VOL. XIV., No. 4 MONTREAL DECEMBER 1915

# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED: FEBRUARY, APRIL, OCTOBER, DECEMBER

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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.

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

It is in contemplation to include in the December and succeeding numbers a book review section, under the management of Prof. S. B. Slack, in which notices will appear of such new books as may seem to deserve attention, especially those dealing with Canada and with Canadian and Imperial politics.

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

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

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

## TOPICS OF THE DAY

**THE EASTERN CRISIS** There are too many crowned heads in the Balkans. In olden days some of them might have been in danger of coming off. Unfaith and mutual distrust are bad enough between nations, but when individual monarchs claim the right to upset the apple-cart they invite reprisals. Russia's solemn warning to "Ferdinand the Coburger" will bear fruit later on: it is a question whether the end of the war will find him still seated on his Bulgarian throne. He belongs to the lesser breeds that lie. When he and his egregious Prime Minister assured Europe that Bulgarian mobilisation was being undertaken without any aggressive intent, they were lying in their throats. And William the Frightful knew that they were lying. The King of Greece may also come to realize the fact that the day of personal government and secret compacts between reigning monarchs is past, even in eastern Europe. It is his influence,—and that of the woman in the case,—that has made Greece a defaulter as regards its solemn obligations towards Serbia. Whether Greece or Serbia will suffer most in the end is what remains to be seen.

**NURSE CAVELL** The latest exhibition of German frightfulness is the judicial murder of Nurse Cavell in Brussels. Like the *Lusitania* horror it has resounded through the whole world, and has done more than anything else to open men's eyes to the true character of German "Kultur." Here was a woman who had devoted her efforts and energies to alleviating the sufferings of others,—including many wounded Germans; and when her own time of trouble came there was not one among the ruthless crew that tried and convicted her who would raise his little finger to stay the hand of German justice. She was executed, almost immediately after being sentenced, in the

coldest of cold blood. The charge on which she was convicted was that she had harboured British, French, and Belgian soldiers, and had assisted them to escape from Belgium; and it was only a personal appeal to the German Emperor from the Pope and the King of Spain that saved two French ladies from sharing her fate. No wonder the women of Great Britain have begun to band themselves together in a league whose members pledge themselves never again knowingly to buy anything of German origin. It may seem to be a poor form of retaliation, but it is all they can do. No doubt we shall hear the usual protests against such reprisals, made by men who do not seem to understand that, in the case of Germany, the punishment must be made to fit the crime, and that retaliation is the only medicine that will cure *until such time as the German people see fit to repudiate and disavow the horrors which their rulers have committed in their name.* Meanwhile the blood of his martyred sister is calling aloud for vengeance to every British youth capable of bearing arms.

**GERMAN DUPLICITY**

Fresh evidence comes to light from time to time,—and there is probably more to follow,—as to the responsibility of Germany for bringing about the war. It will be remembered that the ultimatum to Serbia has always been represented as a purely Austrian affair, with which Germany had no concern. When the Serbian reply came to hand, granting almost everything that Austria had asked for, it was made the subject of a diplomatic conversation at Berlin, in the course of which the German Foreign Secretary (von Jagow) professed to be so uninterested that he "had not had time to read it." Yet there has now been made public, as part of the correspondence between Austria and Italy, a despatch by the Austrian Foreign Secretary (Count Berchtold), in which he says, "We had, it is true, received the assurance from Germany that she would stand by our side if Russia should intervene."

This is one of the ways in which war can be "forced on Germany!" If Sir Edward Grey had walked into the trap

set for him in 1912, and if Britain had given in advance an assurance of unconditional neutrality in the event of war being so "forced," the German programme for 1914 would have come off without a single hitch.

**A CONTRAST** The true reason of German hate against England is that she would not accept the rôle which German diplomacy had assigned to her, and that she refused to give the Teuton aggressors a free hand in Europe. How different was the attitude of Berlin and London at the outbreak of the war! From the English point of view, too much attention cannot be directed to what one of the Cabinet Ministers (Rt. Hon. C. G. Masterman) has put on record in connection with the crisis. Speaking of the Cabinet conferences which were held continuously during the twelve days that preceded the war, he says, "It is breaking no Cabinet secret to assert that all the thought and passionate effort in the mind of every member was the preservation of European peace." And yet there are some individual Americans, with English (or Scottish!) names, who still insist on trying to "dance on the tight-rope." Take Mr. G. B. McLellan, for instance, of Princeton University. What he says is this: "whether one side or the other is right in this unfortunate war is, as far as we Americans are concerned, purely a matter of opinion." And Mr. McLellan is now a Professor, whatever may have been his previous history: he is a Professor who professes not to know!

**NEUTRAL RIGHTS AT SEA** The torpedoeing of the S.S. Ancona, and the fire in the Bethlehem Steel Works came opportunely to distract American attention from the Washington note on neutral rights. At the best it would have excited only a languid interest, though in British circles its contents will be discussed with courtesy and calmness. We know that any genuine hardship inflicted on neutral peoples by our naval policy will be adjusted without unnecessary difficulty or delay. True,

we are told by Washington that the British blockade has been "ineffective, illegal, and indefensible." That is the American way of stating things. When Mr. Bourke Cockran was in Montreal he said he would leave the question of the right or wrong of the war to posterity, whose judgement is "inevitable, impartial and inexpugnable." On our side we have Mr. T. G. Bowles, who refers to the American note as in many respects "ungenerous, unfair and uncandid." We are fighting for our lives, he says, and for the liberty of the world, and this is not a time for quibbling. Any departure on our side from previous usage is the obvious result of new conditions of naval warfare. You can't stop and search ships on the high seas now-a-days in the old leisurely way. If the submarine had been available during the American Civil war, the blockade of Southern ports would have been rendered ineffective. And then there is the lawlessness of the German pirates. Washington seems to forget that what Britain had to contend with was the "sink or swim" policy applied to all shipping in the so-called war zone, whether neutral or belligerent. As to any penalty for our alleged misdeeds, there is no danger of the United States "cutting off her industrial nose," so to speak, by putting an embargo on the export of goods, supplies and ammunition. The fact is that her people have come to realize that they lost the real opportunity of "championing the integrity of neutral rights" when they failed to offer any protest against the invasion of Luxembourg and Belgium. Even now when a submarine outrage occurs the United States government is interested only in the number of American lives lost. Britain is doing far more to champion neutral rights than America. It was this that brought her into the war. She has international lawyers of the highest repute, whose answer to the Washington note will no doubt be forthcoming in the fullness of time. Meanwhile our cousins must be good enough to remember that, especially in connection with a point which concerns not her interests only but those of all the countries with which she is in alliance, it is difficult for Great Britain to run a debating-society amid the roaring of cannon.

**INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH**

What is to become of the German universities after this war? No one will want to go to them from any of the allied countries now in arms against Germany, though they may continue to attract here and there a graduate student from the United States. This makes it all the more incumbent on us to expand and strengthen the work of the English-speaking Universities all over the Empire. They are in the limelight now because of the rôle they are playing and the sacrifices they are making in the common cause. In France, the Minister of Public Instruction said the other day that the task of the University is to make the whole country understand what it is fighting for: and thus "bringing its scientific training to clarify and its example to strengthen the national sentiment, to cherish and fortify it in an unshaken confidence and resolve." But there is more than that. The fruits of scientific research have been so obvious during the war, especially as applied to the testing of munitions and the provision of high explosives, that greater appreciation may be expected when the war is over of the services the Universities are capable of rendering in these and other directions. To say nothing of the vast field of medicine, surgery and public health, or of the problems connected with public administration and social betterment, or of the still larger issue of imperial organization, there are vast opportunities of usefulness in the sphere of industrial research. This was brought out at a notable conference recently held in Ottawa, where representatives of our Canadian Universities heard something as to the desirability of linking the work of their scientific laboratories with industrial and commercial needs. In order to be progressive, commerce and industry must rest on a sound basis of scientific knowledge. One of the most effective methods of bringing the scientific expert into touch with the manufacturer has been developed at the Mellon Institute at Pittsburg, whose work has just been made the subject of an educational pamphlet issued by the Board of Education in London. The problem is supplied by the factory, and when its exact nature has been defined the

Institute provides a research Fellow who devotes his whole time to the work, with the exception of three hours a week given to instruction in chemistry. Considering the new demands that will be made after the war along the line of industrial development and the avoidance of waste, our Canadian Universities cannot put too much energy into the effort to reproduce in Canada the conditions which the English educational authorities are now seeking to imitate from Pittsburg.

**AIRCRAFT**

Among the scientific problems with which we are confronted, and in regard to which our Universities ought to be able to give efficient aid, are those connected with aircraft. At the present moment our air service is playing a most important part in nearly all our operations in Flanders. To show that our University men at the front are alive to the vital necessity of developing this service, the following citations may be made from a communication received from a Canadian graduate serving in the Royal Flying Corps:—

"If there is one principle which more than any other has been indisputably proved by the experience of the war to date it is that speed, power to manoeuvre, and climbing power are the salient points of the successful aeroplane in war. Size, the number of personnel, and the offensive and defensive armament are subsidiary, and indeed of no avail without the other qualities. The enemy can build as many of his great "Battle-planes" as he likes, but as long as our machines can out-climb, out-speed, and out-manoeuvre these, as they have invariably done to date, his energy has been wasted. He will no doubt realize this and will set about making good his deficiencies. Although our present position is satisfactory we must not remit our efforts for a moment, because in the phase of the war now not far distant, aeroplanes will be of double the importance they are even now.

"It is no exaggeration to state that when the dead-lock in the West gives place to a battle of movement, a primary

consideration of success will be the command of the air. With our present knowledge of the functions of aeroplanes, it will be possible to paralyze enemy movements, provided we possess the same advantage over him as we do at present. Indeed there is no reason why the present advantage should not be increased. The principles on which we are working are sound, and the output of new and improved machines promises to be satisfactory. But in this branch even more than in any other, there is no room for amateur or non-technical interference; and ill-formed criticism in the Press and in the House should be prevented by more general education on the lessons of the War, and the principles of success in war aircraft. The logical deduction from the experience of the Royal Flying Corps during the past twelve months of hostilities is that with sufficient development along present lines the Flying Services may hasten immeasurably the great turning point in the campaign in the West."

W. P.

**EDITH CAVELL LEAGUE**

A few weeks ago at a meeting held at Morin College a number of the most influential women of the city of Quebec formed themselves into an organization to be known as the *Edith Cavell League.* The society is not only intended to perpetuate the memory of the devoted woman whose name it bears. It is to do more than that. It proposes to keep the public of Canada in perpetual memory of the fact that the German nation have proved themselves of such a character that neither now nor hereafter, neither in war nor in peace, should we ever allow ourselves to have any dealings with them. The members of the league are pledged to abstain for ever from purchasing or using German-made goods.

Here is a movement which cannot be too highly commended and which, one may hope, will spread far and wide in the Empire and in the allied countries. It offers the surest method in the long run of breaking the power and controlling the ambitions of the German people. Of the justice of such

a policy there can be no doubt. The blood-guiltiness of the German people, as a people, has been proved beyond the possibility of denial. The murderers of Liège and Dinant, their arms red to the elbow with the blood of women and children, the assassins that watched unmoved the appalling death of the women of the Lusitania and who beat back into the water with savage derision the drowning victims of the Ancona,—these are not exceptions,—these are the true types, these are the real people of Germany. Every wanton act that the murderers have perpetrated has met its full measure of applause in the German press. The women of Berlin and Hamburg illuminated their houses in exultation over the horrors of the Lusitania.

It may be urged that the movement comes too soon, that such an agitation should not be initiated till after the war. This is wrong. The time for such a movement is now. The moment peace is declared commercial interests spring into being. Shiploads of German toys, "made by murderers," are ordered by Canadian firms for the children of Canada. Vested interests are created and clamour for consideration. Our legislature is hampered in its action by the protests of the importer who has ordered German goods. If the exclusion movement takes form and strength now, the importer will hesitate before he embarks his money on the chances of renewed trade with Germany.

The only real fault to be found with the Cavell movement is that it does not go far enough. What we need is not merely the exclusion of German trade but the exclusion, once and forever, of the German people. They are not fit settlers for a Christian country. We exclude, and rightly enough, in the interests of racial unity, the Chinaman and the Hindu. No one, no sane person, would attempt to place the average German on the moral level of the average Chinaman. After the Lusitania, it cannot be done. We need for this country after the war a policy of absolute exclusion not only of German exports, but of that most pernicious of all the exports of Germany, its men and women.

**NEW LABOUR LEGISLATION** A movement has recently been set on foot in Canada for the establishment by the Dominion Government of what is designated as "Free Public Labour Bureaux Department." A petition asking for such a Bureaux Department has been presented to the House of Commons and to the Senate and circulars sent out to all the members of parliament, purporting to state the case in favour of the proposed legislation. Representations have also been made to McGill University, and probably to other Canadian colleges, urging that the universities and their professors should lend their influence in aid of the new movement.

On the face of it the proposal is intended to alleviate unemployment by establishing, at the expense of the public, a number of offices, which will serve as what are called "clearing houses for labour." It is proposed that all working people who are out of employment shall register their names at these offices and that all employers in need of men shall be able at once and without delay to draw upon the supply thus indicated. We have no means of knowing what particular persons or what particular interests are controlling and financing the movement in favour of the scheme. It may be that it has been set on foot from the best of motives and with the single-minded purpose of alleviating the destitute. On the other hand it may be that it has not. Such a proposal has evidently two aspects to it. Viewed in one light it aids in relieving unemployment,—a social service which cannot be too highly commended and for which the public at large may well consent to be taxed. But in its other aspect the same scheme may be perverted to be nothing more than a method of offering to the capitalist employer of labour a ready means,—paid for by the public and sanctified by a bogus morality,—of breaking the strength of labour unions and forcing down the rate of wages. The "Bureaux Department" can easily become the ready tool of the strike breakers. The employer whose men refuse the wage that he offers has only to telegraph to the nearest public labour bureau and he will

receive "by return post" a full supply of out-of-work artisans, recruited and transported at the public charge, to take the place of the employees that he dismisses. Such a scheme has in it the power of obliterating all the progress that has been made by organized labour during half a century.

The great danger in a prosperous and apathetic commonwealth such as ours is that grave social legislation in promotion of a class interest, may be adopted through the efforts of the ignorant and benevolent outsider. It is well that the public should be cautioned that the present proposal is not one to be adopted without serious examination.

S. L.

**PEACE TALK**

Prince von Bülow may or may not intend to use Switzerland as the headquarters of a German propaganda for peace. If the report be true it discloses a notable symptom. But at this point the interest of the Allies will end, for while Germany holds Belgium and Poland no terms which she could conceivably suggest would receive the slightest attention. Distinct proof of this statement will be found not only in the Guildhall speeches but in the remarkable manifesto which was issued a few weeks ago by the French League. Among all the splendid documents which the war has inspired none surpasses in force or cogency this statement by Professor Lavisse regarding the nature of the French resolve and the grounds upon which it rests.

In a war of exhaustion it is a question of nerves even more than of sinews. Joffre's *sang froid* has been worth ten army corps, and to accentuate the value of staying qualities Lavisse exalts patience as the sovereign virtue. For France to-day it is what audacity was in the time of Danton. No word is, or could be, said to impugn the *morale* of the French nation, or to place it under suspicion. Yet, "patience," says Lavisse, "is the virtue of the non-combatant, and it is his weapon—a weapon of defence against the men and women who reiterate their

insupportable 'It seems that—' and 'They say—,' and against the weakening favourable to selfish suggestions that may lead far those who do not feel their infamy."

