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AS OTHERS SEE US

IN the last number of this MAGAZINE the suggestion was made that a Commission should be appointed to ascertain and express a consensus of world-opinion upon the status of America in the world, and its meaning to civilization. For the purposes of this inquiry Canada was to be considered as part of America. The names of the persons who it was considered might be available for the Commission were put forward; and by a curious chance one of the members proposed has already published an interim Report.

This document comes from the hand of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson. The fact that he was named for the office of exponent without his solicitation, knowledge, or consent, attests his quality. Other considerations might be put forward. Under the guise of "A Chinese Official" he had previously written "Letters," which revealed an acuteness of observation, and a profundity of knowledge of America. In his "Modern Symposium" he disclosed a breadth of sympathy with all men who are striving by the most diverse methods to solve social problems. In his "Greek View of Life" he displayed a flexibility of imagination and a capacity to understand natures which are much more complexly developed than the American. This catholicity of character was so obvious to the people of Boston that they selected Mr. Dickinson to deliver the Lowell Lectures, and the "Ingersoll Lecture" at Harvard University upon the Immortality of Man. Whilst, one must admit, Mr. Dickinson left the matter of the future life not much clearer than he found it, he took advantage of his visit to America to make an important revelation upon this new world which now is. Nor was Canada neglected; and one result of his investigation was the discovery in a Canadian city of "the three most intel-

ligent men he had met on the American continent." What makes the matter more curious is that one of these intelligent men was a professor, and all three were found in one spot—probably in the city of Toronto, though the fact is not specifically stated.

In nine letters contributed to the "English Review" during the months of November, December, and January last, and in the "Cambridge Review" of a later date, Mr. Dickinson has set forth his impressions, reflecting, as he says, the mood and the feeling of the moment rather than delivering judgements and recording final conclusions. The present intention is to reproduce this report in a summary form, though it should be read in the original text, if that complete humility of spirit is desired which is so good for our souls.

The reflections fall under ten heads, as follow: A Continent of Pioneers; In the Rockies; In the Adirondacks; Niagara; The Modern Pulpit; Red Blood and Mollycoddles; Advertisement; The Religion of Business; Art; Culture; Epilogue. Let us begin at the beginning.

SECTION I. "America is a continent of pioneers. Much that surprises or shocks Europeans in the American character is to be explained, I believe, by this fact. Among pioneers the individual is everything and the society nothing. Every man relies on himself and on his personal relations. He is a friend, and an enemy; he is never a citizen. Justice, order, respect for law, are to him mere abstract terms; what is real is intelligence and force, the service done or the injury inflicted, the direct emotional reaction to persons and deeds. And still, as it seems to the foreign observer, even in the long settled east, still more in the west, this attitude prevails. To the American politician or business man, that a thing is right or wrong, legal or illegal, seems a pale and irrelevant consideration. The real question is, will it pay? If it is illegal, will it be detected? If detected, will it be prosecuted? What are our resources for evading or defeating the law? And all this, with good temper and good conscience.

"What stands in the way, says the pioneer, must be swept out of it; no matter whether it be the moral or the civil law, a public authority, or a rival in business. 'The strong business man' has no use for scruples. Public or social considerations do not appeal to him. Or, if they do present themselves, he satisfies himself with the belief that from activities so strenuous and remarkable as his, good must result to the community. If he break the law, that is the fault of the law for being stupid and obstructive; if he break individuals, that is their fault for being weak. Væ victis! Never has that principle, or rather instinct, ruled more paramount than it does in America.

"The pioneer has no object save to get rich; the government of pioneers has no object save to develop the country quickly. To this object everything is sacrificed, including the interests of future generations. All new countries have taken the most obvious and easy course. They have given away for nothing, or for a song, the whole of their natural resources to anybody who will undertake to exploit them.

"With all her natural resources distributed among individuals or corporations, and with the tide of immigration unchecked, she begins to feel the first stress of the situation of which the tension in Europe has already become almost intolerable. It is the situation which cannot fail to result from the system of private property and inheritance established throughout the western world. Opportunities diminish, classes segregate. There arises a caste of wage-earners never to be anything but wage-earners, a caste of property-owners, handing on their property to their descendants; and substantially, after all deductions have been made for exaggeration and simplification, a division of society into capitalists and proletariat. American society is beginning to crystallise out into the forms of European society. For, once more, America is nothing new; she is a repetition of the old on a larger scale.

"Whether it will assert itself successfully is another matter. At present, as is notorious, American politics are

controlled by wealth, more completely, perhaps, than those of any other country, even of England. The 'corporations' make it a main part of their business to capture Congress, the Legislatures, the courts and the city governments; and they are eminently successful. The smallest country town has its 'boss', in the employ of the railway; the Public Service Corporations control the cities; and the protected interests dominate the Senate. Business governs America; and business does not include labour. In no civilized country is labour-legislation so undeveloped as in the States; in none is capital so uncontrolled; in none is justice so openly prostituted to wealth. America is the paradise of plutocracy; for the rich there enjoy not only a real power but a social prestige such as can hardly have been accorded to them even in the worst days of the Roman Empire.

"America, it would seem, stands at the parting of the ways. Either she may develop on democratic lines, or she may fossilise in the form of her present Plutocracy, and realise that new feudalism of industry which was dreamt of by Saint Simon, by Comte, and by Carlyle. It is an error to think of America as democratic; her Democracy is all on the surface. England is now far more democratic than the United States."

Section II. From a shanty of a railway station in the Rockies, 8,000 feet above the sea, our observer obtained the following view:

"I knocked, and knocked again, in vain; and it was a quarter of an hour before the door was opened by a thin, yellow-faced youth chewing gum, who looked at me without a sign of recognition or a nod of greeting. I have learnt by this time that absence of manners in an American is intended to signify not surliness but independence, so I asked to be allowed to enter. He admitted me, and resumed his operations. I listened to the clicking, while the sleet fell faster and the evening began to close in. What messages were they, I wondered, that were passing across the mountains. I connected them, oddly enough, with the corner

in wheat a famous speculator was endeavouring to establish in Chicago, and reflected upon the disproportion between the achievements of Man and the use he puts them to. He invents wireless telegraphy and the ships call to one another day and night, to tell the name of the latest winner! He is inventing the flying-machine, and he will use it to advertise pills and drop bombs. And here, he has exterminated the Indians, and carried his lines and his poles across the mountains, that a gambler may fill his pockets by starving a continent. 'Click-click-click-pick-pick-pick-pock-pock-pockets'. It was too late now for me to reach my hotel that evening and I was obliged to beg a night's rest. The yellow youth assented, with his air of elaborate indifference, and proceeded to make me as comfortable as he could."

In the Adirondacks the vision of the seer becomes too sublimated for any other method of reproduction than his own: "Was it Homer or Shelley," he asks, "that grasped Reality? This is not a question of literary excellence; it is a question of the sense of life. The life in each of us takes hold of us and answers it empirically. The normal man is Homeric, though he is not aware of the fact. Especially is the American Homeric, naive, spontaneous, at home with fact, implicitly denying the Beyond. Is he right? This whole continent, the prairies, the mountains and the coast, the trams and trolleys, the sky-scrapers, the factories, elevators, automobiles, shout to that question one long deafening Yes. But there is another continent that speaks a different tongue. Before America was, Asia is."

Section IV. Upon Canadian soil Niagara suggested the following reflections: "All America is Niagara. Force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment. All day and all night the water rushes and roars. I sit and listen; and it does nothing. It is Nature, and Nature has no significance. It is we poets who create significance, and for that reason Nature

hates us. She is afraid of us, for she knows that we condemn her. We have standards before which she shrinks abashed. But she has her revenge, for poets are incarnate. She owns our bodies: and she hurls us down Niagara with the rest, with the others that she loves, and that love her, the virile big-jawed men, trampling and trampled, hustling and hustled, working and asking no questions, falling as water and dispersing as spray. Nature is force, loves force, wills force alone. She hates the intellect, she hates the soul, she hates the spirit.

"There is no progress! It is always the same river! New waves succeed for ever, but always in the old forms. History tells from beginning to end, the same tale—the victory of the strong over the sensitive, of the active over the reflective, of intelligence over intellect. Rome conquered Greece, the Germans the Italians, the English the French, and now, the Americans the world! What matters the form of the struggle, whether it be in arms or commerce, whether the victory go to the sword, or to shoddy, advertisement, and fraud? History is the perennial conquest of civilization by barbarians. The little islands before us, lovely with trees and flowers, green oases in the rushing river, it is but a few years and they will be engulfed. So Greece was swallowed up, so Italy. So England will be swallowed up. Not, as your moralists maintain, because of her vices, but because of her virtues. She is becoming just, scrupulous, humane, and therefore she is doomed. Hark, hark to Niagara! Force, at all costs! Do you hear it? Do you see it? I can see it, though it is dark. It is a river of mouths and teeth, of greedy outstretched hands, of mirthless laughter, of tears, and of blood."

Section V. The Modern Pulpit is the newspaper. We know it only too well, and do not require the illustrations which are provided for foreign readers. We may well imagine, however, the confusion of mind which was produced by headlines like the following: "Man who has been married three times denies the existence of God." "Rum-

som Freebooters defeat Devon's first." "Young Corbett is chipped in the 8th." "Doggett and Cubs each win shut out." "Brocket is easy for Detroit Nine." Upon this Mr. Dickinson reflects: "Well, the sun still shines and the sky is still blue. But between it and the American people stretches a veil of printed paper. Curious! the fathers of this nation read nothing but the Bible. That too, it may be said, was a veil; but a veil woven of apocalyptic visions, of lightning and storm, of Leviathan and the wrath of Jehovah. What is the stuff of the modern veil we have seen? And surely the contrast is calculated to evoke curious reflections."

SECTION VI. The terms Red-blood and Mollycoddle are adopted from a speech by Mr. Roosevelt, to signify on the one hand men like Mr. Roosevelt himself, Bismarck, Rhodes; and on the other, men like Socrates, Voltaire, and Shelley. It is needless to add that in the opinion of Mr. Dickinson the former class prevails in America, "reflected in the predominant physical type—the great jaw and chin, the huge teeth and predatory mouth; in the speech where beauty and distinction are sacrificed to force; in their need to live and feel and act in masses."

SECTION VII. In this there is nothing new. Even a less experienced traveller could observe the large place which Advertisement plays in our lives: "Almost everywhere the houses stare blankly to one another and at the public roads, ugly, unsheltered and unashamed, as much as to say 'Every one is welcome to see what goes on here. We court publicity. See how we eat, drink and sleep. Our private life is the property of the American people.'

"The last two days and nights I spent in a railway train. We passed through some beautiful country; that, I believe, is the fact; but my feeling is that I have emerged from a nightmare. In my mind is a jumbled vision of huge wooden cows cut out in profile and offering from dry udders a fibrous milk; of tins of biscuits portrayed with a ghastly realism of perspective, and mendaciously screaming that I

need them; of gigantic Quakers, multiplied as in an interminable series of mirrors and offering me a myriad meals of indigestible oats; of huge painted bulls in a kind of discontinuous frieze bellowing to the heavens a challenge to produce a better tobacco than theirs; of the head of a gentleman, with pink cheeks and a black moustache, recurring, like a decimal, *ad infinitum* on the top of a board, to inform me that his beauty is the product of his own toilet-power; of cod-fish without bones; 'the kind you have always bought'; of bacon packed in glass jars; of suspenders, sen-sen, throat-ease, sure-fit hose, and the whole army of patent medicines."

Section VIII. The Religion of Business which prevails amongst us receives elaborate treatment. Upon this subject the observer brings to bear the whole power of his equipment. "Not seldom," he writes, "I feel among Americans, as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of precocious and inexperienced children, bearing on my own shoulders the weight of the centuries. Yet it is not exactly that Americans strike one as young in spirit; rather they strike one as undeveloped. It is as though they had never faced life and asked themselves what it is, as though they were so occupied in running that it has never occurred to them to inquire where they started and whither they are going. They seem to be always doing and never experiencing; a dimension of life, one would say, is lacking, and they live on a plane instead of on a solid. That missing dimension I shall call religion. Not that Americans do not, for aught I know, 'believe' as much as or more than Europeans; but they appear neither to believe nor to disbelieve religiously. That, I admit, is true always and everywhere of the mass of people. But in Europe there has always been, and still is, a minority of spirits profound enough to open windows to the stars, and through these windows, in passing, the plain man sometimes looks. The impression America makes on me is that the windows are blocked up. It has become incredible that this continent was colonized by the Pilgrim Fathers. That intense, narrow, unlovely but genuine spiritual

life has been transformed into industrial energy; and this energy, in its new form, the churches, oddly enough, are endeavouring to recapture and apply to their machines. Religion is becoming a department of practical business. The churches, orthodox and unorthodox, old and new, Christian, Christian-scientific, theosophic, neo-thinking, vie with one another in advertising goods which are all material benefits. 'Follow me, and you will get rich,' 'Follow me, and you will get well,' 'Follow me, and you will be cheerful, prosperous, successful.' Religion in America is nothing if not practical. It does not concern itself with a life beyond, it gives you, here and now, what you want. 'What do you want? Money? Come along! Success? This is the shop! Health? Here you are! Better than patent medicines!' The only part of the Gospels that seems to interest the modern American is the miracles, for the miracles really did do something. As for the Sermon on the Mount, well, that isn't business! Whoever got on by turning the other cheek?"

SECTION IX. Art. "Nowhere on that continent, so far as I have been able to see, is there to be found a class or a clique of men respected by others and respecting themselves who also respect not merely art but the artistic calling. Broadly, business is the only respectable pursuit, including under business Politics and Law, which in this country are departments of business. Business holds the place in popular esteem that is held by arms in Germany, by letters in France, by Public Life in England. The man therefore whose bent is towards the arts meets no encouragement; he meets everywhere the reverse. His father, his uncles, his brothers, his cousins, all are in business. There is, no doubt, the professorial career, but that, it is agreed, is adopted only by men of 'no ambition.' Americans believe in education, but they do not believe in educators. There is no money to be made in that profession; and the making of money is the test of character. The born poet or artist is thus handicapped to a point which may easily discourage him from running at all. At the best, he emigrates to Europe, and his achieve-

ment is credited to that continent. Or, remaining in America, he succumbs to the environment, puts aside his creative ambition, and enters business. It is not for nothing that Americans are the most active people in the world. They pay the penalty in an atrophy of the faculties of reflexion and representation. America may have an Art, and a great Art; but it will be after she has accomplished a social transformation. Her Art has first to touch ground; and before it can do that, the ground must be fit for it to touch."

SECTION X. The comment upon culture will be found in the "Cambridge Review." Let it stand in its austerity: "For in America there is, broadly speaking, no culture. There is instruction; there is research; there is technical and professional training; there is specialisation in science and in industry; there is every possible application of life to purposes and ends; but there is no life for its own sake. Again, you will find, if you travel long in America, that you are suffering from a kind of atrophy. You will not, at first, realize what it means. But suddenly it will flash upon you that you are suffering from lack of conversation. You do not converse; you cannot; you can only talk. It is the rarest thing to meet a man who, when a subject is started, is willing or able to follow it into its ramifications, to play with it, to embroider it with pathos or with wit, to penetrate to its roots, to trace its connections and affinities. Question and answer, anecdote and jest are the staple of American conversation; and, above all, information. They have a hunger for positive facts. And you may hear them hour after hour rehearsing to one another their travels, their business transactions, their experiences in trains, in hotels, on steamers. An American, broadly speaking, never detaches himself from experience. His mind is embedded in it; it moves wedged in fact. His only escape is into humour; and even his humour is but a formula of exaggeration. It implies no imagination, no real envisaging of its object. It does not illuminate a subject, it extinguishes it, clamping upon every

topic the same grotesque mould. That is why it does not really much amuse the English. For the English are accustomed to Shakespeare, and to the London cabmen."

EPILOGUE: "I have given my impressions truly; but they have always been critical or hostile. This, it is true, will not hurt America; but somehow it hurts me. The truth is that all the things I dislike in modern civilization are peculiarly prominent in this country; and I have been more interested in civilization than in America. But to-night there crowd into my mind feelings and reminiscences of a different kind. I realize that I am parting from some dear friends, and from many charming acquaintances; and that the civilization I have criticised is supported by and supports the simplest, kindest, and most hospitable people in the world. In any case, the emphasis I have laid on what I think are the defects of America does not spring from hostility. It springs rather from an intense anxiety. Democracy, I feel, is the chief hope of civilization; and also it is its chief menace. It is its hope because it is inspired by the ideals of justice and humanity; it is its menace because it is different from, or even hostile to, the ideals of personal greatness and distinction. A Democracy that shows itself ugly, ignoble, gross, materialistic, is betraying the cause of Democracy. A Democracy that worships wealth and power, and nothing else, is a Plutocracy in disguise. Democracy ought to hate itself in its present form, just as I hate it. America ought to hate itself, and yet to believe in itself; and hate itself because it believes in itself. For what it believes in, or ought to believe in, is its courage, its intelligence, its faith; and these qualities will need to destroy their own present manifestation. I think if I did not somehow love America I could not so much hate her civilisation."

THE EDITOR

THE APOLOGY OF A PROFESSOR

I KNOW no more interesting subject of speculation, nor any more calculated to allow of more fair-minded difference of opinion, than the enquiry whether a professor has any right to exist. *Prima facie*, of course, the case is heavily against him. His angular overcoat, his missing buttons, and his faded hat, will not bear comparison with the double-breasted splendour of the stock broker, or the *Directoire* fur gown of the cigar maker. Nor does a native agility of body compensate the missing allurement of dress. He cannot skate. He does not shoot. He must not swear. He is not brave. His mind, too, to the outsider at any rate, appears defective and seriously damaged by education. He cannot appreciate a twenty-five cent novel, or a melodrama, or a moving-picture show, or any of that broad current of intellectual movement which soothes the brain of the business man in its moments of inactivity. His conversation, even to the tolerant, is impossible. Apparently he has neither ideas nor enthusiasms, nothing but an elaborate catalogue of dead men's opinions which he cites with a petulant and peevish authority that will not brook contradiction, and that must be soothed by a tolerating acquiescence, or flattered by a plenary acknowledgment of ignorance.

Yet the very heaviness of this initial indictment against the professor might well suggest to an impartial critic that there must at least be mitigating circumstances in the case. Even if we are to admit that the indictment is well founded, the reason is all the greater for examining the basis on which it rests. At any rate some explanation of the facts involved may perhaps serve to palliate, if not to remove, demerits which are rather to be deplored than censured. It is one

of the standing defects of our age that social classes, or let us say more narrowly, social categories, know so little of one another. For the purposes of ready reckoning, of that handy transaction of business which is the passion of the hour, we have adopted a way of labelling one another with the tag mark of a profession or an occupation that becomes an aid to business but a barrier to intercourse. This man is a professor, that man an "insurance man," the third—*terque quaterque beatus*—a "liquor man"; with these are "railroad men," "newspaper men," "dry goods men," and so forth. The things that we handle for our livelihood impose themselves upon our personality, till the very word "man" drops out, and a gentleman is referred to as a "heavy pulp and paper interest" while another man is a prominent "rubber plant"; two or three men round a dinner table become an "iron and steel circle," and thus it is that for the simple conception of a human being is substituted a complex of "interests," "rings," "circles," "sets," and other semi-geometrical figures arising out of avocations rather than affinities. Hence it comes that insurance men mingle with insurance men, liquor men mix, if one may use the term without afterthought, with liquor men: what looks like a lunch between three men at a club is really a cigar having lunch with a couple of plugs of tobacco.

Perhaps I may be pardoned a digression at this point. It is only to say that there is one exception to this rule,—the players of chess. They belong to their club, and face the same adversary for years, without knowing or caring anything else about him except that he is the man who plays the Bishop's Gambit, or breaks down before the Sicilian opening. I remember once an opponent with whom I was playing,—he, like myself, was a beginner, having only been ten years in the club,—arising in disgust after losing the game and saying: "It's no use, my mind is off it to-day." "What's the matter?" I asked him. "Oh," he said, "I've had a bad disappointment. I expected a couple of cobras and a giraffe on the train to-day, and they

won't ship them." I concealed any surprise I felt, as best I could, and asked, "What can you do about it." "Well," he said, "there's nothing I can do, I'll have to be content with chimpanzees and possibly a baboon or two. There are lots of them. But they're no good; they simply won't draw." After he had gone out I asked the President of the club, with an inquisitiveness of which I, as a chess player, felt ashamed, what his profession was. "Hopkinson?" he said, questioningly, "you mean the new member who plays the Evans gambit? No, I really do not know what he is." "Is he a lunatic?" I said. "No, I hardly think so," he answered, recalling to his mind the various lunatics that we had just then in the club, "his game is scarcely good enough." Some time later I discovered that Hopkinson was, and had been for fourteen years, the manager of the wild animal section of the Provincial Exhibition. After that I began to notice references to him in the papers as a leading "animal interest". I saw him quoted in what were called "menagerie circles". He was spoiled for me as a chess player.

All of this, however, to illustrate the initial fact that the professor more than any ordinary person finds himself shut out from the general society of the business world. The rest of the "interests" have, after all, some things in common. The circles intersect at various points. Iron and steel has a certain fellowship with pulp and paper, and the whole lot of them may be converted into the common ground of preference shares and common stock. But the professor is to all of them an outsider. Hence his natural dissimilarity is unduly heightened in its appearance by the sort of avocational isolation in which he lives. Let us look further into the status and the setting of the man. To begin with, history has been hard upon him. For some reason the strenuous men of activity and success in the drama of the world have felt an instinctive scorn of the academic class, which they have been at no pains to conceal. Bismarck knew of no more bitter taunt to throw at the Free Trade

economists of England than to say that they were all either clergymen or professors. Napoleon felt a life-long abhorrence of the class, broken only by one brief experiment that ended in failure. It is related that at the apogee of the Imperial rule, the idea flashed upon him that France must have learned men, that the professors must be encouraged. He decided to act at once. Sixty-five professors were invited that evening to the palace of the Tuileries. They came. They stood about in groups, melancholy and myopic beneath the light. Napoleon spoke to them in turn. To the first he spoke of fortifications. The professor in reply referred to the binomial theorem. "Put him out," said Napoleon. To the second he spoke of commerce. The professor in answer cited the opinions of Diodorus Siculus. "Put him out," said Napoleon. At the end of half an hour Napoleon had had enough of the professors. "Cursed idealogues," he cried; "put them all out." Nor were they ever again admitted.

Nor is it only in this way that the course of history has been unkind to the professor. It is a notable fact in the past, that all persons of eminence, who might have shed a lustre upon the academic class are absolved from the title of professor, and the world at large is ignorant that they ever wore it. We never hear of the author of "The Wealth of Nations" as Professor Smith, nor do we know the poet of "Evangeline" as Professor Longfellow. The military world would smile to see the heroes of the Southern confederacy styled Professor Lee and Professor Jackson. We do not know of Professor Harrison as the occupant of a President's chair. Those whose talk is of Dreadnoughts and of strategy never speak of Professor Mahan, and France has long since forgotten the proper title of Professor Guizot and Professor Taine. Thus it is that the ingratitude of an undiscerning public robs the professorial class of the honour of its noblest names. Nor does the evil stop there. For, in these latter days at least, the same public which eliminates the upward range of the term, applies it downwards and

sideways with indiscriminating generality. It is a "professor" who plays upon the banjo. A "professor" teaches swimming. Hair cutting, as an art, is imparted in New York by "professors"; while any gentleman whose thaumaturgic intercommunication with the world of spirits has reached the point of interest which warrants space advertising in the daily press, explains himself as a "professor" to his prospective clients. So it comes that the true professor finds all his poor little attributes of distinction,—his mock dignity, his gown, his string of supplementary letters —all taken over by a mercenary age to be exploited, as the stock in trade of an up-to-date advertiser. The vendor of patent medicine depicts himself in the advertising columns in a gown, with an uplifted hand to shew the Grecian draping of the fold. After his name are placed enough letters and full stops to make up a simultaneous equation in algebra. The word "professor" becomes a generic term, indicating the assumption of any form of dexterity, from hair-cutting to running the steam shovel in a crematorium. It is even customary—I am informed—to designate in certain haunts of meretricious gaiety the gentleman whose efforts at the piano are rewarded by a *per capita* contribution of ten cents from every guest,—the "professor".

One may begin to see, perhaps, the peculiar disadvantage under which the professor labours in finding his avocation confused with the various branches of activity for which he can feel nothing but a despairing admiration. But there are various ways also in which the very circumstances of his profession cramp and bind him. In the first place there is no doubt that his mind is very seriously damaged by his perpetual contact with the students. I would not for a moment imply that a university would be better off without the students; although the point is one which might well elicit earnest discussion. But their effect upon the professor is undoubtedly bad. He is surrounded by an atmosphere of sycophantic respect. His students, on his morning arrival, remove his overshoes and hang up his overcoat.

They sit all day writing down his lightest words with stylographic pens of the very latest model. They laugh at the meanest of his jests. They treat him with a finely simulated respect that has come down as a faint tradition of the old days of Padua and Bologna, when a professor was in reality the venerated master, a man who wanted to teach, and the students disciples who wanted to learn.

All that is changed now. The supreme import of the professor to the students now lies in the fact that he controls the examinations. He holds the golden key which will unlock the door of the temple of learning,—unlock it, that is, not to let the student in, but to let him get out,—into something decent. This fact gives to the professor a fictitious importance, easily confounded with his personality, similar to that of the gate keeper at a dog show, or the ticket wicket man at a hockey match.

In this is seen some of the consequences of the vast, organized thing called modern education. Everything has the merits of its defects. It is a grand thing and a possible thing, that practically all people should possess the intellectual-mechanical arts of reading, writing, and computation: good too that they should possess pigeon-holed and classified data of the geography and history of the world; admirable too that they should possess such knowledge of the principles of natural science as will enable them to put a washer on a kitchen tap, or inflate a Dunlop tire with a soda-syphon bottle. All this is splendid. This we have got. And this places us collectively miles above the rude illiterate men of arms, burghers, and villeins of the middle ages who thought the moon took its light from God, whereas we know that its light is to *it* as the square of its distance.

Let me not get confused in my thesis. I am saying that the universal distribution of mechanical education is a fine thing, and that we have also proved it possible. But above this is the utterly different thing,—we have no good word for it, call it learning, wisdom, enlightenment, anything you will—which means not a mechanical acquire-

ment from without but something done from within: a power and willingness to think: an interest, for its own sake, in that general inquiry into the form and meaning of life which constitutes the ground plan of education. Now this, desirable though it is, cannot be produced by the mechanical compulsion of organized education. It belongs, and always has, to the few and never to the many. The ability to think is rare. Any man can think and think hard when he has to: the savage devotes a nicety of thought to the equipoise of his club, or the business man to the adjustment of a market price. But the ability or desire to think without compulsion about things that neither warm the hands nor fill the stomach, is very rare. Reflexion on the riddle of life, the cruelty of death, the innate savagery and the sublimity of the creature man, the history and progress of man in his little earth-dish of trees and flowers,—all these things taken either "straight" in the masculine apodeictic form of philosophy and the social sciences, or taken by diffusion through the feminised form literature, constitute the operation of the educated mind. Of all these things most people in their degree think a little and then stop. They realise presently that these things are very difficult, and that they don't matter, and that there is no money in them. Old men never think of them at all. They are glad enough to stay in the warm daylight a little longer. For a working solution of these problems different things are done. Some people use a clergyman. Others declare that the Hindoos know all about it. Others, especially of late, pay a reasonable sum for the services of a professional thaumaturgist who supplies a solution of the soul problem by mental treatment at long range, radiating from State St., Chicago. Others, finally, of a native vanity that will not admit itself vanquished buckle about themselves a few little formulas of "evolution" and "force", co-relate the conception of God to the differentiation of a frog's foot, and strut through life emplumed with the rump-feathers of their own conceit.

I trust my readers will not think that I have forgotten my professor. I have not. All of this digression is but an instance of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. It is necessary to bring out all this back-ground of the subject to show the setting in which the professor is placed. Possibly we shall begin to see that behind this quaint being in his angular overcoat are certain greater facts in respect to the general relation of education to the world of which the professor is only a product, and which help to explain, if they do not remove, the dislocated misfit of his status among his fellow men. We were saying then that the truly higher education —thought about life, mankind, literature, art,—cannot be handed out at will. To attempt to measure it off by the yard, to mark it out into stages and courses, to sell it at the commutation rate represented by a college sessional fee—all this produces a contradiction in terms. For the thing itself is substituted an imitation of it. For real wisdom,—obtainable only by the few,—is substituted a nickel-plated make-believe obtainable by any person of ordinary intellect who has the money, and who has also, in the good old Latin sense, the needful assiduity. I am not saying that the system is bad. It is the best we can get; and incidentally, and at back-rounds it turns out a bye-product in the shape of a capable and well-trained man who has forgotten all about the immortality of the soul, in which he never had any interest any way, but who conducts a law business with admirable efficiency.

The result, then, of this odd-looking system is, that what ought to be a thing existing for itself is turned into a qualification for something else. The reality of a student's studies is knocked out by the grim earnestness of having to pass an examination. How can a man really think of literature, or of the problem of the soul, who knows that he must learn the contents of a set of books in order to pass an examination which will give him the means of his own support and, perhaps, one half the support of his mother, or fifteen per cent. of that of a maiden aunt. The pressure of circumstances is too much. The meaning of study is lost. The

qualification is everything. Who cares for Hegel with fifteen per cent. of an aunt hanging in the balance? Not that the student finds his burden heavy or the situation galling. He takes the situation as he finds it, is hugely benefited by it at back-rounds, and, being young, adapts himself to it: accepts with indifference whatever programme may be needful for the qualification that he wants: studies Hebrew or Choctaw with equal indifference; and, as his education progresses, will write you a morning essay on transcendental utilitarianism, and be back again to lunch. At the end of his course he has learned much. He has learned to sit,—that first requisite for high professional work,—and he can sit for hours. He can write for hours with a stylographic pen: more than that, for I wish to state the case fairly, he can make a digest, or a summary, or a reproduction of anything in the world. Incidentally the *speculation* is all knocked sideways out of him. But the lack of it is never felt.

Observe that it was not so in Padua. The student came thither from afar off, on foot or on a mule; so I picture him at least in my ignorance of Italian history, seated droopingly upon a mule, with earnest, brown eyes hungered with the desire to know, and in his hand a vellum bound copy of Thomas Aquinas written in long hand, priceless, as *he* thinks, for the wisdom it contains. Now the Padua student wanted to know: not for a qualification, not because he wanted to be a pharmaceutical expert with a municipal licence, but because he thought the things in Thomas Aquinas and such to be things of tremendous import. They were not, but he thought so. This student thought that he could really find out things: that if he listened daily to the words of the master who taught him, and read hard, and thought hard, he would presently discover real truths,—the only things in life that he cared for,—such as whether the soul is a fluid or a solid, whether his mule existed or was only a vapour, and much other of this sort. These things he fully expected to learn. For their sake he brought

to bear on the person of his teacher that reverential admiration which survives faintly to-day, like a biological "vestige", in the attitude of the McGill student who holds the overcoat of his professor. The Padua student, too, got what he came for. After a time he knew all about the soul, all about his mule, knew, too, something of the more occult, the almost devilish sciences, perilous to tackle, such as why the sun is suspended from falling into the ocean, or the very demonology of symbolism,—the AL-GEB of the Arabians—by which $X+Y$ taken to the double or square can be shown after many days' computation to be equal to $X^2+2XY+Y^2$.

A man with such knowledge simply *had* to teach it. What to him if he should wear a brown gown of frieze and feed on pulse. This, as beside the bursting force of the expanding steam of his knowledge, counted for nothing. So he went forth, and he in turn became a professor, a man of profound acquirement, whose control over malign comets elicited a shuddering admiration.

