expected to offer any opposition to the motion which will be made by Mr. Grattan on April 16th."

England was about to yield, but the overthrow of Lord North's government brought about Lord Carlisle's recall, the Duke of Portland taking his place. On April 9th, the king sent a message to the English House of Commons regretting the discontent of the Irish people and calling upon parliament to take it into consideration for an adjustment "such as may give satisfaction to both kingdoms." Grattan pushed on to victory, the country was in a state of intense excitement, Dublin was full of volunteers, and on the sixteenth they lined the streets through which he passed to move again the legislative independence of Ireland. The house was crowded with all that was brilliant in the society of Dublin. After an address of thanks to the king moved by Mr. Ponsonby, Grattan rose to speak. His face showed the strain and anxiety he had undergone, his voice was so low as at first to be scarcely heard, but in the greatness of his subject his bodily weakness was forgotten and his audience soon responded to the touch of the master. He knew this time that the battle was won, and in the magic of that hour he was repaid for his struggles on behalf of his country. The beauty of his opening sentences was not soon forgotten. "I am now," he began, "to address a free people. Ages have passed away and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with an eternal solicitude, I have traced her progress from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift, spirit of Molyneux, your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation; in that new character I hail her; and bowing to her august presence I say, '*Esto perpetua.*'"

Thus, without crime or bloodshed, was the Irish revolution of 1782 accomplished. In the hour of their country's

great need a band of loyal and armed men sprang up as if by magic to defend her against foreign invasion. They passed on, with Grattan as their leader, to contend for political liberty. United with the best in their land, commanded by the greatest of their countrymen, they acted throughout their struggle with both sense and moderation, and if they had then disbanded, "the gratitude of their countrymen," said Grattan, "would have written their epitaph." But they did not do so. Having helped to accomplish a great deed, they yet became in the end the prey of demagogues, the leaders of false patriotism, of false liberty and democracy.

Grattan, having achieved his purpose, was quite ready to return to his practice at the bar, but he was not allowed to carry out his wishes. The nation at this moment, as never again, appreciated the greatness of his service and the purity of his motives, and resolved to make him independent, so as to benefit the country by his wise counsel. He refused to take the large sum first offered to him, but he finally accepted £50,000, a sufficient sum he thought to give him freedom of action.

One of the first measures brought forward by him in the new parliament was a vote of £100,000 to equip 20,000 sailors for the British navy. As before, his policy was to cement the tie between England and Ireland. In one of his later speeches he said, "Next to the liberty of their own country the first object of all Irish patriots should be the strength and unity of the Empire."

Under the new régime the trade of the country increased by leaps and bounds, even in time of war; warehouses sprang up, the public credit rose, and the financial condition of a people who a short time before were declared to be on the verge of bankruptcy, was declared sound. Moral and sanitary reforms took place, the independence of the judges was secured, the criminal code was revised when, says a recent writer, "that of England was a blot on her record."

An example was given to other nations by the improvements in the sanitary condition of the prisons, and the building

of public baths for the use of the common people. The effect of the increased importance of the Irish parliament upon Dublin alone was that in a few years it was spoken of as "one of the noblest capitals in Europe."

With the emancipation of his country Grattan began his long struggle for parliamentary reform and for the political freedom of the Catholic. Within fifteen years of the formation of his parliament, Acts were passed which greatly relaxed the burden of the penal laws, placing the Catholic on a more nearly equal footing with the Protestant. But moderate as were his demands for parliamentary reform they met with little success.

To combat the increased corruption of the Castle, to guard the Constitution of 1782, he, with Lord Charlemont and Mr. Ponsonby, formed the famous Whig Club. It numbered amongst its members the Duke of Leinster and Sir Lawrence Parsons, afterwards the second Earl of Rosse and one of the most fearless speakers in the Irish House. In a speech delivered shortly after the founding of the club, Sir Lawrence Parsons dwelt upon the growing discontent of the people with the depravity of the Castle administration. "In 1782," he remarked, "England had relinquished her open power over Irish affairs, but for it she had substituted a secret and clandestine influence."

Grattan spoke even more openly; he frankly accused the administration of the last viceroy, the Marquis of Buckingham, with impeachable offences, he challenged it to deny having sold peerages to politicians, the money to be used in buying seats in the House of Commons. In his attack on the administration he said, "I repeat these charges, why do you not expel me now? Going out of this House I shall repeat my sentiments—that His Majesty's ministers are guilty of impeachable offences, and advancing to the bar of the Lords I shall there repeat these sentiments; or, if the Tower is to be my habitation, I will there meditate the impeachment of these ministers and return, not to capitulate but to punish." He then showed clearly the pressing need for reform in the Irish House. In England

he said Acts had been passed to prevent members of the government from holding any kind of office, as well as Acts which disabled the Crown from exceeding a certain sum in grants of pensions. "Above two-thirds of the returns of this House," he went on, "are private property, the number of placemen and pensioners sitting in this House equal to near one-half of the whole efficient body." In spite of his efforts at reform, William Pitt, who had risen to power in England and who used his great influence to purify English political life, made it impossible, by his consistent support of the Castle, for Grattan to bring about reform in Ireland.

It has often been said that the American Revolution helped to bring about the independence of the Irish parliament and that the French Revolution helped to take it away. It is certain that for some time a spirit of discontent with the government was spreading in the north. The volunteers were degenerating, and were merging into the body of the United Irishmen with Wolfe Tone as their leader. Many of the original loyal and patriotic corps had wisely withdrawn when they had gained political liberty for their country; many of a lower order had joined since then whose ideas were copied from the revolutionary and levelling principles of the French Revolution. They were imbued with the theory that reform could only come by complete separation from England. Grattan, on the other hand, careless alike of praise or blame, clung to the connexion, hoping in time to gain his political ideal. Reform he knew was of slow growth and must come through the governing class; it was not to be hastened by violence or by appealing to the passions of the masses.

Wolfe Tone, the better to effect his object, issued a pamphlet urging an alliance between the Catholics and the Dissenters, an alliance, under the circumstances, feared by both Grattan and Pitt. To prevent this alliance Pitt decided to grant further concessions to the Catholics. He was fortunate in gaining the interest of George III, who, in his growing fear of Jacobinism, was willing for the moment to put in the background his hatred of Catholicism. Grattan, who was in

London at the time, used his influence in behalf of his countrymen, and the king received the Catholic deputation graciously.

To keep the question apart from political faction in Ireland was Grattan's earnest desire. He succeeded in doing this, and so won the support of the Irish Protestants, with the exception of the borough owners and the clergy of the Established Church.

The Bill granted the following concessions: (1) The electoral franchise and the right to vote for civic magistrates. (2) The right to carry arms. (3) The right to hold, with certain reservations, civil, magisterial, and military offices.

But the measure, so seemingly generous, failed in its object, for Pitt compromised from a desire to please the Castle government, and although he gave the Irish Catholic a vote he still withheld from him the right to sit in parliament. In the debate on the Bill both Grattan and Sir Lawrence Parsons pointed out this grave error; what could be more fatal, they asked, than to give the vote to an ignorant peasantry and withhold from their natural leaders the power to guide and represent them in parliament. In short, said Parsons, "There never was a measure more narrowly conceived; it courts the Catholic rabble and insults the Catholic gentry."

In looking over Pitt's Irish policy, one is continuously confronted by his spirit of compromise. Measures, in the beginning worthy of his great name and of a humane and generous character, were sacrificed to his ambition and love of office. As he compromised with the Relief Bill of 1793 out of deference to the Castle, so he compromised with the Commercial Treaty of 1785. The form in which it first passed was considered by Grattan as open, fair, and just, but the commercial jealousy it invoked in England and the fear of the fall of his ministry made him so alter it to the detriment of Ireland that on its second reading it was thrown out by the Irish House.

In the union he was to pass a measure of so great a nature as to be fraught with the happiness or unhappiness of two countries. He carried it by means unworthy of his name.

but left it incomplete, thus bringing distrust and strife into the relations of the countries whose union he consummated. But before this union was accomplished, it seemed as if Grattan's policy was to prevail and that reform of parliament and complete emancipation of the Catholic might take place and his beloved constitution be saved.

The great offices of Ireland were put aside for Englishmen, and often those appointed to fill these positions came with an earnest desire to fill them righteously and well. Two such men were shortly to be sent to Ireland, Lord Fitzwilliam as viceroy and later Sir Ralph Abercrombie as commander-in-chief of the army.

So far the Catholics were little influenced by the political discontent and disloyalty prevailing among the Dissenters of the north; there was, however, a feeling among them that the Relief Bill of 1793 was unjust. Grattan saw that Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen were trying to fan this feeling into life, and recognized that only a prompt admittance of the Catholic gentry into the legislation of their country would ease the situation and prevent rebellion. It seemed to him, therefore, on hearing that Lord Fitzwilliam was to succeed Lord Westmorland as viceroy, that this was the policy Pitt intended to pursue. He travelled at once to London to have an interview with Lord Fitzwilliam, who had already asked him to cooperate with him in his new work in Ireland. He consulted as well with Pitt and the Duke of Portland. The latter was a warm supporter of the Catholic claims, and, having joined Pitt's ministry, was to have charge of Irish affairs. In his interview with Grattan he remarked, "I have taken office, as I know there is to be an entire change of system." Pitt referred to Catholic emancipation in these words, "Not to bring it forward as a government measure, but if government were pressed to yield it." Grattan returned to Ireland filled with hope for the future.

Lord Fitzwilliam was one of the few viceroys sent to Ireland possessing a knowledge of the country, and for this reason alone he was welcomed by the people. From the first,

however, he was handicapped in his work by Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare. Fitzgibbon was the son of an obscure Catholic attorney who had risen to great power as the chief adviser of the Marquis of Buckingham's and the Earl of Westmorland's Irish policy. He was filled with a hatred of the religion of his forefathers amounting almost to a mania, and had become an advocate of the Protestant ascendancy in its narrowest and most bitter sense. Lord Fitzwilliam was anxious to dismiss this unscrupulous man from office, knowing quite well that his influence on political life was as bad as Grattan's was good, but before he had left England Pitt had said that "on no account was Fitzgibbon to be dismissed." He did, however, dismiss Mr. Beresford, the commissioner of revenue, "one of a family Cabal who used their influence," writes Lecky, "to resist all healing measures." In Beresford's dismissal, Lecky points out, is, perhaps, to be found the truest reason for Fitzwilliam's recall.

On the viceroy's arrival in Ireland, he found the country in a state of excitement. Addresses were pouring in from all classes of Catholics asking for complete emancipation. The tone of these addresses was, on the whole, loyal, but veiling the threat that unless their petition was granted Catholic loyalty could not be counted on.

Lord Fitzwilliam wrote many letters to this effect. In one of these letters he states that "not to grant cheerfully all the Catholics wish will not only be exceedingly impolitic, but perhaps dangerous." In another letter he writes that if he does not hear to the contrary he will acquiesce in the Catholic claims when they are presented on the opening of parliament. The English government, as Lecky points out, was thus aware of Fitzwilliam's intention, yet for weeks he was left without instructions.

In the meantime, the loyalty of the Irish parliament was shown. Grattan, encouraged by the viceroy's attitude and out of gratitude for the intended concessions, had pledged it to support Pitt's war policy, and had also carried a vote of £200,000 for the British navy.

Almost a month after the opening of parliament, the viceroy received his first notification of Pitt's change of policy in a letter from the Duke of Portland, and a despatch from Pitt himself complaining of Beresford's dismissal but saying nothing of the Catholic question. Ten days later Fitzwilliam was recalled, and with his departure disappeared Grattan's last hope of an Ireland united, self-governing and loyally recognizing its duty to the Crown. "The high hopes of all classes," writes Lord Dunraven in his "Legacy of Past Years," "were dashed to the ground." The people were goaded into desperation by despair of obtaining reform by constitutional means; and the postponement for thirty-five years of emancipation granted them in deference to violence taught them to believe that in violence alone could a remedy for legitimate grievance be found.

When Fitzwilliam went to Ireland it was the turning point in Irish history. The country was prosperous on the whole, the Catholics had begun to feel their manhood stirring again after their long years of oppression, religious tolerance had grown to an extent unknown both in Scotland and England. During his short viceroyalty he won the love and respect of the people, and gained an influence over them sufficient to carry the measures of reform first intended by Pitt. That he was not allowed to carry out his policy of conciliation was the undoing of Ireland. The next three years showed the result of his recall. A sullen spirit of disloyalty spread over the people, "creeping," as Grattan said, "like the mist at the heels of the countryman."

"The instructions to the new viceroy, Lord Camden, clearly indicate," said Lecky, "the intention of the English parliament to resist Catholic emancipation contrary to the dominant sentiment of the Irish Protestants." The cabinet, therefore, directed its Irish representatives to endeavour to kindle an anti-Catholic feeling and to organize an Irish party of resistance. "These instructions," goes on Lecky, "in the existing state of Ireland, meant nothing less than a religious warfare." Lord Camden, a weak but well-meaning man, had

little control. The government of the country fell almost entirely into the hands of the official "Junto," in which Fitzgibbon was the leading spirit. Pitt's attitude could not be more clearly shown than by conferring the earldom of Clare upon this implacable enemy of the Catholics. For this boon he was to support the anti-Catholic party and to smooth the way to the union. The seeds of religious animosity were well sown, Grattan's fabric of concord melted away, its place to be taken by the hideous feuds between Orangemen and Catholics. The system of coercion employed by Lord Clare to put down these feuds finally drove the people into active rebellion.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the new commander-in-chief of the army, protested in indignant terms at the system employed. "There must be some change," he writes, "or this country will be lost. Lord Camden and the Cabinet have declared the kingdom in rebellion when the orders of His Excellency might be carried over the whole kingdom by an orderly dragoon. The abuses of all kinds I found here can scarcely be believed, the army has been employed in measures which those who use do not dare avow or sanction. Within the last twelve months," he goes on, "every cruelty, every crime that could be committed by Cossacks or Kalmucks has been transacted here." The iron will of Clare prevailed, a cabal was formed against the commander-in-chief, and, sick at heart, he resigned to make way for one less humane, less scrupulous than himself.

Grattan and his small band of patriots continued for a short time to fight for reform, only to have their measures thrown out again and again. At last, seeing the uselessness of his efforts in fighting an assembly now only "a tool of the Crown," he and his immediate followers resigned. In his hour of humiliation he acknowledged the failure of his constitution, but that failure was not due to himself or his gallant followers. He was able for a short time to give the Irish parliament an ideal, and while it remained true to this ideal it was able to combat corruption; but the parliament that

could withstand the splendid bribes of Buckingham and Westmorland must have been imbued with a patriotism as pure as his own.

The rebellion broke out and was crushed by means not necessary to go into here, and the union hurried on.

As early as 1785 Pitt had spoken of a union, and wrote to the Duke of Portland saying he would like to make "England and Ireland one country in effect, though for local concerns under different legislations." The subject was never brought up in the Irish parliament and eventually was allowed to drop.

How much better it would have been for Ireland if the measure now proposed had resembled the earlier one! Opposition it would have provoked, but Grattan's great desire to do only what was good for his country would have made him in the end acquiesce in a measure which left Ireland liberty to manage her own affairs, as he finally acquiesced in a measure he so utterly detested and which, in Forster's words, "left every appanage of a kingdom except what constitutes the essence of independence, a resident parliament; a separate state, a separate establishment, a separate exchequer, separate debts, separate courts, separate laws, the lord-lieutenant and the Castle remained."

When the Irish House assembled on January 15th, corruption had done its work. "The entire patronage and terror of the Crown," said Lord Rosebery in his "Life of Pitt," "were employed to pack parliament, it raised honey and gall as occasion required; offices, peerages; or dismissal and disgrace." The little band of patriots still continued their hopeless fight for liberty, but one of the band was missing, the greatest of them all, and as a last resource their thoughts now turned to Grattan.

In 1798 the Duke of Portland, writing to Mr. Pelham, had said, "The idea of Grattan being sacrificed and made a scapegoat of is industriously circulated." For a long time Clare had been anxious to get rid of Grattan, whose denunciations had been all the more forcible on account of his un-

questioned loyalty. In pursuance of this aim, Grattan, in 1798, was charged with complicity in the designs of the rebels, and though time has shown that the charge contained no vestige of truth it was, for the moment, successful in its object, and his name was struck off the list of privy councillors. This was not all. By attempting to avoid the extremes of both parties, he became the victim of the ingratitude of his countrymen, and it was not safe for him to appear in the streets of Dublin. Grief and indignation preyed upon his mind, his health broke down, but, seriously ill as he was, he responded to the call of his friends. Fortunately, a few days before, a vacancy had occurred in Wicklow, and by an arrangement Grattan was returned for the town. When he entered the House the debate had lasted fifteen hours, and it seemed to the exhausted members as if his ghost had come back from the grave to plead the cause of his country. Amid a breathless silence, the House stood up as he took the oath, but when he rose to speak the galleries and the benches broke into tumultuous applause. Unable to stand, he asked permission of the House to speak sitting. "Then," says Lecky in a passage of great beauty, "was witnessed that spectacle among the grandest in the whole range of mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter—of the power of enthusiasm and the power of genius nerving a feeble and emaciated frame. As the fire of oratory kindled, as the angel of enthusiasm touched those pallid lips with the living coal—as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind and the old plaudits broke upon his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized and the buoyancy of youth restored." For more than two hours he traversed almost the whole of that complex question. He grappled with the various arguments of expediency the minister had urged; but he placed the issue on the highest of grounds. "The thing," he said, "he proposes to buy is what cannot be sold—liberty." But his eloquence was in vain, the constitution was doomed.

