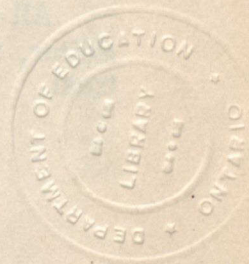


# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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

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

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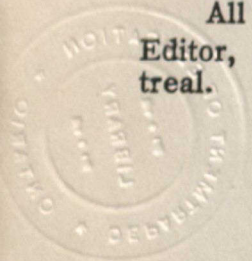
During the Editor's absence at the front the work of editing the Magazine is being undertaken by a local committee consisting of Sir William Peterson, Professors C. W. Colby and P. T. Lafleur.

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

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## CONTENTS OF VOLUME XV.

### FEBRUARY

	Page
Topics of the Day.....	1
A New Imperial Allegiance—R. A. Falconer.....	12
Unaware—H. C. ....	25
Cosmopolitanism and Nationalism—H. Symonds.....	26
Sir William Van Horne—W. Vaughan.....	43
My Dog and I—Norah M. Holland. ....	62
Count Apponyi and the War—James Mavor.....	63
The Poetry of Robert Bridges—Edmund Kemper Broadus.....	84
A Chaplain at the Front—R. Bruce Taylor.....	102
The Moving Picture Scenario—Bernard K. Sandwell.....	115
A City Seen from a Height—Warwick Chipman.....	127
Our Trans-Pacific Trade with Russia—L. D. Wilgress.....	128
Book Reviews and Literary Notes.....	147

### APRIL

Topics of the Day.....	153
April in England—Norah M. Holland.....	164
The Tercentenary of Shakespeare—Cyrus Macmillan.....	165
The Comedy of Shakespeare and Molière—Pelham Edgar.....	181
The Song of Israfel—Marian Osborne.....	206
The Testing of our Democracy—J. O. Miller.....	208
The Intellectual Asset—Jacob Salviris.....	218
Land and Sea Warfare—J. S. McLennan.....	222
Canada and the Empire—R. W. Lee.....	233
Men of Her Blood—Charles Twining.....	246
Mr. A. J. Balfour's Gifford Lectures—W. Caldwell.....	247
The New Englishwoman—Hugh S. Eayrs.....	260
The Invasion of the Volunteer—Marjorie Cook.....	269
Count Apponyi and the War—James Mavor.....	278
Dimitte Mortuos—Marjorie Pickthall.....	284
The Naval Blockade—E. Lafleur.....	285
An April Dirge—M. Going.....	295
Book Reviews and Literary Notes.....	296

## CONTENTS

### OCTOBER

	Page
Topics of the Day .....	303
Kitchener—Charles Twining .....	313
A Canadian Hospital in France—W. Peterson .....	314
The Position and Prospects of Presbyterian Union in Scotland—Adam C. Welch .....	320
Captains Adventurous—Norah M. Holland .....	334
The Real German Peril—George G. Melvin .....	335
The Mind of a Poet—Herbert L. Stewart .....	340
A Treatment for Insomnia—Henry Carter .....	358
1 The Coward: .....	366
2 The Letter—A. Beatrice Hickson .....	366
Some English Boy Poets—C. F. Hamilton .....	367
Impressions of Warsaw—Iris L. Mudge .....	389
The Sword in the Land of Song—Clement A. Harris .....	404
An Enquiry Concerning a National Dementia—Frank Foster .....	409
F Company—Clayton Duff .....	425
The Bergsonian Method of Intuition—J. W. A. Hickson .....	426
Ecclesiastes—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall .....	441
Book Reviews and Literary Notes .....	442

### DECEMBER

Topics of the Day .....	447
One Who Was There—* * * .....	458
Sea-Gulls—Norah M. Holland .....	469
Canada's Record of the War—A. G. Doughty .....	471
The Joy of Irresponsible Atomism—John Adams .....	476
The Pioneer Wife—Ethel MacNish Klower .....	485
Indian Idealism—R. A. King .....	487
Sacrifice—A. Beatrice Hickson .....	504
Literary Atmosphere, or How to Read—W. G. Peterson .....	505
Kustarny—A. Tegnier .....	515
Earthquake and War—J. Lewis Milligan .....	520
The Rally of the Latin Nations—A. F. Bruce Clark .....	521
Shakespeare and the Pilgrim Fathers—J. M. Gibbon .....	546
Shakespeare and Biological Science—D. Fraser Harris .....	559
Woman Suffrage to-day—W. Vaughan .....	575
Book Reviews and Literary Notes .....	588

## TOPICS OF THE DAY

### THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

A highly significant passage in the German Chancellor's speech before the Reichstag (9th December) has hitherto escaped the notice which it seems to deserve. After referring to the obligations which Great Britain had assumed to France, and therefore also to Russia (which he said was "chained" to France), Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg went on to state that the British Cabinet had in this way tied its hands to such an extent "that when the Russian mobilization unchained war, Sir Edward Grey resolved to join in it, *whether willingly or reluctantly, I offer no opinion.*" The words in italics, if correctly reported, show that in the speaker's mind it was at least conceivable that the British Foreign Secretary went unwillingly to war. But what a change is here! Is the Chancellor weakening? What about the earlier picture, so generally accepted throughout Germany, of the double-tongued, deceitful villain, who waited craftily till the Fatherland had become embroiled with enemies on both her flanks and then jumped in with the hope of dealing the deathblow? Are we to infer that Sir E. Grey may now expect to regain his lost reputation in the eyes of the German people? And that the Hymn of Hate may possibly have been the result of a misunderstanding? Outside Germany every one has always known of the British Foreign Secretary's earnest and devoted efforts to prevent the war, and it is already an accepted fact of history that these efforts were persistently blocked by the Berlin authorities. And if ever a Government was "reluctant" to go to war, it was the Government of Great Britain. The German Chancellor is not learning this for the first time now, though it is only now that he is giving the world glimpses of his inner consciousness. He has known the facts from the very beginning,—even from the days when he had to dance to the piping of the jubilant war-party in Berlin! Now that he has gone the length, in an address before the Reichstag, of leaving Sir E. Grey's willing-

ness or unwillingness an open issue, there is no longer any sense in German efforts to keep up the pretence of believing that the Fatherland was the victim of deliberate and carefully prepared aggression on the part of Great Britain.

**COUNT  
APPONYI**

The doubtful position which Hungary occupies in the "ramshackle" Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the reported attitude of the independence party at Budapest to Teutonic peace-talk, will lend additional interest to the correspondence with Count Apponyi which we publish in our current number. The Count is a representative Hungarian, and a well-known figure on the international stage. He is one of those who has professed to believe in the possibility of a great community of nations, co-operating in the service of humanity. The writer saw him last in the "Great Hall of William Rufus," at Westminster, where he was attending the Inter-parliamentary Congress of 1906. No one who surveyed that vast international gathering could have had any idea that within ten years most of its members would be at each other's throats. Alas for the futility of human effort! Count Apponyi was at the time an eloquent advocate of arbitration as against war, and he joined with Mr. W. J. Bryan in urging that in international, just as in industrial, disputes, time should be taken to go into the merits of every case, and to secure impartial intervention. Yet here he is to-day, eagerly justifying the summary methods of German diplomatic procedure, with all their dreadful consequences! How can one wonder that, under such prejudiced guidance, those for whom Apponyi is speaking are still without the true knowledge of what brought on the war? They begin by blaming it on the action of Russia, though in one and the same breath they admit that it would have suited Russia ever so much better to wait a few years before allowing hostilities to commence. Next they make a pretext of England's commercial jealousy of Germany—just as though such a state of mind, even if it really had existed, could of itself have brought about a war! Lastly they allege the French passion for revenge—which has been so

little in evidence of recent years that it is more to the point to remember that the French Government kept its troops six miles from the frontier till war actually began, in the vain hope of avoiding a clash with Germany!

Our readers may well be gratified, and in a way relieved, to have such a statement from the other side of the case against the Allies. Though some months have elapsed since the despatch of Professor Mavor's second letter, Count Apponyi has so far made no rejoinder. He has had his say, and it would no doubt have been difficult for him to continue the argument. Incidentally it may be noted that the point on which the Count lays such stress on page 70, about England's refusal to pledge herself to neutrality even if Belgium were spared, was dealt with by anticipation as a "Topic of the Day" in our April number (pp. 144-5) under reference to the documentary evidence (White Paper No. 123) which Apponyi claims to have studied carefully, but into which he seems to have read just what he wanted to believe. Here the Count's argument reminds us very uncomfortably of the false statements that used to be made in the United States by Herr Dernburg, before he was removed. The truth, of course, is that Germany declined to give the pledge of Belgian neutrality that was so readily given by France, and then immediately proceeded to the attack.

ANDRÉ  
SIEGFRIED

Monsieur André Siegfried, the brilliant author of that illuminating work "Le Canada, les deux Races," renewed his acquaintance with our Dominion in June, 1914, and has since published his "Impressions de Voyage." How great a change the war has brought about! What most impressed our visitor was the progress that seemed to have been made in Canada during recent years towards the idea of independence. The establishment at Ottawa of a Department of External Affairs (1909) is cited by him as proof that Canada, though it had been "content till now to remain a British colony," had succeeded in whittling down the connection till nothing remained except the same crown and the same King. He commends as practical and wise

the attitude by which, in regard to war, the Dominion "reserves her full liberty to take part or not to take part in it." In regard to this vital point, his last words are these: "Canada is ready to make sacrifices in men and money for her own defence and even for the defence of the Empire, if it is in real danger. But English imperialists are quite mistaken if they hope to drag their colony into the terrible vortex of European militarism."

These words have a familiar sound, and the interesting point for us is that they were penned on 12th June, 1914—just seven weeks before the outbreak of Armageddon! The two things have turned out to be one and the same—the vortex of militarism and the defence of the Empire; and the brilliant man of letters who in the days before the war saw such a danger to Canadian unity in our political situation, as he pictured it, is now serving with the British Expeditionary Force as Adjutant-interpreter at Headquarters in France.

**IMPERIAL SOLIDARITY** The attitude of foreigners towards the British Empire cannot reasonably be expected to be so sympathetic and appreciative as that of those who, because they wish to see the Empire hold together, do not and ought not to object to being called imperialists: one can be an imperialist without being a "jingo." Other nations are under a strong temptation to disparage the ideal of an international state maintaining and guaranteeing the freedom and progress of its component parts all over the world. The "United States of the British Empire" make no appeal to them. They are not told enough about our hopes and aspirations, and the result is that they are apt to think of us, and would prefer to deal with us, as separate entities. At the last university celebration held in Europe before the war, the representatives of Canada, as numbering only two delegates, were requested to fall in with smaller countries like Norway and Sweden. With great deference, they indicated that they would prefer, along with other delegates from the oversea Dominions, to form part of what turned out—



thanks mainly to their efforts—to be a really imperial procession. Otherwise the British representatives would have shown up very poorly indeed against the solidarity of the Universities of the German Empire. That is not a very important matter, but in other ways there has been much ignorance in European centres of the real meaning and purpose of our imperial constitution—such as it is. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that within ten days of the declaration of war the Foreign Office at Berlin had to inform commercial circles in Hamburg, in response to their inquiry, that Germany must be considered at war with all British colonies, as well as with Great Britain. That was something for them to know, to begin with, and they have been learning more ever since.

**DOMINION AND EMPIRE** We plume ourselves so much—and with good reason—on all we have done to help in the war that what would have happened if we had kept out is apt to escape our notice. Any declaration of neutrality on the part of Canada would inevitably have resulted in Canadian independence and the disruption of the British Empire. It is impossible to conceive the King waging war on behalf of Great Britain, and at the same time alleging peace through his responsible ministers on behalf of Canada. Perhaps the explanation of the deplorable attitude taken by a certain section of the French-Canadian press, negligible enough in itself, is that the righteousness of this war has made it impossible to precipitate the political issue thus indicated. A war of aggression by (imaginary) British jingoes would at once have forced it to the front. But all the world knows now that this is sober fact a “war in defence of the Empire.” And so the line taken by a few Quebec “Nationalists” is to utter vile calumnies against the people of Great Britain for expecting the Dominions to fight for a flag which they themselves are too decadent and demoralized to uphold, and to disparage and decry by every conceivable method the great traditions and achievements of the British army. Abuse is not argument, and if Mr. Bourassa now loses his manners, there will be little or nothing left to him.

We, on the contrary, recognize that the Germans have done more to weld us together than we could have done for ourselves. Among the elements of that "preparedness for peace" which is being advocated on all sides the political issue ought to figure prominently. Mr. Asquith is on record as having stated in the British House of Commons, even before the war, that a response must be made to the "obviously reasonable appeal" of the Dominions that they "should be entitled to be heard in the determination of (imperial) policy and in the direction of imperial affairs." If so cautious a statesman permitted himself to say so much as that in 1912, he may be prepared to go further now. In the first place it must be taken for granted that some plan will be devised for giving representatives of the Dominions a voice in the settlement of the terms of peace. And after that few will be found to argue that we can safely revert to the old system under which the sole control of the issues of peace and war for the whole Empire is entrusted to a Cabinet and a Parliament elected to deal with the home affairs of the British Isles. For one thing the United Kingdom will be so overburdened with indebtedness at the end of the war that it will be impossible for it to bear the whole weight of imperial defence on the old lines. And with increasing participation in the active burdens of the Empire, the Dominions cannot be asked to continue any longer in the condition which their history has quite naturally imposed upon them up till now—the condition of being excluded from all share in the exercise of one of the main functions of sovereignty. For the future they must be made financially and politically responsible for the issues of peace and war. And the Imperial Foreign Secretary must have some broader basis of election than what is involved in a "domestic party scramble" in the British Isles.

**PROBLEM OF THE COMMON-WEALTH**      How is this to be brought about? In some way the existing House of Commons must be induced to surrender its control of purely imperial affairs to a new and more representative assembly. If this should be found to be the wish and desire of all the component

parts of the Empire, statesmen will have to be called on to devise a method of translating it into practice. It is only by facing the difficulties of the problem that we shall be able to find its solution. Signs are not wanting that even outside the ranks of party politicians we shall have leaders prepared to consider it. Lord Rosebery is an old hand at the work; and he has just been telling a London audience, in reference to what he calls the "gigantic task of reorganizing the British Empire," that he is now rather disposed to think that "the proposal should come from the Mother Country to the Dominions to come into her councils and share her responsibility as regards her foreign policy." Then there is Lord Milner who, in presiding quite recently at one of the series of "Imperial Studies" lectures which have been such a marked feature of this winter's programme at the University of London, took occasion to say that the feelings excited by the war would furnish a golden opportunity for interesting the mass of the people in the practical problem of establishing a "permanent organic union of free States to maintain the great ideals common to them all." Lastly we may chronicle here the appearance of an unpretending little volume, designed in the meantime for private circulation only, entitled "The Problem of the Commonwealth." The argument therein set forth would require an article to itself. Let it suffice to say here that it advocates an Imperial Convention, of the same kind as those by which the Unions of England and Scotland, America, Australia, and South Africa were effected. On this method representatives would be appointed by each state to a constituent assembly charged with the duty of preparing an imperial constitution to be submitted, for acceptance or rejection, to a plebiscite of the electorate in every portion of the Empire. This would give the people both the first and the last word in the framing of the new imperial constitution. They would first select the representatives by whom it would be framed, and then they would pronounce judgement on their finished work. We hope to return to this important proposal in a future number. If at Quebec one of our eccentric Canadian types refuses to fight till he "gets his rights," while an ex-cabinet minister

expressly states in the course of a debate at Ottawa that he does not wish to have any voice in the councils of empire, they will both be interested in the argument, though from different points of view.

**ENEMY  
TRADING**

The Trading with the Enemy (Extension of Powers) Act, which was originally introduced in the House of Commons by Lord Robert Cecil early in December, is the most recent of a series of measures which are gradually bringing British policy on this question into line with that pursued by the French Government since the beginning of the war. The earlier measures, in the form of Proclamations, extended the existing Trading with Enemy regulations to the Far East and various African countries, but the new Act goes further in that it confers powers for the drawing up of a general black-list which may include not only enemy firms but also firms "of enemy associations" in neutral territory. A firm included in this list will be debarred from trade with Great Britain and presumably also with the self-governing Dominions, which have hitherto followed the Mother Country's lead on this question. The practical result of this policy will be the supersession of the legal conceptions of "enemy character" which have hitherto held the field in Great Britain. In contrast to the French doctrine, which considers "enemy character" synonymous with enemy nationality, the British jurists had previously sought to determine "enemy character" by the test of domicile. That is to say that trading with a German firm in, say, South America has not hitherto been prohibited by the British regulations. There can be no doubt that the new Act confers powers which, if used to the full, will revolutionize British practice in these matters.

W. P.

**SAIGNER  
A BLANC**

In the autumn of 1891 Europe resounded with war talk, for the chancelleries did not fail to note that Alexander III had at last brought himself to sing the Marseillaise. There had also been those

grand manœuvres in Champagne which led Sir Charles Dilke to declare that the French possessed a better army than the Germans. When echoes of these things found their way into the debates of the Reichstag, Caprivi counselled great caution and the use of moderate language. "We should always remember," he urged, "that the next war will be *saigner à blanc*." In saying this he only reiterated a phrase which was often upon the lips of Bismarck, but he spoke solemnly; and twenty-five years after the Dual Alliance was solemnized at Cronstadt we are having an opportunity to see what these words mean in their figurative, though not in their literal fulfilment. *Saigner à blanc* signifies much more than has yet happened, for the absolute standard of bleeding white is furnished by the state of Germany at the close of the Thirty Years' War. Not even Poland or Belgium has reached that point yet, and though Serbia as a country may be nearing it, the Serbs as a race have not suffered what the Czechs endured and survived in the age of Wallenstein. With all the anguish which this war has brought to individuals, society at large is not beginning to be exhausted. Acute though the sense may be of wrong and insult and wanton outrage, the reserves are so vastly greater than ever before that even at the end of 1916 we shall only know in a relative degree what *saigner à blanc* means. France, for instance, after her "loan of victory" is all paid up and her dead heroes are counted, will be infinitely more prosperous than the victorious but much suffering realm to which Richelieu added Alsace. It may seem an unsuitable moment for gratitude, but we are still separated by an enormous margin from what mankind has endured on behalf of causes no whit nobler than that of the Allies to-day.

**THE RESILIENCE OF RUSSIA** 1916 may well see exemplified once more the wonderful resilience of Russia. Throughout the twenty-six months which followed the battle of Mukden and preceded the meeting of the First Duma, the newspapers of every country were busily occupied in singing dirges upon the Muscovite collapse. Writers in the magazines, being more historical and philosophical, asked

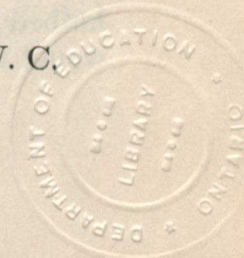
themselves, "Will Russia Escape the Fate of Poland?," or foretold "The Passing of the Tsardom." Yet when at the instance of Stolypin Nicholas II dissolved the First Duma, he found himself as safe as Charles II had been after he dissolved the Oxford Parliament. In 1904 the Russian people sought to escape from the devil they knew. By 1906 they had come to look upon this familiar fiend with less disfavour than upon their new acquaintance, the devil of the Revolution. This is not the place to discuss at length either the career of Stolypin or the genius of the Russian people, but it is among the marvels of modern times that the government which lay prostrate after Mukden and Tsushima, should be able to show the record Russia has to her credit in the present war. Everything considered it is not her repulse of last summer which stands out most clearly but rather her old power of living through. Maurice Baring has recalled the extraordinary performance of the Russian sailors at the time of the Messina earthquake—an exploit which led the Sicilians to convert them at once into legendary heroes. On a much larger scale the same qualities of endurance and daring are likely to be illustrated in Galicia and Poland during the present year.

**THE** Among the political problems which fill the  
**FUTURE OF** horizon of post-bellum theorists, few can be held  
**THE CZECH** to outrank the future of Bohemia. Latterly every one has been preoccupied with Balkan affairs, either in a narrow sense or as including the irredentist desires of Roumania. But while the Czechs have contributed little copy to the newspapers, they still exist in large numbers and continue to occupy a portion of Europe which will assume momentous importance as soon as the triumphant Allies go into conclave. Let any one draw a straight line on the map from Berlin to Munich, and then look at it in relation to the physiography of Bohemia. Better still, consider the line which runs straight from Breslau to Munich. As Karel Kramarz puts it, "Fate has planted the Bohemian race in the heart of Europe, in the midst of the ocean of German influence, and there it consti-

tutes, as it were, a barrier which prevents the German flood from swamping everything between the North Sea and the Adriatic." If, historically, the Czechs may seem not to have proved a very effective barrier, their potential strength in this rôle gives much food for thought. Hence, it may be worth while to point out why the Bohemian question is likely to revert to the form which it once wore and for a time lost.

In the background is that secular strife of Czech and German which numbers among its more famous episodes the Hussite War, the founding of the University of Leipsic and the battle of the White Mountain. After this last tragedy—"The Bohemian Chæroneæ"—came two centuries of eclipse for Slavonic hopes in the upper valley of the Elbe. The revival which began in literature with Palacky, Kollar and Presl found its first political landmark in the revolution of 1848. Half a century later things had become so uncomfortable for the German deputies in the Diet of Prag that more than once they withdrew in a body, while during a considerable period the bitterness of racial recrimination was reflected in a state of parliamentary anarchy. That was at the close of the last century, when the Czechs exchanged fraternal greetings with the French. During the past fifteen years, however, the Bohemian insurgents of Cisleithania have lost ground relatively through the increased strength which the Pan-German party has come to possess both by reason of physical resources and improved organization. Against Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, combined in a league of solidarity, the Czechs had no chance at all of resisting Teutonism, save passively, or at most through an effort to transform the *Ausgleich* by giving the Slav subjects of the Hapsburgs the same political status which, since 1867, has been enjoyed in the Dual Monarchy by Germans and Magyars. Through this war the Czechs are encouraged to dream once more the dreams of 1410 and 1618 and 1848. Nor could there be a better means of adjusting the equipoise in Central Europe than by the creation of an independent Bohemia with nine million inhabitants.

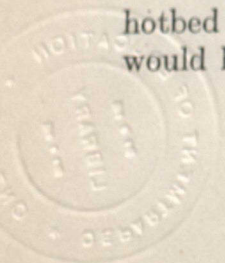
C. W. C.



## A NEW IMPERIAL ALLEGIANCE

**I**N his address to Congress the President of the United States is reported as having said:

"I am sorry to say that the gravest threats against our national peace and safety have been uttered within our own borders. There are citizens of the United States, I blush to admit, born under other flags but welcomed under our generous naturalization laws to the full freedom and opportunity of America, who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life; who have sought to bring the authority and good name of our government into contempt, to destroy our industries wherever they thought it effective for their vindictive purposes to strike at them, and to debase our politics to the uses of foreign intrigue. Their number is not great as compared with the whole number of those sturdy hosts by which our nation has been enriched in recent generations out of virile foreign stocks; but it is great enough to have brought deep disgrace upon us and to have made it necessary that we should promptly make use of processes of law by which we may be purged of their corrupt distempers. America never witnessed anything like this before. It never dreamed it possible that men sworn into its own citizenship, men drawn out of great free stocks such as supplied some of the best and strongest elements of that little, but how heroic, nation that in a high day of old staked its very life to free itself from every entanglement that had darkened the fortunes of the older nations and set up a new standard here—that men of such origin and such free choices of allegiance would ever turn in malign reaction against the government and people who had welcomed and nurtured them and seek to make this proud country once more a hotbed of European passion. A little while ago such a thing would have seemed incredible."





The President is referring to the danger of what is known as "the hyphenated American." That he is a real danger is proved by the fact that Mr. Wilson has devoted so much public attention to the consideration of his conduct. Not only does a great newspaper speak of the phenomenon as "a matter of grave concern within our border," but in the *North American Review* a few months ago there was an article dealing with the question by the Hon. Wayne McVeagh, once attorney-general in Mr. Garfield's cabinet. He writes in the kindly vein of an old man who has received generous treatment from his fellow citizens, but he solemnly urges them in what will probably be the last words which he will address to them, to take heed to his warning and allow no disloyalty within to undermine the stability of the commonwealth. Announcement also was made a few weeks ago that "prominent men and women have formed a committee to secure facilities for immigrants to become assimilated into our life and imbued with patriotism." This has been called "The National Americanization Committee."

Intelligent Americans tell us that they have come to recognize with alarm that the people of the United States are an undisciplined democracy; they have suddenly had their eyes opened to the fact that the process of the assimilation of the alien has not proceeded nearly so far as they had hoped, and that of all the foreigners the hardest to absorb is the German. He cannot forget his allegiance to the "Fatherland" nor can he with his Teutonic spirit appreciate the value of American liberty. One reason for this is that when he immigrated into the country he settled down in communities in which the national characteristics and, in some measure, the language were maintained. This American-German is still too often an erratic boulder which has not been broken into metal and become a part of the great highway over which the life of the nation travels.

But since the success of immigration is to be measured in terms of the absorption of the American ideals by the newcomer, at the present crisis the small measure of this

assimilation is a grievous revelation to the old American. Unfortunately for the United States the German-American is forced to compare his inherited conception not with a definite American ideal, because Germany is not at war with the United States, but with that of Britain and France, with which Germany is at war. He finds his own views challenged by foreign standards which he does not understand, and American though he is in name he does not realize that the civilization of the United States is much more in accord with that of Britain and France than it is with Germany's. Instinctively the old American is aware of this fact. Both classes are relating themselves to an extra-national struggle. American and German-American lie side by side, like an unfused heap of iron-filings and sulphur. The true American is drawn as by a magnet towards those who are defending liberty, law, and democracy; the hyphenated American is not stirred by these principles.

Such is the serious condition in which our neighbours find themselves; they are greatly disquieted because a considerable section of their countrymen are not patriotic. The state of affairs is sufficiently startling to make us ask ourselves whether a similar danger may not overtake us. To our comfort we have, after more than a year of war, seen no signs of it, nor have we been disturbed by such treasonable endeavours as have been so frequently reported across the border, but the peril might possibly present itself to us in a subtler form in the future. In the meantime, however, the war has proved a blessing by providing us thus early in our national life with a new and compelling purpose, which has brought the whole country together.

This unifying experience came none too soon, for in the last decade we have had to dispose of a multitude of newcomers, many of them of alien stock, far larger in proportion to our population than the United States has received in any period of its growth, and though we had developed a distinct Anglo-Canadian individuality in the older English-speaking provinces, we were not sure that it was sufficiently stable to

carry so heavy a burden as was being placed upon us especially in the newer provinces. We had begun to ask whether we could maintain our standards. During periods of rapid growth it is difficult to create genuine patriotism, the product as it is of uniform life and the virtue of a people who have lived long enough within their borders to say that that land alone is theirs. The newcomer can rarely cease to turn his affection to the country of his childhood, his natural egotism induces him to transfigure the social or racial customs to which he has been habituated, and the traditions which will awaken his imagination are those of his native folk. The future in the new world is not with him but with his children. The stronger the quality of his manhood the longer he will remain an *ἄποικος*, a settler living away from home.

The development of the distinctly Canadian type of character in the English-speaking provinces, to which reference has just been made, was, however, presenting a national problem of its own. It had been evident to competent observers that a change had passed over the younger people of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces in their attitude towards and understanding of the Motherland. Their fathers and mothers knew the Old Country well; many of them had been born there; and others who had never seen Britain looked upon the land and its history with affection, they delighted in stories of English valour, sang "Scots wha hae," and followed the political and religious movements of the day. But this could not be said to the same degree of those who recently came from our schools. A home-grown Canadianism sufficient unto itself had arisen, which was not to be explained as an approximation to the United States and therefore a drawing-away from Britain. It was a distinct Canadian mind and manner produced by the new environment. Our attention had been engaged in cultivating the soil, improving farms, building pleasant towns and some creditable cities, and establishing successful industries. It was centred upon what we were doing in our own home in Canada, and doing so well that we had become self-conscious as over against the United

States, and had developed a patriotism to which an appeal might be made with effectiveness. Our politics have been local, our issues, as was to be expected, almost entirely Canadian. A British parliamentarian would find only occasional utterances of our public men revealing any appreciation of British history, or knowledge of the movements of the democracy of England. If we assume that the newspapers, which were conducted by men who knew their constituencies, provided for their readers according to their wishes, the people of the smaller towns and villages thought little of what was doing in the Old Land, so scanty was the British news and so rare the discussion of British questions. It is not surprising, therefore, that the youth in their earlier sessions at the university took little advantage of hearing distinguished persons whose visits in recent years have been comparatively frequent. Probably, however, the institutions of the country which preserved most of the British spirit were the universities, the churches, and the courts of law. These all have had close affiliations with the Old Country, to which they turn as the fountain and source of their traditions.

And yet though this younger generation had grown so thoroughly Canadian, their spirit was at heart truly British; but the British mind in them had become almost subconscious, and the average youth rarely questioned himself concerning his inheritance and the origin of his fundamental principles.

Just when many were considering with anxiety the trend of our life in Canada—the drift of the youth of our older English-speaking provinces from the clear sight of the home-islands across the sea, and the inseting tide of an immigration from Europe and from the United States to which England, Scotland and Ireland were strange except in name—we were plunged into the present war and the situation has quickly changed. We have become vividly conscious to ourselves that deep down in our hearts the old British principles have been kept securely; we have revalued liberty and democracy, once it seemed they were endangered. Like seeds which lay on a dried soil these principles have risen to life

under the call for sacrifice as under a reviving rain, moral ideals are bursting forth, traditions are shooting up. A new duty is making us one and there is not a murmur against the stern discipline of this war. It is true that we have not experienced the invasion of a foe, which possibly might have alarmed Mr. Bourassa and his following into an interested unity with the rest of Canada (I would not venture to call it patriotism), but the peril of that civilization for which Britain and France are in allied defence has, apart from these few dissentients, made us one. Calmness has given way to passionate conviction. Men and women who were hitherto modest in their opinions and temperate in their emotions have become very furnaces from which the flame leaps forth in the flash of the eye or the red-hot word. They loathe Germany and her conduct. They pass upon her a moral judgement such as one reads in the book of the Revelation of John.