These last reflections seem to suggest that it is not merely that something has gone wrong with the attitude of the student and the professor towards knowledge, but that something has gone wrong with knowledge itself. We have got the thing into such a shape that we do not know one-tenth as much as we used to. Our modern scholarship has poked and pried in so many directions, has set itself to be so ultra-rational, so hyper-skeptical, that now it knows nothing at all. All the old certainty has vanished. The good old solid dogmatic dead-sureness that buckled itself in the oak and brass of its own stupidity is clean gone. It died at about the era of the country squire, the fox hunting parson, the three bottle Prime Minister, and the voluminous Doctor of Divinity in broadcloth imperturbable even in sobriety, and positively omniscient when drunk. We have argued them off the stage of a world all too ungrateful. In place of their sturdy outlines appear that sickly anæmic Modern Scholarship, the double-jointed jack-in-the-

box, Modern Religion, the feminine angularity of Modern Morality, bearing a jug of Laurentian water, and behind them, as the very lord of wisdom, the grinning mechanic, Practical Science, using the broadcloth suit of the defunct doctor as his engine-room over-alls. Or if we prefer to place the same facts without the aid of personification, our learning has so watered itself down that the starch and consistency is all out of it. There is no absolute sureness anywhere. Everything is henceforth to be a development, an evolution; morals and ethics are turned from fixed facts to shifting standards that change from age to age like the fashion of our clothes; art and literature are only a product, not good or bad, but a part of its age and environment. So it comes that our formal studies are no longer a burning quest for absolute truth. We have long since discovered that we cannot know anything. Our studies consist only in the long-drawn proof of the futility for the search after knowledge effected by exposing the errors of the past. Philosophy is the science which proves that we can know nothing of the soul. Medicine is the science which tells that we know nothing of the body. Political Economy is that which teaches that we know nothing of the laws of wealth; and Theology the critical history of those errors from which we deduce our ignorance of God.

When I sit and warm my hands, as best I may, at the little heap of embers that is now Political Economy, I cannot but contrast its dying glow with the generous blaze of the vainglorious and triumphant science that once it was.

Such is the distinctive character of modern learning, imprint with a resigned agnosticism towards the search after truth, able to refute everything and to believe nothing, and leaving its once earnest devotees stranded upon the arid sands of their own ignorance. In the face of this fact can it be wondered that a university converts itself into a sort of mill, grinding out its graduates, legally qualified, with conscientious regularity? The students take the mill as they find it, perform their task and receive their

reward. They listen to their professor. They write down with stylographic pens in loose-leaf note books his most inane and his most profound speculations with an undiscriminating impartiality. The reality of the subject leaves but little trace upon their minds.

In this connexion I always think of two companions of my college days, Alfred and Willy, who dwelt and roomed together in that palace of sinfulness, the old time "Residence" of my Alma Mater. Alfred and Willy were curriculum experts. They were in pursuit of the bachelor's degree, and they brought to bear on the selection of their courses all the resources of powerful and determined intellects. They fought their way through elementary mechanics and hydrostatics, and accepted their sentence to one year of deductive logic with the stoicism of second-time burglars sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. I distinctly remember their selection of moral philosophy as a third year subject after grave searchings of heart as to the wisdom of the step. When the decision was made Alfred bought a copy of Hegel, and spent the evening working at it. "How do you find it?" asked Willy, when he arose from his task. "It's pretty dirty," said Alfred with a deep breath. "Is it as dirty as hydrostatics?" asked Willy anxiously. "Just about," said Alfred. By which was meant nothing to impute moral impurity to the great German theorist. Alfred spoke of a dirty piece of study as a sea-captain speaks of a "dirty" spell of weather, and faced it just as nobly. When he had, to use his own expression, "finished" philosophy, Alfred told me that Kant was even dirtier than Hegel.

All of what has been said above has been directed mainly towards the hardship of the professor's lot upon its scholastic side. Let me turn to another aspect of his life, the moral. By a strange confusion of thought a professor is presumed to be a good man. His standing association with the young and the history of his profession, which was once amalgamated with that of the priesthood, give him a connexion at one remove with morality. He therefore finds himself in that

category of men,—including himself and the curate as its chief representatives,—to whom the world at large insists on ascribing a rectitude of character and a simplicity of speech that unfits them for ordinary society. It is gratuitously presumed that such men prefer tea to whiskey-and-soda, blind man's buff to draw poker, and a first year picnic to a prize fight.

For the curate of course I hold no brief. Let him sink. In any case he has to console him the favour of the sex, a concomitant perhaps of his very harmlessness, but productive at the same time of creature comforts. Soft slippers deck his little feet, flowers lie upon his study table, and round his lungs the warmth of an embroidered chest-protector proclaims the favour of the fair. Of this the ill-starred professor shares nothing. It is a sad fact that he is at once harmless and despised. He may lecture for twenty years and never find so much as a mullein stock upon his desk. For him no canvas slippers, knitted by fair fingers, nor the flowered gown, nor clock-worked hosiery of the ecclesiastic. The sex will have none of him. I do not mean, of course, that there are no women that form exceptions to this rule. We have all seen immolated upon the academic hearth, and married to professors, women whose beauty and accomplishments would have adorned the home of a wholesale liquor merchant. But the broad rule still obtains. Women who embody, so St. Augustine has told us, the very principle of evil, can only really feel attracted towards bad men. The professor is too good for them.

Whether a professor is of necessity a good man, is a subject upon which I must not presume to dogmatize. The women may be right in voting him a "muff." But if he is such in any degree, the conventional restrictions of his profession tend to heighten it. The bursts of profanity that are hailed as a mark of business energy on the part of a railroad magnate or a Cabinet Minister are interdicted to a professor. It is a canon of his profession that he must never become violent, nor lift his hand in anger. I believe that it was not

always so. The story runs, authentic enough, that seventy years ago a Harvard professor in a fit of anger with a colleague (engendered, if I recall the case, by the discussion of a nice point in thermo-dynamics) threw him into a chemical furnace and burned him. But the buoyancy of those days is past. In spite of the existence of our up-to-date apparatus, I do not believe that any of our present professoriate has yielded to such an impulse.

One other point remains worthy of remark in the summation of the heavy disadvantages under which the professor lives and labours. He does not know how to make money. This is a grave fault, and one that in the circumstances of the day can scarcely be overlooked. It comes down to him as a legacy of the Padua days when the professor neither needed money nor thought of it. Now when he would like money he is hampered by an " evoluted " inability to get hold of it. He dares not commercialize his profession, or does not know how to do so. Had he the business instinct of the leaders of labour and the master manufacturers, he would long since have set to work at the problem. He would have urged the Government to put so heavy a tax on the import of foreign professors as to keep the home market for himself. He would have organized himself into amalgamated Brotherhoods of Instructors of Latin, United Greek Workers of America, and so forth, organized strikes, picketed the houses of the college trustees, and made himself a respected place as a member of industrial society. This his inherited inaptitude forbids him to do. Nor can the professor make money out of what he knows. Somehow a plague is on the man. A teacher of English cannot write a half-dime novel, nor a professor of dynamics invent a safety razor. The truth is that a modern professor for commercial purposes doesn't know anything. He only knows parts of things.

It occurred to me some six years ago when the Cobalt mines were discovered that a professor of scientific attainments ought to be able, by transferring his talent to that region, to amass an enormous fortune. I questioned one of

the most gifted of my colleagues. "Could you not," I asked, "as a specialist in metals discover silver mines at sight?" "Oh, no," he said, shuddering at the very idea, "you see I'm only a metallurgist; at Cobalt the silver is all in the rocks and I know nothing of rocks whatever." "Who then," I said, "knows about rocks?" "For that," he answered, "you need a geologist like Adamson; but then, you see, he knows the rocks, but doesn't know the silver." "But could you not both go," I said, "and Adamson hold the rock while you extracted the silver?" "Oh, no," the professor answered, "you see we are neither of us mining engineers; and even then we ought to have a good hydraulic man and an electric man." "I suppose," I said, "that if I took about seventeen of you up there you might find something. No? Well, would it not be possible to get somebody who would know something of all these things?" "Yes" he said, "any of the fourth year students would, but personally all that I do is to reduce the silver when I get it." "That I can do myself," I answered musingly, and left him.

Such then is the professor; a man whose avocation in life is hampered by the history of its past: imparting in the form of statutory exercises knowledge that in its origin meant a spontaneous effort of the intelligence, whose very learning itself has become a profession rather than a pursuit, whose mock dignity and fictitious morality remove him from the society of his own sex and deny to him the favour of the other. Surely, in this case, to understand is to sympathize. Is it not possible, too, that when all is said and done the professor is performing a useful service in the world, unconsciously of course, in acting as a leaven in the lump of commercialism that sits so heavily on the world to-day? I do not wish to expand upon this theme. I had set out to make the apology of the professor speak for itself from the very circumstances of his work. But in these days, when money is everything, when pecuniary success is the only goal to be achieved, when the voice of the plutocrat is as the voice of God, the aspect of the professor, side-tracked in the real race of life,

riding his mule of Pudua in competition with an automobile, may at least help to soothe the others who have failed in the struggle.

Dare one, as the wildest of fancies, suggest how different things might be if learning counted, or if we could set it on its feet again, if students wanted to learn, and if professors had anything to teach, if a university lived for itself and not as a place of qualification for the junior employees of the rich; if there were only in this perplexing age some way of living humbly and retaining the respect of one's fellows; if a man with a few hunderd dollars a year could cast out the money question and the house question, and the whole business of competitive appearances and live for the things of the mind ! But then, after all, if the mind as a speculative instrument has gone bankrupt, if learning, instead of meaning a mind full of thought, means only a bellyful of fact, one is brought to a full stop, standing among the littered debris of an ideal that has passed away.

In any case the question, if it is one, is going to settle itself. The professor is passing away. The cost of living has laid its hold upon him, and grips him in its coils; within another generation he will be starved out, frozen out, " evoluted " out by that glorious process of natural selection and adaptation, the rigour of which is the only God left in our desolated Pantheon. The male school-teacher is gone, the male clerk is going, and already on the horizon of the academic market rises the Woman with the Spectacles, the rude survivalist who, in the coming generation, will dispense the elements of learning cut to order, without an after thought of what it once has meant.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

AN OBVERSE VIEW OF EDUCATION

A PROBLEM which is difficult may sometimes be solved by reducing it to simpler terms. Many of the habits of men may be explained by an examination of the conduct of the lower animals. For example, as Professor Leacock has discovered, the practice of shaking hands is really an investigation by means of the sense of touch instead of by the sense of smell, which was developed after the wearing of clothes had rendered the earlier method difficult or impossible.

But in the attempt to discover the true principles of education by the comparative or anthropological method we must guard against the danger which lurks in all analogy. This method assumes an orderly development from the lowest of created beings to the highest, and takes no notice of the possibility that humanity may be what the biologists designate a sport, that is, a result of a sudden and spontaneous variation from the normal type. Upon this fundamental question there are two opinions which are exactly contrary and both cannot be right. From the beginning of created beings there has certainly been some change in the status and nature of man; but whether for better or worse the authorities are not in agreement. Sir W. M. Ramsay and St. Paul, many of whose comments upon natural phenomena were based upon observation which must have been less exact than it would be to-day, thought it was for the worse. Professor MacBride thinks it is for the better. Until this matter is cleared up by the professional divines we cannot infer from the effect of education upon a monkey or a seal what it would be upon a boy.

And yet there is something suggestive in observing the conduct of a seal which is taught to beat a drum or of a monkey who is taught to sew pieces of cloth together There are two tests of the utility of the process by which these animals are educated to undertake these performances, the effect upon

their own character, and the benefit to the world at large. These are also the tests which must finally be applied for determining the value of the education of boys. It is inconceivable that the capacity to beat a drum would be of any immediate advantage to the seal if he were cast back into his native waters. It is imaginable, however, that after generations of education the animal might utilize his ability to beat a drum to attract fishes to his maw, to obtain an easier sustenance, to increase his social status, to win the admiration and respect of his fellows, to overcome by his superior attainments the stolidity, perseverance, and doggedness of one rival, or the cunning of another.

Although we have now come close to the borders of folly, we have arrived at an explanation of the universal practice of sending a boy to school, namely that he shall be elevated from the working class into the exploiting class. The native East Indian is the great exponent of this principle. He says quite frankly that his object in going to school is to rid himself of the necessity of toiling with his hands. The remedy which is proposed by persons who have never done a full day's work with their hands is to inculcate the dignity of labour. The cure for that form of cant is five hours' work at some uncongenial task, a coarse bite in the shelter of a hedge or factory, and then five hours more, with the prospect of receiving thirty shillings or its equivalent at the end of a week and public charity at the end of a life of such labour. Handiwork has always been regarded as identical with or but little removed from slavery. In olden times men avoided it by entering the ranks of the clerics or going to the wars. Now they strive to emancipate their boys by sending them to school, resolute that they shall not continue to endure the yoke and the additional responsibility of free men to support themselves when they can work no longer. It is not surprising then that the workman sends his boy to school as the first step towards compelling others to toil for his support.

Or we might arrive at the principles of education by a historical enquiry into the methods which were employed in a

simpler society than our own, and that is a labour to which professors of education might well apply themselves. The school is a late product of civilization and a sign of the complexity of life. In the outset the child was educated in the home and instructed in all those principles which would serve to make a man of him. Until our own day schools were employed merely as useful adjuncts to the home where perfection might be attained in the lesson of obedience. In time, advantage was taken of those years of leisure to give to boys some information which was of interest and might possibly be useful at some future time.

All those useful arts of life, which in olden times were acquired unconsciously in the home, are now taught in the school in a clumsy way,—the correct employment of the visiting card, the limits within which the invitation may be issued, the relation which should exist between the *chaperone* on the one hand and the *débutante* and the youth on the other, the advance without shyness, and retreat without appearance of humiliation. The real virtues which might be developed in the home are lost under this thin veneer which is furnished by the schools.

Eventually the good word schooling was wrested from its original meaning and came to signify a process of receiving instruction. Knowledge and knowing was expected to accomplish everything, and it was entirely forgotten that learning must be assimilated and made part of life. The boy was to be made into a kind of reasoning machine somewhat after the fashion of that new device which one may see in a butcher's shop, which will weigh your meat and calculate the price at the same time. It was shrewdly observed that this process was useful in equipping a boy for getting on in the world, and the product of these schools went forth conquering and to conquer. Henceforth instruction was the thing. Knowledge came to be regarded as the ideal of attainment, and education was forced into its shy retreat.

So here we are: the high aim of education abandoned, the universities of America frankly teaching trades, the univer-

sities of England casting away their tradition of learning, its preservation and advancement, and yet too timid to accept the American ideal in its entirety. The consensus in England and in the United States now is that we must have a new education, and that it is in Germany we shall find it. In England there shall be less classics, in the United States more science. The Germans are not afraid of conclusions which are the result of a logical process. We in our philosophy, education, and politics always stop short of the inevitable end. Accordingly we propose for ourselves a system which shall include a little classics, a little science, and a little technical training, educating the boy by books and teaching him a trade at the same time. We have been trying with rather inconclusive results to train the mind which no man has seen: let us now deal with the body which we can see.

So soon as the discovery was made that the minds of boys were not much improved by the process known as education, attention was turned to their bodies and various systems of physical exercise were introduced. At first these exercises were done in a hard, mechanical way, and succeeded only in producing an abnormal musculature without educating the system to a co-ordination and control of the various groups of muscles for the performance of useful acts. The owners developed into the type of the professional athlete in whom hypertrophy was gained at the expense of elasticity, competent to perform certain muscular feats whereby the system became still more rigid and incapable of acquiring new habits. Even to-day in the American schools it is common to see pupils with the bodies of men and the minds of boys as a result of persistent exercises which are divorced from utility. This cult of the body is not new either. The Greeks educated the body; but their object was the attainment of the perfection of beauty and a heightened perception of it. Our object appears to be to produce athletes for the adornment of the drawing-room.

The German method has produced remarkable results, but that does not prove that it would be equally well adapted

to our needs, even if it were possible to adopt it in its entirety. We should as well expect that we could successfully engraft upon our individualistic and lawless natures a system of rigid militarism.

The Germans have made the simple discovery that a boy who is destined to become a barber requires a different training from that which is suitable for a boy who is to become a physician. But we are not so brutal as that. The American theory in the past has been that all boys shall be given an equal opportunity by handicapping them equally with the loss of eight years spent in school, learning something useful, which in the end has turned out to be useless for any purpose whatever. The futility of the old method has been so clearly apprehended that there is now a strong resolution to modify or replace it by a technical training. In this new education also lurks the fallacy of utilitarianism and the paradox that he who seeks shall not find.

If we could see steadily that all education is one, though there be many roads to it, we should find a way out. But if of technical education we erect a system obviously and nakedly designed to make of a boy a more subservient tool, a less reluctant part of the machine which we have created for ourselves, the last state will be worse than the first. If our direct aim is not to make the individual more sensitive, more beautiful even, but consciously to attempt to make him more efficient, better qualified for his job, we shall end by treating him as if he were a jack-plane or a chisel. If he is elected to turn a screw-driver for the remainder of his days, only the *supinator longus* muscle shall be developed: all else would be an obvious waste of time. Possibly it would be an advantage that a man who operates only one machine in a shop shall be taught to operate a machine of a different kind; so that, when he is out of work in one department he may have resort to another, or when a strike occurs the employer shall have a diversity of gifts at his disposal.

This low view is a very common one, which looks to increased efficiency as part of a machine without any reference

to the education of the man; and this is the fallacy which lurks at the root of that technical education in which all English-speaking people now believe that safety lies. Therefore, our boys shall have in addition to their books a few weeks course in plumbing, in plastering, in carpentry, who have never held a tool in their hands, and they are to work in a disdainful, dilettante way as if they are not in reality plumbers, plasterers, and carpenters, but shall cast off the character which they are assuming when they shed their over-alls and put on their white shirts.

Upon the value of this kind of technical education we may gain some opinion if we revert to the image of the seal. If we were to put him in an aquarium and teach him to secure his food, we should have an analogue of the boy in a technical school. There are no observations, so far as I am aware, upon the results of the method; but possibly the professor would be wasting his own time and the time of the seal, probably doing him an injury by creating the impression in his mind that the agility he was acquiring in leaping for dead fish would be of equal value when he was obliged to find food for himself. The way to learn to do a thing is to do it, and that is as true for boys as it is for seals.

Whatever the State does it does badly. Its propagation of religion ended in failure. Its attempt at education has not succeeded, and all persons must be in agreement that the system which is now in vogue has had a fair test. In England and Wales during the year 1907 only one and-a-half per cent. of men and women who married were incapable of signing the register. In 1840 the percentage was 33 for men and 50 for women. The fabric which we have erected is so vast, and its failure would be so appalling, that we refuse to admit that there are signs of decay and that it must come to the ground. The remedy for this form of foolishness is that we should look at the facts. Men who are concerned about keeping the business of the world moving are aware of them, and by actual experience of life they have arrived at the same conclusion as Montaigne when he declared: "those which according to one common

fashion undertake with one self-same lesson and like manner of education to direct many spirits of diverse forms and different humours, it is no marvel if among a multitude of children they scarce meet with two or three that reap any good fruit by their discipline or that come to any perfection."

The machinery of society has outgrown the capacity to manage it. Those in control are calmly ignoring all that has been done by the State and are now engaged in organizing a system of education of their own. Of this I shall offer one illustration.

At a meeting of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association held in 1907 education was the principal subject of discussion. This Association is composed of 1000 members representing all the railways in America. They have in their immediate employ 400,000 men. They have charge of the design, construction, and repair of all the railway rolling stock in America. Their philosophy of education in the abstract may not be as illuminating as Plato's, but their opinion upon the kind of training which will make boys adapted to their environment must have a very high value. The short of the matter is that they have established schools of their own in their own works, where boys are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic as preliminary to a special training in the designing, making, and working of machines.

In commenting upon this system Professor Hibbard, of Cornell, himself "engaged in the professional business of education" said, "the bare fact of the establishment of this course is a severe arraignment of public school education." The New York Central Lines was the first to initiate the movement in 1900, under the suggestion of Mr. J. F. Deems, and the management of Mr. C. W. Cross, and Mr. W. B. Russel. Since that time it has extended to the Canadian Pacific Railway under Mr. H. H. Vaughan, to the Santa Fé, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Central of New Jersey, the Delaware and Hudson, and the Michigan Central; and, as Mr. Cross affirmed, the day is not far distant when each railroad will have a system of its own. One of the members made the acute observation that

the only other place where an efficient system of education was in vogue was in the State Reformatory for boys who had been fortunate enough to commit a crime against the laws of the people. At the Convention of 1908, a committee reported that this new system was the most important influence introduced into railroad organization during the present generation. This is the exact antithesis of technical training. The schools are brought into the shops by private enterprise instead of the shops being brought into the schools by public subsidy. The practical and theoretical are so thoroughly united that "the grease of the shop is literally rubbed into the lesson sheets."

In quite this fashion were those craftsmen educated who built the pyramids, the Parthenon, and the cathedrals of Europe; and we must admit that the results were fairly satisfactory, especially when we reflect upon our own achievements in the building line during the past five hundred years. All work is one, and there is no essential distinction between work and play. A professional golf-player is believed to have joy in his work and yet his occupation is no different from that of the man who has been trained from his youth upward to stand upon the steel framework of a bridge and place with swiftness, accuracy, and force successive blows of a long-handled hammer upon the head of a red-hot rivet. One of the best amateur golf players I ever knew was so trained, and he informed me that both occupations gave him the same delight.

A boy who is to practise a craft cannot begin too soon if he is to make it a part of himself. He must begin early when his muscular sense is easily impressed, and qualify himself, not for any one work but for all work. Then he will perform all tasks with joy. Those precious years of youth our boys spend in schools with books, striving to develop a mind which is not there to develop, and allowing a body to lie idle until it has become too fixed to acquire a habit as part of itself. Our workmen are as inefficient as they are because they have never learned a trade, never impressed it upon their muscular sense, never made it a part of themselves. They are amateurs, and will never be anything else no matter how long they may continue to exercise their calling.

Those schools for young children, in which instructive diversions, object-lessons, and healthful games are prominent features have their use as a protest if not of fulfilment. Froebel was right in his attempt to give to children employment suited to their years and nature, to strengthen their bodies, exercise their senses, employ the waking mind, make them acquainted with nature, cultivate especially the heart and temper, and lead them to the foundation of all living,—unity with themselves. But in time the garden of children was transformed into a school-room where an immature woman presides over such employment as plaiting straw and singing about the bluebird on the branch. The technical training of which so much is heard is already falling to a similar level. A grown boy is set to making a rolling-pin; and if he shows unusual aptitude for the task, his product is bedecked with a ribbon and suspended in the family sitting-room.

The master mechanics have given us a hint; but being actuated not by philanthropy but by business they cannot take boys at a sufficiently early age or give to them the consideration proper to tender years. If the public funds which are now bestowed upon schools were handed over to railway corporations or other bodies of men equally intelligent, they could receive boys of eight years of age, train their bodies not for one work but for all work, and by training their bodies train their minds. Books are composed of words, and words are a poor substitute for things. A boy who really masters a proposition about angles in Euclid has learned to think straight. With a saw and a mitre-box he learns to think straight, to do straight, and he learns about angles besides. He acquires self-control and mastery by striving with material wood to convert square into round by means of cutting tools, by subduing iron with fire and file, and by compelling the earth to yield fruit after its kind. By converting ugliness into beauty with colour and form he has learned the first lesson in art. All boys would then be trained muscularly, intellectually, and æsthetically up to the limit of the capacity of the individual. The law of natural selection would have free play, and from

this sure ground the boy could proceed according to his bent of mind and become craftsman, scholar, scientist, or artist, and excel as any one.

From this *studium generale* each pupil would proceed to the task for which by nature he was designed. The tragedy of life does not lie in the essential unworthiness of the individual, but in his unfitness for his environment, in his relative inefficiency and consequent joylessness. Men are occupying pulpits who would make splendid figures as pugilists or, if they lived in the olden times, as pirates on their own quarter-decks. Through a disinterested love of art men are painting pictures which the world does not want, when they might be skilled workmen, master craftsmen, putting life and beauty into the things of daily need and winning for themselves independence, content, and joy.

The reason why the art of our own time is sterile is because it is apart from life and divorced from utility. The history of æsthetics teaches us that a fine craftsmanship underlies art and that artists are only bred from a race of craftsmen. If we train the craftsmen the artist will take care of himself. When we learn that the sculptor is fellow to the stone-cutter, we shall have good craftsmen engaged in pleasurable, gainful, and pleasing employments, instead of bad artists lacking in creative power. Accordingly each boy, as Rousseau advises, "should learn an honest trade, not, therefore, that of embroiderer, gilder, tailor, musician, comedian, or writer, but the trade of a carpenter," for example. The idolatrous worship of uniformity which has been substituted for the true knowledge of education is worse than a condition of universal ignorance of all but that which individual experience teaches.

It is, of course, a convenience that a craftsman should be able to read and to write, that he should have some knowledge of the process by which numbers are added, subtracted, multiplied, and divided; and nature has indicated the time during which such information could most conveniently be acquired, if it has not already been acquired unconsciously. In the mental development of every boy there occurs a period of un-

usual stupidity lasting about two years. It extends, as a rule, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth year, and might well be utilized for a more formal instruction by means of books. Such a process would relegate words to their proper position.

Having failed to apprehend that education may come through the avenue of other senses than the eyes, we have laid too much stress upon the value of reading. The educative value of the process depends somewhat upon what one reads, but the main result of shortening workmen's hours of labour is that they have more time to read the newspapers. The pleasure which every child and most men derive from a book is physical, not mental. The contrast of the black letters upon the white page, the arrangement of letters in words of unequal length, the contexture of words in lines, sentences, and paragraphs, exercises a curious fascination when perceived by the eye. This phenomenon is not peculiar to the child alone, but is observed amongst other animals. If a hen be placed upon its back so that its eyes are fixed upon a white line, it will lie entranced in that position. A cat may have its whole attention absorbed by a piece of coloured glass, and nothing is more common than the hypnotic effect which is produced upon hospital patients by a shifting, shining object upon which they are directed to fix their gaze. The main object of reading, then, is to distract the attention, to divert the mind; but the mind which has never dwelt upon any subject whatever does not require distraction or diversion.

It is only by this means that we can attain to a civilization once more, by each one doing his own work and doing it well, by going about it quietly all the days of his life. A man who is a rail-splitter or a tanner by nature and environment will not split rails or tan hides well if to-morrow he expects to be called upon to preside over the councils of a nation. By this continual eruption of material from the lower strata our society is in a condition of surge and tumult and cannot clarify itself. We have been proclaiming that all men are free. If we were to declare that all men are slaves, we should solve our social problem and be stating the truth besides. If the labourer who

digs in the street could but understand that the physician who drives by in his carriage, the rich man who strives to look unconscious in his motorcar, or the woman who passes in all the pomp of the afternoon, are hedged about as straitly as himself he would begin to do his work with content and end by doing it with joy. All work is the same. None is more menial than another. Indeed a physician performs daily for no reward offices from which the meanest servant would turn with scorn and loathing. He is educated, and sees the meaning of what he does. He does his work deftly and takes a pleasure in the doing of it.

In our time we have tried many experiments based upon an assumed analogy between ourselves and other members of the animal creation. We have returned to Nature. We have eaten unbolted flour. We have subsisted upon vegetables alone. We have chewed our food to an infinity of attrition. We have clothed ourselves and have gone naked. We have abstained from alcohol or stayed away from church. We have remained idle or compelled others to work. We have read the newspapers. We have voted. We have educated ourselves; and although our natures may have changed somewhat in the comparatively few years during which we have authentic record of our past career, probably it would be a safe guess that we change so slowly that the statement is true for all practical purposes, that we do not change, just as the formula " two and two make four " is sufficiently accurate for casting up an account. Until we have a new breed of boys we can well do without a " new education " and have resort to the old method which was in vogue during the childhood of the race.

This method is, in truth, the one for which I plead. It is not new. It is that " complete and generous education that fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." It is that which many a boy has received to perfection in a country home, who was brought up by intelligent, well-to-do,

and godly parents with the assistance of a good school-master armed with a short stick or a dichotomous piece of leather.

It does not lie within the narrow compass of the essay with its rigid bounds and difficult form even to indicate the detail of a plan. I cannot, however, refrain from adding one last word: that such a system would lend itself admirably to the creation of that love of country which is called patriotism by inculcating the obligation of defending it; it would harden the habits into morality and develop the feelings of submission and dependence into good manners and religion. In such schools boys might be " stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God "; of those exercises they would have an abundance, " which keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, which being tempered with precepts of true fortitude and patience will turn into a national valour and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong "; and " in those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant," they would not indulge in that " injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth." That was the practice in the Greek schools. The pupils were trained to fear the gods, to honour their heroes, to speak the truth, to defend their native land. We may well compare this rich and miscellaneous grazing with " that asinine feast of sow-thistle and brambles which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age," especially in the schools of the United States and of Canada.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

THE SITE OF A UNIVERSITY

SHOULD a university be placed in a town, in the suburbs of a city, or in the country? The question is an extremely important one. It is an interesting one for Canadians because the rapid expansion of Canada already demands the establishment of institutions devoted to higher education in additional centres throughout the Dominion; the past two years have seen the foundation of two provincial universities in Western Canada and the passing of an act to provide for the reservation of lands for the establishment of a third in British Columbia. In the East, in Western Ontario, it will not be long before the rapidly increasing population will require another university in addition to those already existing at Toronto and Kingston.

The question of the nature of the site which should be selected for a Canadian university is one which can be discussed in a general way without direct reference to any specific locality. This is so because, in Canada, the universities are established not so much to supply an existing want as to anticipate the needs of the future. Canada is in the making. Her fate depends very largely upon the actions of those who are entrusted now with the direction of her policies. In establishing new universities, Canadians must think for the future. It must be their aim to picture the probable nature of Canadian development and to establish each new university in such a manner that it will be able to supply education under the most favourable circumstances to the future generations of Canadians whom it is intended to instruct.

The new universities in the North of England—at Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham—have been established to deal with conditions already existing. They were founded to bring higher education, and more complete

instruction in technical arts, to the massed populations of these great commercial cities. It was consequently necessary that these institutions should be placed in the centre of the cities, within easy reach of the populations they are intended to serve. In Canada, the conditions are quite different; in choosing the site for a new university the comparatively small populations already living in towns should not be considered so much as the enormously greater numbers of Canadians who will inhabit, within a generation, a portion of the Canadian lands at present unpeopled.

In approaching the question, two broad facts stand out largely; they obtrude themselves for consideration before any of the less general points which bear upon the question. The first of them is—Canada is at present, and always will be, mainly an agricultural country; the second is, that a town-living race tends to deteriorate physically.

At the present moment the value of Canada's agricultural products exceeds the total value of the products of her mines, of her fisheries, of her forests, and, if the value of the raw material be subtracted, of her manufactures in addition; also, 62 per cent. of the total population of Canada live in the country. Canada will always remain an agricultural country. The largest part of her wealth will always be derived from the products of the soil and the greatest number of her population will always be tillers of the earth, stock-raisers or foresters. The old days of hap-hazard husbandry have gone. A new era has commenced in which it is recognized that none but the most intelligent methods can make a farmer successful. A College of Agriculture must be, then, one of the most important of those constituting any Canadian university. In order that the different parts of the university may be in touch with one another and constitute one coherent whole, they must be placed close together. The agricultural college can only exist in the country; therefore the necessity for its presence constitutes a strong argument for giving the whole university a rural situation. In an article intended to be read by Canadians, it is scarcely

necessary to insist upon the importance of instruction in farming. The Canadian Dominion and Provincial Governments already eagerly support Experimental Farms and Schools of Agriculture. These institutions, with the Department of Agriculture, have done much to awaken an appreciation of the importance of proper methods in farming. Their work must be reinforced and completed by courses of instruction in Canadian universities, where the farmer may be taught his profession with the same care and accuracy as the doctor or lawyer is taught his.