The Opposition remained faithful to the end, and before the closing scene was enacted the following proposal was made

by them to the government, "That if the measure was laid before the country and received its sanction they would relinquish all further resistance." The petition was rejected by Pitt with contempt, and a few weeks later the Irish House, by its own act, passed the union, but without the sanction of the people. In justice to that parliament one must remember Mr. Grey's description of it given in the English House of Commons. "There are three hundred members in all, and one hundred and twenty of these strenuously opposed the measure, one hundred and sixty voted in favour of the union; of these, one hundred and sixteen were placemen, some of them were English generals on the staff, without a foot of ground in Ireland and completely dependent upon government."

Lord Rosebery, in discussing Pitt's method of carrying the union, remarks, "Corruption was the everyday life and atmosphere of Irish politics," and asks, "Was it not better to end this system?" Has he forgotten to whose ministers that system was due?—to ministers who resisted every effort of Grattan and his followers to end that system by honourable means.

A union between England and Ireland could only have been a question of time, for the independence gained by the constitution had only the appearance of reality. English ministers still governed Ireland, and in competition with the stronger parliament the weaker was sure to suffer. In imperial matters she had no voice, yet her close connexion with England made her feel every change in imperial policy. On the other hand, she could have refused to take part in any war Great Britain might enter upon, and it was necessary for the safety of the Empire that they should have "one friend and one foe."

That Grattan was loyal and had just carried a vote for a large sum for the war England was then engaged in, did not mean that others less loyal might not have done the reverse. It was natural, therefore, that English statesmen, considering the precariousness of the tie that bound the two countries,

should desire to strengthen that tie. But the union just passed brought no access of loyalty. By Pitt's lack of moral courage, three-fourths of the Irish people were wronged. The union as a measure stood alone, a fragment of the policy he first intended. Catholic emancipation waited for thirty years, the commutation of tithes for forty, both finally to be dragged from an unwilling parliament at the expense of civil war.

Grattan's work was not finished with the fall of his constitution. He had, however, a period of rest before entering political life again. As early as 1801, Lord Fitzwilliam had written to him saying, "You must not be buried in the mountains in Wicklow nor deprive the country of talents in which it has a property." But it was not until 1805 when Fox made an appeal to his patriotism that he left the solitude he loved.

The Irish people were slowly emerging from the apathy they had fallen into after the rebellion; they had begun to realize the significance of the union. The state of feeling, especially among the Catholics, was one of growing indignation at the open desertion of the government. It was to pacify them, if possible, and to champion their cause that Fox induced Grattan to enter the British parliament.

Religious tolerance was dead and animosity to the Catholic belief was now the prevailing note of the English and Irish Protestants, owing to the rapid growth of the evangelical movement. The narrowness of this creed had no place in the generous humanity of Fox and Grattan, and on May 13th, 1805, Fox moved that the House should go into committee to consider the claims of the Irish Catholics.

Grattan, who had been returned for Lord Fitzwilliam's borough, slipped quietly into the House and sat down at the back of the hall. He was soon seen by Fox, who insisted on his taking his place on the front Opposition bench. From this place he rose to answer the speech of Dr. Duigenan, formerly of the Church of Rome but now a fierce anti-Catholic. The silence that reigned at the beginning of Grattan's speech

showed that he was on trial, but his masterly summing up of what his opponent had said won the admiration of the House. "His speech," said Grattan, "consists of four parts: first, an invective against the Catholic religion; second, an invective uttered against the present generation; third, an invective against the past; and fourth, an invective against the future. Here the limits of creation interposed and stopped the member. It is to defend those different generations and their religion I rise, to rescue the Catholic from his attack and the Protestant from his defence."

It was during this speech that he gave the following touching tribute to the Irish parliament, "The parliament of Ireland—of that Assembly I have a parental recollection; I sat by her cradle, I followed her hearse. In fourteen years she acquired for Ireland what you did not acquire for England in a century—freedom of trade, independency of the legislature, independency of the judges, restoration of the final judicature, repeal of a Perpetual Mutiny Bill, Habeas Corpus Act, Nullum Tempus Act. A great work! You will exceed it and I shall rejoice." How much this serves to show what that assembly had accomplished while acting under his noble influence!

From that day he possessed an honoured place in the British assembly, and if he had desired he might have become one of the great Whig leaders. However, he preferred as before to maintain an independent attitude believing that by refusing to take office he could serve the Catholics best.

The rest of his life was devoted to their cause, although frequently having to face the ingratitude of those for whom he laboured. It sometimes seemed, in his long and arduous work, as if the prize were within his grasp, so small were the majorities against him, until, in 1819, the majority was only two. He was not, however, to see the triumph of the Catholics, for in the autumn of that year it was seen that his life was drawing to a close. All that winter he suffered great pain; the loveliness of the returning spring seemed for a time to revive him. He had just been returned for Dublin for the

sixth time, and, as he knew death was not far, he was overcome with a desire to speak once more in behalf of the cause so near his heart. He was able to sail from Dublin, but on his arrival in London he was too weak to carry out his intention.

His death was as peaceful as his life had been pure. In his last moments he still thought of his unfinished work and dictated a paper exhorting Ireland never to seek a connexion with any country except Great Britain and advising England to remove at once the political stigma resting on the Irish Catholics. "I die," he then said, "with the love of liberty in my heart." By his death Ireland lost her greatest patriot; he lived in a day of great Irishmen; in the days of Flood, Charlemont, Curran, and Foster, but he transcended them all. He suffered much for his country, but most of all for those who, deprived of leaders of their own faith, turned in their helplessness and ignominy to him for succour. For his own sake his death was not too soon. He was spared the knowledge of the tragic years yet to come. The sufferings of his people must have broken his heart, as they were said to have broken the heart of O'Connell.

England had long ago atoned for the injury she had done Grattan in 1798, and, at the request of the Duke of Sussex, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was attended to his last resting-place by the illustrious of both England and Ireland, a deeper note being added by the presence of the Irish and English children of the Catholic charities in London. He was laid by the side of Fox, who loved him and his country well.

It is difficult, even to-day, not to idealize a nature so plainly formed to be idealized as the Irish patriot's, a nature so happily blending the mind of a genius with the heart of a little child. To Irish people of all classes and religions he will forever remain an object of love and reverence, as one who sought to redress the wrongs about him by only fair and honourable means.

KATHLEEN MACKENZIE

FROM A LOST ANTHOLOGY

In a Strange Land:

By an unnamed river-anchorage have we raised a shrine to Apollo. If these strange winds cool the grass where he sleeps we know not, nor if he will hear us. But round about grows the dark laurel, and here also the young oak fattens her acorns against the end of the wheat harvest.

Sparrows:

When I was a child I woke early, and the sparrows chirped to me from the cool eaves of the house. Since then each morning have I recalled their merry voices. But those little birds have long flown to nest about the white feet of Proserpine, where I who alone remember them shall follow them alone.

The Rose:

Above the ashes of me, Rhodora, they planted a rose, but it died. Pity me that I died also who was also a rose.

The Salt Well:

I am a well of brackish water springing from the unfruitful sand hard by the striving sea. Wherefore men have named me for Love, since all wayfarers must drink here, and drink again, lamenting the draught.

The Sleeper:

Is there indeed a life after death? Then is sleep become a still more precious thing. Wake me not.

Friendship:

When the black ships take thought of the sea and the winds are invoked, many are the dear gifts offered on the rocks

to Priapus, and to thee, Leucothea of the clear hair, baskets of rye straw with ripe figs, and wine in curved sea-shells. But to me Lysis gives a richer offering, even his grief and his farewell.

The Apple Trees:

I am an old man, but I have planted young apple trees along the dewy edge of my cattle field. Nymphs of the deep meadows, crowned with rue and fed on wild thyme-honey, remember me when in years to come you rob me of my fruit.

A Shepherd:

Me when young the mild-faced sheep followed; I fenced the folds, I sheltered the ewes, and at shearing-time long strands of wool unwoven clung to my coat. Now by the fenceless sea I lay my bones, and the foam blows over me, clinging to my bare tomb as white as wool. Yet am I far from the folds and the hill-pastures of Thrace.

A Poet:

That she will soon forget me, I know. Yet build my tomb high in the birch-wood above the sea-port road, so that the mariners who pass by singing my songs may pause, even if she bring me no myrtle. And plant strong saplings about it, and clean seeds, and cuttings from my rose garden, so that the birds may build here and the dry twigs blossom at the end of the winter. For I would not, O Cyprian, that the dove and the rose should forget me as soon as she.

On a Deaf Girl:

Here lies Chryseis, my bride. She was beautiful, but the gods of life denied her hearing. Nor have the gods of the dead been kinder. In proof whereof I come here daily and call her, Chryseis, Chryseis. Witness thou, O stranger, she hath not heard me.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE LAND

A PLAY OF CHARACTER IN ONE ACT WITH FIVE SCENES,
OF WHICH ONE SCENE ONLY IS HERE PRINTED

PERSONS OF THE PLAY: BENJAMIN HASZARD, a Speculative Financier; JOHN MORAY, Professor of Economics; MILICENT, his Wife; HUGO MORAY, his Son; GAVIN MORAY, his Father; LYDIA DRYSDALE, a Nurse; ARTHUR MOSTYN, a Doctor; GEORGE TAPPAN, Office Manager for Mr. Haszard; HENRY PELHAM, Stock Broker's Clerk; RICHARD SWABEY, a Manservant.

PLACE—Montreal. TIME—9.30 A.M. March, 1914.

SCENE: *A large room in Mr. HASZARD'S house, which is called the library. It is the room of a rich man who has himself no taste but has sense enough to employ men who have, when taste is required. The room was designed by one expert, built by men who gave value in their work, and furnished by another who was guided, probably against his will, by the principle of durability and use. A single rug covers the floor. Low book-cases of mahogany wood are built against the three walls which are adorned with green cloth. The book-cases are provided with glass doors of small lozenge-shaped panes, showing the backs of elaborately bound "sets" of books. At the centre of the back is a cumbersome fireplace in marble, brilliant with brass; above it a capacious shelf with over-mantel and mirror. The middle of the room is occupied by a piece of furniture which has the appearance of an office desk rather than of a library table. A low couch stands in front, a chair behind, and another at the right. All these articles of furniture are finished in dark leather. Beside the fireplace is a white*

screen and a small table covered with a white cloth, such as may be found in an invalid's room. On the mantel shelf is a "ticker" and a telephone; and above it a practicable clock. Traditional busts in marble and bronze are on the book-case; and on the walls steel engravings in black frames of "eminent statesmen and captains of industry." The room is lighted by three long windows in the right wall, which break the line of the book-case, and all are heavily curtained in dark red, with green blinds, half drawn, showing between the curtains. A crystal chandelier faintly lighted is over the desk. A door opens at the right of the fireplace into a hall, and another in the left wall at the back into the more private apartments of the house. The desk has on it an electric bell, and is strewn with papers. The room has the appearance of being left as it came from the hands of the decorators and furnishers a long time ago. It retains few of the characteristics of a library, and resembles rather an office. Indeed there is a small safe at one window and a very modern cabinet for letters at another. There is no fire in the grate, but there is a suggestion of steam heat in the atmosphere. The room is in dull light.

BENJAMIN HASZARD, as the curtain rises, is half sitting, half reclining on a couch which is obviously provided with rollers, and is a compromise between a bed and a chair. It is placed at the left of the desk. The patient is a man of seventy years of age with a large head and frail body. On his head is a black skull cap from which wisps of grey hair escape and mingle with an unkempt beard. He is clad in night clothes and an elaborately flowered blue dressing gown, with carpet slippers on his feet; a rich camel's hair shawl is over his knees and a white pillow at his back.

LYDIA DRYSDALE is sitting at the left end of the couch. She is a nurse in white uniform, a young woman

with large hands, winsome features, slight, but by no means meagre, figure. She appears quite capable and alert, as if she had just come "on duty."

HASZARD [*awaking*]. What time is it, nurse?

NURSE [*rising and looking at the clock*]. Half past nine. Did you sleep well?

HASZARD. My legs slept. Lift me up.

NURSE. But you can't walk.

HASZARD. Lift me up, I say. If I were on my feet, I could walk as well as you can.

NURSE. I shall try. Then you will be convinced. [*Attempts to raise him with much gentleness.*]

HASZARD. There, there. Let be. I am dead from the waist down. [*After an ominous pause.*—Yes-s.

NURSE. Are you comfortable again?

HASZARD. If I am uncomfortable, it is not your fault.

NURSE. It is the best I can do. I would gladly do more.

HASZARD. I am not blaming you. I have not had so much human kindness since I was a child. You are like a mother,—no task too high, none too menial.

NURSE. I am doing nothing more than my duty.

HASZARD. There you are again, talking about duty. When a man talks about his duty I know he is going to do something he wants to do.

NURSE [*sitting down*]. But I am a woman.

HASZARD. You are not a woman. You are a nurse.

NURSE. A man knows very little about a nurse or a woman either.

HASZARD. I understand all about women. My own daughter has lived in this house these forty years.

NURSE. But your daughter is only one woman.

HASZARD. All women are one woman. There are no proper women any more. Not these thirty years have I seen one,—not since her mother died.

NURSE. For every man there is only one proper woman. She closes his eyes to the merits of all others, and makes him see only their faults.

HASZARD [*vehemently*]. The faults in my daughter are as clear to me as her merits.

MRS. MORAY *enters from the left.*

MILICENT MORAY, daughter of BENJAMIN HASZARD, and wife of PROFESSOR MORAY, is older than she seems to be. She has been extraordinarily well preserved by the professional restorers. A bedroom wrapper, elaborately designed, obscures her strong, squat figure.

MILICENT. What are you saying about me, father? Scolding again? [*She kisses him.*] You may go, for a little, Miss Drysdale; my father never did like strangers when he was ill. [*She opens the door brusquely.*]

HASZARD. Let Miss Drysdale stay where she is. And I am saying your conduct leaves much to be desired.

MILICENT. That is what you always say to every one who contradicts you.

HASZARD. You have no right to contradict me. That is one of your defects.

MILICENT. But you know, father, you are not faultless yourself.

HASZARD. I have no defects. Even if I had, it is not your place to observe them. Your mother never did.

MILICENT. Then my mother must have been a very foolish woman.

NURSE [*fearing an outburst*]. Or a very wise one.

HASZARD [*to MRS. MORAY*]. Which comes to the same thing. At any rate, your mother was good to me. You are not.

MILICENT. No woman can be good to more than one man; and I have my boy and my husband to think of.

HASZARD. You are good to nobody—not to your husband, not even to Miss Drysdale.

NURSE [*to avoid retort*]. To other women no woman can be good. She knows them too well.

MILICENT [*to NURSE*]. So that is the result of allowing you to become too familiar with me.

HASZARD. You try to be good to yourself alone. All your unhappiness arises from that. At least that is my opinion on my dying bed.

MILICENT. O father! You always talk about your dying bed when you can't have your own way.

HASZARD. I am tired of this talk, tired of everything. Ease my pillow. [*To MRS. MORAY, who comes to his relief.*] Let be. I am speaking to the nurse.

MILICENT. Oh, well; if you prefer a hired nurse to your own daughter, I might as well go back to bed. [*She goes out, much relieved.*]

NURSE [*attending to her business*]. There. I would be as kind as any woman can.

HASZARD. You would make a fine wife for a man.

NURSE. Thanks. I never marry my patients. It is easier to find a fine wife than a good husband.

HASZARD. Is that the reason why you became a nurse?

NURSE. I became a nurse because I had not the luck to become a parasite, or minister to one man's pleasure rather than to the needs of those who suffer.

HASZARD. Give me a drink. There; what a lovely mother you would make. [*She puts the glass to his lips.*]

NURSE. Thanks again. The men I see no longer desire that their wives shall be mothers; and I do not choose to be something less.

HASZARD. It was not so in my time.

NURSE. But you were brought up on the land.

HASZARD. And all these years I have been like a grown tree transplanted. Neither I nor my daughter have taken root in this arid soil.

NURSE. There is yet time for you to go back to the land.

HASZARD. Yes—s. To the earth you mean.

NURSE. But you are feeling better?

HASZARD. If you think so, telephone to the office to have the notary come. I have some writing to do.

NURSE. I should like to speak to the doctor first. He will be here presently.

HASZARD [*irritably*]. This is none of his affair. I am going to change my will.