As the prop and buttress of an invincible patience Lavisse presents the alternative to victory, basing his statement upon the exact language of Pan-German demands. To authenticate these in their plain terms he takes a text from the secret memorial which was presented to the Imperial Chancellor some months ago by the Agriculturists' League, the German Peasants' League, the Provisional Group of German Peasants' Christian Association, the German Manufacturers' Central Union, the Manufacturers' League, and the Union of the Middle Classes of the Empire. These representative bodies urged the government to retain Belgium; to deprive France of her coal and iron; to dispossess the French inhabitants of the annexed region; to appropriate the French colonies, because otherwise England would take them; to impose a heavy war indemnity; and to give the Third Republic the boundaries which West Francia possessed after the Treaty of Verdun in 843. "To withdraw," says Lavisse, "behind the Somme and the Meuse would be to go backwards one thousand and seventy-two years. France mutilated and bled thoroughly, and enfeebled, would live the miserable remainder of her life under the hegemony of Germany, who would direct her labour, teach her to work as she says—and even teach her 'to think.' We should be the Kaiser's tributaries—we—France; and we—France—would be subjects, worse than that, serfs of the Kaiser."

While words like these are not needed either to spur France forward or to confirm her resolution, they have an unmistakable significance as coming from Lavisse. The historian of Frederick the Great, he knows Prussia; but of far greater importance is the fact that an investigator so calm in spirit as he has always shown himself to be should now give the nation a message which breathes undying defiance. With Lavisse at the head of the French League stands General Pau. A manifesto issued over such names will reach the whole

nation and help it to keep the great objective in full view, undimmed by mists of doubt or suspicion. The France of Joffre does not exclaim, "*Nous sommes trahis.*" It nibbles and is cheerful until there comes a moment like September 6th, 1914, or September 25th, 1915. Then it goes forward in the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc.

**THE BALKANS**

While Lavisse is urging the French to lay hold upon patience, the same virtue might well be recommended to those who of late have been blaspheming Sir Edward Grey. The critic on the hearth finds it easy to blame the diplomatic bungling of the Allies in the Balkans. But what does this amount to? The Bulgarians after a long spell of watchful waiting interpreted the expulsion of Russian armies from Galicia and Poland to mean that the Central Powers were more than a match for the Tsar. We, of course, think they made a bad guess when they picked the Germans for final victors, but Sir Edward Grey had no control over the events which determined Bulgaria's action. A few Russian successes in July and August might have given him enough leverage to keep Bulgaria neutral, or even to bring her into the camp of the Allies. Failing these he had little to work with. Ferdinand of Coburg probably has given less time to reading Mahan's work on sea-power than to studying the campaigns of Moltke and Hindenburg.

While the expulsion of the Russians from Galicia and Poland could not easily be explained away, our diplomatists have been handicapped by another fixed condition. We are conducting war with a regard to decency, and *ex hypothesi* may not do the things which have brought down upon Germany the execration of mankind. For example, it was not possible for us to rescue Serbia via Salonica by acting as though we could make Greece our highway. The Allies champion the rights of small states, and only by abandoning their declared principles can they avoid the risk of being put at a disadvantage, if a ruler like the King of Greece wishes to interpret his treaty obligations as he likes. It has been most fortunate for our record that we went to Salonica with the

consent of Venizelos, if not at his instance. No one can watch without anguish of spirit the struggles of Serbia against such dreadful odds, or can wish our Foreign Office to refrain from bringing to bear upon Greece all legitimate diplomatic pressure, but obviously we could not and cannot go to the length of treating Greece as Germany treated Belgium.

Dr. Dillon warns England not to trust King Constantine, and quite apart from inside information thus conveyed, the Allies seem to be under little temptation to trust him. Not improbably it may prove that feminine devices have bound him, or even enslaved him, to Potsdam. On the other hand, even if he were a free agent sincerely working for his country's welfare he might still find ground for hesitation and delay in the plight of the Greeks who are still subject to the Turk. Mr. Bouck White, having returned to New York from Constantinople, says that "a premature declaration of war on the part of Greece would expose a million of her people to a massacre such as is destroying Armenia." Apparently the fortunes of Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey, together with their lives, hang by a thread. However inarticulate the Turks may be, they long for peace, and might strike to get it if our troops were felt to be on the way toward Tchataldja. There can be no doubt whatever that the Greeks in Turkey are filled with the greatest foreboding. From the standpoint of the Greek government this aspect of the situation cannot be made a party matter. Even if Venizelos prevailed over the King he would have the Greeks of Smyrna and Constantinople on his conscience.

Meanwhile Serbia seems about to suffer the doom which overtook Naboth the Jezreelite. Ahab could not have been more deliberately covetous than Austria, with her eyes ever turned southward toward the vista of the Morava Valley. There is this difference, however, that Serbia will take a good deal more killing than Naboth, since though she may be crushed politically for the moment it will hardly prove practicable to exterminate all the Serbians. The race which has cherished the ballad of Kossovo for more than five hundred

years has a good memory, and is not without friends. No struggle like that now raging among the hills which separate the Morava from the Vardar has been seen in Europe since the Ostrogoths made their last stand against Narses. And while we may say *absit omen*, these words must not be spoken in despair, for there shall yet be a Greater Serbia with her window on the Adriatic!

C. W. C.

# VITA BREVIS

## I

Soul, if indeed the dead do not arise
Drink and lie down. There 's nought required of thee.
If Shelley is but ash beside the sea,
And Homer bide forever with blind eyes,
If for tall Hector not a sea-breath sighs
On the gray plain, if Shakespeare's laugh be broken
In a little dust, and all his sweet words spoken,
If Beatrix look no more from Paradise,—

If this be so, O Soul, cast out thy fears,
Worship of women and high pride of men,
The sad, the brave, the pure, the sacrificed.
They are one with death and thee, not worth thy tears.
Yea, even thy grief is vain if Magdalen
Kisses no more the silver feet of Christ.

## II

Once more our halcyon by the watercress
Flashes his sapphired sheathing, and once more
The partridge suns along the little shore;
Each silvered morning sees one rose the less,
One gold flake filch'd from out the poplar's dress,
All fall'n, all passing, making room for those,
Bird unbegotten and unbudded rose,
New wings, new leaves, new-risen loveliness.

All the earth gave, again the earth shall take.
Blessed is she. Life falls to her like snow.
Grave is she, grave and mother, slayer and spouse.
But suns were built in heaven for thy sake.
Thou also shalt go home; perhaps shall know
Great laughters greet thee from thy Father's House.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

# THE DAY AFTER CONFEDERATION

WHEN a long life which has been spent in public service closes amid peace and honour one can only feel that the end crowns the work. So it has been with Sir Charles Tupper, and much as we may regret the fact that his robust patriotism will no longer stir a younger generation by the force of the living voice, there remains the memory of a career which, filled with effort for large causes, stretched far beyond the allotted span.

Such a death establishes a landmark. Almost half a century after Confederation the band of those who wrought that great work has lost its last survivor. The massive chain of historical continuity is not broken, for it can never break, but none the less a link seems to have snapped. Preoccupied with thoughts of war, alternating between agonies and exaltations, we enter an era in which Canada can no longer be content to make domestic politics the centre of her solar system. Looking out upon a new horizon, we ask chiefly what changes the near future may bring in the constitution of the British Empire, and what may be the nature of those duties which year by year are thrust upon us more imperatively through the narrowing of the world. But while in this crisis the forward glance is more compelling than any retrospect can be, the advent of a new period enables us the better to adjust our mental relations towards the generation which pivoted upon 1867. Now that they are all gone—Macdonald and Brown, Cartier and Galt, Tilly and Cartwright, Howe and Tupper—we can begin to see their work not only in the perspective which is a legacy of time, but in the strong light which is shed upon a past era by the dawn of new conditions and fresh problems.

Besides helping us to adjust our point of view, the flight of time enables us to study the period of Confederation with

the help of ever increasing materials. The records of debate and resolution have, of course, been available from the first, but it is only as biographies and autobiographies begin to emerge that we are put in possession of the intimate thoughts which swayed the alliances of political leaders and determined their decisions. Pope's "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald" was published in 1894, and at intervals ever since there have appeared like volumes which add considerably to our knowledge of the Confederation movement, and very considerably to our interest in it. Without disparagement to others, four works from this body of literature may be named as dealing either with Confederation or with the decade which followed it. These are Lyall's "Life of Lord Dufferin"; Boyd's "Sir George Etienne Cartier"; Sir Richard Cartwright's "Reminiscences"; and Sir Charles Tupper's "Recollections of Sixty Years." The foregoing titles might, indeed, have been placed at the head of the present article, were it not for one reason. To assail the reader with a bibliography is well enough in the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*, where writers are treated by an indulgent editor to the latitude of fifty pages, but in this much less ambitious paper there will be no formal criticism of successive works. Though the subject with which it deals is well worthy of exhaustive treatment, nothing exhaustive can be attempted here. It must be enough to mention these books as throwing fresh light collectively upon the political conditions that prevailed in Canada during the first years which followed Confederation.

Each age has its problems, and our own are as complex as any; but on the day when Parliament first met at Ottawa the conditions were distinctively experimental. The more sanguine doubtless looked forward to a future so prosperous that soon no one could question the wisdom of those who had fought for union. Others who were endowed by nature with a more chastened optimism felt that at least the political situation could be no worse than it had been. There remained a few irreconcilables to whom the arguments of Christopher Dunkin had brought conviction. In their eyes Confederation

was all a mistake, and would be followed by discords which might even disturb the public peace. The English Reform Bill of 1867 was called by Lord Derby "a leap in the dark." In the same year Canada took a step which a large majority of the people looked upon as an act of constructive statesmanship, but which to the minority seemed only a leap in the dark. To optimist and pessimist alike the new era held out a prospect of abundant novelties.

Now in what spirit did the public men of Canada approach the multifarious problems which came in the train of Confederation? Does the history of the Dominion during its first decade disclose statesmanship, or only the selfish manoeuvring of party leaders? To what extent does the opposition of parties represent a clash of principles? Does any one care a fig for principles, or is it the mastering aim of the party leader to invent a policy which can be set before the electors with a good prospect of securing the necessary votes? To questions of this character let us address ourselves rather than to the details of biography.

First of all, we must recognize the existence of large problems and of conspicuous individual talent. The Confederation Debates and the first volumes of Hansard both make very creditable exhibits. While in form the best of these speeches are conspicuously better than the next best, signs of thoughtfulness abound even in efforts which are rhetorically defective. If few among these debaters had read Aristotle's "Politics," many possessed the parliamentary instinct and felt pride in being called upon to frame organic laws. As for real problems, they existed in luxuriant abundance:—race and religion; relations with the United States after the denunciation of the Reciprocity Treaty; the determination of exact boundaries between federal and provincial rights; the policy to be observed in prosecuting public works, especially railways and canals; the whole gamut of tariff controversy; the expedients to be tried in destroying sectionalism and begetting a national cast of mind. Fortunately absent from this list were the strife of the poor against the rich, and any

sign of propaganda which indicated that Canadians were discontented with their place in the British Empire.

Thus we may take it for granted that just after Confederation Canadian public life possessed several of the elements which make for distinction in national politics: the native capacity of party leaders, a quite adequate supply of large issues, and full opportunity through the medium of free and federalized institutions to disclose and develop such aptitudes for the nobler conduct of self-government as the community possessed.

Such were some of the obvious advantages, but with the high-lights there were also some strong shadows, particularly visible to outsiders. If proof of this statement is required it will be found in the private communications of Lord Dufferin to Lord Kimberley, as well as in the numerous writings of Goldwin Smith. We have long known what Goldwin Smith thought of Canadian politics, but it was only ten years ago that Sir Charles Lyall disclosed the intimate opinions of Lord Dufferin on certain well known incidents.

Dufferin arrived in Canada at the end of June, 1872, and almost exactly a year later L. S. Huntingdon brought forward the charges which precipitated the Pacific Scandal. This is not the place to investigate the details of that affair, or to describe the part which Dufferin was called upon to play in it through the exercise of his constitutional functions. At the same time no candid investigator can bring himself to suppress the passages in which, protected by the privilege of personal correspondence, Dufferin says what he thinks. Here are two brief excerpts which will answer as well as any. Writing to Lord Kimberley toward the close of 1873 Dufferin says:

"I have been very much bored and worried, and it is vexatious being dragged into such a dirty quarrel: and I regret coming into collision with any section of my Canadians. But I don't think their ill-humour will last long, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of showing them that however anxious I am to be gracious and civil I don't care a damn for any one when a matter of duty is involved."

But Dufferin's directness of statement was not wholly reserved for his private communications to the Colonial Secretary. While acquitting Sir John Macdonald from all charge of having accepted bribes, he writes to him thus:—

"It is still an indisputable and patent fact that you and some of your colleagues have been the channels through which extravagant sums of money, derived from a person with whom you were negociating on the part of the Dominion, were distributed throughout the constituencies of Ontario and Quebec, and have been applied to purposes forbidden by the statutes."

The phenomena which thus came to the attention of Lord Dufferin in his official capacity were also discussed with great frankness by Goldwin Smith. To many this name is still anathema, but there can be no doubt that both by knowledge and sincerity Goldwin Smith was well qualified to express an opinion upon current politics. His usefulness may have been impaired by prejudice and prepossession. To some extent he may have seen the public life of Canada through a false medium. From having accepted a political ideal that could only be achieved through a fundamental change in the constitution, he may have selected his facts somewhat capriciously. But beyond the measure of other observers who were then resident in Canada, he possessed standards of comparison, and at this time of day no one can question his honesty of purpose. Though the future may prove him to have been quite wrong as the advocate of a particular programme, he was a true patriot in the sense that he longed to advance the greatness of the English race.

With a courage which sometimes approached pugnacity, Goldwin Smith returned again and again to the shortcomings of Canadian politicians. Writing fifteen years after Confederation, he asserts in the following words that the federal analogy in Canada has no bearing upon Irish Home Rule.

"Does Canadian Home Rule, then, mean the relation of the Provinces, with their Local Legislatures and Governments, as members of the Federation to the Dominion Parliament?

This arrangement in the case of Canada was not a matter of choice but of necessity; it was adopted because French Quebec, jealous of its curious nationality and of its special code, would not have consented to a legislative union, a fact evidenced by the strange division of jurisdiction which assigns criminal law to the Dominion, civil law to the Provinces. Nor can it be said that the success is complete. The fusion of the Provinces has made little if any progress; the forces of antagonism have been called into action among them almost as much as the forces of union; to hold them together, so as to form a basis for government, the party leaders are obliged to employ very equivocal means. There has been a great development of faction and corruption, a vast increase of the expense of government and of the public debt. Nor is the Confederation by any means free from disputes, or even from dangerous disputes, between the Governments of the Provinces and that of the Dominion. Mr. Justin McCarthy seems to think that Canada is indebted for her prosperity to her politics and politicians. About as much as her potato fields are indebted for their yield to the Colorado beetle. Such a measure of prosperity as she enjoys she owes to the energy, good sense, and thrift of a Saxon yeomanry, giving its mind to husbandry and not to the memory of the wrongs suffered by its ancestors under the Normans."

One could easily multiply passages to the same effect from the books of Goldwin Smith, and also from his contributions to the magazines. But further quotation is unnecessary. When one has said that a politician is like a potato bug, language refuses to be more explicit.