The second consideration, which makes it desirable that a university should be placed in the country, is urged strongly by the results of the work of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the cause of the deterioration which has occurred in the physique of the inhabitants of Great Britain. This Commission reported that town-living is the most important of the causes tending to lessen the strength and robustness of the bodies of those living in Great Britain, and it reported that working-class families moving to the towns from the country rarely survive for more than two generations in their new environment. The " back-to-the-land " movement in Great Britain, which aims at emptying the crowded quarters of large towns and at establishing their inhabitants in the country, has received a great impetus from the report of this Commission. A similar condition of affairs should never exist in Canada; the congestion of massed populations should never be permitted. We Canadians living to-day, are fortunate, in developing our country, that we start with a clean field, almost unencumbered by mistakes made by our predecessors; we need consider the future alone. It may almost be said that Canada has no past; consequently,there are almost no traditions and comparatively few interests to hamper her free development along the most favourable lines. Through thoughtful town-building, directed by carefully designed plans, and through the education of all the people in the principles of right-living, slums and the inevitable reflection of their misery in the customs of their inhabitants

should never come to exist in Canada, as they do in the old world. In London alone, last year, there were no fewer than 123,000 destitute persons who received public charity. Many of these, or their parents, had come from the country to the city, and it is a fact that many of the poorest and most miserable of those inhabiting the slums of England's cities are country folk who have left their fields. An agricultural population is a nation's greatest strength. Canada must try to avoid the weakening from which Great Britain has suffered, through the drain of her agricultural population to the cities, by making the life of Canadians who live on the land more attractive to them. Education in good methods of farming, and research work by which better methods of farming have been discovered, have done much already to make a farmer's life a pleasant one in Canada; but more must be done than this. The status of a farmer must be held in greater appreciation than at present; every Canadian must learn to realize that a good farmer is a clever man, and that the oldest and most important profession on earth is still well worthy of being followed by the most competent men. Universities, in addition to giving instruction in arts and sciences, should be centres for the formation of tastes and of habits of thought. It is desirable that future generations of Canadians should not believe that a crowded city offers the most perfect way of living; it is necessary, therefore, that the universities which are to train Canadians should be so situated that their students may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with, and of appreciating, the much more desirable life of a properly-ordered rural community. It was the difficulty of movement through the country, because of imperfect means of transportation, which caused the growth of the crowded centres of population in the old world. Electric tramways and cheap railroad fares have removed much of this difficulty. It is almost certain that, in the future, the individual citizen will be able to purchase transportation even more cheaply than at present. This is so because its cost to him will be reduced through the invention of improved machinery, through

more economical administration and, possibly, through the public ownership of the means of transportation and of the water powers and coal mines which provide the power necessary for their maintenance. The change in the character of English country life which has been brought about by the introduction of motor cars is a striking example of the assistance which rapid and cheap transport brings to the farmer. Before motors were used, farmers living at any distance from their market were absolutely at the mercy of the railroads and no farmer attempted to raise general produce if his farm was not situated near a large town or a railroad station. Now, the farmers carry their own produce at night by motor waggons to morning markets at a distance of from forty to sixty miles from their farms, more cheaply than it is possible for the railroad companies to do it. It is possible for them to do this because, as a legacy from the coaching days when railroads did not exist, England possesses a magnificent system of roads. The development of motor traction in Great Britain is one of the important arguments in favour of the construction of good rural roads in Canada; and it affords an excellent demonstration of the value to the farmer of cheap, rapid, and convenient transportation; it is also a striking example of the almost immediate benefit which improvement in means of transportation brings to a rural population.

The two reasons which have just been considered—the necessity of providing for training in agriculture and of giving students healthy surroundings and a love of them—have supported the contention that a university should have a rural site. There is another reason, no less obvious than these, which suggests itself almost at once when the question of the most suitable site for a university is discussed. Unlike the first two, this third consideration suggests that a university should be in the centre of a large population.

University students are instructed in certain practical subjects which can be taught to the best advantage in large cities. For example, doctors may learn the theory of their

profession in schools, but they can only learn its practice, in hospitals, by actually treating patients; large hospitals can only exist in large towns; consequently, a medical school is handicapped unless it is situated in a city. Just in the same way, lawyers can learn much of their profession in lecture rooms but they can only acquire its practice by experience in the Law Courts. For these reasons, the final years of instruction in the Faculties of Medicine and Law must always be taught to the best advantage by institutions which are directly connected with large populations. Probably the instruction given during these years can be provided most efficiently by special schools of law and medicine which are situated in a city and administered by a university; the subjects taught to students of law and medicine during the first two years of their instruction are less special, and these can be taught as easily in the country as in the town. Consequently, during their first two years of study, students who intend to follow these professions may have all the advantages enjoyed by students in other faculties by attending, as they do, a university situated in the country. During their final years of study, attendance at special schools, situated in large centres of population, is a necessity; to ensure continuity in the teaching of the students, these schools must be under the direct control of the university from which the students received their primary education during their first two years of work. In England, at the present moment, there is a strong movement on foot amongst the medical schools to establish a plan such as that which is described here. It is intended to divide the subjects in which medical students are instructed into two parts so that the preliminary education, which usually occupies two years, may be received in the universities. The final years of instruction will be given by teaching bodies connected with the hospitals, where alone experience in the practice of medicine can be gained.

The subjects studied in Faculties of Arts, in Theological Schools and in Faculties of Applied Science can be taught just as well in the country as in the town; in a rural university,

students intending to become engineers would receive practical work, as at present, during the term in workshops and laboratories connected with the university and, during their vacations, through actual employment in machine shops and factories. One of the advantages most often claimed for an urban site is, that a large number of young men and women living in the town containing the university are enabled to go to college, because they can attend lectures while still living at home. It is also asserted to be an advantage for those who are so situated that they reach manhood without being forced to break the family ties which should be so important in forming and strengthening a man's moral character. Some of these things may be true, but a university is established for the advantage of all those who support it; it is not right that the inhabitants of any one city should benefit particularly by the presence of a university supported by a Province or a district as a whole, if it can be shown that the best interests of that university require that its site should be a rural one. It has happened in the establishment of universities in the United States that local influence, rather than a consideration of the best interests of the universities, has been able to decide their situations. On page 80 of the Third Report (1908) of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, this fact is recognised, and unfortunate instances are cited in which it has occurred. It may be questioned whether a student living with his parents in the city attends college under more favourable circumstances than does one who lives in a university residence or even in a boarding house. For a student living at home there are always many distractions from the continued, constant reading necessary for a successful university course. If his family is not a wealthy one and lives in a small house, it will often be necessary for him to do his evening's work in a living-room occupied by parents, brothers, and sisters; the facilities offered by a residential university, or even by the privacy of a boarding-house bedroom, are more favourable to successful work than conditions such as these. Students

living at home who attend a university situated in a large town must often come considerable distances to attend their classes; this means that in the morning it is necessary for them to spend some time in travelling from their homes to the university and, in the evening, in returning home. These hours might be much more healthily spent on the recreation grounds of a residential rural university than in close, often unsanitary, street cars and trains, or than in tramping home through the vicious streets of a large city.

It is claimed that students coming from the country to attend a university situated in a city are able to find cheaper lodgings there than it would be possible for them to obtain in the small community which would spring up about a rurally situated university. The accuracy of the claim is questionable; but, in any case, nothing can be more certain than that good, wholesome food and lodging can be supplied more cheaply by the economical methods of properly conducted refectories and dormitories than by the hap-hazard housekeeping of the usual boarding-house mistress. Canadians must appreciate the fact that the education of university students is by no means paid for by their fees. The provincial universities are supported by taxes paid by the people; therefore, the knowledge imparted to students is an asset of the people, since their money has provided for its teaching. Canadians stultify themselves if they permit the knowledge for which they pay to be given to students whose bodies are weak and whose health is injured through living in unsanitary boarding-houses. This argument is no idle one. There can be very few persons who have had any connexion with universities who cannot recall one or more instances of healthy young men who have come from the country to university towns, who have worked hard, contracted tuberculosis and died. Lodging houses, conducted entirely according to the ideas of their half-educated mistresses, are certainly not places where students will form invaluable habits of cleanliness and personal sanitation; in properly conducted dormitories maintained by a university, they will be drilled in habits

of personal hygiene which will do much to ensure their continued health. "Healthy men and women are a nation's greatest asset." Because of these things it is certain that the health of students can be assured most easily if they live in dormitories and eat at refectories while they are at the university; therefore, it is desirable that dormitories and refectories should form a part of every Canadian university. If other things are equal, it is more healthy to live in the country than in a town; for this reason alone, it is desirable that a Canadian residential university should not be situated in a city.

It may be contended that the situation of a university in a city will permit it to be maintained and administered more easily and more economically than would be the case were it placed in the country. This might be so at first; but the advantage is not a great nor a permanent one. Modern transport is cheap and rapid. By the use of refrigeration and by purchasing large quantities, the delivery of food stuffs and other supplies can be made as cheaply, and probably more quickly, to the university on its own railroad siding in the country than would be possible were it necessary for the same supplies to be distributed through a busy city terminus.

It is said that a university placed in the city would be in the centre of things, while one in the country would be isolated and, through lack of information, would be out of the current of events and would not be in touch with world movements. Because modern transport is cheap and rapid this can never be the case. In Canada, letters, papers and postal packages from the great centres of the earth would reach a university situated near a city, almost as quickly as they would were the university placed within that city's limits.

There is undoubtedly a distinct prejudice against university towns. Some persons think that students who pass the whole of their college life in a university atmosphere necessarily have wrong ideas of the active life of the world, that they are handicapped when they come into daily contact

with business men because of their misty ideas of the way in which the world's work is done and that, consequently, they are liable to fall into error in their treatment of practical affairs. Such fears for the future of young men taught at a modern university are groundless, because a modern university trains men for business. The University of Birmingham, for example, possesses a Faculty of Commerce; McGill University, among others, gives a course in railroading which is intended to teach students the methods of railroad administration. In the Faculty of Commerce courses are given by tried and experienced men of affairs for the express purpose of preparing students for a practical business life; again, it is quite certain that students may gain a very excellent idea of municipal and even of national government while they are still at college. A university placed in the country may be incorporated as a village or a town. It may elect its own mayor and aldermen, and the students may thus be given an excellent practical education in public administration. A striking example of how men may fit themselves while at college for the service of Government is afforded by the Union at Oxford. This is a student's society where students gather to discuss the politics of the day; from this school of public duty have graduated some of the most eminent statesmen that England has produced. It is sometimes asserted that those who teach in a university situated in a small town are liable to become filled with an undue sense of their own importance, that they do not receive the necessary stimulus for doing good work under these conditions and that, consequently, after a longer or a shorter period, they become contented with small things. A few years ago this may have been true, but the increase in the number and excellence of periodical publications, which deal, weekly or monthly, in the fullest way with special subjects, has made it possible for every teacher or research worker to be fully informed on the work done in his subject in every part of the world. Cheap transportation makes travel possible for everyone, and long summer vacations make it easy for teachers to visit

sister institutions for the purpose of comparing ideas and experiences. Many modern universities arrange for an exchange of professors from time to time, in order that their teaching staffs may benefit by the stimulus and by the change of view, afforded by fresh surroundings. In order to obtain the same end, some universities have arranged for years of study leave, occurring at intervals of about five years, during which the members of their staffs are sent away to travel and to study at those centres from which they will derive most benefit. These measures obviate all of the dangers to which the mental life of the staff of a rurally-situated university is said to be exposed.

Another of the advantages claimed for an urban site is that students attending a university placed in a city have an opportunity of coming in contact with leading men. As a matter of fact, nothing is more certain than that the vast majority of students attending a university in a large city never meet the men who are at the head of affairs in that city. On the contrary, it often happens, because the university is in the city and the leading men are seen or heard of almost daily, that the university authorities do not appreciate the importance of persuading representative men in public or private life to address the students at the university from time to time. In a rural university big men are not so familiar that their visits are unheeded; addresses from those who are intimately connected with important movements are sought after and well-received, and they often form an important part of the academic life of a university situated in the country.

Some persons would have students taught in the city in order that they might learn, at as early an age as possible, to recognise the dangers which beset mankind. This argument is often weighted by reference to Mr Kipling's simile, which runs something in this way:—It is well to introduce a dog to soap and bootblacking before he has cut his teeth; he will not be able to consume much of either and he will not be very ill, but he will learn to avoid both. If the dog gets his teeth

before he meets soap and bootblacking, he will swallow much of them and be very ill indeed. The argument is fallacious, since dogs and men may be taught to recognise, and avoid, unwholesome things without exposing themselves to their ill effects.

First and foremost among the advantages offered by a rural site for a university comes the fresh air, with the unlimited opportunity for exercise for the students and staff. A modern university must concern itself not only with the education of the minds but also with the development of the bodies of its members; it must, to reach its highest function, turn out strong men governed by strong minds. At present, almost all the efforts of many universities are devoted to the training of the minds of its students; in the future, through care in ensuring healthy living conditions, through the organisation of outdoor exercise and through gymnasium work, the universities must give more attention to the development of the students' bodies. In one or two of the American universities physical exercise has become compulsory, and already it has been considered seriously whether the passing of successive physical examinations should not occupy the same position as is now filled by examinations of his mental capacity in deciding whether a student is fitted to continue his college course. This suggestion will seem unpractical only to those who are not acquainted with the details of physical instruction in the best of the American universities and of the benefit which this instruction has brought to students. The experience of the large towns in Europe has shown clearly the terrible effect of prolonged city life upon mankind;—the findings of the British Royal Commission have been mentioned already. It should be the aim of every Canadian to do everything in his power to prevent similar evils from arising in Canada's portion of this Continent: a university situated in the country can easily make the happy years spent by a student at his college so pleasant that a permanent taste for rural life will become implanted in him; and by the proximity of the Agricultural College, which undoubtedly must be an important factor in any com-

prehensive scheme for the higher education of Canadians, students attending the university can be given an opportunity of seeing something of the best way of living in the country; among other things, they will learn to appreciate that successful farming demands ability of no small order in the farmer.

If the university is situated in the country, and if the students live and are fed in college buildings, those responsible for the direction of the university have much more control over students and staff alike; consequently, more comprehensive programmes of work and more profitable amusements can be organised and carried out than is possible in a university built in a city.

If a university is placed in the country, it becomes the centre of all the movement in the little town which inevitably springs up around it. Such a condition will do much to cultivate a feeling of loyalty to the university and its work, which it is extremely difficult—if not impossible—to create in an urban university, where the students are constantly subjected to the distractions of a large town; that it is extremely difficult to maintain a strong college spirit in a university placed in a large town is the experience of the great majority of universities with urban sites. Most men attending such universities become individualists and they graduate without any of the training in co-operation and "team-play" which should be an important part of the education of men who intend to make their living by pursuits in which the co-operation of others is a necessity. Men who have taken no interest in the administration of college affairs and who have had no sense, while they were at college, of their individual responsibility for the right conduct of the affairs of the whole student body, will have no sense of their responsibility as citizens when they leave the university and commence to take part in the larger life of the town and of the nation. A man who possesses a good college spirit and is willing to work for the good of the student body as a whole will possess, almost invariably, public spirit

and will be willing to devote part of his thoughts and energies to the direction of public affairs when he leaves his university. Canada sorely needs well-educated and public-spirited men to direct her development. It must be a function of Canadian universities to train men of this type; they can do so most easily if they provide residences and dining-halls for their students and if they are situated outside of large towns.

Not the least of the advantages of a rural situation is that it makes it possible to ensure the non-existence of many of those objectionable amusements which some of the denizens of cities are anxious to supply for students.

Two important items, the cost of establishing and of maintaining a university, are less in the country than in the town. If the site for a university must be purchased, it is an economy for it to be selected in the country where land is cheap. The rent which it is necessary for the staff of a university to pay for their houses is smaller in the country than in the town; consequently, a university placed in the country will find it possible to effect a saving in the salaries of those whom it employs.

Letters which mentioned the points referred to in the preceding paragraphs were sent to some of those men in Great Britain, in the United States and in Canada, who are most qualified, by their experience and position, to express an authoritative opinion on matters connected with higher education. These persons were invited to consider the matter in a general way. They were told expressly that it was a desire to obtain an impartial discussion of the question which had led to the request for their opinion; only four of them refused to give one. Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous head of the University of Birmingham, refused to express an opinion concerning the site of a Canadian university, although he believes that a university which possesses a residential system for housing its students will prove to be the more desirable type of institution.

In reading the letters, it becomes evident that President Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, was

entirely correct when he wrote that it is difficult to get an unbiassed opinion concerning the relative merits of an urban and a rural site for a university from the heads of colleges, because they are "committed by the situation of their own institutions and make . . special pleas defending their *status quo*." Some of the replies received from the presidents of universities placed in towns are certainly not well-balanced considerations of the question under discussion; one or two of the replies received from the heads of universities placed in the country err in the same way.

Five of the opinions received were in favour of an urban situation; eleven favoured a sub-urban situation; while nine maintained that a university could accomplish its functions best if it were placed in a distinctly rural situation. Those who favoured an urban site were President Hadley of Yale University, President Wheeler of the University of California, President Miers of the University of London, England, Sir William Mulock of the University of Toronto, and President Burwash, of Victoria College, Toronto. The most important of the reasons advanced in support of an urban site was that students living in the city have an opportunity, while at college, of coming in contact with business men and of seeing something of the way in which the business world is conducted. It has already been pointed out that the average student, attending a university situated in the city, rarely comes in contact with business men and, consequently, has no opportunity of acquiring any real insight into business matters.

The President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Henry S. Pritchett, has certainly had better opportunities than any other man in America for observing the conditions under which universities in the United States and in Canada have been established and are carrying out their work. He believes that "the university should possess dormitories so that its site may well be on the outskirts of a city." Those who agree with him in favouring a suburban site are President Judson, of the Uni-

versity of Chicago; Dr. Van Hise, who is the President of the University of Wisconsin; Dr. Wesbrook, the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Minnesota; Dr. Chas. W. Eliot, who was until recently the President of Harvard University; L. H. Bailey, the Director of the New York State College of Agriculture; Dr. M. E. Sadler, of the University of Manchester; Dr. J. G. Foster, the Provost of the University College in the University of London, England; Alfred Mosely, the well-known English Educationalist; Professor Dale, who is in charge of the Department of Education at McGill University; and Dr. W. H. Gaskell, of Cambridge University.

Among those who believe that a university supported by a Canadian Province will derive most benefit from a rural site are Dr. Clark Murray, of McGill University; President D. Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University; President Hall, of Clark University, Massachusetts; the Honourable James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington; Professor Finlay, who is at the head of the Department of Education at Manchester; Sir Donald Macalister, the head of the University of Glasgow; and Dr. J. G. Adami, of McGill University.

It is unfortunate that the limits imposed on a magazine article make it impossible to quote at length from the thoughtful letters of those who have expressed their opinion. Almost all of the points brought up in their letters have been touched upon in the early part of this paper. In reading the letters it is very evident that their authors are almost unanimous in the facts upon which they base their conclusions; their opinions concerning the type of site which should be chosen for a university vary only because of the dissimilarity in their ideas of the duties which a university should fulfil in a new country.

It is evident that a site in a town offers a university many advantages which the country cannot provide and that, on the other hand, a rural situation offers many advantages which it is impossible to obtain in a city. To some, the

advantages offered by an urban site seem all important and they advise the placing of the university in a city; to others the advantages of a rural site seem the more desirable. The majority of those who expressed their opinions appreciated the advantages of sites of both types and endeavoured to retain as much as possible of the advantages of each by advocating a suburban site. It is impossible to get all the advantages of both situations in any one locality; consequently, in choosing the site for a Canadian university, it is necessary to decide, as far as possible, what type of graduate it is that is wanted. The university must be established in the situation which seems to offer the greatest facilities for producing him. From a consideration of the facts mentioned in the first pages of this article, it is evident that the type of man who will live most happily in Canada for the next generation or two and who will do most to ensure the development in Canada of a nation of unselfish, fair-dealing men, is the one who has developed a healthy body and a thoughtful mind, who has learned to create values directly from Nature's gifts and to love the open air in which he works. He is one who has learned at the university to sink his individuality in the common good and has consequently acquired a sense of public spirit. From a study of the preceding section of this paper, it seems evident that the general opinion of those most competent to judge is that this type of man can be produced best by a university which is not placed in the centre of a city. A university, to produce such men, must be one of open spaces; it must have colleges for the teaching of Agriculture and Forestry in connection with it and, in order that the university may be a coherent whole, as far as it is possible, all the chief buildings must be situated close together; the students must live together in residences under the control of the university authorities; and the active interest of each student in the affairs of the university as a whole must be secured through providing for the administration of student affairs by the students themselves.

Because of the advantages which its situation offers, and because of the manner in which its students live, it will be possible for such a university, through organisations directed and governed by the students themselves, to maintain a greater hold over the disposition of the student's time than is possessed by many older universities; for this reason, it will be possible for such a university to pay far more attention than is usually done to the physical development of the student attached to it. The university must not be placed at too great a distance from a town; it should be far enough away to make a journey to the city unattractive, unless there is some specific purpose for that journey. Modern transport is easy and rapid; a distance which can be covered in from half an hour to an hour would probably be sufficient for the end desired. Of course, in establishing a university in the neighbourhood of a young city in a new country, it is necessary to allow for the future growth of the city but, broadly, one may say that the university should be situated at a distance of from ten to twenty miles from the nearest town. After considering all these things, it is possible to specify in a few short sentences, the characters of the site which should be best for a Canadian university. In order to focus the interest of this discussion, let us consider what sort of a location should be chosen for the university which is to be founded soon in the Province of British Columbia.

As a matter of fact, the proposed University of British Columbia was mentioned in the letter which was written to the persons whose opinions have been quoted when they were asked to state their views concerning the ideal site for a university. British Columbia's University is being founded to provide higher education for a population of 289,516 people (March 31, 1909) who are distributed in small communities over an area of 255,000 square miles; a university which is intended to deal with present conditions and to teach this small people the best way of utilizing, of developing and of living in their enormous Province, must of necessity,

not be placed within a large city, because the majority of the students graduating from it will live in the country. It can only teach them the best way of living in the country if it has a rural or, at least, a suburban situation.

A paragraph occurs in the letter from Sir Donald Macalister which should be particularly suggestive to those who are associated with the establishment of British Columbia's University. He writes: "In the old country, many things are so old and so well established, that people have to make the best of them and subordinate the ideal to the practicable. In Canada, and especially in the West, there is an opportunity of forming your ideals from the outset, and of adopting the best means of giving them free scope to fulfil themselves. In the particular instance of founding a new university to serve a great and expanding national purpose, it would be mere prudence to take account of the experience of others and, at all events, to avoid at the beginning the imposition of limitations and conditions which in a generation or less will prove mere hindrances to the full realisation of that purpose." In substance, he puts a question to British Columbians and asks them: What is the use of establishing a new university in a new country if, under these conditions, one cannot aim at realising the creation of a university which will take an ideal part in the development of the community it is to serve ? In order that the university may attain this end, every influence must be avoided, from the beginning, which may tend to impair its usefulness and every precaution must be taken to secure every advantage for it. In order that the British Columbian University may have the sympathy of the people of the Province from its commencement, it must be established in a locality where they can perceive that it is in a position to attain its greatest usefulness and, later, through the provision of public lectures, university extension courses, and constant newspaper articles, it must be impressed upon British Columbians that their university is serving a useful purpose.

In establishing the university its site must be so chosen and its constitution so framed that its extension will never be hampered; and, finally, as has been suggested by more than one of those whose opinions have been quoted, a university is not made great through its buildings but through its men. In order that a university may secure the services of the most capable men, its Chairs must be adequately endowed; this is possibly the most vital of the questions on which we have touched.

It is evident that in selecting a site for this university there are many questions to be weighed; but, if the present conditions in British Columbia and the probable direction of its future development be considered, it becomes evident that the type of university which British Columbia needs is certainly a residential university situated in the country or, at least, well outside the suburbs of a town. If it be placed on a site at a distance of not more than an hour's travel from a city, the university will be in a position to derive all the benefits of a rural situation and most of the advantages of an urban site with none of the disadvantages, for its students, under which those inevitably work who attend a university situated in a city.

An ideal location for British Columbia's university should possess the following characters: It should be a square mile or if possible more, of fertile and wooded land situated in a pleasant climate and placed at a distance of not more than twenty miles from some large town; the site must have easy access to the main routes of transportation. For the practical purposes of transport as well as for supplying material for various courses and for providing recreation for the students and staff, the grounds should border upon some large body of water. It remains for British Columbians to decide for themselves which of the many charming sites offered by their Province presents these characteristics most completely.

JOHN L. TODD

A FRENCH-CANADIAN POET

SOME time ago, when writing the article on French-Canadian literature for the tenth *Britannica*, I had the refreshing delight of discovering at least one true poet whose work was entirely new to me. Here was what I had been looking for: a poet whose sensitive verse could reveal the most intimate native secrets of French-Canadian life to any one who had the understanding ear and eye and heart; and, most delightful of all, do this in several poems completely free from rhetoric.

I soon told my friends the good news. But, to my surprise, I found that among the Anglo-Canadians who read French poetry only two had seen these poems, while a few French-Canadians knew nothing about them at all. Under these circumstances, I venture to take the liberty of supposing that there may be some readers of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE who would be glad of an introduction to "Les Floraisons Matutinales." Par Nérée Beauchemin. Trois-Rivières. Victor Ayotte.

Folksong, Fréchette and Crémazie were long the three chief glories of French-Canadian verse; and in the general opinion they probably are so still. Nothing, of course, can ever displace the folksong. However great the stream of poetry may yet become, the folksong has been, is, and always will be the very waters of the fountain-head. But Fréchette and, still more, Crémazie are already suffering from the creeping paralysis which eventually numbs even the most applauded occasional verse that has a rhetorical appeal. No versifying rhetorician can ever hold more than the honorary rank of poet, and even this rank is only local and temporary. Change of time and place and people soon fades all poetry that is not wrought out of essential human nature in harmony with

universal art. "La Légende d'un Peuple" is grand verse, but no epic. It has many passages of real poetry—here and elsewhere Fréchette was assuredly a poet, by turns with a rhetorician—but you are never quite sure whether he will give you enough winged words to carry you over a crisis; and he so often insists on your plodding prosily along the ground while he harangues you as if you were a public meeting. This may offend those who hold Fréchette to be the Canadian Victor Hugo, and Hugo to be the prince of French poets. But perhaps these enthusiasts—with whom I gladly go a certain way myself—will forgive me a little when I add that Hugo's poetry is not at all the point at issue, though his rhetoric is. He wrote poetry great enough in quality and quantity for two reputations. But he also wrote a good deal of rhetoric, as did Fréchette and Crémazie.

Here is Hugo the rhetorician, the grandiose pulpiteer, as out of his element as an albatross on deck.

> Nous contemplons l'obscur, l'inconnu, l'invisible.
> Nous sondons le réel, l'idéal, le possible,
> L'être, spectre toujours présent.
> Nous regardons trembler l'ombre indéterminée.
> Nous sommes accoudés sur notre destinée,
> L'œil fixe et l'esprit frémissant.

A polytechnic audience would wallow in its clouds on hearing this; and it might even persuade some M. Jourdain that he could speak verse as well as prose.

Now let us leave the platform and seek the world where poetry knows her supreme self for what she really is. And let us take Heredia as our guide; Heredia, whose consummate verse draws its whole breath of life from poetry alone; who sees, conceives, creates, and finally presents the very soul and body of things poetic, without one word of alloying rhetoric or mere description. I choose his oft-quoted sonnet, "Le Récif de Corail." But apt quotation can no more stale it than repeated watching can tire one of any other beauty of the sea.

Le soleil sous la mer, mystérieuse aurore,
Éclaire la forêt des coraux abyssins
Qui mêle, aux profondeurs de ses tièdes bassins,
La bête épanouie et la vivante flore.

Et tout ce que le sel ou l'iode colore,
Mousse, algue chevelue, anémones, oursins,
Couvre de pourpre sombre, en somptueux dessins,
Le fond vermiculé du pâle madrépore.

De sa splendide écaille éteignant les émaux,
Un grand poisson navigue à travers les rameaux.
Dans l'ombre transparente indolemment il rôde;

Et, brusquement, d'un coup de sa nageoire en feu,
Il fait, par le cristal morne, immobile et bleu,
Courir un frisson d'or, de nacre et d'émeraude.

Eternities in rhetoric contrasted with a single evanescent seascape in poetry! But the eternities are only talked about, and in cold, dissected, abstract words; while the seascape is embodied in a concrete and immortal form. Here is a touchstone, indeed, to try our poet with! Can he stand the ordeal? Now, I do not maintain that Dr. Beauchemin's every verse is entirely on the side of poetry, that he has never written any rhetoric at all—very few French poets have done this—but I can show several poems in which no word of rhetoric spoils the fulness of their appeal to those who love poetry for its own sake. And I believe that these, his most characteristic, poems will give him an abiding place in French-Canadian letters.

Before introducing him, however, it may be well to remind the English-speaking reader of French that there is a deep difference between French and French-Canadian literature, and that individual Canadian traits, like Dr. Beauchemin's, tend to increase this difference. I do not mean that he is not in touch with the great French tradition, for he evidently is. But the difference between him and the modern French man of letters is more than that of mere

regionalism and individuality combined. He is not satirical; yet satire is rooted in the Gallic nature. He has no special hobby in verse-forms; neither affecting modern variants of the "rondeaux et autres telles épisseries" which used to vex the soul of du Bellay, nor letting his sense sprawl through amorphic lines, as certain fantastic spirits did some little time ago. Then, if Boileau is right in saying that

Le français, né malin, forma le vaudeville,

Dr. Beauchemin must have been born benign. But, if born benign, his benignity does not run to all humanistic lengths, not even so far as Ronsard went. The all-round humanist was for church and king; yet keenly for Jove and Amaryllis, too. Pico della Mirandola was a happy blending of this dual personality. But Dr. Beauchemin's ancestors left Jove and Amaryllis behind them when they came out to Canada in the century after the Renaissance. During the next hundred years the Old- and New-World French were being parted by a great gulf, which presently widened, when one side was occupied by Voltairians and the other by a Bishop's "mandements." The Napoleonic age increased the distance, in spite of Béranger; and, from that time to this, French poetry has not made any national appeal to the French-Canadians, who now have a national poetry of their own. Their admiration for French literature is, of course, far more than an international amenity: it is part of the true love for the glories of a "Mère-Patrie." But, while sprung from France, they are wedded to Canada. They feel no pang of Port-Royalist regret:

Félicité passée
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ay-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir?

And, so loving Canada, they cannot choose but love those poems of Dr. Beauchemin which show the world her homeland ways in the light and glamour of a native genius.

They may feel pride as well as love; for in this book Dr. Beauchemin certainly has shown the world a phase of its life well worth its discriminating notice. But King Demos is not discriminating, even in democratic Canada. You must cry your wares at the full pitch of your lungs, and rhetorically justify their manufacture by their money value, if you would gain his attention. What Voltaire wrote to console Grétry for Court indifference to the "Judgment of Midas" applies with perfect fitness to the court of Demos to-day:

> La Cour a dénigré tes chants,
> Dont Paris a dit des merveilles.
> Hélas! les oreilles des grands
> Sont souvent des grandes oreilles.

Yet if Dr. Beauchemin is not strident enough for the "grand public"—which is made up of such little individuals—he should have a by no means narrow public of his own. His appeal is wider than that which is made, on first acquaintance, by a poet like Omar—shall we say?—or Verlaine, with his "chanson cruelle et câline;" though it is no more melodramatic than theirs. And it should be specially wide in Old Canada, because he has a real spiritual affinity—with a French-Canadian difference—to the "Génie du Christianisme" and, still more, to Lamartine, whose "Crucifix" might, for its fervour, have been his own:

> Que de pleurs ont coulé sur tes pieds que j'adore,
> Depuis l'heure sacrée où, du sein d'un martyr,
> Dans mes tremblantes mains tu passas, tiède encore
> De son dernier soupir!

Then, in his quality of country doctor, he is in close touch with the intimate side of natural humanity. And, like the Christian archetype of his noble profession, St. Luke, he is a most persuasive steward of the mysteries of God. What a world of difference there is between him and Dr. Cazalis,

the "Jean Lahor" of "L'Illusion"; though both are poets and physicians. Dr. Cazalis, for all his orientalism, is doubtful even of Nirvana:

> O nos morts bien aimés, où disparaissez-vous?
> Serions-nous vos tombeaux? N'êtes-vous plus qu'en nous?