NURSE [*temporizing*]. So that the money you leave will do as little harm as possible.

HASZARD. I am yet its master.

NURSE. And you are afraid to turn it out upon the world to ravage like a wild beast unchecked.

HASZARD. It will complete the ruin of my daughter. It is to her I have willed it.

NURSE. Well, give it to charity. Then it is only upon the poor it will bring ruin; and you do not care for them.

HASZARD. It is all I have to show for my life's work. It is hard to see it go to strangers.

NURSE. There is your son-in-law.

HASZARD. He is a Professor, and of Economics too; he might know what was best to be done.

NURSE. And he is not a stranger. [*Sits down.*]

HASZARD. I must choose for her between industry and idleness.

NURSE. Mrs. Moray might yet find happiness in occupation.

HASZARD. You are quite right. The existence of women depends upon their usefulness in the world.

NURSE. That is true of men also.

HASZARD. I always led a life of hardship and self-denial.

NURSE. You denied yourself the things you had no taste for, and worked because you knew no better.

HASZARD. And as a result my daughter has had to deny herself nothing.

NURSE. The fault then is yours. You have been an adventurer; she has been your female companion; and both of you a burden upon the men who work.

HASZARD. Nurse, you speak too plain.

NURSE. I speak in defence of Mrs. Moray. [*She moves about the room.*]

HASZARD. There is no excuse for her restlessness and discontent.

NURSE. Her vagaries and weariness are merely a blind striving for a place in the fictitious life which you created.

HASZARD. I provided her with every pleasure.

NURSE. With every pleasure but work; and she knows that as a creature of pleasure she is bound to perish.

HASZARD. I did my best. I provided a husband for her. In my time that was the sovereign remedy against the vapours in women.

NURSE. Was that quite fair to Professor Moray?

HASZARD. I will make amends to him as soon as I recover. For her the only refuge is obedience and the way of religion. She cannot find it in these vicious surroundings. She will go back to the land where she belongs, if my money has any authority.

NURSE. It is a way for women—for those who find it.

HASZARD. In it they and we find forgiveness of our sins. God forgive us all.

NURSE. It is so much easier to sin and be forgiven than not to sin at all.

HASZARD. Do you make any profession of religion?

NURSE. This is my profession of religion: the profession of a nurse.

HASZARD. You ought to make an open profession, the way I did.

NURSE. What way was that?

HASZARD. I took over the mortgage on the church, and closed it up.

NURSE. I should say that was a profession of irreligion.

HASZARD. I have always been a religious man; they were hypocrites; they disagreed with me.

NURSE. Is that profession now a comfort to you?

HASZARD. This is no time for destroying my faith. I am weary. I wish John were here.

NURSE. Professor Moray is expected any moment. I telegraphed for him.

HASZARD. You had no right to destroy his holiday on my account.

NURSE. He has been away for two weeks. This was the day for his return.

SWABEY *enters*.

SWABEY. Mr. Moray is here.

HASZARD. Tell him to come in.

SWABEY. At least, he says he is Mr. Moray.

HASZARD. Do what you are told, and don't contradict me.

SWABEY. Yes, sir; but you will see for yourself. [*Goes out.*]

HASZARD. That man wants cooling down. This is my daughter's doing,—having a man in the house to do the work of a girl. He ought to be following the plough.

SWABEY *enters*.

SWABEY [*with impudent irony*]. Mr. Moray, sir. [*Goes out.*]

GAVIN MORAY *enters from the back*.

GAVIN MORAY *is a little, old man with the easy attitude which comes from standing habitually on one's own land, and the excellent manners which are governed by an observant mind and a good heart.*

HASZARD. He appears to have aged a good deal in two weeks.

NURSE [*regarding the stranger*]. I am afraid there is some mistake, sir.

G. MORAY. It is no mistake of mine. I came to see my son.

HASZARD. It's his father, my old friend. How are you, Gavin? I am not very well myself. [*They shake hands with some restraint.*]

G. MORAY. I am sorry to see you in this condition.

HASZARD. It is nothing but weakness. I had an accident yesterday. The doctors pretend I am sick. It is their way.

NURSE. I am sorry, sir; but the doctor's orders are that Mr. Haszard is not to see visitors.

G. MORAY. And who is this young woman?

HASZARD. This is Miss Drysdale, the nurse.

G. MORAY. Good morning, ma'am. I did not know that you required a nurse in the family after all these years. She seems a healthy young woman. Has she been unfortunate?

HASZARD. No, no. Not that kind.

G. MORAY. Surely Miss Drysdale will excuse me. I meant no disrespect, miss.

NURSE. On the contrary, you do me too much honour; and if you have finished discussing my private affairs, I am afraid I must remind you of the doctor's orders.

G. MORAY. The woman is right, Benjamin, I will go.

HASZARD. Stay where you are. No doctor will give me orders against seeing the only friend I have left in the world.

SWABEY enters.

SWABEY. Dr. Mostyn has come, Miss.

HASZARD. Let him wait. Sit down, Gavin. I will have liberty in my own house. [*MISS DRYSDALE and*

SWABEY *go out.* GAVIN MORAY *sits down on the arm of the couch with some embarrassment.*] How are they at home?

G. MORAY. I have no home. The woman makes the home; and she has been taken away from me.

HASZARD. I understand you first rate. I had the same experience. It was the worst piece of business I ever had anything to do with. When did it happen, and why did you not let us know?

G. MORAY. It was very sudden. I did write to John, but it seems he has been away. I see my letter on the desk.

HASZARD. He is expected at any moment, and in the meantime you will have some breakfast.

G. MORAY. I had my morning meal at the railway station.

HASZARD. You should have come here as soon as you arrived.

G. MORAY. It suited me best as it was. You take your breakfast when you ought to be taking your dinner, and your dinner when you ought to be going to bed.

HASZARD. I can't help it. That's the system. But I will break free as soon as I am well.

G. MORAY. This morning I got everything I didn't want, and paid a high price for worse food than ever I gave away for nothing. I told the young woman so.

HASZARD. That is only one example of many. It makes me long to end my days where I began them.

G. MORAY. I cannot see how you endure to live amongst people who are so stupid that the places they design and build for the purpose of eating in are the last places in the world where a man can eat in comfort, and with no provision whatever for making one's morning worship of God.

HASZARD. I never felt that need myself, and I will soon be done with the world—town and country of it.

G. MORAY. Is my son content?

HASZARD. Certainly my daughter is not. She suffers and does not know why.

G. MORAY. Then they must both be unhappy. Can we not save them? It is for that reason I am here. I am alone, and I want my son.

HASZARD. I was debating the matter in my mind when you came in. Will you sell back the old place?—my father's place.

G. MORAY. No, but I will give it to them. Will they come to live on it?

HASZARD. I will see to that. I will make it a condition; and I may tell you, Gavin, you will be no loser, nor they either. There is enough for all.

MISS DRYSDALE enters.

NURSE. Your room is ready, Mr. Moray. Shall I show you the way?

G. MORAY. Good-bye, Benjamin. We must do as we are told. But if the young woman will allow me, I will go first to the railway station for my bag. [*Goes out.*]

DR. MOSTYN enters from the back.

DR. MOSTYN is a young man, with an impassive shaven face, quite non-committal, ready to meet any whim of any patient as part of his business; but definite when decision is required. He is devoid of the usual wiles of the family physician, depends on knowledge rather than on effusive sympathy; he is serene and good humoured; and in his morning dress, which is extremely well cut from dark-blue, heavy serge, he shows confidence and competency.

DOCTOR. How are you this morning, Mr. Haszard?

HASZARD. It is your business to find out how I am. Then I can check your statements by my own feelings.

DOCTOR. Well, let us begin by feeling the pulse.

HASZARD. I have had the pulse felt these twenty years and never could ascertain that it did any good. It is not the pulse that is troubling me; it is the breathing.

DOCTOR. Let us go through the form and see what information it will yield. [*Feels the pulse at the wrist.*]

HASZARD. It must be more than a matter of form. I want the facts. Well, how is it?

DOCTOR. It is not very good.

HASZARD. Is it worse than it was last night?

DOCTOR. I think it is.

HASZARD. Make sure. Look on the woman's paper. She has the record for every three-hour period.

NURSE [*reads*]: Ninety; ninety-six; a hundred; a hundred and four; a hundred and twelve.

HASZARD. And what is the quotation now?

DOCTOR. A hundred and twenty.

HASZARD. There is a market to trade in. Let me up.

DOCTOR. But you are very ill.

HASZARD. Well, am I getting better?

DOCTOR. No, I do not think you are.

HASZARD. Then a man might as well be up and about as lying here with loss of his time and in such a market, too,—thirty points over night. Nurse, get my clothes.

DOCTOR. You are too ill.

HASZARD. I am not sick. If it were not for this weakness and shortness of breath I would be as well as ever I was.

DOCTOR. We will do all that can be done to remedy the conditions.

HASZARD. What are you doing?

DOCTOR. We are giving you medicine and trying to keep you still.

HASZARD. And yet according to your own statement I am growing worse.

DOCTOR. We are doing our best.

HASZARD. Yes; and I suppose the young man who brought me home in the ambulance after I fell on the floor of the Exchange was doing his best. He ruined my business—did more mischief in a minute than I can repair in the rest of my life-time.

DOCTOR. That was the best thing, the only thing to be done.

HASZARD. Many a man is in gaol for doing what he thought best. You are all doing what you think best; and that is the reason why I am reduced to this condition.

DOCTOR. Now let me listen to the heart.

HASZARD. I tell you it is not the heart; it is the legs.

DOCTOR. Let us see what we can do to bring them to life again.

HASZARD. Let be. They partake of the nature of the earth already.—Yes-s. Do what you can for the upper part of the body.

DOCTOR. Turn over a little and let me listen to the chest.

HASZARD. I cannot turn over. I am like a ship at sea. I must lie on an even keel. If I were to turn over by four inches I should founder entirely.

SWABEY *enters from the back.*

SWABEY. Professor Moray wishes to know if he may come in.

HASZARD. He is not more anxious to see me than I am to see him. He has been away for two weeks. What time is it?

NURSE. It is now nine fifty.

HASZARD. And the market opens in ten minutes. I must be off. Come in.

SWABEY *goes out.*

DOCTOR. If you insist on talking business, I will give you a little stimulant. [*Nurse brings a hypodermic needle.*]

HASZARD. No, no, I have seen too many men taking stimulants whilst they were talking business. A mouthful of brandy, perhaps, in a case of sickness; but not the little needle. I am not of the mind to have my constitution ruined. Give me the dish. [*Nurse administers stimulant.*]

PROFESSOR MORAY *enters from the back.*

PROFESSOR MORAY *is a middle-aged man, and, though a professor, is free from any suggestion of futility. His rugged face, sturdy, though stooping, figure, are well set out by the clothes of heavy tweed which he wears.*

MORAY. You are up. You must be better.

HASZARD. That is a mere market statement to create confidence.

DOCTOR. He ought to be in bed.

HASZARD. It is not your fault if I am not.

MORAY. But you are better?

HASZARD. That is the doctor's business. Ask him.

DOCTOR. No, he is not.

HASZARD. Well, am I worse?

DOCTOR. I am afraid you are.

HASZARD. Afraid? There is nothing to be afraid of.

DOCTOR. Well, you are worse.

HASZARD. I know I am. I want to sleep. Doctor, does the heart ever go to sleep?

DOCTOR. No.

HASZARD. There you are wrong again. This one soon will. [*To MORAY.*] Come near me. It was very good of you to break your holiday for the sake of seeing me. How did you enjoy it? How is the boy? I wish I could advise that he be taken into the business. But he would be of no use,—too upright, too honourable. He might make a farmer with his strong body. His mother will make an excellent farmer's wife.

MORAY. I should not like to be the one to propose that she return to the land.

HASZARD. I would propose it fast enough if I were stronger,—and compel it too.

MORAY. Shall I ask Milicent to come in?

HASZARD [*excitedly*]. No, no. There might be some difference of opinion, and a man likes to die in peace.

MORAY [*with tactfulness*]. Hugo is a good, strong boy.

HASZARD. Goodness won't help him much in the Street. Where would I have been any time these fifty years if that was all I had to depend upon?

MORAY. You have always been good to your own.

HASZARD. I am talking of the market. The doctor tells me it is strong. Reach me the tape.

DOCTOR. You must not try to read.

HASZARD. Let me feel it then.

NURSE [*handing him the end of the "tape" from the silent "ticker," which he makes no attempt to read*]. Here is your comfort.

HASZARD. The market is running away so fast I could not get out quick enough to lose even if I were on the floor of the Exchange.

MORAY. The market must take care of itself.

HASZARD. A rising market is good for dying on. The only question I am debating in my own mind is whether I should not wait over to put those scoundrels on the street, who tried to squeeze me yesterday.

MORAY. We may well leave them to the chance of the game; you often said those who sell short make for stability in the economy of finance.

HASZARD. There is a difference between the man who has a boil and the man who is squeezing it.

MORAY. But in the end pain comes to all.

HASZARD. My pain is nearly over. Do the best you can. You were better to me than a son. But you are a fool. I was a fool, too. Look how I managed

my daughter; how you managed your wife. I thought I could help you both; and now it is too late. Yes-s.

MORAY. This is sudden and most unexpected.

DOCTOR. I told them yesterday that he should not have gone to his office.

MORAY. And when I left two weeks ago he was looking so strong.

DOCTOR. Nurse, go and fetch Mrs. Moray.

NURSE *leaves and returns*
with MRS. MORAY from left.

MILICENT. Why did you not call me earlier?

NURSE [*with elaborate untruthfulness*]. I did not wish to awaken you. You were late last night.

MILICENT. He is not very ill, is he?—And me not by his side.

HASZARD. Nurse, lift my head.

NURSE. Is that better?

HASZARD. This is it.—Yes-s. [NURSE *places white screen quickly.*]

MILICENT [*in front of screen*]. Oh, John. You are always away when there is trouble.

MORAY [*standing opposite to her*]. You mean, there is always trouble when I am away.

MILICENT. Yes; and when you are at home, too. It is upon me the burden falls.

MORAY. I will do what I can to ease you.

MILICENT. This new tenderness is very suspicious.

MORAY. Will you not accept kindness when it is offered?

MILICENT. That depends on the motive which prompts it.

MORAY. How could I not be sorry?

MILICENT. You offer me now the attention which once you lavished on my rich father. I discern the motive. I reject the advance.

MORAY. This occasion is fitting for more worthy thoughts. Death exacts silence at least.

MILICENT. He cannot be dying!

DOCTOR [*as he and the nurse emerge from opposite sides of screen*]. He is dead.

THE CURTAIN FALLS. END OF SC. I.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

TO A YOUNG BRIDE

Slight, with the grace of lilies in the dew,
 Pale golden hair, truth-telling lips, and eyes
 Of the May heavens' softest, kindest blue;
 Winsome and tender, gravely sweet, and wise.
 A nature fine, compact of harmonies,
 Which with the growing years in measure grew
 To a new depth, a richness ever new,
 And from which fuller melodies shall rise.

Now those who love you and have longest known
 Your soft perfections in their sweetness all,
 Pray that God's blessing on your head may fall
 In passing to a roof-tree of your own—
 That small, fair head, so comely and so bright,—
 To be its centre and its guiding light.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

MILITARY TRAINING IN THE UNIVERSITY

THE idea which lies at the root of the term "university" is that of a place where a universality of knowledge is taught. In mediæval times the great European universities which then arose were regarded as places for the dispensing of universal and catholic knowledge, in all its then known branches. Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and the rest were the "dispensaries of the soul" for their respective peoples. In the conception of the university idea in the west, the influence of the analogy of the great mediæval trade guilds is very marked. In the same manner, for instance, as the guild of the silversmiths in any particular country controlled the output, the import, and export of silver, and endeavoured to keep locked up within its own trade union all knowledge of the art of working in this material, so was the mediæval university a close corporation, jealous of its prerogatives and narrowly scanning the horizon for the appearance of possible trade rivals. The more illustrious universities of the Middle Ages were, in fact, not only great teaching bodies, but also presumed to control the output of knowledge itself. From their mutual bickerings and the discord which occasionally arose between the clerk and the layman grew trouble for the mediæval monarch, which finds a close parallel, for example, in England, in the economic strife often fomented for their own purposes by the different trade guilds.

In those times the university could rightly claim that it was prepared to lecture on everything, because, after all, the body of teachable knowledge was not then so very great. There were no national literatures in England, France, or Germany; classical knowledge was limited to a few writings of Aristotle interpreted in a most un-Aristotelian spirit; it was not neces-

sary even for a scholar to know any language save Latin, in addition to his own. Medicine was still in its swaddling clothes; applied science did not exist; there was nothing like the diversity of legal systems and legal practice that there is to-day. Even somewhat later it was not altogether an idle boast of Bacon's when he took all knowledge to be his province.