But quite as momentous as our experience is the fact that the peoples of the other self-governing Dominions of the British Empire have been similarly stirred. An imperial conviction binds Britons everywhere together. We now know what the soul of the British Empire is. That soul has been revealed at home in the splendid demonstration of the worth and virtues of the British character, and as we Britons overseas have instinctively rallied in defence of the principles which lie at the root of our Empire we have been clarifying them for ourselves. The Empire is solid as it has never been before, cemented by the blood of those from the Old Land, of Canadians in Flanders, of Australians in the Dardanelles, of South Africans near their own borders, of Indians in France—a cosmopolitan empire that appeals to the imagination of the world. It is a moral empire, united for the maintenance of international law, liberty, human well-being.

For the future of Canada it is a fact of extraordinary importance that we have not been called by Britain to her defence. The war is not on England's soil. It is not primarily England's war. There is a Teutonic foe who has ranged with himself semi-civilized peoples in a war against civilization. The

world has been endangered, and Britain with her allies is resisting an outlaw and endeavouring to chain him. Britain is our mother-leader against a common foe, and we, her children, have willingly gone with her to stand beside her in order to repel a barbarous attack on world-liberty, which by inheritance from Britain we treasure as our indispensable right. This war is therefore intelligible to our alien immigrant, and it will appeal to his imagination as a war in defence of Britain itself probably never could have done. The European or American newcomer makes his first acquaintance with this empire when it arises without schism, and by a consummate act of freedom ranges itself in all its parts alongside Britain to make a united front for the preservation of democracy. This makes possible even for those of foreign stock a new imperial allegiance. They have become citizens of a country which unites them with a noble brotherhood under a mother of free nations and sets them alongside allies in a world-conflict. Allegiance to this empire may well appeal to their imagination.

The recent immigrant from foreign countries is able to understand this struggle not only because it is not of British origin nor in defence of British soil, which is protected from invasion by a majestic though for the most part invisible fleet, but also because from the distance his inborn hatreds or prejudices against oldtime foes still have power, and in this land of freedom his native antipathy is not restrained by dynastic control. For example, there is no reason why the various subject races of the Austrian Empire should cherish any love for the central Germano-Austrian government at Vienna, or the Hungarians of Buda-Pesth. These peoples and many of the other races of Central Europe have no special interest in or knowledge of Germany, which looms above and behind Austria in every field of this war. Indeed it is possible that many may have brought their native dislike of the Prussian to this side of the water.

But there is another large factor in our immigration, the intelligent peoples from Northern Europe of neutral stock

and the American from the central and western States. As they also regard this war, it is not Britain that stands out in it most prominently. What they first knew of it was the brutal invasion of Belgium and the attempt to destroy a neutral nation. This has been succeeded by a constant series of outrages—bombardments of undefended cities, killing of women and children, sinking of liners one after another in spite of promises to the United States, massacres of Armenians, and such a single act of folly as the shooting of Miss Cavell. The effort to lay low a foe guilty of doing these things will arouse their sympathy with our allies. The foe himself by the way in which he has waged the war will have done his best to demonstrate to our neutral immigrants that the interests of humanity are at stake. When, therefore, our newcomer sees the hosts of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and the other possessions rallying with eagerness to various parts of the continent of Europe against such an enemy as has been revealed by the process of the months, his imagination must be stirred by the unity of purpose that animates these voluntary armies and by the sight of an Empire so unified and so intent upon a beneficent mission for humanity. May we not therefore hope that as the meaning of this war becomes plain it will engender in all of our recent citizens from Europe or from the United States a sense of pride in a commonwealth that can so worthily display its power?

But for the old-stock Canadian the war has produced a rebirth of patriotic pride in Britain. In spite of all the self-criticism of the Englishman the behaviour of the Motherland has manifested splendidly the worth and virtues of the British character. The way in which the people have volunteered for war-service, the quiet manner in which they are enduring sacrifice, the self-restraint under temptation to retaliate by brutal reprisals, the candour of their diplomacy, the regard for the rights of small peoples, the honourable aid given to their allies in a measure far exceeding anything that they had

promised—all this has dissipated the suspicion that had been lurking in the minds of some who read only the surface of Britain's life, that a period of decadence had set in.

The Canadian is now having interpreted to him afresh the inner meaning of the mind of Britain. From the home of liberty and democracy millions have arisen without compulsion in defence of the principles that have been believed in and maintained by Britons all through their history. They are still enduring as of old, still calmly competent, still brimful of reserve power, still fair and just in the use of their power, still passionately devoted to their own freedom and to giving freedom to others, still loyal to their allies and friends, still unshakably confident that the world is ruled by righteousness and that moral law is ultimate. By the long-drawn-out effort of this war the Canadian is being forced to consider these qualities of the British mind, but at the same time we older Canadians realize that this British mind is fundamentally our own also. Out of the depths of our being our ideals come into the light and we instinctively know that what we have inherited, but may have thought little about in the recent time of ease and material prosperity, are really British qualities. These came over with our forefathers when they crossed the seas, and on this side the British spirit is again manifesting itself in its essence. The British mind is also found in other overseas Dominions, though in each it has taken on a local tone. Possibly the superficial appearance of the life in some countries of our Empire is more nearly like in quality to that of England itself, though it is doubtful whether the fundamentals of the British character are to be found in greater purity anywhere than in the Dominion of Canada.

But if this war has brought to us a new realisation of the worth of the British mind and view of life, we must not be content with what we have already experienced. We have only been set forth anew with keener appreciation of the common inheritance which all Britons at home and overseas share in. It is our duty now to see that we make the most of our awakening and make permanent the moral gains that



already have resulted from our struggle. We are to be just as truly Canadian as before, indeed prouder of the name than ever, but Canadian within the Empire. We shall also expect that those who come from the Old Land to make their homes with us will no longer call themselves Englishmen or Scotsmen or Irishmen, but Britons in Canada, or rather Canadians, which will mean that they are genuinely British. Nor shall we expect them to abandon their British qualities when they become Canadian; instead of that we shall hope that the Englishman or Scotsman or Irishman will concretely set forth the British view of life, not, however, with the determination to repeat in Canada all its outward aspects as they are found in the home land, but as it should be adapted to the new land, as it should be seen through the Canadian atmosphere.

Much of what has been said may be resented by those who follow Mr. Bourassa, who in their ultra Canadianism claim that the Quebec *habitant* is the true Canadian. But there is nothing inconsistent with this argument in the old Canadian from Quebec still calling this land his home and enjoying all the rights that he has been born into. Britain in her treatment of Quebec has shown forth her generosity, her sense of justice, and her belief in freedom. The broad-minded Canadian of Quebec cannot resent being counted as a member of a Dominion that is British. We know that since Confederation Quebec's most distinguished sons have been thoroughly British. And there should be hereafter less possibility of any clashing of ideals because Britain has gone to the side of France in defence of a common civilization. It is not a chance that we are allies, for though the currents of our history are very different and our rivalries have often divided us, the two countries have more in common politically and intellectually than any other European nations. They are both genuine democracies, and the Briton has always paid homage to the universal genius of the French mind. Many an Englishman would agree with the French professor who writes thus of his country: "France has always dreamed of being the standard-bearer of justice and the chevalier of the

ideal . . . France firm and luminous in her genius, full of enthusiasm and reason, of integrity and good humour, of intellect and of elegance, of taste and of moderation, of good sense and of chivalry, France human in the sense in which this word signifies pity and generosity, France protectress of the rights of the small, of the rights of peoples, faithful to the human ideal of liberty, of justice, and of progress which has been her vocation in history, France, the country which wills justice for all, the country of toleration, of equity, of kindness, towards which instinctively turn the eyes of those who suffer violence."

If what I have said as to the British quality of the Canadian mind in those of British stock is correct, our people should when the war is over begin to re-read the history and literature of England and to see to it that our children are taught thereby what it is to be a Briton. The soul of Britain can be found in her great writers, her poets, her historians, her orators. The records of the thought, the political experience, the aspiration and religion of our kith and kin should be so set before our people that they will become saturated with their spirit. Is it possible to hope that in these and coming days of earnestness our people may be induced to turn again to the fountains of our spiritual life as they spring forth in our literature—in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Wordsworth, in Chatham, in Burke, in Bright, and in our historians? At least we may endeavour to make our schools centres for the propagation of the British ideal. So important is this matter of the education of our youth in the ideals of our race and Empire, that our finest students of English literature and our best historians would do well to undertake the task of presenting our young Canadians with the choicest portions of our literature and history in such a way as to make them a living body of British tradition and spirit. This should be no mere selection for examination purposes, but a guide to the springs of valour, liberty, and high endeavour, where the generous youth may get draughts of life. Nor is this too unpractical a hope, for just this kind of thing has been done

by the teachers of Germany, and they have induced a whole Empire to adopt as their ideals such standards as Treitschke and other historians have set before them. To the German the motives of his literature and history have become intensely powerful, and because they have been perverted we need not scorn to employ means which we know our enemy has found effective.

When the war is over the problem of immigration will again present itself. What limitations shall be set to immigration? If my contention is correct that already we have been consecrated to a new imperial allegiance, we shall not desire such an inflow of peoples as will make it difficult for us to maintain this allegiance. We do not intend to pursue a selfish policy and to keep needy and distressed people from finding a home in our land of freedom, but we who are already in possession believe firmly that our British-Canadian type of civilization is the best for us and shall not be allowed to perish. It must be given a chance. We have not yet had time to develop a hardy and deeply rooted character uniform in the older and newer provinces. The plant is still tender, and if a flood of alien immigration sweeps over it too soon it may be wrenched up from its soil and carried away.

Probably the war will act as a sifting-machine, so that for the next decade we may get few from the enemy-countries, who even apart from the enmity engendered by the war would be the least desirable class and would least readily blend with our life. If this should fortunately prove to be the case, we ought not to throw away these secular advantages by allowing an indiscriminate propaganda on the part of agents touting up and down the highways of central Europe for immigrants of any and every sort. We do not want a multitude of people merely to fill up our vacant places in order that railways and financial institutions may get large returns. We shall surely not allow a country that is being repurchased for us at the cost of enormous sacrifice to be insensibly filched away from us in order to satisfy the greed of speculators. When our sons will have come back to us

having, we believe, preserved for us freedom to live in our own land according to our own ideas, we shall hope that in their wake will follow those who have stood side by side with them and us, and also those who can sympathize with us, who will endeavour to adopt our standards and will therefore in the next generation be assimilated to us. We want no hyphenated Canadians.

The immigrant should come under no misunderstanding. On his arrival he should see, so to speak, our political creed placarded on the shores at Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Vancouver, as well as at the portals where the railways pass from the United States into Canada. We shall be arrogant towards none, we shall be brothers to those whom we receive, we shall give them the same liberty that we enjoy, it being always understood that our ideals are British-Canadian. Hereafter that purpose will be stronger than ever, for we have gone to war to preserve our standards.

In the near future probably many will come from the allied or neutral countries of Europe. This new land should be to them the hearth and home of freedom. Canada will be for them and even more for their children a land to arouse in them a devoted patriotism. It is a land of bright skies, spacious plains, fertile farms, stately rivers, wooded highlands—a land expansive, beautiful, health-giving, whose strong sons and daughters will take delight in its abundant prosperity. To the Scandinavian, the Russian, the Italian, the Serb, even the Belgian and the emigrant from Old France, the call of the West should appeal, as it did to Abram in the days of the earliest westward wandering of the Hebrew, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house into the land which I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation." When they come they must no longer cast their eyes back but must look to and love Canada. And this will be no hard task if we keep this land as the home of those ideals of civilization for which they and we are fighting to-day. Canada will stir them to a new patriotism, but as they learn the soul of Canada they

will learn therewith a wider allegiance to the Empire in which Canada will do her part to maintain this renewed civilization; and through the Empire there will, we hope, awaken in these former aliens an affection also for those islands of the sea which never were their country, but which they will love as the incomparable home of liberty, democracy, and a broad humanity.

R. A. FALCONER

## UNAWARE

BEHIND the sloping meadows where the dusky hills divide  
 I have stood at even-tide  
 And beheld the far horizon with the setting sun take flame  
 And the mountains glorified;  
 I have watched the flocks dispersing and the birds in home-  
 ward flight  
 As they vanished in the valley dim and wide,  
 And yet have failed to find her in the passage of the night.  
 I have waited by the marshes when the drifting clouds were  
 high  
 And the winds went surging by,  
 I have listened to the shouting when the tides came pouring in  
 And have caught the bittern's cry;  
 I thought to surely find her when the world was all astir,  
 But yet I've turned me homeward with a sigh  
 The day foregone and wasted for the love and want of her.  
 And then some casual morning when my heart was least aware  
 I have stepped without—and there  
 She was leaning from the chalice of the lily's shaken cup  
 With the old familiar air!  
 She had set the chimes a-ringing in the bell-vine's silken throat  
 (Its dusty pollen gold upon her hair)  
 And her laugh was like the pealing of small filmy bells afloat.

H. C.

## COSMOPOLITANISM AND NATIONALISM

“**A**MONG all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader . . . . than that of the philosopher who, being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was ‘a citizen of the world.’ How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a proposition! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Germans that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.” Thus wrote Oliver Goldsmith in his *Essay on “National Prejudices,”* and added, “I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz., ‘a citizen of the world,’ to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.”

This expression of cosmopolitanism found many echoes in the eighteenth century. Even great national movements had their foundations in cosmopolitan and humanitarian principles. We recall the opening words of the “*Social Contract*,” “Man is born free and he is everywhere in chains.” So the American Declaration of Independence has for its fundamental dogmas the “self-evident truth that all men are created equal,” and “that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.” In like manner the National Assembly of France, in the days before the degeneration of the Revolution, put forth a “*Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens*,” and it is well known

that doctrines such as that of "natural rights" were continually under discussion amongst the philosophers of the eighteenth century. But the Napoleonic wars stirred to fresh life the spirit of nationality at the expense of the cosmopolitan spirit, and the authors of the Cambridge Modern History have well named their volume covering the years 1840-1871, "The Growth of Nationalities."<sup>1</sup>

When the present war is over, many grave and difficult problems arising out of it will demand the most arduous labours of statesmen. But behind the practical efforts of the statesmen great ideas are ever at work, and it would seem that the time is ripening to resume the study of the nature and the claims of the cosmopolitan spirit, and its proper relations to the national spirit. No doubt there is a bad as well as a good cosmopolitanism, as there is a good and a bad nationalism, and an important task for political philosophers is to make clear the distinctions between them, with a view to the adjustment and harmony of cosmopolitanism and nationalism.

## I

Ideas and doctrines, always embedded in religion, that contain within them the germs of cosmopolitanism are to be found in the Old Testament. But these ideas are never dissociated from that of the spiritual hegemony of Israel. In the first part of the book of Isaiah, the nations are to be united and peace is to be achieved through their pilgrimage to Jerusalem in order to learn the law of Jehovah. In the second part of Isaiah, Israel is the "Servant of Jehovah," to give light to the Gentiles.<sup>2</sup> But it is only in the New Testament, in the Pauline statement of the consequences of Christianity, that we reach a purely cosmopolitan spirit, still embedded in religion. In Christ Jesus "there is neither Greek nor Jew,

<sup>1</sup> cf. W. Alison Phillips, "Europe and the Problem of Nationality"—*Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1915. Cf. also the following:—"After the overthrow of the great Napoleonic Empire a reaction against cosmopolitanism and a romantic enthusiasm for nationality spread over Europe like an epidemic." Wallace, "Russia," p. 413.

<sup>2</sup> cf. Isa. ii, 1 ff; and Isa. xlii, 6; xlix, 6.

circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free."<sup>1</sup> All find their centre of unity in Him who is conceived of as both manifested God, and typical Man, and the Christian Church is the medium and organ of this unified Humanity.<sup>2</sup> It is the universal society, embracing within its world-wide arms all other societies—embracing them, mark, not destroying or abolishing them.

The cosmopolitan idea also found expression in Stoicism and particularly in the writings of Seneca. "Nature bids me assist *Man*; and whether they be bond or free, whether gentlefolk or freedmen, whether they enjoy liberty as a right or as a friendly gift, what matter—wherever a *man* is there is room for doing good."<sup>3</sup>

The form assumed by cosmopolitanism in the Middle Ages is profoundly interesting and important. Here again it is definitely rooted in religion. The thought of a world-empire, by which peace and happiness could be realised, and of a world-church as its inspiration and soul, was no vague aspiration of nobler spirits. It was an ideal at whose realization not only preachers and writers, but statesmen, earnestly laboured. The idea, indeed, underlay everything in the Middle Ages. It was the "master light of all their seeing." One God, one human race, therefore one empire, one church. Politics, philosophy and theology alike converged towards and found their common forms in this conception of a world-state. "The Pope, as God's vicar in matters spiritual is to lead men to eternal life, the Emperor, as vicar in matters temporal, must so control them in their dealings with one another that they may be able to pursue undisturbed the spiritual life, and thereby attain the same supreme and common end of everlasting happiness." "Thus the Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire are one and the

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1 Colossians iii, 11.

2 I. Cor., xii, 13—"For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." It is much to be desired that we might recover this fundamental significance of the word Catholic, so much abused all round. Cf. an excellent little book, "Catholicity," by T. E. Lacey.

3 cf. Lightfoot, "Commentary on Epistle to the Philippians," p. 303 ff.



same thing, in two aspects; and Catholicism, the principle of the universal society, is also Romanism; that is, rests upon Rome as the origin and type of its universality. . . . As divine and eternal, its head is the Pope, to whom souls have been entrusted; as human and temporal, the Emperor, commissioned to rule men's bodies and acts."<sup>1</sup>

In spite of the best intentions this ennobling theory never even approached the realization of its moral and spiritual aspirations. The breach between the Greek and the Latin parts of the Church, the failure of the emperors to rule, the constant scandal of war between Emperor and Pope, and sometimes between Pope and anti-Pope, inevitably led to the final catastrophe of the Reformation and the replacing of the imperial and universal by the national ideal. Religion followed suit, and instead of a catholic church we have national churches, whilst the birth of the democratic spirit, as an offspring of the individualism of the Reformation, renders vain all hopes of any revival of the old mediæval forms.

With the Reformation, cosmopolitanism was for the time submerged. The conception of a universal society disappears, and its place is taken by the unsatisfying notion of an invisible church. The frightful confusions of the religious wars of the seventeenth century, with their persecutions and brutalities, closed the minds of men to any wider thoughts of human relationships than those bounded by the nation. Yet one or two passages may be culled from these times which prove that the vision of humanity had not absolutely vanished albeit unheeded by an unhappy world.

Montaigne, for example, in the sixteenth century wrote, "Not because Socrates has said so, but because it is in truth

<sup>1</sup> Bryce, "The Holy Roman Empire," Chap. viii. The mediæval ideal is attracting attention in several quarters to-day. No one, of course, would look for any revival of the ideal in its mediæval form. But to the present writer it seems to have much to teach those who study history after the spirit and not after the letter. So the Dean of St. Paul's writes: "The practical question for the future is whether there is any prospect of returning under more favourable auspices to the unrealized ideal of the Middle Ages—an agreement among the nations of Europe to live amicably under one system of national law and right, binding upon all, and with the consciousness of an intellectual and spiritual unity deeper than political divisions." "Patriotism," *Quarterly Review*, July, 1915.

my humour, and peradventure not without some excess" (note his timidity in expressing himself, as though it would be an unpopular thought), "I look upon all men as my compatriots and embrace a Polander as a Frenchman, preferring the universal and common tie to all national ties whatever."<sup>1</sup>

Later on in the same century, Sir Thomas Browne writes in similar strain, "I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others; those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard or Dutch; but, where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree." Further on he says, "There is another offence unto charity which no author hath ever written of, and few take notice of, and that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries and conditions, but of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable logick, from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all.

Le mutin Anglois, et la bravache Escossais,  
Le bougre Italien, et le fol François;  
Le poltron Romain, le larron de Gascogne,  
L'Espagnol superbe, et l'Allemain yvrogne.

By one word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assassin the honour of a nation."<sup>2</sup>

## II

But it was in the eighteenth century that cosmopolitan ideas took root downwards and bore fruit upwards, only, however, to be once more submerged in the nationalist reaction that followed upon the Napoleonic wars. The romantic movement, in so far as it threw scorn upon its literary forms and models, contributed to the formation of that low estimate of

<sup>1</sup> Montaigne, *Essays*, "On Vanity," Bk. iii., chap. 9. For this and many other quotations in this essay I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor Lafleur.

<sup>2</sup> "Religio Medici," ii., 1.

the eighteenth century which prevailed throughout the nineteenth, but which shows some signs of modification to-day. The eighteenth century may appear to us dry, pedantic and unduly rationalistic. It failed to understand the "deep things of the Spirit," and produced a spiritual ennui which justified the romantic revolt. But the men of the eighteenth century were devoted lovers of truth and passionate lovers of justice, and if they contracted the field of their vision and overlooked the truths of emotion, looking at all things in the dry light of reason, they did so in good faith. They firmly believed that men could and would be guided by reason alone; that when justice was known it would be pursued, and that knowledge was the chief medium of virtue. "Shew me," wrote Godwin, "in the clearest and most unambiguous manner that a certain mode of proceeding is most reasonable in itself, or most conducive to my interest, and I shall infallibly pursue that mode." "Sound reasoning and truth, when adequately communicated, must always be victorious over error."<sup>1</sup> So also taught Socrates more than twenty centuries ago. But the world is not yet converted to this optimism, because men, on the one hand, always have sinned in the face of knowledge; and, on the other, have found more potent forces against their failings than the power of mere knowledge.

In spite of this one-sidedness of the eighteenth century, it has much to teach us, and the rich treasures of the romantic movement having been pretty thoroughly exploited and assimilated, it is perhaps time to turn back to the despised century and see what its spirit, if not its letter, has to contribute to the urgent needs of our troubled times.

In most of the political and moral disquisitions of the eighteenth century, the key note is humanity. "*Man* is born free and he is everywhere in chains." The emphasis is on man. To Rousseau it was not the Frenchman's wrongs that excited his sensitive spirit, although these may have

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1 Brailsford: "Shelley, Goodwin, and their Circle."

been most obvious. He did not write merely to get Frenchmen free—his thought was of mankind. So, also, it was mankind, not any nation, that was under consideration in the prolonged discussions of the eighteenth century concerning “natural rights” and “social contracts.” This is a very different note from that which sounds throughout the “Foundations of the Nineteenth Century” by the Germanized writer Stewart Houston Chamberlain, which is a prolonged panegyric of one race. “Race lifts a man above himself; it endows him with extraordinary—I might almost say—supernatural powers, so entirely does it distinguish him from the individual who springs from the chaotic jumble of peoples drawn from all parts of the world.”<sup>1</sup> Dr. Price, whose name and fame are known to but few, but who was referred to by no less a man than Condorcet as one of the formative minds of the century, in a sermon preached in 1789, maintained very truly that Christ taught universal benevolence. “My neighbour is he to whom I can do most good, whether foreigner or fellow-citizen.” The doctor is no despiser of patriotism. We should love our country “ardently but not exclusively,” considering ourselves as “citizens of the world,” and taking care to maintain a just regard for the rights of other countries.<sup>2</sup>

Cosmopolitan reflexions of a similar character find expression in the *Spectator*. In his sixty-ninth article, Addison notes that “Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World with an eye to this mutual intercourse and Traffic among mankind, that the Natives of the several parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependence upon one another and be united together by their common interest.” “I am infinitely delighted,” he continues, “in mixing with these

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1 Chamberlain : “The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,” 1, 269. This sounds very grandiose, but the exact opposite might with reason be maintained. I hope it is not too frivolous to explain what I mean by the story of Dr. John Brown’s dog. “Is he quite thoroughbred, Dr. Brown?” asked a friend. “He’s sae thoroughbred,” was the doctor’s reply, “that he’s almost an eediot.”

2 “Shelley, Goodwin, and their Circle,” p. 13.

general ministers of commerce as they are distinguished by their different talks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, a Swede, or a Frenchman at different times, or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."

Not that this cosmopolitan spirit was universal, any more than the national spirit was universal in the nineteenth century. Cowper was constrained to utter a protest against the narrow nationalism of his day in well-known lines:—

" the natural bond  
Of Brotherhood is severed as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not coloured like his own; and having power  
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Doom and devote him as his lawful prey.  
Lands intersected by a narrow firth  
Abhor each other, mountains interposed  
Make enemies of nations, who had else  
Like kindred drops been mingled into one—  
Thus man devours his brother and destroys."

In view of the extraordinary tide of exclusive nationalism and the overweening pride of race that has overflowed Germany, the cosmopolitanism of the German writers of the eighteenth century possesses a peculiar interest. Even convinced cosmopolitans may be excused if they consider that Germany's cosmopolitanism lacked measure and balance, as their nationalism so conspicuously does to-day. Cramb, in his little book on Germany and England, says of the Germany of Lessing and Goethe, of Schiller and Herder, that it was essentially "a cosmopolitan Germany." Jacobi said, "I hear on every side nowadays the word 'German,' but who is a German? I strive in vain as yet to attach any

precise meaning to the term." Lessing considered patriotism "an heroic weakness." Herder wrote that, "of all kinds of pride I hold national pride the most foolish; it ruined Greece, it ruined Judæa and Rome."<sup>1</sup> So late as 1830 Goethe said, "Altogether, national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture."<sup>2</sup> But there is a degree where national hatred vanishes altogether, and where one stands to a certain extent above nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people, as if it had happened to one's own."<sup>3</sup> This, too, is the period in which Germany's greatest philosopher could write a philosophical essay on "Perpetual Peace," and another bearing the title "Idea of Universal History, from a Cosmopolitan point of view," in striking contrast to the point of view from which Mr. Stewart Houston Chamberlain writes his "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century."

But it is, as we might expect, eighteenth century France, the fertile soil of fruitful ideas, that gave to the world the most interesting and influential expressions of cosmopolitan thought. Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, Bernardin de St. Pierre, the Abbé Prévost, and others thought in terms of humanity. The influence of French literature in the direction of cosmopolitanism during the eighteenth century is the subject of an illuminating study by M. Texte, entitled, "Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature."<sup>4</sup> M. Texte says that in the history of cosmopolitan tendencies Rousseau occupies the first place. "Between Europe of the North and Europe of the South he was the mighty link that bound the genius of the one to that of the other."<sup>5</sup> "The cosmopolitan spirit in France was born of the union of the Latin with the Germanic

1 Cramb, J. A., "Germany and England," p. 96.

2 i.e., in Goethe's sense of the word culture, not in that of the modern German. "The first word in culture always is Mankind, Humanitas, Humanity." Cramb, *ut supra*, p. 96.

3 "Conversations with Eckermann," March 14, 1830.

4 Texte, Joseph, "J. J. Rousseau, et les origines de cosmopolitanisme littéraire." I quote from the English translation.

5 Texte, p. 95.

genius in the person of Jean Jacques Rousseau."<sup>1</sup> The Abbé Prévost "laboured earnestly to remove certain childish prejudices common to most men but especially to the French, which led them to arrogate to themselves a superiority over every nation in the world."<sup>2</sup> If we add that this childishness is to-day especially displayed by Germany, we must not fail to note that we English-speaking people have not always been free from the same folly. Another French writer points out the way to victory over this vanity when he writes, "Un jour viendra et j'en entrevois déjà l'aurore où, les Européens substitueront dans le coeur de leurs enfants, à l'ambition fatale d'être les premiers parmi leurs semblables, celle de les servir et où ils connaîtront que l'intérêt de chacun d'eux est dans l'intérêt du genre humain."<sup>3</sup>

M. Brunetière also, in his essay entitled, "Le Cosmopolitisme et la littérature nationale," draws attention to the cosmopolitanism of French literature in the eighteenth century. He regards this "humanity" of French literature as its most admirable trait.<sup>4</sup> He does not claim for French literature an inherent superiority, "mais de très bonne heure notre littérature a été de toutes les littératures de l'Europe moderne la plus civile, ou la plus soucieuse, non seulement de célébrer, mais de promouvoir, en quelque sorte, et de perfectionner, comme on l'a si bien dit, les arts utiles et la vie humaine. Ou, en d'autres termes, pendant trois cents ans, des oeuvres où la nature et l'histoire n'ont été généralement exprimées qu'en fonction de l'homme, l'homme à son tour qu'en fonction de la société, et la société enfin qu'en fonction de l'universelle humanité." Whilst M. Brunetière proudly points to the influence which French literature exercises in the production of "une race Européenne,"

1 Texte, p. 225.

2 Texte, p. 47.

3 Barine, A., "Bernardin de St. Pierre," p. 177. cf. also Joseph Landon, "C'est à l'Univers entiers dont ma curiosité me rend le citoyen que je fais l'hommage de mon livre."—"Lettres Siamoisés." (A.D. 1761).

4 "Etudes critique," vol. 6. cf. also "Il faut écrire pour, tout le monde repétait George Sand," and "C'est nous enfin, qui avons inauguré dans l'histoire du monde moderne, le cosmopolitisme littéraire."

yet he prophetically remarks that this fact does not ensure peace, but should a great war break out it will be of the nature of a civil war. "Hélas! elle n'en serait pas pour cela moins atroce."