We shall presently see how utterly foreign such questioning is to the other-worldliness of Dr. Beauchemin. Not even once could he regard our earthly existence as life in a hospital, like Mallarmé, whose cripple drags himself to the window to see delights he cannot enjoy:

> .....
> Voit des galères d'or, belles commes des cygnes,
> Sur un fleuve de pourpre et des parfums dormir
> En berçant l'éclair fauve et riche de leurs lignes
> Dans un grand nonchaloir chargé de souvenir.

No, Dr. Beauchemin is a race-patriotic, Christian poet of French-Canadian life, full of sympathetic insight into all the moods of man and Nature in the happy Laurentian valley where he lives and works. But I repeat that he is no provincial local genius. My quotations would soon correct any such impression. And I might add that some of his poetry which I have no room to quote is also of high quality, and accordant with that of many good poets in the "Mère-Patrie," from the time before La Nouvelle France was thought of down to our own day. Taillefer was no stouter bard at Hastings, when he

> .....alloit chantant
> De Charlemagne et de Rolant.

Ronsard would have no cause to blush for this far-off scion of the old masters in metres which could run, or pause, or ripple brook-like in praise of a French May morning centuries ago:

> Comme on void sur la branche au mois de May la rose
> En sa belle jeunesse, en sa première fleur,
> Rendre le ciel jaloux de sa vive couleur,
> Quand l'aube de ses pleurs au poinct du jour l'arrose.

Dr. Beauchemin would make an exiled French-Canadian as homesick as ever Brizeux could make one of his own compatriots when he

> Entonne un air breton si plaintif et si doux
> Qu'en le chantant ma voix vous ferait pleurer tous.

And, if the juxtaposition of such incongruous names can be forgiven for the moment, I would dare to point out that there is a connection between Dr. Beauchemin the poet and his normal antithesis in prose, Zola. The Promised Land of that Greater France which Zola yearned for in his "Fécondité" is nowhere better imagined and bodied forth than in the French-Canadian country so penetratingly seen and sung of by Dr. Beauchemin.

As this is a purely personal impression, with no attempt at formal criticism, I shall preface my quotations by one more point in our poet's favour. He is distinctly fond of animals. Perhaps he would not quite subscribe to all the "dicta" in the "Ancient Mariner." He certainly is a sportsman, on his own showing. But he is none the worse for that; as there is the same difference between true sport and wanton cruelty as there is between war and murder. I doubt very much whether he is an evolutionist like myself, who can see no difference in kind—though immeasurable differences in degree—between man and other animals, and who rejoices at every fresh piece of evidence which tends to bring all our fellow-beings nearer to ourselves. I also doubt whether, as a poet, he would go so far as Alfred de Vigny goes in "La Mort du Loup," or so deeply as Verhaeren and Maeterlinck have gone, time and again. And possibly he might cry "Save me from my friends!" at what I have said already. But, no matter, he is fond of animals; and that is enough for me, so far as he is concerned. Yet I cannot help expressing the ardent wish that he and others like him would make some effort to touch French-Canadians to the quick on this subject, and change them for the better. No one admires the many

good features of French-Canadian life more than I do. But I frankly hate the common French-Canadian behaviour to animals. There are plenty of brutal Anglo-Canadians; but, on the whole, I am afraid it is true that the French-Canadians supply most of the cruelty and Anglo-Canadians most of the prevention. Why the Latin peoples, so advanced in many ways, are so backward in this respect is a long enquiry, and too much beside our mark for discussion here. But poetry is pre-eminently a sympathetic art; and so it is not altogether outside my subject to express delight at finding a poet who loves all our fellow-beings—especially when I find him among a people who are mostly callous to this form of sympathy.

"Les Floraisons Matutinales" make a book of over two hundred pages, and their forty-five poems have, all together, a fairly wide range of theme. But the more purely French-Canadian ones outnumber all the rest and are much the most characteristic; and of these there are twelve typical enough to give a very good idea of the whole.

Dr. Beauchemin knows the way of the sea. The sea enters into the very heart of the history, life and language of the French-Canadians. So there could not be an apter poem to begin with than "La Mer," which, in few words, shows his "curiosa felicitas" of expression, harmony of sense and sound, and real imaginative insight. I wonder if he remembered that beautiful line about one of the natural kindred of the sea which forms such a brief interlude in a rather repellent elegy of Propertius

Luna moraturis sedula luminibus.

But he requires no poet of the moon to make us heed the call of his own wild virgin sea—das Ewig-Weibliche of Nature, whose voice of many waters is the music of life and of death to all her devotees.

La mer fauve, la mer vierge, la mer sauvage.
.....
La mer aime le ciel: c'est pour mieux lui redire,
A l'écart, en secret, son immense tourment,
Que la fauve amoureuse au large se retire,
.....
Loin des grands rochers noirs que baise la marée,
La mer calme, la mer au murmure endormeur,
Au large, tout là-bas, lente s'est retirée,
Et son sanglot d'amour dans l'air du soir se meurt.

The Canadian seasons are worthily celebrated in "Rayons d'Octobre," "Les Clochettes," "Giboulée," "Le Merle" and "L'Avril Boréal." Dr. Beauchemin is fully of Heine's opinion, that landscape charms us because of the "unendlich seliges Gefühl" which its human associations call up from the depths of our being. And in "Rayons d'Octobre" he shows an almost Virgilian touch between things remembered and things seen:

Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.

A mi-côte, là-bas, la ferme ensoleillée,
Avec son toit pointu festonné de houblons,
Paraît toute rieuse et comme émerveillée
De ses éteules roux et de ses chaumes blonds.

Aux rayons dont sa vue oblique est éblouie,
L'aïeul sur le perron familier vient s'asseoir:
D'un regain de chaleur sa chair est réjouie;
Dans l'hiver du vieillard il fait moins froid, moins noir.

Calme et doux, soupirant vers un lointain automne,
Il boit la vie avec l'air des champs et des bois,
Et cet étincelant renouveau qui l'étonne
Lui souffle au cœur l'amour des tendres autrefois.

Dr. Beauchemin also bids us listen to

.....le bruit de la joyeuse airée

but now-a-days this is only

La chanson du cylindre égrenant les épis

—a rather harsh mechanical "staccato," not like the throbbing harmonies of the old threshing-floor, which fill the grandsire's ear when he recalls the strenuous flails of his youth.

In "Les Clochettes" the poet comes blithely from the shrine of Our Lady of the Snows, and exults in his strength like a giant refreshed

> Nargue du froid! Vive l'hiver!
> C'est plaisir, quand la neige crie,
> D'ouïr, mêlée au bruit banal
> Du vent, l'allègre sonnerie
> Du joyeux solstice hivernal.
> Le carillon multisonore
> Des clochettes au timbre clair
> Tinte, étincelle, tinte encore
> Et tintinnabule dans l'air.

"Giboulée" flashes diamond-and-pearl-frosted trees on the inward eye with many a vivid epithet and nimble turn of phrase. "Le Merle" is as dear to our author as any English blackbird ever was to T. E. Brown. And all the world is young again in "L'Avril Boréal."

> Est-ce l'avril? Sur la colline
> Rossignole une voix câline,
> De l'aube au soir.
> Est-ce le chant de la linotte?
> Est-ce une flûte? Est-ce la note
> Du merle noir?
>
> Le chanteur, retour des Florides,
> Du clair azur des ciels torrides
> Se souvenant,
> Dans les bras des hêtres en larmes
> Dit ses regrets et ses alarmes
> A tout venant.
>
> Quel souffle a mis ces teintes douces
> Aux pointes des frileuses pousses?
> Quel sylphe peint
> De ce charmant vert véronèse
> Les jeunes bourgeons du mélèze
> Et du sapin?

Tout était mort dans les futaies;
Voici, tout à coup, plein les haies,
Plein les sillons,
Du soleil, des oiseaux, des brises,
Plein le ciel, plein les forêts grises,
Plein les vallons.

Ce n'est plus une voix timide
Qui prélude dans l'air humide,
Sous les taillis;
C'est une aubade universelle;
On dirait que l'azur ruisselle
De gazouillis.

Folksong has, of course, been an inspiration to Dr. Beauchemin, as it always has been to every national poet since poetry began. He well repays his debt by a new variant on the old theme of "A la Claire Fontaine."

Il est une claire fontaine
Où, dans un chêne, nuit et jour,
Le rossignol, à gorge pleine,
Redit sa peine
Et son amour.....

"La Chapelle des Miracles" is in honour of la bonne Ste-Anne de Beaupré. The universe of art is called upon to beautify this shrine of insistent faith and hopeful piety; though not, be it well understood, at the expense of

Ces tristes ex-voto sans nombre
Qui chargent la muraille sombre.

But "Le Viatique" is a much greater poem. It tells a simple, poignant tale of that borderland of life and death where God and Man and Nature meet so often, yet always under circumstances which transcend our human commonplaces by the whole vastness of infinity. Admirers of the Greek Anthology will remember how the glory of the stars made Ptolemy forget that he was earth on Earth, and raised his spirit to the banquet-hall of Zeus. "Le Viatique" shows how the "habitant" soars to still greater heights with what

the eye of faith reveals to him in common daylight and on the common road between his native fields.

La cloche, lente, à voix éteinte,
Tinte au clocher paroissial,
Et l'écho tremblant de sa plainte
Tinte et meurt dans l'air glacial.

L'airain sonne en branle. On écoute.
Pour qui le glas a-t-il tinté!
Et le son grave, avec le doute,
Tombe sur le cœur attristé.

Aux premiers branles de la cloche,
Les humbles seuils se sont ouverts.
Un bruit de pas durs, qui s'approche,
Frappe l'air lourd des champs déserts.

A genoux! c'est le Viatique,
C'est le dictame des souffrants,
Le pain de l'au-delà mystique,
Le divin chrême des mourants.

L'or pâle et la pourpre amortie
Du crépuscule occidental
Au-dessus de la sainte hostie
Forment comme un dais triomphal.

C'est Lui: cette pompe céleste
Proclame sa divinité,
Et ce tant naïf culte agreste
Nous dit sa pauvre humanité.

Quelques paysans en prière
Suivent, leur rosaire à la main;
Les clous des souliers de misère
Sonnent aux cailloux du chemin.

Oh! bienheureux ce pauvre monde
Qui devine, et croit sans les voir,
Les choses qu'une ombre profonde
Cache aux maîtres du haut savoir.

Du beffroi la grave harmonie
S'éteint, triste comme un adieu.
Ange gardien de l'agonie,
Soutiens les pas du porte-Dieu!

We might fairly expect a good poem like "Le Viatique" from a French-Canadian, as we should from a Breton. And, of course, we expect every good poet to re-awaken the spirit of his native folklore, and to celebrate the delights of his native seasons. But there is another kind of poetry which we are always expecting and so very rarely getting from any quarter; a kind which so seldom rings true that we are generally forced to put up with rhymed rhetoric instead—a miserable, makeshift substitute. For a multitude of cogent reasons "patriotic" poetry is the most difficult of all. Patriotism is as excellent in a citizen as it is dangerous for a poet: all the more honour to the poet who succeeds, like Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, Tennyson, Rossetti and Kipling; though some of these have failed occasionally, as nearly all others fail. No theme so noble has been slushed over with such floods of rhyming stuff and nonsense, except, perhaps, religion in the ordinary hymn. And the French, with their propensity for rhetoric, are fully as bad as we are. But Anglo-Canadians are worse off than French-Canadians, since, from the "Maple Leaf" down, we have enough rant and cant and twaddle to bray ourselves to death; while their "O Canada!" is really the song of a people. Yet French-Canadians have perpetrated such wretched stuff that it is particularly pleasant to find one more poet to number among the elect who can transmute golden deeds into golden words.

Dr. Beauchemin treats stirring subjects in his "Iberville," "Québec" and "Louisbourg." In "La Mer" we saw him as a poet of the sea, pure and simple. In "Iberville" he appears as a distinctively naval poet and a good one. He is quite at home on board, from keel to truck, and makes Iberville radiant as the "Happy Warrior" of a well-contested victory. In "Québec" he "looks before and after and sighs for what is not" in a reminiscent strain of poetic melancholy. But it is in "La Cloche de Louisbourg" that he soars into the full sweep of patriotic song; and it is with a few stanzas of this moving poem in their ears that I would fain commend him finally to those who will, I most sincerely hope, soon form part of his growing audience. I need hardly

add that his love for what was best in the hero-age of French Canada is not at all inconsistent with loyalty to that other Crown which has always been the great guarantor of French-Canadian liberties. And is it not matter for rejoicing, that the fight for Canada was well enough fought out by both sides to make each respect the prowess of the other? And is it not also well that each should know now where it can find a worthy fellow-soldier in the hour of need? Besides, I am inclined to think that, should this occasion come, Dr. Beauchemin would be the first to call his compatriots with a stirring "Vive le Roi!"

LA CLOCHE DE LOUISBOURG

Cette vieille cloche d'église
Qu'une gloire en larmes encor
Blasonne, brode et fleurdelise,
Rutile à nos yeux comme l'or.

C'est une pieuse relique:
On peut la baiser à genoux;
Elle est française et catholique,
Comme les cloches de chez nous.

Elle fut bénite. Elle est ointe.
Souvent, dans l'antique beffroi,
Aux Fêtes-Dieu sa voix est jointe
Au canon des vaisseaux du Roy.

Les boulets l'ont égratignée,
Mais ces balafres et ces chocs
L'ont à jamais damasquinée
Comme l'acier des vieux estocs.

Oh! c'était le cœur de la France
Qui battait, à grands coups, alors,
Dans la triomphale cadence
Du grave bronze aux longs accords.

O Cloche! c'est l'écho sonore
Des sombres âges glorieux,
Qui soupire et sanglote encore
Dans ton silence harmonieux.

En nos cœurs, tes branles magiques,
Dolents et rêveurs, font vibrer
Des souvenances nostalgiques,
Douces à nous faire pleurer.

WILLIAM WOOD

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

" Hold ye the faith—the faith our fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale;
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble tale.

" Keep ye the law, be swift in all obedience;
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford;
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap what he hath sown,
By the peace among Our Peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

CANADA has had to prove her worth to an unbelieving world, justifying the faith of her people by abundant works in order to establish her prestige abroad as a delightsome land. Since Voltaire, with the double passion of a Frenchman and a writer for a trenchant phrase, comforted France for the loss of Canada with the remark that in any case it was only *quelques arpents des neiges*, Canada has had to live down libels. No one recalled to Voltaire the fable of the sour grapes. In America itself this fable would account for much of evil that has been written of us; and, unfortunately, believed abroad, for was not the maligner flourishing and a good customer at a time when we were in hard straits, and since when has the world of affairs turned a deaf ear to the words of one whose account yields a growing profit? Nations as well as trusts will crush a possible formidable rival if opportunity serves.

The most striking fact in our history is the sorely tried, enduring faith of our people in their own land and the virtue of the institutions of their race, which were theirs at birth. It is not the least impressive fact of history that the crushing of French power in America was the prelude of the War of

the Revolution in the Thirteen Colonies; and, as if in compensation, the first step in the building up of a great British nation in Canada. It required stronger faith than existed in British hearts at the time to see any comfort in the unfilial rebellion of the Britons of America. Yet even at this time the sacred flame of British patriotism in America was not quenched; and, despite rough wind and weather, in the century or more since then, it has been kept alive and burning steadfastly. The United Empire Loyalists followed the flag and the authority of their King into the forests of Quebec and Ontario, and the provinces by the sea. They began life over again, stripped of all possessions, save their principles; and began the task of hewing a new nation out of the dense woods stretching from the Acadian coasts to the Red River. At the same time the remnant of the people of New France repulsed the advances of the emissaries of the revolted colonies. The gateway of the Seminary of St. Sulpice on Notre Dame Street in Montreal, to which on the 11th of May, 1776, Father Carroll, brother of Carroll of Carrolton, was escorted, is still standing; and the paper which Benjamin Franklin established and printed in the historic Chateau de Ramezay is still published, but as an upholder of things British. The Montreal "Gazette" has for over a century redeemed its origin. The motives of the French were that they profoundly distrusted the Bostonnais, and without reason; and for nearly two decades had proved that their traditional enemy of centuries kept faith with his word. They realized in short that they were better off under British rule, and this is a reason that does not leave them open to reproach, for good sense is commendable.

For the first time in centuries during the war of 1812, English and French fought side by side; and Chateauguay and Lundy's Lane proved that these settlers in the New World were worthy of their respective races which had been so long at enmity and at that moment were at grips in Europe. England being engaged in a life and death struggle with Napoleon, on which hinged the liberty of the world, must

perforce leave Canada to depend on her own resources very largely, having only a meagre military force available for her defence. The mere handful of English and French in Canada fought in a common cause, the defence of their hearths; and while events in Europe were hastening to the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, the blood brothers of these European combatants were driving back the invaders of their common country in Canada. These invaders were the New Englanders who had helped to wrest Canada from France; but who now fought under a new flag, while their French opponents fought under the old flag they had forsworn. This was a time and a struggle to try men's souls, but fortunately our forefathers were men of faith and prowess.

Unfortunately the union of the races was of short duration, for Lord Durham in his report on the troubles of 1837 makes the significant remark, that he found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state. Long protracted struggles with their governors had resulted in rebellion in the two provinces; and when Lord Durham advised as a solution of the difficulties that the colonists be allowed to govern themselves by the regular constitutional means, he put a severe strain upon the faith of the Government in his judgement. Both in Great Britain and in Canada the men of little faith sincerely believed that the adoption of this advice meant a recurrence in Canada of the events of 1775 in the Thirteen Colonies. It is not probable that even Lord Durham himself foresaw that he was laying down the new policy of the Empire with respect to the Dominions Beyond the Seas, as a result of which as Mr. Kipling sings, "We're six white men arow"; daughter nations of the Empire, in all essentials free and independent, not linked to England by chains; but yet irrevocably bound to her in ideals, affection, and defence. The native land of the Briton constitutes a fifth of the surface of the globe; and in every part of it is freedom and security for the subjects of the King.

There were many even at that time who did not share the qualms of those men of little faith, and they set to work

bravely against great odds to work out the destiny of Canada as a true whelp of the lion. Within thirty short years of this unfortunate rebellion, as a result of their strong faith and stalwart efforts, the scattered colonies of British North America were brought together by common consent into one Confederation; and, within four years of this union, the domain of Canada was extended across the unsettled prairies and mountains to the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Do Canadians realize that this was one of the greatest works of statesmanship ever accomplished by wholly peaceful means? The Germanic federation is cemented in blood and iron, and that of the United States was consummated by a war against their own kindred and traditions. It took the shock of a terrible, fratricidal war to interpret the conditions of their union. The Canadian union was rendered possible because of a larger and spiritual union of the people of all these provinces in their loyalty to their own race and their Queen. The common allegiance was the cement, and without this it seems probable the union could only have been accomplished by force of arms. In its time it was a work of greater difficulty than even the recent Confederation in South Africa; where the Dutch and the English races were but yesterday at war, and have decided to follow Canada's example and unite under the British Crown.

The events in 1867 in Canada produce the impression of ancient history on the younger generation of 1910. We have but a faint idea of the jealousies assuaged, the hostilities reconciled, and the difficulties overcome by a group of statesmen of great vision and faith. But in reading the lives of these fathers of Confederation we obtain illuminating glimpses; of the timorousness of many, the pettiness of others, of smallness of faith shamed and even stimulated to vigour by confidence and purpose in the leaders; of a faith that removed mountains and even promised to tunnel under the sea. Yet the full story, the romance of this peaceable founding of a nation, remains to be written. The public men of vision and patience who guided the destinies of our country during

the Victorian era seem certain to bulk large in our history; for their errors and faults, which their contemporaries magnified, will be forgiven by reason of their singleness of heart in great aims and the quality of greatness in their work. We need all the information we can get about this formative period in the history of our country.

When on July 20th, 1871, British Columbia was admitted to Confederation, Canada, then with only a little more than three and-a-half million people, was under covenant to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by railway within a period of ten years. Assuredly this was an undertaking to stagger the doubters; for between the Georgian Bay ports and the Rocky Mountains there was only one settlement consisting of about 10,000 white men, mixed whites, and Indians in the Red River country now known as Manitoba. There is a tradition in Ottawa (unverified, however, so far as I know) that Sir John Macdonald fervently desired to anticipate the United States in the purchase of Alaska; but the faith of his colleagues, or of the Home Government, would not stand this strain. This is not a matter of wonder, for the purchase was assailed in the United States as Seward's folly. The wonder is that the small Canada of that day could determinedly, if not blithely, undertake such great matters as those to which they stood pledged. The Intercolonial Railway was already under way.

In the Board Room of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal, Sir William Van Horne was one day, about the beginning of this century, speaking with a reporter, who took the liberty of saying that the painting of the Chairman of the Board should occupy a more prominent position, as he it was who had built the railway. Sir William replied that any fool could build a railway if he had the money, a remark which is not to be accepted literally, even though it came from such an authority. "There," he said, "are the men who built the C. P. R.," and he pointed to the paintings of Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona. "They are the men who got the money. At one time this

Company was within less than forty-eight hours of a financial collapse owing to a certain crisis in London; and those men tided it over, though it meant pledging every dollar they had in the world. They are the men who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. I will write that story some day," he concluded, and changed the subject. The time referred to is no doubt the occasion upon which the Company found it necessary to obtain a loan from the Canadian Government. With his power to get to the root of any matter and a literary quality in his command of idiomatic English, Sir William Van Horne, when he redeems his promise, will give to Canadians of the present day a story that will be a revelation.

The railway must pass to the north of Lake Superior. Dr. Grant, in his book "Ocean to Ocean," written in 1872, says that no white man is known to have crossed from the upper Ottawa to Lake Superior or Lake Winnipeg; and it was only five or six years before that a lecturer informed a Toronto audience that he had discovered a great lake called Nipigon. The maps of this country were dotted with lakes, the drawings having been made wholly from Indian descriptions. Thus it happened that great expense was incurred in avoiding a large lake set down in the maps across an otherwise eligible line; but later it was found there was no lake within thirty miles of this point. The country through which the first portion of the line must be built was then an unknown wilderness of forbidding aspect. Our knowledge of the plains and of British Columbia was also meagre. However, on the day British Columbia entered Confederation surveying parties went into the unknown forest to find a line from the upper Ottawa westward, and others started out from Victoria eastward. Their reports were laid before the House of Commons in April, 1872; and on July 16th, 1872, Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming, the Chief Engineer, accompanied by Dr. Grant, set out from Toronto to cross the continent from what is now Port Arthur to the Pacific in order to examine the proposed line with his own eyes. The line west of Winnipeg selected by Sir Sandford Fleming is practically the one followed to-day by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The magnitude of the undertaking to which Canada was committed in 1871 is not comprehended to-day. "It was wise," says Dr. Grant, "because it was necessary." To many it looked like sheer folly and effrontery. Dr. Grant points out that when the United States chartered the Union Pacific it had reports and maps extending over fifty years and filling thirteen large quarto volumes; and yet the Union Pacific was forced upon the United States Government by the insistence of men in California, who undertook what their government would not. It was not until 1853 that the President authorized a topographical survey, though the middle west had been in part settled years before this time. Though the Canadian plains were altogether unoccupied by white men, Her Majesty's Government sent out Captain Palasier in 1857 to report on the country and to explore for a pass through the Rocky Mountains within British territory. He spent four years in the country, and reported on the whole adversely both as to the country and available access to the Pacific Ocean within British territory. However, within twelve years of his return, the national faith of Canada stood pledged to the construction of a line of railway across these plains and through the Rocky Mountains, and an available route was surveyed. This was prompt work.

It is a matter outside my purpose to tell of the construction of this great work. British Columbia had to wait with patience; but, on July 24th, 1886, within six years of the letting of the contract, Sir John Macdonald passed over the line in his private car to Vancouver. Within his lifetime his faith was rewarded by making a journey in a train which he had once expressed a hope to watch from the ramparts of Heaven. Though seventy-one years old at the time, he rode for miles through the Rocky Mountains upon the cow catcher of his engine; and had it stopped on a high trestle that he might enjoy the grandeur of the spectacle. With such nerve and nerves in his old age one need not wonder that Sir John in his prime faced lions in his path.

It would not be a kindness to recall to public men yet living words of theirs that showed their littleness of faith when this work was first undertaken, and later when the contract was let. What a shaking of heads there was among the farmers of the rural districts! My first recollection of political discussion, in which I took any interest, was of wayside debates over this contract; and at this period began my doubts as to the unfailing wisdom of the elders. Yet in the end the people followed the men of strong faith. How many adventurous men were mourned over as foolhardy by their fellows when they decided to go out West! Though not without effort and trial, the hardy men who went West proved their wisdom, and opened up a vast land where the industry of the husbandmen has a sure reward. Within a few years at most hardy pioneers will be opening up new provinces in the north.

In the West of to-day the story of the hardships of the early pioneers is heard by the dwellers upon the plains as an idle tale of another day and another country. The "old timers" themselves see them in glorified perspective, and when they foregather it is to talk of the good old times. Yet the hardships were real enough, and of a nature to test their faith to the uttermost. The settlers went out into the open plains, and had to build themselves houses of sod, or where there was timber of small logs. The wood obtained from the native poplar and scrub oak was the only fuel. There were no roads except trails running across the prairie. When a blizzard came on there was no landmark, but a vast plain of drifting snow. The blizzard to-day, when roads are marked and fenced and there are many large farm buildings, is a thing to be avoided; but in those days it was an implacable enemy. These men were not used to tilling the prairie soil, and made many mistakes in planting their small plots. When a good crop was obtained the price of wheat was low. On the famous Indian Head plains men will tell of the time when they drew No. 1 Hard wheat thirty miles to sell it for thirty cents per bushel; and farms on the Regina

plains that are to-day held at as high a price as the best farm land anywhere in Canada were abandoned in the late eighties by homesteaders who became discouraged. Archbishop Taché contended that this soil, which is, under proper tillage, now so productive, was useless. The prairies did not part easily with the secret of their riches, especially to men who followed the methods of their grandfathers in the East or the older lands; but to the men of faith who held on despite discouragement they have been most lavish in rewards.

However, the pioneers upon the plains had an easy task compared with those fathers who redeemed Eastern Canada from a forest. There the pioneer had to spend a lifetime winning a farm from the forest. The growth of population was rapid in view of all the conditions. War and rebellion are not conducive to immigration. After the Peace of Paris in 1763 there were only about sixty thousand French people left in Canada and the English population was small. In 1841 the population of the provinces was not more than one and-a-half millions, but by the time of Confederation it stood between three and four millions. In a little better than three-quarters of a century the pioneers had carried settlement from Acadia to the shores of the Great Lakes. Immigration was active from the settlement of 1841 up to the time of Confederation. The famine in Ireland in the early forties drove about two millions of Irish people across the Atlantic. Their faith in America as the promised land is not without pathos, though it was on the whole justified. This exodus had its bitter tragedy also in the thousands who perished of ship fever, as it was called, at the very threshold of the New World. In Grosse Isle and in Montreal are the graves of thousands who reached the promised land only to find sepulchre there. Owing to bitterness against England the majority of these people went to the United States where their cherished grievances have not been without effect on international affairs. Still many prosperous districts in Canada were opened up by Irish people who were alternat-

ing between black despair and exaggerated hope. The fact is not without meaning also that even those Irish immigrants who came to Canada cherishing bitterness against England are to-day loyal to Canada and the Empire. Thomas d'Arcy McGee, once proscribed as a rebel for his part in the literary rising of 1848, became a minister of the Crown in Canada; and was martyred for his denunciation of Fenianism. In Scotland also dukes concluded that sheep were a more paying crop on their hills than Crofters, and hence it is that whole counties in Canada are peopled by Scots. Perhaps the most poignant cry of exile in our literature is the Canadian Boat Song where these Highlanders, rowing upon the St. Lawrence, are represented as singing:

> "From the lone sheiling of the misty island
> Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Why is it that the epic of these forced migrations has not found expression in literature? The only history of many counties is that written on mouldering tombstones. In some of the old church yards Tyrone or Antrim, Caithness or Inverness appear upon almost every slab, while in others there appears the name of almost every shire in the two islands. To-day a man who migrates does little more than move into the next shire; but early in the last century he crossed the world.

These immigrants knew nothing of Canadian conditions; but they went into the wilderness with brave hearts and strong arms, rich in the possession of a grant of one hundred acres from the Crown. Theirs was a hard but winning fight against Nature and the Forest. It was by the ax they conquered; for with it they cut the logs for their houses, cleared the land, and made their own furniture. They were forced to be self-sustaining; to grow their own corn and weave their own garments. What we consider necessaries to-day

were unattainable luxuries. When the wheat was harvested it was often necessary to carry it on horseback, or a sack of it on the settler's own shoulders, for many miles to the nearest mill. The pioneers were tried and found not wanting.

In 1888 in Peel County, Ontario, within less than thirty miles of Toronto I visited a North countryman named Graham who was at that time considerably over ninety years of age; and he recalled the conditions prevailing when he took up his grant of land in 1818. There were only a few small clearings near him, and all supplies had to be brought from Muddy York. He told with glee, as a good joke upon himself, how foolish he had been to bring his carriage with him to Canada. By some means, certainly not with ease, he got it to his farm, every acre of which was covered with superb maple trees. It served as sleeping quarters for a time, and later was submitted to the indignity of being a hen-house; for there were no roads within ten miles of him on which it was possible to drive it. It was a family coach which must have cost more than a hundred pounds, and reposed in superannuated dignity in his carriage house when I saw it. In his coach and in his speech there was evidence that he had been a man of quality in the home land, and yet I could not find that he had ever repined at the new and hard conditions. Are immigrants made of softer fibre today? He lived to see his children and his grand-children prosperous and respected; to see a new nation grow up, in the shaping of whose destinies he had always taken a humble but useful part. Canada has reason to cherish much more fondly than she has done the memory of her pioneers.

While Canada was making slow but solid progress the United States was growing at an unprecedented rate. They had a population of about eight millions in 1812, when Canada had only about three hundred thousand. While cultured Europe smiled at the blatancy and lack of all sense of proportion with which the Americans advertised that they possessed "the greatest in the world" in everything from their soil to their institutions, the poor, the ambitious, the

oppressed and the discontented of all lands heard gladly, and flocked to America's shores. American publicists have changed their tone somewhat in regard to the supernatural efficacy of their institutions, since these are producing results not anticipated, but the wonderful resources of the country justified even much of their boasting. Discontent in Europe sent millions of immigrants to America, and the country absorbed British capital and emigration in a steady volume. The United States had the centre of the stage, and Canada could attract comparatively little attention. British subsidies for the carrying of mails were given to lines going to American ports; and as the trade of Canada was diverted through American channels and classed as American, it appeared small to England. The provinces fostered learning, and their sons sought wider fields in the growing cities of this foreign land. The rich prairies of the West attracted Canadian farmers, and the American cities drew our young men and women as a candle attracts moths. Our people were swarming long before our own prairies were open to their energies, and the trickle across the Border became a steady stream. One might speculate upon the difference it might have made to Canada if the Canadian Pacific Railway had been completed in 1878 instead of in 1886. This exodus was for years a political issue. It is not a ground for marvel that many became discouraged at the comparatively slow growth of our country, and a few lost faith. Yet in fair weather or in foul the great bulk of the Canadian people steadfastly believed in their destiny, and refused to think of doing violence to their national instincts.

There were those in England also who professed a desire to see the colonies cast themselves adrift from the Mother Country. This feeling was put in words by one of Her Majesty's Ministers, Lord de Grey, a member of the Cabinet, and the plenipotentiary who negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1871. In a memorandum, written April 16th, addressed to Sir George Cartier, giving an account of the pressure put upon him to agree to the Treaty, Lord de Grey

is represented by Sir John Macdonald as saying: "That I knew as well as he did that there was a large anti-colonial party in England, not confined to the Liberal Party, many of whom would rejoice at the action of Canada as proving the colonies to be a danger and a burden." To this Sir John Macdonald replied, "That as there was an anti-colonial party in England, so was there an annexation party in Canada; and if we were told that England was afraid or unwilling to protect us in the enjoyment of our undoubted rights, not from fear of the American government or the American people, but of the Gloucester fishermen, that party would gain great strength in Canada, and perhaps imperil the connexion with the Mother Country. That our maintenance as an independent nation was not to be thought of; we must be either English or American; and if protection was denied us by England we might as well go while we had the property left us with which we could make an arrangement with the United States." In those words these two statesmen summed up important questions. It seems reasonably certain that peace or war was involved in the settlement of the Alabama claims involved in this negotiation; and the Imperial Government was the more anxious for peace from the fact that it was not easy to prove that its attitude in this matter had been strictly correct. As the anti-colonial party in England did not represent the sober thought of the people, neither did the annexation party (which Sir John for his then present purposes considered worthy of mentioning), in any way represent the worthy thought of Canada.