Such comments upon Canadian politics as these from Lord Dufferin and Goldwin Smith may well seem worthy of attention. In fact they cannot be diregarded by any one who is not a mere embroiderer of phrases. During the decade which followed Confederation money was confessedly used in the elections, and no one can doubt that it was used by both parties. To what extent did this practice, forbidden by the statutes, impair the tone of public life ? Were members

of parliament in the main honest, or were they in the main grafters? The question must be approached in this way if we are to preserve any sense of proportion. Under both democracies and despotisms those in office have always been tempted to act from a sense of selfish interest rather than of national welfare. Sometimes the consideration takes the crude and vulgar form of money. Sometimes it wears the guise of titles, which confer social distinction. In rarer cases it may simply be the opportunity to exercise power—for to strong natures power may mean more than wealth or decorations. Recognizing these distinctions, there is only one real criterion by which we can judge the public life of a given era: Is it, in essentials, marked by venality or by patriotism?

Now, an arduous task awaits the writer who sets out to show that the authors of Confederation forthwith proceeded to enrich themselves from the spoils of their country. He will be faced by Goldwin Smith's direct denial of this charge. The same man who disparaged Canadian politicians as a whole, absolved them from the imputation of accepting bribes, or of pillaging the national domain to make themselves millionaires. The passage already quoted appeared in 1882. Writing in 1891 Goldwin Smith says: "It has been asserted on the strength, it would seem, of some highly official information that in Canada scandals of corruption are almost unknown. If by this it is meant that few Canadian politicians take money for themselves, and that wealth amassed by corruption is rare among them, the statement is perfectly true, and it is equally true of the politicians in the United States, about whose illicit gains very exaggerated notions prevail. As a rule politicians in both countries live and die poor, and, considering what they have to go through, it is wonderful that the attraction of politics should be so strong. But otherwise, it is from the scandal, not from the corruption, that we are free. The pity is the greater because, if ever a community was by its national character qualified for elective institutions it was that of the farmers of Canada. Political morality, and to some extent general morality with it, has

been sacrificed to the exigencies of an artificial combination of provinces, and of an isolation of those provinces from their continent, which is equally artificial."

If, then, we may accept the conclusions of this outspoken and hostile critic, the element of corruption in Canadian politics was negligible as regards individual politicians, and manifested itself through the means which party leaders employed to control the electorate. In other words, though Canada might have her Old Sarums she did not conspicuously have her Henry Foxes.

It would be begging the question to go off at this point into a panegyric of Sir John Macdonald and Alexander Mackenzie, on the ground that in all transactions they remained above suspicion of having drawn private profit from a public trust. Mackenzie was almost aggressively incorruptible, and though Macdonald's virtue seemed less austere, it was no less genuine. This fact, however, should not be placed so much in the foreground as to intercept all view of electoral corruption. Since this defect existed, we are bound to consider its character, its extent and the degree of its maleficence.

One need not throw morals overboard in considering things comparatively, and indeed it is only through comparison that we can tell how far the electoral standard was lowered in Canada during the three Parliaments which followed Confederation. There is, of course, the criterion of absolute excellence, to be reached in the golden days when all men's good shall be each man's rule. Meanwhile, certain historical landmarks help us to distinguish the degree in which departure is, or has been, made from wholesome canons. Thus, at least, we are enabled to chart the stream of tendency prior to dredging a better channel.

No more useful counsel of perfection could have been adopted by the Dominion of Canada in its infancy than the resolve to conduct its elections as decently as English elections were conducted in 1867. Even so, there would have been some decline from the absolute standard—witness the con-

ditions which prevailed at Beverley when Anthony Trollope tried to secure the suffrages of that constituency (1868). But during the interval between the First Reform Bill and the Second Reform Bill great improvement had taken place—an improvement so great that the new Dominion would indeed have been fortunate could it have begun level with the Mother Country. Two circumstances militated against such a happy consummation. In a sparsely settled country of vast distances there was no well organized, highly educated minority which could check the tendency to render electoral methods "practical." And secondly, the constituencies were still small enough to render the bribable element a known quantity. Sir Richard Cartwright in his "Reminiscences" states that even in the days of open voting, prior to Confederation, there was much less direct bribery than has been supposed; and also that conditions have greatly improved since he was first elected to Parliament in 1863. Although elections were expensive, a large part of the money, he says, remained in the pockets of the agents, and never reached the voters. The "great bulk of the electors" he acquits wholly from suspicion of being open to corrupt influences. "I am quite sure," he continues, "that by far the larger number were as firmly devoted to their political party as the members they sent to Parliament, and these last, whatever their other faults may have been, were most surprisingly staunch to the side they had chosen."

It would be well worth while to sift the evidence on this point more thoroughly than has yet been done; but provisionally, at least, we may accept Cartwright's opinion that where party spirit ran so high those who sold their votes were only "a certain percentage of loose characters." Though his statement applies to 1863 the conditions had not changed materially at the date of Confederation. The voters were still a yeomanry, who, for the most part, prized their partisanship far above a five dollar bill. In not a few cases the more prosperous farmers assisted their candidate to meet his election expenses. The battle of the polls was the greatest

excitement which entered into rural life, and public opinion permitted the purchase of such votes as were for sale.

Did the share which party leaders took in corruption of this sort debase their principles and destroy their sense of public duty? Electoral corruption is always a disease, and should never be thought of as a peccadillo; but in some cases countries recover from it, whereas in other cases they are destroyed. To what extent did statesmanship suffer from this cause during the first days of the Dominion?

Broadly speaking, one can only express the belief that in both parties men of cabinet rank prized their careers more than they did money, and that the majority would have sacrificed their careers rather than jeopardize the safety of the new federation. This view will not recommend itself to those who look upon Sir John Macdonald as a political wrecker, but of such the number tends constantly to dwindle with the extinction by death of ancient personal resentments. To write a spirited pamphlet about the events of 1873 is not a matter of any great difficulty, and one always feels better after he has aligned himself on the side of the angels. Indeed he is entitled to feel well if the alignment is sincere and not merely factious or rhetorical. But to approach the complex personality of Sir John Macdonald in a spirit of invective is to create a mood which is incompatible with the right estimate of what happened in Canada during a very difficult period. Only those avoid mistakes who do nothing, and if Macdonald can be put in the pillory for failing to rely wholly on prayer in the conduct of his elections, he had much to show for his stewardship besides a vulgar chronology of years in office.

When discussing this subject of motive one singles out Macdonald for two reasons. By virtue of success in leadership he looms above all his contemporaries at Ottawa; and moreover the Canadian people did not continue to accept him as Prime Minister under any misapprehension. He was before them for a very long period, and the country had a full opportunity to determine for itself whether or not his policies were dictated by a sense of public needs. He is thus representative,

both from personal prominence and from the fact that the constituencies, by so often reaffirming their confidence, gave a deliberate sanction to the course which he pursued. Unless it is possible to fool the people all the time, Canada may be said to have set a seal of approval upon Macdonald's chief purposes—not necessarily upon everything he did, but upon his work in the main. There are some who think that he capitalized patriotism for the benefit of the Conservative party. At any rate he was thought to be a good Canadian, who knew a great deal about the art of government and would scorn to grow rich in public service.

Goldwin Smith was less scandalized by the lack of principle in Canadian politics than by the absence of principles. Searching for a recognition of large ideas, he discovered only party spirit and the devices of management. Now a discussion of this point may serve to bring out some of the conditions which existed in Canada just after Confederation, with the incidental result of suggesting a standard by which to measure the motives and statesmanship of that period.

Both as human types and as political theorists, Goldwin Smith and Sir John Macdonald were polar opposites. Their circumstances also differed completely, since the one looked at the maelstrom of politics from a distance, while the other was often swimming for his life amid the whirlpool. "Above all nations is humanity" is the inscription which Goldwin Smith placed on a bench at Ithaca. He also had reached the conclusion that the creation of the United States was the greatest work of the English race. As an Englishman and a Liberal he sought to hasten the operation of manifest destiny by becoming the apostle of a political union between the United States and Canada. Such a union followed by harmonious co-oporation between the England of Europe and the England of America was his conception of the *summum bonum*. The follies of George III and Lord North thus buried, the cause of freedom throughout the world would rest on a broad basis, and Chatham's dream of Empire would be fulfilled in spirit if not in the letter.

With such a vision before his eyes, Goldwin Smith saw only the obstacles which geography had placed in the way of Confederation, and insisted upon studying the map vertically. Likewise he despised the petty, rule of thumb methods, which were employed by Ottawa politicians in their attempt to confute nature by provincial subsidies, the construction of railways through the wilderness, and the establishment of protective duties. Unwilling to look broad continental facts fairly in the face, they were content to dwell in a lobby, where by perpetual bargaining, log-rolling, compromise and corruption, the discordant interests of distant provinces were kept from destroying the Dominion. Nowhere could principle be seen; only patchwork legislation and personal management.

In sharp antithesis to Goldwin Smith, who worked through books and essays and editorials, stood Macdonald, who worked through direct contact with men. No one knew better than he the number and nature of the difficulties that must be mastered before the Dominion of Canada could become a well-knit state. But whatever his earliest attitude toward Confederation, he had now nailed his colours to the mast. The union of the provinces was to be made a success if patience, tact, compromise and management could hold the bones in place until they had grown together. Macdonald's willingness to compromise and his dependence upon management have often been placed in the catalogue of his defects; but if it be granted that the Dominion of our own day is worthy to exist, Canada was fortunate to have had at a pinch one who could persuade the Castors and the Orangemen not to fly at each others' throats, who could keep the Bluenoses from talking annexation because they had been cheated, and who knew how to impress upon his followers the fact that only by mutual tolerance could the new constitution be made to function.

One perhaps can go even farther. Superficially, it must be admitted, Macdonald was not an idealist. Or, at least, he was not an idealist as language is most often employed. Yet he possessed imagination in abundance, and at the depths of

his political consciousness was one fixed purpose. While he wished to keep himself at the head of a dominant, well-organized party, he was resolved that first, last and always his party should be ranged on the side of a close connection with the Mother Country. What to Goldwin Smith was folly, to Macdonald was gospel. For him all the implications of *British* North America were retained within the name *Canada*. Hence despite his barterings and half measures he was not destitute of idealism. Ever before his mind were large objectives towards which he shaped his course with Scottish diligence and tenacity. One was to keep his party strong; the other was to make Canada a harmonious unit, which would add strength to the British Empire.

For support at both points he could have appealed to Burke, who in "Thoughts on Present Discontents" wrote the classical defence of party, and who in his speech on "Conciliation with America" not only sounded the trumpet of imperialism, but emphasized the importance of securing unity through liberal measures. It may seem a forced analogy to bracket Macdonald's treatment of the provinces with Burke's definition of the true imperial method, but they have this in common that to smooth the way Macdonald made concessions which, though large, were not excessive in view of the broad political interests at stake. Even Burke's dictum that government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants could be quoted in justification of much that Macdonald did as manager-in-chief for the infant Dominion. The years which followed Confederation were not a time for dilating on general principles, but for arranging a *modus vivendi* that should last till Canadians had come to know each other. With the hack politician, small immediate gains block the grand but distant horizon. However concrete his expedients, Macdonald was never narrow-minded or oblivious of the larger causes. The idea of statesmanship was ever in his mind, as the word was ever on his lips. He had no place among "those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being

qualified to be directors of the great movement of Empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine." From such a fate Macdonald was saved, partly by the vividness of his imagination, but more by his firm hold upon patriotism. He had also pondered those other words of Burke: "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together."

On these, or on similar, lines a brief might be drafted to rebut the saying of Goldwin Smith that Canada owed as much to her politicians as her farmers owed to the Colorado beetle. And while Macdonald has been singled out for special notice, the same line of thought may serve to explain why all the leading politicians of Canada, at that time, are unduly disparaged when the philosopher likens them to pernicious insects. Mackenzie, Blake, and Cartwright were forced to cope with the same kind of problems which confronted Macdonald, Cartier and Tupper. They brought to the task a larger apparatus of doctrines, and were perhaps the more disappointed to find that not all their doctrines would apply to the situation. For whoever tried his hand at the government of Canada it was an incessant task of oiling the machinery. Time may run either with you or against you. Just after Confederation it was running in favour of the political leader who knew how to postpone crises until commerce and habit could change the people of British North America from suspicious provincials into whole-hearted Canadians. While no state can flourish permanently which is not willing to look first principles in the face, there is a time for all things. Had the fate of Canada been left at Confederation to the mercy of hard-bitted theorists, our first Parliament might well have landed Canada where Germany was landed by the Frankfort Parliament.

Upon other aspects of the constructive work which was then at empted it is impossible to enter in the present article; but amidst our public mourning for the last "Father of Confederation" we shall do well to remember the difficult task that was accomplished in days when the Dominion was still a rough experiment. Though some of

it may now seem rather petty, and though all of it had to be done with the materials at hand, the men who set out to make Confederation a success were sincere in their purpose. They may sometimes have taken the half loaf where others would have gone hungry by proclaiming their right to the whole; but they welded the Dominion and kept it part of an Empire for which their grandsons were willing to die at Neuve Chapelle and St. Julien.

C. W. Colby

# CARLYLE AND GERMANY

GERMANY was the country which Thomas Carlyle delighted to honour. He praised her learning and her literature, her Kant and her Goethe. He admired her Frederick and wrote his life. Old age found him still philo-Teuton. When the German army was before Paris in 1870, he wrote a long letter to the London *Times* (dated Nov. 11th, printed 19th) showing reasons for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, and extolling Germany and her rulers above the French. France, he said, had always been a bad neighbour; after her one great feat, the Revolution of 1789, she had been wandering in darkness, delusion, and lies; whereas Germany and Bismarck had wisdom and prudence, with no lust of territory and vulgar ambition. "That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be welded into a nation and become queen of the continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time."

So Carlyle wrote and thought in 1870. If he was a prophet, he was not of the sort who foresee the future. But except the Positivists and the author of "Dame Europa's School" we were all of one mind then. The most honoured of our teachers taught us that the success of Germany was the gain of all Europe.

It was a natural and a generous mistake. The facts, as then known, seemed to put the French Emperor clearly in the wrong for his declaration of war against Prussia on the 23rd of July; it seemed the last desperate hazard of a despot with a waning popularity. It was felt that those who "enter upon a war with a light heart" deserve to end it with a heavy one. Bismarck was much more than the man of blood and iron; and alongside of him was

Frederick, husband of our own Princess Royal, Frederick, known to be a brave man but no lover of war. Above all this, in things of the spirit we had owed so much to Germany, if not to Prussia, for over half a century, that we naturally thought of victorious Germany as victorious goodness and wisdom.

Other lost leaders have begun as well. The great Napoleon was once the champion of the Republic.

Till the death of Frederick the Good in 1888 and the disappearance of the hopes built on him, few in England seem to have observed how the ill old leaven of Frederick the Great was still working. Even in the early years of the present Kaiser, our statesmen had no misgivings, or Lord Salisbury would not have parted with Heligoland in 1890. The telegram of encouragement to Krüger after the Jameson Raid of 1895-6 excited mistrust, and our fears were confirmed by the Navy Bill of 1897, and the building up, year after year, of a naval force which seemed pointless unless against England.

Prince von Bülow, sanest and most statesmanlike of recent German writers on *la haute politique,* after twelve years in office as Foreign Minister of the Empire, declared in 1913: "There is absolutely no ground for the fear which the building of our navy has aroused, that with the rise of German power at sea the German love of battle will be awakened." ("Imperial Germany," Cassells tr., p. 37.) "We built our navy as a means of national defence and to strengthen our national safety, and we have never used it for any other purpose (*ib.*, p. 97)." This was written by a German for Germans. At the time of writing Bülow had ceased to be Foreign Minister and was reckoning without his master, who would hardly have allowed that a war with England was impossible so long as German policy remained sound (*ib.*, p. 47).