### III

The study of movements of thought, whether political, social or religious, is one of fascinating interest. It is a commonplace that humanity does not march in a straight line. Progress is the result of the balance between action and reaction. This spiral ascent of humanity is due to the fact that no movement of thought is expressed in terms of *all the truth*, nor in terms that are *wholly true*. The eighteenth century, with its emphasis upon reason, was sometimes naïvely unreasonable. The French Revolution shattered many of its assumptions, proving them as brittle and frail as glass. So it came about that cosmopolitanism in the eighteenth century was followed by a powerful reaction to nationalism in the nineteenth century.

Lord Morley has drawn attention to the changed temper of the nineteenth century, a temper grown more pronounced as the years have rolled on. It is not peculiar to any one country. "It is common to the civilized world, and penetrates every department of life and thought. If it is to be summed up in a word, we should call it a reaction against humanitarianism. Humanitarianism is now dismissed as sentimentality. Its efforts at internationalism have yielded to a revival of national exclusiveness, seen in the growth of armaments, the revival or aggravation of protectionism, the growth of anti-alien legislation. The doctrine of democratic rights has been replaced by the demand for efficiency or by the unadorned gospel of blood and iron. Indeed, the bare conception of right in public matters has lost its



force and given place to political necessity and reasons of state.<sup>1</sup>

This reaction to a violent nationalism is unanimously traced to the influence of the Napoleonic wars. And so we see how one great evil breeds another. By the battle of Jena in 1806 Napoleon completed the subjection of the German peoples. "Germany was subjected to a military oppression such as she had not known as a nation since the Thirty Years War. But this oppression had a quite unexpected effect on her. It awakened her sense of nationality; the virtue of patriotism which the eighteenth century cosmopolitanism believed they had outgrown and consequently despised, was suddenly called into life."<sup>2</sup>

Nowhere was cosmopolitanism so one-sided as in Germany. Nowhere has the reaction against it been so violent, almost one would say to the point of insanity. "Once set going, the sentiment of nationality becomes an end in itself; it develops into a sort of religion, fierce and exclusive and intolerant in proportion as it is new; and, like a new religion, seeking to propagate itself it becomes in turn a conquering and oppressive force. The truth of this is clear to all eyes in the case of Germany. But the case of Germany is peculiar only in the immense organized force behind this aggressive sentiment. . . . The triumphs of the principle of nationality would seem to have done no more for humanity than to

1 Morley, "Miscellanies," vol. iv., 285. Cf. also the following from Reinsch "World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century," p. 9: "There has been a complete change of ideals during the past hundred years. The century opened with a broad humanitarianism, with a belief in the saving power of general culture, and the main characteristic of the time was a rationalistic optimism which saw in reason the guiding influence in human affairs. This age of reason, of which Kant, Jefferson, the Humboldts and Rousseau are the most prominent exponents, was followed by what may be called the age of force (Napoleon.) . . . An age of pessimism then dawned in which it was recognised that humanity is swayed not so much by reason as by the blind and passionate forces of the will. . . . It is only within the last decade (1890-1900) that this pessimism has been in turn replaced by a new optimism, the optimism of force, which sees in triumphant energy the sole condition of happy existence. (The competition of nations) in all the fields of human activity has taken on tremendous dimensions. . . . It is true that in this way they develop greater vitality and ability than could ever be brought about in a condition of world peace, *but their rivalry may become suicidal.*" (Italics my own.)

2 Robertson, "The Literature of Germany," p. 149.

substitute for the old dynastic rivalries of princes the far more bitter and ruinous rivalries of nations, conceived as economic groups competing one against the other in the universal struggle for existence."<sup>1</sup>

It is clear from the foregoing quotations, which could be almost indefinitely multiplied, that our historians and political writers were, long before the present war, aware of the excessive spirit of nationalism universally prevalent, and of its dangers to the peace and happiness of the world. It may therefore with confidence be predicted that a reaction against this excessive nationalism in favour of internationalism will follow upon peace.<sup>2</sup> In this new movement the most difficult problem will be the decision and the adjustment of the rightful claims of patriotism and cosmopolitanism, of the citizen of the state and the citizen of the world. When my interests as a citizen of the state clash with my interests as a citizen of the world, in what balances can I weigh these competing claims and resolve the conflict of competing loyalties?

#### IV

The cosmopolitan of the eighteenth century was ridiculed by Canning, who described him as:

"A sturdy patriot of the world alone,  
The friend of every country but his own."

There is no *ism*, whether imperialism, nationalism, or socialism that is not exposed to danger on the right hand and on the left, and every cosmopolitan spirit should test itself by this clever couplet. There is also a cosmopolitanism that is but a mask for utter selfishness, just as there have been those who whilst loudly proclaiming their humanitarianism, have no love for any *individual* but themselves. On the other hand, the very familiarity of Sir Walter Scott's lines:

<sup>1</sup> Phillips, W. Alison, "Europe and the Problem of Nationality," *Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1915.

<sup>2</sup> Provided it is a real peace and not a mere breathing space before a fresh conflict.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own my native land,"

shows how general is the patriotic sentiment. Yet, on the other hand, we know that villainies have been perpetrated under the mask of patriotism, so that it can be described as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Such abuses are common to all good things.

The plea for a more cosmopolitan spirit is not intended to diminish the force of the national spirit. Nations, like families, are probably permanent social communities. Rivarol's dream was but a dream, however noble the spirit that suggested it, when he longed to see mankind "form itself into one republic, from one end of the earth to the other, under the sway of a single language."<sup>1</sup> With space and time almost annihilated, with educational ideals and methods common to all civilized peoples, with the influences of climate so largely neutralized by applied science, it might well be supposed that the emergence of fresh national types was an impossibility; yet within the last one hundred years we have seen a fresh national type come into existence, and become stereotyped in the United States. It is perfectly clear that a distinct national type is being formed in Canada, although but an imaginary line separates us from the United States. In any fruitful discussion of our subject the persistence of nations and of national types must be taken for granted.

Nor does the unquestionable cosmopolitanism of the New Testament conflict with this assumption. The social philosophy, inherent in the Bible, is expressed through the medium of three social units, the family, the nation, the race. As F. D. Maurice long ago pointed out, the first book of the Bible deals altogether with families, then comes the long history of a nation and its dealings with other nations, and in the New Testament we have the religion of the

<sup>1</sup> Texte : *ut sup.*, p. 377.

universal society. But just as the evolution of the nation from the family does not involve the passing of the family, so neither does the evolution of the universal society from the nation involve the passing of the nation. The problem is not one of elimination but of relation.

A world state, a universal society, cosmopolitanism are forms of an idea which is perfectly valid and is reconcilable with the existence of national states, so long as we do not interpret it in destructive, but in constructive and inclusive terms. The world society must include as in a vast circle the nations as lesser circles, just as the circle of the nation includes, without destroying, the family circle. Nature and reason alike teach us that not uniformity but unity in variety is the ideal. Neither the unity attempted by the old methods of despotism, whether of state or of church, nor the unity which should be achieved by the gradual assimilation of all nationalities into one vast monotony is desirable, no more than the assimilation of all the trees of the forest to one type, or all the flowers of the field to one flower, however faultlessly beautiful it might be.

The key word which at the same time gives concrete expression to the cosmopolitan ideal, and direction to our practical efforts is co-operation. "The world community idea of the great founders of international law, Grotius and Suarez, and of philosophers of eternal peace, like Saint Pierre and Kant, is reconcilable with the existence of national states, if it is understood to imply, not political union, but the active co-operation of all nations in the common work of mankind."<sup>1</sup>

To what such an ideal, if energetically pursued by all good men and women of all nations, might lead in the course of its evolution who can say? Perhaps to some form of a federation of nations. One thing urgently needed is some regular meeting of representatives of all nations, such indeed as has been attempted in the Hague conference. With the

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<sup>1</sup> Reinsch : *ut sup.*, p. 6.

internal life of nations such a conference would have nothing to do. It would have to do only with international relations. That in due course it should become the police force of the world is desirable. But even though it should for many years to come only achieve delay in the hasty appeal to arms, it would accomplish much.

The hearty acceptance of a cosmopolitanism that is compatible with nationalism and a patriotic spirit, a cosmopolitanism whose ideal is expressed in terms of international co-operation, helps towards the settlement of the vexed question of the extent of the demands which a country makes upon the loyalty of its citizens. We must aim, as Bishop Brent puts it, to interpret all things in terms not of the part but of the whole. It is not contended that even so there would be no difficulties in detail, no misunderstandings, no mistakes, no victories of prejudice over reason. No man can accurately define the path of action where the questions at issue pierce so deeply to the springs of noble emotions and generous loyalties. We can only point to the ideal, and seek to meet all its varied applications as the occasions arise.<sup>1</sup>

To achieve this great task the world must be inspired with a simpler but deeper and broader religious spirit. The goal we aim at ought to be promoted through the churches, but I have grave doubts as to whether the churches, so busily occupied with the "tithing of mint, anise, and cummin," will rise to their great opportunity. How can they preach co-operation to the nations when they can find no way of co-operating amongst themselves! But whether it come through the medium of co-operating churches, or the influence and power of some great prophetic leader, or by the union of all "men of goodwill," the spirit of religion, the spirit of a lofty idealism that transcends the decisive, selfish elements in

<sup>1</sup> "In the distant future we may reasonably hope that patriotism will be a sentiment like the loyalty which binds a man to his public school and university, an affection purged of all rancour and jealousy, a stimulus to all honourable conduct and noble effort, a part of the poetry of life." Dean Inge, *Quarterly Review*, June, 1915.

human nature, and seeks to weld mankind into that unity which is the very soul of all true religion, is urgently needed for the welfare of the world. With that simple spirit we can with joyful confidence and hearty enthusiasm pursue our appointed task, which was stated in the words of an interesting writer some five years ago, "The paradox and scandal of the world is that for fifteen centuries, since the adoption by the continent of Christianity, European history has been a tale of blood. To resolve that paradox, to abate that scandal, to substitute concert for conflict, to bring the glories or the devilries of war to their lowest dimensions, and to teach mankind to grow 'great in common,' is the international future of the nations of the world."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Peel: "The Future of England," p. 169, I have ventured to change the last two words of the quotation which in the book read "of England."

H. SYMONDS

## SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

IT has often been remarked that the United States was singularly fortunate in the number of men of large capacity and force, who, in the era of expansion which followed the Civil War, rose to create and consolidate the great railways which form the arterial system of her industrial life. Of such men she gave us William Cornelius Van Horne to write his name indelibly in steel across the broad face of our Dominion. And because he was so very much more than one of them, because he was in so many ways one of the most remarkable men in contemporary life, it is a little labour of pleasure to write something of the man himself; to attempt with a few feeble strokes to convey some idea of his fascinating many-sidedness. Happily, the main outlines of his career are well-known and have recently been given great prominence in the press of the English-speaking world, and a lengthy account of it is unnecessary here. But his work, so important a contribution to our national well-being, was the bread of his life; and some reference to it is indispensable.

Starting, at the early age of fourteen, in a little wayside station on the line of the Illinois Central, where he swept out the station, tended the lamps and signals, and did all the odd jobs, he learned telegraphy; and in three months' time became a full-fledged telegraph operator. From telegraph operator to train despatcher was a natural step; and, continuing in that branch of railway service which offers at the same time the straightest and the hardest road to success—the operation of trains—his exceptional vigour and industry soon marked him out from his competitors. His promotion was rapid, and, after holding various important positions on railway systems operating west of Chicago, he became, in 1880, the general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. When, therefore, in the beginning of

1882, he was invited to assume the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he had already had twenty-five years of railway service, which were fruitful in experience and replete with incident; and he was wont to tell many exciting and amusing tales of railway warfare as it was waged in the growing days of the American West.

The task which awaited the young railway manager on his arrival in Canada, and which he at once assailed with dauntless energy, was the execution of the greatest railway project ever undertaken in any part of the world. Three companies which had attempted it had met with failure, and one of them had involved a ministry in disaster. For a decade the scheme had proved itself beyond the capacity of the Dominion government. The natural difficulties confronting the enterprise were unparalleled. For hundreds of miles along the desolate northern shores of Lake Superior its line lay through alternating stretches of rock and seemingly bottomless muskegs. In British Columbia, for almost a thousand miles, it must span mighty rivers and canyons, and penetrate the great chains of the Rockies and the Selkirks, as yet unexplored. But to the marvellous spirit and resource of the new general manager, and to his unbounded optimism and enthusiasm, which flowed like a fountain of inspiration to all his officers and men, nothing was impossible. He was "a first-class fighting man." The contract with the government had specified a term of ten years within which the company's undertaking must be completed. Mr. Van Horne broke the world's record in track-laying, and the last spike was driven within five.

The engineering difficulties encountered and conquered by Mr. Van Horne during this period of construction were matched by the financial difficulties which embarrassed the company. A cash subsidy of \$25,000,000 from the Canadian government was soon exhausted; 25,000,000 acres of land, with which the company had also been subsidized, were as yet unsaleable. The success of the venture was extremely doubtful, and credit was difficult to obtain; yet loan after



loan had to be sought. Nothing but the determination and indomitable courage of the president, Mr. George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen), the loyalty of Mr. Donald Smith (the late Lord Strathcona), and the magnificent capacity and resourcefulness of the general manager could have withstood the pressure. At one critical moment Mr. Stephen pledged everything he possessed in the world, and Mr. Smith nearly everything. In another crisis, in 1884, a loan of \$20,000,000 (repaid in 1887) was forced from Ottawa only by convincing the government that without it the company must suspend operations, and that the suspension would be followed immediately by the bankruptcy of the principal merchants of the country and by the closing of the banks. To win to victory under such conditions was an achievement of the first order.

With the completion of the railway, the battle was only begun. Grave financial necessities had to be met from a scanty exchequer, and the problems of construction were replaced by that of finding traffic for the railway. There was little to be found, and it is literally true to say that Mr. Van Horne and his associates had in large measure to create it. They had transportation to sell with hardly any market for it; they had to make the market. In work of this character Mr. Van Horne was singularly qualified to shine. He had something far more rare than his amazing optimism, his aggressive energy, and his unrivalled power of endurance. His was the gift of a great imagination, and of something more than foresight, the ability to visualize the future. Relieved to a large extent from administrative detail by the collaboration of an able staff of officers, chief among whom was Thomas G. Shaughnessy—whom he had brought, in 1882, from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad to be the purchasing agent of the company, and who in executive ability, in the faculty of prompt decision, and in the power of handling men, was perhaps the general manager's superior—Mr. Van Horne gave free rein to his creative powers. The construction and leasing of branch lines to serve as feeders to the main

line, the acquisition of connecting railroads across the international boundary, the negotiations for interchange of traffic with American railroads, the institution and the maintenance of an aggressive publicity and advertising campaign, the establishment of a steamship service between the Pacific and the Orient and of large and powerful freight-carriers on the Great Lakes, a vigorous immigration policy for the settlement of the lands along the line of the railway, the irrigation of arid areas, and the planning of a great hotel system—were among the multitudinous activities to which he devoted his great talents. To describe the growth and development of the railway from the date of the completion of its original construction to the end of the nineteenth century, is to describe the growth and development during the same period of the greater part of the Dominion; and Sir William Van Horne is surely entitled to a place among the Makers of Canada. In 1888, he became president of his great company, and, six years later, he was appointed an honorary K.C.M.G. in recognition of his distinguished services.

Notwithstanding the intense and incessant labour which the construction and operation of the railway had entailed, Sir William Van Horne had found time for other work and other business. Gradually acquiring wealth, he had become interested in several important enterprises, some of which had been started with a view of providing traffic for the railway, and in many of which he was the guiding spirit. At one time he was a director of some forty important corporations in Canada and the United States.

Feeling that the direction of some of these enterprises, coupled with the pursuit of painting and other avocations dear to his heart, would afford him ample occupation for his leisure, Sir William Van Horne made up his mind to retire from the headship of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company whenever its annual earnings touched fifty million dollars. They were a long way short of that sum when, in 1899, he resigned the presidency of the company into the able hands of the man who had from the beginning so loyally and energetic-

ally co-operated with him in the upbuilding of the company, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. He felt a great relief in the relinquishment of the position; the company had passed through critical times in the years of general business depression in the nineties, and the deliberations of the directorate had not invariably been harmonious. If during the years that followed—years of remarkable development of Canadian resources and of almost incredible expansion in the volume of the company's earnings—the retired president felt any regret that he was no longer at the helm, he never gave the slightest indication of it. His faith in its future continued unbounded. "There are two stocks," he said, about three years ago, "of which I will never sell a share. One is the C.P.R. I believe that, one day, each share will be worth a thousand."

Sir William decided to celebrate his freedom from the burdens of his great railway company by taking a good holiday. He used to tell, in his own inimitable way, how he proceeded with a party of friends, in his private railway car, to California. After being fêted at San Francisco by the late Mr. J. W. Mackay, of transatlantic cable fame, the party of friends resolved to return to the east, while their host went south as far as Pasadena. Arrived there, he secured a room at an hotel, and, in his own words, "I went out on the verandah, and sat down, and smoked a big cigar. Then I got up, walked about the verandah, and looked at the scenery. It was very fine. Then I sat down again, and smoked another cigar. Then up again; another walk about the verandah; and more scenery. It was still very fine. I sat down again, and smoked another cigar. Then I jumped up, and telephoned for my car to be coupled to the next train; and, by Jinks, I was never so happy in my life as I was when I struck the C.P.R. again."

The man who took a holiday in this fashion could not be idle, and at once we have him running over to Cuba. The Spanish-American War was over, and the richest island in the world was being administered by the Americans under a

military governorship. His vision shot ahead and saw that, with peace restored and under the direction of a stable constitutional government, there would arise great opportunities for developing the island's resources. The eastern part of Cuba was without a railway, and a railway was the first necessity of such a development. He felt that it would be successful, and he decided to build it. The United States was enjoying a period of great prosperity, and the necessary capital was obtained as soon as sought. But there was a difficulty, and apparently a big one. The Cuban government was not yet established. From what source could he obtain the powers of expropriation for the railway's right-of-way? He did a bold thing. He decided to go ahead without such powers. And he proceeded with such tact and address that almost without exception he persuaded the proprietors to make a free gift of the lands required for the railway, by way of return for the benefits they would receive from its future operation. He related, with a twinkle in his eye, how he was served at this time by his double nationality. The Americans had full confidence in him as one of themselves, while the Spanish Cubans, who would then have looked upon an American with jealousy and suspicion, trusted him as a Briton. They knew that there were no knights in the United States. When President McKinley asked him how he had accomplished the acquisition of the right-of-way and had begun to build the railway without a charter, he replied: "Mr. President, I went to them with my hat in my hand." "I think I understand," said the President. To his friends he explained that whenever he met a Cuban, he bowed first and he bowed last; and he instructed all his officers to observe the same punctilious courtesy. He spoke highly of the Cubans' sense of honour, and he had the same boyish enthusiasm for his project and the same faith in the future of Cuba as he had shown for the C.P.R. and in the future of Western Canada. In addition to the railway, he built large sugar mills, and he had the gratification of seeing prosperity and success attend each venture. How warmly his regard for the

Cubans was reciprocated was shown, upon his death, by the tolling of the church bells from Havana to Camaguey and Santiago, a tribute which had previously been reserved for princes of the church.

His restless activity and creative impulses took him still further afield, and he undertook the construction of a small line of railway in Guatemala. He was also associated in the building of docks at Parà, Brazil, and in the development of public utilities in Rio de Janeiro and in Mexico.

To have built the Canadian Pacific Railway and to have piloted the company through the stormy years of the eighties and nineties into safe-sailing waters; to have built the Cuban and Guatemalan railways; to have promoted or assisted in conducting many large enterprises in mining, in steel, in coal, in salt, in sugar, in lumber, in paper and pulp—to mention only a few among many; to have acquired an intimate knowledge of the processes of the mining and manufacture, the cost and the distribution of the products of these undertakings: this would have made him a great man among men of affairs. Sir William Van Horne found time during his busy life to be much more than that. Gifted with a faculty of keen observation, a memory which was phenomenally tenacious and reliable, and an instinctive taste, which he sedulously cultivated, for all forms of art, his knowledge was encyclopædic; and he was always learning. Nothing that interested him was allowed to escape, and the things that interested him were without number. When he was a boy of five, he was attracted by the polished surface of a slab of slate, which he found in the bed of a creek near his father's home in Joliet; and this made him keen to study geology. A companion was the envied possessor of Hitchcock's "Elements of Geology," and by agreeing to do his chores for him—a price which was often regretted—the young Van Horne secured the loan of the book, and thereafter spent his evenings in copying out the text and in reproducing with his pencil the several hundred illustrations. This early introduction to the science engendered a love for it which never left him. Exploration was added to

the study of books, and he acquired a very thorough knowledge of the geology of the North American continent. Geology led him, as a matter of course, to palæontology, and he devoted the leisure of many years to arranging and classifying his specimens, which included an unique collection of fossil fish teeth. No pains were too great if they resulted in his mastery of something that would serve or interest him. A visitor discovered him trying to decipher the ideographs on Chinese porcelains by the aid of German-Japanese and Japanese-Chinese dictionaries. Without classical learning, which, however, he really valued, he read widely, from Cuban bluebooks to the Shi King, from Nietzsche to the novels of George Moore. To poetry he was especially attracted, and he devoured all criticism of art that came to his hand. More impressive than the wide range of his information was his apparently intimate acquaintance with some of the obscure bypaths of knowledge. "That," said a learned professor from an English university, after his first meeting with him, "is a very remarkable man. He made me feel as if he knew more about my own subject than I know myself." It was, perhaps, to be expected that one of his powers, who had given so many years to the construction and operation of railways, should have a thorough grasp of the broad data of engineering in all its branches; that one who farmed in Manitoba and New Brunswick should understand the mysteries of crops, stock-breeding, and gardening: but he knew also something of botany, as he did of physics and chemistry, and shared with his daughter an unusual knowledge of mushrooms and fungi. He had made a study of the natural phenomena of waves, particularly in snow, and could at the same time direct an investigator to those places in our northern latitudes where they could be found at their best, and explain the climatic forces and topographical conditions which operated to produce their various forms.

Innately artistic and a lover of beauty and perfection in every guise, he would surely have found fame if he had spent his talents in any form of creative art except music.

His home was a treasure-house of beautiful things. From his boyhood he never ceased to collect—geological and palæontological specimens, rugs, ceramics, bronzes, embroideries, tapestries, models of antique ships, and, above all, paintings. His collection of Japanese pottery, carefully chosen to illustrate historically the development of the art, was, if not the finest, one of the finest private collections in the world, and on the American continent he only deferred to Professor Morse of Boston in his critical knowledge of it. He loved the form, the colouring, and the glazing of pieces wrought by the hands of the master-potters; and he knew them so well that, when a Japanese collector wished him to make purchases from a new collection, he was able, though blindfolded, by his hands and the touch of his fingers alone, to give, in respect of seventy per cent. of the specimens submitted, the names of the artists, long dead and gone, who had designed them, and of the kilns, now non-existent, where they had been fired. His interest in ceramics was surpassed by his passion for paintings. He was thoroughly familiar with the lives and the work of the old masters; his collection of biographical, critical, and illustrative literature on the subject would form a very complete and handsome working library for an ambitious art school. He spent many holidays in studying the art treasures of the great galleries and collections in the countries of Europe, and was well known to the dealers in London, Paris, and New York. Of the old masters he admired most those of the Dutch and the Spanish schools, but his collection, chosen solely for artistic quality, was comprehensive. It included canvases by Velasquez, Franz Hals, van der Velde, Cuyp, Terburg, Ruisdael, El Greco, Zurbaran, Goya, Greuze, Corot, Daubigny, Daumier, Rousseau, Monticelli, Mauve, Diaz, Renoir, Pissaro, Murillo, Tiepolo, del Piombo, da Vinci, Reynolds, Raeburn, Holbein, Romney, Turner, Constable, Gainsborough, and works by famous Japanese and Chinese artists. As a music-lover listens to a Beethoven sonata, he loved to sit before his pictures and let them sink into his soul. A pencil was always

ready to his hand, to illustrate his ideas by a sketch on writing pad or blotting paper, but perhaps he was happiest of all when he took up his own palette and brush in the late hours of the night—for it was then that he felt at his best, and he had learned to use his colours as well by electric light as by daylight. His painting showed the lack of a trained technique, and an inadequate knowledge of values, but he painted many charming pictures of the sylvan scenes at his beautiful summer home on Minister's Island in Passamaquoddy Bay. He followed no school and copied no one, but strove to get the results he desired by his own methods. His work, therefore, sometimes naïve, was always sincere. He made many experiments, and obtained notable results in depicting the effect of moonlight and in the use of prismatic. He started a catalogue of his Japanese pottery, with water-colour illustrations which he made with great rapidity, and which reproduced the form and the glazes of the originals with a delicacy and fidelity which would have gladdened the eye of Ruskin. The catalogue, alas, was never completed.

He was a fastidious letter-writer, and wrote charming letters to children, with a running commentary of thumb-nail sketches. His business and public correspondence was terse, clear, direct, and, as is so often the case with the spoken or written utterances of American men in public life, epigrammatic. Observing the graceful custom of answering personal letters in his own very original and distinguished handwriting, he indulged, now and then, in a playful, whimsical letter to a friend, such as the following to Sir William Peterson, in 1905:

I have only now had an opportunity to read that exceedingly interesting paper of Professor Cox's which you were so good as to send me the other day. If I may speak of such a trivial thing in the face of such a stupendous conception as the theory of Arrhenius, I may say that the views I expressed to you concerning the Aurora Borealis do not conflict with this theory: they have much the same relation to it as a flying feather to the laws of gravitation.

Professor Cox's paper, because, perhaps, of its dealing with luminous matter, has had a powerfully illuminating effect upon my mind. It has



made me think that many ideas which we, in our ignorance, regard as absurd or visionary, are really well founded: for instance, the common saying in the West of a conspicuously successful man, "he has got the world by the tail," I have always regarded as preposterous; but now that I have learned that the world has a tail, if not two tails, I must regard this saying more seriously. And now that I know that the world has a tail, I am giving anxious thought to the general belief that Rockefeller has got hold of it. I earnestly hope that we may not be disappointed in the second tail and that it may be on the opposite side of the world, where he may not be able to see it or get hold of it without letting go of the other. In that case other people may have a chance—you or I, perhaps. But we should keep dark about this and stop any more papers from Cox on the subject. Carnegie might hear of it and grab it, or the Emperor William—if indeed the Japs have not already got it. Startling thought! It must be over on their side somewhere. And it may be the steering tail, and—but I must switch off from this line of thought, for it is carrying me into a maelstrom.

For the credit and enduring fame of Arrhenius, I hope there may be a second tail. The saying I have quoted dates back to a time when Arrhenius was not; and, clearly, somebody out West knew of one tail before he did. You will at once appreciate the weight of such evidence in determining questions of priority. Arrhenius is entitled to a good deal of credit, and it will be too bad if he can't have at least one tail.

I am thinking how suggestive is scientific research. I shall now light another long cigar and think again.

Sir William Van Horne was a big man in every way. He was tall and massively built, and in early life became somewhat corpulent. His head was of noble proportions, his eye clear and penetrating, and his features refined and mobile. He had large appetites. He bore a thousand horse-power boiler within him, and it needed an adequate supply of fuel. He was a connoisseur in the good things of the table, and an inveterate smoker. Laughingly, he once exclaimed to an envious onlooker—a dyspeptic multimillionaire, "I eat as much as I can, I drink as much as I can, I smoke as much as I can, and I don't care for anything!" As all this implied, his constitution was magnificent, and his vitality almost excessive. To cold he seemed impervious; and little sleep was required to restore his vigour. His strength was as the strength of ten men. Until within a very few years of his

death, he had never had the slightest sickness. Two years ago he said, "When I think of all the things I could do, I should like to live for five hundred years!" Having on several occasions given proof of physical courage, he bore the pain of a serious surgical operation with great fortitude, and his last conscious hours were marked by the same courageous optimism which had stood him in good stead in the struggles of life.

Detesting ostentation of every kind, he thought in terms of bigness and liked big things: big houses—"fat and bulgy like myself"—big roofs, doors, windows, and big spaces. But the big things had to be of the very best of their kind. When the late Mr. Bruce Price, of New York, submitted his design, in the *château* style, for the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal, it showed a tower and pinnacle on each side of the entrance. Sir William took his pencil, and with a few bold strokes substituted one larger and more imposing mass. When he started a farm in Manitoba, nothing less than a tract of 4,000 acres would content him, and his herd of shorthorns must, as it did, take the blue ribbon for the best exhibit at the great cattle shows in Chicago, St. Louis, and Winnipeg. He imported from Holland, for the farm attached to his summer residence at St. Andrews, a special herd of Dutch Belted cattle, which was celebrated in Eastern Canada.

Money he loved for its own sake, but above all he prized it for the treasures it would buy. "Just fancy," he sighed, after learning that he might have made an additional profit of \$500,000 on the sale of a manufacturing business in which he had a large share, "with five hundred thousand I could have bought five Rembrandts!"