By trade some people in England had grown fat and flabby as others in Canada had grown weak-kneed and spineless. Because of the great importance of the Imperial considerations involved Sir John signed the treaty. In the political storm that arose as a result, he was called "traitor." Two of his one time colleagues earned a similar epithet: George Brown when he joined forces with his great rival to carry the scheme of Confederation; and Joseph Howe when later he joined Sir John's Cabinet to quell the storm he himself had raised

in Nova Scotia in favour of the repeal of Confederation. General Ben. Butler had gone to Nova Scotia to strengthen the hands of those who in their anger against the means by which Confederation had been carried were willing to trifle with annexation. As the son of a United Empire Loyalist any such thought was repugnant to the soul of Howe, and he jeopardized his career by joining forces with his political enemies to preserve the union. It is a commentary upon outbursts of political passion, that the acts for which each of the three was denounced as a traitor were inspired by the highest patriotic motives; and in each case may constitute their chief claim to a place in history. It should be a source of pride to Canada that so many of her public men have been capable of rising to the level of sacrificing their political future in the cause of their country. In the forty-three years since Confederation two men, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, have held office for thirty-two of them; and the career of Sir John Macdonald, for the greater part of the time in office, extended over a period of twenty-three years before Confederation. Canadians have been faithful in their political allegiance, but only to men whom they believed to hold the true faith.

The widely disseminated impression, since shown by the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE to have been groundless, that in Treaty matters Great Britain sacrificed the interests of Canada, was of a truth a stumbling block to many in the faith. The invitation from a party in England to Canadians to throw off their allegiance wounded deeply, but the people believed and with justice that such a policy was repugnant to the heart of England.

It is but yesterday that temptations from within and without were offered for closer affiliation with the United States. They kindly opened the door to us in 1776; and pressed the invitation upon us by force of arms at that time, and again in 1812. From the beginning Canada was harassed by hostile tariff legislation. The McKinley Bill was designed to cripple us. Then we were wooed for a time by gentler

methods, by offers of Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity. The blessings of Continental Union were preached on both sides of the line as an organized, well-financed crusade. However, Senator Sherman, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, in a speech to the Senate on September 18th, 1888, used these minatory words: "Our whole history since the Conquest of Canada by Great Britain in 1763 has been a continuous warning that we cannot be at peace with each other except by political as well as Commercial Union." This utterance was sufficiently clear, and brought comfort to those holding the faith as showing the true situation. There were other similar warnings, but this partook of an official nature. There could be only one answer to such a challenge.

The effect of the policy of the United States was different from that which it anticipated. It strengthened the faith of even wayward Canadians. And it is significant that these appeals held out to Canadians were based solely on financial and commercial grounds. No higher ground could be taken by the leaders of such a movement. The appeal was to the flesh, and the answer was of the spirit.

There is true patriotic feeling and statesmanship in the speech of the late Archbishop O'Brien, delivered at Halifax on June 4th 1888, in which he said: "The promoters of Imperial Federation are called dreamers. Well, their dream is at least an ennobling one, one that appeals to all the noble sentiments of manhood. The principle of Canadian nationality has taken too firm a hold on our people to permit them to merge their distinct life in that of a nation whose institutions give no warrant of permanency, as they afford no guarantee of real individual and religious liberty." Canadians agree with the American writer, Mr. Price Collier, in his book "England and the English," when he says of the United States: "The mating of the French philosophy and the Irish fact have turned us aside from, and made us hesitating in our allegiance to, the only form of free government that ever has been successful in the world and which is ours

by ancestral right.'' Again, Canadians claim that in their Government Canada is superior to the United States, in the words of the same writer, because ''the real spirit of government by the people is merely that they should at all times have control, and keep control, of their governors as these Saxons have done.'' Lest any Canadian of weak faith should imagine the departed prelate and patriot went a step too far, consider this deliberate opinion of ''McClure's Magazine'': "Our large cities and many of our States are governed by organized criminals.'' The writer repeats these words twice in an article published in November, 1909. This is the quality of the civilisation we have been urged to share ever since 1775.

Our premier declares that the twentieth century will be Canada's century, and the prosperity of the first nine years of it bears out his words. That our material growth will be wonderfully rapid is as certain as any future event can be. In the past the faith of our people in their destiny has been tried by isolation, by jealous divisions overcome and converted into union, by comparatively slow growth, and by tasks declared impossible of accomplishment. Still they were achieved. We may be tried in the future by abounding prosperity and rapidity of growth. The faith of our fathers was tried by tribulation at home, and by hostile invasion from without. Surely the moral fibre of the Canadian people has been strengthened by great difficulties overcome.

Our forefathers have consecrated this soil of Canada by their toil, by their sacred dust, and by their blood shed in its defence. Always they held steadfastly to the faith in King and Country. A few of our dead sleep in South Africa. Canada is moving forward to take a larger part in Empire defence. What has been undertaken is but a beginning, for Canada has never yet turned back from action to which she stood pledged by word or deed. The future will bring its problems, but we may hope that there is little to fear so long as our dreamers dream only ennobling dreams.

W. D. McBride

THE LONG SAULT DAM

THE rapidity with which the people of the United States have developed the resources of a new continent has excited the wonder of the world. They developed its wheat fields so thoroughly that now they yield 14 bushels to the acre, whilst the fields of England produce only thirty-eight. In six years, according to the present rate of production and consumption, the United States will be a wheat importing country. In seven years it is estimated that all the forests in the United States will have been developed into oblivion.

Having succeeded so amazingly in developing their own resources, the people of the United States are now offering their services in developing ours. It is intolerable to men whose one desire is to get rich to see any part of our fertile plains reserved for our children, or forests untouched by fire and ax. Falling rivers are merely water running to waste, when they might be " harnessed " in the service of humanity, to grind up the forests into pulp, from which eventually newspapers might be printed for the education and enlightenment of the people. Any development which exhausts is not to be distinguished from a sustained act of piracy.

To persons landing on these shores the most desirable possession to develop is the St. Lawrence River. That this is our National river matters nothing to men in whose eyes the word " National " signifies merely a euphonious and comprehensive designation for a Trust or Corporation, which has been created for the purpose of exploiting the fortunes of their fellows. That we should object to having nine-tenths of this river diverted into United States territory is to them complete evidence of a stupid conservatism or a silly sentimentality.

The most recent offer of assistance in developing the resources of Canada comes from a group of men who desire

to construct a dam at the Long Sault Rapids. The names of these benefactors are unknown, but they are believed to be associated with the Pittsburg Reduction Company, which in turn has the support of those large financial interests which have provided material for comment by moralists in the United States. The present intention is to examine the status of this proposal, in short, to look well into the mouth of this gift-horse.

Two companies are concerned, The Long Sault Development Company and The St. Lawrence Power Company, the one of United States origin and the other of Canadian origin. The American Company was incorporated by the Legislature of New York by an Act dated February 28th 1907, and the names of the persons seeking to be constituted as a body corporate are given as Michael H. Flaherty, Frank S. Smith, Henry H. Warren, Walter F. Willson, and John C. Crapser.

In Canada this Act of incorporation created no interest. Indeed public attention was little stimulated by the introduction into Parliament of a similar Bill which bore the guileless superscription "Bill 115. An Act to incorporate the St. Lawrence Power Transmission Company. First reading January 21st 1910. Private Bill, Mr. Pardee." It was only when the subject matter of the Bill was brought before the International Waterways Commission at a meeting held in Toronto on February 8th and 9th, 1910, that its full significance was appreciated. The proceedings of that meeting are recorded in a volume of 235 pages, and it will not be necessary to go outside of the record in order to obtain a full understanding of the nature of the proposal.

The Canadian members of the Commission were Mr. G. C. Gibbons and Mr. W. J. Stewart. The American representatives were Brigade-General Ernst, Mr. G. D. Clinton, and Professor Haskell. Mr. Gibbons presided. Deputations appeared representing the promoters; namely, The Long Sault Development Company and The St. Lawrence Power Company. These two companies have one aim, to

dam the St. Lawrence and use the power to generate electricity. Other interests also were represented, namely, The Ontario Government; the Canadian Commission of Conservation; the Dominion Marine Association; The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company; The Lake Freight Association; The Shipping Federation; The Montreal Board of Trade, and Harbour Commission; The Chambre de Commerce; The Toronto Board of Trade; the towns of Prescott, Massena, Brockville, Cornwall, and Morrisburg. Therefore it will be seen that the meeting was of some importance.

This was not the first occasion on which the proposal came under discussion. It was considered before the Commission in Toronto in October 1907, again in Montreal a month later, a year later in Toronto, and early in January 1910, in Buffalo. The proposal was placed formally before the Government in December 1907, and again in an amended form in January 1909. According to the presentation of the case by Mr. McCarthy, the advocate of the Company, the scheme is an extremely simple one, as set forth in the lawyer's jargon of his "peroration:" "We offer to the navigation interests going east and west two channels where you have one. We offer to build a new lock with one lift. We tell you, and we assert to you,—and we say we will make good on that—that there will be ample facilities and lots of water to handle the shipping interests, that now ply on the St. Lawrence river. Is there any man within the sound of my voice or anywhere in the country, or any other country, that will not say that giving you two channels where you have now but one, is not an improvement?"

The scheme apparently is so simple that the promoters did not think it necessary to submit any plans to the Commission, except a sketch which one member of a deputation thought "might just as well have been made on sand with a stick." Counsel for various interests, however, appeared to think the matter of sufficient importance to have justified the promoters in furnishing something more than a blue-print. The record of the conversation between Mr. Lafleur, repre-

senting the Montreal Board of Trade, and Mr. Rickey, the Company's Engineer, illustrates this attitude of mind:

Mr. Lafleur: You recollect that in November 1908 you undertook to prepare further plans and data?

Mr. Rickey: Yes, sir.

Mr. Lafleur: Will you tell me what you furnished?

Mr. Rickey: I furnished a general outline such as this.

Mr. Lafleur: Could any engineer criticize that plan?

Mr. Rickey: A competent engineer can.

Mr. Lafleur: You say from that plan or the blue-print any competent engineer could make up his mind as to the feasibility of the scheme, and as to the interference of navigation?

Mr. Rickey: Knowing the characteristics of the site, mind you.

Mr. Lafleur: Then the characteristics of the site are not indicated on the plan?

Mr. Rickey: You have to have a general knowledge of the location.

Mr. Lafleur: Are the currents shown on the plan?

Mr. Rickey: No.

Mr. Lafleur: Or on the blue-print?

Mr. Rickey: No.

Mr. Lafleur: Are the heights shown?

Mr. Rickey: No.

Mr. Lafleur, addressing the Commission: We have submitted to our engineers such information as has been furnished us, but I am instructed that that information is wholly inadequate to enable them to make up their minds either as to the practicability of the scheme in the crude form in which it is presented, or as to the possible dangers to navigation.

Chairman Gibbons: The first question is: Is it permissible at all, under these conditions, to make this development? Certainly the engineers of both governments will have to consent and approve, and possibly this Commission will approve of any plans and details.

Mr. Lafleur: It does seem to me that the details are the very essence of the matter; that you can not say whether or not the proposed scheme is going to interfere with navigation unless you have the detailed plan. It does not seem to me merely a matter of detail to be settled afterwards. It seems to me to be of vital importance to settle the project.

Mr. King, who appeared for the Dominion Marine Association, pressed this point when he said: "In November 1908 it was clearly understood, and it is on record, that plans and details of the fullest nature were to be laid before us, so that we would avoid this discussion that the Chairman is now anxious to avoid, and until this date we have not had one iota of information which gives us what we wanted."

Mr. Watson, representing the town of Morrisburg; Mr. Smith, representing transportation interests; Mr. Beck and Mr. Hilliard, representating the Ontario Government; Mr. Cumberland, representing the city of Toronto, all reiterated the protest that in the absence of plans no proper opinion could be expressed.

Mr. Cumberland said that upon receiving notice of the meeting a request was made to the Board for the submission of those plans. To this Chairman Gibbons replied: "I never heard of it. I did not know." To make it more emphatic he affirmed a second time: "I certainly did not know that anybody had asked for plans. It is the first I heard of it."

It must not be inferred from this that no plans are in existence. The Chairman, Mr. Gibbons, admitted that there were plans, and that the Government engineers had seen them. He was not at liberty, however, to disclose the reports which had been made upon them, as they were "confidential." Mr. Holgate, who appeared later for the Company, in an outburst of candour gave some indication of what those reports might contain: "I have taken full opportunity of discussing the general features of the whole scheme with the Engineers of the Dominion Government, both individually and together, and the result has been that these gentlemen have come to

our views of the matter." But the value of Mr. Holgate's opinion is weakened by his admission: "I am not bothering myself very much with details at the present moment."

If by the Government engineers' report is meant that report which was laid upon the table of the House of Commons by the Minister of Public Works on March 17th, and bearing the signatures of Eugene D. Lafleur, M. J. Butler, and William P. Anderson, then the Government engineers are sadly belied. In this official report the project is condemned in far less measured terms than any which have hitherto been employed: and knowing the text, the promoters might well have protested against its being produced. Instead of supporting their case, it is absolutely fatal to their pretensions.

Other and more specific evidence is not lacking that intelligible plans are in existence. Mr. Kelley, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, assured the Commission that Mr. Rickey's calculations had been checked, and were borne out by eminent engineers. Mr. Foster, who appeared for the Company, also declared that they had been approved, not by ordinary men but by most eminent engineers in the United States and Canada, and that they had had the best expert advice that money would enable them to get.

In opposition to the protest that, in the absence of plans of what was proposed, it was impossible to express any opinion, the deputations were reminded by the Chairman that a year previously he "was very strong in pressing the suggestion that they should appoint engineers, and that he had obtained the consent of the Government to pay the expenses of such experts out of the public funds." In view of the fact that this munificence had not been accepted, Mr. Gibbons was of opinion that "there was no necessity of getting into any discussion on the matter." He did not make it clear what these experts were expected to do. The suggestion is too naive that engineers should be engaged at the public expense to prepare plans for promoters to criticise. That would be a complete shifting of the ground. The record of the meeting

is a cry for information; but none appears to have been vouchsafed. The various interests represented were not there to offer senseless objections. They merely desired to know from what quarter danger threatened.

When Mr. White, Secretary of the Canadian Commission of Conservation, communicated a memorandum which represented the unanimous opinion of the Commission, with the objections to the scheme summarized under eleven heads, the Chairman made the oracular retort, "it is very much easier giving judgement when you do not know the facts." (Laughter.) And yet it was for facts that all were pleading.

Even the benefits which would arise from the scheme were not very clearly stated. Deputations were present from the towns which were directly interested and the following is selected as a presentation of their case: "We have a pretty little town and a sporty little town. We will spend all kinds of money up to the limit to make our town nice to visit. We are a growing country and a growing continent. Our watchword is the future. And if it comes to a question of scenic beauty, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, let us ask what appeals most to the hard-headed men who love to take a tour on the money they have earned by their own labour? Don't they like to see how man has triumphed over the powers of nature? Don't they like to see an undertaking which has resulted from the harnessing of the natural resources of the world, and which has resulted in the making of money?....that mighty dam with a sheet of water falling over it."

The Chairman was resolute to confine the discussion to one point: whether the works were feasible and practicable under any plan without interference with navigation; although he did promise that at a later date "the public would be taken into their confidence." Engineers are in the habit of boasting that, if they are given enough money, they can accomplish any undertaking: "Give us where to stand, and we will move the world." Before the question of feasibility, in reality, comes the question: What will be the results?

Much has been made of the financial responsibility of the Company for carrying out its engagements; and yet we cannot fail to remember that an equal claim was made on behalf of the Company which was awarded the contract for building the Quebec bridge. When the disaster happened it turned out that the Company was merely subsidiary to another bearing a similar name; and its engagements worthless. Also, in view of that disaster by which more than seventy lives were lost, we should be inclined to scrutinize any plans for public works which emanate from the same quarter.

Nor can we share Mr. Gibbons' confidence "that the United States Government should be safely trusted to see that the Development Company does not become oppressive" in view of the success which it has met with in preventing similar corporations from oppressing its own citizens.

The promoters appeared to be much impressed with their own self-abnegation in relinquishing the control of Canadian navigation to the Government of the United States. Their proposal, as appears from the sketch submitted, is that the main channel shall be diverted into United States territory, and it is inconceivable to them that we should object. Under the terms of the Treaty of Washington the canals of both countries are to be used in common by each. Yet it has happened that Canadian vessels have had to pay tolls at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal imposed not by the Federal Government, it is true, but by the State of Michigan. Whilst American barges may proceed from Albany to Ottawa, Canadian barges are prevented from crossing the boundary line by the Whitehall Canal. In 1870 when General Wolseley desired to transport troops to the North-West by the American canal at Sault Ste. Marie permission was refused, in spite of the fact that Canada was engaged not in a foreign war but in suppressing a domestic insurrection.

The great work before Canada to-day is the completion of facilities for transport from the sea to Port Arthur. The development of the West and the consequent growth of vessel tonnage on the great lakes makes it apparent that the Govern-

ment will have to consider the deepening of the channels and enlargement of the canal system. The problem is a single one, and the building of the Georgian Bay Canal or deepening the Welland Canal to 24 feet may all depend upon something to be done at The Long Sault. If any part of these rapids is bonded over to a private or alien corporation, the Government will then have to deal with vested interests protected by a foreign power, which will have its hands on the throat of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Beck, for one, was not much impressed by the argument that the prosperity of the border towns was dependent upon a supply of power from this source. As chief of the Hydro-Electrical Commission, he had already offered to those towns—with possibly two exceptions—power from Niagara at a much lower rate that it was proposed to pay to this new Company. At present comparatively little power is required in the vicinity of Cornwall, and as the Company reserves the right under Section 9 of the Bill, to export to the United States electricity produced in Canada, industries will be created on American territory which will consume the whole output, not only the 500,000 horse-power produced on the American side but the 100,000 horse-power which the Canadian end is supposed to yield.

Finally the promoters have taken refuge in patriotism, and conjured up beautiful visions of two great nations dwelling side by side in harmony, whilst a private corporation grows rich. Nor are the oppressed and down-trodden neglected. The attorney for the Company in his address to the Commission was moved by compassion for Montreal " in the hands of a monopoly that are grinding down the people of that great city;" and his grief was probably not assuaged by the remembrance that he had performed for that monopoly at the time of its creation the same good office which is he now endeavouring to perform for the Long Sault Development Company.

It may turn out that plans, no matter how detailed, will have little value apart from indicating the intentions of the Company. The problem is too vast to allow of absolute reliance

upon an opinion, no matter how expert or disinterested. No engineer can tell what will happen in a rigorous climate when the flow of such a mighty river as the St. Lawrence is interfered with. The matter must be settled on general principles, of which the following are a few. The largest water power in Canada should not be handed over to a private or alien corporation. A foreign Government should not be placed in control of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. The development of the National waterway into the heart of the American continent should not be stopped by any vested rights which aliens or citizens may acquire. The situation at Niagara emphasizes the fact that the Government should own and control our share of all the international water-power in the Dominion, so that Canadians may not be under bondage to any other corporation for the power that is vital to their industrial life, or subject to complications which might arise with the Government of the United States. We should look well to the kind of trap into which we are invited to place our foot.

It is not for an obscure writer to offer a substitute for this proposal; but the three following principles may be put forward as inviolable ones: I. Government ownership of all works on national waterways. II. A proper division of power-plants on Canadian and American sides, in order that each country may receive the full quota developed on its own territory. III. The new canal or locks to be built in Canadian territory, where the channel now is, and not on the American side.

A CANADIAN

SONG

O eyes most fair, soft-shadowed in the gloom,
Dear eyes of grey, that light the dusky room,
Look down but once, where I your servant sing;
Are there no tender thoughts my song can bring,
Of fair dead days, of sweet salt-scented air,
O eyes most fair!

O eyes most fair, the Western light is low,
Night comes apace, star-crowned, and day must go;
Night's stars far-shining are less fair to see
Than those dear eyes the night shuts out from me;
Yet morning comes, and love need not despair,
O eyes most fair!

A. CLARE GIFFIN

ONTARIO'S CONSTITUTIONAL ORDEAL

THE constitution of the Provinces of Canada may be said at the present time to be going through a test or ordeal of the utmost importance to the future of the country, though it is, perhaps, as yet, little appreciated by the general public.

There have been, between the year 1906 and the present time, a series of Acts passed by the Legislature of Ontario in connexion with what is termed therein the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. It is not necessary for the present purpose to set out that legislation in detail. It is sufficient to say that by an Act of 1906, as re-enacted with variations and modifications in 1907, the Ontario Legislature authorized the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council to appoint a Commission of three persons, two of whom might be members, and one of whom must be a member, of the Executive Council of the Province.

This Commission, which has been duly appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, is vested under these Acts with power " by purchase, lease, or otherwise, or without the consent of the owners thereof or persons interested therein " to acquire the lands and works, the plant and property, of transmission companies, that is to say, corporations or other persons in Ontario generating electrical power or energy, and transmitting and supplying to those who require it.

It is further provided that any municipality may apply to the Commission for the transmission and supply to it of electrical power for the use of the corporation and inhabitants of the municipality for lighting, heating, power, and other purposes, and that the Commission is thereupon to furnish such corporations with a statement of the maximum price per horse power at which the electrical power will be supplied at the point of development or of its delivery to the Commission,

and an estimate of the cost of providing a transmission line, and also to furnish plans and specifications of the works and plant necessary for the distribution of such power or energy by the corporation, and an estimate of the cost, and that the council of the municipality may thereupon enter into a provisional contract with the Commission for the supply of electrical power to the municipality: such provisional contract, however, is not to be binding upon the corporation until a by-law approving of it has received the assent of the electors.

The Act of 1907 then provides in two important sections as follows:

23. Without the consent of the Attorney-General, no action shall be brought against the Commission or against any member thereof for anything done or omitted in the exercise of his office.

24. Neither the Province nor the Commission nor any member thereof shall incur any liability by reason of any error or omission in any estimates, plans or specifications prepared or furnished by the Commission.

In view of these enactments, certain by-laws were passed by various municipal corporations, including those of London and of Toronto, authorizing the said corporations to enter into contracts with the Commission for the supply of electric power to the corporations, and by Act of 1908 these by-laws received statutory ratification and were declared sufficient, legal, valid, and binding.

After the coming into force of the last mentioned Act, actions were commenced against the municipalities of London and Toronto respectively by ratepayers seeking to have declared *ultra vires* contracts made, or about to be made, by the municipal corporations with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, on the ground that such contracts materially varied from the propositions submitted to the electorate in each case in the form of the by-laws which had received their approval, and for consequential relief. In these actions the constitutionality of the legislation as a whole was, and is, called into ques-

tion. Motions thereupon being made by or on behalf of the municipal corporations to stay the proceedings in the actions on the ground that the Hydro-Electric Commission was a necessary party, the plaintiffs applied to the Attorney-General of Ontario for a *fiat* to add the Commission. *Fiats* were refused; but nevertheless the actions have been permitted to proceed. Thereupon, and pending the progress of these actions, was passed a further Act of 1909.

This Act first makes certain alterations in the contracts with the Commission theretofore executed by the cities of London and Toronto, and some other corporations, and then enacts that, notwithstanding any provisions of any by-laws of the councils of such corporations, the contract as so varied shall be valid and binding upon the corporations, and that the validity of such contract " shall not be open to question, and shall not be called in question on any ground whatever in any Court, but shall be conclusively deemed to be a contract executed by the corporations "; and that the corporations in question shall be conclusively deemed " to have and to be entitled to exercise all the powers mentioned in the said Acts (i. e. those relating to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, and its functions) which are thereby conferred upon a corporation which has entered into such a contract."

It then contains a strong provision as to empowering the Commission to acquire easements for the construction of their transmission lines over lands, railways, bridges, etc., " by purchase, lease or otherwise, or without the consent of the owners thereof, or persons interested therein "; and then comes the following section, on which at the moment of writing the fight is concentrated:

8. Every action which has been heretofore brought and is now pending wherein the validity of the said contract or any by-law passed or purporting to have been passed authorizing the execution thereof by any of the corporations hereinbefore mentioned is attacked or called in question, or calling in question the jurisdiction, power or authority of the Commission or of any municipal corporation or of the councils

thereof or of any or either of them to exercise any power or to do any of the acts which the said recited Acts authorize to be exercised or done by the Commission or by a municipal corporation or by the council thereof, by whomsoever such action is brought, shall be and the same is hereby forever stayed."

Now, the objections to such legislation lie on the surface. So far as the Electrical Development Company is concerned, it is asserted to be directly contrary to the express agreement of the Ontario Government. It appears that when the Electrical Development Company made their contract with the Niagara Falls Park Commissioners for the development of electrical power from the waters of the Niagara River for an annual sum,—a contract afterwards ratified by Provincial Act,—one of the clauses of it was as follows:—"The Commissioners will not themselves engage in making use of the water to generate pneumatic, electric, or other power, except for the purposes of the Park."

Now, it is pointed out that the Niagara Falls Power Commission is like the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, an emanation from the Provincial Government, and represents the Government, and that therefore the Ontario Government in constituting a body to compete with the Electrical Development Company in the supply of electric power, is acting in direct violation of its express agreement. Apart from this, it is pointed out that for the Provincial Government thus to enter the field in competition with a number of companies supported mainly by English capital, which have been allowed to expend enormous sums in the construction of works, is calculated to greatly injure the reputation not only of Ontario, but of Canada as a whole, as a field for investment, in the money markets of Europe. Certainly, it would seem that the commencement of what we believe is destined to be a century of most active expansion in Canada, is hardly the time to take public action calculated to stop the flow of capital from Europe.

Then, although some may think that the object of supplying cheap electrical power to Ontario municipalities is so

transcendent in importance that such legislation is justified thereby, other people not possessed, or perhaps one might say, not obsessed, with the same idea, would be likely to agree that the legislation is high-handed and arbitrary. It sanctions the placing of high voltage wires across any and every part of the private property of innumerable farmers with or without their sanction, and without any provision for adequate compensation to them, and apparently, if the power be exercised to an extreme, without any compensation at all. It deliberately closes the Courts of Justice to those who complain of improper methods of securing contracts with their municipalities, or of *ultra vires* action by the municipalities in respect to such contracts, or even of the validity of the provincial Acts relating thereto, and it exempts both the Province and the Commission and all the members thereof from any liability by reason of any error or omission in any estimates, plans, or specifications prepared or furnished by the Commission.

Now the point is this,—that, whatever we may think of such legislation, it is undoubtedly *intra vires* and within the power of the Provincial Legislature to pass. The action against the city of London was tried before Riddell, J., who held that no judgement of any kind could be given in it because under the above section of the Act of 1909 proceedings in it, and in all similar actions, had been forever stayed; and at considerable length showed on the authorities that the said section was *intra vires* of the Ontario Legislature. An appeal was taken to the Divisional Court, and dismissed with costs, the court taking a broad view of the question before them, and upholding the constitutional validity of the Hydro-Electric Commission as a whole. Judgement in the case against the city of Toronto followed these judgements in the other case. Prior to this, in another action, the Court of Appeal for Ontario had held that somewhat similar Ontario legislation, namely, that by which in 1907 certain claims then pending in the Courts for an interest in a mining property at Cobalt were over-ridden by statute, and the property vested in certain other parties, was *intra vires*. Fortified

by these decisions, and by some slight independent study of the cases under the British North America Act, I have no hesitation in saying that the whole of the above legislation is *intra vires* of the Provincial Legislature.

I will go further, and assert that the Ontario Legislature, if it saw fit, under its power to make laws " in relation to the administration of justice in the Province," and " in relation to property and civil rights in the Province," and " in relation to generally all matters of a merely local or private nature in the Province," could enact that the validity of its Acts should not be called in question in any Court in the Province.

The Privy Council as long ago as 1883 held in the case of Hodge v. The Queen, that " when the British North America Act enacted that there should be a Legislature for Ontario and that the Legislative Assembly should have exclusive authority to make laws for the Province, and for provincial purposes, in relation to the matters enumerated in sec. 92, it conferred powers not in any sense to be exercised by delegation from or as agents of the Imperial Parliament, but an authority as plenary and as ample within the limits prescribed by sec. 92 as the Imperial Parliament in the plenitude of its power possessed and could bestow. Within these limits of subject and area, the local legislature is supreme and has the same authority as the Imperial Parliament or the Parliament of the Dominion would have had under like circumstances." This language the Judicial Committee has repeated since in more than one decision. In the case of Dobie v. The Temporalities Board, in 1882, they say that Provincial Legislatures are supreme, and that " there is really no practical limit to the authority of a supreme legislature excepting the lack of executive power to enforce its enactments." Yet the old idea of a colonial legislature seems to linger on in many minds; and, like those ladies who warmly oppose the freeing of their own sex from political disabilities, many in this country appear unwilling to accept the full measure of public freedom tendered to them by these decisions, and the Confederation Act which they interpret. The Provincial Legis-

lature of Ontario, I make bold to say, has exactly the same power to close all the Courts of Ontario to the people of Ontario, as the Parliament of Great Britain would have to close the Courts of Great Britain to the people of Great Britain.

We are coming now to the heart of this most important matter. It is this. The possibility of unwise, unjust, immoral, and foolish legislation is the necessary price which must be paid by those who wish to enjoy the full measure of British political freedom.

In the preamble of the British North America Act it is stated as follows: "Whereas the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick have expressed their desire to be federally united into one Dominion under the crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom." In the matter before us we have our finger on one of the most essential points in which the fathers of Confederation endowed this country, both the Dominion as a whole, and the provinces as such, with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom.

The principle in question is this. That it ill becomes a people worthy of, and possessed of, full British political liberty to look to courts of justice, or the subtleties of lawyers, for protection against unjust, immoral, or otherwise objectionable legislation on the part of their representatives in Parliament assembled. It is to an intelligent public opinion, and to the power to give effect to such intelligent public opinion at the polls, that such a people should look for securing the legislation they desire, and if their legislatures worthily represent the opinion of the constituencies, they should not be shackled and restrained by any sort of legal or other bonds. As the Privy Council said in the Fisheries case in 1898, referring to the power of legislation of the Dominion Parliament in respect to fisheries: "The suggestion that the power might be abused so as to amount to a practical confiscation of property, does not warrant the imposition by the Courts of any limit upon the absolute power of legislation conferred. The supreme legisla-

tive power in relation to any subject matter is always capable of abuse, but it is not to be assumed that it will be improperly used. If it is, the only remedy is an appeal to those by whom the legislature is elected."

Beyond a doubt it was because they would not be content with any less than a full measure of British freedom for Canada that the founders of Confederation refused to introduce into the British North America Act any clauses similar to those of the constitution of the United States forbidding legislation impairing the obligation of contracts. The constitution of the United States is full of such restrictions, both on the powers of Congress and on the powers of the States. They would have none of them. To incorporate them in our fundamental constitution would have been to degrade our legislatures.

The only kind of legislature which is worthy of a British people is a legislature which has a free hand in carrying into operation the wishes of the people as voiced by their representatives duly elected at the polls.

At the same time the British North America Act was establishing a federal structure. It had to provide some remedy in case the legislation of a particular province in the plenitude of the powers committed to it should be of such a character as to threaten the permanence of the whole federation. With that end in view, to begin with, it vested the Governor-General with an unrestricted power to veto provincial Acts: and it was as early as 1868 laid down in a report of the Minister of Justice, approved by the Governor-General-in-Council, that the Minister of Justice from time to time should report on those provincial Acts, which he might consider, (1) as being altogether illegal or unconstitutional; (2) as illegal or unconstitutional in part; (3) in cases of concurrent jurisdiction, as clashing with the legislation of the general Parliament; (4) as effecting the interests of the Dominion generally.