There were, in fact, two Germanies, and there were also two Carlyles. There was, unfortunately, a Carlyle who had a liking for the "mailed fist." It was, of course, higher than the naïve worship of mere strength, or the schoolboy's adoration of the athlete. It was part of Carlyle's theory of

government. He liked a ruler who was no "cast-iron king," but had will and intellect and power. If such a ruler knows his own mind and has subjects who obey him, what more do you want? He chides Burns for admiring the Satan of Milton, but he is himself not behind Burns in that admiration, and, unlike Burns, he forgets all his democratic sympathies when a real ruler of men comes across his vision. It is true that, when he expounds at large the adage "might is right" in "Past and Present" (I, II, 10), he explains it away; and the good Cromwell is more to him than the naughty Frederick. But his feelings often incline him to the old false doctrine. Even his laudations of the Germans in 1870 have, here and there, a false ring. They betray a furtive regard for the mailed fist as such.

But there is another Carlyle, the man of letters, as distinguished from the political philosopher, out of place in the chair. When Carlyle was between twenty and thirty, he had found more solid food for his mind in German literature and philosophy than he could get at that time in his own country. Long before he wrote on either Cromwell or Frederick, he wrote on German literature, beginning with Jean Paul Richter, in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827. He had been "set on fire of" the literature and was spreading the flame. The German garb of "Sartor Resartus" betrays this influence; but it is of the essence of Carlyle. Richter had said: "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, to the Germans that of the air," meaning that they lived in a literary cloudland. Heine's parody does not kill the original: "Kind nature is good to all; she has given wine to the French, milk to the Swiss, and to the Germans ink." Turgenieff varies the contrasts: "France has given to the world the Revolution, Germany the Reformation, Italy modern art; Russia the samovar!" (Cramb, "Imperial Britain," 2nd ed.; Murray, 1915, p. 132, note). In Germany for two generations after Frederick, the pen was mightier than the sword. Carlyle bowed low before Goethe, who was politically indifferent, to a fault. The Carlyle of

this mood might well have rested content with a Germany great without empire. At the close of a review of Taylor's "Survey of German Poetry" (*Edinburgh Review*, 1831) he speaks as if the spiritual power was sufficient without the temporal: "Late in men's history, yet clearly at length, it becomes manifest to the dullest that not brute force but persuasion and faith is the king of this world...... The true autocrat and pope is that man, the real or seeming wisest of the past age, crowned after death, who finds his hierarchy of gifted authors, his clergy of assiduous journalists, whose decretals, written not on parchment but on the living souls of men, it were an inversion of the laws of nature to disobey. In these times of ours, all intellect has fused itself into literature." Literature is to be our guide in place of the church; we are to have the press in place of the pulpit. "What form so omnipotent an element will assume, how long it will welter to and fro as a wild democracy, a wild anarchy, what constitution and organization it will fashion for itself and for what depends on it in the depths of time, is a subject for prophetic conjecture, wherein brightest hope is not unmingled with fearful apprehension and awe at the boundless unknown. The more cheering is this one thing which we do see and know: that its tendency is to a universal European Commonweal: that the wisest in all nations will communicate and co-operate, whereby Europe will again have its true sacred college and council of Amphictyons; wars will become rarer, less inhuman; and, in the course of centuries, such delirious ferocity in nations (as in individuals it already is) may be proscribed and become obsolete forever." (Essays II, 336-7, ed. 1866.)

Here, again, the prophetic conjecture is at fault; but the prophet's failing was virtuous. He looked for a reign of peace under the influence of literature, and largely German literature.

German literature and philosophy, as Carlyle knew them, had been in greatest part the gift of the smaller German states or principalities, with little or no political power; such were Weimar and even Würtemberg. When Prussia drew the

others into the North German Confederation and then into the Empire, the union gave political strength but it seemed to many Germans to injure the individual life of the separate states. Prince von Bülow (*loc. cit.*, p. 270) admits that German intellect reached its height without the help of Prussia, and this was done for it by the southern and western small principalities, states, or free cities. But he will not allow that the old Germany was better than the new. He quotes a play of Wilbrandt where the heroine says to the hero: "I stand for the Germany of Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing," and the hero answers: "I stand for the Germany of Bismarck, Blücher, and Moltke." The hero marries the heroine. To Bülow the future of his country seemed to depend on the marriage of German intellect and Prussian monarchy. The Hohenzollerns were to be the political teachers and taskmasters. There was a laxity in the government of the lesser states. There was a democratic element undesirable in an empire. The Reichstag itself contained it in its medley of parties; and democracy, thinks Bülow, must be kept in close restraint if the empire is to be strong. This was, no doubt, true if the government was to be military, and aggressively military. The old Germany was not suited or intended for the conquest of the world. It was not even well equipped for its own defence till Prussia took the matter in hand. The dependence of the rest of Germany on Prussia seemed inevitable. Yet, as soon as the wisdom of which Bülow spoke (*loc. cit.*, p. 47) departed from the counsels of Prussia, that dependence involved the two in a common ruin.

The tragedy of the situation is not the defeat of the Prussian monarchy, but the ruin of our respect for the German people, the destruction of our traditional deference, which had become excessive but might well have been prized by them as a possession hard to win and not to be lightly thrown away. Even in their own opinion nothing but victory seems able to make amends for the loss. Victory could only have given a false sense of superiority to shame, a power of ignoring the loss as if it mattered nothing to their greatness.

Defeat has sometimes brought out the latent or suppressed nobility of a national character. Perhaps by and by it may bring back to Germany the qualities of character and intellect which with Carlyle we all loved and admired, and which are at present obscured by faith in false gods. "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Carlyle deplored Emerson's unbelief in a devil. He might have won over Emerson if they had together witnessed the events of 1914, when Germany joined not only with Austria but with Carlyle's "unspeakable Turk" (1878) to be the scourge of Europe. The author of "Sartor Resartus" and the "Essays" had no love of war. The conquering hero is "a dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail." ("Sartor," II, III, 71.) The thirty men from the English and the French Dumdrudge (dumb-drudge) "blowing the souls out of one another" to order in far away Spain (*ib.*, II, VIII, 121) have no quarrel with each other, "busy as the devil is, not the smallest." The scene of a battle is a valley of weeping. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.* "All kindreds, peoples, and nations, dashed together and shifted and shovelled into heaps that they might ferment there and in time unite. The birth pangs of democracy, wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached heaven, could not escape me." (*ib.*, p. 122.)

They are not likely to escape us now. We are hoping, by means of war, to deliver those who, by fear of war, are all their peace-time subject to military bondage. We are finding comfort in the paradox that we are warring against war. It marks at least the end to be kept in view. "I gave my life for freedom; this I know." To England at least it means, as we believe, a disinterested extension of self-government, no rule of the Prussian sort, nor, except in India and Egypt, even of the Roman sort. On the very eve of the war we had given to others the sort of political freedom we most desire for ourselves. Carlyle, the political philosopher, might have thought this "Shooting Niagara"; or he might have repented of his political philosophy. Who can tell?

But the other Carlyle would have mourned with us that the spiritual power of Germany had been for the time or for "time how long" destroyed. It is not merely that Germany has gone to war with us; John Bull is seldom quite blind to the virtues of his enemies, and whenever he will not see them his critics rise up as a cloud, from his own country. On this occasion such critics are significantly silent. The very Positivists and Society of Friends have admitted that civilization and peace depend on our victory, and that our victory will be best for the world, Germany herself included. There may arise a more popular government in Germany. But, apart from political revolution, Germany driven back on herself may become more like her old self, gaining spiritual power by loss of the temporal.

Carlyle, like Huxley, is "a plebeian who stands by his order." Unless he is theorizing on politics he bows down only before the spiritual power that is above all orders and castes and earthly dignities. He would have remembered the ruling thought of his hero Dante, that the temporal power should never be conjoined with the spiritual in the same hands; there should be a pope over against the emperor, an emperor over against the pope. Once upon a time Judæa was ruled by her clergy; at a later time she lost her place among the nations altogether. Yet her spiritual power remains, wherever the Old Testament is read. It is true that Germany, even if we add Luther to Goethe, did not show so high a type of spiritual leadership as Judæa; but there is something imperishable there also. Matthew Arnold could name Goethe with Byron and Wordsworth ("Memorial Verses," 1850) as all three among the immortals, and all three our own, for like Shakespeare they belong to the whole world. There is something imperishable, too, in the music of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner. Wagner himself wrote, at the end of the "Meistersinger": "Should empire fall asunder, our sacred German art would still remain to us."

It will remain to ourselves after this war. We might even argue that it is more akin to England than to Prussia.

Shakespeare has often been treated by the Germans as "worthy to be a German;" and we can say of the old German literature and music that they match better with an England changed for the better than with a Germany changed for the worse. The Romans valued Greek letters most when they had made an end of Greek independence and had even lost respect for the Greek people. Our present adversaries have not all forfeited our respect. There must be many thousands who have not bowed their heart but only their knee to Baal. Prussia, two thirds of the whole, has controlled the rest. But the rest at least consented; and, while the predominant partner must bear the chief blame of the Belgian outrage and the defiance of the international public opinion that was becoming a spiritual bond among the nations, the whole German people have fallen down with it. Our leader is a lost leader.

But the gifts of the spirit are without repentance. What we owe to German piety, poetry, music, learning, and philosophy, cannot be taken away from us. We do not renounce the Psalms of David and the Prophecies of Isaiah because the countrymen of David and Isaiah condemned and killed the Just One. The old words of light and leading are unchangeably part of our spiritual inheritance. Even so, what the old Germany gave, the new Germany cannot take away from us, and we would not throw away of ourselves.

J. Bonar

# THE GERMAN NATIONAL SPIRIT

A DISCERNING writer on the war, Mr. A. E. Zimmern, has said: "Germany regards Great Britain as her chief enemy in this war. She has really two chief enemies. One is history, which has brought her national unity a thousand years later than her cousins. The other is geography......" But these two greater enemies are sworn allies. Geography furnishes the very postulates of history; history gives geography its major significance. They are, indeed, not two enemies but one enemy, two-headed. With this minor correction, we may accept Mr. Zimmern's concise statement for what it undoubtedly is—the expression of a fundamental aspect of modern Germany.

Now, it is with a country as with a man. If the tale is to be complete, the enemy must be heard. How much does the average reader bear in mind about this greater enemy of Germany's? The sudden concentration of interest on recent diplomatic exchanges and the like has tended, on the whole, to exclude all else from his circle of vision, enabling him to sum up his opinion of the present state of a complex nation in a couple of sentences about "war-lords" and "culture"—both of them mistranslations—"Junkers" and "blood and iron." The condensation would be admirable if it were not, alas! misleading and violent.

Consider Canada for a moment. Its story is brief, but the Canadian cannot be understood without it, nor would he seek the dissociation. A stranger, knowing nothing of what Canada implied and meeting his first Canadian on neutral ground, would admire in him that indifference to distance which takes him nonchalantly from Dublin to Cairo, whilst the stay-at-home European hesitates between Paris and London. He would observe with more mixed feelings certain financial leanings in the conversation of his novel

acquaintance, and his marked and, at first sight, illogical optimism regarding the future of Canada. But he would understand none of these characteristics until he had been told, on the one hand, of the prairie and the pioneer, and, on the other, of the unusual opportunities in this country for the small investor. Knowing these elementary facts of Canadian history and geography, the observer would devote himself less to deploring and approving than to understanding and explaining. The Englishman, with his longer history, is a more obvious case in point. To one who knows nothing of his antecedents his character is something of an enigma. His innate self-confidence, his lightness in the face of a grave situation, are a riddle if we forget the symbolical game of bowls that the English people have played throughout their history. Only many centuries of supremacy on the sea and well-balanced, liberal government could develop that peculiar blend of character which has no counterpart, close or remote, on the continent of Europe. The curious mixture of the offensive and the admirable in the temper of the English is, for the uninformed, a matter for praise or for blame in varying degrees. For the all-round historian it is a scientific product, arrived at by a lengthy and intricate process. Its most fitting *apologia* is a full explanation in the light of this process.

In each of these two instances—a thousand more would contribute nothing to the argument—the eternal allies, history and geography, are seen scattering their favours and disfavours on a people in the making, slowly maturing a certain temperamental constant in the members of that people. The important thing to be understood in any nation, taken as a whole, is precisely this element of personality, this persistent and distinctive quality of temperament. It has always been so. The secret of the despot of earlier history often lay in his accurate reading of the popular mind to sway it adroitly to his will. With the democratic trend of modern times this factor assumes overwhelming importance. We shall have scattered empty words on the air if we talk of

Germany, its present morals, its present politics, without due regard to the slow process which has steadily elaborated the complicated, national spirit of the German citizen.

If we wish to argue about the results of Prussianism, we must take stock of the material upon which this startling influence was brought to bear. A chemist who wishes to understand the reactions of an acid with a base will acquaint himself with the properties of both. With this information at hand the investigation of the resultant salt is an easy matter. Its less apparent properties he can deduce *a priori*. Add to these the obvious external characteristics that direct observation furnishes and his information on the new chemical is fairly complete. If history can set up an imposing parallel to this simple chemical reaction, it must be the development of modern Germany. In this general simile the acid is, very appropriately, Prussia; the base is older Germany; the salt, modern Germany. The salt occupies our interest. But whilst the acid which went to the making of it has been duly discussed, the base, not less important, has gone, on the whole, unregarded. We consider mainly the obvious properties of the salt, its crystalline formation, its high colour, its transparency. But its composition, its chemical formula, we neglect. We are content to classify it among the "prussiates," identifying it only by the second of its two terms. The purpose of the present paper is to deal briefly with the first of these, the base.

It cannot be stated too frequently that Germany is a very old country. Newspaper talk obscures this fact. It argues implicitly, by mere reiteration of emphasis, that Germany appeared on the map of Europe, in 1870 or at some such date, without a known origin, much as a piece of meteoric rock from the skies. It would almost disqualify the word "grandfather" for a conscientious German dictionary. And these continual references to recent developments simply obstruct our prospect of half the picture.

If it can be said in the twentieth century that English unity dates from Egbert of Wessex in the ninth, England

must acknowledge a debt to her allegiance with history and geography. The unity of England cannot be conceived without it. The first consolidation of Germany under Charles the Great in the year 800 was a less fortunate enterprise. The Holy Roman Empire, overflowing, as it did, into Italy and Spain, had no logical affinity with geography; its conflicting interests, racial and otherwise, alienated the historic muse. After a thousand years of battered existence, it yielded to the aforesaid invincible alliance, and the tidal wave of the Napoleonic wars swept over it unheeded. The story of its vicissitudes, its flamboyancy, its theories, is a flattering chapter for the British reader, who surveys it from the vantage-ground of his own country's more fortunate past. But it is far more than that. Altogether apart from its major significance as the key to mediæval history in Europe, a clear conception of its conditions is at least as indispensable for the explanation of modern Germany as a grasp of the Prussian doctrine itself.

Two aspects of earlier Germany may be singled out as being of particular significance: firstly, its indebtedness to the small state and community; secondly, the peculiarities of its nationalism.