He was a man of strong likes and dislikes and not sparing of vigorous language, but he was peculiarly reticent in condemnation or criticism. Opprobrium seldom fell from his lips—silence and occasionally a short sarcastic utterance sufficed unless some treachery had been uncovered. Thoroughly human himself, he understood human nature and, therefore, human frailty. Of divorce, however, for any cause whatso-

ever, he was intolerant. Though proud of his sturdy Dutch ancestry, he was extremely democratic and simple in his manners, yet carried himself with the native dignity of a courteous, high-bred gentleman. His hospitality was lavish and constant, and during the last twenty years few men of distinction either in public life or in art or letters passed through Montreal without sitting at his table. His studio in his Montreal house, where he transacted business as well as painted, was always open to his friends. It was not necessary to be an artist or to be a person of importance to be sure of a hearty welcome to his genial and kindly companionship; to be interesting or even to be interested was ever enough. But, outside of his family, to which he was devotedly attached, his sympathies were impersonal—with things, ideas, efforts, and not with individuals. This is not to deny his innumerable acts of kindness, or the gifts which he made, and preferred to make anonymously, to the cause of education and to institutions for the alleviation of human suffering. Nor is it to forget the words of encouragement he was ever quick to give to the young or struggling artist, or the helpful interest he was ever ready to show in a young man's hobby. For children, too, he kept a warm corner in his heart, and it was high tide in the calendar when he could gather fifty or twice fifty boys and girls from the street, and take them under his wing to the circus.

Like all men who have traversed the road to success and power, and like most of those who have taken other turnings, he had gathered some of the little flowers of vanity by the wayside; but he was singularly free from every form of the vice of sentimentality, and despised it in any one else. He judged men and things for what they were, and was influenced by no other consideration. He would not have faltered for a moment in giving the greatest treasure in his collections for one of more intrinsic value—though he would undoubtedly have tried to retain the one and acquire the other. "Why," he demanded of a young friend who had brought the first edition of an eighteenth century classic to show him, "did

you buy such a rotten edition?" The visitor explained that he was weak enough to take pleasure in reading from editions contemporary with the author. Sir William was almost unkind, and said the book was heavy, dirty, and badly edited. "Give me a book for use! If the margins are too wide, cut them down; if the covers are too clumsy, tear them off. If you buy a book as a work of art, put it in your cabinet, and order a modern edition for reading."

The remoteness of his sympathy and his freedom from sentimentality served to emphasize the independence and sincerity of his opinions, but he was, for all that, an adept in the art of bluffing and a master of humbug. Nevertheless, he could take as well as give, and his amiability was imperturbable; hence he showed no sign of mortification if he were caught. In his early days in Montreal, he used to astonish his friends by his after-dinner feats of thought-reading. "A fellow of infinite jest," he played practical jokes, which were invariably conceived without malice and in a genuine spirit of fun. They were frequently worked out over considerable periods of time, and, pressing telegraphy into his service, the wires would sometimes be kept presumably busy with messages that turned out to be bogus. In the denouements, the unsuspecting victims were not so much stunned with surprise as bewildered by the admirable ingenuity and careful elaboration of the plot.

He took a curious delight in impressing the beholder by a display of exceptional powers. After a long wait in a New York telegraph office, he at length heard the expected communication come on the key. Seizing a form, he speedily wrote out his reply. "Here's your cable, Sir William," said the clerk at the wicket. "Yes, and here is the answer," said Sir William, receiving the London message with one hand, and tendering his own script with the other. The cumulative effect of such impressions enabled him, in the early days of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to create, in the minds of men working on the line, the belief that he was endowed with superhuman attributes, that he was, indeed, omniscient. "I

believe Mr. Van Horne knows, or will know, that I am here now, lying on this grass, talking to you, and watching you paint that picture," declared a young station agent at Yale, who, having taken a few minutes off duty, was watching Mr. Brymner, the well-known artist, at work on the banks of the Fraser. When Sir William was asked for an explanation, he told the following among several stories illustrative of the methods he employed.

"One evening I was travelling, in my private car, along what was in those days a rough part of the road, north of Lake Superior. When the train stopped at a small station to take water, I got off, to take a turn on the platform and stretch my legs. Going into the waiting-room, my attention was attracted by the sounds of a conversation the telegraph operator, in the office behind the wicket, was having on the ticker with another operator, away up the line. I listened, and heard that 'the boys' on a train which had just left for the East, were having a great time. They had taken the cushions from the first-class carriage, had made themselves comfortable in the baggage-car, and were playing poker. I did not say anything then, but when I got further down the line, I telegraphed back to a station where the train with 'the boys' was due to arrive, a peremptory message, that the cushions were to be returned to the first-class carriage, and that employees were not allowed to play poker in the company's time. From that day to this, those men don't know how I found out what they were doing."

He loved games, and played them with more than an ordinary amount of skill, and with a boyish zest which was never quenched. Despite his corpulency, he handled a billiard cue with agility. Unexpectedly lacking in dash and brilliancy, his chess was characterized by safety and care. He could hold his own with all-comers at draw-poker, and he was a master of piquet. Into all his play, even the quiet family game of bridge, he threw all his extraordinary power of concentration, in the effort to conquer his opponents. Encountering a superior player, he delighted to wear him down

to defeat by making the battle a test of physical endurance. "Tired?" he once replied, in the small hours of the morning, "Tired! I have only been tired twice in my life!" An hour or so later, he exclaimed triumphantly, "I knew I should beat you if you would only play long enough!"

He was a great traveller, never resting or sleeping so well as to the accompaniment of the hum of the wheels and the swaying of the bogie-trucks over the track. He boasted that he held the world's record for distance, and he may well have done so since he estimated that he had "completed four round-trips to the moon and was well started on the fifth." He had done everything, been everywhere, and met everybody.

"A quiet evening with Van Horne" was something to be cherished in the memory if only for the stories he told. These were not of the kind customarily passed from mouth to mouth, but were narratives of incidents in which he had himself shared or of which he had been an interested observer; and the store appeared to be inexhaustible. He told them with a wealth of pertinent detail and a quiet drollery which was all his own. They were complete and perfect of their kind, and he was often besought to put them on paper. He promised himself that he would, but he put off doing it, and Time beat him. A more grievous loss than the unwritten volumes of his tales is the story of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company as he alone could have told it, for to him it was as great a romance as any voyage of discovery upon uncharted seas. This also he promised, but he was always too busy to attack such a heavy task. Or was he too wise?

An admirable raconteur, patient and lucid in exposition, and unerring in his approach to the heart of a problem, Sir William Van Horne was surprisingly deficient as a speaker. Not even when presiding over a meeting of the shareholders of his own company did he make an advantageous appearance. No effort of his strong will, and he made many, enabled him to conquer the diffidence resulting from an excess of self-consciousness and an instinctive hypercriticism

of the forms of address. This defect undoubtedly made him shrink from filling that place in the public life of Canada and Montreal for which his other pre-eminent qualities so well fitted him. He knew the constitutions of the United States and Canada as well as a lawyer, and the governmental institutions of many other countries hardly less well. Among Canadian statesmen he admired Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; for the last he had a genuine affection. While his career both in the United States and Canada could not fail to familiarize him with all the phases of the battle continually waged between Republicans and Democrats, Grits and Tories, his political conceptions were idealistic, and he regarded with scorn the mere politicians of every stripe who set place and power above material development and moral and intellectual progress. Hence, although he had clear opinions, and expressed them forcibly on all matters affecting the development of Canada, he, with rare exceptions, took no part in politics.

In 1891, he strongly opposed the advocacy by the Liberal party of unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States. Disclaiming, in a forceful letter to Mr. Drummond, the chairman of the Conservative party in Montreal, all connexion with politics, and asserting that his whole interest was in the welfare of the Canadian Pacific Railway and in the development of the resources of Canada, he argued that, trade conditions being bad in both countries and worse in the United States than in Canada, the adoption of unrestricted reciprocity would be highly detrimental. "You cannot," he wrote, "make one good egg out of two bad ones." But it is with the opposition to a later reciprocity proposal that his name is more memorably associated.

In 1911, the Laurier government proposed to enact a measure of reciprocity between Canada and the United States which had tentatively been arranged by members of that government with the cabinet of President Taft. The proposal, coming to him, as it did to most Canadians, with all the elements of a surprise, filled Sir William Van Horne

with dismay. As a capitalist and the captain of several important industrial enterprises, it was natural that he should be alarmed, but, to do him the barest justice, protection of his private interests was the least element in his concern. He saw, or thought he saw, in the proposed agreement "the splendid work of a generation traded away—our industrial position sold—for a few wormy plums." "Our trade," he said, "is \$97 per capita; that of the United States, \$33. In other words, the water in our millpond stands at 97, theirs at 33, and they want us to take down the dam." He saw in dire peril his own splendid achievements and those of his lifelong associates in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with its numerous spurs and far-flung branches, and in the development of the whole country tributary to it. The currents of trade would no longer flow from east to west and from west to east, but from north to south and from south to north. "Shall we be permitted to recede from reciprocity," he asked, "when Mr. Hill has extended his seven or eight lines of railway into the Canadian North West—lines which have for some years been resting their noses on the boundary line, waiting for reciprocity or something of the kind to warrant them in crossing—and when other American channels of trade have been established, affecting our territory, and when the American millers have tasted our wheat, and the American manufacturers have got hold of our markets?" Loyal to the core to his adopted country, and absolutely convinced of the ruinous consequences which would flow from the ratification of the reciprocity pact, he took off his coat, and threw himself into the fray. Overcoming his great reluctance to speak in public, he addressed large meetings at Montreal and St. John. He was, alas, compelled to read his speeches, but his closely reasoned arguments, replete with terse epigrammatic phrases, and vital with power and conviction, were carried by the press from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and contributed more than the utterances of any one man, except some unguarded remarks of



Mr. Taft himself and one or two other American statesmen, to the defeat of the measure.

In 1903, he was offered and declined the chairmanship of the railway commission. When the great German war crashed like a thunderbolt upon the world, he hastened to offer his services in any capacity to the Canadian government, and in the spring of 1915 he was asked to take the chairmanship of a commission to study and report on the future development of Canada. This office, for which he had unequalled qualifications, he accepted; but failing health unhappily prevented him from taking up the work.

On the eleventh of last September his unjaded spirit reached the terminal of its arduous journey; and we "shall not look upon his like again." His was a vivid, a unique personality. By the measure of his achievements, he was a great railway man, a great man of affairs. By his knowledge of life, the wide extent of his information, the variety of his interests, the catholicity of his taste, and the versatility of his intellectual powers, he was one of the most cultivated men of his time. By the magnitude of his services in the development of the Dominion, and particularly in the creation of its transportation facilities over land and over seas, he earned the grateful remembrance of the Canadian people.

W. VAUGHAN

## MY DOG AND I

My dog and I, the hills we know  
Where the first faint wild roses blow;  
    We know the shadowy paths and cool  
That wind across the woodland dim,  
And where the water-beetles swim  
    Upon the surface of the pool.

My dog and I, our feet brush through,  
Full oft, the fragrant morning dew,  
    Or, when the summer sun is high,  
We linger where the river flows  
Chattering and chuckling as it goes—  
    Two happy tramps, my dog and I.

Or, when the winter snows lie deep,  
Into some fire-lit nook we creep  
And, while the north wind howls outside,  
See castles in the dancing blaze,  
Or, dozing, dream of summer days,  
    And woodland stretches, wild and wide.

My dog and I are friends till death  
And when the chill, dark angel's breath  
    Shall call him from me, still I know,  
Somewhere, within the shadowy land  
Waiting his master he will stand  
    Until my summons comes to go.

And in that life so strange and new  
We'll tramp the fields of heaven through,  
    Loiter the crystal river by;  
Together walk the hills of God  
As when the hills of earth we trod—  
    For ever friends, my dog and I.

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

## COUNT APPONYI AND THE WAR

THE Sunday edition of the *New York Times* contained in April, 1915, two contributions to the literature of the war by Count Albert Apponyi. The first of these contributions consisted of a philippic against England and a plea for the "freedom of the sea"; the second suggested that the peace of the world could be secured by an alliance between Germany and Italy. Count Apponyi, in addition to his eminence as a political leader in Hungary, has long enjoyed a great reputation as an advocate of the utilization of the Hague Tribunal for the settlement of international disputes. He was himself a member of that august body, and he had for many years, both by voice and pen, contributed much towards international amity. Under these circumstances it seemed strange that he should, in a neutral journal, seek to create a prejudice against Great Britain, whose statesmen, as he must have well known, had done their utmost to prevent the outbreak of the present war. Since I had the honour of a slight acquaintance with Count Apponyi, I felt that I ought to remonstrate with him for what appeared to me to be an unwarranted attack upon Great Britain. The following correspondence ensued:

28th April, 1915.

My dear Count Apponyi:

I was much distressed recently to find in an American newspaper an article by you denouncing Great Britain for having taken part in the war. The fact that this denunciation came from one whom I respect so much, and whom every one has been accustomed to regard as a strong advocate of international amity, is to me indicative of the chaos into which European politics have been plunged. I can only hope that in the confusion of the moment, you have not been able to find time to read the diplomatic documents which contain

the main immediate data and that it has not been possible therefore to relate the course of events with your previous great knowledge of the subject. That Great Britain found herself in hostility to Austria-Hungary was due not to any act of Great Britain but solely to the entangling alliance of the Dual Monarchy and Germany. This alliance practically subjected the foreign policy of Austria to the control of Germany and compelled her to follow the latter country in the suicidal campaign into which she has plunged. Had Prussian ambitions for world domination been out of the question, there could not have been any general war. The Austrian and Russian documents as well as the English prove conclusively that a *modus vivendi* could have been found between Austria and Russia had not Germany intervened to prevent it. That Germany has been long preparing for a general European conflict cannot now be doubted. She was prepared as no other power was prepared. This has been fully proved by the energetic and deliberately barbarous manner in which she has conducted the campaign. The war, in fact, is demonstrably due to the provocation of Germany alone.

I have just seen a further contribution of yours in which you state that the only way to secure a lasting peace is to secure a German-Italian Alliance and the "freedom of the sea." May I ask in what manner could peace be obtained or maintained by an alliance of that kind? The Triple Alliance fell to pieces because it did not possess the elements of stability. When the strain came Germany disregarded every international obligation, and Italy repudiated her alliance. Italy has justified herself by referring to the terms of her agreement with Germany and Austria: Germany has yet to justify herself. No power can henceforward enter into *any* treaty with a power which has *deliberately and ostentatiously torn her treaties into fragments*. So long as such a power is possessed of a formidable armament, other powers must maintain adequate defences, otherwise the peace would be a peace without liberty, i.e., the peace of death. In other words, German armament and peace are mutually exclusive.

It has become evident, then, that the *only* method by which peace can be secured and maintained is the *complete disarmament* of Germany. This is the task to which the Allies have set themselves. That it is a most formidable one, they must well know: that it is within their power to perform they firmly believe. The barbarity with which from the beginning Germany has carried on the war affords an additional reason for depriving her people of continued power of mischief, and adds additional moral strength to the arms of the Allies. If the German people desire peace, they have simply to lay down their arms and repudiate the Government and the General Staff whose administration has covered the German name with infamy. Until they do so there can be no peace. The military system initiated in Europe by Prussia must be crushed either now or at some future time. To crush it now is worth enormous sacrifices. It is a source of the deepest regret to the many friends of the Dual Monarchy throughout the British Empire that the despotic power of Prussia should have been great enough to drag not only the North German States but the Dual Monarchy as well into the disaster which has overtaken them. They cannot, however, be acquitted of guilty subservience to the will of a power whose influence in Europe has *always* been evil.

With regard to the "freedom of the sea," the sea was free until the outbreak of war, and since the destruction and internment of German cruisers and pirates it has been free, the war notwithstanding, excepting for the inconvenience caused by the abortive submarine campaign of Germany.

In international affairs, I need not point out that a view of the future is at once indispensable and difficult. I do not pretend to see farther than "the man in the street;" but it appears to me that the defeat of Germany is not now a matter of doubt. The moral collapse of the German military system has already occurred, and the material collapse of it seems to be imminent. Her losses are known to have been enormous—in men and material—her resources in ammunition and food are seriously limited through her economic isolation,

and ere long the pressure caused by the increasing armies of Great Britain and of Russia must push her to the wall. Then the heavy toll she will have to pay—in territory and in tribute, and not less in men through emigration immediately after the war is over—must cripple her for a generation or two at least. There is, further, the probable re-casting of the central European system involving probably an increase of Austrian territory at the expense of Germany and the reduction of Prussia to a state of insignificant influence. If these things are humiliating to Germany, she will only have herself to blame. She has shown herself unworthy of playing the rôle of a great military power and she must not be allowed to make another attempt in our time.

The savage methods employed by Germany—the use of asphyxiating gases, the murder of non-combatants, the torture and murder of prisoners of war, the rape of Belgium, Champagne, and Poland, the innumerable atrocities of which the General Staff has been convicted beyond peradventure—these things render any but a thoroughly humiliating peace quite impossible. The only way to prevent the world from sinking into mediæval barbarism is to stamp out the Prussian type of militarism, and if necessary to deal summarily with its principal agents. The consequences of brutality must be brought home to the German people by the most effective possible means. Every new outrage committed by the German Government and every utterance of the academic and other apologists for Germany can only result in strengthening the determination of the people of the British Empire, as of those of the allied countries, to bring punishment to those who have been guilty of so much bloodshed and so much misery.

Believe me, my dear Count,

With assurances of my deepest respect,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) JAMES MAJOR.

*Post Scriptum.*

Since the enclosed letter was written the *Lusitania* has been torpedoed, with 2,000 non-combatants, mostly neutrals,

on board. This of course can make no change so far as the policy of Great Britain is concerned. It can only strengthen the determination which previously existed in the minds of the people (I am not speaking of the Government) to achieve at whatever cost *the complete disarmament* of Germany. Peace on any other terms is altogether impossible. Germany has forfeited the right to be permitted to have arms in her hands. The whole civilized world will demand that the German Government and Military Authorities should be held personally to a strict accountability. The only possible method by which the Germans can retain their nationality or recover the respect of the world is to repudiate and overthrow a Government which has shown itself to be a mere band of assassins.

Eberhard, Hungary,  
June 9, 1915.

Dear Mr. Mavor:

Your letter dated April 28th did not reach me before the 6th of this month and I am at a loss how to answer it. The strong language which you are using against the faithful allies of my country and—excuse my saying so—the atmosphere of angry feeling and of blind prejudice in which you appear to live makes discussion of any sort next to impossible. It is therefore with no hope of convincing you, but simply in vindication of my own judgment that I venture to call your attention to the broad facts of the present world conflict, those facts on which unbiassed judgment must rest.

Before stating them, let me assure you that I know all the documentary evidence, diplomatic and non-diplomatic, contained in the different coloured books, published by the belligerents, and I know a good deal of evidence which has not been as yet published. Besides this I know that in common lawsuits as well as in international discussions so-called “documentary evidence” may be arranged by clever attorneys so as to prove whatever is wanted. That is why I am constantly insisting on the broad facts, which no amount of

sophistry can deprive of their convincing force, once they are known and appreciated in good faith.

The facts underlying the present conflict are these:

1. Russia aimed at the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and at the conquest of Constantinople and the Straits between the Black and Mediterranean Seas. The destruction of the dual monarchy and the disintegration of Hungary's territory is part of her ruling ambition to bring under her dominion the whole Slav and orthodox world. In pursuance of this programme of conquest, now openly proclaimed, she started conspiracies through the medium of her tool, Servia, in the southern parts of the monarchy and through her own agents in its north-east. These things are going on with peculiar acrimony since the accession of the Karageorgewich dynasty to the Servian throne; they became absolutely intolerable lately. The assassination of the late archduke Franz Ferdinand, perpetrated with the moral complicity of official Servia, the fourth of a series of murderous attempts originating from the same source within two years, brought matters to a crisis. No power, great or small, can tolerate an organized conspiracy against its safety in its neighborhood. We had to ask for redress, and, in doing so, we solemnly pledged our word that Servia's independence and territory should remain untouched, provided guarantees were given for our own peace and security. None the less did Russia espouse the cause of the Servian conspiracies and systematic assassinations, because it is part of her policy. So Austria-Hungary became entangled in a conflict with Russia. *In its origin the present war is a Russian war of conquest; Austria-Hungary had to fight for her existence against Russian aggression.*

2. Germany, true to the treaty of alliance, which binds her to Austria-Hungary, stood by us with all her might and strength. She did so, after having exhausted every means of mediation and of pacification in our conflict with Russia. The Czar's order of general mobilization (which by the bye was already long ago completed when the order appeared)



was given while negotiations were still pending. Germany has nothing whatever to do with the outbreak of the war; she did her best to prevent it. But when it became manifest that Russia was resolved to fight, she fulfilled her duties towards the allied power with a magnanimity of good faith which will never be forgotten. As she stood by us in the hour of need, so we shall stand by her, whatever should be in store for us.

3. Germany being thus entangled in a conflict with Russia, the hour seems propitious for France to have her revenge on her and for England to satisfy the envious feelings she entertained against the magnificent economic evolution of Germany. No heaps of documents can alter the fact that both these powers are lending their assistance to the Russian scheme of conquest, which means: to the extension of the area of barbarism, darkness and despotism, under no sort of provocation, animated merely by the aforementioned feelings of revenge and of envy.

4. Lately they succeeded in winning over to their side our former "Ally"—the kingdom of Italy, whose accession to the war against Austria-Hungary is the most infamous act of treachery known to history. My vocabulary falls short of terms with which duly to characterize the policy of Italy. I feel perfectly convinced that our older enemies, while making use of her and making even a show of welcoming her to their camp, do despise her quite as much as we do. Let us waste no more words on that disgraced country.

So much for the facts concerning *the origin* of the present war. Again I defy the whole world to state one single fact in which Germany can be made to appear as threatening the safety, the prosperity, the peaceful evolution of any country small or great. Except by her own prosperity, she offered provocation to no one; her power was one of the guarantees of peace that Europe enjoyed. Her military effort—the much abused German militarism—was a measure of necessity against this spirit of aggressiveness which constantly threat-

ened her safety from the west and from the east. The invasion of Belgium was not part of her policy, but a measure of strategy, unwillingly taken, *after England had declined to pledge herself to neutrality if Belgium were spared.*

Now as to the facts of the war.

I don't waste one word on the charges of cruelty against prisoners of war, against civilians, women and children, etc., proffered by the entente-press against Germany. I can only regret that a man situated on your intellectual height should be deluded into believing such stuff. But you object to the war waged by German submarines against English trade, with results that often seem too hard and even cruel. You forget that England wages war against our women and children by declaring foodstuffs contraband of war and by trying thereby to starve the peaceful population of Germany and Austria-Hungary; and you forget, further on, that Germany declared her readiness to stop the campaign of her submarines against peaceful trade in the hour in which England would give up her starvation-campaign; you forget, what is more, that the United States made a proposal to take the imports of foodstuffs into Germany and Austria-Hungary under her control, so as to prevent their being used for the benefit of the armies, that this proposal was directly accepted by Germany and flatly declined by England. Taking all this into consideration, the strong measures taken by Germany against the English trade appear to me in the light of just reprisals against a policy which, if successful (which, thank God, is out of the question), would imply the wholesale murder of hundreds of thousands of poor women and children. And as to the *Lusitania*: I certainly deplore the death of those poor ill-advised travellers who would take no warning and of the crew which probably did not know what the ship was about. But, on the other hand, I must insist on the fact that the *Lusitania* was a warship, armed with guns like a regular cruiser and that her cargo consisted mainly of ammunition, articles of armament and explosives, meant to kill German soldiers. Germany had a clear right to defend herself against

these dangers by every means in her power. The responsibility for the lamentable casualties rests on those who took passengers on board of a ship like this one and on those who suffered her to leave a "neutral" port with such a cargo.

Some parts of your letter seem to imply a belief that we are in a desperate situation. What a mistake! At present you probably know that the Russian army is driven out of the greater part of Galicia. Till this reaches you it is to be hoped that not only whole Galicia will be retaken, but that the military strength of the northern giant will be broken. For ten months had the joint forces of Austria-Hungary and half of those of Germany to fight against overwhelming odds, generally in a proportion of 1-4. We were pushed back to the Carpathian range, but there the Russians exhausted themselves in fruitless attempts to break through our lines. And now we broke through theirs and there seems to be an end to it within measurable time. It is a victory of superior culture and moral force against mere numbers. And what will happen if one half of the armies of Germany and Austria-Hungary fighting now against Russia can be spared for the campaign against our western foes and Servia?

Firmly convinced of fighting in a just war of self-defence and on behalf of the highest gifts of mankind, of liberty, enlightenment and permanent peace (all of which no ally of *Russia* can claim for herself) we feel absolutely confident of ultimate victory, should even new foes arise against us.

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I wrote all this, as already stated, not with a hope of convincing you, but in order to give you a specimen of the thoughts and of the feelings of all Hungarians. Some day the war will be ended. Germany will neither be crushed nor disarmed, not even in the highly improbable case of her defeat. And England will outlive an unsuccessful campaign, and so will France and Russia. We must, on neither side, indulge in dreams of the annihilation of those who at present are our enemies. The great nations will survive the conflict and they

will have to get on somehow with each other and to do their best to avoid a renewal of the present horrors. I am heart and soul with my country in her present struggle; I wish and I hope her to come out victorious of the trial, but I do not cherish and propagate feelings of permanent hatred and that is what all those who have a claim (and therefore a duty) to moral leadership should carefully abstain from. Perhaps these my last words fall on fertile soil with you and your friends. So be it.

Yours very faithfully,  
ALBERT APPONYI.

12th October, 1915.

My dear Count Apponyi:

I must apologize for delay in answering your letter of June 9th. This delay is, however, not altogether my fault. I received your letter through the kindness of Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler only at the end of August and during September I was from home and preoccupied.

Your letter interested me extremely and I have to thank you most heartily for the kindness which prompted you to enter into so great and luminous detail upon your views of the causes of the war in which our respective countries are engaged.

I entirely agree with you in respect to two points in your letter, namely, that the causes of the war must be sought below the surface and that when the war is over the nations must live together somehow.

On your *first* point regarding the causes of the war, I cannot agree with you in attributing the outbreak of war to any of the three causes you mention, namely, the aggression of Russia, the vindictiveness of France, and the envy of England.

(a) Notwithstanding every desire on the part of the Central Powers to vindicate themselves by blaming others, so far as I am aware no scrap of evidence has been produced which would prove or even suggest that the aggression of

Russia in general, or any aggressive act in particular had anything whatever to do with the outbreak of war. If any such evidence exists I should be glad to be made aware of it. During recent years what is known as Pan-slavism had distinctly declined, the non-slavic elements within the Russian Empire having become more influential. The only Slavic peril which either Germany or Austria could fear was the peril to their own autocratic systems which might result from the weakening of the autocratic power in Russia. So long as Russian autocracy was powerful we heard nothing of the Slavic peril; it is only as Russia becomes freer that the Slav comes to be regarded as a menace to the Central Empires. A free Russia must imply a free Germany and a free Austria; and this could by no means be tolerated by the military autocracies of these countries.

(b) As for France, no one who knows France of the past twenty years can have failed to observe the gradual decline of the spirit of revenge. Indeed it may be said to have almost totally disappeared during the past few years. France had clearly set herself two tasks:—one to render her frontier from Luxembourg to Switzerland secure against an attack by Germany; and the other to reconquer for herself the intellectual leadership of Europe which she had enjoyed in the eighteenth century and lost in the nineteenth. Her development otherwise had brought her a colonial empire with which she was fully occupied to the exclusion of adventures in Europe.

(c) As for England, the English people have no doubt many faults; but envy is not one of them. The English free trade policy has had as one of its cardinal doctrines that the prosperity of other countries is highly advantageous to England herself. Thus she could not view the industrial expansion of Germany otherwise than with gratification, because it meant the increase of her own trade. I do not believe that at any time since the erection of the German Empire there could be found any statement by any responsible statesman or representative person in Great Britain which would justify the charge that Great Britain has been envious of Germany.

If you will allow me I shall state briefly what I consider to be the main cause and the subsidiary causes of the outbreak of war.

1st. The most important main cause to my mind has been the rise of Prussia. During the past fifty years that power, through the exercise of military force and in spite of the lack of political wisdom, has acquired the hegemony of Central Europe. She began by inducing the South German States to assist her in an attack upon Denmark. Then she turned upon these states and, with characteristic treachery, attacked *them*. Surely Austria has not forgotten Sadowa. Then Prussia deliberately provoked a quarrel with France. The consolidation of the leadership of the German States occupied her for twenty years and then Prussia seems to have formulated those ambitious designs for the domination not merely of Europe but of the world which have led her to plunge Europe into the present war. Honest Germans like Maximilien Harden vehemently support the thesis that Germany willed this war.

"Let us drop," he says, for example, "our miserable attempt to excuse Germany's action. Not against our will, or as a nation taken by surprise, did we hurl ourselves into this gigantic venture. We willed it. We had to will it. We do not stand before the judgment seat of Europe. We acknowledge no such jurisdiction. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius then the Priesthood of all the Gods will praise the God of War. Germany is not making this war to punish sinners or to free oppressed people and then to rust in the consciousness of disinterested magnanimity. . . . We will remain in Belgium and the Netherlands to which we will add a narrow strip of the coast as far as Calais. This done we will voluntarily close the war from which we have nothing more to gain."\*

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\*That is at present; if it may be supposed that the possession of Calais is for a purpose, that purpose can only be the conquest of England and the control of the Atlantic and of America. In the same connexion I may commend you to the perusal of "J'accuse," an anonymous book published in German in Lausanne recently. It seems to me unanswerable.

These words bear the mark of truth. According to them, the war was willed by Germany or rather by the Prussian clique which presently controls the destinies of that country.

It is difficult for the most ardent advocate of Germany to get over the awkward fact that that country first declared war against Russia and that Austria followed. It is evident that Germany feared that peace might be preserved and determined to commit both Austria and herself to war.

The causes of friction may have been very numerous, racial, religious, commercial and the like, but the fundamental cause of the outbreak of the war was Prussian aggression—all the other causes were exploited and are being exploited in that interest.