With the Renaissance there came of course a change; the veil was rent asunder, and the treasures of classical art and literature were found behind it. A great, new wave of learning, which is only now beginning to show signs of ebbing, set in over the western world, and in its wake came new literatures written in the national tongue. It must never be forgotten that it needed the humanistic influence of the revival of classical learning to quicken into life the new national literary consciousness of the peoples of western Europe. With the consequent predominance of classical studies in Europe for the next four centuries, a new content came gradually to be given to the concept of a university. The university was now conceived of as the place of higher learning, where the boy went to complete his studies, already begun in their lower stages at college. Such was the experience of young English scholars going up from the colleges of Winchester or Eton to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. Gradually, however, with the opening up of fresh fields of human knowledge, with the growth of medicine, and with, in particular, the great strides made by applied science and technical education in general, a new type of institution began to make its appearance on the educational stage, alongside of the older communities of learning. Sometimes the two types grew up side by side, the newer grouping itself around the old, which latter, though nominally the centre, the "crown and flower" of the educational edifice, came often to be overshadowed, if not altogether smothered, by its lusty offshoots. In too many a North American university the arts faculty is the flower without the crown among her bevy of "nouveau riche" and somewhat parvenu sisters. Educational relations became a trifle embittered, not to say acrimonious. The terms "college" and "university" were

bandied about, alternatively as terms of reproach and as aspired to titles of honour. The purpose of this preamble is to emphasize the fact that the university has never disclaimed the privilege, which is hers, of teaching something of everything as well as the correlative everything of something. That is alike her pride and her obligation.

There is, however, one notable exception in the curriculum of even the most comprehensive university of the Middle Ages; military training finds no part therein, and it is alike a proof and an effect of the inherent conservatism of the university tradition that this omission should survive in so many cases, even unto this present day. The reason for this exclusion of military subjects from the teachings of the mediæval university are, of course, not far to seek. The profession and bearing of arms were then so universal as not to need specialized localization in any one place, particularly in one where the caste-like distinction between clerk and layman was most marked. That certain elements of martial aspect were not altogether excluded, however, is evident to any one familiar with the history of Oxford, with its town-and-gown riots and its archery competitions, both more or less sanctioned by the university authorities. Paris, with its organized feuds among the different "nations" of the scholars, comes also readily to mind. There was no lack of military training there, nor again at Oxford, where, when Charles I made it the royal headquarters and as such it was besieged by the Parliamentarians, the undergraduates formed themselves into companies and practised assiduously with pike and musket in the college gardens.

Speaking generally, however, it may be said that, until quite recent years, training or teaching in military subjects, as distinct from more or less spasmodic outbursts of military enthusiasm, was conspicuous by its absence in the great majority of colleges and universities. Professional military training of officers was confined to the great military academies, such as Sandhurst and Woolwich in England, St. Cyr and L'école Polytechnique Militaire in France, and West Point in the United States.

The natural result of this segregation of education for the commissioned ranks is to be seen best in the case of Great Britain, with her comparatively small professional army. The average age of entrance of a subaltern into the British army is probably now about twenty years, it used to be a good deal less, and still is so in many cases; in the Peninsular campaign it was quite common to find ensigns and cornets of fifteen and sixteen. The consequence was and is, that the young British officer joins his corps or regiment with only a period of a year and a half, spent at Sandhurst or Woolwich, having elapsed since he left school. However necessary and advisable it may be in the case of the army to catch them young, it cannot be denied that the result of this process is a certain similarity of type throughout the commissioned ranks. A young officer joining under the ordinary circumstances, moreover, can have acquired but little non-professional education to counteract a certain rigidity of outlook which will probably not be lessened by his after-career in the army. The point which is being elaborated here will be best appreciated by any one who pauses to consider for a moment how many of the best works on military subjects are produced by civilians, principally by lawyers.

The case with regard to the United States, where the regular army is relatively even smaller, is saved from being infinitely worse by the fact that the average age of graduation at West Point is twenty-four. It is not uncommon for students at West Point to have reached the end of the second year in a university before entering the military academy on the banks of the Hudson. The alternative sources of supply of second lieutenants in the United States are through the auxiliary forces and from the ranks. Both these sources, as always, tend to a higher average in the entrance age; even though only two years' service is demanded as an irreducible minimum from the private who aspires to a commission in the American army.

A change, however, came over the situation in England as the result of the Boer War, a change which has not yet

worked itself out. The outbreak of hostilities had the effect of immediately increasing the recruiting in such university and school cadet corps as were then in existence. Even to-day persons are to be met with in the "service" who then gained their first experience of the transient nature of military glory when they ran away from school and preened themselves for a few hours or a day at the local *dépôt* in all the glories of prospective drummer boys, until rescued from the yearning mouth of war by their irate headmasters, these latter, often, sad to relate, themselves officers in the school contingent.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge, too, sent forth many undergraduates to the war, some of whom passed direct from the field into the regular army. In fact, the years 1899-1902 were marked by a recrudescence of interest in things military in England, which was distinctly visible in all classes of society. Particularly was this the case in the English and Scottish universities, where it looked as if the sentimental connexion between them and the two services was once more to be revived, which had been exemplified by such cases as that of young Robertson, who as a midshipman sat in the stern sheets of the boat which carried Wolfe and his star on that night when they dropped down the mighty river beneath the heights of Quebec, and afterwards, strange youth, became professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow University.

The War Office took full advantage of the reawakened military enthusiasm at the universities. The system of granting commissions in the army to candidates from the universities was extended and elaborated, until now there enters the army annually a group of young men from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin. As, on the average, these men are some three years older than the boy who goes up from Sandhurst or Woolwich, and may, indeed, already be said to have their feet upon the second rung of the ladder of life, they are granted on joining eighteen months' seniority as "university candidates." Nor

is this grant undeserved. The university candidate, who must be in possession of his degree or at least of three years unblemished attendance at the university, is required to pass a pretty severe examination in six subjects, namely, strategy and military history, tactics, military engineering, topography, military law and administration. This examination is considerably harder than any that the cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich will be called upon to pass.

Naturally the chief weakness of the university candidate lies in his comparative want of opportunity to acquire, at the university, such a thorough grasp of military routine, discipline, and drill, as is forced upon the cadet at a purely military academy. That, on the whole, however, in the opinion of the War Office, the advantages of this method of entrance outweigh the disadvantages is proved by the recent action of the general staff in raising the grant of seniority before mentioned from a year, in the case of those candidates who had taken their degree with first-class honours, to eighteen months for all university candidates. The first-class honours man is now granted an additional six months' seniority, which brings his total up to two years in all: a striking proof of the desire of the general staff to obtain a certain number of university-trained officers in the army. So far, McGill in Canada and Sydney in Australia have been the only universities in the Empire, outside of Great Britain and Ireland, to offer this complete course for university candidates. At McGill the lectures have had a great success in awakening interest in their subject-matter among the students, even if not many have gone therefrom into the regular army.

Among his more directly professional requirements, the university candidate must be an "efficient" member of the Officers Training Corps, provided that there is such an organization at his own university. The mention of this corps introduces a new topic, which must be treated at some length, particularly in view of the efforts that are being made to extend its organization to Canada.

In 1907 Lord Haldane, then Secretary of State for War, nominally altered the British auxiliary military system by rechristening the old volunteers "Territorials"; the old militia at the same time becoming the "Special Reserve." The chief merit of the scheme lay in the bringing closer together of the regular, the semi-regular, and the purely volunteer forces, by linking each line battalion of the regulars to those of the other two classes. Essentially, however, it was a mere change in nomenclature and gave but a spasmodic encouragement to the recruiting, which it was mainly designed to serve.

More tangible results were obtained as the result of another "innovation" whereby the existing cadet corps at the British schools and universities were made to change their designation to that of contingents of the new Officers Training Corps. All other scholastic units formed in the future were to be included in this novel organization.

The main object of the Officers Training Corps, and doubtless the one which will be most emphasized in its establishment in Canada, is best shown in the statement as to "General Principles," at the beginning of "Regulations for Officers Training Corps" (United Kingdom) 1912, published with Army Orders, date of April 1st, 1912. There it is stated, "The primary object of the Officers Training Corps is to provide students at schools and universities with a standardized measure of elementary military training, with a view to their eventually applying for commissions in the Special Reserve of officers, or the Territorial Force. It should therefore be understood that the aim of every university and school which provides a contingent for the Officers Training Corps, must be to provide as many officers for the Special Reserve of officers and the Territorial Force as possible. The degree to which this result is attained will be the main consideration in deciding whether the Officers Training Corps as a whole, or any individual contingent which forms part of it, are respectively giving to the state an adequate return for the expenditure incurred in their

administration and training." It is a fair challenge; let us see how it is being met in the case of Edinburgh University, which is selected at random as a typical example. At Edinburgh the number of students who have passed the examinations for certificates "A" and "B," which are the peculiar examinations of the Officers Training Corps, is, during the period July, 1908, to September, 1913, inclusive, 301 for "A," while 106 have qualified for "B." In the same period, at this university, of members of the corps, 55 took commissions in the Special Reserve and 34 in the Territorial Force. These figures are eloquent.

It may be of interest, then, in view of the adoption of the system in Canada, to touch lightly upon the training afforded by the Officers Training Corps. I shall deal briefly with the senior contingents, as established at the British universities, and shall omit the junior or school division of the corps. Perhaps I may be permitted to have Oxford particularly in my mind's eye as one of the universities with which I am familiar.

A recruit cadet joining the Oxford University Officers Training Corps is required to be efficient at the end of his first and every subsequent year's service. To fulfil the conditions of "efficiency" he must put in annually a certain number of drills of forty-five minutes duration each (thirty in his first or "recruit" year, fifteen in subsequent years). He must, in addition, fire the prescribed musketry course, and finally, most important of all, he is required to spend at least a minimum of eight days in camp, out of the total fortnight which his unit puts in there. Credit in the senior division of the Officers Training Corps is allowed for work already done at school in the junior contingent. This usually takes the form of the remission of the fifteen extra recruit drills which the untrained man has to undergo in his first year's service. Camp is most popular with all the corps, and, roughly, about 70 per cent. of the total strength elects to spend the whole period of fourteen days there.

In 1910 the commanding officer was Colonel Eastwood, formerly colonel of the 17th Lancers, an officer of distinguished

Indian and South African service. He had as adjutant Captain (now Major) MacLachlan, of the Rifle Brigade, himself a graduate of Oxford. Several other regular officers are now attached for training, both in camp and, during the winter, in Oxford itself, to the different arms of the university corps. There is also a full staff of instructors drawn from the warrant and non-commissioned ranks of the army.

The natural result of all this interest shown by the authorities in the university corps has been a marked increase in its popularity among the undergraduates. In the fall of 1906, there were not more than a couple of companies of infantry in the old cadet corps and a troop of so-called cavalry, which were really mounted infantry, in the sense that they were as often on the ground as on the backs of their horses. In 1910 I went into camp at Aldershot with over a thousand other cadets from Oxford alone. Cambridge was slightly stronger. To-day the strength of the Oxford Corps is about thirteen hundred. There is not only a battalion of infantry but a squadron of cavalry, a medical corps with field ambulance sections, a machine gun section, a "section of artillery," and a signalling and wireless telegraphy section. In other words, about one-third of the total number of students at Oxford are now enrolled in the ranks of the corps. In 1910 Sir Ian Hamilton, when reviewing the corps, prophesied that a full realization of the rights and duties of citizenship would first arise at the university. His forecast would seem to be in a fair way of realization. Cadets from my own company to-day hold commissions in practically every branch of the Special Reserve, and Yeomanry, and "Terriers" in England. They are to be found serving with the regular army, both at home and abroad, and also in the Indian Army.

From the above it will perhaps be seen that the English and Scottish universities have learned the lesson of the South African war. They have fully awakened to the necessity of correlating their energies and resources to the needs of the nation which it is their pride and duty to serve. Oxford in particular, by the establishment of a chair of military history,

has proclaimed her belief that the study of war, in its higher theoretical aspects, is a proper function of the university, having regard to the needs of the time as well as to the requirements of her own undergraduates, whether they be future soldiers or present students of history in general, and Napoleon's campaigns in particular.

What, then, it may be asked are we doing in Canada in this respect? Not much in the past, it may be answered, though there are signs of a brighter future. So far the great Canadian universities have not fully awakened to a proper sense of their responsibilities in this respect, although they are not to be blamed for this. General Otter has recently called attention to the national need for some system of universal compulsory service in our universities. This may be, nay, as General Otter says so, it undoubtedly is, one of the needs of our military position, but it may be remarked in passing that a nation that evidently regards military service as a burden, as it refuses to assume it itself, has no right to inflict this self-same "burden" on the youth of the universities. If the acquirement of the art of defending one's country in case of attack is to be regarded as a burden, and not as a duty and a privilege, the mass of the people have no right to slip the impending weight from their own shoulders on to those of certain young men who, often as the result of self-privation and their own industry, are managing to give themselves the advantage of a college education. Universal service, if it is to come, must be equally distributed, and university authorities would be right in resisting any attempt to make it fall exclusively upon any one class of the community, the members of which have often enough to do to meet the daily requirements made upon them by what are probably the four most congested and critical years of their lives. The above remarks do not, of course, mean that the principle of "noblesse oblige" should not meet with recognition on the part of Canadian college students.

Existing military bodies in Canadian universities included, until quite recently, sections or companies of field engineers

at Queen's and at Toronto, a few cadet corps of the ordinary type, and civilian rifle associations at some other colleges, and that was all. About a year ago, however, as the result of prolonged negotiations between the Militia Department and the heads of some of the leading universities in Canada, notably McGill, it was decided to endeavour to form at the different colleges and universities of Canada contingents of a new organization to be known as the "Canadian Officers Training Corps," which would endeavour to do for Canada what has been and is being done so well for England. It was proposed to tap the hitherto unexploited resources of the Canadian universities as a recruiting ground for officers for the active militia of Canada. In the preliminary stages it was decided to take the Officers Training Corps organization in England as a prototype, in the belief that such modifications as might be rendered necessary by Canadian university conditions would best be discovered through the process of giving the scheme as originally conceived a thorough trial. After all, student nature is much the same the world over, and there can be no experience to serve as the touch-stone of error until a start is made with any new proposal. Such regulations on the subject of the Canadian Officers Training Corps, however, as may have been issued, are to be regarded as merely provisional; there may be in the future important modifications in the scheme as originally conceived. The whole matter is at present engaging part of the attention of Col. Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence, himself a university man, and has not yet been placed in its final shape. That such a good start has already been made with the scheme is due largely to the active interest which the minister has taken in its inception.

McGill University was the first institution to accept the minister's proposals and to undertake to form a contingent of the Canadian Officers Training Corps. A start was made there last year with two companies of infantry which, even as this is written, are being raised to three. The foundation of another contingent was authorized at Laval University on April 15th, 1913. This, the second contingent in seniority,

is also the first in point of numbers, its present establishment of three companies being on the point of being doubled.

It is to be noticed that so far provision has only been made for the establishment of infantry units. Doubtless this policy will be clearly enunciated and adhered to, at any rate for a time. It would appear to be essentially a sound one. After all, infantry is the most important of all the different arms, in the existence of which it is a vital factor. Artillery presupposes the existence of infantry, for example, to a greater extent than infantry presupposes that of the guns. Moreover, infantry is the least highly specialized of all the arms, with little technique of its own, in the same sense as artillery has. It follows from this that it is in the production of infantry that the best results can be gained in the shortest period of time. The Canadian militia needs trained infantry officers of company rank probably not less than more expensively produced personnel. It is to be hoped, however, that, when the proper time comes, opportunity will be given for the utilization of the ready-made material, which universities naturally possess in their faculties of medicine and of engineering, for the formation of companies of engineers and of field ambulance sections, within the organization.

So far the training of the Canadian university cadet has proceeded along parallel lines to that of his brother in England. Particularly is this the case with regard to the existing examinations for what are called, respectively, certificates "A" and "B." The holder of these certificates is entitled, if he is otherwise fitted, to the rank of lieutenant or captain, according to the certificate he holds, in the active militia of Canada. Perhaps, however, some modification of this system may be expected in the near future, which will have the effect of bringing these examinations more into line with the ordinary examinations for lieutenant and captain in the militia. The point to notice is that here, even more than in England, the Officers Training Corps is not an end in itself, but rather the means of the training of officers for the Canadian army. It is hoped in time to establish a contingent in every college and university

of Canada. Applications and requests for information are received by the Department of Militia, from day to day, from one end of the country to the other.