The clash of Belgium with Germany is the most dramatic contrast that history has drawn between the small state and the large, but it is, after all, an imperfect contrast. There are no complete antitheses outside of philosophy, and, in this case, the incompleteness requires attention. One of the main results in older Germany of its unpractical imperial organization was that the country's development was largely consigned to local rulers and authorities. Such progress as Germany made between mediæval and comparatively modern times was almost entirely due to the enterprise of townships, duchies and lesser kingdoms. There is little or no parallel to this in England or France, with their long-established and effective political centres, nor even in the Italian Renaissance with its singleness of inspiration. The sporadic evolution of Germany's inner life was at once peculiarly indigenous and peculiarly

stealthy. By reason of its unpretentiousness it has been insufficiently stressed in recent expositions of that country. The fifteenth century, or thereabouts, will serve for illustration. The vigorous civic developments that established the Hanseatic league in Northern Germany and the fascinating developments in craftsmanship and poetry in the Nüremberg of Dürer and Hans Sachs may together be pointed to as marking at once the vigour and the variety of the old German initiative. The variety is evident when we can contrast in the same epoch a Lübeck burgomaster, sailing the seas or browbeating foreign delegates, with the patient labour of a South-German metal-worker or the whimsical tenderness of the Meistersingers. To discover the vigour of it all, we need not do more than dip into the annals of maritime history in Germany or pay a visit to Nüremberg.

It may, indeed, be urged that, however practical and efficient the Hanse towns were, the Nüremberg guild-masters ran off all too frequently into what was merely grotesque and fanciful. But when all the drawbacks of this irregular civilization have been conceded, certain advantages remain. The intense localization of Germany's progress towards elaborate, modern life—whether we examine it in parish, town, or province—was not wholly unfortunate. What was lost in comparison with countries that were earlier united and better consolidated was partly compensated by the gain in popular sentiment and tradition. Mediævalism, the fertilizer of Western Europe, fallowed with especial thoroughness here. Developments sprang up naturally and organically, like the native flora of the land which, whilst it does not draw on the soil's full fertility, holds the secret of the human heart as scientific agriculture never will. German civilization in earlier centuries was a tangle of wild flowers, not the organized system of tillage and crop-rotation that it has since become. Justus Möser, one of the most interesting of local historians, is instructive on this point. A reference of Goethe's to him may be quoted: "Whereas the German Empire was usually reproached with

disunity, anarchy, and impotence, from Möser's point of view the large number of small states seemed peculiarly desirable for the local spreading of civilization in accordance with the nature and the needs of greatly varying provinces." This is a somewhat downright theory, but it has a distinct measure of justification; and it has the inestimable merit of pointing directly to the hidden roots of German life.

These local developments, it must be remembered, were as much alive in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as in the fifteenth. The poet Goethe owed his great social opportunity to the Grand Duke at Weimar less than a century and a half ago, and two generations back the little court-theatre at Meiningen did noble service to the art of the stage. It would seem as if more could be claimed for this decentralization than the mere fostering of sentiment. The intensive cultivation, which Germany has recently proved equal to, may find here a part of its explanation. If the individual German of to-day owes his major *opportunity* for self-development to Prussian reforms, his *potentiality* for self-development, his astonishing appreciativeness, his promise, must surely be traced back to the obscure, unmethodical preparation undergone in past time by the human material from which he sprang. Regarded thus, the activities, at once quaint and enthusiastic, of the Hanse towns and old Nüremberg, the elaborate service to higher culture at the minor courts of Weimar and Meiningen, and the countless other instances that might be adduced, appear as indispensable terms in a wealthy, historical progression, less regular than ours, but continuous with it through an equal span of time. Like ourselves, the Germans have their "titles manifold," their unbroken, national retrospect.

Perhaps this last phrase is a little premature. It involves a wider question altogether, the second, in fact, of the two aspects of older Germany that it seems profitable to examine. Admitting the cultural continuity of Germany—and with that a certain continuity of temperament—it may be asked whether the word "national" can justly be attached.

Has the feverish nationalism of modern Germany any other than a purely artificial relation to its past? Absurd as such a query would be in a discussion of more normally developed countries, like England and France, it is entirely plausible here in view of the irregularities of the German national consciousness, its perpetual games of hide-and-seek. In reply to it, historians themselves would range from a curt negative, most clearly audible in the ranks of the constitutionalists, to a triumphant affirmative by German champions of Teutonism. As usual, the truth probably lies between. Even in the darkest centuries the note of German nationalism can be heard if we give ear to it intelligently. Documents strictly historical do not invariably hold it; at times it must be sought in the more unconscious outlets of a people's mind, in language and in literature. The philologist, or rather the etymologist, would probably admit that neither in English nor in French are national words—words that express things native or things foreign—so strongly flavoured as in German. The vigorous Middle High German "welsch" for "foreigner," "Italian"; the word "deutsch" itself with its popular origin (thiuda-people) and its moral associations ("ich will mit ihm deutsch reden"); the unique derivation of "elend" ("wretched," from "alius"+"land");—these and other such might be difficult to match elsewhere. In German literature, the shouting patriotism of nineteenth-century poets during the regeneration of Prussia is not a whit more positive in its preferences than the naïve reflections of Walther von der Vogelweide on German ways and German women seven hundred years ago; whilst the obscure genesis in the popular mind of an imperial myth like the Kyffhäuser legend of the sleeping Barbarossa—it arose probably in the fifteenth century—would take a deal of explaining away, if the existence of national instinct behind it were contested.

Part of the difficulty that besets the British reader, when he tries to do justice to this evasive aspect of Germany, will be removed if a clear distinction is made between a sense of nationalism and a regard for political dignity. This is a

distinction that the British mind does not naturally incline to make. For in our history the two have been almost synonymous. In studying the Germans the anomaly must be faced that national pride and political indifference often went hand in hand. There is a classical instance of this in Goethe himself. The old Reichsstadt, Frankfort, surrounded him in boyhood with imperial reminiscences and traditions. He dwells on these at some length in his autobiography. Speaking of the two coronations held at Frankfort in the forties of the eighteenth century, he says: "There was not a single Frankfort citizen of a certain age (*i.e.*, who was old enough, he himself was born in 1749), who would not regard these two events and all that went with them as the highest moment in his life." The poet of Götz cannot have been unaffected by this general pride among his fellow-townsmen. Nevertheless, he proceeds to talk without rancour, and at considerable length, of the billeting of French soldiers in his father's house, and the equanimity he shows here is characteristic of his whole life. In 1830 he said: "I did not hate the French, although I thanked God when we got rid of them." This is typical of much of Germany before it received the Prussian leaven. It is not easy for us to understand the point of view. Goethe lived through the Napoleonic era; he was and remained a thorough-going German; he put into verse and prose a wiser cosmopolitanism than any man before or after him. The sanity of his national instincts was extraordinary. There is no opening here for disparagement. The German temperament simply demands a patient analysis, being, like our own, a product infinitely subtilized by time's alchemy.

Not until these essential phases of older German life, the basic chemical of the nation, are correctly appreciated can the Prussian reaction of the last two centuries be comprehended. Prussia would never have achieved the hearty unanimity of modern Germany without the coöperation of that latent nationalism in the hearts of the people. For, although it has successfully effected an elaborate synthesis of conflicting human elements, its power terminates abruptly with the Pole

on the east and the Alsatian on the west. This crucial fact must be borne in mind when we talk of the two Germanies. Further, this new German Empire would never have risen to its present vigour and tenacity if it had not been able to enlist in a common cause the old Empire's scattered wealth of association and sentiment.

Here, then, were two vast, unconscious forces which helped to vitalize the new organism. Not wholly unconscious but partly so, at least; and the term may be allowed to stand by contrast with the definitely conscious appeal that Prussia was able to make. Again, there are two points to be insisted on: firstly, the historical memory of the Germans; secondly their will to empire.

The first of these has an immediate bearing on the present which we cannot afford to ignore, if we would be just. Prussia, with its truly Roman gift for organization, offered Germany what it had never had since the Middle Ages, namely, adequate protection of its boundaries. On two signal occasions the German territory had been completely overrun and the people humbled unspeakably. In the Thirty Years' War the population was reduced by a full third; vast agricultural areas were devastated—a disastrous event in those backward days. In one of the later battles of the war the number of combatants on the Emperor's side was 34,000, the number of camp-followers—women, children and useless men—127,000. These figures speak for themselves. Germany's humiliation at the hands of Napoleon is too well-known to require illustration. It is enough to refer to Louisa of Prussia, the soul of the nation at that momentous time.

> . . . . Her heroism
> So schools her sense of her calamities
> As out of grief to carve new queenliness,
> And turn a mobile mien to statuesque,
> Save for a sliding tear.

So writes an English poet of our own day. "Therefore, be assured, dear father," writes the queen from Memel in 1807,

"that we can never be wholly unhappy, and that many a one, oppressed with crowns and prosperity, is not as glad as we are." There is no such sublimated grief in the heart of England. We must slowly feel our way into the national attitude of mind that historical misfortune can lead to. The British have neither inadequate boundaries nor hereditary enemies, and it is doubly hard for them to grasp the point of view of a nation which has both of these. The German people, peculiarly conscious of their history, are daily influenced by it. Memory croaks in their ear, "The country is in danger." History smiles on the English and they lightly say, "The country is all right, whatever happens." If Germany loses her head at a critical moment in 1914—taking her *in toto*, people and parliament together, it is hard to understand her actions otherwise—and over-estimates the threat of France and Russia and thereby precipitates a war that might have been averted, we, even more than other nations, are apt to forget that the reason for this is not wholly to be found in a generation of diplomacy, but that part of it lies distributed over several centuries of history. The defensive instinct has not been awakened in the German people by the events of the war; it was awake in them from the first moment of the crisis. This is, in fact, the reverse side of the Prussian shield.

To discover the affinity of the Germans with the more positive aspects of Prussianism, we must again follow the path of temperament. But here it will be necessary to go behind the known data of history and take the national character in its very elements. History will never be satisfied with purely artificial explanations of its larger movements. It is convenient, perhaps, at times to describe a people as "blindfolded" and to point to internal dissensions—always discoverable, by the way,—in support of the view. But it will probably become evident in the long run that the people were at least a party to the blindfolding. In the case of modern Germany there can be little doubt that sooner or later the national character and the forward policy of Prussia will have to be related in some more satisfactory way than hitherto.

Indeed, the argument which served us at the beginning of the present conflict is already crumbling. There is only one alternative. Prussia evoked in the Germans the will to imperial power, the slumbering ideal of dominion that had never entirely forsaken them.

The traditional English conception of the German character is utterly incompatible with such a statement; but it is also incompatible with any first-hand knowledge of the people. Not many years ago the English school-boy only knew the German in caricature. Distension and elongation were his distinctive marks; distension, that is to say, as to body and mind, elongation as to diet, pipe and, poodle. This was regarded as a very satisfactory notion of a foreigner and there seemed no reason on earth for modifying it. But it will hardly do to-day. The real key to the German character—for the Anglo-Saxon, at least—is its emotional basis. George Meredith's broad hint to his countrymen, touching one of his Italian heroes, may well be taken to heart here: "Englishmen will hardly forgive him for having tears in his eyes, but Italians follow the Greek classical prescription for the emotions, while we take example by the Roman. There is no sneer due from us." It is not enough disparagingly to concede to the Germans a vein of sentimentality and a cloudy literature. Their emotional life may occasionally run sluggish, but taking it on the whole it is a great source of vigour and enrichment. A wealthy emotional vocabulary is the peculiar virtue of the German language; susceptibility to emotional appeal is, possibly, the peculiar virtue of the German character. Taking ourselves as the standard of measurement, the German is distinctly impressionable, volatile, sanguine; he responds more readily than we do to the "ideal," the "tragical," the "sublime" of the philosophers. The large appeal floods his mind and submerges his ratiocinative powers in an instant. Whilst Germany possesses neither a Sophocles nor a Shakespeare, its literature has a more sustained tragical bias than either English or French. Its methodical acceptance of the "Idee" as the nucleus of drama has its immediate counterpart

in the life of the nation. Witness the popular sensitiveness to grandeur and vastness in all its phases, in-doors and out-of-doors. The German walks tiptoe in a theatre; he reacts immediately to the elementary messages of nature; Wordsworth requires little or no interpretation to him. In social things he clings to pageantry and displays; he takes naturally to corporate life; he cherishes ideals of service to the nation and even of imperialism. The Prussian challenge finds its impassioned response in the German national mind.

Thus, the character of our enemy is, in many respects, diametrically opposed to our own. The English temper is, by contrast, essentially critical, comic, phlegmatic, unideal. Its judgements are difficult to undermine; to emotional waves it is impervious. It is not for nothing that the London *Times* writes leading articles on the marching songs of the two nations; "Tipperary" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" point the distinction in national character to a nicety. The relation of the popular mind to imperialism in the two countries is even more illuminating. The growth of the British Empire lacks utterly the conscious elements that have helped to make modern Germany. It belongs to the order of natural phenomena, sharing the accidental spontaneity of the mountain and the oak-tree. It is not a product but rather a discovery of the English mind; it did not reach the English consciousness until it was already in existence. On the other hand, the German Empire, in so far as such exists, owes much to the visionary and volitional qualities of the people at large. It lived in the national mind at its very inception. The sublime appeal of imperialism "an sich" accounts for a measurable part of the constructive energy of contemporary Germany.

The initial thesis of this paper, that temperament and the bias which it receives from history are all-important for the understanding of a nation, was not laid down for theoretical consideration. If there is any truth in it at all, it has an immediate bearing on all phases of the present crisis that touch the populace. A little extra space will suffice to indicate its practical application.

The simplest explanation of Germany's single-heartedness at the present moment is the incontestable fact that the German boy is taught German history in school. The instinct for defence thus awakened has already been discussed, and need not be dwelt on further. It is enough to say that, whether or not the Prussian system of education—as has often been urged—falsifies German history for an artificial national purpose, it has little to gain by this distortion. It is more liberal for us to dismiss this minor question and face the cardinal fact that the unvarnished tale of Germany's past preaches the gospel of national solidarity as nothing else could. Hence, also, we find the German clinging to a military doctrine when it appears obsolete to the remainder of Western Europe. History makes it clear to the German school-boy that his country owes its regeneration to that doctrine. And history addresses him, moreover, outside of the class-room. Germany's battles were fought at home, not, like England's, on foreign soil. The German country-side is scarred with warfare; the personality of Napoleon hovers over it still. The average German dislikes war at least as much as we do, but his fathers have trembled at the smell of powder too often for him to believe readily that such an experience can become obsolete. There is little or nothing in the immediate environment of the English that stands in the way of a peace-doctrine, and we naturally arrive at it sooner than those less fortunate nations that have felt the pressure of foreign armaments in their own homes.

Germany's political backwardness has branded its statesmen and people with a common stupidity. A measure of extenuation is, again, not far to seek. The retardation of German national progress did not exclude the cultivation of many of the virtues, the arts, and the sciences. But a country with neither national unity nor international prestige could not gain political experience. The modern German fully realizes this defect in his education. The novelist, Gottfried Keller, describes as follows the feelings of a stupid Saxon who settled in Switzerland: "Jobst

hardly knew where he was; the institutions and customs of the Swiss were incomprehensible to him, and he merely said at times, 'Yes, yes, the Swiss are political folk. I am sure politics must be a fine thing, if you have a taste for it. For my part, I am no judge. Where I was brought up, it wasn't the custom.' " We must expect the Germans to remedy this, but we must not expect them to do so in one generation or two. German official statesmanship has demonstrated that abundantly. The diplomatic duelling reproduced in recent official papers was not merely a contest of wits; it was, in part, one might say, a Civil Service examination in history, with the nations as candidates. Germany could not fail to secure a bad mark. If we turn from its diplomats, who, after all, deserve the least part of our regard, back to the people themselves and consider briefly their most notorious blunder in our eyes—their miscalculation of the British Empire—history will be found to defend their point of view so strenuously as to take the sting out of our censure altogether. The German mind instinctively selects, and attaches the gravest importance to, three drawbacks in our Empire; namely, defective constitution, geographical shapelessness, racial confusion. It fails to see how a vessel with such dangerous leaks can possibly weather a storm. Why? Because the Germans themselves had for centuries an empire with these identical weaknesses; the country had to be reconstructed and its weaknesses eliminated before it could enjoy prosperity. In truly human fashion they have judged us in the light of their own experience. They were logical as far as they went, and logic makes a good pupil. In short, there is hope for them.