Evidences abound to show that for fully twenty years Germany has been deliberately preparing for an aggressive campaign. It is now known that shipments of munitions of war and other considerable military preparations were being made by her during the period when she was pretending to be desirous of maintaining peace. Her pretences of peace were indeed all along the merest hypocrisy. It is idle, in face of the known and admitted facts, for her advocates to talk of a war of defence. Germany was in no peril of attack on any side. She was too strong. The diplomatic union of the four great powers with which she is now at war was only concluded when defence against the aggressive action of Germany became imperative. Russia, France and Great Britain may be blamed for failing to prepare themselves sufficiently to resist attack on the side of Germany, they cannot be blamed for preparation for aggression on their part. The fact is that in all these countries too great reliance was placed upon the character, good sense and intelligence of the German people. Public opinion could not be brought to believe that the process of degeneration had advanced so far in Germany as the course of events has proved. Indeed it may be truly said that the moral ruin of Germany rather than the war itself is the great disaster of this age.

Up till the last moment, statesmen in all of the allied countries did their utmost to prevent the outbreak of war; while even in Austria the magnitude of the risk began to be appreciated. It was the German government alone which made war inevitable.

2nd. *First* among the causes which contributed to the situation exploited by Germany for her own purposes should be placed the infringement of the Treaty of Berlin, committed by Austria when she suddenly and in spite of denials of her intention up till the very hour of action, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. This was an act of aggression. Austria chose a moment when Russia had not recovered from the Japanese War and the subsequent internal disorders. When Russia made a diplomatic protest, Germany quite gratuitously disclosed her participation and her control of the foreign policy of Austria by adopting a truculent attitude. The episode of the "shining armour" could not be forgotten, and when again Germany became truculent, Russia could not be expected to submit to her insults. *Second* among these causes must be placed the effect upon the German people of the formidable preparations which, as is now evident to all the world, Germany had made for an aggressive campaign. These preparations involved so large an expenditure of the national income upon military affairs that it was impossible for the drain to continue indefinitely without the risk of interior explosion. One way of preventing this interior explosion was to provoke a general war, in which, if Prussia fell, she might hope to bring down also the civilized world. If Prussia succeeded in this war of conquest the results would justify at once the expenditure and the risk. While an interior explosion would destroy the ascendancy of Prussia, an unsuccessful war would do no more; but a successful war would establish Prussian domination of Central Europe more firmly than ever, and might make it universal. The risk was great but the stake was huge. After all it was a gambler's chance. The hostile powers had been lulled to slumber by German peace songs; they were unprepared for war and they were involved in petty domestic



squabbles. Russia had hardly placated her revolutionists. France was preoccupied with the Caillaux scandals, Great Britain had Ireland and a troublesome labour agitation on her hands.

The German Chancellor disclosed the fact that the pecuniary stake was an important element in the Prussian calculations when in speaking of raising loans he stated that the cost of the war would have to be paid by those who had made it. Those who have made the war are already bankrupt; but the duped people of Germany and Austria, without doubt, in some manner or another will be compelled for generations to pay tribute to the nations against which war has been waged by their present governments.

While it is perfectly evident that war would have been provoked by Germany upon any convenient pretext, the *third* subsidiary cause of the actual outbreak was the conduct of Austria upon the occasion of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. In brief, Austria chose to make political capital out of a crime.

In her relations with the Serbs and Croats within her borders, Austria had not exhibited any scrupulous regard for her obligations, and her intentions towards Serbian independence might well have been looked upon with suspicion. Pushed by Germany, whose designs in the Near East have only gradually been disclosed, Austria would have found it impossible, even had she desired to do so, to stop short with a punitive expedition to Belgrade. She would inevitably have been utilized as a tool by Germany in further aggressions.

On your *second* point contained in the concluding paragraph of your letter, to the effect that after the war the nations must somehow live together, I may observe that whether or not the Germans can recover the position among civilized peoples which they enjoyed before the war, depends upon the extent to which they are prepared to repudiate the acts of their government. After the close of the war, social ostracism and economical isolation are inevitable until they do so.

In my former letter I referred to the methods adopted by Germany in the conduct of the campaign—to the atrocities committed in Belgium and France, to the indiscriminate attacks upon open towns, to the deliberate murder of non-combatants by means of submarines, Zeppelins, etc. That these acts have been committed, is not denied by the German press or by the government. Indeed, the people appear to have learned of them with delight. If there has been any note of disapproval, it has been sedulously suppressed.

You must by this time have become aware that the statements in the German press to the effect that the *Lusitania* was armed, etc., were false. This was fully shown in the despatch on the subject sent to Germany by the United States.

Whatever you may hear from Berlin, you may rest assured that the sinking of the *Lusitania* deprived Germany of every shred of sympathy which any reputable German or German-American in the United States entertained for her.

To compare the criminal acts of Germany with the blockade of German ports by the British fleet has in reality no meaning. It is not necessary in these days to justify blockade. It has been an established method of warfare from time immemorial. The murder of non-combatants as a deliberate policy is, among civilized nations, quite new. The inhuman measures adopted by Prussia have no military significance; but they render the decisive destruction of the military power of Prussia, costly though the process must be, absolutely indispensable. Peace with a barbaric power can only be concluded through the destruction of the power or the deprivation of opportunity of further barbaric acts. These acts may be defended on the ground of "strategic necessity" or by any other sophistry; but defences of that kind are of no avail against power sufficient to punish the perpetrators of the acts. Moral sense cannot be taught by force; but offenders against moral sense can by means of force be placed beyond the power of continuing their offences.

To those who believe in a moral government of the world, any result of the war, other than the eventual if long delayed complete defeat of Prussia, is inconceivable. Those who are engaged in compassing this defeat are inspired by the idea that liberty and humanity are worth fighting for and worth dying for; and they are encouraged by the fact that proportionately more formidable enemies of human liberties than the Prussian State have disappeared from the family of nations.

You remark that "the invasion of Belgium was not part of her (Germany's) policy but a measure of strategy, unwillingly taken, *after England had declined to pledge herself to neutrality if Belgium were spared.*" Not only at that time, but on several occasions during recent years, had Germany attempted to inveigle England into an agreement to remain neutral while Germany attacked France and Russia. No English statesman could be deceived by so transparent a trick. It was obvious that a declaration of neutrality on the part of England meant a declaration of war by Germany against France and Russia. If the outcome of such a war were favourable to Germany, the conclusion would leave that country mistress of Europe, and England not only isolated but fully exposed to attack by Germany. Moreover, instead of going through Belgium, had England remained neutral and had Germany kept her promise, what was to hinder her from attacking France through Luxembourg and Switzerland? Germany would simply have refrained from committing one crime while committing others. The neutrality of Belgium was not contingent upon the neutrality of England. The powers whose signatures were placed to the treaty of 1831 were bound to respect that neutrality in any case. The plain fact is that the breach of the neutrality of Belgium by Germany was deliberately planned, and the necessary physical preparations made by means of railway connexions and concentration of supplies at some period earlier than 1909. This is absolutely certain.

On one important point your information seems to be at variance with the facts as known to us. The Austro-German armies in the East may have been outnumbered by the Russian, although it is probable that they were not, but certainly the German armies on the West were not outnumbered by their opponents. Unprepared as the Allies were, it could not be expected that on the outbreak of war they could meet the Austro-German armies on nearly equal terms, either as regards numbers of men or equipment. On all fronts the numbers of available men on the Teutonic side greatly preponderated, while their supplies of guns and ammunition were enormously in excess of those of the Allies. Since the numerically inferior troops of France and Great Britain were able to stem the advance of the German armies upon Paris and Calais, we may expect, now that the numbers and equipment of the opposing forces are more nearly equal, that the German line in the West will sooner or later be smashed to pieces by the Allied armies.

The diversion of the campaign into the Balkans is, from my point of view, not a disadvantage for the Allies. The longer the line of the Central Powers, and the greater the assistance they have to render to the dependent nations which they have induced to join them, namely, Bulgaria and Turkey, the more certain and more complete must be their fall. The Allies can now afford to lengthen their line and to attack at many points; the Central Powers have long reached their maximum of effectiveness. The desperate struggles which they have been making during the past few months prove conclusively that another winter's campaign could only be conducted by them under the most extreme difficulties. At the conclusion of it, they must arrive at a scarcely endurable stage of exhaustion.

During the four months which have elapsed since your letter was written, the campaign has not gone precisely as you anticipated. The Austro-German armies have not been able to penetrate the Russian line, as you supposed. They have only been able to bend it back, while in doing so they are

known to have suffered enormous losses. Nor have they been able to spare any considerable number of troops, not by any means nearly one half (as you suggest), or even perhaps one tenth, for attacks on the West and upon Servia. Only within the past two weeks, that is, four months later than you expected, have any troops been sent to the Danube, while no attempt has been made to reinforce the Armies on the West. It is evident that the programme has not been followed in respect to dates. During this period the Anglo-French armies have been steadily pounding the German army of invasion; the Russian army has recently been breaking up the German line in the North, and thrusting the Austro-German line back in the South.

The strength and activity of Germany are not to be denied, and unquestionably many more sacrifices will have to be made by the Allies to annihilate the German troops where they stand, or to force them everywhere back to their own borders, in order to deprive them of their discreditable conquests.

It is surely obvious that Russia and Great Britain have even yet no more than begun to mobilize their vast forces, and that they are now prepared for the continuance of the war for an indefinite period. Germany and Austria are confined within a huge cage, the walls of which must sooner or later close in upon them. Meanwhile the progressive exhaustion of both these countries is not unknown to us. I venture to predict that unless Germany is thoroughly defeated in this campaign, among the wars which may grow out of the present war there must occur a conflict between Austria and Germany in order to determine whether or not the former country is to be a vassal of the latter. At the present time, Germany is the Dictator rather than the Ally of Austria.

Some day I feel confident you will see these things in juster proportions than is possible in the heat of conflict and in the immediate neighbourhood of the seat of war.

I am, my dear Count, with much respect,

Yours very faithfully,

JAMES MAVOR

A few observations upon a single point in the above correspondence may be here added.

The interpretation of the war, so far as the data available at the present time enable a judgement to be formed, appears to lie in the following direction. In the path to her ambitions towards world power, Germany found Russia occupying the position of patron and protector of the Slavs outside her dominions. These Slavs lay athwart the German road to the East. Without control of the Balkans, the artificial alliance between Germany and Turkey must rest upon an insecure basis; therefore, it was necessary to neutralize the power of Russia as a preliminary to the advance of Germany upon the East. But Russia was daily growing stronger. The weakening of the autocracy meant the reinvigoration of the Russian people, and the longer the attempt to remove Russia from the path of Germany was delayed, the more arduous must become the task of dealing with her. It was, therefore, necessary to provoke a conflict sooner rather than later. But Austria, though bound in many of her interests to Germany, was not wholly to be depended upon; therefore the quarrel which must be provoked with Russia must be an Austrian quarrel, and care must be taken that Austria made no defection at the last moment. That Austria would have withdrawn, had her master allowed her, is evident from the diplomatic papers. It is little wonder that she should desire to withdraw. The extreme danger of the situation became manifest as it developed. In her intrigue with Germany to force a quarrel upon Servia, she had found that Russia had to be reckoned with certainly, France also certainly, and with high probability Great Britain and Italy; while, in addition, she had to consider her own large Slavic elements. The risks under these circumstances were tremendous, because, if the Central Empires were able by any means to defeat the formidable combination against them, which their own aggression had induced, the victory would be to the credit of Prussia, and the compensation of Prussia must be the control of the foreign policy of Austria. Thus Austria-Hungary, in

seeking to gain advantage from the crime of Serajevo was caught in the jaws of a trap. If a successful campaign were fought, Austria lost her independence, and became, in effect, a mere province of the German Empire; if the campaign were unsuccessful, the Austro-Hungarian Empire might be dissolved. In face of this dilemma, to come to terms with Russia and thus, for the time at least, to preserve the *status quo*, evidently appeared to be a measure of wisdom; but the late repentance of Austria was brought to naught by the sudden declaration of war by Germany against Russia.

The intrigues which, as is now evident, Germany had been conducting with Turkey and Bulgaria, and perhaps with other powers as well, enabled Germany to take the lead and, if necessary, to force Austria into the war whether she desired to provoke a conflict with Russia or not.

Russia had both racial and historical relations with the Balkan States. She had been the real author of their independence. Neither Germany nor Austria had any historical claims upon them. The interest of the Central Empires in the region was not only comparatively recent, but was directed exclusively towards securing advantages for the Central Empires themselves, and most of all for Germany. The chief Russian interest lay in the preservation of the autonomy of the Balkan States (especially in that of Bulgaria), which she had done so much to secure. Therefore, not Russian, but German aggression is at the root of the matter.

JAMES MAVOR

## THE POETRY OF ROBERT BRIDGES

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since the appointment of Mr. Bridges to the poet-laureateship. His few "official" utterances during this period have been widely published, and have been read with keen interest and expectancy. Those who were unfamiliar with his work and who looked forward to something which would stir the national pulse, as did Kipling's "Recessional," have been disappointed. Those who were already acquainted with the spirit of Mr. Bridges' poetry could have no reason to expect, as I pointed out in a previous article,<sup>1</sup> that anything which he might write as poet-laureate would arrest or startle; but they allowed themselves to hope that the appointment would stimulate him to poetic utterance of national significance. This hope was warranted by such poems as "Regina Cara," composed by Mr. Bridges in 1897 to "England's Queen of many days;" "Matres Dolorosae," written in 1902 in the closing days of the Boer War; the "Peace Ode" of the same year; and the "Ode in Memory of the Old Etonians, whose lives were lost in the South-African War." So far even this hope has met with disappointment, not even the great war itself having availed to tip his pen with fire; but it is still reasonable to assume that the genuine feeling and high distinction of phrase which marked these earlier poems will reappear in Mr. Bridges' laureate utterances.

Meanwhile it is equally safe to assume, having regard to Mr. Bridges' advanced age, and the general uniformity of quality in the collected edition of his poetry,<sup>2</sup> that no future poem will materially affect the status of his work; and it is therefore not unreasonable at this time to attempt an estimate of his poetical accomplishment.

<sup>1</sup> "The Poet-Laureateship." *University Magazine*, December, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> "The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges." Oxford Press, 1913. This edition does not include the eight dramas; but as these are neither suited for the stage, nor particularly representative of his quality as a poet, they will not be dealt with in this article.



The Poetical Works consist of a dramatic poem, "Prometheus the Firegiver;" "Demeter, a Masque;" a metrical version of the Eros and Psyche of Apuleius; a sequence of sixty-nine sonnets; a series of experiments in quantitative verse; and a large number of lyrics.

It is, indeed, in the short lyrics of this collection that we shall find the most unmistakable evidences of Mr. Bridges' genius; but the longer poems deserve at least a passing notice. Of these, "Prometheus the Firegiver," though displaying not a few of the defects of his early work, is in many respects the most interesting. Mr. Bridges' experiments in classical metres, his choice of classical themes for many of his dramas, his version of the Eros and Psyche of Apuleius, and the richness of his poetry in classical allusion, all attest his life-long devotion to the literatures of Greece and Rome; and no theme of ancient days has so lured English poets as the magnificent conception of the Titan dauntless before the wrath of Zeus. The Satan of *Paradise Lost*, the Samson of *Samson Agonistes*, and the hero of Byron's *Manfred* are all evocations of Prometheus; and Shelley reinterpreted the ancient myth, according to the dictates of his mystical creed, in the loveliest of modern poems. These poets have either wholly reset the theme, or, in Shelley's phrase, have "employed a certain arbitrary discretion" in their treatment of it; but Mr. Bridges has closely followed the Æschylean model. "Prometheus the Firegiver" is the story of the coming of Prometheus to Inachus, the lighting of Inachus' altar with the magic fire, the prophecy of the woes which will ensue to Io, daughter of Inachus, and to Prometheus himself, from the wrath of Zeus. It is set forth with all the choric paraphernalia of the classical form, and serves to supply the missing first play of the Æschylean trilogy, granting that according to the older theory such a play existed. The handling of the theme is indicative both of the merits and of the defects of Mr. Bridges' later works. In the foreshadowings of doom there is nothing of the tragic greatness which exalts the Prometheus of Æschylus, and the very skill with which Mr. Bridges has caught the form and manner of

Greek tragedy accentuates by contrast the lack of the dynamic quality. The Prometheus of Mr. Bridges is the real "fore-thinker," meditative philosopher rather than Titan. The words of the Æschylean Prometheus:

" And I first taught them what dreams needs must prove  
True visions " (Plumptre's Translation)

furnish the key to the Prometheus of Mr. Bridges. Such a passage as the following adequately reflects the mood of the poem, and at the same time anticipates the graceful quality of much of Mr. Bridges' later blank verse:

" And yet not all thou seest, with tracèd eye  
Looking upon the beauty that shall be,  
The temple-crownèd heights, the wallèd towns,  
Farms and cool summer seats, nor the broad ways  
That bridge the rivers and subdue the mountains,  
Nor all that travels on them, pomp or war  
Or needful merchandise, nor all the sails  
Piloting over the wind-dappled blue  
Of the summer-soothed Ægean, to thy mind  
Can picture what shall be: these are the face  
And form of beauty, but her heart and life  
Shall they be who shall see it, born to shield  
A happier birthright with intrepid arms,  
To tread down tyranny and fashion forth  
A virgin wisdom to subdue the world,  
To build for passion an eternal song,  
To shape her dreams in marble, and so sweet  
Their speech, that envious Time hearkening shall stay  
In fear to snatch, and hide his rugged hand.  
Now is the birthday of thy conquering youth,  
O man, and lo! thy priest and prophet stand  
Beside the altar and have blessed the day."

Mr. Bridges' translation of Eros and Psyche adheres much more closely to both the order of events and the spirit of the original than does the other notable modern poetical version—that of William Morris—or indeed than does the prose version of Pater. There is, however, one change in the story, (for which, so far as I know, Mr. Bridges is responsible) which adds

much to the psychological consistency of the plot. In the original and in most of the English versions, from Adlington's down, Psyche, when she discovers the identity of her lover and is deserted by him, develops a degree of shrewd malice wholly inconsistent with the innocent guilelessness of her character. To revenge herself upon her sisters she tells them that the god of love has transferred his affection to them; and the credulous pair, when they intrust themselves to Zephyr in the search for Eros, are dashed to pieces at the foot of the cliff. In Mr. Bridges' version, it is the guileful god who invents the trick, and Psyche is only the innocent messenger.

Mr. Bridges' version, which is in a modification of the Rhyme Royal, managed with great metrical skill, is richer in purely romantic qualities than any other specimen of his work; but it is worthy of note that even in this theme which has tempted alike the lavish sensuousness of William Morris and the romantic finesse of Walter Pater, Mr. Bridges has exercised that fine restraint which is the characteristic merit of his poetry. This is particularly noteworthy in his description of Psyche's discovery of Eros, which the reader should compare with Morris's description of the same episode in volume two of the "Earthly Paradise."

Of Bridges' sonnet-sequence, "The Growth of Love," criticism must in fairness be forbearing, for it was against the author's desire that it was included in the collected edition of his poems. Many of these sonnets are lacking in the lucidity and definition which ought above all things to characterize this most exigent of forms. Some are stiff and awkward in phrasing, and lines as faulty in metre and inept in the mixture of pronouns, as the following:

"How could I quarrel or blame you, most dear,  
Who all thy virtues gavest, and kept back none,"

should not have been allowed to pass without revision into the collected edition.

It would be easy to cite similar instances, but it would not be fair to do so, for the sequence has too much of genuine

value to warrant carping. Moreover, the critical aspects of this part of Mr. Bridges' poetry are too intimately bound up with the qualities of his later and better lyrics, upon which his fame will ultimately rest, to make us regret the inclusion of the sonnets in the definitive edition.

They furnish, indeed, an opportunity to study the 'prentice period of Mr. Bridges' work, for part of them saw the light as early as 1876 and others were added until 1889. Life-long devotee of the muse as he has been, these sonnets make clear that he was not of those who "lisped in numbers for the numbers came." That such mastery as he has won by toil, he himself confesses:

" They that in play can do the thing they would,  
 Having an instinct throned in reason's place,  
 —And every perfect action hath the grace  
 Of indolence or thoughtless hardihood—  
 These are the best: yet be there workmen good  
 Who lose in earnestness control of face,  
 Or reckon means, and rapt in effort base  
 Reach to their end by steps well understood.

Me whom thou sawest of late strive with the pains  
 Of one who spends his strength to rule his nerve,  
 —Even as a painter breathlessly who strains  
 His scarcely moving hand lest it should swerve—  
 Behold me, now that I have cast my chains,  
 Master of the art which for thy sake I serve."

And not only in the sonnets but also in much of the later work there is a perceptible stiffness, a sense of effects achieved through careful effort and well-filed phrases. The sequence, indeed, has a certain effect of scholasticism, as of one who had sat at the feet of the Elizabethan masters, and had steeped himself in their manner, but had sent his head rather than his heart to school. Hence one feels that much of "The Growth of Love," while quite free from plagiarism, is not so much the best as it is an exceedingly skilful imitation of the best. Here and there, in fact, the Elizabethan manner is so marked in the involution of the thought, the shaping and reshaping of a single idea and a single word, that if one chanced upon the

sonnet without external identification one would be inclined to place it in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, rather than the last quarter of the nineteenth.

“ My lady pleases me and I please her;  
 This know we both, and I besides know well  
 Wherefore I love her, and I love to tell  
 My love, as all my loving songs aver.  
 But what on her part could the passion stir,  
 Tho’ ’tis more difficult for love to spell,  
 Yet can I dare divine how this befel,  
 Nor will her lips deny it if I err.

She loves me first because I love her, then  
 Loves me for knowing why she should be loved,  
 And that I love to praise her, loves again.  
 So from her beauty both our loves are moved,  
 And by her beauty are sustain’d; nor when  
 The earth falls from the sun is this disproved.”

Compare this, for example, with Shakespeare’s sonnet, No. 45.

It would, however, be thoroughly unjust to Mr. Bridges to leave the reader with the idea that “The Growth of Love” is either a mere collection of imitations of the Elizabethan manner, or a series of frigid experiments in sonnet-technique. There are sonnets such as the one beginning

“ I care not if I live tho’ life and breath  
 Have never been to me so dear and sweet,”

which have a very high degree of excellence and are stamped with unmistakable individuality. But the chief importance of these sonnets consists in the fact that they introduce us to the theme which has evoked throughout his career the choicest qualities of his muse. Love has ever been the burden of the sonnet-sequence; but unlike his Elizabethan masters, to whom love meant the gratification of young desire, ere Time should

“ transfix the flourish set on youth  
 And delve the parallels in beauty’s brow,”

Mr. Bridges has set himself the nobler and more gracious task of hymning the larger content of enduring affection. The title of the sequence—“The Growth of Love”—might indeed be

taken as the title of much of his later and greater work. Even in the sequence itself there is nothing of the querulous complaint which marks the Elizabethan mood. Moments of doubt, of bitterness, even, there are; but it is in such a sonnet as the following that one catches the pervading spirit:

“ An idle June day on the sunny Thames,  
 Floating or rowing as our fancy led,  
 Now in the high beams basking as we sped,  
 Now in green shade gliding by mirror'd stems;  
 By lock and weir and isle, and many a spot  
 Of memoried pleasure, glad with strength and skill,  
 Friendship, good wine, and mirth, that serve not ill  
 The heavenly Muse, tho' she requite them not:

I would have life—thou saidst—all as this day,  
 Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,  
 With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray  
 Of passion overhot my peace to oppress;  
 With no ambition to reproach delay,  
 Nor rapture to disturb its happiness.”

But Mr. Bridges is no mere idle singer of an empty day. It is a deep and abiding passion of which he sings again and again, both here and in his later work; and it is in these later poems of abiding love, and perhaps only in these that the poet manages to throw off the conscious trammels of his art, and to write with absolute simplicity and directness and spontaneity.

“ Long are the hours the sun is above,  
 But when evening comes I go home to my love.  
 I'm away the daylight hours and more,  
 Yet she comes not down to open the door.  
 She does not meet me upon the stair,—  
 She sits in my chamber and waits for me there.  
 As I enter the room she does not move:  
 I always walk straight up to my love;  
 And she lets me take my wonted place  
 At her side, and gaze in her dear, dear face.  
 There as I sit, from her head thrown back  
 Her hair falls straight in a shadow black.

Aching and hot as my tired eyes be,  
She is all that I wish to see.

And in my wearied and toil-dinned ear,  
She says all things that I wish to hear.

Dusky and duskier grows the room,  
Yet I see her best in the darker gloom.

When the winter eves are early and cold,  
The firelight hours are a dream of gold.

And so I sit here night by night,  
In rest and enjoyment of love's delight.

But a knock at the door, a step on the stair  
Will startle, alas, my love from her chair.

If a stranger comes she will not stay:  
At the first alarm she is off and away.

And he wonders, my guest, usurping her throne,  
That I sit so much by myself alone."

And in such a poem as the following is the direct reply to the *carpe diem* of the Elizabethans:

" So sweet love seemed that April morn,  
When first we kissed beside the thorn,  
So strangely sweet, it was not strange  
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—  
That love will change in growing old;  
Though day by day is nought to see,  
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass  
Quite to forget what once he was,  
Nor even in fancy to recall  
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,  
So deep in summer floods is drowned,  
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,  
How love so young could be so sweet."

There is a peculiar fitness, also, in the fact that this poet of mature love should be likewise the poet of parental love. The playful spirit which enabled Christina Rossetti and Robert

Louis Stevenson to enter so completely into the heart of the child is denied to Mr. Bridges. Rather is there a certain austerity in him. But the protective spirit of fatherhood, the reverent love of sobered age for the spotless innocence of youth, have found ideal expression in the poetry of Mr. Bridges. So, for example, is the figure of Shakespeare's sonnet

“ When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory,”

woven, in “The Growth of Love,” into the image of a father's tenderness:

“ When I see childhood on the threshold seize  
The prize of life from age and likelihood,  
I mourn time's change that will not be withstood,  
Thinking how Christ said *Be like one of these*.  
For in the forest among many trees  
Scarce one in all is found that hath made good  
The virgin pattern of its slender wood,  
That courtesied in joy to every breeze;

But scath'd, but knotted trunks that raise on high  
Their arms in stiff contortion, strain'd and bare;  
Whose patriarchal crowns in sorrow sigh.  
So, little children, ye—nay nay, ye ne'er  
From me shall learn how sure the change and nigh,  
When ye shall share our strength and mourn to share.”

The same theme is developed in a later poem, “Pater Filio;” but it finds its most perfect expression in a poem by which Mr. Bridges will probably be remembered long after his more ambitious works have been forgotten.

#### ON A DEAD CHILD

“ Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,  
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair,  
Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.



Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas, no longer  
 To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be  
     Thy father's pride;—ah, he  
 Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
     Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;  
     Startling my fancy fond  
 With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:  
     But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff,  
     Yet feels to my hand as if  
 'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—  
     Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—  
     Propping thy wise, sad head,  
 Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither hath he  
     taken thee?  
     To a world, do I think, that rights the disasters of this?  
     The vision of which I miss,  
 Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken  
     thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
     To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,  
     Unwilling, alone we embark,  
 And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of,  
     fail us."

Love between man and woman is for our poet a thing of  
 the spirit. He looks into the face of the primitive Eros, and  
 exclaims:

"Surely thy body is thy mind,  
 For in thy face is nought to find,  
 Only thy soft unchristened smile,  
 That shadows neither love nor guile  
 But shameless will and power immense,  
 In secret sensuous innocence."

Bridges has been called a platonist; and, indeed, these words of Edmund Spenser's platonic hymn might well be inscribed on the volume of Mr. Bridges' poems:

“ But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,  
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,  
Drawing out of the object of their eyes  
A more refyned forme, which they present  
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment.”

It is not, however, the dehumanized abstraction of the Phædrus, but a human warmth of mutual need, of intimate communion of mind and spirit which finds expression in M. Bridges' poetry. Born in earthly passion, the spirit of love transcends that passion, and becomes Wisdom.

“ Her eyes mere Beauty call  
And Wisdom is her name;”

and life itself is a continuous evolution toward the blending of Beauty, Truth and Love into a perfect unity.

“Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,  
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew,  
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun  
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run:  
On timeless ruin hath thy glory been:  
From the forgotten night of Loves fordone  
Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,  
Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,  
And earth renew the buds of thy desire  
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love;  
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:  
For whom all is, from whom was all begun,  
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.”

There is no room for the scoffer or the cynic, no room for genius without idealism in Mr. Bridges' philosophy. He writes of Voltaire:

" It follow'd from his mundane thought of art  
That he contemn'd religion; his concern  
Was comfort, taste, and wit; he had no heart  
For man's attempt to build and beautify  
His home in nature; so he set all by  
That wisdom had evolved with purpose kind;  
Stamped it as folly, or as fraud attacked;  
Never discovering how his callow zest  
Was impiously defiling his own nest;  
Whereas the least philosophy may find  
The truths are the ideas; the sole fact  
Is the long story of man's growing mind."

Hence it is that the great ones of the earth are those, and only those, who have loved most.

" Let the true Muse rewrite her sullied page,  
And purge her story of the men of hate,  
That they go dirgeless down to Satan's rage  
With all else foul, deform'd or miscreate.  
She hath full toil to keep the names of love  
Honour'd on earth as they are bright above."

There is one other field of poetry which Mr. Bridges has made peculiarly his own. No poet since Tennyson has described as accurately or with as fine a touch the beauties of the English landscape. Like Tennyson he brings to the meadows the eye of the botanist as well as the soul of the poet. The poem called "The Idle Flowers," an extraordinary *tour-de-force* in metrical botanizing, and "The Garden in September" mark his closeness of observation. The exquisite little verse on the single poppy flower illustrates the blending of observation with the subjective note.