The actual practice indeed of the Dominion Government in respect to the veto power appears for some years now to have been to leave provincial Acts to their operation, however open to objection as unjust or otherwise contrary to sound princi-

ples of legislation, if such Acts are at the same time clearly within the competency of the Provincial Legislature passing them, and do not conflict with Dominion or Imperial policy or interests. But the right and power of the Dominon Government to veto such Acts when they do conflict with Dominion or Imperial policy or interests exists in full force, and cannot be disputed. At the time of writing, a strenuous effort is being made to have the above Ontario Act of 1909 vetoed, as militating most seriously against Dominion interests in respect to its effect upon the credit of the whole of Canada in the money markets of England and of the world. But much as one might like to see the veto exercised, it is a question whether the alleged injury to Dominion interests is sufficiently direct to justify this in strict constitutional theory.

Apart from the veto power, however, under Sec. 91 of the British North America Act, the Dominion Parliament has power "to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Canada in relation to all matters not coming within the classes of subjects by this Act assigned exclusively to the Legislatures of the Provinces;" and although the opinion has been already expressed that the legislation in respect to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission does come within the classes of subjects assigned by the Act to the provinces, yet certainly the passing of *ultra vires* Acts does not. Therefore, if a provincial legislature closes its courts to subjects of the Province, who desire to challenge the validity of its legislation, there can be little doubt that under the above general power, the Dominion Parliament could legislate as might be necessary to amend such a situation. Lastly, under Sec. 101 of the British North America Act, the Parliament of Canada has power to establish "any additional Courts for the better administration of the laws of Canada," and the Privy Council have held in the recent case of Attorney-General for the Province of Prince Edward Island v. Attorney-General for the Dominion, decided in 1905, that it is clear that the Provinces form part of Canada, as constituted under the British North America Act; and therefore when Sec. 101 speaks of

additional courts for the better administration of the laws of Canada, it may well be contended that provincial Acts form part of those laws, and that if Provincial Courts are closed to those who desire to challenge the validity of provincial legislation, the Dominion Parliament has power under the above section to establish additional Courts in which that could be done.

But when all is said and done, the only effective protection for a free people against improper legislation by their representatives lies in their own action at the polls. The constitution of Ontario, and with it of Canada, as a whole, is brought to the ordeal. It is not the ordeal of fire, nor the ordeal of water. It may be called the ordeal of electricity. This Ontario legislation with regard to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission brings us face to face with the question whether the institutions of this Dominion will prove really workable or not: whether the people of Canada will rise to the full comprehension and acceptance of their heritage, as children of Great Britain,—the fullest measure of political freedom; whether their political life will become so enlivened and stimulated that they will be protected by their own public action, without any intervention of the Courts, against legislation which does not worthily represent the true character and the best opinion of the country.

ARTHUR LEVINSON.

HAMLET, AN IDEAL PRINCE

IT is now three centuries since *Hamlet* was given to the world, and we are not yet agreed upon its interpretation. The play still signifies to us little but the mystery of life, though many other meanings have been suggested. It is very doubtful if that was all it meant to contemporary play-goers. A drama written for Englishmen of Elizabeth's day would surely present some definite conception, and portray some concrete aspect of human nature. There seems to be no sufficient reason why the play is a puzzle to us, for we have doubtless inherited a fairly correct text of the acting version, and lack none of the essentials for the correct understanding of the play, except the stage production under the direct supervision of the author. After the fruitless study of sources and other non-essentials, one is tempted to fall back upon the text, the whole text, and nothing but the text, and see if the play is not its own best interpreter. At any rate, it will bear a closer scrutiny, for certain elements have been studiously overlooked. To give due consideration to these may add something to our understanding of the play.

It is scarcely too much to say that the existing theories of *Hamlet* are all in one way or another unsatisfactory. The Goethe-Coleridge theory can no longer be maintained as held by the two great men by whom it was formulated. Critics cannot admit such inherent weakness in the character of the Prince. When we look at the play as a whole we cannot fail to notice with Oechelhäuser that, on the contrary, Hamlet is "a powerfully and healthily endowed nature, with most brilliant gifts of mind and heart." He is, indeed, as Professor Bradley says, "a heroic, terrible figure. He would have been formidable to Othello or

Macbeth." The Klein-Werder theory does well to deny any such inability, for he is quite capable of swift and even impetuous action. His delay is undoubtedly a part of wisdom, and it is likely true that he is seeking not merely revenge, but justice. This view needs, however, some modification or some further support, as the motive attributed to Hamlet is not sufficient to account for his course throughout the entire play.

The inherent difficulties in all the theories have led many to the belief that the whole drama is mysterious, if not insoluble, though few are as hopeless as Professor Lewis, who says, "The difficulties that confront any theory about Hamlet induce at least a belief that no single theory is admissible—that neither the play nor the character is a consistent whole."

It is safe to say, however, that the problem is not insoluble. It needs only to be approached in the right manner to yield some good results. With few exceptions the existing interpretations attempt to understand the drama by first trying to understand the character. They seem to forget that the play is not the history of a certain Prince of Denmark, but a work of literary art constructed or reconstructed by the dramatist, to present his views of human life. *Hamlet* like all other dramas is "an arranged spectacle", in which there are many persons, but one chief person. Hamlet is not the play, but only the chief person of the drama. Let us first try, therefore, to understand the drama; then we may hope to understand the man.

The problem cannot be solved by reference only to the Prince. There is about him, as has been noticed, "a habitual secrecy," that resists our most prying inquisitiveness. Even in his soliloquies Hamlet does not reveal himself as fully as we might wish, but speaks always with reference to conditions about him; hence we must consider these if we would understand his words and infer his motive. Shakespeare never delineates character in isolation, but

always in the most intimate relation to the situation and movement of a drama. These, then, it is most important to study carefully.

Upon examination we discover at once an element in the initial situation which has been almost entirely overlooked by the critics, and that will prove very vital. Little notice has been taken of the relations of Denmark and Norway, and of the part of Fortinbras, though these are frequently introduced, and at last the throne of Denmark passes to the young Prince of Norway. This fiery young warrior seems always to be hovering over Denmark like an eagle over its intended prey. He comes directly into every act but the third, and it is in this that the ghost appears to whet Hamlet's "almost blunted purpose." Great significance must then be attached to the intimate relations of these two kingdoms and of the two Princes.

It is worthy of note that in none of the possible sources of the drama is there any reference to young Fortinbras. *The Hystorie of Hamblet* alone refers to Norway, but only to tell how Hamlet's father had overcome the King of Norway before the opening of the story. This was enough, however, to give Shakespeare a hint, and he wove carefully into his play the relations of the two kingdoms. That this element was utilized from the first by Shakespeare is seen from the fact that it appears in the First Quarto substantially as in the First Folio. These threads, then, are Shakespeare's deliberate additions to the story, and for this reason have all the more significance. Such additions furnish an encompassing thought to the play, and raise the motive of Hamlet from the low level of personal revenge to the higher plane of patriotic purpose. By so doing, Shakespeare connects the action with a lofty passion, as he had done in *Romeo and Juliet*, where he made love serve the purpose of reconciling two rival houses, and in *The Merchant of Venice*, where he made the love of Portia and Bassanio the means of frustrating the cruel revenge of Shylock. Shakespeare was never satisfied to be a mere psycho-

logist of human passion, but contented himself only when he had shown its moral value.

If in this drama as in others Shakespeare strikes the key-note in the first lines, the problem is presented before the Prince comes on the scene. He appears on the stage for the first time only in the second scene, after many of the elements have already been introduced into the situation; and, furthermore, he sees the ghost for the first time and gets his commission only in the fourth scene, after the apparition had appeared to others on three previous nights. From this it would seem that Hamlet is not the play, but only a factor in the solution of its problem, though a factor so large that he becomes the hero.

After the greetings in the opening lines, the first matter of importance is the conversation of the guards concerning "this thing," "this dreaded sight," "this apparition," which they "two nights have seen;" and which while they spoke appeared for the third time. Furthermore, every time he presents himself he is dressed in "warlike form" and "arm'd"; and comes in

> "the very armour he had on
> When he the ambitious Norway combated."

Horatio thinks this a matter of national purport, and that it "bodes some strange eruption to our state."

In reply to the inquiry of Marcellus concerning the warlike preparations going on in Denmark, Horatio further intimates that they are intended to ward off the threatened attack of young Fortinbras of Norway. To make the matter clear, he goes on to explain how the trouble arose between the two countries. It seems that the elder Hamlet was a brave but peaceable man, and that he was "prick'd on by a most emulate pride, Dared to the combat," by the elder Fortinbras. The "valiant Hamlet" would not pick a quarrel; neither would he permit another to take advantage of him, but when attacked boldly stood up for his own. In the ensuing war Fortinbras was slain, part of his dominion passing under the sovereignty of Denmark.

Now the young Prince of Norway has come into power, and wants to recover "those foresaid lands," and for this purpose is gathering an army and making other warlike preparations. Denmark is therefore compelled to make ready to resist the attack, and the coming in armour of the ghost of the late King is supposed to have something to do with his "country's fate." He appears to be ready once more to combat "the ambitious Norway" and to defend his country, which because of the corruption induced by Claudius is certainly in need of some strong and good ruler in these perilous times.

In the next scene we get further explanation of the warlike activities of Norway, of which as a member of the Danish royal household we may assume Hamlet to be well acquainted. Claudius is forced to the humiliating admission that

> "young Fortinbras,
> Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
> .....hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
> Importing the surrender of those lands
> Lost by his father."

Then we hear that the King has written to Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, imploring him to restrain the fiery temper of his nephew. Only by weakly supplicating Norway is Claudius able to keep peace with his neighbour. How unlike the reign of the elder Hamlet, when the royal power was feared and respected both at home and abroad. By presenting these external and internal conditions of the kingdom in the opening lines, Shakespeare has carefully prepared the dramatic situation for the introduction of the Prince.

Presently we see Hamlet ushered into the midst of this troubled state. With his advent we get further suggestion of the internal affairs of the kingdom. Already there is something on his mind more than the recent, untimely, death of his father, and the o'erhasty marriage of his mother.

This, however, is all that seems to be suspected by the King and Queen. In his first soliloquy he gives evidence of a very heavy burden of spirit—so great that he would almost rather die than continue to live under the load. His heart is full of grief and he has some suspicions he fain would utter, but he must hold his tongue.

At this point Horatio and others come to tell him about the ghost. They all report emphatically that he appeared "arm'd". This seems to impress Hamlet deeply, for he questions them further until all three assert that the ghost was "arm'd". Then he cross-questions them, and when convinced of the truth of the statement, he says, when alone:

> "My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
> I doubt some foul play."

A similar thought to that previously expressed by Horatio. It is the common opinion, then, that there is great significance for the state in the king's appearance in armour. The dramatic emphasis given to this fact shows that Shakespeare intended it to be regarded as an important matter.

Another scene is devoted to a revelation of the character of the Polonius family and their relation to the royal household. Then follows the fourth scene in which for the first time Hamlet sees the ghost for himself, and as if to confirm the words he drew from his friends he notices that it is clad "in complete steel." But the apparition will say nothing in the presence of all, though he indicates that he wishes a conference with Hamlet alone. As the two withdraw for their private interview, Marcellus remarks,

> "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

To which Horatio replies, "Heaven will direct it." This seems to imply that Hamlet's problem is of national moment, and though an individual task, is not merely a matter of personal concern.

In their private conference the ghost confirms all Hamlet's suspicions, and calls on him to "Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder." Then he recites the story of the crime. As he was sleeping in his orchard he was poisoned by his brother, who at once got his crown, and in less than two months married his queen.

> "Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
> Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd."

This revelation and injunction assigned to Hamlet his task. He is to revenge his father's murder, committed by his uncle who now sits on the throne.

This is not the simple matter the older theories of the drama seem to think; for he must act with due respect to circumstances, and not rashly. It is, indeed, a difficult and delicate task to execute vengeance upon a king, and will require all the wisdom of the young scholar from the University. It will also require secrecy; hence he keeps the matter of the ghost's revelation strictly to himself, and binds his friends "never to make known what you have seen to-night." Then, in order the better to mature his plans, and at the same time to ward off suspicion, he resolves "to put an antic disposition on." From this time, then, we may expect to see him saying and doing many things that may be construed as madness.

Up to the present Hamlet has had no other plan of life than that which young princes generally pursue. He had been at College, acquiring the education and culture proper to his place in life. He first appears on the stage in the strength of a noble young manhood, the leader of a group of friends, all of whom esteem him highly. He is a good friend, a devoted son, a most popular Prince, is not moved by any great ambition, has no designs against anyone, and even his suspicions of the King do not take any very definite form. But all at once he becomes fired with more than an ordinary purpose. The visit of the ghost

has given him a great task, that becomes the one all-absorbing matter of his life. His conception of duty henceforth rules, and makes all else subservient. By presenting the interview directly on the stage, and by letting the audience see the immediate effect of the ghost's words in the great change they work on the mind of Hamlet, the dramatist emphasizes its importance in the development of both character and plot.

There is no doubt that Hamlet at once understood his task as more than taking the life of the King, and one that had larger and even national bearings. His feeling was not that of mere personal wrong, for as his father had also been king, he saw the murder "on a background of general corruption," against which his efforts were to be directed. He was not called merely to the physical labour of the hangman, but to the moral task of the restorer of righteousness. To take the life of a murderer needed only the nerve of the common assassin, but to "revenge" the dead king called for wisdom of the highest order. He well knew that he could not purge his country with an assassin's dagger, nor purify it by the king's blood. Unlike Fortinbras and Laertes his passion was not vindictiveness, and could not be satisfied by punishing the guilty king of an innocent nation.

An immediate attack upon the King, then, might have been courageous, but it would have been foolhardy. If it was easy for Laertes at a later time to raise up a band against the King who he thought had killed his father, it would have been doubly easy now for Hamlet, who according to Claudius himself was "loved of the distracted multitude." For this reason the King feared Hamlet, and seemed to live in dread of open rebellion, as he later admits to Laertes, saying:

> "Why to a public count I might not go,
> Is the great love the general gender bear him."

But Hamlet restrains himself in this, for he sees his nation already preparing to resist a threatened attack from

Norway, and with true patriotism refrains from anything that might encourage the enemy. He is commissioned rather to save his country, as well from foreign aggression, as from the inner corruption that threatens its very existence:

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

In all this, Hamlet must keep a clear conscience, heeding the warning of the ghost, "howsoever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind." This is the higher purpose and superior nobleness of character that Shakespeare has put into his Hamlet, thereby raising his play above all other versions of the story. For instance, in the Prologue to the German play, *Fratricide Punished*, as translated by Furness, we find the following injunction to the Prince: "Therefore be ready to sow the seeds of disunion, mingle passion with their marriage and put jealousy in their hearts. Kindle a fire of revenge, let the sparks fly over the whole realm; entangle kinsmen in the net of crime, and give joy to hell, so that those who swim in the sea of murder may soon drown." Very different, however, is Shakespeare's hero, who seeks not so much to punish as to "revenge."

From this point of view Hamlet's inaction seems the highest moral self-restraint and patriotism. His fault is that he cannot always restrain himself, and occasionally acts somewhat rashly. He very quickly avails himself of the players brought to court to amuse him, and turns them to good account. But he acts impetuously when he hears some one behind the arras, and makes a sudden and daring pass, only to find he has killed old Polonius and not his uncle. Again, on ship-board he proves himself gallant in boarding the pirate ship. And in the last encounter of the play, when treachery and villainy are evident, he quickly dispatches not only Laertes but also the King. In the main, however, he has good self-control, and acts only as he has deliberately planned. In so great an undertaking

as the revenge of his father he needs to lay his plans well, and be sure before he strikes, in order to accomplish his full purpose. His failure to do this at all times is the immediate cause of the fatality of the drama.

In all he does, moreover, Hamlet must be able to justify himself not only to his own conscience, but to the people at large. He must so carry out his revenge that he will appear not as a vulgar regicide but as a moral avenger. Perhaps Werder is right in thinking that he wishes to convince the people before the deed, and have the King brought to public confession and justice. Shakespeare had just shown in *Julius Cæsar*, written shortly before *Hamlet*, that a deed of killing even for public reasons cannot well be justified after it is committed. Better far to justify such an act and show its moral necessity before it is undertaken.

Hamlet does not like the task of revenge, and frankly says so; but as a dutiful son and prince he is willing to go through with it even at the cost of his own life. That it is a gigantic undertaking for an inexperienced prince, and one worthy of the noblest and most intellectual character Shakespeare has created, goes without saying. It is no easy matter to attack one who is surrounded with all the power and prerogatives of royalty. Claudius flatters himself that he is safe, hedged in by divinity and surrounded by so many hirelings. Hamlet must therefore be cautious, and when he acts must appear like the ghost in armour and in arms, a defender and not an enemy of his country. Unlike Laertes, who attempts civil war, he must strike the King without smiting his native land.

The real movement of the play now begins, though little actual progress is made. Hamlet keeps on the lookout for evidence of the guilt of the King, and the King's henchmen give themselves to the work of discovering the heart of Hamlet's mystery. By this time the King is uneasy about Hamlet, and leaves no chance or means unused to discover what is troubling him. It becomes increasingly clear that the Queen has not been party to the death of her

first husband, but also that she is very conscious of her guilty relations with Claudius, and sensitive on the question of their o'erhasty marriage. Hamlet seems for some time to accomplish nothing, and his delay has been hard to explain; but if our interpretation is correct there is every reason for delay.

In this act the true character of old Polonius as an unscrupulous spy is presented beyond a doubt. He is so naturally and so habitually suspicious that he spies even on his own son, and takes the trouble to send a man from Denmark to Paris to keep an eye on Laertes. The dramatic interest of this fact is that it reveals the kind of man Hamlet has to deal with and that the King employs to frustrate retribution.

Besides his steward the King had other willing but less able spies in his service. Presently we see him instructing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern how to draw Hamlet on to reveal what afflicts him. He seems to hope, and to fear against hope, that his nephew has no suspicions of the murder; but nevertheless he thinks he is worth watching. Again, at this point, there is a reference to the threatened trouble with Norway. The ambassadors from Claudius to that kingdom have returned and brought the very welcome news that Fortinbras has been prevailed upon to give up his purpose of invading Denmark, and will use the army he has levied "against the Polack."

How easy it would have been for Hamlet at this time to enlist Fortinbras on his behalf, on promise of returning to him his forfeited lands when they had jointly deposed Claudius. This readiness of Fortinbras for war was surely meant by the dramatist not only as a contrast but as a temptation to Hamlet. He steadfastly resists, however, all temptations to enter upon a course that would mean the sacrifice of hundreds of his countrymen, though he does not set his own life at a pin's fee.

One after another, Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern try to draw him out concerning his mystery,

but, instead, are each caught in turn and given to understand that he is not open for inspection. The one event that gives Hamlet a real chance, however, is the bringing of the players to court, apparently to divert him from his melancholy. His quick wit at once seizes upon the opportunity to turn this to account, and we can almost see him chuckle with delight when he devises his scheme:

> "I'll have these players
> Play something like the murder of my father
> Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
> I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
> I know my course."

This furnishes him the opening he has awaited. From this time on all inactivity ceases, and he becomes busy in carrying out his devices.

The next act becomes decidedly Hamlet's act, and everything goes as he wants it. After the two spies have reported their failure to make anything out of him, the King says he has

> "sent for Hamlet hither,
> That he, as 't were by accident, may here
> Affront Ophelia."

Polonius, in his willingness to serve the King, is ready to sacrifice his daughter, and thus bear out the character of Jephthah already ascribed to him. Even Ophelia's love affairs are not sacred either to him or to the King. In this interview Hamlet discards Ophelia, but only when she proves herself unworthy, and in order to carry out his larger duty to his father and his country.

After some careful coaching he gets the players in condition to render before the King his chosen play, "The Murder of Gonzago." He takes his faithful friend Horatio into his confidence, asking him to observe the King, and saying that if it does not reveal his guilt he will conclude

it was "a damned ghost that we have seen." But the little drama proves more of a success than he had dared to hope, and he catches the King in "The Mouse-trap," as he suggestively calls it. At the same time his mother's innocence of the murder is established by the fact that she sees no significance in the performance.

With this complete and unmistakeable proof of the King's guilt, Hamlet's delight becomes uncontrollable. He breaks into popular ditties as soon as he is alone with Horatio, and is so well satisfied that he exclaims jubilantly, "I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound."

He now finds out that the King has arranged to get him out of the way by sending him to England. Before going, however, he is called to the interview with his mother in which he "speaks daggers but uses none." In the heat of the conference he discovers someone eavesdropping, and quickly makes a pass through the arras at the King, as he supposes, only to find that he has killed Polonius. The poor old man has received the reward due to one so crafty and so devoted to the service of the wicked King.

During his interview with his mother the ghost appears to Hamlet, for the last time. He has been delaying, and, it appears to the ghost, neglecting his task of revenge; so he comes as he says, " to whet thy almost blunted purpose." Though tardy, Hamlet has not forgotten his duty. He has only been holding back for the time to be ripe; and therefore begs the ghost not to look upon him lest he move him to action before the proper moment. In that case, his deed would not have the right colour, and he would only make matters worse;

> "Do not look upon me;
> Lest with this piteous action you convert
> My stern effects: then what I have to do
> Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood."

The visit of the ghost gives him occasion to speak some still plainer words to his mother. He calls upon her to

"Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come."

But the Queen is obdurate, and the son can only warn her, on peril of breaking her own neck, not to tell the King that he is only "mad in craft." Then he recalls to her that he is to be sent to England, and ventures the prophecy that those old school fellows of his who are to accompany him will be "hoist with their own petar." Hamlet is fully aware of his own superior ability of mind, and believes that even with adverse fate he can still manage to turn matters to his own account. It is only by the rapid combination of untoward conditions after the killing of Polonius that he is finally overthrown, though even then he wins the moral victory.

A side glimpse of the Queen is next given in which she displays some excellence of character. The King finds her where Hamlet had just left her in the last act, and shows suspicions of him concerning the death of Polonius. The Queen, therefore, tries to shield her son from her husband by urging that he is "mad as the sea and wind," and that he had killed Polonius by mistaking him for a rat behind the arras. Guarding the secret of his feigned madness, she further pleads for him by saying that now "he weeps for what is done."

Notwithstanding, Claudius only finds in this further excuse for sending him to England. It would appear that the King does not think Hamlet incapable of action, but is so fearful of his ability to act, and to do so speedily, that he hurries him off "with fiery quickness". Just before the embarkation we see once more the presence of Fortinbras hovering about, as a continual temptation to Hamlet. At this time he is using his licence to march across Denmark on his way to Poland; but instead of joining cause with him as he might easily have done, Hamlet only takes him as an inspiration to follow up more earnestly his own appointed task. If Fortinbras, for so trifling a cause, and with so little provocation, can lead an army to Poland, he surely, in his own great and just cause, should be more active:

"O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!"

The sorrow of Ophelia's disappointments now bears very heavily upon her, and at her next entrance upon the stage she is seen to be distracted. The poor, weak, innocent girl, in trying to be a dutiful daughter has given herself to the betrayal of her lover, and now suffers distraction. Hamlet's dealings with her are doubtless cruel, but anything else would have been unkind. Though disappointed and distracted, her suffering is lessened by the thought that her lover is now mad, "Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;" a fate, however, that is her's rather than Hamlet's.

The return of Laertes from Paris occurs just in time to let him see his sister in her affliction. This, with the death of his father, has incensed him, but his attempt to raise a rebellion soon gives place to the King's suggestion that they arbitrate their differences. With the return of Hamlet to Denmark, he soon learns that it was he and not the King who had killed his father. The King eagerly seizes the opportunity to transfer the quarrel to Hamlet, and very skilfully arranges a duel between the two to settle their grievances. If it be the duty of Hamlet to avenge the death of his father, it is scarcely less the duty of Laertes to avenge the death of Polonius. The King whets the wrath of Laertes by telling him that Hamlet is very dangerous, for

"he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life."

Meanwhile, Horatio has had a letter, and the King a note, from Hamlet, saying he has returned to Denmark. It is only in the last act of the play that we learn the whole story, when Hamlet finds time and occasion to narrate it carefully to Horatio. It seems that the ship conveying him to England was attacked by pirates, and that out of the encounter he managed to get back to Denmark, while Rosencrantz and Guildenstern went on to England. He

expects that the report of what happened to them will soon reach Denmark, and cause him further trouble with the King; and he therefore feels the necessity of great haste if he is to forestall the King and carry out his plans.

His return at the time of Laertes' little revolt leaves the impression that Denmark was now ripe for a rebellion. But casting aside this temptation, he presents himself first in the churchyard, where he discourses wisdom to Horatio and the grave-diggers. Possibly he went there to mourn over his father's grave, and to sorrow over that of Polonius, for he is in the vicinity of the latter when the burial party arrives. Hamlet is shocked to find himself present at the funeral of "the fair Ophelia," and to notice that they are burying her with "maimed rites", because, as he hears the priest say, "her death was doubtful". Similar things had been told him by the grave-digger, but he had not suspected that they referred to Ophelia. When the body is lowered into the grave, Laertes in the ectasy of his grief leaps in to express his lasting love for his sister. Then Hamlet, feeling that his love for her is greater than that of forty thousand brothers, also leaps into the grave to show his affection. Laertes, however, has been incensed against Hamlet by the King, and not taking his act in a friendly manner, grapples with him. The quick passion of the Prince responds, and the two have to be separated by attendants. For his impetuosity Hamlet was very sorry, as he afterwards explains to Horatio, saying,

> "That to Laertes I forgot myself;.....
> But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
> Into a towering passion."

He evidently bore no ill-will to Laertes, and still loved Ophelia.

This adds another reason for the duel with Laertes, which the King had arranged. But as Hamlet's offences were committed unintentionally, he offers his humble apologies when they come together. The baseness of Laertes,

however, permits him to use the treachery of the poisoned rapier even after the apology. Hamlet's "towering passion" growing out of the intensity of his purpose, had twice led him into mistakes, and both times with the Polonius family, —first with the father, and next with the son. In both cases he was morally justified, and felt that he was but heaven's "scourge and minister;" nevertheless, he hardly excused himself, for it was a part he did not care to perform. When at last both contestants are mortally wounded, Laertes admits his guilt and perceives that he is "justly kill'd." Then with his dying breath he reveals the King's part in the treacherous duel, and begs piteously,

"Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet."

Thus in his last words he bears testimony to the purity of Hamlet's life, in contrast to his own and his father's.

The fulfilment of Hamlet's life purpose in the death of the King leaves him with only one dying wish, that Horatio might explain to the people the reason of his conduct, lest he should be left with

"a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown."

He therefore begs his tried and faithful friend, the good Horatio:

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

Even in dying, Hamlet was conscious that his purposes had been good, and that they needed only to be known to be approved. Horatio bears like testimony in his words spoken as his friend dies:

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good Night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

Once more, and, as the last actor in the drama, Fortinbras is brought upon the stage. There remains now no one else with any title or claim to the Danish throne, and hence in order to secure a peaceable succession Hamlet gives him his voice for the election. As a cousin of Hamlet, he recognizes some rights in the kingdom, and accepts the election his advantage gives him, saying, "with sorrow I embrace my fortune." Horatio, sharing in the peaceable spirit of Hamlet, and fearing disturbance, urges an immediate accession, "lest more mischance, On plots and errors, happen." Fortinbras then accepts the kingdom, and closes the play by pronouncing a brief but noble panegyric over the body of Hamlet:

> "Let four captains
> Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
> For he was likely, had he been put on,
> To have proved most royally."

Hamlet has avenged the murder of his father without causing open war, at once fulfilling his duty both to his parent and to his country. All his plans have been realized, except his slight desire to become king, which he sacrificed to his larger duty. Fortinbras, as a royal kinsman, succeeds to the throne, and Denmark goes peacefully on in her career. Hamlet has thus triumphed, even in his death. The extinction of the Danish royal line is due entirely to the crime of Claudius, and not as Ulrici thinks to the wrong done by them as a line. Hamlet, by his devotion, saved the state from being wrecked by the crime, but, in the very nature of things, could not save either the wrong-doer or himself. The over-ruling Providence is seen not so much in the extinction of the line of kings, as in the continuance of the state in peace, though in the hands of another but related king.

Hamlet is undoubtedly the most intellectual character in the entire Shakespearean drama. Of the play Rapp has

said that "Of all the poet's works, and indeed of all the works in the world, *Hamlet* appears to be the richest in thought, and the profoundest." Another writer says of the Prince that "he is an intellectual hero, a Titan, who is far above his whole surroundings, rising thus above them by insight, learning, culture, wisdom, and knowledge of men and of the world." No other character brings such a wealth of intellect, such a well-trained mind, such profundity of thought to the solution of the problem which the course of life and of the world presents to him. He is in every way a profound scholar and philosopher; and the unschooled Shakespeare shows his deep respect for learning in making him the brightest mind among all the brilliant wits of his stage.

The difficulties in the interpretation of *Hamlet* have been intellectual, not moral. While there have been many theories of the nature of the Prince's task and of its performance, there is practical agreement on the excellence of his character. Critics have vied with one another in praise of his noble personality. Goethe calls him "a beautiful, pure, and most moral nature." Campbell speaks of him as "so ideal, and yet so real an existence." Stedefeld says, "Hamlet is, according to the intention of the poet, in his whole bearing, a noble, manly, chivalrous, presence, with moral and religious feeling." Professor Dowden says that "One of the deepest characteristics of Hamlet's nature is a longing for sincerity, for truth in mind, and manners, and an aversion for all that is false, affected, or exaggerated." For this reason the play is sometimes called "a tragedy of moral idealism." But though a tragedy it is also a triumph.

There can be little doubt that Shakespeare intends Hamlet to be an ideal Prince, as Henry the Fifth is an ideal King. The dramatist had just written the English historical plays, treating of the long and bloody struggle between Lancaster and York, culminating in the reign of Richard the Third, his one ideal villain. With few exceptions these rulers were ready at any time to plunge their

country into war, and to keep it struggling for generations in the hope of realizing their personal greed and ambition. But Hamlet is a prince of another sort. He would rather endure the ills he had than involve his country in bloody civil strife, or invite the armed intervention of a foreign power. The present king, Claudius, was no doubt a corrupting influence in the state, but Hamlet seemed to think matters would not be improved by trying to dethrone him with armed force. He therefore devotes himself quietly to the accomplishment of his moral purpose, and lives to see the usurper punished, though at the cost of his own life. As in the German play, *Fratricide Punished*, the last thought of Shakespeare's Hamlet is for his country; and with some satisfaction he sees the crown pass peaceably to the head of one no less worthy than his kinsman, Fortinbras of Norway.

A. W. Crawford

CANADA'S FIRST SOCIAL CLUB

A WEALTH of romance and historical association is clustered around the first Social Club of Canada, for it was founded by the pioneers of the fur trade in 1785 at Montreal, the head-quarters of the North-West Fur Company. It was called the Beaver Club. Just where this Club was situated I am unable to say, although I have searched diligently. Many of the writers on the history of the North-West Fur Company mention the Club, but all omit to say where it was. Had the property been purchased by the Company, there would have been a notarial deed; but, so far, I cannot find any.

The Club was practically the outcome of the newly organized North-West Fur Company, which had been started in 1783, for after the Conquest the fur trade fell into the hands of British subjects, and many small companies, as well as private enterprises, were formed. This, of course, led to a number of abuses. To remedy these several of the principal merchants of Montreal formed themselves into a joint-stock company under the name of the North-West Fur Company and entered the field against a formidable foe, the Hudson's Bay Company, which had obtained its charter in the year 1670 from King Charles. Before the Hudson's Bay Company realized the fact of having a rival in the field, the North-West Company had taken possession of the Red River trade, and had built a fort at the mouth of the Souris River. By 1801 the North-West Company was employing hundreds of trappers and voyageurs. Its posts were spreading every year farther into the "trackless wilds," and Montreal became the centre of a great trade with emporiums at Detroit, Mackinaw, Sault Ste. Marie, and the Grand Portage.

The partners of this new company felt the need during the long winter months of having a Club where they could meet

each other and talk over their experiences in the North, and so the Beaver Club was inaugurated by them. It opened with nineteen members, all belonging to the North-West Company which had been organized two years previous. The motto of the Club was "Fortitude in Difficulties." What better! Had they not passed through perils of rushing rapids? Had they not often in a blinding snow-storm lost their way and all but perished? Famine they had known, battles with Indians or some rival company, and in summer had often fled from forest fires.