One great and significant truth, beside which the above reflections are unimportant side-issues, may be stated in conclusion. The putting into perspective of any nation worthy the name invariably shows its nobler virtues to be strangely independent of political aberration. Consider our changes of attitude towards France in the last one hundred and fifty years. The splendid ideals which lured Wordsworth and other Englishmen across the Channel were as ruthlessly shat-

tered as some that were cherished but yesterday by countless foreign admirers of Germany. Remember the Prelude:

> But now, become oppressors in their turn,
> Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence
> For one of conquest, losing sight of all
> Which they had struggled for.

The next stage was marked by the Napoleonic ambition which England helped to crush. Later on, in 1870, the French presented a spectacle of hollowness and vainglory hard to match. And after forty-four years, they are, and rightly so, our comrades-in-arms, instinct with the virtues they had lost, wisdom, vigour, restraint. Thus have we fluctuated in a century or more. Meanwhile, the real service of France to the world has gone its unbroken way; her scholars, her scientists, her poets, follow one another through these restless years in endless succession, all forged out of the same metal, all French in temperament.

And so it must be with Germany. Its better national characteristics that have persisted and developed for centuries are alive to-day, if submerged, and will live to-morrow. A country whose thinkers, poets, musicians, reformers have borne for so long the stamp of a common genius and a common morality, whose language is alive with subtle beauty and depth, whose annals can group Goethe, Kant, and Beethoven in close proximity a hundred years ago, will retain its worthier qualities through all political vicissitude, even the present. We must, in fairness, temper our criticism with reflections of this sort, remembering that the rancour of non-combatants can breed cankers of which simple soldiery knows nothing. The field-armaments of a nation whose cause is just are, in very truth, the material instruments of peace. The work they do, outwardly destructive, is inwardly the reverse; they can be discarded the moment their great purpose is achieved. The spiritual forces which must then take up the task they leave are truth and breadth and warmth of heart; and the enemy of these, prejudice.

Barker Fairley

# GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIVERSITIES

WHAT should be the connexion between government and the universities? Ought we to follow the British or the German model?

Vividly I remember walking, six years ago, up the sandy roads through the pine-woods on St. George's Hill, at Weybridge, with my friend, Direktor D. of Frankfurt. His has been one of the most fruitful influences in European education. But great as is his gift of scientific insight into the psychology of instruction, far more distinguished and stimulating is the candour of his mind. To be in his company is to feel those breaths of air from health-giving places which Plato planned that the young people in his republic should enjoy. If only the ruck of Germans had been like my friend, they would never have allowed themselves to be tempted into the speculative, murderous brigandage which caused the war. But long before the outbreak of the European conflict, Direktor D. had been coldly regarded by the baser gods of the Prussian bureaucratic machine. Honours and promotion came to other men who were more subservient, but on him the authorities frowned, because they had found him to be a fearless reformer who would not flatter or cringe. From him I learned more than from any other man about some of the secret failings of that extraordinary blend of patriotism, patience, and heavy-handedness—the German system of higher education. He took me into his confidence, not because he was wanting in a sense of obligation to his own country, but because he believed that through a combination of what is best in German with what is best in British education, Europe might achieve the finest kind of training in the world. And he was anxious that a fellow-student of these two systems of national education should know the shadow-side of the German, as well as its illustrious merits.

As we threaded our way through the thickets of Spanish chestnut which flank the northern slopes of St. George's Hill, he told me of the official slights to which the main body of the professors of the University of M. had been subjected by hostile influences in the Kultus-Ministerium in Berlin. The University of M. has a reputation for Radical thinking. The Berlin officials punished it for its temerity in holding unpopular opinions. A professor of M. had comparatively little chance of promotion to a post in another university, although he might be on the list of recommended candidates. And in that great whispering gallery—the university circles in German-speaking Europe—this reputation of being out of favour with the high authorities in Berlin spread to the detriment of the University of M. An ambitious young privatdocent would think twice before putting his eggs into such a doubtful basket. But the Berlin bureaucrats did not shrink from even baser measures. They encouraged an eaves-dropper among the M. professors, and welcomed his tale-bearing of Radical opinions uttered in private by members of the staff. This was the seamy side of governmental control of university interests, as seen at a distinguished and learned university which had got into the black books of the higher officials in Berlin. Independence of political thought was unpalatable to those authorities and must be punished, if it could not actually be suppressed.

Read in the light of the revelations which the last twelve months have produced, Direktor D.'s account of the deadset made on the University of M. takes on a sinister aspect. Evidently the dominant authorities of Prussia had become possessed by a spirit of ruthless dislike of opposition. The educational system of the kingdom was to be tuned to one note. Professors' chairs, like pulpits in the eighteenth century, were to be made organs for the dissemination of one type of thought on questions of national policy. Treitschke, himself one of the most independent of men, had shown what a professor's eloquence could accomplish by indoctrinating large numbers of intellectual young men with a certain view of

Prussian destiny and daring. Teaching based on the same pre-suppositions, and private influences imparting views of a like colour, were wanted everywhere, and the Berlin officials thought it their duty not to be over-scrupulous in getting them. Universities, indeed, are far from being paramount over the other members of a modern educational system, but yet it is true to say that what the universities set the fashion for, teachers in secondary schools are apt in the end to follow—especially in countries, like Prussia, in which they are civil servants and therefore liable to censure for holding recalcitrant opinions. Nor are universities by any means the sole sources of new ideas on political questions; but, nevertheless, in a highly organized community, such as the Germans have achieved and such as Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury advocated two hundred and fifty years ago, university teaching, regarded as authoritative and pleasing to the chief powers in the State, may do much towards impressing a way of thinking upon the general body of public opinion. "All politick questions concerning the rights of Civil and Ecclesiastical government are first started in universities," wrote Hobbes, in 1679, in his survey of the causes which produced the English Civil War. "The States of Christendom will be subject to fits of rebellion as long as the world lasteth, and *yet the fault may be easily mended by mending the universities.*"*

Hobbes had an indefensible purpose in view—the suppression of freedom of discussion upon the very points in regard to which the two-sidedness of truth should always be kept in mind, and the curtailment of liberty of teaching in the very places in which, above all, it is expedient that teaching should be free. Equally indefensible had been the insidious practice of these Prussian officials (let it be understood that I am far from believing that *all* the Prussian officials were guilty of it), and not only indefensible but nauseous, because the Germans have talked volubly of their *libertas docendi*, the noble tradition firmly grasped in the eighteenth century, canonized by Wilhelm

* "Behemoth, or An Epitome of the Civil Wars of England from 1640 to 1660," by Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury. London, 1679, pp. 54 and 70.

von Humboldt, but prostituted by base political intrigues like those I have described.

And yet how admirable has been the German energy in building up its national universities. How justly have we all paid our tribute to the prescience and wise liberality in public expenditure which have brought them to eminent fame. How majestic the commonwealth of central European learning, of which they are the source. Let us not, even in these days of indignation and horror, allow ourselves to forget the colossal service which the German universities have rendered to the science of the world. "Knowledge is sacred," as Professor Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf wrote in August last to a classical colleague in the University of Manchester, "and those who realize the sacredness of knowledge realize also that they have a possession in common, and this will keep or bring them together."

*Corruptio optimi pessima.* One of the great warnings of the war is the peril of allowing men's reverence for great institutions to be perverted to misuse. Our Empire's wisdom will be put to the test when we deal with the problem: how much we ought to take from German experience in the development of our social and educational institutions, and how we can best guard against their perversion to baleful ends. "The sure faith that only upon the basis of ordered knowledge can the State build the fabric of disciplined power," (to quote the well-chosen words of the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University) is one of the German virtues, which at our peril we shall fail to imitate. Never yet in the history of our Empire has education in all its aspects received the concentrated attention and prudently generous encouragement which it deserves. The last thing we want is a copy of German education. But the German belief in education and readiness to make sacrifices for it we shall do well to emulate.

A Committee of the Municipal Council of the City of York has prepared, during the last three months, a report on the expenditure upon education in that ancient place. It is thoughtful enough to be interesting, but not well-informed

enough to be wise. One sentence in it pillories its author as a half-instructed man. He writes: "The present system of education [in England] has been founded to a considerable extent on the German system." As a matter of fact, there is just about as much German influence in English education as there is in English Christianity or in English philosophy, or in English art, and a very great deal less than there is in English electric or gas lighting (in spite of Faraday, Crookes, and Livesey), or in English applications of tinctorial chemistry (in spite of Perkin and Green). German education rests on two pillars—on obligatory military service, and on the fact that all its teachers are officials of the State. In the fabric of English education, both these pillars are absent. The results of this divergency may be traced in every part of the educational systems of the two countries.

But in this paper I wish to confine myself to university problems. Let it be asked then, in what respects the administrative mechanism which in Germany connects the universities with the State corresponds with the similar mechanism in Great Britain.

The present organization of the German universities will be found on analysis to have been determined by four chief causes, all of them the outcome of the turn which has been taken by the development of German national life since the end of the Thirty Years War. In every state of the German Empire the government holds the keys of entry to the great professions of law and of medicine, and also, in great measure, to the newer professional callings (engineering, for example), which have arisen in consequence of the advancement of science. In every state of the German Empire the government derives part of its revenue from communal estates or undertakings (generally mines, forests, or means of communication), and therefore has a direct interest in improving the scientific preparation of its technologists. In every part of the German Empire officials are under administrative law, and thus habitually adjust their minds to an ideal of obedience which is ultimately governed (whatever be the

claims of equity) by the interests of State. And in every state of the German Empire, all "established" teachers in every public educational institution are civil servants and owe their professional allegiance directly to the Crown.

The results are that the German universities, together with their younger sisters, the technical high schools, (1) are the sole road of entry to a professional career; (2) are very liberally financed by their governments—by way of business investment, as well as for reasons of intellectual policy; (3) are staffed by men who are sensitive to the behests of the authorized government, even to the point of accepting its ethical judgements; and (4) are the workshops of professors who never forget that they are the sworn servants of the government they serve.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, (1) the older professions of law and medicine retain (with some modifications, made by modern statutes) the mediæval characteristic of corporate autonomy; (2) the State (except in India, which for higher governmental purposes is still mainly an extension of Great Britain) has sold nearly all its domains and (except for certain naval workshops and armament factories) depends on private or semi-private industrial activity for the development of the wealth which it taxes for revenue; (3) there is no system of administrative law, except so far as by recent statutes certain government departments have been entrusted, for reasons of convenience, with the power of finally determining some issues which would otherwise go to the courts; and (4) no teachers, whether in universities or in schools, are civil servants, although both in England and in Scotland a few professors are appointed by the Crown.

The result is that in Great Britain (1) the universities are not the sole road of entry to the older or newer professions; (2) the State has never yet felt the interest of the national revenue to be directly concerned in the development of the scientific power and equipment of the universities or higher technical schools; (3) the habit of mind of a British professor is by social custom independent of State influence; and (4)

the British educational institutions, and especially the English, whether of university or of secondary rank, have retained in a large degree the mediæval tradition of self-government and the mediæval freedom to adjust themselves insensibly to the needs and preferences of particular social groups.

M. E. Sadler

## "THE FLOOD-GATES BURST"

The flood-gates burst, and forth the deluge tore
Of blood in seas, torrents of widows' tears,
High-billowing anguish, overwhelming fears,
Outrage and cruelty unknown before,
Such nameless horror as the fiends deplore;
And storms of lamentation smote all ears
For ravage past the cure of coming years.
The deluge drowned the world; men call it,—War.

One thing remains. Ever about this time
The Christian legend tells of Love made Flesh,
Of God Himself to this low world come down;
There being need to teach the world afresh
That many waters quench not Love sublime,
Nor all the floods from broken flood-gates drown.

Archibald MacMechan

# RELIGION IN THE ATHENS OF SOCRATES

THERE is a very hackneyed passage in the fragments of Xenophanes of Colophon, where that philosopher ridicules the naïve anthropomorphism of his day, remarking that if oxen or lions were able to make images of deity they would make them in their own animal forms. Eleaticism was one of the many systems round which eager discussion centred in the Academy, and the respect, rising at times to awe, with which Plato speaks of that school, suggests that in his day its influence must have been great among the deeper minds at Athens. Professor Burnet is probably right in fastening upon this sneer of Xenophanes as the first sign of the coming conflict between science and religion. In this paper I shall try to estimate how far doubt or denial of the traditional beliefs was a potent or a widespread force in the age to which Socrates belonged.

Nothing is easier than to produce evidence of sceptical currents, both broad and deep. The negative eristic of the sophists, the unrest and confusion of faith satirized by Aristophanes in the *Clouds*, the τύποι θεολογίας of the *Republic*, the blasphemy trials, the displacement of Æschylus by Euripides in the esteem of the younger men, the burlesquing upon the stage of quarrels and immoralities in Olympus, and especially the manifest delight which these profane plays gave to the audience, all these facts point in one direction. Grote was so impressed by their cumulative weight that he has represented the whole period as one in which profound and far-reaching unbelief was disguising itself under perfunctory compliance with ancient ritual. Even appearances seemed to be little regarded; denial was becoming open and aggressive. But we tend in such matters to exaggerate the importance of a noisy and clever minority. Those who know France best tell us

that outsiders greatly overrate the extent of the revolt from religion among the masses of the people. The press is a notorious purveyor of sensations; the few whose iconoclasm is a real shock to most of their countrymen are conspicuous figures to the eye of the foreigner; such men are taken to be far more typical than they really are, while the feelings of the great silent public are unknown and ignored. Paris may revel in mockeries of religion whilst the rural folk of Brittany or Normandy are as submissive as ever to the Roman See. M. Combes may unveil a statue to Voltaire in the *Place de la Concorde* whilst multitudes of the French people are invoking the healing mercy of the Virgin at Lourdes, and whilst even in the neighbouring cemetery of Père Lachaise crowds of mourners are laying cakes and sweetmeats on the graves of their dead. Dr. Mahaffy has drawn attention in this matter to the misleading influence of the "surly Thucydides." He is no doubt quite right in looking upon the historian as a member of a freethinking set; the coldly rational account of the Peloponnesian war, with its recurring sneers at the oracles, and its explanation of events by the interplay of purely natural forces, marks a very great change from the theological standpoint of Herodotus. "Monsieur Laplace," said Napoleon, "I am told that you have expounded a theory of physical nature without even mentioning the name of God." "Sire," replied the scientist, "I had no need of that hypothesis." This is exactly the Thucydidean attitude to social evolution. But for how large a section of the Athenian public was Thucydides entitled to speak?