The scheme outlined above has lately received fresh impetus from the proposals of Major Leonard, who, though working on different lines from Col. Hughes, seems to have come to much the same conclusion. Major Leonard is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and it is not on record that he has found his early military training anything but an asset, even in his civil pursuits. His proposal, briefly, is to aid the government, with great generosity, in doing for others, to a certain extent, what was done for himself. With this aim in view he proposes to devote \$500,000 to the acquisition of land near the grounds of Queen's University. On this land he will build dormitories for a certain number of students, the sole condition of residence therein, which will be free, being that the occupants shall engage to spend six hours a week in military work of various kinds, and also, as indeed is implied in this, to become at the end of the year efficient members of the Officers Training Corps at Queen's. The work, which will be in part practical and in part lectures, will be rendered as varied as possible, and it is expected that the authorities of Queen's University will allow it to count, in part at least, as an "option" for the degree. Nor is this the full extent of the foundation. It is also the donor's intention to erect an administration building, side by side with the dormitories, which will contain the offices and lecture rooms of the corps, the adjutant's quarters and, most important of all, the common mess room. Major Leonard's offer is in effect to house the Queen's contingent. In return he asks the Department of Militia to provide a regular officer, from either the British army or the Canadian permanent force, as adjutant, to arrange for the course of lectures to be given, to provide assistance in the way of rations or the equivalent ration allowance for the cadets, and to erect an armoury or drill hall with gymnasium equipment. This may prove in part rather a large undertaking for the much harassed department to execute.

It might feel some reasonable dread of creating a precedent; for whatever assistance it might be inclined to give, over and above the provision of the drill hall which has already in effect been anticipated by the minister's proposals, would assuredly be claimed by other universities, such at least as can first find a Major Leonard. Perhaps herein lies the solution. At any rate it can be confidently expected that a *modus vivendi* will be reached in due time.

In the meantime, the advantages of the scheme will be obvious, particularly to the Queen's student. He will be given quarters with no expense to himself save that he will be required "to pay a sufficient sum per week for board to cover expenses of servants, heating, fuel, maintenance, etc." Nor will there be any element of patronage herein to sap his independence. He will be rendering full value for goods received, in service of the highest kind, that of his country. A classical scholar might almost be tempted to go to the history of ancient Hellas to find a parallel. Already I seem to hear from Montreal and Toronto echoes of the pious wish, "may such another soon arise—this time in Israel."

W. G. PETERSON

THE GREEK TEMPLE AT SEGESTA

OUTWARD from the Palermo-Lolli station at eight o'clock on a brilliant summer morning the train swept towards the west along the north coast of Sicily. Our destination was the Temple at Segesta, nine miles distant, in the hills, from the station of Alcamo-Calatafimi. The train ran across the Conca d'Oro, the fertile plain surrounding Palermo, between hedges of scarlet geranium and prickly pear. Behind the hedges were groves of oranges and lemons, pomegranate trees in bloom, a wealth of vivid scarlet blossoms; and flowers rioted everywhere, until the air was filled with the scent of roses, heliotrope, and jessamine. On our left rose the Monte Billiemi against the blue sky; on our right Monte Pellegrino and the Capo di Gallo stood between the plain of the Shell of Gold and the sea, which sparkled in the morning sunshine like a great jewel; for the blue of the Mediterranean round the coasts of Sicily is marvellous in its pure brilliancy of colour.

Eleven miles from Palermo we pass the fishing village of Sferracavallo, and from here the railway skirts the sea-coast for some distance. Then, swerving inland, we halt at Carini, with the feudal castle of the Chiaramonti high above it on an overhanging rock. Carini is also famous in local tradition as the birthplace of that prince of brigands, Fra Diavolo. We follow the curve of the mountains and bend seaward again, rounding the base of Monte Orso, three thousand feet high, and pass through a misty, gray-green grove of olive trees, so old that it is said they were planted before King Roger landed in Sicily, a few years after his kinsman, William the Conqueror, defeated Harold at Hastings. That these ancient trees, growing in the shadow of the mountain, are of a remarkable age is proved by their size, and their gnarled and knotted trunks and limbs, which have assumed all manner of fantastic shapes.

The train stops at Partinico, a prosperous town with a large trade in oil and wine, its modern commerce blending with its ancient setting, dominated as it is by several ancient towers. We plunge into a tunnel, and emerge very close to the sea upon the beautiful Gulf of Castellamare, bounded on the east by the Capo di Rama and on the west by the Capo San Vito, with its blue waters breaking in ripples upon a shore of white sand. Inland there is a sweep of orange groves and pleasant fields, which swell into hills, and in larger outlines grow into mountains in the distance. Soon we reach Balestrate, and from here we run along the very edge of the sea among great sand-dunes, but even this barren reach of coast, like every other place in this land of flowers, is covered with gorse and heath, and curious reeds and rushes with feathery plumes. At Castellamare, the ancient sea-port of Segesta, the train leaves the coast; turning inland we run through three long tunnels, and two hours after leaving Palermo we arrive at the station of Alcamo-Calatafimi, placed midway between the two towns. Alcamo, we discover later, embraced in a view from a mountain top, and Calatafimi, through which we must pass on our way to Segesta, lies six miles distant in the mountains.

We descend from the train, and are met by a swarthy, handsome *vetturino*, holding in his hand the telegram despatched from Palermo the day before announcing our arrival, and as we are the only passengers to alight, he knows that we are the *signorine* in question. The train vanishes in the distance. The guard has locked up the station and entered his house; the place is deserted, save for our three selves, and as we take our seats in the carriage and see before us the lonely road winding up into the mountains, we feel that the telegraph form protruding from the driver's coat pocket is our only link with the world we have left behind. The horses start at a brisk trot in response to much snapping of the whip and the cry of "*Ah-ee! Avanti!*" by their master, for, like all Sicilians, he is a true son of Nimshi, but our pace becomes slower as the ascent grows steeper.

The day is perfect; the atmosphere is of that transparent brilliancy peculiar to Sicily, and the colours of earth, sea, and sky seem marvellous to our northern eyes. We wind along the smooth road in absolute solitude, save for the tinkle of bells on the necks of goats as they graze among the rocks, guarded by little goat-herds, sunburned, ragged, and unkempt. So solitary and primitive is the scene that one almost expects Pan to appear with his pipes to send them dancing up the mountainside. Higher and ever higher we ascend, each turn of the road revealing views of surpassing beauty, and below us the blue sea sparkles in the sun like thousands of sapphires. The hills are covered with wild flowers, and the bloom of poppies makes crimson carpets in the valleys beneath. One lonely peasant passes us, clad in a brown coat, bright blue cotton knee-breeches, his ankles bound with thongs of goat-hide, riding down to the plain on his faithful donkey, gay with red trappings and bells.

At last we see lying upon a farther slope the ancient hill town of Calatafimi, which takes its name from the Saracenic castle of Kalat-al-Fimi (castle of Euphemius) that stands above it. But the claim of Calatafimi to notice in modern times is due to the fact that two miles to the south-west on May 15th, 1860, Garibaldi won his first victory over the Neapolitans before marching over the hills to take Palermo. Soon our carriage rattles down the steep, narrow, roughly paved street of the squalid town, with its gloomy buildings, centuries old, and stops in front of a filthy inn. We are thankful that we brought our luncheon with us, and are not obliged to enter it to seek for food. The day is Sunday, and the town is thronged with peasants who have come down from the hills. Our carriage is immediately surrounded by beggars and children clamouring for money, and when our driver reappears, taking up on the box-seat beside him a man with a rather villianous countenance and a large sack full of provender, we are glad to drive away.

We leave by a gate at the opposite side of the town to that of our entry, and high above us on a rocky pinnacle hangs

the ancient castle which gives the place its name. Our road leads downward into the valley of the river Gaggera; and after driving three miles or more through wild and lonely country the carriage stops. The driver's friend rises to his feet and emits three piercing and blood-curdling calls, which echo back from hill to hill in the clear silence. We are in a scene of desolate grandeur; high mountains rise round the valley, the road in front of us losing itself in the far distant hills. Not a house, not a human being is in sight, and vague shapes of brigands fashion themselves in the imagination. Could it be that this man is really in league with them, and that these calls are their signal? For a few breathless minutes we wait, and then round the bend of the road appear two boys leading inoffensive donkeys. Our driver motions us to descend; he turns the horses, and he and his friend disappear in the direction from which we have come.

From the roadside a path leads down to the bank of the Gaggera. The stream, subsiding from its spring floods, has left a rough pebble- and boulder-strewn tract, over which we make our way and cross the wooden foot-bridge which spans the water. We knew that a walk of half an hour up the mountain path would bring us to the temple, and the disgust of the donkey boys was deep at our refusal to mount their beasts. They accompanied us, however, leading the donkeys, and from the voluble flow of conversation of the one who had attached himself to me I finally distinguished the words "*Mia casa*;" and far down in the valley below a little house could be descried. His delight at the glimmer of intelligence in my hitherto unresponsive eye caused him to caper in circles round me, the donkey on its halter following. After this slight interruption, we resumed our ascent and when, a little later, pointing upward to the still invisible temple which we were approaching he exclaimed, "*Molto antico*," and I, pointing to his donkey, echoed, "*Molto antico*," our friendship was more firmly cemented.

At last, rounding a spur on the northern face of Monte Varvaro, we see before us the Temple of Segesta, outlined

against a noble background of hills,—superb, silent, majestic. A spur of rock juts out from a mountain, and on this isthmus stands the temple like “a carved reliquary of ruddy gold, placed on an altar overlaid with cloth of green. Cradled among the hills, lapped round by upland meadows, where the turf grows velvet soft, the ancient sanctuary sits in magnificence guarded and watched over by the silver-gray and purple mountains, uplifting their domes and spires to the blue vault of heaven.” On that June day the “cloth of green” was veiled in a mist of crimson poppies, the flowers swaying and nodding on their slender stems as the soft, southern, summer breeze passed over them.

The site of the once populous Segesta, or Egesta, one of the most ancient towns of Sicily, is now absolutely deserted save for the temple and the ruins of a theatre. The temple, the best preserved in Sicily, dates from the second half of the fifth century B.C., and is considered to be a perfect specimen of Doric architecture. None of its columns have fallen, but the fact that they are unfluted, and that there is no trace of a cella, or interior pavement, shows that the temple was never finished, the work being, of course, interrupted by one or other of the disastrous vicissitudes which the ancient town experienced. During the First Punic War the inhabitants allied themselves with the Romans, and changed the name of their town from Egesta to Segesta. In length the temple measures two hundred feet, and is eighty-six feet wide. The massive columns, thirty-six in number, are twenty-nine feet high and six and a half feet in diameter. The capitals are in one piece and the blocks of the architraves are of immense size, spanning the width between the centres of the columns. But as one looks at the wonderful temple, standing all these centuries in its age-defying solidity, one is at the same time impressed with a sense of lightness and grace in its construction, due to its perfect symmetry of design, the perfect coördination of all its parts, and the exquisite natural proportions of the situation, as it stands poised on the neck of rock between earth and sky.

Many travellers have seen the ruins of the three Greek temples at Pæstum, rising on the plain surrounded by blue sea, and afar the purple mountains. Of the three, the largest and most perfect, the Temple of Neptune, in its state of preservation and beauty of Doric architecture, may be compared with the Temple at Segesta; but the latter is placed in a landscape which affords such a faultless perspective that its austere and classic outlines leave upon the mind an ineffaceable impress of true beauty, of supreme art. Once seen, it ever lives in memory clear cut as a cameo, and imparts the sense of the attainment of perfection, as when one recalls the beauty of the Venus de Milo.

From the front of the temple a narrow path, a quarter of a mile in length, leads to the ruins of the Greek theatre on Monte Varvaro, commanding a wonderful view. At the back of the *scena*, or stage, the mountain drops in sheer precipices with a magnificent panorama across the valley of the Gaggera. In front of the stage rise Monte Inici and Monte Sparagio. Five miles away, in the hills, is the town of Alcamo, and beyond, the blue waters of the Gulf of Castellamare.

The last of the donkey-boys had long since disappeared, and we would fain have lingered many hours on the mountain top drinking in the wondrous beauty around us, but the afternoon was wearing on, and already the sun was beginning to throw long shadows over the hills. We descended the steep path, and arriving at the roadside, where we had left our carriage, found neither carriage nor driver in sight. After waiting some minutes, and just as we had come to the desperate resolve of returning to Calatafimi on foot, there appeared through an opening in the hills from the direction of the "*casa*" of the donkey-boy, a gentle, sweet-faced Sicilian woman, her black shawl, that serves for Sunday bonnet and cloak, folded over her head like a nun's coif and falling in graceful lines to her knees above a bright cotton skirt. In her ears were beautiful, long, gold ear-rings inset with seed pearls. The shawl and ear-rings of Sicilian peasant women form their most cherished possessions, and are handed down as heirlooms

from mother to daughter. By touch and gesture I conveyed my admiration for her ear-rings, and she in turn for my watch fastened in a wrist bracelet. By the aid of the watch and a time-table I gave her to understand how little time remained for our long drive if we were to meet our train at the station of Alcamo-Calatafimi. She vanished round the bend of the road, and in ten minutes returned with carriage and driver, the latter having evidently been roused from a sound *siesta*. A *lira* pressed into her willing hand resulted in a torrent of words directed towards the sleepy man, which effectually roused him to action, for, whipping up his horses, in an incredibly short time we were again clattering through the streets of Calatafimi, this time without stopping, and as the rest of our drive lay down hill all the way, we arrived at the station just as the train steamed in.

We reached Palermo late in the evening, adding another day full of delightful memories to our store of unforgettable days in beautiful Sicily.

ELEANOR CREIGHTON

THE PEOPLE OF GOD

IN certain respects a parallel may be drawn between the thirteenth century and the present age. The shift of population, which was so marked a characteristic of the earlier part of the Christian era, had just given way to the first glow of the passion for nationality. The unity of all civilization under ecclesiastical sway dreamt of by Hildebrand had been demonstrated to be the baseless fabric of diseased ambition by the conflict raging between Guelph and Ghibelline. The scattered peoples in the north of Italy and in other parts of the empire had begun to seek after national unity, a search destined to find its goal only after a weary experience of strife and bloodshed. Chief among the features of that century was the movement in the field of intellect and theology, led by the Schoolmen, aiming at the unification of all existing knowledge in terms of Catholicism interpreted in the light of the philosophy of the Stagirite.

Out of this were born some great names—Aquinas, Occam, Duns Scotus and other lights of the theological realm—whose teaching is still a power upon certain types of mind, and whose thought gave tone and colour to the still greater personalities of Giotto and Dante, in the succeeding age. From the intellectual point of view, the time was constructive. Its aim was to comprehend all known learning, and re-state it in terms of the Christian creed. Nor must the dryness of mind everywhere prevailing, nor the grotesque and irrational forms resulting from an unscientific effort after completeness of statement, lead us to undervalue the manifest hunger for a clear interpretation of the universe in terms of the highest then known.

During the century past we have again been face to face with great shifts of population; we are also now in the presence of a vast philosophical and scientific movement; we are once

more witnessing the pangs of new nations just striving to be born. Moreover, the movement of destructive criticism which began in the middle of the eighteenth century, and spread from Germany all over the field of European thought, seems to have reached its flood-tide, and is giving way to a new epoch of constructive work. The faith of Christendom, apparently shaken to its foundations, is revealing anew the capacity, so often noticed by historians, of absorbing and reproducing as its own the very doctrines under whose onset it formerly reeled. Greece once again "rises from the dead, the New Testament in her hand." There are signs that the warfare between science and religion is slackening; certainly a "truce of God" is in existence for the moment. The smoke of combat is clearing away, the faces of the combatants are being revealed to each other, the points of agreement and correspondence are emerging. A new fearlessness is growing in the church. A tendency is rising among public men, in the words of a university president, "to look to religious institutions as the best, in some cases almost the only, solution for problems where sociology fails to provide a remedy." The same thing is to be seen in the growth of the psychological method in the study of religion. History is repeating itself, and the wheel is coming full circle in the relations between the newer learning and the ancient faith. No nation was ever more exclusive, or more bitter in hatred of foreign peoples, than the Jews, yet the history of Jewish monotheism after the exile is the history of a steady assimilation of conceptions of God and the unseen world drawn from the experience of this people in Babylon and Persia, even their very language having been influenced by such associations.

It was to be expected that a similar process would operate in the unfolding of Christian theology. The words of the church's Founder, "He will lead you into all truth," are the index and prophecy of her future. Truth revealed is thus regarded by the revealer as an adequate interpretation of human life in its outlook upon past, present, and future, only in so far as truth is regarded in the light of an organism,

unfolding as an organism unfolds, flourishing even amidst influences whose antagonism to its own nature at first appears deadly; able to absorb and assimilate to itself the best of current thinking; able to subject that current thinking to the tests of religious certitude, and, by the action of a sure and irresistible instinct, to cast aside the error. Thus the essence of Plato's philosophy passes into the blood of Christendom through St. Augustine. In the effort of the Schoolmen to find Aristotle in the Bible, in the desire of Erasmus to take up into Christianity the New Learning, in the power exerted upon the minds of Tractarian writers by Romanticism, we see examples of the remarkable intuition which leads the Christian church to the absorption of any elements of real worth in her intellectual environment, and to the rejection of that which closer inspection proves untrue.

It is a question if any fiercer attack has ever been made upon the central positions of theology than during the last fifty years. The force of the attack has been more than doubled by the fact that it has been convergent, bringing its artillery into play not from the same quarter at different times, but as the combined effort of several antagonisms springing into existence within short periods of each other.