At the Annual Meeting of the partners at the Grand Portage, they arranged the number of wintering partners to go to Montreal, but the number was never to exceed five. Those who spent the winter in the woods were known as the "winterers," while those who only made the trip from Montreal to the outlying depots and return were called "pork eaters," because their pampered appetites demanded peas and pork, rather than hulled corn and tallow.

The rules of the Club were such as to keep it exclusive, for no one was admitted as a member of this unique Club who had not made a journey to the North-West, and passed a winter there; nor was this in itself sufficient; the would-be members must also have the unanimous vote of the members belonging to the Club. Later, new members were only admitted if they had passed through the various positions in the Company, such as apprentice-clerk, clerk, winter partner, and a certain number were admitted as honorary members. One of the rules was that the members who were in town must be present at the inaugural dinner, which was held on the first Wednesday in December. The members met fortnightly until April, and every member was obliged to be present unless ill, at each meeting, and no entertainments were permitted at any of their houses on Club nights. There were five Club toasts which were compulsory; after these were drunk, members were at liberty to leave if they wished to.

On Club nights the members wore a gold medal. Any member who was noticed without his medal was fined one

dollar. Three of these medals have been traced; two are at the Chateau de Ramezay, and the third is in the collection of coins in the Library of the Parliament Building at Ottawa. Of the two at the Chateau, one has the name of Robert Henry engraved on it, 1793, the other belonged to Gabriel Côté, 1776. There is quite a difference in the appearance of these two medals. The one at Ottawa had been presented to Archibald McLennan in 1792, by the members of the Beaver Club for some act of bravery. This McLennan was then probably an apprentice-clerk, for in 1799 he is named in some of the despatches of the North-West Company as a clerk, and again in 1804 he is spoken of as a commissioner at Lac La Pluie. In 1814 he was elected as a member of the Club. On one side of the medal is engraved a beaver gnawing at a tree; below is shown the motto "Industry and Perseverance, Beaver Club, Montreal, Instituted 1785." On the obverse is a canoe shooting a rapid with the name, Archibald McLennan. This medal was sold in New York for $27.50.

These are the only relics left to remind one of this once famous Club, with the exception of some plate and snuff boxes, which are now owned by some of the Canadian families. Their table appointments, stamped and engraved with their crest of the beaver, were unsurpassed for richness and beauty in crystal, silver, and linen, as befitted "The Lords of the North."

Seldom did the members meet without entertaining some of the many distinguished travellers who at this time were coming to Canada. Probably it was the first time these guests were offered such entertainment. Their feasts, for the table was literally laden with such good things as haunches of venison and bear, beaver's tails, pemmican, buffalo's tongues, imitated as far as possible the fashion of their annual great gatherings at Fort William on Lake Superior. After dinner, the calumet was passed, and then began the evening's merriment. One of the members, who had previously been appointed, spoke of some of the many incidents which had happened to them in the far North. Then as the evening grew, the songs of the Voyageurs, those gay lilting French songs would ring

out, "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre," or "A la Claire Fontaine."

Remember, five toasts—and others—had been drunk, when they were prepared to make "the grand voyage." This "grand voyage" was to remind them of their former experience, and to show the guest how it was accomplished. "Partners, factors, and traders, in the sight of all the servants or voyageurs who happened to gain admittance, engaged in the 'grand voyage,' which consisted in all seating themselves in a row, on the rich carpet, each armed with tongs, poker, sword, or walking stick to serve as a paddle," which they used vigorously, to the accompaniment of a voyageur's songs.

As we dwell on those stirring days of change on the road of long ago, we note the name of Alexander Mackenzie, that intrepid and daring explorer about to embark in his canoe from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, for his long voyage to the Arctic Ocean. We see him three years later, in 1793, off on his second voyage of discovery to trace the course of the Peace River. The names of Alexander Henry, Benjamin Thomas, and Joseph Frobisher, Simon Fraser, James Finlay, Simon McTavish, John Stuart, David Thompson, and other pioneers of the fur trade who braved the perils of the North in their hazardous explorations, call to mind the bustling days of the fur trade in Montreal.

At the Club these men told to an eager audience their thrilling adventures in the wild North-West. When Alexander Henry, one of the pioneer fur-traders, and one of the most daring of the explorers, was the speaker he could tell of the awful massacre which took place at Michilimackinac in 1763, shortly after he had commenced to trade. His adventures are all set forth in that wonderful book, called "Travels and Adventures," which was published in New York in 1807.

In 1785 Mr. Henry is spoken of as one of the leading merchants in Montreal. He was living at this time at 14 St. Urbain Street. There is a tablet on the house bearing these words: "Here lived, 1760-1824, Alexander Henry, the Traveller, Author, and Fur Trader." By 1819 Mr. Alexander Henry was the only one of the original members of the Club.

The register showed, there were as many as ninety-three members and eleven honorary members.

Associated with him in the early days of fur trading were the Frobishers, Benjamin and Joseph. They were the first of the English traders to penetrate far north and to come into contact with the Hudson's Bay Company. Previous to this, Thomas Curry and James Finlay had gone as far as the Saskatchewan. Joseph Frobisher "was probably the earliest Englishmen to build a Fort on Red River." In 1798 he retired to Montreal where he built a handsome residence, half-way up what is now Beaver Hall Hill. It was a long wooden cottage surrounded by trees, and was known as Beaver Hall; and here he entertained many strangers who came to Montreal. Mr. Henry mentions him in his "winter journey from Beaver Lake to the Plains, or Prairies:" "The kind and friendly disposition of Mr. Joseph Frobisher induced him to bear me company as far as Cumberland House, a journey of a hundred and twenty miles... The next morning I took leave of Mr. Frobisher, who is certainly the first man that ever went the same distance, in such a climate, and upon snow-shoes, to convoy a friend."

After leaving Cumberland House, Mr. Henry and his two men experienced great cold and famine, and he tells a story of a cake of chocolate which he had saved: "The kettle being filled with two gallons of water, I put into it one square of chocolate. The quantity was scarcely sufficient to alter the colour of the water; but, each of us drank half a gallon of the warm liquor, by which we were much refreshed, and in its enjoyment felt no more of the fatigue of the day. In the morning, we allowed ourselves a similar repast, after finishing which, we marched vigorously for six hours..... For breakfast, the next morning, I put the last square of chocolate into the kettle; and our meal finished, we began our march, in but very indifferent spirits. Before sunset, we discovered, on the ice, some remains of the bones of an elk, left there by the wolves. Having instantly gathered them, we encamped; and filling our kettle, prepared ourselves a meal of strong and excellent soup."

Simon Fraser was one of the most daring of the fur-traders and explorers, and was as keen at exploring as was Mackenzie. His journal of his remarkable, exciting, and dangerous voyage down the Tacouche Tessé river, which was afterwards known as the Fraser river, is full of absorbing interest, and one wonders how he ever surmounted the enormous difficulties in his way. This was one of the most dangerous voyages ever undertaken in exploring the wilds of the North-West, but Fraser had with him John Stuart, who was second in command of the expedition, and whose knowledge of engineering was of great use to Fraser.

Simon McTavish was the great leader in the fur trade; he was the founder of the North-West Company, "the old lion of Montreal," as he was called, and was the master-mind which built up this great rival to the Hudson's Bay Company. There is something pathetic in the last years of his life. Wishing to surprise his wife, whom he shortly expected to join him in Montreal, he commenced to build one of the largest and handsomest houses on the side of the Mountain. Just as the house was nearing completion he suddenly sickened and died. Ever afterwards the place bore the reputation of being haunted and many stories were told of a Spirit which frequented the ruins; it became known as the McTavish's haunted house. McTavish was buried on the side of the Mountain, just below the upper reservoir.

Among the many distinguished guests who were entertained by the members of the Club were, Sir John Franklin, the Earl of Selkirk, Washington Irving, and Colonel Landman. Washington Irving was not only entertained by the members of the Club, but he made a voyage to the "grand portage" of the North-West Company, at Fort William, which he has graphically described in "Astoria." No doubt he was a visitor at their warehouse on St. Gabriel Street while in Montreal. This stone building is still standing, and the date on its portal is 1793. As the time drew near for the annual visit of the Montreal partners to Fort William, there was a constant stream of people hurrying in and out of the warehouse, and the air was full of bustle and excitement. The hardy coureurs des

bois who were to paddle the canoes along the rivers and lakes were in evidence. One great factor in the successful trade of the North-West Fur Company was their employment of these coureurs des bois, for no other men could have rendered such service as these. At home in the trackless wilds, careless of hardships, happy and gay under great trials, asking nothing better than a roaming life, these men were of great help in building up the new Company. Parkman has drawn a vivid picture of these men. Many of them were the descendents of the former early French voyageurs, for the Company of One Hundred Associates had penetrated the North-West as early as 1627, and many of these traders never returned to civilization.

Lachine, which was the starting place for all those going to the upper countries, was in those days alive with snatches of gay French songs, laughter and mirth, as the coureurs des bois, their red caps showing among a motley throng of Indians, clerks, and factors, embarked in their canoes for the Grand Portage which took six weeks. After leaving Lachine the squadron of canoes would stop at Ste. Anne's for a prayer in the church, the last on their route of thousands of miles, to ask for a blessing from the patron saint of voyageurs, "La Bonne Sainte Anne," on their trip; not forgetting at the same time to give an offering to her shrine.

Colonel Landman who voyaged in the North-West canoes from Lachine to St. Joseph's Island has given in his work "Adventures and Recollections" a graphic account of the manner in which he left Montreal for Lachine: "I had not been twenty-four hours at Montreal, before I was invited to dine for every day in succession, during a week or ten days." Then he mentions several names from whom he received great attention, Sir John Johnston, General Christie, and "there were also Sir Alexander Mackenzie and William McGillivray living together, and partners in the North-West Company; Mr. McTavish and Mr. Frobisher, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Roderick McKenzie . . . ." Colonel Landman was invited to dine with Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. McGillivray, but where this

dinner party of about twenty was given, he does not mention, but probably at the Club: "In those days we dined at four o'clock and after taking a satisfactory quantity of wine, perhaps a bottle each, the married men retired, leaving about a dozen to drink to their health. We now began in right earnest and true Highland style, and by four o'clock in the morning, the whole of us had arrived at such a degree of perfection, that we could give the war-whoop as well as Mackenzie and McGillivray. We could all sing admirably; we could all drink like fishes; and we all thought we could dance on the table without disturbing a single decanter, glass, or plate by which it was profusely covered; but on making the experiment we discovered that it was a complete delusion, and ultimately, we broke all the plates, glasses, bottles, and the table also; and worse than all, the heads and hands of the party received many severe contusions, cuts and scratches." After that the Colonel walked to his hotel, Pat Sullivan's, near the Market, the back of which overlooked the river. It was the principal hotel at that time. His encounter later on with poor "Pat" is amusingly described.

Colonel Landman, who had passed the winter at Quebec, was ordered when Spring came to proceed to the Island of St. Joseph, the farthest military post in Upper Canada. To save time he took passage in one of the North-West Company's canoes which were about setting forth to the Grand Portage on Lake Superior. Sir Alexander Mackenzie arranged that he should go in the same canoe with Mr. William McGillivray and Mr. Shaw.

Colonel Landman gives us a vivid description of the state of the roads beeween Montreal and Lachine: "All the preparations for this stupendous journey being completed, on the 12th of May, the earliest day in the Spring when it was judged prudent to set out in order to avoid meeting with obstruction from the ice, I left Montreal in a calèche with McGillivray, and in the moderate space of three hours, arrived without broken bones or sore injuries, at La Chine, distant nine miles from Montreal. The road we had followed, the only one between those places, which scarcely deserved such a name, was at first

rough enough, but on advancing it entered a sort of wood, where every one followed his own fancy. The surface was covered, or scattered thickly with stones, each of them large enough to upset any kind of vehicle, and these were partly standing in water, so that in proceeding it not unfrequently happened that in turning this way to avoid one of those masses, you plunged the wheel of your carriage on the other side, into a deep hole into the ground, concealed by water. At La Chine we found the two canoes, destined to proceed with us, by the shore opposite to a house belonging to the North-West Company; and wherein an abundant luncheon was awaiting our arrival."

This house which the Colonel mentions must have been the Summer Club at Lachine, for the use of the Captains of their vessels, which were used in the fur trade towards the end of the eighteenth century. Some of these Captains were made honorary members of the Beaver Club. Several officers of the 60th Regiment, with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and others belonging to the North-West Company, had accompanied the party to see them off on their voyage, and as they were nearly all Scotchmen the wine began to circulate to the accompaniment of Highland speeches and reminiscenses, so that by six o'clock the only two left at the table were Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. McGillivray, the rest of the Company having, as the Colonel pathetically remarks, "fallen from our seats," while to save his legs from being trampled upon, he had contrived "to draw myself into the fireplace, and sat up in one of the corners, there being no stove or grate."

After the union of the two great rival trading Companies the Club was disbanded in 1824, but there seems to have been an attempt made by some of its former members to re-establish it in 1827; for Governor Simpson, writing to Roderick McKenzie, who was then living at the Seigneury of Terrebonne, says:—"Your brother and a few North-Westers have promised to assist me to-day in discussing the merits of a roasted beaver; I shall sound them about the plan of renewing the

Beaver Club, but fear that the season is too advanced to do anything on it this winter. Accept my best thanks for your attention in sending me the rules." Governor Simpson wrote this letter from Lachine on January 10th 1827. Lachine was his headquarters; here he lived in a house above the rapids, and he kept the old customs of the Beaver Club to some extent. But the Club was not revived.

At the last meeting of the Club, The Earl of Dalhousie, who was then Governor-General of Canada, was present, and gave to each of the twenty members a silver snuff-box, with solid gold edges. On the cover was engraved: "The Earl of Dalhousie to . . . . . in remembrance of the Beaver Club, 24th May, 1824." In connexion with this last presentation to the members the following notice appeared in the "New York Times," May 28th 1894: "At the auction sale of the property of the late actress, Rosina Vokes, at 9 West Twenty-eighth street, yesterday, a snuff-box was sold for 41 dollars, and the purchaser exclaimed, so that everybody in the auction room could hear him: 'I would have given $1,000 for that.' Almost every one interested in the sale smiled when the remark was made, thinking the purchaser was joking. But after the sale, a letter to the purchaser was produced to show that he was in earnest. It was dated yesterday at the Hoffman House, and was addressed to Mr. Brian G. Hughes, by his cousin, E. Hughes. It said: 'There will be a sale to-day at Kreser's, 9 West Twenty-eighth St. The lost snuff-box is to be sold, I don't know how it got into the hands of Rosina Vokes. It is No. 581 in the catalogue, and was presented to your grandfather, James, by the Earl of Dalhousie.'"

LYNN HETHERINGTON

A DAY ON THE LINES

ANTOINE with his rotund body and jolly face was no longer with us to carry the lunch, and pace our lines, and answer "I dunno," when a question was asked. He had tired of our hard work, and went out to Nipigon to serve as guide to tourists, an office which left some time for philosophic leisure; and Antoine, like many another Indian, was a philosopher. Mike too was laid up with a bad knee and a battered eye; so that my assistant and I had the day's tramp all to ourselves.

In the cool seven o'clock sunshine we got into our canoe to paddle two miles up the winding channel of Sand Creek between walls of green before reaching the starting point of the trail. The creek is dingy brown and only dully transparent at its sluggish lower end, little showing beneath its surface bu water-soaked drift logs making navigation troublesome. A school of suckers of the same dingy brown, with just a hint of tarnished silver on the tips of fins and tails, was bound in the same direction as ourselves, and dodged and jostled to get out of our way in the shallow spots, like bits of the bottom mud endowed with life, better seen by their shadows than in reality. Higher up in the shallows the crumpled pink wrappings of yellow water-lilies just pushing to the surface could be seen in the dull atmosphere of brown water.

But now we had reached the head of navigation, where the current begins and the creek is bridged by many an ancient log; so our canoe was beached and the land journey began. We followed a trail through the woods, a white man's trail in the beginning, "blazed" and somewhat cut out; but an Indian trail of late years, so that every log lies as it fell, along or across the foot-path, to be stepped over or circumvented. Ultimately nature's kindly decay will turn these mossy

logs, and even those that fell in the last wind storm, into ruddy brown mould which the feet will crumble, and so perhaps straighten the way again, unless it has become too firmly fixed in its course by lapse of time.

Almost as meandering as the creek itself, the trail is a joy to travel on in the cool of the morning with slant sun rays lighting up green and brown moss and gray tree trunk. All the dead aspen leaves seem to have found their way to the path in the drier ground, and the tiny orange tamarack needless last year, or the coarser blades of the spruce and balsam make a carpet for the foot to sink upon in moister parts. It should have been the soft imprint of moccasins of the same colour, rather than the rough hobnails of our surveyor's boots that dinted the soil this morning.

Now and then the trail scrambled up to ice-rounded rock ridges, where our hobs clattered as noisily as on a city pavement; but generally there was moss enough to preserve the seemly silence that belongs to the woods.

There at last was the square gray corner post of the first prospector's claim along whose lines we were to map the position of the rocks. In our swift motion through the woods on the easily trodden path our winged foes had a breathless race to keep up, and few of the black flies or mosquitoes found a chance to alight in their favourite position behind the ears or on the back of the neck; but now our motion was slower, and the mid June sun had warmed their bodies, chilled by night, so that an imposing retinue soon gathered, and when we stopped to examine an outcrop the procession closed up, and changed from the tail of a comet to a full fledged halo about our heads. Halos always mean torture of some kind, and few but saints can wear them with grace; so we betook ourselves to the pot of ointment in our sack, rather good to smell, with its pennyroyal and camphor and vaseline, but abominated by black flies. The halo melted from our heads and hovered more humbly about our legs and slowly dispersed. Now and then a mosquito, less particular than the nervous black fly, bit through

the oily coating, but in general we could work with fair comfort, so long as the ointment was not washed off by perspiration.

I always postpone the ointment to the last moment, but ultimately to read an instrument or make a note means a dozen punctures, many of them running with blood, since neither hand is available for defence. The monotonous odour and the greasy skin are annoying; and the unguent robs one of the many subtle flavours of the woods, all of them of interest, bearing their own special information almost as clearly as the fresh tracks of the moose on our trail this morning. Most of the June odours are pleasing and some are delicious perfumes, while very few, like the smell of certain fungi, are displeasing. Each of the evergreens has its distinctive fragrance, the spruce, the pitch pine in the sun, and the balsam, but most choice of all the white cedar. As you are parting the boughs unthinkingly a delicate perfume announces that you have laid rude hands on dame cedar. The perfume is not the strong resinous one of the crushed cedar branches nor that of the fresh cut wood, but something far more ethereal. The sweet but strong odour of the "balm of Gilead" no longer arrests the stroller in the woods, for its leaves are now out full.

There are some June flowers that should be mentioned when forest scents are in question, sweetest of all the wild lily-of-the-valley, quite different from the Old World favourite, but almost equally fragrant. The twin flower (Linnea) just coming into bloom has a delicious little perfume, but you need a handful to be properly impressed with it. The majority of our June flowers are scentless, however, or not richly perfumed, though I like the tang of the white heads of Labrador tea just coming into blossom in boggy places.

In colour and form the June flowers of Nipigon are more impressive than in odour. White is the prevailing colour, for the ubiquitous dwarf cornel is spreading its four showy white bracts set in a six-rayed setting of green, the many petaled star flower is in bloom, and the strawberry not yet out of bloom, while the cherries and bilberries are just snowing down their blossoms.

Showiest of all, as one tramps the lines high on the half bare rock ridges, are the moccasin flowers, each standing erect on its six inch stalk, a pendulous, rosy or magenta coloured sack, finely veined, with dark red sepals above, the whole two inches long. They do not typify the shy Indian girl's moccasin, but have something sensuous in their form and colour. There is another, even prettier orchid, in blossom on richer soil, with rosy sepals, slender and rayed out, and a tiger skin centre with a lower lip of pinky white.

In the muskegs the knob of the pitcher plant is lifting itself on its straight stalk above the rosette of green or red veined vases; but its strange downcast flower, green or maroon, hiding its secrets, behind a strong shield, has not yet opened.

But flowers and fluttering green leaves are not the main features of the lines we walked to-day. As I marched ahead in silence, not to disturb the steady count of steps which served to fix our position on the line, my feet sank oftenest into soft moss of half a dozen kinds, especially sphagnum, for much of the ground was low. Sphagnum, with its fuzzy stalks crowded into rounded cushions of green, or of delicate brown, or even of an Indian red colour, seems like the climax of moss life. It is our biggest, lustiest kind, covering thousands of square miles of the northern lands almost by itself, and encroaching vigorously on the other kinds of swamp, climbing over the fallen logs, submerging the decaying stumps, and taking full possession wherever there is moisture. Moisture it must have, and often deep little wells open between walls of the soft green, with clean water at the bottom, especially in places where your foot inevitably treads when scrambling through a tangle of dead cedars.

Early in June there was ice at the bottom of some of the wells, and even now, on the 15th, the water has the chill of ice and must be drunk slowly. In the muskegs the water is pale brown or even strong brown, like weak tea, but cool and wholesome; in other swamps with other mosses it is crystal clear and just as strongly iced. Many of these little wells are now beginning to dry up, however, the ice melting beneath

the non-conducting coat of moss, and the water beginning to warm and evaporate.

It is always cool in the shade in the northern woods no matter how broiling the heat under the noon sun; and the thick growing spruces make a pleasant green twilight, shot with gleams intensely vivid by contrast on leaves or bits of moss or lichen that catch the shafts. There is something pensive and solitary about these moss-padded spruce alleys to which an invisible veery or white throat gives a vibrating voice.

It was quietness embodied as we marched West, and South, and East, and North about the "Forties" or "Eighties" into which the claims were surveyed. Even the generally irrepressible red squirrel halted on a lichened trunk to watch us in silence, and forbore the usual scolding. Several times we started rabbits which leaped off like animated shadows, and then stood still, knowing themselves as invisible in their grays as a dead limb or bit of bark. It is true that faint distant thunderings told of the drumming of a cock partridge, boasting himself of his male vigour, but the spruce partridges all sat motionless and silent on some low branch when we passed. The other day we found a hen in her nest exactly on the line, so that we almost stepped on her, her grays and browns melting into the surrounding leaves and bark. She never budged nor even winked as we watched her, and she was still there when we came back in the evening, and when we followed the line to our work next morning, as if she had never moved in the meantime.

As we passed along these silent forest openings, speechless though we mostly were, the crack of branches under our heavy feet made us something of an anachronism, a false note in the solemnity. There was not even a breeze to sway gracefully those most slender and graceful of trees, the young tamaracks.

Noon and time for lunch. A rock is stripped of its blanket of moss. Some rags of bark are taken from a lady birch, disclosing her daintily tinted inner vest of satin, some

lichen-covered dead branches are snapped from a spruce; and the miracle of fire is produced. A mossy well supplies water for our black tea-pail, which hangs over the quick flames from a pole driven slantingly into the moss; and camp is made. Except for an inquisitive pair of whiskey jacks, whose profession it is to make inquiries, either as detectives or as busybodies, into all occurrences in the woods, we roused no apparent curiosity among the regular inhabitants; though no doubt some at least watched us furtively, speculating as to those strange things flame, and smoke, and men. The tea was made, the lunch was opened out displaying the inevitable bannock and bacon of our half-breed camp cook; damp moss was put on the little fire to smudge off with its rank odours the assemblage of flies which had gathered after the ointment had lost its pungency; and so in the shadows our noon rest took place.

There is after all a sort of companionship about a surveyor's lines, even when one is alone and miles from a habitation; nothing in nature about you is straight or square; but these alleys running straight through the forest with the trees slashed on each side and the pointed pickets standing in the middle mean purpose. If you go to the end of a line you will find a corner post set four square in the moss or a pile of rocks, with its succinct statement of where you are—on location AL368, or BT04, or 830X; and you know that four years ago a brisk party enlivened the woods, hearty fellows with axes slashing the underbrush, and crashing down secular cedars that stand in the line of sight of the man behind the transit, others putting up the slender, white-tipped pickets, shifting them to and fro to the exact line the instrument demands; then the chain-men clinking their steel links to measure the length of the line. You can tell that these lines were run by the surveyor's transit and not by the prospector's compass, for they are astronomic lines and do not point compass-north, but towards the centre point about which the pole star revolves its tiny circle in the sky. Everywhere in North America except along one

irregular line cutting the east end of Lake Superior, the compass points east or west of North, sometimes several degrees. "True as the needle to the pole" is mere poetic licence, unless the poet means the magnetic and not the astronomic pole. Our variation here near Lake Nipigon is 3° to the East.

There are of course good surveyors and poor surveyors, and their lines betray them. Some are well cut and easily followed; others have no cutting at all beyond the few trees actually in the line of sight. At one place this morning a slab was hewn out of the side of a tree to avoid cutting the whole big trunk. It is even said that some land surveyors can look around a tree inconveniently large to fell.

The lines we are following now were cut in the winter, as one can tell by the stumps, all five or six feet high, and the "blazes" eight or ten feet above the ground, so that one must look up to catch them. When this work was done four years ago the white floor of the forest stood at the level of our waists or even of our eyes in drifty places; and the surveyor's party tramped on snow-shoes, and the transit man hated to take off his mits to handle the chill metal of the instrument. Perhaps that is why our last two lines, which should have finished the series of claims, each ended in a tangle of fallen timber and never joined hands at the southwest corner.

One must imagine the fellows chilled and tired after their day in the snow, night coming on in the early dusk of the woods. The thought of the blazing camp fire and the snug tents and the smell of frying bacon was too much, and they tramped homewards, never thinking that a geologist years afterwards would walk their lines and expose their shortcomings.

But the lunch hour was over, our surplus tea was poured on the smoking remnant of the smudge, and our June tramp began once more, on the real swampy level of things, far below the white platform of snow that hid so much when our predecessors cut the lines.

Clouds had covered the sun, and the greens and grays and browns of the boggy spruce forest became more sombre. Our work led over older lines where one had to keep a close watch not to lose them altogether. Fresh, well cut survey lines are as easily followed as a country road or a pavement in a city, though they furnish a much rougher surface for the foot. Gradually the fresh yellow of the ax-cuts turns gray or brown, unless on resinous trees, where sometimes the flowing gum varnishes the surface and preserves the colour. The sharp-pointed pickets fall and are lost in the moss, the knife-edge ends of the saplings slashed out of the way with the keen ax rot and sink out of sight, and even larger stumps crumble and leave no sign. Fresh saplings sprout, and in twenty years the narrow visible gap through the solid woods is filled, and the eye notices no difference. Then one must be on the alert for the blazes which make the more permanent mark of the surveyor's line. Here and there a tree trunk has a slice hewn off with a stroke or two on each side and a similar gash towards the centre of the line, and these blazes will generally last as long as the tree. They grow gray like all things mortal, and the young, living sap wood with its fresh bark rises as a welt on each side, but the fresh growth always leaves the scar; and this is one's guide along old lines. It needs a keen eye however to follow such a line after 20 or 30 years, for the blazed trees themselves die and are buried, returning to the soil. This is true of many of the lines of the famous old surveyors. Salter's lines north of Lake Superior can only be picked up perhaps once in miles, after fifty years of decay and of growth in the northern forests. The lines are human institutions, and law and custom change in all that pertains to humanity. Sometimes a forest fire like a French revolution suddenly sweeps all boundaries away in a wooded country, as near Sudbury, and the lawyer as well as the surveyor has work supplied before a new adjustment is reached.

One line an Indian had used in setting his traps, and here and there a little fence blocked the way, or the heap of small logs lay on the ground between rows of stakes where a deadfall had crushed its victim, marten or mink or fisher.

Our lines began to rise to higher levels and the muskeg mosses of the swamps gave way to sand plains, where the jack pine flourished, widely spaced, with the flat surface between the trunks covered with thinner moss, or with low blueberry bushes or the white blooming *cornus Canadensis*. Another change to better soil with more undulating ground replaced the sober conifers with gaily, green and white, whispering aspens, straight stemmed and comely, or still comelier groves of white birch. Some big trees had just been stripped of bark for canoe building, for our Poplar Lodge Indians are famous for their finely modeled and seaworthy canoes.

The lady birch has not only a firm yellowish or pinky satin vest under her rags, but also a very serviceable though homely chocolate brown underskirt. In early June when the faintly sweet sap of the birch is rising, her quickly growing body strains the strong outer bark, and when the Indian's knife rips the tightly fitting garment, it opens and drops almost of itself from the trunk, leaving the tree brown beneath but white above.

In this northern country we have few large deciduous trees except the poplar and the white birch, though the ash grows here and there in wet places, and the balsam poplar crowds along the river flats.

The sun shone again, casting tree shadows in the opposite direction from those in the morning, and it was time to look for our homeward trail. Another icy drink from the spring creek where the log crossed it, and we were on our familiar way to camp.

The day was a disappointment to the mere geologist, for we had seen little rock, a few hills of gray gabbro rising out of the swamp, or a ridge of schist bordered by the banded, black iron-bearing rock, with its showy streaks of jasper, which we were mapping; all the rest trees and moss, and moss and trees, and endless dead trunks to step over or stoop under. It was not like a tramp on a good road, where the feet look after themselves, and the eyes and the mind fly to everything around. Here feet and hands and eyes were all kept busy. Every foot-

step must be to some degree calculated and adjusted to sinking moss, or slippery log, or overhanging branch, or half concealed water hole; so that a mile and-a-half an hour was fair average going. The work tires every sense and muscle; and yet all is so clean and fresh and sweet, with such kindly colours and odours, and such pleasant sighing of breezes and singing of birds that we felt " the lines were fallen to us in pleasant places." There are many less attractive things than tramping the lines in leafy June.

A. P. Coleman

THE ARBITER

"Fit audience let me find, though few"—I read
In one who sang his song because he must;
Now all those listless ears are filled with dust,
And all that brood of Jealousy is dead.
All honour to the heedful few who said:
'Sing on: undaunted be, for you may trust
That time's wise jury to you will be just.'
And now that noble brow is garlanded.

So blinded Prejudice shall pass away;
And Time shall clear his court of all the throng
That fills the air as with a Babel voice;
Then, as some lyre, which long forgotten lay,
And on whose strings there slept Orphean song,
Thrills to the touch, so Beauty shall rejoice.

Alexander Louis Fraser

CHURCH MUSIC

MUSIC, scientifically defined, is the art that teaches the properties and relations of melodious sounds, of producing harmony and melody by the due combination and arrangement of sounds.

Music is as old as the world, and must have begun with speech itself. The savage of all countries has musical longings which he attempts to satisfy in his crude way; but to cultured ears the result is but noise and discord.

For the earliest information concerning church music we must turn to the Old Testament, where we find the first reference in the Book of Genesis: "Jubal, the son of Lamech, was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," that is, of all the players upon stringed or wind instruments.

The first great song of which we find record is that of Moses and the children of Israel, after the deliverance from the army of Egypt in the Red Sea. Here we see Miriam, the leader of the early choir, who chanted in chorus to the song of Moses, accompanied by timbrels and dances, and it has been suggested by a well-known writer on church music that the singing was alternative, Miriam leading in solo, the others responding in chorus.

Concerning the melody used we have no record; it was probably simple but impressive. It might not have seemed more than the shout of battle to modern ears, and it must have differed greatly from the delightful harmonies and counter-melodies with which the greater part of modern church music is enriched.

Upon the descent of Moses from the mount, the chants of the Israelites, as they worshipped the golden calf, seemed to Joshua more as the clash of battle than the praises of God; but by Moses its true meaning was understood.

The silver trumpets made by the metal workers of the tabernacle, and the blast of the jubilee horns, at the sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down, have been suggested by Addis Wright as being devoid of music in its proper sense; but we cannot admit as an axiom this statement, for astonishing progress had been made in many directions by the early peoples at the time of Moses. While these instruments may each have been limited to one note, it is not improbable that the players were aware of the "open notes" of the modern bugle, and that they early discovered some of the beautiful effects of simple harmony. As an instance of what has been done with a keyless bugle witness the Reveille which follows the path of the rising sun around the world, arousing the sleeping British soldier to the duties of the day.