No doubt in such opinions he was at one with Pericles and Anaxagoras, and the others of that esoteric group against whom prosecutions were directed by the anti-imperialists of the time. Protagoras and Diagoras of Melos escaped attack for unorthodoxy by voluntary exile. Prodicus of Ceos declared the gods to be mere personifications of those objects which had been proved beneficial to humanity; Demeter was thus rationalized into the emblem of bread, Dionysos into that of wine, Poseidon into that of water. To Antiphon the so-

called "divine art of prophecy" was nothing more than the "conjecture of a sagacious man." Critias, anticipating the crudeness of eighteenth century deism, pronounced the gods to have been invented by the ruling classes, that they might keep the people in order. And anyone can see by a glance at the ironical picture sketched by Plato in the opening of the *Protagoras* how large a measure of popularity these sophists enjoyed with a certain section of the Athenians. Moreover, the bitterness and persistence of the caricatures by Aristophanes prove the men whom he was attacking to have been no inconsiderable force.

Their influence, however, need not imply any general sympathy with their assaults upon religion. They were the teachers of many sorts of knowledge, and keen curiosity was abroad in the Athens of the time. Λογιστική, γεωμετρία, ἀριθμητική even ἀστρονομία had only an indirect bearing upon current beliefs. That Art of Persuasion which was the sophistic art *par excellence* was purely secular, and it was at the same time the accomplishment most deeply prized by speakers in the Ecclesia or in the law courts. Moreover, it is very notable that the sophists we know by name were, almost without exception, foreigners. Walter Pater explains them as the embodiment of that restless volatile spirit which was Ionian in contrast to Dorian, and whose natural home was Athens. But the representatives of that spirit came not from Athens, but from Abdera and Ceos, from Leontini and Elis, from Melos and Lampsacus. Why did Plato include among the safeguards of his "second-best State" in the *Laws* a provision against foreign travel by the citizens until they should have passed the age of forty? Why was one of the charges against Socrates that he was introducing *gods* other than those in which Athens believed? These are slight indications perhaps, but they point to a native religious conservatism, to the feeling which became vocal in the comedies of Aristophanes, and to an alien origin for the noisy unbelief. At Lacedæmon such invasions of foreign influence were checked by periodical ξενηλασίαι, and it was the boast of Pericles in the Funeral

Speech that no such precautions were needed at Athens. No doubt their foreign birth is one explanation of the sophists' disrespect for the Athenian gods, and we may be sure that patriotic sentiment would work powerfully among the masses to preserve the ancestral cults.

Very various inferences have been drawn by different critics from the series of blasphemy trials in the later years of the fifth century. *Prima facie* they imply an intolerant spirit towards freedom of inquiry; Mr. Livingstone, on the other hand, is struck by the fact that these were so few in number; he asks us to "compare this record with the religious prosecutions of fifty years of the Italian Renaissance," and he concludes that not occasional and sporadic repression but habitual and almost unique παρρησία on religious matters is the significant note of the period. Other writers, again, have refused to see in these indictments any evidence at all of theological conservatism; they sprang, we are told, not from religious zeal, but from political animosity.

That the prosecutions were dictated by party motives is indisputable. One member after another of the Periclean group fell a victim, and the attacks synchronized with the reaction of feeling against the dominance of "the Olympian." Thirty years later the same machinery was set in motion against Socrates in his old age; and it can hardly be a coincidence that during a long life of free discussion he was left in peace, but was persecuted to the death at its close, though his teaching had become no more sceptical than before. The clue is beyond doubt to be found in the fierce spirit of the restored democracy; public anger was directed far less against the introducer of new gods than against the friend and associate of the Thirty Tyrants. But why at intervals throughout that generation did the spirit of party revenge turn for its most effective weapon to an ἔνδειξις ἀσεβείας? Surely this implies that a conviction on this ground could most easily be obtained, and surely this, in turn, means a real attachment to the traditional worship and the traditional creed. The utility in statecraft of popular religious passion is a commonplace with the

party managers of every age. In the north of Ireland to-day it is well known that a politician who solicits support for any scheme, however remote it may be from religious ideals and interests, must first convince the community that he is an implacable enemy to the Pope; does not this indicate at least, among other things, the sturdy Protestantism of those districts of Ulster?

Nor is the argument from the paucity of prosecutions any convincing proof that Athens was indifferent to matters of religion. One is here very easily misled by the parallel of Christian Europe, and by the current idea that toleration is a virtue of late origin. Mr. Lecky and many other writers have pointed out that the Christian persecution of heretics was a natural and necessary inference from the old time confusion between salvation by faith and salvation by orthodox belief. But the cult of the Olympians was never thought of as a means of saving the individual soul, nor had it entered into the mind of anyone that the saving of a soul involved as a *sine qua non* the intellectual acceptance of a complex theology. The acts outwardly performed were far more important than the beliefs inwardly cherished or even openly avowed. Probably the Orphic ritual and the Eleusinian Mysteries came nearest to the Christian doctrine of sacramental grace. But even here the intellectual element was slight. "The initiated," writes Aristotle, "were not expected to learn anything, but merely to be affected in a certain way and put into a certain frame of mind." "The worshipper," says Professor Burnet, "was free to give any explanation of it he pleased. It might be as exalted as that of Pindar and Sophokles, or as material as that of the itinerant mystery mongers described by Plato in the *Republic.* The essential thing was that he should duly sacrifice his pig." To our mind a divorce between the ritual which one performs and the belief which that ritual seems necessarily to imply is both absurd and dishonest. But this is just one of the many places where, if we would appreciate the ancient world, we must divest ourselves of much that the modern world has learned. One must think oneself out of that atmosphere of "spiritual

religion" with which Christianity has enveloped us; and one must, in the words of Mr. Graham Wallas, "overcome the tendency to exaggerate the intellectuality of mankind."

We are all capable of holding simultaneously many inconsistent opinions: and we are greatly facilitated in doing so when one opinion is explicitly formulated by the lips whilst the other is indirectly involved in external act. Especially in religion certain things must often be *done*, and human nature is not logical enough to withdraw in every case its faith in a sort of magic efficacy connected with ritual, even after the beliefs once identified with such ritual have lost their hold upon the understanding. Such survivals can be illustrated to any extent out of the recent treatises on anthropology. How profoundly they entered into Greek worship can be seen from the single fact that the three great Athenian festivals, the Diasia, the Anthesteria, and the Thesmophoria, are full of ritual and imagery taken from the far earlier cult of Chthonian deities, which the worship of the Olympians displaced, and which was overlaid but by no means extinguished in later re-interpretation. But not only were the Greeks, like ourselves, quite capable of confused allegiance to a contradiction; even where the contradiction was clearly realized the modern conception of "acting a lie" had scarcely been born in the moral consciousness of antiquity. This reflection helps us to understand why even amongst peoples deeply attached to their worship prosecutions for impiety were so few. It explains also why, when undertaken, they were so ruthlessly severe. Sceptics generally complied with the external conduct prescribed, and where they did not comply they were looked upon either as stubbornly contumacious or as meditating political revolution. Many persons have felt deep disgust when they observed that Cicero's book *De Natura Deorum* was composed while he held the office of a Roman augur. But it is unfair to Cicero to judge him by the standard of an intellectual honesty which was still unknown. Only thus can we understand why the Christian martyrs who obstinately held out against an external conformity which violated inward

conviction were a constant puzzle even to the wisest and most humane of provincial governors under the empire. So far as the western world is concerned, invasion of the inmost sanctuary of personal belief seems a special mark of the persecutions initiated by the Church herself. Seldom until then was a man cross-examined as to what tenets he did or did not hold, with savage penalties for the views authoritatively declared erroneous. So long as the rites ordained were duly celebrated no questions were asked. The other side to the picture is, of course, the introduction, through Christianity, into the world of a new virtue, the virtue of correspondence between creed and action. The refusal of Demonax to sacrifice at the altars or to be initiated at Eleusis is a presage of higher intellectual and moral level. But Demonax is separated from Plato by more than five hundred years: and many a stray reversion to the pagan veracity has since been seen in the Christian world. How striking is that letter of Hume to a young man who consulted him about the propriety of taking Holy Orders, and who avowed his total disbelief in the doctrines which a clergyman must profess. Hume advises him not to allow his atheistical opinions to deter him from a comfortable and lucrative career. Perhaps both the tendency to cling to old usage and respect for the outward observances enjoined by the State are blended in the last request of Socrates upon his deathbed: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?"

A curious side to this prevalent freedom of speech about things divine is exhibited in the licence of jesting and merrymaking to which affairs in Olympus were subjected by Attic poets. The modern reverential spirit is such that one may infer with some certainty that a man who makes fun of sacred things is an unbeliever. Hence when Euripides makes Ion exclaim that Apollo and Poseidon and Zeus would have to go bankrupt if they were called upon to pay compensation to all the husbands whose wives they had led astray, we naturally conclude that the dramatist was an open scoffer. Indeed his whole picture

of the amatory adventures of Apollo is a diverting burlesque. But though so eminent a critic as Dr. Verrall has found in Euripides the protagonist of Rationalism, it is hard to rise from a perusal of the *Bacchae*, the *Hippolytus*, the *Heracleidae* or the *Supplices* without feeling that there was another and a very different side to his dramatic purpose. In the *Orestes* and the *Iphigeneia in Tauris* we may even find an attempt at an *amende* to the god so mercilessly ridiculed in the *Ion*. And we must not forget the historical origin of Tragic Drama in scenes of mirth and revelry connected with the Dionysiac cult. The speech of the leader of the dithyramb in which, Aristotle tells us, the germ of tragedy is to be found, contained many a coarse jest at the god's expense: and it is absurd to suppose that this meant at that time any lack of devotion to his worship. The view of those critics who insist that only "the sorrows of Dionysus" could have been religiously depicted is a piece of *a priori* dogmatism in defiance of the evidence: the practice of the later satyric play indicates the reverse, if any such confirmation of the direct testimony were needed. "Sport and religion," as Dr. Mahaffy remarks, "were not opposed by the Greeks . . . they made their serious pursuits, especially their religion, sportive—real feasts in the proper meaning of the term." The contrast with modern sentiment is, of course, glaring; but the fact must simply be accepted, and it ought to modify greatly the assurance with which we often conclude that a Greek could not worship or believe in a god whose career made him laugh or whose career he used to make others laugh. This is made still clearer when we notice that some later poets, whose piety, in the Athenian sense of the word, was beyond reproach, are just as irreverent from our point of view as any of the others. Aristophanes was of the conservative school in religion, if any man of the late fifth century can be so described. Yet has Euripides given us anywhere a more ludicrous burlesque of a deity than the figure of Dionysus in the *Frogs*? And what shall we say of the passage in the *Birds* where Heracles is shown as the illegitimate offspring of Zeus and, as such, liable to disinheritance inflicted upon the νόθοι by

Attic law? At all events, however we may suspect Euripides himself of a deep satirical purpose in his plays, it is certain that the audience would feel less shocked by them than, for example, the people of London sometimes feel by such pieces as "Joseph and his Brethren" or "Androcles and the Lion." Mr. Haigh's judgement is that "it seems doubtful whether Euripides can justly be regarded as an enemy of the national religion; nor does he appear to have been so regarded by the majority of his countrymen," and he notes that the charges brought against him were, in almost every case, upon ethical rather than theological points.

The attitude of Socrates and Plato to the Olympian worship is in many ways illuminating. For one can often better estimate the strength of a public sentiment from the vehemence of those who attempted to reform it, than from the inertia of those by whom it was professedly cherished. The extraordinary virulence of Lucretius should be a revelation to those who have assumed that during the last century of the Roman republic there was no living faith in the terrors of a world to come. It was no imaginary antagonist that provoked the passion of the *De Rerum Natura*. And, unless Plato's demand for the expurgation of the poets was so much elegant trifling, it is plain that reverence for the Homeric gods, so far from being merely formal, was fraught with moral as well as religious consequence for the Athens of the time. It is worth noticing that Aristotle restricts the choice of subjects for Tragedy to the material supplied by traditional legend, on the express ground that thus alone will the tragic situations be rendered *credible* to the audience. But Plato's claim that the myths must be ethically sifted is no evidence that even he himself had lost all faith in the gods. Æschylus, whom Aristophanes selects as the representative of old-fashioned piety, had exercised a similar freedom of treatment, and while he asserted the supreme sovereignty of Zeus it is clear that he acknowledged the gods of Homeric tradition. Even the devout Pindar is the critic and rejecter of immoral legend. But such a mediating position is almost certain to be misunder-

stood. There are many good persons to-day who look upon the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament as mere atheism in disguise. May we not extend to Socrates and Plato the same sympathy which most of us feel with those Christian theologians who will not allow that the divine sanction for human sacrifice and a divine command for the slaughter of the Amalekite children must be accepted by all who believe in a unique revelation to Israel? The prosaic and dull-witted Xenophon is a surer guide than Plato to the character and practice of the historical Socrates. Over and over again in the *Memorabilia* we are reminded that Socrates habitually offered prayer to the gods, but he is said to have differed from other worshippers in that he asked for no definite and specific gifts; he argued that none can tell what will be a real good and what the reverse; in consequence he prayed for "good and honourable things generally." Moreover, he sought, and believed himself to obtain, through prayer, guidance and direction for the emergencies of life, and he insisted that only by such supernatural help could a man's pathway be kept straight and secure. The same picture of his attitude is given to us in the *Second Alcibiades*, a dialogue which is for our present purpose perhaps all the more reliable if we take it to be the work of an inferior disciple rather than genuinely Platonic. How strikingly similar is this teaching to the view of those who tell us that in prayer we should seek not to change the will of God but to bring our souls into conformity to that will. A wider knowledge of the religious past of mankind should moderate the self-consciousness of our "advanced" thinkers.

If we cannot to-day define with even an approach to precision the attitude of many a learned dean or professor of Biblical Criticism to the Articles and Confessions of his Church, we must be content to leave Socrates and Plato in the same enigmatic relation to the Olympian theology. We have seen that freedom of speech and of opinion might well be permitted on a great scale by a community which was still devoted to ancestral worship but which thought it a far greater insult to the gods if a man omitted the daily sacrifice than

if he promulgated heretical views about their nature and attributes. It has been suggested that this παρρησία was much stimulated by the absence of a Greek Bible. Not long ago it was usual to speak of Homer as the canonical Scriptures of Greece, a view which Professor Bury repudiates as "exactly missing the point." But there is value in the analogy, though, like every possible analogy between the past and the present, it may easily be pushed too far. Plato's treatment of the divine misdeeds, as depicted in the Iliad and Odyssey, is good evidence that neither for him nor for the public which allowed him such freedom of criticism was there a doctrine of verbal inspiration for the Homeric text. Liberty to reconstruct and reinterpret was plainly granted, provided the ritual was not discontinued. Further proof of this is seen in the differences of treatment which an ancient legend received from the different artists of Tragic Drama. So long as the substance was preserved details might be imaginatively varied: the use of the Orestes myth by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, respectively, affords an obvious illustration. As Mr. Haigh remarks, "Writers of tragedy were allowed to handle these sacred subjects in a manner which no modern poet could imitate if dealing with the events of Bible history." But the unmistakeable doctrine of inspiration which Plato lays down in the *Ion* is not discounted by the fact that there was no wrangling at Athens comparable to the controversies which we can still remember about the divine dictation of the Pentateuch to a human amanuensis, or about supernatural guarantees for the accuracy of the vowel points. Unless we disbelieve all the evidence, immense authority, both moral and religious, belonged in the later fifth century to the teaching of Homer; proof texts were freely quoted to prejudge a controversy; and there was at least a suggestion of sacrilege against those who rationalized these proofs away. Both through tenacity of custom and through that deep mystical vein which reveals itself over and over again against the hard rationalism of his dialectic, we may well believe that Plato was very far indeed from a complete abandonment of immemorial religious

usage. It is an unhistorical projection of our own point of view into a remote age if we suppose that sacrifice to Zeus and Athena must have meant the same to the author as it would mean to twentieth century admirers of the *Republic* and the *Euthyphro*. There are signs that he held the view to which four hundred years later Dion Chrysostom gave such magnificent expression before the statue at Olympia, and which was destined to recur in a Christian dress when John of Damascus protested against the image-breaking campaign of Leo the Isaurian. The spirit of secularism, as we now know it, had scarcely yet appeared in either age: and the reflective religious mind could find in the poetic anthropomorphism of Homer, in the majestic sculptured figures of Pheidias, or in the tender gracefulness of the Madonna and the Saints, so many different avenues of approach to the ultimate mystery of the universe.