Physical science threatened a few years since to shatter the entire fabric of Christianity. It attacked certain ideas of creation and of the origin of the intellectual and moral nature of man, which had become part of the warp and woof of current interpretations of the creeds. The sensation caused by the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species," by the trenchant writings of such men as Tyndall and Huxley in England, and of Cabanis and Haeckel on the continent, was immense and profound. It is not too much to say that for a time the faith of many staggered under the blow dealt by this compact array of scientific fact, despite the intermixture of much that was more or less doubtful hypothesis. In candour it must also be acknowledged that the line of defence at first adopted was not such as to restore public confidence or to reinstate theology in the eyes even of its friends. The

champions of the faith rallied to the support of interpretations which the progress of investigation had clearly shown to be beyond their power to hold, and which were in no wise part of essential truth. For a while, controversy raged with a heat and fierceness unknown since the days of the Reformation. Suddenly the new ideas revealed their mastery; they showed themselves as already part of the very atmosphere men breathed. It became manifest that the church itself was permeated with their influence. It was easy to see that she had nothing to gain and everything to lose by the attempt to fortify positions deduced from mistaken views of Scripture and of the world, and cherished in a day when the scientific method had not yet been born.

Historical criticism seconded the attack of physical science. Following lines laid decades earlier by the physician Astruc and his successors Graf and Vatke, the school of critical research arose, with Wellhausen and Kuenen for its representatives upon the continent, and Cheyne as its type in England. The motto might be stated briefly, "Handle the Bible like any other book." The critical method of study began to be applied to the sacred records of religion with what appeared to be devastating effect. The records were dissected into shreds; their unity was denied; questions of authorship which had been regarded as settled for ages were reopened; many hands were discovered in their compilation; old conclusions upon chronology, titles, and arrangement were challenged; sections supposed to be history were proclaimed to be myth or legend; until it seemed to Christian orthodoxy as if the very foundations of the faith were crumbling under the feet of the believer, or sinking out of sight in the quicksands of mythology. In such a crisis it would have been little less than a miracle if the plan of defence had been wholly wise and well judged. It was natural that the destructive tendency of criticism should be emphasized to the neglect of the constructive; that Christendom's answer should have expressed the incoherence of panic; that the vital distinction should not be made, in the words of Driver, "between a

criticism which attacked the *form* of revelation, and a criticism which struck at its *essence*."

A far more insidious onslaught is now in progress from the side of the new science of Comparative Religion. Instead of a frontal attack, this is an enveloping movement, aiming to cut off communications with the unseen. The object of some able expositors of this science appears to be to suggest a naturalistic interpretation of the facts and phenomena of revelation by tracing out resemblances between Christianity and other religions, and so striking at the supernatural. Christianity becomes a mere product of the religious instinct within humanity, possibly a higher product, it may even be the highest so far attained, but nothing more. Its unique dignity has vanished; it may be superseded by the march of evolution; there is nothing absolute or final about it. In the words of J. G. Frazer, "The question of the validity or truth of Christian creeds cannot, perhaps, be wholly dissociated from the question of their origin. If, for example, we discover that doctrines which we had accepted with implicit faith from tradition have their close analogies in the barbarous superstitions of ignorant savages, we can hardly help suspecting that our own cherished doctrines may have originated in the similar superstitions of our rude forefathers; and the suspicion inevitably shakes the confidence with which we had hitherto regarded these articles of our own faith."

The vast erudition of Dr. Frazer here seems to be used to prove that because Christian faith and ritual have their prototypes among the cults of inferior races, therefore the former stand upon no higher basis of truth or value than the latter. The same argument applied to philosophy and science would discourage every student from the hope of realizing in the future a more perfect form of knowledge than in the past. To explain the more perfect wholly by the less perfect is surely to commit the blunder of explaining the higher by the lower. Nor is it at all necessary that comparative religion should bear such fruit. The treatment of its material by such a man as Jevons leads to conclusions

quite other than those of Dr. Frazer. Foreshadowings of higher truth and practice among heathen peoples might argue for Christianity as the goal and fulfilment of the world's religious past, rather than for Christianity as only one futile example among many of the human mind's attitude in dreaming over the mystery of the world and of things to come. At least, that construction of the matter may be deemed allowable in an age which sees in astrology and alchemy prophets and forerunners of scientific truths. Any other hypothesis inverts the argument of Butler's analogy. That argument, roughly stated, runs thus, "The universe is one. Therefore the two worlds of matter and spirit are one; the product of one universal mind. Hence the resemblances between natural religion and revealed." Invert this argument and it becomes "The universe is one. Resemblances exist between natural and supernatural religion. Therefore supernatural religion is a mere thing of nature after all."

The real centre of attack here is the principle of revelation itself. To the tremendous question, whether there has ever been any direct communication from the mind of God to the mind of man, the answer is Nature, and Nature only. All revelation is human in its origin, the product of man's brooding over the world and his relation to it. Earlier stages of this mood show us dogmas, rites, and ceremonies, crude, barbarous and often brutal; later stages take on more enlightened forms and reach more artistic and attractive expression; none the less, they are the mind's children, and acknowledge no *afflatus* from the divine.

Such a position makes real religion impossible. If religion is the bond of a fellowship, if it is a commerce between man and unseen powers, then the movement involved in that commerce cannot be merely human, but must be matched by a corresponding movement from above. Fellowship is a dual expression of life. It presupposes two beings entering, along whatever lines of mystery, into converse with each other.

The first natural outburst against such views as these has been followed by a saner attitude. The invective of a

church outraged in some of her deepest convictions has softened into a calmer and more rational method of protest. After all, truth will prevail, and truth is elicited only by patient and steady investigation into the theories offered under its name. The growth of this attitude in the church was admirably shadowed forth in the sermon preached by the Archbishop of York at the opening of the Church Congress in October, 1896, "We cannot too earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, nor too rigorously regard as immutable the great foundations of Christian truth as they are contained in the Holy Scriptures, and in the creeds of the church; but the terms in which that truth has been stated, whether in the writings of individual Christians, however eminent, or in the confessions of separate branches of the church, may well require from time to time some reconsideration. From age to age there ought to be a growing apprehension of the purport of the great message and of its bearing on personal needs, conditioned by the progress of knowledge and the spiritual circumstances of each existing age. There is no reason why we should not reconsider our statements of doctrine, if under the guidance of the Holy Spirit they might be made more helpful to the welfare of the church and to the comfort of individuals. Are there not, in the estimation of most of us, one or two at least of the Thirty-nine Articles which might be brought more into accordance with the needs as well as the spirit of the present day."

More than a quarter of a century earlier, the writers of "Essays and Reviews" had pleaded for a readjustment of the relative positions of science and theology. Now that the storm called up by that famous treatise has spent its force, it is difficult to understand why so conservative a restatement should have ruffled the waves of the theological sea. Thought soon began, also, to interest itself in the problem at the great universities of England. In the early eighties, a circle of young Oxford scholars, whose names have since become famous as among the ablest advocates of the faith now living, issued a manifesto under the title of "Lux Mundi." The

writers numbered representative thinkers, such as Dr. Gore, now Bishop of Oxford; Dr. Scott Holland, now Regius Professor of Divinity at Christ Church; the lamented Aubrey Moore, whose premature death lost to the Church of England a mind of rare promise; and others of equal reputation. The declared purpose of the book was to rewrite the "Religion of the Incarnation," a re-interpretation of the main positions of theology in the language of an age steeped in scientific and historical method. Many still believe that no abler or more satisfactory exposition has been put forth. In the sister university the same movement voiced itself later in such volumes as the "Cambridge Theological and Biblical Essays." At the present time the conclusions announced in these works and in kindred literature are known to be the accepted outfit of scholars. The work in book and magazine of such men as Driver and Sanday has rendered immense service, not only to their own communion, but to the entire Christian world, in quieting and giving confidence to the minds of perplexed believers as to the result of the application to the Bible of the methods not of destructive but of constructive critical study. Other communions have felt the same influence. Such scholars as Robertson Smith, Milligan, Dods, and Forsyth, are examples. Even strange growths have not been wanting, growths like that curious blend of Christianity and Pantheism, known as the New Theology, whose deity is the source of evil as well as of good, and whose eternal Christ is an idealized perfection bearing little relation to the historical Jesus of Nazareth. Such a phase needs only passing mention, inasmuch as its ablest champion seems to be returning to a more defensible basis of conviction. Views, in some respects similar, have also appeared under the name of "Modernism" in that bulwark of orthodoxy, the Church of Rome. "Modernism" is a term covering a varied landscape of opinion, but it seems, from the writings of Loisy and Tyrrell, to be in general an endeavour to restate theology by emptying the life of the Jesus of history of everything beyond the range of our conceptions of force and law, and turning the idea of the living Christ into a sort of sublimated mysticism.

The foregoing observations have been called forth by the appearance of a new and striking writer, of whom no less a thinker than Dr. Lacey remarks in a recent number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, that he has leaped at one bound into the front rank of the theologians of the Anglican communion. The title at the head of this article is the title under which Dr. Hamilton's book is published. Already well known as the son of one of the archbishops of the Canadian church, and as a former professor in a theological college in the province of Quebec, this writer has distinguished himself by putting forth in the volume in question a contribution to the study of Christian origins. His standpoint is that of a strong Churchman, but of one who accepts with frankness the results of the best modern criticism, while preserving an unswerving loyalty to the substance of the creeds of the universal church.

The salient feature of his book lies in its treatment of this problem of revelation; the point of greatest interest being the contrast drawn between the development of monotheism in Greece and its appearance in Palestine. In the case of the Greek, the steps by which that race emerged from polytheism into the idea of one infinite and universal spirit are traced with adequate knowledge and with much freshness of touch. Granting the existence in polytheistic religion of many scattered germs of truth, the author regards it as, in his own phrase, an "uprush from the sub-conscious." The stages are outlined by which Greek thinkers were led away from polytheism to the study of nature, and led by that study away from materialistic theories of the universe to the doctrine of one power and reason beneath all phenomena. A distinction is drawn between this intellectual process, a process resulting from the criticism of religion by life, and the religious revelation or knowledge of God granted to the Jew.

Monotheistic belief, among the Hebrews, is explained as a "down-rush from the super-conscious." The unique characteristic of Israel's assent to this creed is that it was the fruit of a personal experience on the part of the prophets of the Jewish race. It is an impression stamped upon the mental

life of a few elect souls through personal intercourse with Yahweh. No rational process of thought was involved in the belief; it reached the mind of the interpreter in living ways, as a result of immediate contact with Unseen Reality. This experience was peculiar to Israel. It went on for centuries. It was repeated with individuals of varying temperaments and amidst diverse circumstances and environments. No other cult exhibits such phenomena; it occurs always in connexion with Yahweh, and with him alone. The worshipper of Marduk, or Baal, or Osiris, or Apollo, knows nothing of such an experience in connexion with his deity. The monotheism of Akhenaton is an obscure incident, while the monotheism of Hebrew prophecy is essential to the very life and being of the Hebrew creed.

The religious system which grew up during the progress of ages, around this germinal revelation, was also a thing apart from all others in the extent to which it was interpenetrated with the idea of the presence and supremacy of One Holiness, Wisdom, and Truth. So far as this was the case, so far as the Jewish church's organization was free from notions and observances inconsistent with the pure spiritual monotheism of its prophets, so far might that system itself claim to be of divine origin, in agreement with the experience which gave it birth. From this point of view only was the Jewish system accepted as divine by Christ. His presence swept like a magnet through the nominal Israel, and drew to Himself the spiritual Israel, to be reconstituted into the society since known as the Christian church, whose representative on earth at the present hour is historic Christendom.

The theory of the Christian church advanced in the second volume of the work is that of an organism rather than an organization. To the Eucharist a central position is assigned. It is regarded as the root and expression of principles so large and fruitful that the celebration of the rite and the full utterance of its teaching might be looked upon as the chief work of the church. It is the centre of worship; the means by which the church realizes the *unio mystica*; the

bond of brotherhood; and the point of radiation for every form of fraternal and philanthropic service. So also the institutions appearing in the earliest days are organs called into existence by the spirit for the performance of the church's work. The priesthood is an organ specialized for the celebration of the Holy Supper. The episcopate, at first identical with the presbyterate, is further specialized as the organ necessary for the securing of the principles of authority and continuity. And the main lines of the ecclesiastical structure developed during the first two centuries are treated from the same general point of view.

It is a happy omen for the future, that this, Canada's first distinctively theological writer, should deal with subjects of bitter controversy in a spirit both fair and scientific. With firmness as to his own convictions is combined equal willingness to accept the main conclusions so far attained by sound critical scholarship. The positions advanced in his teaching, however, as to the origin and scope of revelation, and the bearing of his views upon Christian unity, call for a word or two of comment.

Little difference of opinion exists in the church of to-day as to the way in which revealed truth reaches man. The theory of verbal inspiration has given way to the more Scriptural view of personal inspiration. Men of God wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. The emphasis has passed from the Mohammedan theory of a sacred book written letter for letter by celestial hands, to an emphasis upon personalities acting and speaking under divine influence, whose inspired deeds and words are recorded in the Bible. The divine and human elements are both recognized; revelation is from above, not from below; the medium alone is human; elect souls chosen to be the depositaries of truth. This seems to be Dr. Hamilton's conception, and little room for debate is left by its adoption. It is in agreement with the well-established law of history that progress is as a rule through the activity of select personalities; and it is in further harmony with our best construction of prophetic experience.

Perhaps the views laid down as to the scope of revelation may be more open to challenge. Revelation is regarded as including at least an outline of organization. This is in collision with that body of Protestant opinion which recognizes religion in principle as divine, yet treats matters of church polity as of purely human origin. Dr. Hamilton's position, however, carries with it the weight of many names high in esteem in Anglican theology, not to speak of the sane and rational argument of Hooker, one of the deepest and most spiritual thinkers in the English Church, which might be quoted on his side. Frederic Denison Maurice, in his "Kingdom of Christ," bases the reasoning of his book upon the assumption of a revelation which includes certain lines of organic growth, and whose tendency is to develop similar lines of organization in every Christian society; a theory which throws light upon the fact of the simultaneous appearance of episcopacy all over Christendom in the second century, a fact which appears to us inexplicable upon any theory of the merely human origin of ecclesiastical polity. Moreover, it furnishes an explanation of the steady evolution shown in church history towards balance of government, as between undue centralization of authority in the hands of one metropolitan see, and the proper distribution of it between hierarchy and laity; a balance of which the churches in communion with the Church of England afford happy illustration, through the representative system obtaining in their synods and conventions.

As all plans for Christian unity are influenced by theories of the Christian church and its organization, one could scarcely expect to find so strong a believer in the high origin of episcopacy sympathetic to some of our modern recipes for unity. While sympathetic to the idea that the church should cease her divisions and that the age of reconciliation and of peace has begun to dawn; and, moreover, as eager as the most advanced Liberal to appreciate the services rendered by other bodies of Christians to the common cause—services unhesitatingly attributed to the presence of the Spirit—a programme

aiming at unity by the wholesale sacrifice of each church's distinctive features, meets with no favour. The "open altar" and the "open pulpit" plan, fascinating as it seems to many, and offering, as it appears to do, a short cut to unity, by the simple process of ignoring differences, is far too cheap and easy an expedient to meet the typical and temperamental antagonisms evolved through hundreds of years of separation. The futility of the method has been made clear by its failure to bring about union between the great Protestant bodies who have practised inter-communion for centuries. Modern Protestantism is being driven along the path to union not by the fraternal spirit engendered by inter-communion, but by the pressure of the great movement of modern missions. Heathendom and the North-West have sent forth a call of Macedonian intensity, and the realignment of the Christian host is our response. The growth of the social conscience has aided this, by uniting the churches as workers against civic evil, in spite of their organic separation. Inter-denominational co-operation, however, is a different thing from inter-communion or from organic fusion, even as the great *pax Anglicana* differs from a blend of Anglo-Saxon nationalities. It is the duty of Christians of every name to stand shoulder to shoulder in the effort to illumine the dark spots of earth, and to redeem our modern cities from the vice and squalor and corruption, whose environment makes honour and virtue an impossibility. But the ultimate Catholic Church will not be furthered in its coming by hasty expedients which forget that our differences have a history and a reason, nor by any methods which overlook the fact that true unity is not uniformity but unity in variety; any more than the strength of the British army would be increased by clothing all its regiments in one uniform, or by obliterating each regiment's type through the adoption of one common name.

Two questions suggest themselves as we lay down the volume under discussion. First, does its implication of a necessary hostility between philosophy and religion fairly represent the verdict of history? At different periods philo-

sophy has been a noble handmaid to theology, and there are not wanting signs that a similar rapport between them is now on the way. Is it too much to hope that when the present movement in philosophical thought has formulated its conclusions upon the problems of life and being, it may be found, now as before, that our statements of Christian truth will profit from its investigations? A certain pessimism reveals itself as to what philosophy has done and is doing, which might well be modified in future productions from the writer's pen.