" A poppy grows upon the shore,  
Bursts her twin cup in summer late:  
Her leaves are glaucous-green and hoar,  
Her petals yellow, delicate.

Oft to her cousins turns her thought,  
 In wonder if they care that she  
 Is fed with spray for dew, and caught  
 By every gale that sweeps the sea.

She has no lovers like the red,  
 That dances with the noble corn:  
 Her blossoms on the waves are shed,  
 Where she stands shivering and forlorn."

The still solitude of the Downs; the sea, to the contemplation of whose varied moods he returns again and again; the rich variety of spring and summer and autumn—all these he describes with unfailing sympathy and charm; but it is in nature themes generally less favoured by the poets that Mr. Bridges is at his best.

I question whether in the work of any modern English poet it would be possible to find a more perfect realization of the charm of winter, "not unkind because uncouth." It is a part of his serene optimism

"To praise for wintry works not understood;"

and seldom, if ever, has the promise of new life emerging from the inertia of the winter been more exquisitely phrased than in the poem called "The Last Week of February."

But there is one mood of nature which evidently makes a greater appeal to Mr. Bridges than any of these, a mood of which he may well be called the special interpreter among modern poets. The aftermath of storm, the sudden quiet that comes after the devastation of the wind has for him a peculiar fascination.

The lines beginning

"Who has not walked upon the shore  
 And who does not the morning know,  
 The day the angry gale is o'er,  
 The hour the wind has ceased to blow:"

and "The north wind came up yesternight;" and "The North Wind in October" are all instances; but it is in the follow-

ing poem, with its wonderful cadences and the exquisite serenity of its close that this mood finds its most perfect expression:

“ The storm is o’er, the land hushes to rest:  
 The tyrannous wind, its strength fordone,  
 Is fallen back in the west  
 To couch with the sinking sun.  
 The last clouds fare  
 With fainting speed, and their thin streamers fly  
 In melting drifts of the sky.  
 Already the birds in the air  
 Appear again; the rooks return to their haunt,  
 And one by one,  
 Proclaiming aloud their care,  
 Renew their peaceful chant.

Torn and shattered the trees their branches again reset,  
 They trim afresh the fair  
 Few green and golden leaves withheld from the storm,  
 And awhile will be handsome yet.  
 To-morrow’s sun shall caress  
 Their remnant of loveliness:  
 In quiet days for a time  
 Sad Autumn lingering warm  
 Shall humour their faded prime.

But ah! the leaves of summer that lie on the ground  
 What havoc! The laughing timbrels of June,  
 That curtained the birds’ cradles, and screened their song,  
 That sheltered the cooing doves at noon,  
 Of airy fans the delicate throng,—  
 Torn and scattered around:  
 Far out afield they lie,  
 In the watery furrows die,  
 In grassy pools of the flood they sink and drown,  
 Green-golden, orange, vermilion, golden and brown,  
 The high year’s flaunting crown  
 Shattered and trampled down.

The day is done: the tired land looks for night:  
 She prays to the night to keep  
 In peace her nerves of delight:  
 While silver mist upstealeth silently,

And the broad cloud-driving moon in the clear sky  
 Lifts o'er the firs her shining shield,  
 And in her tranquil light  
 Sleep falls on forest and field.  
 See! sleep hath fallen: the trees are asleep:  
 The night is come. The land is wrapt in sleep."

It would be possible if time permitted to cite many other passages of unmistakable poetic quality, and one hesitates to omit such a poem as "Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding."

Nor would this review be complete without at least a reference to Mr. Bridges' elaborate experiments in quantitative verse. They are ingenious and interesting to the student of technique, and, Mr. Bridges believes, "reveal a vast, unexplored field of delicate and expressive rhymes hitherto unknown in our poetry;" but the difficulties of adapting English syllabic length to the rules of classical prosody are so great, and the rules of adaptation still so far from being standardized, that such efforts must be regarded by the average reader as even more "deterrent" than Mr. Bridges himself admits them to be. Admirable as these experiments are, they are still no more than a bypath, and do not need to be regarded in an estimate of Mr. Bridges' poetical accomplishment.

In making such an estimate, in the light of the specimens of his poetry already quoted, it must be recognized that Mr. Bridges is a poet of marked individuality and of great lyrical charm. That his poetry is full of echoes is to be expected in one who has devoted his life to the

"Worship of those spirits, whose deathless fames  
 Have thrilled the stars of heaven to hear their names;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 The masters young that first enthralled me;  
 Of whom, if I should name, whom then but thee,  
 Sweet Shelley, or the boy whose book was found  
 Thrust in thy bosom on thy body drowned."

Of these two, indeed, Shelley and Keats, the influence pervades his whole work—the former in his management of lyrical

measures (notably in such a poem as the "Ode to Music"), and in the subtlety and immateriality of his images, drawn, as Shelley pointed out that his were, rather from "the operations of the human mind" than from the impressions of the senses; Keats (as an English critic has pointed out) in his "quickness of eye for all things curious and delicate and beautiful." The experiments in Elizabethan sonnets have already been noted. Milton is echoed—Il Penseroso in the second Ode to Spring, Lycidas in the First Eclogue of the New Poems; Blake in the exquisite little poem

" My eyes for beauty pine  
My soul for Goddess grace;"

and in the poem "To the Memory of G. M. H.;" Wordsworth (but ineptly, for Mr. Bridges is quite lacking in the Wordsworthian quality) in "The Winnowers," "The north wind came up yesternight," and "A Villager." But these echoes are obviously experiments in various manners. They do not detract from his originality.

Of his relation to Tennyson something more must be said. Mr. Bridges has not infrequently been catalogued with Alfred Noyes among the professed disciples of Tennyson. It is true that, like Tennyson, Mr. Bridges' ideal is one of careful artistry. He is a "poet's poet." Like Tennyson he is a scientific observer, skilled in using the phenomena of nature in his verse; like Tennyson his interests are insular, his appreciation of natural beauty restricted to English soil. Echoes of Tennyson there are, too, such as this unmistakable reminiscence of Maud:

" My bed and pillow are cold,  
My heart is faint with dread,  
The air hath an odour of mould,  
I dream I lie with the dead:  
I cannot move,  
O come to me, Love,  
Or else I am dead.

The feet I hear on the floor  
Tread heavily overhead:  
O Love, come down to the door,  
Come, Love, come, ere I be dead:  
    Make shine thy light,  
    O Love, in the night;  
    Or else I am dead."

But Mr. Bridges has neither the rich and often cloying ornateness, nor the facility, nor the *élan* of Tennyson. The muse of Mr. Bridges is an austere divinity, with more artistic restraint and far less daring. If it does not cloy with sheer excess of beauty, it must also be admitted that it generally fails to set the pulses leaping with the lilting music which his great predecessor had always at his command. On the other hand, it seems to me (though I confess to advancing the idea with some trepidation) that there is more individuality in Mr. Bridges' work than in Tennyson's. If there is less of the song, there is more of the singer. One feels, after reading Mr. Bridges' poems, that one knows the very man, his temperate spirit, his dreamy gentleness, his sweet and wholesome philosophy, his large and kindly wisdom, his fine idealism. To me at least, this is not true of Tennyson; and I confess to a preference for the kind of poetry which has not only a measure of universality but at least an equal measure of self-revelation.

And yet—for in the end, after all one's passing enthusiasms one must qualify—Mr. Bridges falls somehow just a little short of being a great lyric poet. And this is not because he lacks Tennyson's facility, or his richness, or his universality, or his *élan*; but it is because Mr. Bridges' lyrics lack that elusive quality, that haunting, and most often melancholy strain, which marks the perfect lyric. Christina Rossetti was perhaps not a great poet; but she wrote one or two of the perfect lyrics of English poetry; and I think that I can best illustrate what I mean by quoting, side by side, one of the choicest of Mr. Bridges' verses and a familiar poem of Christina Rossetti's on the same subject.



These are Mr. Bridges' lines:

“When death to either shall come,—  
I pray it be first to me,—  
Be happy as ever at home,  
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;  
And sing to the child on thy knee,  
Or read to thyself alone  
The songs that I made for thee.”

And these are Christina Rossetti's:

“When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
No shady cypress tree;  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet:  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not feel the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember  
And haply may forget.”

It is this haunting music, this perfectly indescribable lyric cry which one somehow never quite catches in Mr. Bridges' poetry; and since it is upon his lyric poetry that his fame must in the last analysis depend, it may well be doubted whether, save in the survival of one or two poems, that fame will greatly outlast his generation.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

## A CHAPLAIN AT THE FRONT

**B**EFORE the war broke out the chaplain of a Canadian militia regiment held no very arduous post. He was chosen on no known system. He would naturally be a friend of the commanding officer, and his denomination was a matter of accident. His duties were of a most occasional character. Two or three church parades in the year covered his official programme. He might enter into the social life of the regiment as much or as little as he pleased. He might go into camp in summer, or he might stay away. If he mingled with the men he would find that they would return his confidence, and if they had no definite church connexion, would ask him to be with them when they were in trouble. Provided the chaplain could preach an interesting sermon on the few occasions when the regiment paraded to church, he had, in the main, fulfilled his functions. In all this the chaplain resembled his brother officers. There were many regiments in Canada with a splendid *esprit de corps*, with associations that found for a man his friendships and his hobby. The possibility of war was always before the eyes of all ranks, but it is no misrepresentation of the case to say that the imminence of a call to arms and the turning of the pleasant social side of things into the grim tragedy of war seemed remote enough.

The events of August, 1914, were a testing time, and it was at once seen that the Canadian militia as a whole was ready to bear the full burden which men in any way trained to arms could be asked to carry. Everything had to be organized: the site for a training camp had to be found and the camp to be created. Men had to be enlisted and equipped. The Canadian militia system had been widely extended during the years before the war, but the skeleton of an organization had to be clothed during the first few weeks of hostilities. The chaplain's service, like other

departments, had to be set upon a definite basis. It had not up to this time been systematized. The chaplains of the militia units were for the most part pastors of large churches, and the servants of their congregations.

The system in Canada, so far as there had been a system, was that each battalion should have its chaplain. The English system is that chaplains are appointed to a brigade or a division, according to the proportion of the various communions represented among the men. The Canadian view, as a matter of practice if not of theory, was that the regimental spirit was more important than the denominational; and in a country where there is no established church, and consequently where no church is in a position of privilege, the idea had easily been carried out. Numerically in the Dominion the Roman Catholics come first; then Presbyterians, Methodists, Anglicans, Baptists. But the Roman Catholics and the Methodists during the first months of the war, at all events, enlisted in relatively small numbers. The great majority of the soldiers were Anglicans or Presbyterians. Whenever the troops reached England they came under the British Army system, by which the senior chaplain of a division must be an Anglican. Lieut.-Col. the Rev. R. H. Steacy, of Ottawa, was appointed senior chaplain of the First Division, and proceeded with it to France. He has now been brought over to London as Director of Canadian chaplains. His position has been no easy one. An Anglican himself, he has had to mediate between the British system, in which the Established Church had the main say, and a Canadian practice which concerned itself little with ecclesiasticisms. He has had to deal with a situation in which Canadians, while becoming British troops and part of the British Expeditionary Force, have not forgotten that they are Canadians. He has to hold the balance between High Church Anglicans who disliked all idea of co-operation, and powerful chaplains of other churches who were willing enough to make concessions as a matter of convenience, but quite determined that the Canadian ecclesiastical liberalism should prevail among the Canadian troops.

Col. Steacy has exerted his influence to maintain the battalion system of chaplains, and a practical compromise has been arrived at. Each division, and the corps troops as well, has its senior chaplain, whose duty it is to supervise the work of the men under him and keep an oversight on the spiritual necessities of the whole situation. The chaplain with a battalion is the chaplain of that battalion, bound to do his best for every man in the regiment, irrespective of religious denomination; and the Sunday services are in his charge. He is expected to see that the Roman Catholics have the opportunity of attending Mass every Sunday, and to arrange so that the members of the various Protestant denominations may have frequent opportunities of communicating in the manner to which they are accustomed. These communion services may take place at any time. There is no Sunday at the front. Fighting goes on then as at any other time. Fritz seems to use the day for all manner of extra endeavours. And supplies have to be brought up; communication trenches extended; front line trenches repaired; wire entanglements seen to, on Sunday, just as on week days.

Behind the lines where troops are resting in billets and in training camps and hospitals, Sunday is kept as a day of quiet and every man has the chance of attending worship. But the troops in the trenches must stand to their posts; and many of the billets, where the troops remain when their spell in the trenches is past, are within the range of shell fire. Few commanding officers would take the responsibility of assembling their men in one place when they might be observed from an enemy aeroplane and might have a high explosive shell sent in amongst them. Every chaplain has to learn to be an opportunist and to seize the chances as they come; and much of the best work cannot be put in any schedule of the day. A Sunday service may not be possible near the front, but a sing-song is easily started in a tent or a billet. A great many small hymn-books can be stowed in a regulation haversack, and the men of themselves almost always choose the great hymns. And after they have

sung as much as they wish, and pipes and cigarettes are lighted, the chaplain who cannot then get in some pithy message must be greatly lacking in resource. This system of having a chaplain to each battalion has the great advantage that the soldiers get to know personally the man who speaks to them of spiritual things, and they listen to him not because he represents a certain church but because they believe in him as a man. They know that he is "a good mixer;" they are quick to notice that he can hold his own with their officers; they see him sharing their dangers and discomforts in the trenches; they have the idea that he personally is their friend; he is an officer, but they can get alongside of him, and he understands every move of the game as it affects them. He may be no great orator and the religious public may know him not. But if he be truly the friend of his men there is nothing they will not do for him, nor is there any limit to the extent to which they will confide in him.

Chaplains who are attached to hospitals have to deal with an entirely different condition of things. It is they who really see the suffering of war and it is they who need in particular the power of carrying comfort. The chaplain in the front line trenches with the men sees some tragic things, but he has nothing to do with the ministry to the wounded. The wounded are at once sent back to the battalion dressing station and from there they are evacuated as soon as possible to the clearing hospital. A man wounded one afternoon may find himself in London next afternoon. The nearness of the front to the centre of civilization is not realized by many. An aviator who came down in the Canadian lines at Shorncliffe glanced at his watch on alighting and merely observed: "Forty-three minutes from the firing line."

Of hospital work and of the similar experiences connected with it the writer had little experience. During the months of training there was opportunity enough to visit the Canadian hospital in Sir Arthur Markham's beautiful house at Beachborough, the Bevan hospital in Sandgate, and the Moore hospital at Shorncliffe; but the real work of the battalion

chaplain is with his battalion, with sound healthy men, and the problems that face him are not those of suffering but of the very exuberance of life. The writer was attached to the 42nd Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The officers were a remarkably fine body of men; they had adopted the policy of hand-picking their recruits. After a man had passed the medical examinations, he had to go before the C.O. and satisfy him as to his previous record. It is not possible to gather together a thousand daring and active spirits without finding some one occasionally inclined to kick over the traces. Nor is Montreal remarkable as being a city free from temptations. But the officers had no serious trouble during these trying months of mobilization, and "C.O.'s Office" had less and less to do. We had an extremely happy regiment.

The battalion marched out of the Bleury Street Armoury about half past five on the morning of the 10th of June, on its way to the docks, and that clear summer morning, with its long line of grey kilted men winding down Beaver Hall Hill, with its embarkation on the ill-fated "Hesperian" and its long wait before the ship hauled out from the wharf, will remain long in the memories of many. From the chaplain's point of view the voyage was quite uneventful. The Sunday on board happened to be the day when the "Hesperian" rounded Cape Race and struck a northerly gale. The chaplain was not in a condition to conduct any religious service, and the C.O. to whom the duty then fell had for the time being lost interest in everything. This was, however, the only Sunday on which weather conditions interfered with service. Following on this bad beginning there were twenty-two consecutive fine Sunday mornings. The chaplain made special note of the matter, for whenever a review was ordered all were sure to have to stand for hours in rain with flapping kilts cleaving to their legs, while some dignitary tarried over his coffee or reviewed another division some miles away. No theological inference is intended, but when the "Angels of Mons" have so wide a currency any other old yarn may go. From Plymouth we ran up through Devon and Hampshire on

a glorious summer day to the outskirts of London,—it was quaint coming into the familiar Addison Road under these circumstances—and then travelled down that great railroad system, the L. S. E. & C. Railway, to Shorncliffe. The regiment arrived about sunset and tramped out in the gathering dusk to tents pitched on St. Martin's Plains. The transport had not arrived, but blankets were served out one apiece, and all slept the sleep of tired men upon the wood floors of the tents. In the morning the beautiful situation of the camp unfolded itself. St. Martin's Plain is high ground behind the railway line, about three miles from Folkestone and two miles from Hythe. Besides the 42nd there were the 49th from Edmonton, and the 43rd from Winnipeg, two fine regiments with which friendship speedily struck up. The lines lay close beside the huts of the 12th Battalion, and of the 11th Battalion to which the McGill contingents were attached. The regiment had all the air it wanted on this high lying situation, all the rain it wanted too, according to carping Canadians. But the delight in the location was greatly heightened when in a strong wind men cast their eyes across to Dibgate and saw the tents there being smothered in blowing dust. Three and a half months were spent on St. Martin's Plain in hard training work. To begin with, regular battalion drill and route marching took up much time, but for the last two months of the stay, musketry training, machine gun work, scouting and signalling practice claimed most attention.

The chaplain had no special duties assigned to him apart from the Sunday services, but to any one living with his men and keeping an open eye on conditions in Folkestone, it was clear that the Sunday services were almost a minor matter. There must have been something like 45,000 Canadian troops gathered in that neighbourhood, men paid on a scale that made the English army green with envy. Under any circumstances temptations would have clustered thickly enough there, but the ruin of Belgium and especially the fall of Antwerp had filled London and the southeast of England with the *débris* of a fast city life. Something had to be done

to counteract the temptations to drunkenness and impurity, and the obvious method was to make camp as interesting and as amusing as possible. A recreation tent was hired, at a monthly rent that might have bought the place outright in pre-war times. The tent was fifty feet long by thirty feet broad and was furnished with tables, writing materials, chairs and a piano. Notepaper and envelopes bearing the regimental crest were provided at cost price, two sheets of paper and two envelopes for one cent. Some idea of the extent to which the writing facilities were used can be gathered from the fact that the monthly order of stationery was about 12,000 sheets of paper and 10,000 envelopes. The tent was looked after by an N.C.O., who also acted as postman. He was responsible for the furnishings of the tent and care of the library. Kind friends in Montreal had sent over two boxes of excellent general literature. An active search around the tents of the officers, sometimes in their presence, but generally in their absence, disclosed many books in cheap editions, and these were commandeered on the principle of seeking the greatest good for the greatest number. The circulating library soon numbered three hundred volumes, and was very largely used. It has been left in storage, together with all other property that the regiment acquired while in training, for the benefit of the 73rd Highlanders, the third battalion that the parent regiment is sending out.

During the earlier weeks of the training, concerts were a great feature of the camp life, but the interest in them gradually waned. The men had sung all the songs they knew, or at least all the songs that were suited for so delicate an audience. The regiment had left its brass band in Montreal, so about a score of instruments were bought and a new band tried to establish itself, not as a regimental affair, but as a voluntary organization. The voluntariness of it was the death of it. Several of the men could play fairly well, others could not play at all. The military training was so strenuous that it was difficult to get a good attendance at practice. For a time the band had a success, not because the music was good,



but because the effect was amusing. More and more the instruments were allowed to lie in their box.

The canteen question was one that caused great searching of heart. The policy in Canada is to prohibit alcoholic drinks on military premises, and if, by so doing, the temptation to drinking can be lessened there is no doubt the policy is good. If every camp were a Valcartier in its isolation the handling of men during the training months would be a very much simpler affair. While at Shorncliffe we were surrounded by inns and bars, saloons and hotels of all sorts. Did the men leave the camp by the main road, they stepped almost on to the threshold of a wayside inn. Did they make for the sea at Sandgate, again they were faced by a drinking saloon. It is not possible to force one's own temperance views upon some hundreds of men who are used to a glass of beer, and in all probability something stronger as well. The responsible officers considered that it was a better thing—seeing that men would drink in any case—that facilities should be provided within the camp, where drinking could be carried on under the supervision of authority, where the quality of the liquor supplied could be controlled, and where there would be none of the additional temptations that the ordinary saloon presented. Accordingly a wet canteen was opened beside the regimental tents. It was thought that it might have been possible to run it for the benefit of the regimental fund, but this was found to be forbidden by military law. The contract was let to a firm of local brewers, who supplied what was said to be rather poor stuff, and who turned in to the regimental fund seven per cent. of the gross takings. The hours of opening were strictly regulated, generally two hours in the afternoon and two hours in the evening. A regiment in our immediate neighbourhood which tried to carry on with no wet canteen was forced to resort to it as the lesser of two evils.

There was quite close to our camp a Y.M.C.A. hut that was a great convenience for the men. It was run in the most liberal spirit by a secretary, and several ladies who volunteered

their services. Here there was a bar where tea and coffee, soft drinks, tobacco, sweets, and many other things were sold at a reasonable price. But the very success of this tent made our own effort necessary. The Y.M.C.A. tent was so crowded every evening that it was difficult then to get in, and practically impossible to write letters. The Anglican Church was represented by the Lord Roberts Club, another hut which also contained a small chapel. This was a directly denominational work and was a great boon to the Anglicans on the Plains.

The services on Sunday represented to the world the work of the chaplain, and while they were certainly a great opportunity it may be doubted whether they did as much for the welfare of the battalion as the more indirect influence of the week. Dr. Gordon of Winnipeg had unfortunately to return to Canada owing to the serious illness of his brother, a doctor with the Toronto hospital, and his absence brought the 43rd to the 42nd service. The 49th had a Scotch company which also attended the St. Martin's Plain parade. The McGill unit, when they were attached to the 11th Battalion, found Montreal associations kindly, and they likewise came. The attendance varied with the military situation, but from 2500 to 3400 men gathered to this service, according to the statements sent in to the Adjutant. To have made one's self audible to so many men in the open air would have been impossible, had the usual parade formation of the open square been maintained. The service began with the men in their ranks, but when the address was to be given Col. Cantlie ordered the men to break ranks and, crowding round the drums as close as possible, to sit down on the ground. It was then easy, by speaking down the wind, to make everyone hear. This nine o'clock service on St. Martin's Plain was a great sight. Sunday after Sunday the weather was beautiful. It was inspiring to see the men march on to their stations, each regiment headed by their pipers or their band. It is always an easy thing to talk to an audience of men, but one had to compete with many other interests. The natural beauty of the scenery, the whirr of an aeroplane overhead,

the "Silver Cloud" ascending and diving and wheeling with the whole length of her great envelope glistening in the sun. These services never lacked interest, whether the interest was due to the intentions of the preacher or to the distractions opposed to him. Three hymns, a scripture reading, two prayers and an address were packed into twenty-eight or twenty-nine minutes, so boredom at all events was not possible. The singing, led by a good band, was magnificent.

After service the men were free for the rest of the day. If they got away into town or took train to Dover, the possibilities of difficulty were not remote, and if they stayed around camp there was nothing for them to do except read books and write letters. So a baseball league was formed which played its matches in the forenoon, and in the afternoon football matches were generally arranged for. As with the canteen, so with the Sunday sports. It was not the ideal solution—it was the solution that seemed to be best under the circumstances.

Our regiment crossed to France in the beginning of October and was moved up to the firing line within a few days. The chaplain now found himself faced with an entirely new set of conditions. After a spell in the trenches with the 13th Battalion, the regiment was put into billets. The headquarters staff and one company billeted in a village which was daily being shelled, and the other three companies camped out in a mudhole. There was, of course, no Sunday so far as fighting was concerned. It was impossible to have any battalion service, as we were within range of shell fire all the time. All that the chaplain could do in the way of a service was to prowl about among the companies and invite as many men as felt like it to gather under the shelter of a hedge or beside a farmyard wall. During those first five weeks, until the battalion was brigaded, the R.C.R., the 42nd, and the 49th were used as corps troops in the digging of trenches and generally in taking the drudgery work off the battalions working the front line trenches in our neighbourhood. Every night five hundred and eighty of our men were

out on "digging parties." These "parties" are not so amusing as the name might suggest. As dusk fell, the men marched out, each company detachment under one of its own company officers, and were met at the rendezvous by an officer of engineers who superintended the operations. The men might have to repair some communication trench which had fallen in during the wet weather, and would spend the night, with their kilts floating on the water as they worked, trying to throw the liquid mud out on the surrounding land, or to fill sand bags with dirt so wet that it poured through the stuff of which the bags were made. Or they might have to carry lumber and corrugated iron from the "dump" into the front line trenches, to repair dugouts that had fallen in or had been destroyed by direct hits. Digging parties were both wet and lively affairs. When new trenches had to be dug, each two men had a bit allotted to them, two shovels lengths by one shovel depth and about two feet broad. All the time they were at work bullets were spattering about them, rifle fire that had come over the front line trenches, with occasionally a salvo of shrapnel into the neighbourhood where Fritz thought it possible they might be working. The faster the men worked the more shelter did they make for themselves, and there was no "ca' canny" policy observed in the labour. Indeed, as the whole digging party had to wait exposed till the last workers were finished, there were many arguments brought forward to make any laggards mend their pace. By one o'clock in the morning the work was generally done, and the willing fellows tramped back again three or four miles to their tents amid the dirt, covered with mud from head to foot, but almost invariably cheery, and lightening the journey by many a swinging chorus. But these digging parties which did so much to inure the men to the hardships of trench life made organized religious work difficult. The men slept late in the morning, and they thoroughly deserved all the rest they could get. And when the weather was wet, and it was always wet, they were hardly awake before they were getting ready to set forth again. The health of the men at the front was

wonderful, and apart from the splendid sanitary measures adopted, it was the hard work, the long sleep, the ample food supply, and the constant cheerfulness that more than compensated for the wet and the utter discomfort of so much of the life.

The two great foes of the training camp were both absent. No spirits could legitimately be bought, and the neighbourhood which had been fought over constantly for more than a year was void of its inhabitants.

At the front it became every day more clear that the chaplain who is with a battalion, and shares the dangers, privations and discomforts of the life, is the chaplain of that regiment whatever his particular ecclesiastical colour may be. Even in times of peace these divisions count for little. But in time of war, when the broad issue is death and life, the man who takes the chances of war has as his reward the affections of the men. It is curious how little the chaplain who is in the trenches sees of the tragic side of the matter. He may see a man blown to pieces, but unless he happens to be on the spot where a man is wounded he never sees actual suffering at all. The wounded are at once moved back to the field moving station, and then back to the nearest clearing hospital. The business of a battalion chaplain is with the hale and the happy. If a man is killed the chaplain of course burries him, and memorable enough some of these burial scenes have been. The little graveyard may be in the garden of some shattered farm-house; and there, amid the shrieking of the shell and the spatt of rifle bullets, the dead soldier is lowered into his last resting place, clad just as he fell, except that his kilt is folded and laid under him. A duplicate record is kept of the spot where he is buried; one portion of the record is sent to the Graves Commission at Bailleul, and the other to the D.A.A.G. of the Division. Chaplains attached to hospitals see more of the sorrow of war than those who are steadily with their battalions, and the writer during his short experience at the front had no opportunity of touching the hospital work.

It is very hard to tell what the war is doing for men's inner lives. Those of British stock do not carry their hearts upon their sleeves. There is little talk of religion. If you judged the men by the language they use you would think them to be reprobates. But behind the indifference there is an amazing readiness of response. The chaplain's main business may indeed be the reminding of all ranks of the greatness of the thing that amid all the mud and discomfort they are doing. If the soul of religion be the readiness to sacrifice one's self for a cause or for a friend, then these men are religious as men never were before. The time for gentleness and the discussion of fine points of the casuistry of peace has not yet come. At present "the tiger is still at large: keep your guns ready." The multitude of questions that the war raises are not for the chaplain at the front. Other people may discuss the problem of pain and the subjective value of suffering. It is the chaplain's business to make men more fit for the grim task in hand and to keep alive within them the immense far-off issues for which they strive.

R. BRUCE TAYLOR

## THE MOVING PICTURE SCENARIO

THE use of the cinematograph for purposes of general entertainment is not much more than ten years old. The moving picture show is therefore still in its infancy. Before embarking upon a discussion of the subject of the moving picture show, it seems desirable to apologize for the extreme awkwardness and crudity of almost all of the terminology which must be employed in doing so. The term "moving picture," which is the basis of the whole terminology, is thoroughly objectionable, being awkward in sound, a clumsy description rather than a name, and tending to reduce a great form of entertainment, and possibly a great art, to the level of a mere subdivision of the genus "picture." But it has not yet been replaced, at any rate on this continent. The French, with their genius for drawing upon the dead languages, have drafted from the Greek the word "cinema," and some English writers have endeavoured to incorporate it into the English language; it does not seem to fit there very well, even in England, and on this continent it is not heard. The American masses, suspicious of Greek and fond of diminutives, have coined the word "movie"; and for my own part I must confess that the phrase "movie show," constructed upon the good old English models of "peep show," "puppet show," "punch and judy show" and the like, seems to me to provide a very good description of the kind of entertainment which we are about to discuss. But the moving picture producers themselves are indignant against it, claiming that it belittles their art—and doubtless not realizing that after the belittling which they have done to that art, nothing that it can suffer at the hands of a mere name can be very serious. As for the word "film," it belongs properly to the strip of sensitized and sprocket-holed celluloid bearing (or intended to bear) the photographic record, apart altogether from the act of exhibiting

that record enlarged upon a screen, and is entirely inadequate to describe the entertainment itself. The fact which is left out of sight in the whole of the existing terminology (which grew up long before the dramatic film was even dreamed of), is the fact that the entertainment is the combined product of a great number of different factors, ranging backwards from the act of projection in the lantern, through the manufacture of the photographic record itself, to the original performance, and that the original performance is now greatly the most important factor in the whole series. It is a special kind of drama, devised for presentation through a special medium; and to brand the whole art for all eternity as a mere collection of photographic pictures is to convey an utterly misleading idea of its scope.