The following incident, the result of a personal experience, affords rather a striking illustration. Being in St. Petersburg, and desiring to hear some music typically Russian, I was taken by a friend to a hall, where, the lights having been extinguished, we listened to one of the most weird and dramatically rendered musical productions that I have ever enjoyed. It was as beautiful and full of variety as a Canadian woodland smitten by the breath of autumn. There was no guiding principle that I could detect; yet the entire selection was rendered with a charming accuracy of rhythm, perfection of concord, variety of tone, and modulation, but with a sadness of expression that is characteristically Russian. My astonishment was not at all lessened, when, at the conclusion of the performance, the lights were turned on, and I found that I had been listening to the work of between two and three hundred players, each of whom held an instrument capable of sounding but one note. What may not have been produced by some of the musicians of Solomon's day, even with the small and comparatively crude instruments at their command!

Let us consider the first notice of a genuine religious service, as described in the Book of Samuel. Here we read of the bringing up of the ark to Mount Sion. David, who

in his boyhood comforted the diseased mind of Saul by his skill with the harp, had organized a choir of men and women, who could with soft melodies soothe his troubled spirit, or sing exalted pæans of victory. By this time all manner of instruments of fir-wood, even harps, psalteries, cornets, and cymbals were used, different from the modern instruments, but marking another notable advance in religious music. Psalms CV. and CVI. were probably sung antiphonally, or from side to side, as we have the song of the Seraphim, described in Isaiah VI. in the words: "One cried to another, and said Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory."

Music was practically the only art known to the Israelites, and we may well believe that, on the occasions referred to, all the performers were under at least some sort of discipline of the nature of which history is silent. It is credible that the music of the Israelites had kept pace with the other discoveries and inventions of the age, and was with them the subject of constant daily practice. A great choir was formed from among the Levites for divine service, among whom again there were women singers, as well as "damsels playing upon the timbrels," and who reached the zenith of their day at the dedication of Solomon's temple. Josephus tells us of a performance before that great king of a band of two hundred thousand singers, accompanied by forty thousand harps, forty thousand sistra, and two hundred thousand trumpets, making four hundred and eighty thousand musicians in all.

We read in Second Chronicles that "it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place; (——— also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets); it came to pass as the trumpeters and the singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking

the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever; that when the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

Of the origin of musical instruments we believe that those of percussion are the oldest, wind instruments being the next in order of time and civilization, and stringed instruments the latest invention of every separate race. A Greek myth relates that while Mercury was walking for pleasure on the banks of the Nile, his foot accidentally struck against a tortoise shell across which some dried tendons were stretched. This blow produced a musical sound which suggested to him the idea of the lyre.

The dulcimer, finally matured into the pianoforte, is at once a stringed instrument and an instrument of percussion—in which the hammer of the drum is used to strike the string of the lyre.

The sighing of the wind, eminently when passing over a bed of reeds, is nature's suggestion of instruments of breath. The imitation of sounds in nature, such as the singing of birds, the sound of falling water, the whistling of the wind in the trees or the thunder of the waves upon the sea-shore, may have suggested to the human mind the origin of the various instruments of music.

Unison music as practised by the Greeks grows very monotonous to modern ears. We crave the rich effects of harmony, and the superiority we claim for our music in this respect may stand in the way of a just estimation of the worth of ancient unison singing. We may well believe that the chorus of the Greek tragedy must have exercised a wonderful power over its hearers, through the absolutely correct manner in which it was performed; a unison of which we have no conception, for it was only possible under similar conditions.

After the absorption of Greece by Rome, its music became a lost art, and an entirely new point of departure may be dated from the appearance of the early Christian converts in Rome in the time of the Apostles. The music brought by these neophytes from the East was that which they had learned in the Temple at Jerusalem. After the victory of Constantine it was transferred from the catacombs to the Roman churches, and from it was developed the grand system of plain chant which forms the basis of pure ecclesiastical music. The spiritual life which forms the outcome of Christianity led to a deeper and more intense musical guidance.

The music of the Greeks was the growth of centuries of cultivated civilization, during which the sensuous and intellectual sides of the art were developed into a complete organic whole. The love of the Romans, upon the other hand, was for the cruel and brutal shows of the amphitheatre, which incapacitated them for appreciating fully the religious character and poetical beauty of the classical Greek tragedy, as embodied in the great works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

Mr. John K. Paine tells us that, "it is reasonable to suppose that the old music haunted the minds of those men whose faith was superior to suffering and death, and who were exhorted by St. Paul to sing psalms and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts to the Lord. The first Christians found safehiding places from persecution in the catacombs and other dark places where they could pursue their religious worship unmolested. These gloomy halls of the dead were made bright with the music of the era. It was probably simple unison song in the style of the ancient Jewish and Grecian melody, but pervaded and elevated by the intense fervour of Christian belief."

War and turmoil is fatal to artistic, as indeed to all other, forms of development. The life of the Greek was simple and his joy was in sculpture representative of physical beauty, but his productions were inexpressive and devoid of emotion. It was only after Christianity, by its beneficent

influence, had created an environment of peace and seclusion, for instance in the retirement of monastic life, that music and painting rapidly developed. As the handmaid of the church, art made its boldest strides. Modern music is the last great legacy which Rome has left to the world; but it is the product of peace and not of turmoil.

At this point we must consider the development of church architecture and its influence with that of music in the evolution of the modern place of worship. The first buildings used for Christian worship in Italy were in no way more suited for its functions than they were for the Pagan rites which had preceded them. The form of architecture used was the Roman art of the day, and to a considerable extent Roman buildings, and particularly the basilicas, were converted after the time of Constantine into Christian churches. The early Christian policy was not infrequently one which softened the transition from the old worship to the new. When the bishop took his seat in the centre of the apse with his clergy on either side, and the Christian altar was placed in front of the apse, very much in the position of that which had been used for Pagan sacrifice, the whole change required to convert the basilica into the church had been made. The basilica was usually a long nave with one or more aisles on either side. At one end was a tribune, sometimes square, but usually apsidal in plan, round which a series of steps led to seats formed against the wall. The central seat was that of the principal officer, the others those of his assessors, and the altar stood in front of the tribune, If we compare the basilica of Trajan at Rome with the earliest existing churches built on the basilican type, we shall see how very slight was the difference for some hundreds of years. The principal alteration or adaptation is one entirely of church furniture and screens, ambons and altars under baldachins, which, as if with a scrupulous regard to the old basilican arrangements, are planned entirely independently of the structure, being emphatically nothing but furniture.

After a time a cross nave or transept was inserted between the nave and its aisles and the apse, an arrangement which is still to be seen in the famous church of St. Paul's without the Walls, and in the basilica of Aquileia. At St. Paul's the altar stands on the west side of the transept.

The Roman love of circular recesses or circular plans was very great. In the baths of Caracalla, for instance, we have them at every turn. The Pantheon is a vast circular building, with recesses in its walls, now used as chapels, alternately square and apsidal in plan. These and other examples afford us most interesting evidence of the way in which this was done. The architect built up his church with fragments of classical columns, unequal in size or height, married to the wrong capitals or bases, and altogether as rudely put together as was possible. We find an instance of this work in the nave of the basilica of Aquileia, as late as the fourteenth century.

Having the Latin cross as a model, we find the gradual evolution from the Byzantine to the Gothic style of church architecture, which latter appears to have taken a firm hold upon the affections of those in whose hands is the control of ecclesiastical architecture in Canada to-day. Nevertheless a modification or combination of the old Roman with the more modern style might materially aid in the solution by us of some of the problems of the proper rendering of church music.

Why should not the altar be placed, as it is now found at St. Peter's in Rome, at the end of the nave or in the transept. By placing the organ on either side of the apse or channel, the male part of the choir could be seated as at present in most Anglican churches, facing inwards within the chancel, the female portion of the choir at either end of the transept, the console of the organ behind the altar and concealed from the view of the general congregation by it, the leader between the console and the altar, where, unseen by the worshippers, he may direct and control the large number of singers who are sometimes employed in larger churches, thus adding greatly to the possibilities of the accurate rendition of this

important feature of our modern services. Present day organ construction with its electric-pneumatic action has rendered possible much that would have been impracticable half a century ago. The arrangement as suggested is almost identical with that yet to be seen in the Duomo at Florence, where it has been for centuries, with the addition of the organ, so that there cannot be any ecclesiastical objection.

We now come to a consideration of the organ, as first mentioned in history as an instrument of church music. The word so translated in Scripture had reference only to a small instrument, consisting either of one pipe or of a series of pipes, graduated in length and fastened together in a row. Pandean pipes, or Pan's pipes, is the name of this instrument, which is common among Eastern nations, and which is familiar to us in Canada in a modified form, as the mouth organ much in vogue among children. From this simple instrument has developed, first the little "hydraulic organ," and more lately the wonderful rich-toned modern church organ of later days, which accompanies and sustains the great volume of praise from the congregation.

Curiously enough, while the organ had its origin in the East, it has never there been used in churches, the Greek church never having recognised it. In Canada it is now the only instrument in general use in church music, its peculiar adaptability for all legitimate church purposes, together with its solemn and edifying effect upon the individual worshipper, its compass, power, and grandeur giving it the precedence over all rivals.

The organ is yet not altogether a satisfactory substitute for the orchestra, but it is in the majority of churches all that is obtainable in the present condition of musical education in this country, and to many minds is doubtless all that may be desired.

We hear of organs in Spanish churches, as early as the year 450 A.D. One was certainly used in Rome at the time of Pope Vitalian, about the year 666. The first organ played in France was sent by the Emperor Constantine Copronymus

VI. to King Pepin, who had it placed in the Church of St. Cornelius at Compiegne, about the year 757. In England organs were by no means uncommon as early as the year 700. Some of the early English writers invariably refer to the instrument as a Pair of Organs. By having the organ divided much greater variety of artistic effect may be given to the music, particularly in chanting, where antiphonal singing is in vogue, than is practicable with a single organ. The architectural effect of the divided organ, noticeably in the Gothic style of architecture, is much more pleasing to the eye than is the single organ, and if properly placed the acoustic advantages are very great. The wonderful advance made within recent years in organ construction has rendered possible effects and combinations in organ playing that were before undreamed of. In the old style of organ having a mechanical-tracker action each stop brought into use added to the difficulty of manipulation, but to-day the "full organ" is easily played and with a light and rapid touch.

The beauties of well-rendered church music are touched upon by Milton, in the words:

> "There let the pealing Organ blow,
> To the full-voic'd Quire below,
> In Service high, and Anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into extasies,
> And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes."

In the orchestra the feature of self-effacement, that great desideratum of religious life, reaches a high ideal under the guidance of a master mind. In all large communities an orchestra should be as much a feature of the church organization as a good choir or a capable organist. In no other sphere of life is the elimination of the individuality more desirable than in the rendering of church music. At St. Peter's in Rome one observes in the choral chapel the organ in a gallery high up to the right of the altar, the choir and organist concealed by a carved screen. Here a leader is employed, who takes no part in the music, but, like the

leader of the orchestra, gives his attention solely to the control of those under him. This is a very different arrangement from that in vogue in many Canadian churches where, upon the auditorium plan, we find the choir occupying a position of undue prominence behind the platform upon which the minister takes his position. Here the members of the choir sit, stand, or loll, arrayed frequently in bright apparel, and sometimes render a programme of doubtful musical value and of still more doubtful religious worth. This undue prominence has no doubt a deterrent influence in preventing many persons of retiring disposition or of limited means from taking an active part in church music, when to do so would mean that they are compelled to sit through an entire service subject to the trying glances of the idle and the curious. Nor are the members of the choir always those deserving of sympathy, for many a well-prepared sermon has been marred by the irritating bye-play which may sometimes be observed behind the preacher's back. How much more in keeping with the spirit of the Divine Master is the work of those who, with the identity partly concealed by a clean surplice, or from behind a screen or from within a secluded alcove, sing praises to the glory of God.

The past quarter of a century has seen many radical changes in church worship in Canada, and doubtless the century which is to come will witness the more general introduction of the surpliced choir. Stained glass windows and many other church ornaments which are now so common in Protestant churches in Canada as to create not even passing notice, if introduced but a few years ago, would have raised a storm of protest that would have been difficult to allay.

One of the best arrangements for a small choir, where seclusion is desired, that I have observed is to be seen in the Greek church in Paris. Here no organ is used, according to the custom of that communion; a rood screen separates the chancel from the transept, and on either side of the

nave, facing the altar and the transept, is a small alcove in which are placed the singers and instrumental performers with their leader. The music thus rendered was one of the best examples of so-called Gregorian music that I have heard. The choir and accessories being out of view, there was nothing to distract the attention from the religious feature of the service.

The Anglo-Catholic movement at Oxford, culminating in 1845 in the secession of John Henry Newman to the Roman Church, long continued to be a strong factor in restoring to English church services much of their original beauty and symbolism, even carrying into secular life a love of the fine arts which was regarded in the middle ages as the handmaid of religion. From the secular life its influence reacted in turn upon churches other than the Roman and Anglican, resulting in the introduction of stained glass windows, more beautiful architecture, and a higher class of music, of which we in Canada to-day are feeling the benefit, though but a few years ago such "innovations" would not have been tolerated. Unfortunately in the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches the effort to avoid the cruciform outline of building has resulted in the introduction of a spurious style of architecture, that lacks much of the beauty which is so noticeable in religious edifices in older communities. Lack of space will not permit more than a passing reference to this feature, which is deserving of a more extended notice.

The words of Pope that "some to the church repair, not for the doctrine, but the music there," are as true to-day as when written; and that there are minds which are more readily reached by music than by sermons is generally admitted by close observers of human nature. Not a few who would remain untouched by the most earnest sermon have been brought almost to the verge of tears by the pathos of a well-rendered piece of music. Music is a pure art medium, and it is both untruthful and absurd to contend that the impressions thus produced are merely sensuous and eva-

nescent. It is not alone to the cultured classes that music so strongly appeals. For the poor, and the sick at heart, and those upon whom the cares of the world press heavily, there is no stronger support than good music. It is when burdened by a bitter realisation of the complex struggle forever raging between the spirit and the flesh, or when the cares and distresses of the world weigh most heavily upon us, that our minds are usually in their most receptive mood. Singers inform us that, however uncultivated an audience may be, it is never more critical or sympathetic than when composed of the poor. Art appeals less to the senses than to the mind and spirit, and its gratifications are more spiritual than sensual.

Most practical musicians will admit that a choir must have the aid of women's voices, boy altos being inefficient, while men altos are rare and seldom satisfactory. Boy trebles have indeed a certain amount of freshness and purity of tone, but are thin, immature, and unequal to the full expression of deep religious feeling. Even with daily training, as in the larger English cathedral choirs, they lack body and fullness of tone in chorus, and are inadequate by themselves, though blending well with the voices of the female sopranos.

The practical difficulty found in the Anglican church in the general custom which is against seating women in the choir stalls, though not against the employment of their voices elsewhere, was first overcome, in so far as I have observed, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the well-known writer and authority on art and music as applied to church usages, who added a number of women to his surpliced choir, they as well as the male portion of the choir taking their places within the chancel. This innovation, rather startling to many minds at first, is gradually coming into popular favour. It is not improbable that a surpliced choir of mixed voices will be a feature of church music in Canada, not alone in the Anglican church, before many years. The old West gallery position of the choir which is still advocated by Shuttleworth

and other writers on church music has probably vanished, never to return. The custom of placing the female portion of the choir in the front row of seats in the nave has nothing to commend it, and will never come into general use. As that writer has very aptly remarked, there is no important principle bound up with a surpliced choir, and a good woman is at least as worthy to sing the praises of the Lord as a good boy. Choral societies find no practical difficulties with a mixed choir. Why should the church, always provided that nothing tending to display or advertisement be allowed to intrude even indirectly ?

The reduction of the Psalms to rhymed verse was unknown prior to the Reformation. Metrical hymns, however, had long been in use in the church. A hymn still sung in the Greek church, and attributed to Athenagenes, is stated to be the oldest now extant, and the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, still in daily use throughout Christendom, is almost as venerable. The beginning of the tenth century witnessed a striking change, and hymns were written in verses containing a regular number of syllables, not poetry, because their metre was governed by the laws of accent rather than of quantity.

St. Ambrose, musician and poet, was the first to arrange hymns for the regular services of the church, following the custom of the Eastern churches. He was the author of "O lux beata, Trinitas," and the well-known hymn "Jam Lucis," "Now the Daylight fills the Sky."

Three centuries after Bishop Ambrose, another great poet-musician, St. Gregory the Great, re-arranged the Ambrosian hymns and melodies, and his reform and improvement in church music have given us a style which has ever since been known, in honour to him, as Gregorian. At this point begins the great war which has raged ever since, between the two schools of musical thought: firstly, those who adhere to Gregory's system, notably the Greek church and certain elements in the Roman and Anglican churches;

and secondly, those who embrace all that is known in music, without the limitations of the old modes.

The oldest plain chant melodies that we possess are the Psalm tones-tones, being the old equivalent of tunes, and the melodies of the antiphones or verses sung before and after each Psalm, as set forth in the Roman Vesperal. Since the time of St. Gregory eight of these melodies, now known as the Gregorian Tones, have been in constant use, supplemented however by two irregular forms.

All these tones, Rockstro tells us, are constructed upon the same principle, a principle which accords so perfectly with the genius of Hebrew poetry, that it is almost impossible to doubt that their original forms were coeval with the verses to which they are sung. Hebrew poetry is regulated neither by the laws of prosody nor those of rhyme, but by a peculiar parallelism of sense. A Hebrew verse consists of two clauses, one the antithesis of the other. Thus in the earliest example of poetry now known to exist (Gen. IV. 23), Lamech says:

Clause *a*. For I have slain a young man to my wounding,
Clause *b*. And a young man, to my hurt.

In like manner David sings:

Clause *a*. For the Lord is a great God:
Clause *b*. And a great King above all Gods.

When adapted to the Gregorian tones the first few syllables of each clause are recited in monotone, the closing syllables being sung in short melodious phrase.

A well-known writer upon church music has remarked, however, that if Gregory the Great rose from the dead and heard his music in modernized form, as now performed all over Christendom, he would not know it. Modern harmony, with all the trespasses of sharps and flats and modulations, has wrought havoc with true Gregorian music which in its simplicity would probably be unbearable to us of the present day.

In the beautiful chapel attached to the old monastery at Montserrat, nestled high up amid the peaks of the

Pyrenees, I had upon one occasion the opportunity of enjoying—I had almost said—some Gregorian music rendered probably in much of its primitive style by the monks who chant from a Western gallery, unaccompanied, the services of the day. Here were to be seen stained glass windows of the fourteenth century of such brilliancy of colouring as almost to compel the belief that they were of modern workmanship, and the wrought iron grills and screens were equally beautiful.

In the mediæval church Cranmer among others appreciated the noble Latin hymns of the Breviary, and endeavoured to translate them into English. The old Latin hymns were, however, gradually forgotten, and there were no English hymns for two centuries after the Reformation, the praises of many of our forefathers being in the singing of Psalms, and not of hymns.

Luther, like Ambrose and Gregory, was a poet-musician; and all through north Germany his hymns are still the folk-songs of the people. At Riga and Revel, in Eastern Russia, where the German language and feeling prevails in spite of anti-German enactments, I have heard these old songs to the accompaniment of a guitar sung by the common people.

In 1562 was published "The whole Booke of Psalms; collected into English metre by T. Sternhold and J. Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Eberne; with apt notes to sing them withall." This was the "Old Version" of the Psalms, justly famous with some of our forefathers, and the "apt notes" for unison singing were the melodies of the old "Church Tunes." The "Old Hundredth" written by Kethe, a companion of Knox at Geneva, is to be found in this collection.

In 1696 the "Old Version" of the Psalms was superseded by the Tate and Brady collection, and there were still no English hymns, except a few seldom used, at the end of the metrical psalms. It was the eighteenth century that gave birth to English hymns, and Shuttleworth tells us that

hymns are to spiritual life what patriotic songs are to national feeling—the expression of fervent enthusiasm and devotion. Hymn-singing in the eighteenth century was regarded by the Anglican church as dangerous, savouring too much of enthusiasm. Much of the phenomenal growth of the Methodist church, and later of the Salvation Army, may be attributed to the introduction and vigorous use of hymns and sacred songs which appeal strongly to the emotions of the people. The success of the Wesleyan movement may be attributed as much to Charles Wesley's wonderful gift of song as to the oratorical ability of his brother.

Isaac Watts was the man to whom English-speaking Christians were most indebted for the introduction of hymns into church services, and to him we owe several beautiful examples, including the four," O God, our help in Ages past"; " Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun "; " There is a land of pure delight "; and " When I survey the wondrous Cross".

Within the past half-century each branch of the Protestant church in Canada has published several editions of church hymns, each, as a rule, more voluminous than its predecessor. Most of these publications have been the result of compromise in an effort to satisfy the various schools of thought in the religious life of the community. Many hymns that are not hymns have been included, and much doggerel verse and doubtful sentimentality, that will possibly be eliminated from later editions, have been kept alive. The hymn " O Paradise " is one that might well be omitted from modern editions.

The latest hymnal to be published in Canada is " The Book of Common Praise," the hymn-book of the Anglican communion, the music of which has been edited by Sir George C. Martin, Mus. Doc., organist of St. Paul's cathedral. It is an ambitious work containing no less than 795 hymns and 1113 tunes, as well as a number of chants suitable for small choirs. It is too soon to offer a careful criticism of the work, to judge of its merits or to discover its faults, if such there be,—and what human compilation is there that

is devoid of faults? Like its predecessors, it is probably more or less a compromise between the various legitimate schools of thought and taste within the Anglican church, and, as such, cannot entirely escape the carping criticism of the extremists of either section. The value of the work is greatly enhanced to the literary and theological student by the copious notes concerning the origin and other points of interest of the individual hymns.

Reference has been made to Dr. Haweis, of London, a writer of note as well as a poet-musician, one of the first if not the prime mover in the introduction of female singers into an Anglican surpliced choir. I can see him now, small of figure and painfully lame, toiling along with a cane at the rear of the procession as it entered the church. A first glance would not reveal much of the inward fire contained within that frail body, but to hear him preach, to listen to the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England as interpreted and arranged by him, to see the exquisite windows by Burne-Jones, the tasteful embroideries, the beautiful carvings, and other accessories with which he had transformed an old-fashioned barn-like structure into some semblance of a modern church, was a revelation of the phenomenal ability of the man. Two of his works, "My Musical Memories" and "Music and Morals," are among my most treasured literary possessions. They will well repay a careful perusal by any one of musical tastes, irrespective of his personal views upon some of the subjects touched upon.

In closing I venture to quote from his last mentioned work a few lines which are typical of the man and of his command of the English language. In the eighth section of the last mentioned work, in treating of the varied emotions which may be interpreted by music to the listener, he uses the following imagery: "Like the sounds of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace; like the laden clouds at morn rising in grey twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace of the sun; like the dull deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching

the shadows of the firelight, full of memories; like the plaint of souls that are wasted with sighing; like pæans of exalted praise; like sudden songs from the open gates of Paradise, so is music.

"Like one who stands in the midst of a hot and terrible battle, drunk with the fiery smoke, and hearing the roar of cannons in a trance; like one who sees the thick fog creep along the shore and gathers his cloak about him as the dank wind strikes a thin rain upon his face; like one who finds himself in a long cathedral aisle and hears the pealing organ and sees a kneeling crowd smitten with fringes of coloured light; like one who from a precipice leaps out upon the warm midsummer air towards the peaceful valleys below, and feeling himself buoyed up with wings that suddenly fail him, wakens in great despair from his wild dream, so is he who can listen and understand."

DAVID RUSSELL JACK

THE DARKNESS

Oh God, the darkness, for a little while!
That I may hide the lips which strive to smile;
Since they still quiver 'neath the glare of day,
Grant me the darkness,—only this, I pray.

Silence, and shade—just for a little space
Till I have learned to look on Sorrow's face
Calmly,—with no betrayal of my own,
So that none know, or guess, what I have known.

Darkness and night—the vast, unmoving sky—
These, the consolers are for such as I.
Have they not been, since e'er this life began,
Witness to anguish in the heart of man?

Pain smiles the long day through, 'till night once more
Rolls back the stone of pride from Sorrow's door;
Then to the friendly dark turn I my face—
Ah, God, the comfort there.....silence and space!

A. BEATRICE HICKSON

A WORD OF REPLY

THE article contributed by me to the last number of this Magazine under the title, "The Person of Jesus," has given rise, as my friends inform me, to much grotesque misrepresentation, to a very small modicum of argument, and to several sensible and kind letters—especially one by Dr. Symonds, which I have read, and for which I am very grateful indeed. It is not worth while to correct the misrepresentation; and the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" aimed against me, which, I am told, occasionally contain something resembling arguments, are not likely to need any refutation other than is already abundantly supplied by themselves. I regret that the Abbé Casgrain should have been misled by the preposterous title under which a Montreal newspaper chose to refer to the article. He thought it a case of blasphemy; for my own part I incline to the milder view, that nothing worse was involved than gross illiteracy. I regret still more, however, and marvel that a theologian like the Abbé should have been so lacking in critical acumen as to be unable to make for himself the obvious emendation: "the Person of Jesus," instead of, "the Person Jesus." And I regret most of all that a good man like him should not have been good enough to read in my own words what I had to say, before condemning me in such unmeasured and indeed libellous terms. I think the least he owes me is an apology. I have not yet received it.

The best way that occurs to me of answering the only thing which appears to me to be worth answer—the natural feeling of soreness caused in the minds of many good and simple people by the violent obtrusion upon their notice of some things that were never intended for them, is to publish the following letters. The first, which I have been permitted to publish

on condition that the name should be reserved, was addressed to me by an old friend of my boyhood. The second is my reply to her. She is not a rich woman, and she had not many advantages in the way of what is called "education," but she is of a gentle and refined race, and comes of people who loved knowledge, and knew their Bible well. I should like to think that there are many of her sex, or of mine for that matter, in this city of Montreal, with head and heart enough to write such a letter as hers. I am happy to say that my reply, almost exactly reproduced here, has to a considerable extent re-assured her. I hope it may have the same effect on many persons who share her point of view, whether or not they have been able to reach her clearness as to what is really vital in her faith. She believes all that the good old Book says about our Lord; but the chief evidence to her of his claims is that he has fulfilled to herself the promise that he would send his own Spirit to those who truly try to follow him. That is just what I think too.

Dear Friend: I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. I don't make a practice of writing letters on Sabbath, but to-day I have thought so much about you, I think it best to write to yourself. While looking over the "Montreal Daily Herald" last night, I saw a paragraph which said, as I understood it, that you had written a paper denying the Divinity of our dear Lord and Saviour, the King and Head of our beloved Church, and asking how long you were to be left in your present position. Dear boy, as I feel like calling you, after listening to your address in the Normal School Hall, and hearing you recommend the study and memorizing of the New Testament by the youth of Canada, also the reference you made to the first question of our Shorter Catechism, I can't believe you to hold such a belief as that. I was brought up under the same sound preacher, sat in the same church as yourself,—dear to me as the years roll on. I have heard of your success as a scholar. While in your boyhood days, it gave me pleasure to see the great desire you were possessed with to know every branch so well, and more especially the grammar

lessons at that time. It is thirty-eight years, I think, since I had the talk with you at Clach an Tuire Fearnan, when I asked you what you intended to be. At that time you seemed undecided. Both of us have learned many lessons since, and regarding this dear Jesus, I must now say to you in all sincerity that the great proof to me, believing all the good old book says about Him, that he is Divine, is that I realize his promise fulfilled to myself of the sending of the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, promised to the disciples as a guide, counsellor, and never-failing friend. I have been brought to believe in Jesus and love him. Through sorrow and anguish I have passed. For eight long years I seemed in the dark; at fifteen I joined the church and loved to do her work. After many years, it came home to me that I was the vilest sinner that ever lived. I abandoned church-going altogether for a time, as I saw myself too bad to go to church, and then I became more miserable. I could take pleasure in nothing. I often wished I had been deaf and dumb, after being a professed follower of Jesus and now a deserter. For three nights at a time often, I never slept; often prayed the most of the night, promising God I would go back to the church-life, but could not get courage enough to go. I thought I was forever shut out of Heaven's home, and could not bear to hear my dear children sing those hymns I had taught them, as I thought in the great Eternity I could not be with the ransomed throng to sing the songs of Zion I had loved so well. I often knelt while the church bell rang, and the children had all gone to church at my request, and asked the Lord to take them if he could not take me. Oh, the anguish of those times! But God's good time came, and one evening about eleven o'clock at night, weary and worn and sad, I had laid down to rest for about thirty minutes. I awoke, and such a sense of peace came into my soul, which I could not describe to mortal. I got up next morning, weak in body, took up the daily round again; took up my place in the dear old deserted pew. Jesus seems so near, so real, so powerful as I think of Him as our Advocate at the Father's right hand—

the only mediator between God and man, and my Redeemer from whose love nothing shall be able to separate me. The Evil One is strong. I think he might make his attacks on such as you. I do hope and trust that the Divine Saviour Himself will be your light and guide, and that no power may be able to shake your faith in his Divinity. Each one, high and low, has to know Jesus as revealed by the Holy Spirit. May you be led by him at all times, and be the means in his hands of bringing many souls into his kingdom. I just write you, as I would not say anything to anyone, and, if I should never see you, Believe me to be one who is interested in your welfare.

My dear Mrs.—: I am very much indebted to you for your beautiful letter, which is one of the most moving things I have ever read. I agree with almost every word of it. But you must remember that we know a great deal more about certain aspects of the Bible now-a-days than good old Mr. Sinclair did. People have been working very hard at it for the last hundred years, and they have come to see that there is a human element in it, which we can no longer regard as either binding, in the letter of it, upon our belief, or as possible to believe in its literal sense. We have come to a cross-roads as the apostle Paul did. He had to choose between the Spirit of the Old Testament and the letter of it: and he chose the Spirit. We also have to choose between the "earthen vessels" in which the New Testament writers even were compelled to put the treasure of divine truth revealed to them in their experience of Jesus, and that divine and spiritual and eternal truth itself. There is a new Reformation going on. The old one did not end all our troubles and difficulties. The same process must always be going on if we are to have the saving truth of the Gospel of Jesus stated in such a form as will make its acceptance possible by truth-loving and instructed men. My article was an attempt to show the students of Divinity here, whom I was asked to address on that subject, what results had been reached by the overwhelming majority of scholars who have seriously worked at the Gospels, so that they might not be in the dark about what they ought as teachers of the

Bible to know. I did it quite frankly and honestly, and tried to make plain to them that we could no longer regard the Gospels as careful and well sifted biographies in the modern sense of the word, that they contained many lovely stories which are not to be taken as literally true, especially the ones in Matthew and Luke about our Lord's birth. But I also tried to show them that this did not really matter, that Jesus is none the less, but all the more, the supreme revelation of God to us, that he becomes the more divine the more we see him as a man like ourselves, our own brother who had to fight our battle just with our own weapons; that when we strip the Gospels of all which it is becoming plainer every day we can no longer insist upon as literal fact, there still remains clear and unshaken the figure and person of the Son of Man and the Son of God who won the victory for himself and us, and died that we might live. I also tried to show them that, in the long run, the laborious effort of the critics will be found only to bring out, in stronger relief than ever, just those elements in the Gospels which have all along come home the most to the simple and child-like hearts throughout all the ages, who have used them as their lamp of life and the staff of their pilgrimage.

I send you the article, and if you take some time over it you will see for yourself exactly what I have tried to do. There were several good and intelligent people, who found a great deal of comfort and even inspiration in what I said. Others did not agree with me, but recognized that I meant well. I dare say you will be of that class. But you must remember things are changing very fast, and there is a very large and constantly increasing number of well-informed and honest people who will not, and cannot, have anything to do with Jesus at all unless on some such understanding of Him as I try to suggest. My experience as a teacher has brought me in contact with many such, and I wish to stretch out to them a helping hand. I assure you I believe just as firmly as you in the Divinity of Jesus and in his unfailing power to send his Spirit to guide us into all goodness and all truth.—I am, your faithful friend,

JOHN MACNAUGHTON