Second, is there not need of a more careful definition of terms? Occasional use is made by our author of the word "system" for example. It is applied to the Jewish system as well as to the Christian. But just what is meant by the term "system"? Is it to include all concrete manifestations of the religious spirit in the church, or only those typical features which persist without change throughout the flux of development? The main contentions of the first volume as to the distinction between the monotheism of Israel and that of Greece would be powerfully affected by any choice between these two positions, and so also would Dr. Hamilton's doctrine of a Jewish "system" which was the vehicle of revelation to the world.

There is still no doubt, however, that we have here a great and earnest book. It is a strong defence of the moderate position, with reference to science and history, adopted by the English Church in recent years. It may be said to mark an epoch in Canadian thought as being the first contribution of moment to the higher theological themes from a Canadian writer. It may be the harbinger of a native school of theological thinking in our newer land, and as such, quite apart from the value of its convictions, it deserves to be received with gratitude and hope.

J. P. D. LLWYD

LE MODERNISME CATHOLIQUE

S'IL fallait une définition provisoire du modernisme catholique, je dirais qu'il a été un mouvement de réforme, tenté du sein même de l'Église, par un certain nombre de ses membres, les plus instruits et les plus éclairés, en vue d'une conciliation avec l'esprit moderne. Le modernisme catholique en France est déjà de l'histoire ancienne,— en apparence du moins,— puisque le Pape Pie X, au mois de septembre 1907, l'a condamné solennellement par une lettre encyclique.

Ce mouvement moderniste, qui a pris en France son développement le plus considérable dans les dernières années du XIXe siècle et les premières années du XXe, présente un certain intérêt. Il révèle d'abord, d'une façon générale, la crise intérieure qui travaille le catholicisme romain depuis des siècles, et dont la Réforme a été jusqu'ici la plus grave manifestation. Mais c'est d'un point de vue plus particulier que ce mouvement est surtout intéressant. Il nous montre la situation vraie du Catholicisme traditionnel en France.

Ce catholicisme traditionnel, dogmatique, n'a jamais été bien assimilé en France; comme religion, j'entends, car comme politique il l'a été, plus ou moins, sous tous les régimes monarchiques. Ses dogmes ont toujours été en butte, plus ou moins selon les circonstances, aux attaques de l'esprit français. L'esprit français, épris avant tout, comme l'on sait, de logique, de clarté et d'évidence, a toujours répugné à admettre, comme expression de la vérité et au même titre que la science, des dogmes obscurs et sans preuves. Cependant, tant bien que mal, la France officielle, jusqu'à la fin du XIXe siècle, s'est accommodée du catholicisme. Mais je le répète, pour des raisons politiques et sociales, bien plutôt que démonstratives et intellectuelles.

A cause de cette opposition, qu'on peut appeler foncière, entre le catholicisme doctrinal et l'esprit français, il faudrait remonter très loin pour trouver l'origine du mouvement moderniste. Sans aller au-delà, faut-il au moins remonter jusqu'à la Réforme, car Luther et Calvin formulèrent assez clairement le principe du libre examen, qui est bien jusqu'à un certain point l'essence du modernisme. Un siècle plus tard, ce même principe fut clairement énoncé et mis en lumière par un de nos plus grands philosophes, Descartes: "N'acceptez, dit-il aucune chose pour vraie, à moins que vous ne la reconnaissiez évidemment être telle." Le critérium de la vérité c'était donc l'évidence. Mais parler ainsi c'était constituer la raison juge souveraine du vrai. Et conséquemment la vérité rationnelle,—la seule qui méritait alors le nom de vérité—s'opposait à la vérité théologique, dont les preuves sont en dehors de la raison et de l'évidence.

Le cartésianisme menaçait donc le catholicisme: aussi c'est de son principe que sortit la philosophie du XVIII^e siècle, que l'on pourrait aussi bien appeler l'irréligion rationnelle du XVIII^e siècle. Ce goût de la vérité rationnelle, évidente, fut légué par le XVIII^e siècle au XIX^e, où il prit une forme scientifique. Pendant tout le XIX^e siècle on ne s'est guère occupé,—surtout dans la seconde moitié—que de méthodes scientifiques, de découvertes et de vérités scientifiques. Bref, la science fut en honneur plus que jamais. Et c'est précisément cette mentalité scientifique, se répandant des centres universitaires à travers toute la France, qui a préparé, d'une façon immédiate, dans les esprits même les plus religieux, la crise intellectuelle qui s'appelle le modernisme.

Certes, tant que la science ne s'occupa, durant le XIX^e siècle, que de mathématiques, de physique, de chimie, d'histoire profane, en un mot, de tout ce qui était étranger à la religion, la crise resta latente. Mais il arriva un moment,—ce fut à la chute du second empire, en 1871,—que l'Eglise commença à perdre en France son prestige, son autorité politique et sociale: et, du même coup, ses dogmes perdaient ce reste d'ascendant qui jusqu'alors les avait encore plus ou moins soustraits à la

critique scientifique. Ils tombèrent dans le domaine commun de la science. L'esprit scientifique s'en empara et les interrogea avec la même liberté et le même sans-gêne que les autres phénomènes de la nature ou de l'histoire. Les conclusions de la science, en ce qui concerne l'histoire des origines catholiques, l'origine et l'histoire des dogmes, furent, à peu près sur toute la ligne, en opposition avec les conclusions de la théologie.

L'Eglise Catholique n'abandonna pas pour cela ses positions, étant par essence immuable et infaillible. Alors un double enseignement résulta de l'attitude intransigeante de l'Eglise, et de l'attitude également intransigeante de la science. Ce double enseignement, pendant plus de vingt-cinq ans, créa pour ainsi dire en France deux peuples différents, sinon deux peuples ennemis. On fut pour ou contre l'Eglise, sans libéralisme, d'un côté comme de l'autre.

Cet état de chose constituait, comme on le voit, un grave problème, pour quiconque voulait être en France, à la fois, de son Eglise et de son temps. Les Modernistes ont tenté la solution de cet angoissant problème. Gens cultivés pour la plupart, au courant de toutes les méthodes et disciplines scientifiques, aimant à la fois leur siècle et leur religion, la religion de leurs pères, de leur enfance et de leur jeunesse, ça été un besoin pour eux de faire un suprême effort, pour concilier, du point de vue de la raison et de la science, ce que dans leur cœur ils ne séparaient pas.

Maintenant que j'ai dit—très brièvement—comment le modernisme catholique en France a été préparé, et comment il a été amené à se manifester en ces dernières années, je voudrais montrer en quoi ce modernisme a consisté. Eh bien, le modernisme a consisté, comme je l'ai déjà indiqué, dans une tentative d'union entre la religion catholique et la science, puisque c'était de leur opposition que souffraient les modernistes. Maintenant comment les modernistes ont-ils cru qu'ils pouvaient réaliser cette union? Voici: Cette union, pensaient-ils, nécessitait une double réforme, une réforme de l'idée religieuse, dans le catholicisme, et aussi une réforme de l'idée de science. Une double opération, en somme, s'im-

posait. Il y avait, dans la doctrine catholique, des parties non viables, condamnées par la science, par l'esprit moderne, et qu'il fallait abandonner, au besoin qu'il fallait amputer. D'autre part il y avait dans l'idée traditionnelle de science,—une idée que nous a surtout léguée le XVIII^e siècle—des parties également condamnées par une science mieux informée: il fallait également amputer ces parties-là. Et alors de ce qui serait resté, d'un côté comme de l'autre, après la double amputation, les modernistes devaient faire l'union.

Voyons donc d'abord ce que les modernistes reprochaient à l'Eglise, ce qu'ils condamnaient en elle, avec la science moderne, et voulaient réformer. D'une manière générale, ils pensaient que l'Eglise avait besoin d'être démocratisée, pour s'adapter aux temps modernes. Un système gouvernemental de monarchie absolue, disaient-ils, emprunté à l'Empire Romain et aux sociétés du Moyen-Age, n'a aucune chance de satisfaire aujourd'hui. Il fallait donc que l'Eglise abandonnât son immobilité, pour évoluer, comme toutes les sociétés, car il n'y a que les choses mortes qui restent immobiles.... Et puis on ne saurait admettre plus longtemps que l'Eglise ne soit qu'une hiérarchie, un gouvernement maître absolu de sujets inertes, et que le monopole de la liberté n'appartienne qu'à ceux qui commandent: "Notre obéissance, disait M. Le Roy, l'un des chefs intellectuels du modernisme, veut être celle de fils, non de courtisans, d'esclaves et de muets.... Notre obéissance ne saurait se séparer du devoir qui nous incombe d'agir par nous-mêmes, en qualité d'hommes et de penseurs."

Pour préciser d'avantage, un tel césarisme, disaient les modernistes, est inadmissible, surtout dans le domaine de la vie de l'esprit. Aussi ce n'est pas à tel ou tel dogme que s'attaque la science moderne. Ce qui répugne aujourd'hui et fait scandale, c'est l'idée même du dogme, c'est-à-dire cette méthode qui consiste à imposer du dehors, à l'esprit, de prétendues vérités sans preuves.

D'abord, cette méthode dogmatique n'existe dans aucun autre domaine de la vie de l'esprit, dans aucune autre science

que la science théologique. Toutes les autres sciences ont chacune leurs preuves particulières. On connaît les preuves physiques, les preuves biologiques, les preuves historiques. Or l'autorité théologique ne fournit des dogmes, équivalentement, aucunes preuves intrinsèques, homogènes, directes et spécifiques. La pensée moderne ne peut donc, pour rester fidèle aux tendances qui ont assuré dans tous les domaines son succès, que condamner d'une manière absolue une pareille méthode.

Certes, on parle bien, en histoire aussi, de preuve d'autorité, mais qui ne voit la différence? On emploie en histoire la preuve par le témoignage, après avoir établi par des preuves directes, la valeur du témoin, personne ou document. En théologie dogmatique, rien de pareil. Pour faire comme en histoire, il faudrait commencer par prouver directement que Dieu existe, qu'il a parlé, qu'il a dit ceci ou cela, et que nous possédons bien aujourd'hui son enseignement authentique. Enfin, il y a encore une autre différence, et qui est capitale; l'historien consent bien à recevoir la vérité par la voie du témoignage, mais seulement quand il s'agit de phénomènes de même espèce que ceux dont il a—ou peut avoir, par ailleurs—le spectacle direct, c'est-à-dire quand il s'agit de phénomènes de l'ordre naturel. Au contraire, les preuves de témoignage, en théologie, portent généralement sur des faits dont jamais nous n'avons vu autour de nous les équivalents.

Ce n'est pas tout. Non-seulement cette méthode—qui consiste à introduire du dehors en nous la vérité comme une chose toute faite—est contraire à toutes les autres méthodes, dans toutes les autres sciences, mais elle est aussi, disait M. Le Roy, et c'est cela surtout qui répugne, en opposition avec la vie même de l'esprit. En effet, l'esprit pour vivre a besoin avant tout d'autonomie. Le principe générateur de la vie de l'esprit s'appelle le principe d'immanence, et il se formule ainsi: Aucune vérité n'entre jamais en nous que postulée, réclamée, appelée par quelqu'autre chose en nous qui la précède, par une disposition, par un besoin de notre âme; comme un aliment, qui pour devenir nourriture effective, suppose,

chez celui qui le reçoit, des dispositions et préparations préalables: à savoir l'appel de la faim et l'aptitude à digérer. Tel est le principe qui a inspiré toute la philosophie moderne, et en dehors duquel, il n'y a pour l'esprit aucune vie possible. Un dogme, disaient encore les modernistes, introduit du dehors en nous, est comme un caillou introduit par violence dans l'estomac: il ne nourrit pas, il tue. Et ils disaient aussi: ces dogmes qui nous tombent du ciel sont comme des aérolithes; ils ne nous atteignent pas; et si par hasard ils nous atteignent, ils nous cassent la tête.

Maintenant pourquoi ces dogmes—qui sont inacceptables du point de vue de la méthode—sont-ils aussi par nature impensables et inassimilables (ce qui les rend doublement inacceptables)? Les modernistes répondaient: ils sont inassimilables parce qu'on nous les présente avant tout comme des vérités à croire, plutôt que comme des règles de conduite et d'attitude; parce qu'on veut qu'ils s'adressent à l'intelligence plutôt qu'à la volonté. Si les dogmes s'adressent à l'intelligence avant tout, ils n'ont aucun sens, du moins aucun sens intelligible et pensable de nos jours. En effet un certain nombre appartiennent—par leur énoncé aussi bien que par leur sens—à des systèmes de philosophie anciens, dépassés depuis longtemps et tombés aujourd'hui en désuétude. Faudrait-il donc pour être chrétien et catholique, commencer par se convertir à ces philosophies mortes?

Prenons par exemple la doctrine du Verbe. Cette doctrine a été évidemment inspirée d'abord par la philosophie juive, au Ier siècle, et ensuite définitivement constituée au IIIe siècle, sous l'influence de la philosophie néo-platonicienne, dont le principal représentant est Plotin. D'après ces philosophies, Dieu, l'Être suprême, pur et transcendant, communiqué avec le monde par sa pensée, de même nature que lui: c'est le Logos ou le Verbe. Qui ne reconnaît dans cette philosophie la doctrine chrétienne? Même remarque pourrait être faite à propos de la matière et de la forme, dans les sacrements, et de la substance et des accidents dans la doctrine de la Présence réelle. Ce sont des doctrines empruntées à

la Scholastique du Moyen-Age et à Aristote, et qui n'ont plus de sens pour nous.

A côté de ces dogmes d'origine philosophique, il y en a d'autres qui ne sont que de simples métaphores, empruntées au sens commun, et dont il serait impossible de donner une interprétation intellectuelle précise. Tel est par exemple le dogme de la personnalité divine. Quel sens intelligible donne-t-on au mot "personne" ? Le contenu de ce mot ne peut être faits que d'éléments empruntés à l'expérience humaine. Et alors si on l'applique tel quel à Dieu, c'est de l'anthropomorphisme; et si c'est seulement par comparaison qu'on parle "d'une personnalité divine," on ne dit rien qui ait un sens, et l'on prête à équivoque en ayant l'air de signifier quelque chose. . . . Si maintenant l'on déclare que la personnalité divine ne ressemble à rien de ce que nous connaissons, de quel droit l'appeler "personnalité" ? En bonne logique, il faudrait un mot qui ne convînt qu'à Dieu. Même difficulté pour le dogme de la Présence réelle. Quel sens donne-t-on au mot présence ? Un être est dit présent quand il est perceptible, ou bien quand il se manifeste par des effets perceptibles.

Bref, les dogmes, disaient toujours les modernistes, n'ont aucun sens pensable, si l'on veut qu'ils soient avant tout des énoncés communiquant des vérités à l'intelligence. Pour résumer en deux mots, ce que les modernistes voulaient retrancher de l'Eglise, c'était l'exercice de l'autorité dans le domaine de l'esprit, dans le domaine de la pensée, et aussi l'interprétation intellectuelle du sens du dogme. Ce qui serait resté de la religion catholique, après cette double amputation, c'est ce que nous verrons tout à l'heure.

Maïs auparavant voyons le traitement que les modernistes voulaient faire subir à l'idée de science à son tour. Ceux qui entreprirent cette œuvre furent évidemment les intellectuels du parti moderniste. Je citerai parmi eux M. Blondel, dont on trouve les analyses critiques de l'idée de science dans le livre intitulé "L'Action," et M. Le Roy, qui a surtout précisé ses objections dans certains articles publiés par le "Bulletin de la Société française de Philosophie" et la "Revue de Méta-

physique et de Morale." Ces philosophes ne faisaient d'ailleurs que continuer, en l'exagérant, en le poussant à ses dernières limites, une réaction contre la science, dont il faut chercher l'origine chez les Pragmatistes. Ce mouvement pragmatiste avait commencé en Angleterre, vers 1878, et s'était vite propagé en Amérique avec W. James. De l'avis de quelques-uns, il trouva son expression peut-être la plus modérée—en ce qui concerne l'idée de science—dans un livre d'Henri Poincaré, "La Science et l'Hypothèse." C'est surtout de ce dernier savant que les modernistes s'inspiraient ou plutôt abusaient, ce qui provoqua la protestation véhémement de l'auteur de "La Science et l'Hypothèse," dans un autre livre, "La valeur de la Science."

Voici donc ce que les modernistes critiquaient dans l'idée de science en général, et ce dont ils auraient voulu la débarrasser. Ils trouvaient dans l'idée de science, comme ils avaient trouvé dans l'idée de dogme, une conception trop intellectualiste, une prétention injustifiée à nous faire atteindre la vérité. D'un mot, ils avaient à l'égard de la science, le même scepticisme qu'à l'égard des dogmes....