The moving picture show, if such we must continue to call it, is still in its infancy. Its infantile character has been preserved with more than usual care by the swaddling clothes of censorship, in which it has been and continues to be wrapped, and which are now becoming so irksome to the growing youngster that it is questionable whether he will succeed in bursting, or at least straining and loosening them, or will be stunted for life. Under these circumstances we can hardly blame the moving picture show, if it has not yet developed a complete, adult and noble art, if it still pleases itself with those subjects which interest children in their nursery hours, if it shows few signs of wishing to associate with people of grown-up intelligence. And while withholding censure, we need not abandon hope. The English drama fifty years before Shakespeare exhibits plenty of examples of works which, in crudity of subject-matter and childishness of appeal, strikingly resemble the current melodramas of the screen.

The cinematograph, as a means of recording events, had reached a very high level of perfection, before it even occurred to anybody that it could be employed for recording and exhibiting an imaginative performance. When that idea did present itself, the first and most obvious thing to do was to make records of performances which were already in existence



as stage plays; and it was again some time before the film-makers conceived the further thought of making dramatic performances for themselves with a sole and direct view to screen exhibition. They were still grotesquely ignorant of the scope and nature of the effects which could be secured in their new medium, and were continually endeavouring to import into it matter which was proper only to the ordinary theatre, from which they drew their players, their producers and most of their literary material. They began to perceive, however, that a performance for the cinematograph could be carried out in real fields, real mountains, real palaces, and real hovels, instead of the cardboard imitations of them with which the ordinary theatre had to content itself; and that with luck and good acting, this would enable them to secure a certain extraordinary and novel realism.

The dramatic moving picture is a pantomime, its wordlessness mitigated only by the possibility of using occasional titles and sub-titles—the barest chapter-headings of the story—to make the most incomprehensible places plain. The art of pantomime is not very widely understood at the present time, except by professional ballet performers, and even they rely a good deal upon the orchestral accompaniment for their effects. The moving picture could not rely on accompaniment, for it must be presented in a thousand theatres at a time, including many with no orchestra at all, or only one which could with difficulty get through its daily round of half-a-dozen “rags” and a sentimental ballad to accompany the heroine’s death. Partly for this and partly for other reasons, the movie producers did not invoke the aid of the ballet artists, and proceeded to work out the problems of pantomime for themselves. They are still struggling with them.

The weakness of the dramatic moving picture, in so far as concerns its effort to appeal to the more intelligent public, lies in the fact that its producers have until recently believed themselves to be limited, by the exigencies of wordless pantomime, to a very narrow range of very primitive and commonplace conceptions. If any reader of these lines has any

ambition to produce an American moving-picture scenario (and the financial rewards of success in that operation are very great), the lines upon which he will be expected to proceed may be laid down with almost mathematical exactness. The recipe changes slightly from year to year; but the general lines of the 1917 models are already divivable. There are three or four types from which he may make selection, types differentiated chiefly by the varying character and behaviour of the heroines—for we are not at present discussing the comedy film, in which the protagonist is usually male, owing to the fact that the comedy is usually acrobatic.

First and most popular of all is the type in which the heroine is a young damsel with her hair still pendant down her back, living in poor or bucolic circumstances, but possessing that innate fineness of manner, that delicacy of soul, which raises her above her surroundings and ensures her the prompt adoration of the noble young college youth who will shortly wander through the plot with his limousine and his proud and haughty relatives. The limousine, I may mention, is indispensable. It is a thing which the producer can easily borrow, and it seems to have an irresistible fascination for the great majority of the movie audience, who know the machine only from the outside, regard it as a sort of Aladdin carpet, and have no idea of the worries of engine trouble, alcoholic chauffeurs, piratical garage men, gasoline bills and constantly maturing notes for balance due, which darken the lives of the real owners of such cars.

This pendant-haired heroine will be either the resident of one of the very cheap suburbs—almost a slum—of a great city (in which case she will have to be the daughter of a well-to-do and honest merchant ruined by the Trust, for poverty in a city requires some justification if it is to be romantic), or else a dweller in a picturesque and unprofitable farming district in the remote country (in which event her poverty will be recognized as natural and congenital, and will need no further explanation, for nobody is rich in the country except the obnoxious money-lender). This season the fashion is running some-

what to mountain scenery, and we will therefore take the second case as more probable and more typical. She will be called Cynthia, or else June. Let us make her June.

The opening scenes will be devoted to making it plain to the spectators ("registering" is the technical term, and it has its points) that June is not altogether in harmony with her surroundings. She aspires to a broader life. She yearns; she registers yearning, by methods which are clearly expounded in a large number of books and correspondence courses on "How to be a Moving Picture Actress," and need not therefore be elaborated here. She is seventeen, and dislikes dish-washing; there are sure to be a large number of individuals in the theatre similarly situated, who will accord her their full sympathy. The local feud, if there is one, has been getting on her nerves, especially since Cousin Willum shot brother Joe and was taken to the county jail and she has had to milk the cows and currycomb the horses all alone. Or Aunt Sabrina is harsh and unsympathetic and refuses to let her attend the circus. Father is a good old soul but weak, his constitution undermined by mortgages and moonshine whiskey. Mother died a few years ago, leaving her a miniature of the maternal great-grandfather, who was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence and quite a prosperous lawyer; and June pulls out the portrait from time to time and gazes at it deeply, thus registering family pride and soaring ambition—the consciousness of a noble heredity. Or the old colonial mansion of the maternal great-grandfather may be somewhere in the same county, so that June can take long walks with her pet calf in the summer evenings, and lean on the gate, staring with resentful eyes at the hated upstarts from Wall Street, who have bought the old place from the mortgage-holders. This is rather better business than the miniature, because colonial mansions are picturesque and can, like the limousine, be easily hired for a day's photographing.

June, of course, has at least one devoted follower among the rural population, a raw but reverential youth who is favoured by Father, or by Aunt Sabrina, or who rescued brother

Joe from the sheriff, the last time that Joe went feuding; but the spectators know at once that this unfortunate aspirant is not to be taken seriously; he has no limousine, and he never presses his trousers. He is useful chiefly to prevent the spectators from thinking that June is such an absolute little fool that she cannot get anybody to look at her; if the scene is laid in very frontier country, he may even be a Mexican, or one of the lesser breeds without the law.

By this time we have seen quite a lot of the surrounding country and met most of the neighbours, and are quite prepared to sympathize with June in her desire to get out of it all. But listen! From the depths of the orchestra, or the organ, or the noise machine, as the case may be, comes a lively "Honk! Honk!" And the limousine rolls smoothly into sight. Possibly it collides with the pet calf; more probably, for it is difficult to teach a calf to collide with a limousine in a non-chalant manner, it stops to inquire the way. In any case, Winthrop (Winthrop is the young man from college, and he has run down to spend a week-end with the plutocrats who have bought the old colonial mansion) will descend from the car, and his eyes and the eyes of the aspiring June will meet, and drop, and meet again, in the soft light of the evening sun, with the pet calf sniffing up the gasoline and the gnats flitting in the dusty air; and June will suddenly discover that her skirts are a trifle short—for she knows nothing of Fifth Avenue or Sherbrooke Street—and that her arms are a trifle tanned. And the spectators will know that it is all settled, and one per cent. of them will say "What slush!" and ninety-nine per cent. of them will say "O, how perfectly lovely!"

We are now well into the main action, and it becomes necessary to take thought for the "scenic sensation." For the producers, realizing—quite rightly—that the dramatic interest in the drama which they are now presenting is decidedly thin, are endeavoring to eke it out by offering the spectator a photographic record of some unusual event or spectacle which he would not be likely to see with his natural eyes. It is not altogether necessary for the scenario-writer to

put in his own scenic sensation; if he leaves it out the producer will put it in for him, but a good idea for a scenic sensation is much more important and more valuable than a good plot. So many of the sensations have been used up. Railway collisions, derailments, passenger cars hurled into the river, with the passengers climbing out of the windows and swimming away; burning and sinking ships; burning factories; mine explosions; forest fires; earthquakes and volcanoes; escaped menagerie lions; horses riding over precipices; avalanches; breaking dams; cyclones; broadly speaking, all the phenomena of great and devastating power have been employed for these purposes, sometimes at an enormous cost in actual destruction, or at very great risk to the actors engaged. It is becoming increasingly difficult to contrive any practicable sensation, which will be effective on the film and which has not been employed.

Failing this, there is a second species of scenic accessory, in which the event or scene dragged into the action is merely interesting and not exciting. One very banal scenario recently presented by a big producing company with a strong cast, owed almost the whole of its interest to the fact that the heroine spent much of her time in a very modern and scientific founding asylum, the *modus operandi* of which was exhibited in full detail. All the phases of industrial life, the more unusual the better, have been exploited in this way. The scenery, manners, and pursuits of foreign countries, of the tropics, of polar regions, of high altitudes, of peculiar and remote communities, have been utilized. All the functions for which men gather themselves together in unusual numbers—the races, prize-fights, strike riots, election meetings, courts, legislatures, church services, fairs—have been pressed into service. A three-reel drama has been built upon no better basis of interest than the method of taking oysters in Malpecque Bay.

Clearly, therefore, we must get June into some very violent cataclysm of nature or humanity, or else into some hitherto uncinematographed phase of social life, or our scenario will never spin out to the allotted span, which is twenty-five to

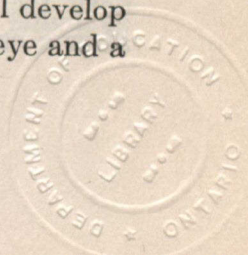
forty-five minutes without any pause for the spectators to take breath or rest their eyes.

This tradition that the performance must be absolutely continuous, originated, by the way, out of the fact that in the old small theatres it was important to get one "house" out and the next "house" in as rapidly as possible in order to keep the box-office takings at a reasonable level; and it has been maintained long after this necessity has passed away with the building of theatres so large that there is scarcely ever any waiting for seats. In a few years the managers will awaken to the fact that both art and business would now be served by allowing short intervals between the divisions of a long film.

June must be led into some kind of spectacular trouble—if possible, something that Winthrop can get her out of with an equally spectacular heroism. A good device, but somewhat *vieux jeu*, is to let her overhear the village ne'er-do-weel telling his crony that he has set fire to the old colonial mansion, where Winthrop is peacefully sleeping the sleep of the just and of the small-hours poker-player; this enables her to dash through the smoke and flames to his bedroom and awaken him, thereupon collapsing from suffocation and modesty, and requiring to be carried out by the roof. The rest of the mansion can then be burned down in peace, while dummies, representing the Wall Street plutocrats and their guests, drop from the third-storey windows upon the lawn below. The cost of burning down a second-hand colonial mansion will not deter any really enterprising producer, providing only that it promises to reward him with a tolerably good thriller. It is not, however, the business of this article to provide the ambitious scenario writer with his whole outfit of ideas; and having furnished himself with a plot modelled upon the sample presented herewith, he should find no difficulty in inventing his own scenic sensation, especially in a country so lavishly supplied as the neighbouring Republic, with cyclones, lynchings, I. W. W. demonstrations, Teutonic dynamiters, collapsing streets, fire and flood, battle, murder, and other forms of sudden death.

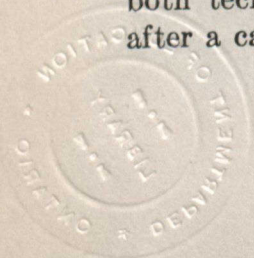
In the meanwhile we have left June in the process of being carried out of the old mansion by way of the roof, preferably in a nightgown or some other form of revelatory costume; for the cinematographic drama and the spoken drama are alike in respect of a certain penchant for the display of feminine charms. Winthrop will here exhibit extraordinary bravery and agility, which will be the more convincing to the spectators because those qualities will be really possessed and exercised by the actor playing the part. In the spoken drama, where each performance is given for the benefit of not more than a thousand or twelve hundred persons and the piece is likely to be repeated four or five thousand times, you cannot very well call upon a player to take any serious risks or exercise any great acrobatic powers; but in the cinematographic drama, where a single performance suffices for the eventual entertainment of millions of people and need never be repeated, this limitation does not apply, and the actors, both men and women, can, and do, take all sorts of risks and exhibit just as much courage as if they were working for some great cause, and not for the mere amusement of a jaded public. So we can make Winthrop jump from a fifteen-foot-high roof with June in his arms and appear to break his leg while protecting her from injury—of course, with the understanding that if the actor really breaks his leg he will get a bonus in addition to salary.

This mutual rescue naturally assists to set the love-affair moving rapidly, and in the spoken drama, with its requirement of a certain compactness of action, we should now be approaching the end of the play. Not so in the "movie show," which allows itself all the narrative freedom of the modern novel, and thinks nothing of pursuing its characters through several generations. The film dramatist will probably, as soon as June and Winthrop are married, introduce an entirely new plot and a group of new characters; he undoubtedly will if he still has to fill any substantial portion of his standard space allowance, namely three reels of film. Winthrop will develop a villainous brother, with a twisted leg, a lascivious eye and a



Parisian education, who will endeavour to take advantage of June's innocence of the manners of plutocratic society, to seduce her to his wicked purposes. She will be rescued in the nick of time by Winthrop, who, unarmed, will knock the wicked brother's revolver from his hand and punish him, by compelling him to marry a French actress, on pain of being disinherited. At the end of the third reel, as a token of the abiding peace about to descend on the sorely tried June and Winthrop, we shall have a family group introducing a little Winthrop, or a little June, or even both, and the light on the screen will be gradually focussed to a central vignette containing nothing but the sweetly smiling faces of Father, Mother, and the Rising Generation. It has been said that the English drama ends with marriage; the American "movie" goes a step further and ends with the first-born, and it is enabled to do so by the special character of its mechanism—for whereas it is almost impossible to introduce a real child on the stage, lest it should decide to cry, a cinematograph baby never cries, and could not be heard if it did, and if it will not smile when photographed, one can go on photographing it until it does.

As already stated, the above is but one of some three or four standard patterns of scenario. In addition to the country-bred *ingénue* scenario, there is the city-bred *ingénue* pattern, already alluded to. There are also one or two patterns in which the heroine is not an *ingénue* at all, but quite the other kind of lady. In one of these she is technically naughty, but inwardly good, and eventually marries the man who "understands" her. It is interesting (and for the scenario-composer, important), to note that, owing to the censor's objection to allowing the representation of any phase of real vice, her technical naughtiness is usually conveyed to the audience by making her an artist's model or a skirt-dancer, or allowing her to preside at an evening dress dinner-party at a restaurant where champagne is drunk from slippers. In another pattern the heroine is naughty, both technically and inwardly, and comes to a horrid end after a career of devastation, the details of which are based





upon Kipling's "Vampire." But none of these begin to approach in popularity the *ingénue* dramas of the type first described.

The almost total absence of any serious effort after dramatic art in the composition of scenarios (co-existing as it does with a fairly high standard of art in the acting and staging of such pieces as are performed) seems to be due in large part to the lack of any specialized high-class moving-picture theatre. All moving-picture houses are low-priced; if one theatre soars to twenty-five cents while another remains at ten cents, it is chiefly because the first is better ventilated, better situated and provided with better music, for the same films which are screened at the one will be screened a few days later at the other. All film-makers cater to one class—the broadest, the numerically largest class that they can find. The few existing instances of exceptionally ambitious and artistic films are usually designed for presentation altogether outside of the ordinary moving-picture houses, are devised to form in themselves an entire evening's entertainment (which seems to be a psychological mistake, for after the first hour they always become a bore), and are offered in playhouses of the old kind. Where films on this scale have been successful, it has almost always been due to reasons other than their dramatic interest, and such success affords no disproof of the general principle that a film drama cannot greatly exceed an hour in length and maintain its interest.

Among films of ordinary length, presented in ordinary moving-picture houses, there have of late been several which exhibited a genuine effort to picture a poetic and imaginative story, adapted to the special conditions of the screen. Almost without exception, however, they have a literary origin, are adapted from an earlier form in which words are employed; whereas the ideal moving-picture must obviously be created simply as a pantomime, without any of the limitations enforced by other forms of art. If we must have moving pictures adapted from a spoken or written form of story, or drama, it is plain that the best originals will be those in which the language

is least essential; and it fits with this theory that the two most thoroughly artistic films that I have seen were picturizations respectively of a well-known opera and of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." A drama in which the action is good enough to stand for itself in a musical performance in a foreign language, or in a spoken performance in a translated text which cannot contain any of the verbal beauty of the original, is surely the kind of drama which can do without any language at all. But one likes to think that the time will come when imaginative artists will do what d'Annunzio indeed has done, not very brilliantly, already, namely create for themselves in the vast new field of pantomimic drama opened up by the motion camera. This will require what d'Annunzio did not give to it, namely, a profound study of the technique of the new art, a comprehension not only of its limitations, but of its gigantic new possibilities, a sense of the beauties of pose, of pictorial composition, of harmonious movement, which can be added to the mere interest of narrative.

For the fact is that the new art is a field gloriously rich in all manner of possibilities, capable of bearing divers kinds of crops and supplying man with unlimited quantities of the spiritual foods of truth and beauty; and scarcely a corner of its surface has yet been even scratched. Volumes might be occupied in pointing out the innumerable effects, of poetic, dramatic and plastic value, which are obtainable in this medium and in no other. In ability to transport the spectator in an instant from any point in time or space to any other point, it excels even the spacious freedom of the Elizabethan theatre. It possesses the power to exhibit simultaneously (that is, in a series of rapidly alternating glimpses), two or more different currents of action, which are working at the same time but independently towards a common issue. It possesses the power to exhibit what is passing through the mind of a character simultaneously with what is passing in the world of real events around him; for practically every conception of the human mind can be reduced to pictorial form and thrown on the screen with less disturbance to the spectator's sense of

actuality than would be caused by a monologue in a modern play. It possesses the power to place the spectator instantly at any desired distance from the action which is being performed, so that at one moment he may seem to be face to face with one of the personages of the drama at the distance of an outstretched arm, and at the next his eye may range over the infinite space of a battlefield, a great city, or amountain range. It is able, so vast is the audience reached by a single original performance, to stage that performance absolutely without regard to cost, and to spend what it likes on material, on skill, and on ideas, provided only that they produce a merchantable result. Up to the present time this infant among the arts has confined itself to producing entertainment for babes, sucklings, and the feeble-minded. It is impossible to believe that it will continue so to confine itself for ever.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL

## A CITY SEEN FROM A HEIGHT

ONCE more the all-hoping sun diminished !  
And flat beneath the blackened West  
Another million crawlings finished  
Of nameless hasters faint for rest !  
What phoenix did their embers utter ?  
The hot indignant stars receive  
Vain smoke of smothered wills that flutter  
Alive and dead from morn to eve !  
These clouding into countless days,  
They swarming into years on years,  
To give how seldom from the maze  
Some noble laughter, or nobler tears !  
To give, and then again to creep  
Blind waves upon a brooding deep !

WARWICK CHIPMAN.

## OUR TRANS-PACIFIC TRADE WITH RUSSIA

A WRITER on trade matters recently observed that there was a tendency to attribute more far-reaching effects to wars and other catastrophes than later events prove to be warranted. This would suggest a careful study of the statements which have been made regarding present opportunities for trade. On the one hand, it might be argued that after the war there will be a general re-adjustment of commercial relations and that, following the line of least resistance, this will consist largely of a reversion to the channels along which trade was conducted prior to the war. In this view Germany and Austria will recover a large part of the trade which they formerly enjoyed and which has been interrupted by the progress of hostilities. Moreover they will have prepared for this eventuality by having accumulated large stocks of goods which they will be able to dump on to the markets of the world at a low price to compete with the industries of other countries only partly organized to take advantage of the situation. On the other hand this proposition may be qualified by pointing out that Germany and Austria will be handicapped in their efforts to recapture the trade lost to them during the war for the following reasons:

1. Other countries will have taken up their foreign trade connexions, and will in this way have gained a foothold from which they will not easily be dislodged.

2. Germany and Austria will be economically exhausted and their industries will be heavily burdened by the losses and sacrifices consequent upon the war.

3. In many parts of the world sentiment will be preponderatingly against the purchase of German and Austrian goods.

It may be of interest to examine the points raised above in so far as they relate to the opportunity presented by the war for developing Canadian trade with the Russian ports on the Pacific Ocean.

#### GERMAN INFLUENCE IN RUSSIA

In few countries has the derangement of trade resulting from the withdrawal of German exports been so far-reaching as in Russia. It is difficult to convey in words an adequate impression of the vastness of the Russian Empire and its interests. Stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific Ocean it encompasses an area of 8,650,000 square miles,—over double that of Canada,—and contains a population estimated at over 170,000,000 people and yearly increasing. Internally the country is rich and prosperous, and its resources are great and of infinite variety. The foreign trade of Russia has an annual value of approximately \$1,400,000,000,—only a little greater than that of Canada,—but shows signs of rapid expansion as the resources of the country are better developed. The needs of the Russian people are not greater than their country can supply in time, but owing to a lack of industrial development they are dependent upon outside sources to a great extent for their requirements of manufactured articles. Up to the outbreak of the war Germany was the chief supplier of these goods, 52 per cent of the Russian import trade being derived from that source. With the thorough-going efficiency which characterized all her activities, Germany's economic penetration of Russia was complete. The commercial life of the Empire was pervaded by German influence. The Russian by nature being a poor business man, the commercial houses in Russia were largely in the hands of Germans and Jews. After Russian the most useful language for business purposes was German. By her geographical situation alone, Germany seemed marked out to be the best supplier to Russia, but her success in that market was principally due to enterprise based upon a thorough understanding of local needs and backed

by efficient organization. The conventional duties established by the Russo-German commercial treaty, drawn up under pressure from German interests, were another contributing factor to the increase in trade between the two countries. The activities of the Germans were not confined to any one section of the Empire. In the Russian Far East particularly was their influence apparent, a large share of the trade of that region being in the hands of wholesale houses of German origin, employing German clerks and pushing the sale of German goods.

#### OPPORTUNITY FOR TRADE

The situation here outlined has been reversed by the war, and the opportunity for other countries should be evident. German goods are now subject to a surtax of 100 per cent., and German commercial houses doing business in Russia are either in process of liquidation or have been superseded by those of Russian nationality. To converse in German is a criminal offence. On all sides the intensity of feeling against those of enemy origin is great and this feeling will undoubtedly continue for a long period after the war. Although it has been found that in matters of commerce, sentiment has little weight, nevertheless in a country like Russia, where the activities of the government are so extensive, the influence of sentiment on political action should not be overlooked. The present policy of the Russian government is dictated by a desire to escape from the German dominance of the commercial and economic life of the Empire. It has been realised that the activities of the Germans were not confined solely to commerce but that they also endeavoured to influence political thought and were in large measure responsible for the shaping of the Russian tariff. Hence the desire of the Russian government to open up alternative sources of supply, especially in allied countries, for the goods formerly imported from Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The present is therefore a favourable time for the development of trade with the Russian Empire. According to the trade returns, out of a total import into Russia during the year 1913 of a value of \$687,017,000, Germany was credited with \$326,105,000, and Austria-Hungary with \$17,850,000. Goods imported from these countries will probably be subject to a surtax for a considerable period, though it is difficult to forecast the extent to which this measure of restriction will be employed. It seems generally agreed that on the conclusion of the war the position of German firms will not be strong, and that they will therefore be unable to undertake an aggressive campaign for Russian trade. This has a particular reference to the question of extended credits, which are said to have contributed in large measure to the growth of German commerce. Great Britain, together with the other belligerent countries of Europe, will be recovering from the sacrifices entailed by the war. France and Belgium will be occupied with the task of rebuilding their shattered industries. It would therefore appear that of the leading commercial nations, the United States (with the possible exception of Japan) will be the most favourably placed to take advantage of the opportunity presented for an enlargement of trade with Russia. In view of the similarity of conditions in the two countries, Canada should also benefit, if the situation be gauged aright by those in charge of her commercial interests.

#### ADVANTAGES OF CANADA'S POSITION

In normal times the bulk of the imports into Russia enter by way of the European frontier and the Baltic and Black Sea ports. Asiatic Russia, however, borders on the Pacific Ocean and a large part of the supplies for that territory are imported through Vladivostok. This trade is one in which Canada has a particular interest in view of her favourable position directly across the Pacific from the Russian Far East.

The shortest route by actual mileage from the manufacturing districts of the North American continent to Asiatic Russia is through the Canadian ports of Vancouver and Prince Rupert. On this page may be found a table giving the relative steaming distances from leading European and American ports to Vladivostok. This will illustrate the advantage with regard to distance which the Canadian ports on the Pacific have over those of other countries. In making this comparison, however, the long rail haul of some 3,000 miles from the industrial centres of Canada to the Pacific coast should be taken into consideration.

RELATIVE STEAMING DISTANCES TO VLADIVOSTOK

From	Distance
	Nautical Miles
Prince Rupert.....	3,921
Vancouver.....	4,401
San Francisco.....	4,600
Odessa (via Suez).....	8,970
New York (via Panama).....	10,150
London (via Suez).....	11,300
Hamburg (via Suez).....	11,610

Notwithstanding their proximity to Asiatic Russia, North American manufacturers have in the past been at a disadvantage in regard to shipping facilities and freight rates. Before the war, Russian, German, and British lines had regular boats from Europe direct to Vladivostok with freight rates lower than from the Pacific coast ports of Canada and the United States. These extremely low rates, however, were caused by a rate war and are not likely to prevail in future. Until recently direct sailings from the Pacific coast of North America to Vladivostok were not established on a regular schedule, thus involving transshipment at Japanese ports. The trans-Pacific rate to Nagasaki on general merchandise in normal times averaged \$6.00 to \$10.00 per ton or 40 cu. ft. and an arbitrary rate of \$3.50 was charged from Nagasaki to Vladivostok. Owing to the



shortage of tonnage very much higher rates prevail at the present time, and it is almost impossible to ship goods other than materials of war. Relief may be expected in the immediate future when the larger vessels of the Canadian Pacific Railway resume regular sailings. The Russian Volunteer Fleet, a government controlled line, has inaugurated a regular service between Vancouver and Vladivostok. Although for the present the vessels of this line will be used chiefly for transporting munitions, a permanent service of this nature should greatly facilitate the exchange of products between Canada and Asiatic Russia. It is proposed to charge rates equal to the trans-Pacific rates to Japan, plus \$1.50 per ton to cover the distance from Japan to Vladivostok. It seems probable that, as trade develops, other lines plying between Canadian Pacific ports and the Far East will include Vladivostok as a port of call, thus adding to the direct shipping facilities available. Mention should also be made of the arrangement recently concluded with the Russian government by the Canadian Pacific Railway whereby the latter company will be able to issue through bills of lading to designated points in the Russian Empire. This concession will remove a hitherto formidable obstacle to trade with Russia and should greatly benefit Canadian interests.

#### RUSSIAN PORTS ON THE PACIFIC

Vladivostok is the principal Russian port in the Far East. It is the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway and possesses a well-protected landlocked harbour, with from 30 to 90 feet of water over a large area. Strong northerly winds carry the thick ice out of the harbor in the coldest months, so that by the use of ice-breakers the port is kept open throughout the year. The government is most anxious to develop the trade of Vladivostok and is spending large sums on improvements to the harbour facilities, liberal provision having been made for dredging operations, the construction of wharves, freight dépôts, etc. The port is

connected with the hinterland by means of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which crosses northern Manchuria, thus providing a direct route to central and western Siberia, and the Ussuri Railway, which runs north to Khabarovsk on the Amur River. An all-Russian line following the northward curve of the Amur River through eastern Siberia has been constructed from the present trans-Siberian route to Khabarovsk. This line is only awaiting the completion of a bridge over the Amur River at the latter point and should be in operation early in 1916. It will greatly assist the development of the productive agricultural, timber, and mining regions of the Amur River territory.

North of Vladivostok and nearly parallel with Prince Rupert is situated the port of Nicolaievsk at the mouth of the Amur River. This is an important lumber and fishing centre, and extensive dredging operations are being carried on which will permit vessels drawing seventeen feet to proceed up the river as far as the port. A railway is projected to connect Nicolaievsk with the recently constructed Amur system at Khabarovsk. More attention is being directed to this port as business develops on the river, which is navigable for fair sized steamers, a distance of over 1,500 miles. Direct shipments of American agricultural machinery have been landed at Nicolaievsk.

#### EXTENT OF TERRITORY SERVED

A question arises as to the extent of territory which may be supplied by imports through Vladivostok and Nicolaievsk. This depends largely upon the class of goods concerned, the point of origin, and the policy of the Russian government. For the purposes of trade development Asiatic Russia falls into two separate divisions, viz.: western Siberia, stretching from the Urals to Lake Baikal, and Siberia east of Baikal. The bulk of the population are settled on the plains of western Siberia. In this region, local trade conditions may be assimilated to those of European Russia, foreign supplies being

mostly imported across the European frontier or through the Baltic and Black Sea ports. The trade is to a large extent in the hands of Moscow merchant houses with branches at principal centres throughout western Siberia. There is a noticeable tendency, however, for the establishment of strong local, independent, wholesale firms, ordering their requirements of foreign goods direct from the country of origin. The central or what may be described as the "neutral" zone is chiefly important from the point of view of mineral development, the distance from European Russia and from the Pacific ports limiting the market for agricultural and other products. The second most important agricultural region is the Amur River territory of eastern Siberia. Owing to special geographical and economic factors, the trade of eastern Siberia is distinct from that of the remainder of the Empire. It is a specialized business largely in the hands of a few firms with headquarters at Vladivostok, who import the bulk of their supplies by sea. Less than 17 per cent. of the population of Siberia are settled in the territory east of Lake Baikal, nevertheless this region presents excellent prospects for future trade development. For political reasons the government is most anxious to colonize this part of Siberia, since it is contiguous to northern Manchuria. Moreover the region is attractive to settlers, as the climate is less rigorous than that of western Siberia owing to the protection afforded by the range of steep hills north of the Amur. Vladivostok is also assuming an important position in relation to the trade of northern Manchuria, a market whose possibilities have only recently been realized.