La science, disaient-ils, ne nous renseigne nullement sur les choses en soi. La science ne nous apprend rien de la vérité. Sans doute la science est un produit de l'intelligence, mais l'intelligence déforme tout ce qu'elle touche, comme le discours. En sorte que la réalité, livrée par la science, est doublement déformée: une première fois par l'esprit et une seconde fois par le langage. C'est le savant, et non pas la vérité objective, qui fait la science. Et les modernistes citaient volontiers des phrases comme celles-ci, empruntées à "La Science et l'Hypothèse": "Notre esprit a adopté la géométrie la plus avantageuse à l'espèce, la plus commode.... La géométrie n'est pas vraie, elle est avantageuse...." Ou encore: "Cette affirmation, 'la terre tourne,' n'a aucun sens.... Et ces deux propositions, 'la terre tourne,' et: 'il est plus commode de supposer que la terre tourne,' ont un seul et même sens"

Donc pour les modernistes, les lois, les formules scientifiques n'ont pas de valeur objective. La science par sa nature n'a

qu'une valeur pratique: elle est un instrument que l'homme, que l'intelligence humaine s'est forgée au cours de son évolution pour mieux résister au milieu, pour mieux se protéger, dans le combat pour la vie, contre les éléments extérieurs. . . . Et il est si vrai que la science est avant tout une chose pratique, disaient les modernistes, que, pas plus que la religion, elle ne saurait résister à une critique approfondie de la raison pure, à une critique faite du point de vue exclusivement intellectuel. En effet toute science, même la science mathématique, suppose à son point de départ, l'existence au moins d'un espace, extérieur à la pensée humaine, lequel espace n'est nullement pour le savant le produit d'une démonstration. Cet espace est une croyance, nécessaire, indispensable, à la science, mais qui rationnellement ou expérimentalement n'est ni prouvé ni prouvable. C'est pour des raisons instinctives d'adaptation au milieu que l'homme a été amené à objectiver ses sensations, en créant l'espace et le monde extérieur. Cela lui a été absolument nécessaire d'ailleurs, pour communiquer avec ses semblables, c'est-à-dire pour vivre à l'état social. En objectivant ses sensations, l'homme a réalisé la véritable révolution communiste de la connaissance.

Donc, concluaient les modernistes, après avoir ainsi disséqué l'idée de science,—non sans l'avoir quelque peu abîmée et défigurée,—que la science, ayant jugé la religion, considère, à son tour ce qu'elle est elle-même; qu'elle se rappelle ses origines, qu'elle n'oublie pas qu'elle est née du besoin de vivre, et que ses affirmations n'ont jamais eu et n'auront jamais plus qu'une valeur pragmatique.

Cela étant établi, on voit maintenant comment les modernistes avec une pareille conception pragmatiste de la science, pouvaient espérer la concilier avec la religion catholique, je veux dire avec ce qui serait resté de la religion catholique, après la formidable amputation qu'ils avaient rêvée. Car après cette opération, il restait bien quelque chose d'essentiel: il restait une conception de la religion, d'un caractère pragmatiste. Et alors les deux sœurs ennemies se trouvaient réconciliées sur le terrain de l'action. . . .

Pour cette partie constructive et pragmatiste de leur système religieux—la plus importante naturellement—les modernistes s'inspiraient surtout de doctrines philosophiques empruntées au courant bergsonien. L'univers entier, et nous compris naturellement, est pour M. Bergson un immense devenir, une création incessante. Et Dieu serait comme la source sans origine ni fin, d'où les mondes jaillissent. Ainsi défini comme une continuité de jaillissements, Dieu n'a rien de tout fait. Il est vie incessante, action, liberté, analogue en son essence à notre être profond, à notre moi véritable. Et la religion dans son essence serait ainsi, non pas surtout un système d'idées, ni quelque chose de tout fait en dehors de nous, mais l'expression, à travers notre moi individuel, de cette Force mystérieuse et divine, de ce Dieu qui travaille le monde, qui travaille chaque individu, dans le sens du mieux, du mieux moral, social et humain. . . . Etre religieux signifierait donc prendre conscience de cette Force et en faire librement le centre de sa personnalité.

La religion devenait, pour les modernistes, une chose morale et pratique, se justifiant par les services qu'elle peut nous rendre. La science et la religion étaient comme les deux instruments de vie que l'Élan vital s'est créés à lui-même: la science, notre instrument de vie matérielle—et la religion, catégorie de l'idéal, notre instrument de vie morale et spirituelle. Les modernistes faisaient ainsi disparaître toute opposition radicale, entre la science et la religion, puisque toutes deux devenaient synonymes de vie.

De ce point de vue, par voie de conséquence,—au moins en apparence,—les modernistes légitimaient le principe d'autorité dans le domaine de l'action; et ils légitimaient aussi tous les dogmes, en cherchant à leur donner, avant tout, un sens pratique, en les représentant, bien plus comme des formules de vie que comme des formules de vérité. M. Le Roy dit à peu près: Ce qui importe ce ne sont pas les représentations intellectuelles des dogmes, c'est l'attitude que l'on a à l'égard de la réalité divine qu'ils symbolisent. Chacun est libre de se faire des dogmes l'interprétation intellectuelle qui lui

convient: les uns leur conserveront leur sens historique, d'autres esprits, plus critiques, leur donneront un sens symbolique ou un sens moral. Cela est tout à fait indifférent. Il est impossible de trouver une formule intellectuelle satisfaisante pour tous les esprits, mais on peut trouver une attitude satisfaisante pour tous les cœurs.

Et, conséquemment, ce qu'il y a de permanent et d'inafaillible dans les dogmes,—car les modernistes avaient soin de sauvegarder à leur manière l'immutabilité et l'inafaillibilité des dogmes,—c'est l'orientation qu'ils donnent à notre activité pratique. . . . Le dogme de la personnalité divine signifie, par exemple, que nous devons avoir vis-à-vis de Dieu, dont nous ignorons la nature, la même attitude de respect que vis à vis d'une personne humaine. Pareillement le dogme de la Présence réelle signifierait: "Comportez-vous avec l'hostie comme si Jésus-Christ était présent." Un philosophe ne se représente pas intellectuellement la personnalité divine de la même manière qu'un homme sans culture; mais l'homme sans culture et le philosophe peuvent, aussi bien l'un que l'autre, prendre vis à vis de Dieu, la même attitude de respect et d'adoration.

On voit donc, d'après les modernistes, ce qui serait immuable dans les dogmes: c'est l'orientation pratique qu'ils donnent aux croyants. Tout le reste,—représentations intellectuelles, théories explicatives,—évoluerait au cours des âges. "Toute religion," dit M. Loisy, "suppose une détermination intellectuelle du divin, qui tôt ou tard sera frappée de caducité. Et c'est à ce moment-là que la foi s'inquiète et cherche un nouvel abri, qu'elle finit toujours par s'aménager."

Il resterait maintenant à dire pourquoi les modernistes ont échoué dans leur double tentative de réforme. Car ils ont échoué dans l'une comme dans l'autre. Des deux amputation tentées, pas une n'a réussi. Les deux patients ont regimbé—et violemment,—criant bien fort que les parties qu'on voulait couper n'étaient pas encore mortes. Au nom de la religion catholique, le Pape a condamné leur tentative de conciliation; et au nom de la science, des savants, comme Henri Poincaré, dans "La Valeur de la Science," ont à peu

près porté, indirectement du moins, une condamnation analogue, du point de vue scientifique. Le catholicisme officiel a condamné la moitié de leur système, et la science a condamné l'autre moitié.

Pourquoi les modernistes ont-ils échoué d'abord dans leur tentative de réforme religieuse? Eh bien, il semble que c'est parce que le modernisme ne tendait à rien moins qu'à détruire l'essence même du catholicisme. C'était une réforme trop radicale. La religion catholique est bien en effet essentiellement, par tradition, une monarchie absolue, dont l'autorité s'exerce sur les intelligences avant même de s'exercer sur les volontés. Vouloir déloger le principe d'autorité du domaine de la vie de l'esprit, c'était frapper au cœur le catholicisme lui-même, c'était vouloir enlever la clef de voûte de l'édifice.

Certes les objections des modernistes contre le principe d'autorité, dans le domaine de la vie de l'esprit portent admirablement. Elles réjouissent un philosophe; mais elles ne pouvaient réjouir autant tous les traditionnalistes catholiques, non plus que le Gardien constitué de l'antique tradition. Et celui-là le leur fit bien voir....

Ces objections, elles vont même, semble-t-il, un peu plus loin que les modernistes ne l'ont cru, ou n'ont voulu le croire. Le principe d'autorité est contraire à la vie de l'esprit, c'est entendu. Mais n'est-il contraire à la vie de l'esprit que dans le domaine de la pensée? Pourquoi ne le serait-il pas aussi dans le domaine de l'action? Si l'on requiert l'autonomie pour penser, pourquoi pas pour agir? Si l'ordre de croire une vérité indémontrée me révolte, un ordre de conduite, me venant uniquement du dehors, ne me révolte pas moins. Bref, l'autonomie de l'esprit devait être réclamée entière, ou ne pas être réclamée du tout. On conçoit qu'un théologien catholique ne puisse guère ne pas trouver que les modernistes demandaient trop; un philosophe trouverait peut-être qu'ils demandaient trop peu.

Et puis on pourrait bien leur faire encore une autre objection. S'ils accordent que la partie intelligible des dogmes est soumise aux lois de l'évolution, pourquoi pas le sens pra-

tique, la direction qu'ils donnent à la conduite? Rien n'est immuable en ce monde, pas plus les gestes et les attitudes que les idées, pas plus les disciplines et les morales que les philosophies. Les modernistes, semble-t-il, manquaient donc quelque peu de logique, en conservant sur le terrain de l'action des disciplines et des concepts qu'ils avaient si justement critiqués et si bien percés à jour sur le terrain de la pensée.

Enfin la tentative de réforme de l'idée de science n'a pas non plus été couronnée de succès. Pourquoi? On a reproché aux modernistes, à M. Le Roy en particulier, de regarder l'intelligence et la science comme irrémédiablement impuissantes à nous conduire à la vérité, pour faire la part plus large à d'autres sources de connaissance, au cœur par exemple, aux sentiments, à l'instinct, ou à la foi... Henri Poincaré, dans son livre "La Valeur de la Science," répondant aux objections des modernistes, développe les arguments suivants: L'intelligence, non-seulement n'est pas radicalement impuissante, mais, procédant par méthode scientifique, elle est la seule de nos facultés qui atteigne le vrai, d'une façon indiscutable. On ne saurait dire que la science ne peut nous servir que de règle d'action, et qu'elle ne nous apprend rien de la vérité objective. La science est sans doute une règle d'action, mais c'est une règle d'action générale, qui réussit et qui est bonne pour tout le monde. Or s'il en est ainsi, c'est sans doute que les lois scientifiques traduisent des rapports étrangers à la personne du savant, c'est-à-dire des rapports venant des choses. Non, ce n'est pas le savant qui crée la science; le savant ne fait que créer la formule scientifique, et le reste lui est imposé par la réalité extérieure.

La science, en effet, s'il s'agit des sciences de la nature, est avant tout constituée par des ensembles de rapports constants, entre nos différentes sensations, lesquels rapports sont comme un ciment indestructible, que nous ne pouvons jamais rompre à notre fantaisie: ce qui montre bien que la cause de ces rapports n'est pas en nous mais au dehors. Ces rapports invariables entre nos sensations traduisent les rapports invariables des choses. Prenons en chimie un exemple

très simple: la loi de fusion du phosphore. Le phosphore est un corps qui fond à 44 degrés centigrades. Le rapport de simultanéité entre les deux sensations suivantes: la sensation que donne la fusion du corps et celle résultant de la vue des 44 degrés marqués au thermomètre centigrade, est un rapport en nous que nous ne pouvons ni inventer, ni supprimer, ni changer; il sera toujours le même pour tous. Ce rapport est donc bien l'empreinte en nous du rapport des choses en dehors de nous. Et il en va de même pour toutes les lois scientifiques les plus compliquées.

La science, en dépit de toutes les argumentations pragmatistes et modernistes, nous livre donc bien la vérité. Cette vérité peut être incomplète, mais elle est. Les lois scientifiques peuvent être imparfaites, mais elles sont valables, pour tous les temps et pour tous les lieux. Et, comme on l'a dit, on peut aller même jusqu'à affirmer que, s'il existe dans quelque planète des êtres pensants qui soient arrivés à la science, leurs lois scientifiques, plus ou moins précises, plus ou moins complètes que les nôtres, ne peuvent être que du même ordre que les nôtres. Certes, nous ne connaissons le tout de rien dans la nature, mais la connaissance que nous apporte la science, si limitée qu'elle soit, est vraiment une connaissance de la nature. D'un mot qui résume tout, nous ne sommes pas dupes.

Pour être juste, il faut cependant dire que sous l'influence des pragmatistes et des modernistes, la science, en ces dernières années, a réduit quelques-unes de ses prétentions. Les savants d'aujourd'hui sont moins dogmatiques que ceux d'il y a quinze ou vingt ans. Une revision critique de l'idée de science s'est imposée; et il en est résulté, entre autres choses, que la doctrine de l'universel mécanisme, par exemple, autrefois très en faveur, apparaît à beaucoup aujourd'hui, de plus en plus, comme trop hâtive et peut-être un peu simpliste. La science a dû réduire ses prétentions à tout connaître et à connaître le tout de toutes choses. Elle a été amenée à concéder un immense terrain libre à toutes les morales et à toutes les religions, c'est le terrain métaphysique du mysticisme et du sentiment, de

l'indémontré indémontrable. Mais, qu'on le remarque bien, dans son domaine propre, qui est la connaissance des rapports mesurés des choses et des phénomènes entre eux, la science reste maîtresse et conserve toute sa valeur.

Outre cette délimitation de frontière, les savants avouent encore, même les plus grands défenseurs du scientisme, comme Le Dantec, que dans les lois de la nature, il y a un certain degré de contingence physique, en ce sens que toute mesure comporte une part d'erreur; et ils admettent aussi une certaine contingence logique, à la base de toute science, en ce sens que toute science reposant sur des postulats, passe nécessairement, à son point de départ, de l'indémontré au démontré. Il y a plus: il faut dire qu'à la base de l'idée de science elle-même, il y a une affirmation, à jamais indémontrable, un à priori qui n'est qu'un acte de foi, à savoir que le démontré vaut mieux que l'indémontré... Si l'on croit cela, on a l'esprit scientifique; mais il n'est peut-être pas nécessaire d'avoir l'esprit scientifique, ou du moins de n'avoir que l'esprit scientifique. La science n'est peut-être pas le seul dieu capable de sauver le monde... Pour ceux, cependant, qui ont foi dans la vérité, elle est un dieu.

Quant à l'Eglise catholique, elle n'a même pas opéré, comme la science, sous l'impulsion moderniste et pragmatiste, ce demi-quart de conversion à gauche. Elle garde ses vieilles positions, qui peut-être en somme sont les meilleures pour elle; en tous les cas, qui sont jusqu'à un certain point, dans la logique de ses principes immuables et infaillibles. Après avoir condamné les modernistes, en bloc, d'un geste césarien, elle a repris sur son trône, fait de dix-neuf siècles écoulés, son intransigeante immobilité. Elle préfère sans doute, plutôt que de ne rien changer à ses traditions séculaires, s'il le faut, mourir debout, la tête haute. Cette attitude, il faut en convenir, dans sa raideur stoïque et sa fière intransigeance, ne manque pas de beauté.

LOUIS PERDRIAU

CANADA'S SECOND TRANSCONTINENTAL FEATURES OF THE SYSTEM

No. II.

FISHING AND HUNTING

While the Canadian Northern appeals to the observer primarily as a line offering great inducements to the settler and opportunities for industrial development, it also offers unusual advantages to the sportsman and those looking for the best place to spend a summer holiday.

In the Quebec and Lake St. John district at Lake Edward, and on the confines of the Laurentian National Park, there is remarkably good trout fishing in hundreds of lakes and streams, also the Hotel Lake St. Joseph, one of the most beautifully situated and best conducted summer hotels.

The Toronto-Ottawa line passes through the heart of the Rideau chain of lakes, famed for its fishing, duck shooting, and beautiful scenery. The well-known Muskoka Lakes are best served by this railway, with its wharf-side stations on the principal lakes. The line north of Parry Sound is known as the best deer hunting country, where there is some splendid fishing. Between Sudbury and Port Arthur the steel is through a country abounding with game and crosses many fine streams such as the Morrison and the Nipigon, containing very heavy speckled trout. At Port Arthur the company has the "Prince Arthur" Hotel, built on a fine site overlooking Thunder Bay.

West of Port Arthur the Quetico Forest and Game Reserve is contiguous to the line—a most attractive district for the fisherman and the man with the camera.

In Western Canada there is the finest sport, such as prairie chicken, duck and goose shooting. The birds are wonderfully numerous; at no great distance in the wooded country there are elk and moose. In the confines of the Rocky Mountains on the Alberta side are mountain sheep and goat; on the British Columbia side mountain goat, sheep, grizzlies, and much other game.