There is a tendency towards over-generalization in dealing with trade matters, and this applies to the question of the territory served by imports through the Russian ports on the Pacific. It is generally believed that the policy of the Russian government is to develop trade through Vladivostok, and this is finding expression in reduced rates on westbound freight over the Trans-Siberian Railway. For the present, however, the only merchandise accepted as freight

by the railway authorities is materials of war and goods urgently required in Russia. It is difficult to estimate what will be the situation on the conclusion of the war. In the case of the bulk of supplies for the Siberian market the share of distribution falling to Vladivostok will probably be the territory east of Lake Baikal. It is possible, however, that on certain lines of goods shipments may be made from North America as far west as Omsk at a sufficiently low cost to compete with articles imported over the Urals. In point of time the Pacific route, has a great advantage for the North American shipper. The average time of delivery for agricultural machinery from Chicago to Omsk, western Siberia, via the Pacific route is forty-five days, while via New York and Baltic port, thence by rail, requires one hundred days. The disadvantage of shipping to most points in western Siberia across the Pacific lies in the long rail haul and consequent high freight rate from Vladivostok. The following table gives a comparison of the distances to western Siberian centres from Vladivostok and from the Russian Baltic port of Riga:

TO	From	
	Riga	Vladivostok
	Miles.	Miles.
Irkutsk.....	3,950	2,040
Krasnoiarsk.....	3,300	2,690
Tomsk.....	3,050	3,040
Omsk.....	2,400	3,590

Obviously merchandise originating on the Pacific coast of North America would be able to stand the cost of this long rail haul to greater advantage than goods shipped from centres not so conveniently situated for trade with Vladivostok. The Siberian market presents an excellent opening for the products of British Columbia. The requirements of this market, however, are chiefly for manufactured articles, while up to the present the relatively high cost of labour has hindered

industrial development in British Columbia. A leading firm of bed manufacturers have already announced the intention of utilizing their Vancouver factory partly for supplying the Siberian trade, and should this venture prove successful other concerns may follow along similar lines.

Having outlined the facilities for Canadian trans-Pacific trade with Russia, it is necessary to give some indication as to the nature and extent of the Siberian market before proceeding to point out the articles which Canadian firms should be able to supply to meet the requirements of this trade.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF SIBERIA

Generally speaking the people of Anglo-Saxon countries have shown a surprising indifference to the developments which have been taking place in Asiatic Russia during recent years. Yet this country is one of the most interesting of the territories which have been opened to settlement by the era of improved transportation facilities. Its present has been compared with Canada of a generation ago. An area of more than 4,800,000 square miles,—almost a third as much again as that of Canada,—and a population estimated at 8,719,200 (1911) gives an average density of about 1.8 persons per square mile. Even the relatively more thickly settled Black Earth region of Siberia has a population of only 8 to the square mile.

It is part of the policy of the Russian government to colonise this territory with immigrants from European Russia, where land is relatively scarce and where little relief for the natural increase of population is afforded by the growth of industries as in other countries. This movement is not the migration of individuals but of whole communities or parts of communities, the government assisting by means of free transportation, grants of land, loans for the purchase of implements, buildings, etc., and exemption from taxation and military service for a definite period. This state-assisted peopling of uncultivated tracts of land is part of a

studied plan to completely Russify the territory of Siberia. Emigration has been proceeding during the past decade at an average rate of over 250,000 persons per annum, yet it

EMIGRATION TO SIBERIA FROM EUROPEAN RUSSIA

(Years 1896 to 1913.)

	Emigrants.	*Forerunners.	Total.
1896.....	178,697	11,910	190,607
1897.....	68,896	17,780	86,676
1898.....	148,317	54,403	202,720
1899.....	170,136	53,073	223,209
1900.....	166,266	53,017	219,283
1901.....	89,088	31,161	120,249
1902.....	81,921	29,009	110,930
1903.....	85,824	29,012	114,836
1904.....	40,001	6,731	46,732
1905.....	38,750	5,269	44,018
1906.....	141,294	77,584	218,879
1907.....	427,339	145,240	572,579
1908.....	664,777	94,035	758,812
1909.....	619,320	88,143	707,463
Total.....	2,920,626	696,367	3,616,993
Average.....	208,616	89,741	258,357
1910.....	316,163	36,787	352,950
1911.....	189,791	36,271	226,062
1912.....	201,027	58,558	259,585
1913.....	234,877	92,553	327,430

\*Forerunners are men who are sent out ahead of the emigrants to decide on suitable spots of land.

may be said that, with the exception of the territory along the Trans-Siberian Railway and the principal rivers, the resources of the country are still awaiting development.

One result of this policy of "Russia for the Russians" is that the Siberian population presents a homogeneous front and the slow process of assimilation of incoming colonist is avoided. The Siberians are developing a national consciousness and are forming a public opinion, urging the needs and helping to shape the policies of the country, as well as

developing its material resources. The comparatively greater prosperity which results from the opportunities afforded by the cultivation of a new land makes the Siberian peasant no longer content with the social conditions of the past, and a demand is springing up for many articles which were previously beyond his reach.

The Government supplements its colonization work by encouraging improved methods of cultivation. Experimental stations for testing farm machinery, institutes for instruction in dairying, and implement dépôts for the supply of machinery and other articles to the peasants on easy terms of payment are maintained at various points throughout the country. Improved implements, agricultural machinery of all kinds, better seed, and a rotation of crops are being gradually introduced, while the breeding of stock is also receiving attention. As an instance of the extent of these activities it may be mentioned that there are nearly 300 implement dépôts in operation and that the total sales in 1913 amounted to approximately \$3,750,000.

This paternalism of the government is made possible by the spirit of combination inherent in the Russian peasant class. There are already 22,000 co-operative associations of all kinds in Siberia. The tendency towards co-operation arises from the system of communal tenure under which the greater part of the land is cultivated. The land belongs to the State but is leased to the communes who divide up the allotments at intervals in accordance with the communal principle of equal opportunity for all.

The chief settlements of Siberia are along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway and the principal rivers. The transportation facilities available have been one of the most important factors governing the development of the country. Three great river systems—the Obi, Yeneisei and Lena—spread out in a net of waterways across Siberia and are bisected by the railway, thus providing cheap access to vast areas. The principal centres of trade are located at points where the railroad crosses these rivers. This has been the reason for the

rapid growth of such flourishing towns as Petropavlovsk, Omsk, Novo-Nikolaevsk and Krasnoiarsk, leading commercial centres of western Siberia. Omsk on the Irtysh River has been described as the coming city of Siberia, having grown in twenty years from a mere collection of huts to a thriving town of 130,000 people. It has become an important butter market, being centrally located in 2,000 square miles of grazing land, and is one of the best points for the distribution of agricultural machinery. The old centres of Siberian trade such as Tobolsk and Tomsk, being off the line of railway, have relatively declined in importance in recent years. The chief point of supply for the Lake Baikal mineral region and the Lena goldfields is Irkutsk, situated at the junction of the Irkut and Angara Rivers. The principal distributing centres of eastern Siberia in addition to the ports are Khabarovsk and Blagovesktchensk on the lower Amur and Stretensk, Nertchinsk and Chita on the upper Amur.

#### RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY

Although it was its wealth in furs and minerals which first attracted attention to Siberia, agriculture is now by far the greatest industry, three-fourths of the population being peasants. Physiographically and with regard to its natural resources, the country resembles Canada in many respects. The most comprehensive view is the division into belts. To the north the region between the Arctic Ocean and the Arctic Circle is a frost-bound waste, called *tundras*, growing only arctic mosses and lichens and inhabited by nomadic hunters and fishermen. South of the *tundra* is the forest belt, yielding lumber and abounding in fur-bearing animals, but broken by tracts of virgin forest and swamps, with a tangled growth of birches and red firs. Timber in the *taiga*, as these virgin forests are called, is of little commercial value. The arable zone lies to the south of the forest belt, between the fifty-eight and fifty-fifth degrees of latitude, 250 miles wide and 3,500 miles long. The Black Earth region of European



Russia continues eastward into Siberia as far as the city of Tomsk, making this section particularly attractive to colonists. Good agricultural lands are also found in the foothills of the Altai, along the banks of the Yeneisei, in the neighbourhood of Irkutsk, and in the sparsely settled sections along the Amur River in southeastern Siberia. South of the Black Earth region are the dry steppes, inhabited by nomadic Tartar tribes, with large flocks of cattle, sheep, horses and goats. The principal mining sections of the country are in the Altai Mountains and in the neighbourhood of Lake Baikal, the Lena and Amur Rivers. The Altai system consists of a complex mass of mountains, snowy ridges and plateau valleys, which together form the north-west edge of the great central-Asian tableland and the southern boundary of Siberia.

Owing to the distance from export markets, the chief products of western Siberia are high-priced articles of small bulk, such as butter, eggs, bacon, minerals and furs. The rise of the dairy industry has been remarkable. Although the export of dairy produce to Europe only began in 1897, over 138,000 pounds of butter alone were shipped from Siberia during the year 1913. The Black Earth region is considered to be one of the finest agricultural belts. Excellent crops of wheat, oats and rye are raised, but are mostly consumed within the Empire. The chief products of the dry steppes are wool, hides and skins, and meat, since live-stock forms the principal wealth of the inhabitants. In central Siberia agricultural production is restricted to supplying local requirements, the distance from Europe prohibiting export. East of Lake Baikal, suitable farm lands are found in the sheltered valleys of the Amur River territory, nearly 200,000 square miles being capable of cultivation. The region around Vladivostok, however, is not especially adapted to agriculture owing to the presence of damp fogs from the sea, and it has been found necessary to import grain from Manchuria and overseas countries.

The value of the mineral output exceeds that of any other Siberian industry. Placer gold is present in nearly

every river and creek, the Lena deposits being especially rich. The difficulty of obtaining machinery has hindered the working of reef gold, but developments in this direction may be anticipated. The completion of the Amur Railway should greatly stimulate the production of gold in the Russian Far East. Silver is widely disseminated and copper deposits of great value have been proved in southwestern Siberia and near Lake Baikal. Coal is found in various parts of the country, and the rise in the price of wood has led to the exploitation of the mid-Siberian fields. Rich coal beds exist on the island of Sakhalin. Deposits of iron ore are found near coal fields in the mountainous districts, but are awaiting better transportation facilities for their profitable exploitation.

The enormous supplies of timber in the Siberian forest zone have been practically untouched, because of the absence of means of transport. It is estimated that there are 810,000,000 acres of timber land in Asiatic Russia, two-thirds of which are accessible for commercial purposes. Timber is being cut in order to supply local requirements and provide fuel for the railway. Siberian pine is already known on the European markets, but the long rail journey precludes an extensive export of timber from western Siberia at least for a number of years. In the Russian Far East timbering is carried on along the Amur River and its tributaries, and Siberian cedar (kedr) has been shipped from Vladivostok to the United Kingdom and Japan.

The fur trade was the earliest industry in Siberia. Although not so rich as formerly in the best qualities, the fur zone is still very productive and shows no signs of exhaustion. The products of the fur hunters are brought each autumn to the markets of Tobolsk, Irbit and Yakutsk and from thence are shipped to Europe to be made up into finished skins.

Fish is an important article of diet with the Russian and fishing is carried on throughout Siberia along the banks of the rivers and lakes and on the Arctic coast. Extensive shipment to European Russia is not possible owing to the lack of proper transport facilities. Local consumption may therefore be

said to account for the greater part of the 180,000,000 pounds annually supplied by the fisheries of Siberia. The growth of the salmon-canning industry on the Kamchatka peninsula and at the mouth of the Amur River is already attracting the attention of the fishing interests of British Columbia, the 1914 pack comprising a total of 137,000 cases of canned salmon.

#### THE SIBERIAN MARKET

The industrial development of Siberia is still in its infancy. Practically the only industries of importance are those which rely upon an abundant supply of cheap raw material, such as spirit distilling, flour milling, skin curing, leather making, etc. Outside of these and with a few notable exceptions such as a plough factory at Omsk, it may be said that the country is without manufacturing industries. Iron works and other specialised industries will undoubtedly be established in time but meanwhile the population of Siberia is dependent upon European Russia and outside countries for its supplies of manufactured articles. A considerable proportion of these supplies have in past years been obtained from Germany. The interruption to German exports as a result of the war has therefore created a shortage in many lines, and the opportunity is presented for other countries to become established in a large and growing market for almost all kinds of manufactured goods.

Canadian manufacturers should be favourably placed to take advantage of this opportunity, especially so far as eastern Siberia is concerned. Owing to the distance from Europe, the competition of German, British and Russian manufacturers is less keen in this part of Siberia than elsewhere. Attention has been drawn to the efforts of the government to colonize the territory east of Lake Baikal. Goods imported through the Russian ports on the Pacific are subject to a more liberal tariff arrangement than those entering the Empire by other routes. Moreover the trade position in the Russian Far East was particularly subject to German influences. The bulk of

supplies being imported by sea, the trade was a specialized business in the hands of a few firms. Several of the largest of these merchant houses were of German origin and they nearly all did a large trade in selling German goods. The desire to open up alternative sources of supply has led the Russians to look to North America, which is conveniently situated directly across the Pacific from Vladivostok. Canadians as allies should receive particularly favoured treatment on showing their desire to trade with the Russian Empire. As indicated above the advantage with regard to distance rests with the Canadian Pacific ports. Account should also be taken of the new economic factor involved in the opening of the Panama Canal. The manufacturers of eastern Canada will be able to utilise the facilities offered thereby on almost equal terms with their competitors in the United States.

#### PRODUCTS REQUIRED IN SIBERIA

A study of the table of imports through the Russian Pacific ports will not indicate a very large trade in any one line. It should be remembered, however, that the present business done is small as compared with the potential trade. Siberia is a developing country and the advantage will rest with those firms which are first in the field and are willing to await what the future will assuredly bring forth. The extent to which Canadian firms are in a position to supply the requirements of this market is governed largely by an important consideration mentioned above. It was pointed out that physically and with regard to natural resources, Siberia resembles Canada in many respects. In the matter of social conditions however the difference between the two countries is very marked. It follows therefore that Canadians should be better able to supply Siberia with those articles for which the demand is dependent more upon the physical and climatic conditions of the country than upon the customs and daily life of the people.

The primary industry of Asiatic Russia is agriculture. The demand for agricultural implements and machinery of various kinds therefore exceeds that for all other classes of goods. Canadian interests are represented at the principal centres, and this line has been the only considerable item of Canadian export to Siberia during recent years. The official dépôts which are maintained by the Government in the interest of settlers are the largest purchasers of these articles. The dairy industry of western Siberia has given rise to a large trade in dairy appliances, chiefly from Sweden. Other articles connected with farm operations, such as portable engines, pumps, wagons, feed grinders, etc., also find a considerable sale. The development of Siberian agriculture will probably follow along lines similar to what has taken place in certain parts of Canada, and most of the appliances used in this country will also be required in Siberia.

The country being still in the constructive stage of development, there is a market in Siberia for all kinds of builders' materials and equipment. Tools and materials for the construction of buildings, roads, harbour works and railroads will be required in increasing quantities as the resources of the country are developed. There should be an opening for heavy timber from British Columbia, for while there is much Siberian timber available, it is not always of the dimension or quality desired. Other articles of this class in demand include machinery and equipment for mining operations, logging and saw-milling and small unit flour-mill outfits.

With regard to household goods, suggested openings for Canadian trade comprise such articles as cheap iron bedsteads, stoves, wringers and washing machines, refrigerators, enamelled ironware and sewing machines. Heavy clothing of the type worn in Canada during the winter is required also throughout Siberia. There is practically no fruit grown in the Russian Far East. Vladivostok therefore offers a possible market for fresh apples and pears from British Columbia and for evaporated and canned apples from eastern Canada. The wholesale c.i.f. prices of American apples before the war

ranged from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per case. Tinned milk is another article of consumption imported in considerable quantities.

The above is a brief outline of the principal openings for Canadian trade with the Russian ports on the Pacific. The Siberian market is primarily a peasant market, and the important considerations are therefore the price at which articles are offered and their general utility for the purpose for which they are designed. In the aggregate, however, there is a large trade to be done and the possibilities for the future are great. Success in building up such a trade depends largely upon the degree with which the trader adapts his methods and production to the social and commercial conditions prevalent in the country to which he is exporting. It has been stated that there have been few opportunities for trade equal to that now presented by the situation in the Russian Empire. It is therefore hoped that Canadians will realise the significance of this opportunity, and will endeavor to take full advantage of their favourable position for trans-Pacific trade with Russia.

L. D. WILGRESS

## BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

### **SANDFORD FLEMING: Empire Builder.**

*Lawrence J. Burpee. Oxford University Press. 278 pages. \$3.50.*

A biography of Sir Sandford Fleming which appears within four months of his death (July 22nd, 1915), needs freeing from the suspicion of being compiled hastily. Mr. Burpee, in a preface, clears himself of this possible imputation by explaining that his work was begun some years ago, and that it was almost ready for publication at the time Sir Sandford passed away. We have then not a bit of journalism hurriedly thrown together, but a well matured sketch, thoughtfully conceived, and carried out with a care inspired by high personal regard and friendship of long standing. If worthy motives could ensure good biography, Sir Sandford had indeed been fortunate. Unluckily, in our judgment, Mr. Burpee seems to fall short of the better traditions of this form of literary workmanship; his sketch of the personal and more private side of Sir Sandford's career is in parts dull, banal, and too frequently not in the best taste. For this,—about which, of course, there may be difference of opinion,—he atones fully in his presentation of Sir Sandford's manifold public activities. Without ever reaching any pronounced quality of style, he maintains, nevertheless, an even, sober, readable narrative, well suited to the portrayal he had in view.

Sir Sandford Fleming, as a Canadian engineer of international reputation, well repays study. One of the many distinguished Scots who have been foremost in building up the Dominion, he is remembered by some for his professional work in planning the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways; by others as a Chancellor of Queen's University. Many will recall his association with scientific institutes and societies here; others, again, will not forget his advocacy of the standard time movement, and his long fought struggle to secure a British cable in the Pacific as part of an "all-red" line of communication within the empire. Mr. Burpee succeeds admirably in attributing to him the foresight of an empire builder, whose vision gained continually in force from being conceived in the concrete terms of railways and telegraphs.

In our much maligned Victorian era, it was inevitable that a Canadian reasoning concretely upon imperial responsibilities, should feel restive if in London his projects met with a cold and thankless recognition. A lack of sympathy, even though only apparent, does aggravate a feeling of detachment. As recently as 1900 we find a critic in a Canadian historical publication writing thus of Canada's alleged ill-treatment in the treaty of 1783: "When the wars [of England] are waged by Tory incompetence,

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and her peaces negotiated by Whig indifference, some one must suffer. Here Canada was the victim." This may not be good criticism,—in fact, it is obviously vicious,—but it represents a prevalent attitude from which Mr. Burpee himself is perhaps not altogether free; for at times he seems inclined to make Sir Sandford's career, without qualification, a reproachful commentary upon British indifference to Canadian imperial interests. As such, those who are interested in Canada's position in the empire will assess it for what it is worth, according to their own prejudices. If this biography reveals anything, it is the lack of a conscious direction within the empire, the absence of conscious purpose or theory in projecting development, the State so patently in the role of follower, not leader. Our empire builders, it would appear, exhaust half their thought and energy prodding slow-witted statesmen to action. We may be amused or annoyed at the Victorian apologists who affect to applaud the strength of character this is supposed to give to the empire builders; but we must decry its utter waste in the intellectual economy of our society. The achievements of a man like Sir Sandford Fleming were purchased at too great an expense in preliminary struggle and agitation; and one sees, regretfully to be sure, that the intellectual resistance to be overcome was too often on the other side of the Atlantic.

Sir Sandford's friends and contemporaries will be gratified to know that his life is published in this attractive volume at the hands of one who knew him and admired him intimately.

### THE PARADISE OF DANTE.

*Translated by C. L. Shadwell.* Pages, Int. 39; text and translation 509. Macmillan, 1915. 12s 6d.

In his *Ballade of a Reviewer* Mr. Chesterton laments that

.....gray with dust is Dante's crest,  
The bell of Rabelais soundless swings.

His own Gargantuan laughter must have startled that sleeping bell; and steady increase of Dante literature has at least disturbed the dust upon that crest unbowed. M. Finot has recently commented on the fact that the interest in Dante has greatly increased while that in other Italian writers has almost gone in the English-speaking world: a literary phenomenon deserving study.

Mr. Shadwell published his *Purgatory* in 1892. He had hit upon the beautiful Marvell stanza as an equivalent in weight, and a fair substitute in rime, for the unit of Dante's terza rima, which with its feminine endings is very hard to maintain in English for more than a brief tour de force. The experiment met with the approval of Walter Pater whose praise may be left as it stands for the Paradiso. . . . "a version singular in its union

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of minute and sensitive fidelity almost to the very syllables of the original, with that general sense of composure and breadth of effect which gives to the great medieval poem the air of a classic."

In 1899 Mr. Shadwell published his version of *The Earthly Paradise* (Purg. 28-33) with a long and weighty introduction by Professor Earl on the organic relation of these cantos to the rest of the *Commedia*. The present volume has a pleasant introduction by Professor Mackail dealing mainly with the difficulty of the transition from the *Purgatorio* to the *Paradiso*. This difficulty undoubtedly affects the translation which is less uniform than before. There will no doubt be always contrary opinions as to the success of this as of every translation, and the fitness of the Marvell stanza is matter for debate. But the experiment is a notable one, and many Dante readers new and old will be grateful for these comely volumes.

#### **CRIMINALS: A one-act Play about Marriage.**

*George Middleton. New York, B. W. Huebsch. 50c.*

This is, as the cover informs us, "an intimate study of marriage handled with delicacy and dignity and dealing specifically with a young bride's ignorance of the facts of life." The criminals are, of course, the parents who are responsible for that ignorance. With all deference to the authority of the psychologists and neurologists invoked by the author in his preface, most readers will probably be inclined to exclaim with the bride's mother: "I never knew there could be girls like Janet." But even granting the existence of such girls in sufficient numbers to lift their case above the abnormal, one cannot help feeling that the crisis in this play is unduly drawn out and rendered unnecessarily tragic by the mother's almost incredible incompetence in dealing with what is really a very simple case. Any mother outside a drama would have settled the matter in five minutes.

#### **ANOTHER BOOK ON THE THEATRE.**

*G. F. Nathan. New York, B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.*

A collection of reprints of dramatic or more strictly speaking theatrical criticisms. Some of the fifty or sixty topics dealt with are no doubt of permanent interest, and the critic's views are set forth in a trenchant and often very amusing manner. The author is an iconoclast of the most destructive type, and readers who enjoy this form of criticism will derive some instruction and a good deal of entertainment from a perusal of the book.

**SIX FRENCH POETS.**

*Amy Lowell. The Macmillan Company, Toronto, 1915. 488 pages. \$2.50.*

This is a book which will, for many readers (if one may dare use so hackneyed a phrase), "supply a long-felt want." It presents a survey of the work of the leading contemporary poets of established reputation in France, representing the generation that succeeded to Verlaine and Mallarmé and carried on their work. The author of the book is Miss Amy Lowell, a sister of the President of Harvard, and already well known as a poet and as a student and critic of modern French literature. Her books of verse *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* and *A Dome of Many Coloured Glass* are widely known, and entitle Miss Lowell to write of poets and poetry as one of the craft. The French authors dealt with in the volume are Albert Samain, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes, Paul Fort and Rémy de Gourmont whose recent death has elicited expressions of appreciation and regret wherever the literature of modern France is appreciated and admired. It is to be deplored that the work of these authors is so little known in America and Miss Lowell's book will serve a useful purpose in helping to bring her fellow citizens into contact with poetry already familiar to the whole of the educated public of France. Miss Lowell sees fit to include the Belgian poet Emile Verhaeren in her volume on the rather doubtful ground that he writes in French; she also attempts to make the work of her authors more intelligible to her readers by means of an appendix in which all the verse that is quoted in the book is translated into literal English prose. We should have thought that so cultivated a scholar as Miss Lowell would have known that the attempt to convey the spirit of poetry by literal translation into the prose of another language is doomed to failure. Those who cannot read French, cannot appreciate French poetry: Miss Lowell had better have left them in their ignorance.

**AFFIRMATIONS.**

*Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1915.*

This is a second edition, reprinted without alteration from the original work published in 1898. It is a collection of critical essays dealing with the life and work of Nietzsche, Zola, Casanova, Huysmans, and St. Francis. The connection between this variously assorted group is found in the bearing of their work on our fundamental conceptions of life and morality. Dr. Havelock Ellis deals here with their writings not purely as literature,—a thing which, as such, is rightly to be viewed apart from morality,—but in their bearing on life. Hence the title of the work. The discussion is intended to lead to the formulation of those "affirmations" or judgments which every man must needs make for himself on "the simple eternal

facts of life." Recent discussion has worn the subject of Nietzsche thin. But it is of interest to note that Dr. Ellis judges him to be the "man who made the most determined effort ever made to destroy modern morals." The essay on Casanova and his memoirs offers a singularly interesting treatment of an author now almost forgotten,—or perhaps never known,—in America.

#### LOUVAIN—891-1914.

*L. Noël, professeur à l'Université de Louvain. Oxford University Press, 1915. 238 pp. 3s 6d.*

The first anniversary of the Sack of Louvain gives, as Professor Noël says, an "actuality" to these pages. He writes to give the story of the university to a world already deeply moved with sympathy for its cruel and wanton fate. He traces the long and eventful history through all the vicissitudes of his much tried fatherland, to its close "in blood and fire and tears." His survey brings pride and hope as well as grief. He sees the university always steadfast in the faith, loyal in all things—holding fast to Aristotle, to Rome, to the Princes (except only where these were themselves faithless), to the nation. She it was who stemmed the tide of the Reformation and "decided the Catholic future of Belgium." When she shall be restored, her special work shall be "the reconstitution of the international law of Christianity" "in the cult of the Only Truth."

This is hardly the time or place to do more than just point out the wide divergence of M. Noël's views of what constitutes a university, from that held by most of his English-speaking readers. We who speak the tongue of Milton can accept no plea for a "cloistered" liberty. To Mr. Noël the only true freedom is that of catholicism. He has nothing but very hard words for the secular or state university: its professors are "functionaries" where "freedom" is "to disobey their conscience" and attack "the doctrines which save mankind, and the authorities which maintain those doctrines;" they are the instruments of "enslaved thought." Contrast "the medieval university—a city of spiritual liberty."

We can only add our respectful sympathy for a sister university, innocent victim of a vile fate; our thanks for this most interesting history; and our hope that Louvain will rise from her ashes, as she did nearly a century ago—if not to perfect freedom, yet to resume her long career of devotion to the ideals of her faith.

#### THE WAY OF MARTHA AND THE WAY OF MARY.

*Stephen Graham. Macmillan Company of Canada, 1915. \$2.00.*

This is the somewhat enigmatical title of a book which is mostly concerned with Russia and the East. The author is filled with a keen

enthusiasm for the Russian people and writes of them with warm sympathy. A quotation will make clear his point of view: "I told them my belief that Russia is the hope of Europe, that we are all looking to her, that she is the living East, the pole of mysticism, in opposition to America, the living West, the pole of materialism." He is very optimistic about the future of Christianity. "Perhaps 1,000 years hence," he says, "Christianity will have crystallized out, but as yet it is in the confused grandeur of youth." In Russia he finds Christianity still the living force which it has been before and can never wholly cease to be. He is equally devoted to the early Christianity of Egyptian saints and ascetics, spiritually the progenitors of the Byzantines and therefore of the Russians. "We make a mistake," he says, "when we talk of the dead past. It is a great religious truth that all that has ever lived, lives for ever." A visit to Egypt is an episode in the book, which however is mainly occupied with Russia. Those who wish to learn about Russia from one who knows it well, those who wish to be introduced to new aspects of life and faith, those who feel that their religious belief needs a quickening influence, should read this book. Moreover, the author possesses not only an intimate knowledge of his subject but also great literary power and the gift of pictorial and dramatic presentation.

The book ought to be of unusual interest to Canadians, who cannot fail to be attracted by its picturesque descriptions, its profound insight and its deep religious feeling.

#### FIRST RUSSIAN BOOK.

*Nevill Forbes, M.A. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1915.*

The publication of this book reminds us of the growing importance of the Russian language both to the commercial world and to the student of literature. The termination of the war will bring with it new conditions, and the hope may be expressed that the universities of Canada will make early provision for instruction in this language. This is not the place to enter into a detailed criticism of the above work. It may be said, however, that the name of Mr. Forbes is a guarantee of good work. The present volume of 216 pages, which does not include the Verb, is to be followed by two others; the second volume will deal with the Verb. This ought practically to complete the Grammar, but a third volume is also promised. It will be seen therefore that the total length is rather formidable, but the principle of numerous examples and lavish illustration is popular with many teachers of languages, and is in fact that followed in Riola's "How to Learn Russian." A comparison with this latter book may be deferred till Mr. Forbes' book is complete.