Ancient religions are intimately connected with the tribal or national self-consciousness of the community in which they are practised. Personal relation between the individual and his deity, unmediated by the State or the State's priest, belongs to a period relatively late. The value of this principle for cementing the unity of a commonwealth has always been great; and, conversely, a man's natural conservatism in matters of faith becomes reinforced by patriotic feeling. This is very conspicuous in the "Religion of Numa" at Rome, where the private citizen was little more than an onlooker at the rites celebrated by public officials on his behalf. And although an Athenian offered his own sacrifice in person he never lost sight of the idea that he was doing homage to the gods of Athens. Similarly religious innovation or disrespect towards established forms at once aroused the suspicion of political disloyalty. This is strikingly illustrated by a series of prosecutions, turning upon no heretical doctrine, but upon the sacrilegious violation of sacred things, in the last ten years of the Peloponnesian war. The Athenians were greatly puzzled as to the identity of the man or men who mutilated the figures of Hermes on the eve of the Sicilian Expedition; modern historians have less difficulty in fixing the guilt. The Sicilian enterprise had been

strongly opposed in the Ecclesia, and one may judge the influence at the time of oracles and prophecies from the lavish production of any number that might be required to win over the Assembly. Indeed the facility with which divination was obtained in support of any interest whatever is significant not only of the respect which divination enjoyed, but of the dexterity with which politicians knew how to turn that respect to advantage. After the crushing disaster in Sicily public feeling was given vent in the ferocious attack by Euripides in the *Helena* upon the whole race of soothsayers and prophets. But while the Assembly was still undecided, and while the envoys from Leontini could appeal to so many supernatural sanctions, it was clear that the last card of the pro-Syracusan party must be found in the creation of a contrary portent even at the eleventh hour. From what we know of the venality, the adroitness, and the impious daring of Alcibiades we have some reason to think that the suspicion which fell upon him was not ill-founded. The thing may, of course, have been a drunken frolic; such an hypothesis no one can either prove or disprove. But it is at least very plausible to attribute the deed to someone who had a strong interest in stopping the expedition. The pious Nicias, who was its most consistent opponent in the Ecclesia, would never have resorted to so profane an expedient; but it was exactly the sort of thing that Alcibiades would carry out if the Syracusans made it worth his while.

Our present interest in the episode relates to the effect which was produced on the public mind at Athens. The purpose, let us suppose, was to make the expedition seem ill-omened and to frighten the Assembly into rescinding its decree. In what way was the fright expected to operate, or, to avoid uncertainties, let us ask in what way *did* the fright operate ? No one seems to have doubted that the defacement of the Hermæ was done by a human hand. Was it thought that the outrage would draw down the curse of heaven upon the ships? The prosecution points to a more mundane idea; it was inferred that a τυραννίς was in contemplation. If the perpetra-

tors foresaw that either of these suggestions would be instilled into the public mind the purpose was equally served, for the fleet would be detained at home.

Now, why should it be thought that a man aiming at a τυραννίς would begin by committing a religious offence? This is, to my mind, the most mysterious point and, at the same time, the only point worth solving in the whole affair. Let me hazard a conjecture.

We know that the worship of the Olympians was far from being the only cult in the Athens of the time. The secret of the Eleusinian rites, so carefully guarded in antiquity, is still in a great measure sealed from the curiosity of scholars. Such hints as we have go to show that amid elements of primitive magic this celebration was an initiatory rite for souls, conducing to their happiness in the underworld. Those who had not been so disciplined were understood to be at a disadvantage in the realm of shades. But we know that ardent faith in immortality was alien to the orthodox Olympian worship; for Homer the effect of the Trojan war was to send the souls of brave men to Hades, leaving *themselves* a prey to bird or beast, and Achilles preferred to be a landless man upon earth rather than to rule over wraiths below. The manifold questionings of Socrates on the point were not resented as impiety. At the same time we have abundant proof in the Croton Tablets that Orphic ritual emphasised just that "other-worldliness" which the orthodox condemned or neglected; Dr. Adam has happily compared the situation to the antithesis between Establishment and Dissent. That such itinerant dissenting preachers had made many an inroad at Athens is clear, both from Plato's angry references and still more from many a trace that their doctrines were affecting his own thought. Now, the home of Orphism was in Magna Græcia, and at all events in earlier days it was closely connected there with aristocratic politics. If this association persisted we can understand why an open assault on the State religion, and the profaning of its sacred symbols, should have made democrats suspicious of political designs. Even if it be true that the legitimate Eleusinia were an offshoot

of illicit Orphism, it is plain that they had become sharply contrasted in the public mind; and the English Jacobites do not stand alone in history for the view that a rebel against the Church must be a rebel against the Commonwealth.

It is often asked whether Greek religion had an elevating effect upon morals. Into that I have no space to enter. Mr. Lecky is no doubt justified in his remark that to make men moral was no more the place of a primitive priest than of a primitive physician, though indirect ways might easily be specified in which the Olympian worship had a salutary effect upon character. But the aim of this paper is simply to show that in the Attic age religious conviction and ritual were far stronger forces than is commonly supposed. The facts which have been used to minimize them admit of another and a more natural explanation, while the positive indications of a great pious public over against a handful of freethinkers are both plentiful and unambiguous.

Herbert L. Stewart

# IN BILLET AND TRENCH

BILLETS vary in type from gaols and factories to farmhouses and chateaux. In spite of this variety of type they all possess the common characteristic of extreme peacefulness. The nearer it is to the firing line the more marked is the calm that makes the war seem infinitely far away. If one is lucky enough to be on that rarest of Flemish curiosities, a slight hill, the broad fields stretch away into the distance, fields having no fences and but few hedges. Scattered at intervals are small woods of young trees, here and there a row of tall, spindly poplars, their trunks devoid of branches and surmounted by a green tuft designed for the express purpose of housing bulky birds' nests. A road winds away to a spire-crowned town and along the road loiters a blocky farm horse with one of those absurdly small three-wheeled carts so out of proportion to the size of the animal. The whole impression would be that of the formal tailor-made landscapes of the theatre curtain, were it not for the string of cavalry horses coming down the side road and the biplane drifting languidly through a fluffy cloud; the cavalry, the aeroplane and a distant boom are the only jarring elements in a scene of perfect peacefulness.

To return to our billet, which is probably a farmhouse. The centrepiece of a French homestead is not a hospitable hearth but a pile of manure and a pond of stable sewage dignified by the name of "courtyard," on one side of which is the house, on another the stable, the barns occupying the remaining sides. A strip of pavement six feet wide intervenes between the buildings and the refuse. In winter time this strip serves as the company parade ground. In a corner stands the pump, the quality of whose water may be left to the imagination, but the military water-carts supply chlorinated and filtered water. Attention is distracted from the

smell of the courtyard refuse by a cesspool under the stable, whose bouquet makes all other smells fade into insignificance. On arriving at the billet the company commander reconnoitres the buildings and allots the space to the subalterns, who march their weary platoons off to quarters. The officers' sleeping valises are spread in the room behind the kitchen and all turn in to rest, except the sentry on the gate. The bearing of this sentry is a gauge of the discipline of the unit he represents and care must be taken that he is smart. Discipline in the highest and truest sense has never been of such vital importance as in the present war. Senior officers may set a standard but the subaltern must attend to the smaller yet more important details of discipline, for if the pence of discipline are watched the pounds will take care of themselves. A man who salutes carelessly or wears his cap askew soon degenerates into slackness in the execution of orders. This system does not involve harshness, for the best means to develop discipline is a careful regard for the welfare of subordinates. The subaltern who thinks that because men are clothed and fed alike they are all peas out of the same pod will have trouble. He must be familiar with the characteristics of each individual, for on the breadth and depth of this appreciation will depend his ability to handle men. If the men feel he knows and understands them, the maintenance of discipline will be a simple matter.

The majority of the inhabitants treat the troops with the greatest kindness and the soldiers reciprocate with every consideration. On rare occasions one meets a crank, invariably voluble, full of protests and excuses. The luckless officer is overwhelmed in a swift torrent of French. The remedy for this is simple. The officer conceals his conventional knowledge of French and keeps the interpreter well out of range. He then suddenly opens rapid fire in English, or better still in Canadian. The sense and meaning of the words matter little, the main point being volume of sound with energy of expression. This method savours of the Prussian, but the effect of it is instantaneous and the result permanent. The Frenchman looks bewildered and meekly subsides into acquiescence.

The attitude of the native towards the war is one of calm resignation. They realize it as a necessary and inevitable evil that must be endured stoically to its utmost completion. They feel none of the drama but much of the pathos, for every household has supplied its quota, not only of men, but of casualties. "*C'est triste*" is the universal expression used, spoken with an intense depth of feeling. Despite this widespread depression the housewife is ever anxious to make money by selling beer, eggs, and homemade bread. For this purpose a canteen is established in the kitchen every day at noon and in the evening. If selling is permitted at other hours, it interferes with the work of the household and of the mess cook, whose difficulties are sufficiently increased by the pranks of French children. They are not above looting newly-made tarts or throwing a handful of flour over the cook's head; and in the inevitable pursuit that follows over hard and slippery floors, a stout soldier of forty is at a decided disadvantage. Children dodge chairs so much more quickly.

A general cleaning takes place the morning after arrival in billets. The pump works overtime supplying water, which is at least several degrees cleaner than the men who use it, for washing, shaving, and perhaps a little amateur laundering. In most places a wooden wash tub can be found, failing this, biscuit tins make fair substitutes. The subaltern inspects feet, and sees that the stains excused as due to boot oil are not due to other causes. The subaltern sees that even the smallest blisters are shown to the medical officer, for small blisters soon grow into large ones and cause discomfort and final inefficiency. Despite Napoleon's maxim an army does use its feet as a means of progression, and the recruiting sergeant's rosy promises of a motor-bus service direct from fire trench to billets are a bit too optimistic.

One of the chief attractions of a billet is the possibility of a bath. Baths are of two types, official and unofficial; disused factories for official baths, and nothing can describe the sensation of refreshment given by a really hot tub, after which one feels, and is, pounds lighter and years younger. To

official baths is added the comfort of a fresh suit of underwear. Unofficial baths take place under pumps, in wash tubs, and in warm weather, in duck ponds and canals.

Life in billets gives a needed opportunity for rest and for overtaking arrears of sleep. A considerable amount of physical exercise is given to counteract the enervating effect of trench life; the daily programme including a run before breakfast, physical drill and bayonet-fighting in the morning, and in the afternoon either games or a short route march. The men sometimes feel the term "rest" to be a decided misnomer.

When an assault is to be delivered the troops detailed for the work rehearse their parts while in billets, knowing that success will depend largely on the familiarity of each actor with the rôle he is to play. An assault used to be pictured as a furious rush across the open, short sharp work with the bayonet, followed by the victors sitting down in the captured trench to survey the fruit of their labours. In practice the affair requires as careful arrangement as any theatrical production, for the activities of the assaulting troops are quite as varied as those of Puck. Some men carry "bath mats"* to bridge ditches, others rolls of chicken-wire to make paths over wire entanglements. Some carry wire clippers or shovels. Every man has empty sandbags in his belt and parties are detailed for bomb-throwing and for ferreting out hidden machine guns, whose crews, often chained to their guns, resist to the last. Even scene-shifters are provided, who reverse the parapet of the captured trench, to ward off the inevitable counter attack. In the confusion of an assault precise orders cannot be given and it is essential that every man be familiar, not only with his own part, but be ready to understudy any more important actor who may be disabled. These rehearsals are not undertaken heedlessly or lightly, for all realize the seriousness of the task. Sometimes a parade is held for divine service and many attend communion. The former service takes place in the open air; the communion in any available building, often in extraor-

*These are short lengths of narrow wooden sidewalk.

dinary surroundings. On one occasion some of the troops detailed for the assault assembled for communion in a stable. At one end stood a blanket-covered packing case with a semi-circle of folded blankets as an altar-rail. The officiating clergyman was a trooper in the Western Cavalry. In appearance he was a common Canadian soldier type, tall and well built, with close-cropped hair. The khaki jacket was stained and worn, the dirt ingrained into his hands. A more unpriestlike figure could not be imagined than this man, yet his voice and manner had all the quiet dignity characteristic of his calling. Before him men and officers knelt in the straw, all distinctions of rank forgotten, remembering only that they were Soldiers of Christ seeking strength for their task.

A test of a company's efficiency is ability to make a hurried move. One morning at dawn an orderly thrust his head into the loft with an order to march in twenty minutes. The Company Commander slid down the ladder and kicked the shins of the Sergeant-Major, who sat up with a start, his eyes popping wide open in surprise. Then the platoons were roused, and in less than a minute they were buzzing like bees in a hive, putting on boots and puttees, stowing greatcoats into packs and rolling blankets into bundles. There was no noise except the squawks of flustered chickens. Each man had his own job, understood it and went ahead with the work. In fifteen minutes the Sergeant-Major swallowed the last of a biscuit and blew his whistle for the "Fall In." Unluckily a crumb of hard-tack had lodged in the mouthpiece and there was only a plaintive hiss. He resorted to his voice with better results. Rolls were called.

"All present and correct, Sir."

"Very good, Sergeant-Major."

The company clicked to attention. "Form fours,—Right," and swung out of the gate to the battalion rendezvous.

On the day of leaving billets for the trenches, the men are allowed as much extra rest as possible, no work being done except the routine of roll call, followed by inspection of rifles and of quarters. Provident men gather a supply of kindling

wood, for though coke is supplied there will be no stock of wood. The country has been picked clean of dry twigs, but the Company Quarter-master Sergeant may have found empty wooden boxes at the supply dépôt. If the paymaster has recently made a visit, eggs, bread and chocolate are purchased, but "pocket money" of one franc a day does not go very far. Orders are received for the company to be at a cross-roads two miles distant at 7.30 p.m., this cross-roads being known as the starting point. During the afternoon a subaltern walks to this starting point, taking care to note the way and the time required for the distance, moving at the slow rate the heavy packs make necessary. A lane branching off the road is noted as a convenient resting place and ten minutes is added to the estimated marching time. In the afternoon the billet is put in order for troops from the trenches who will occupy it that night, as nothing is more discouraging to weary troops than an untidy billet. The reconnaissance of the afternoon enables the company to reach the starting point exactly at the appointed hour, to the satisfaction of the staff officer who is checking arrivals. These precautions seem unduly elaborate unless one bears in mind that, in moving bodies of troops, wagon trains and ambulances at night over narrow, winding roads, it is necessary to keep to time tables or congestion and confusion will arise.

At the starting point the staff officer gives further directions, pipes are put out and the company continues a mile down the road to where guides from the trench are waiting. They are found in the shelter of a hedge grousing at the supposed delay of the relief. From this point the trench is only half a mile distant and greater care must be exercised to escape detection. The owner of the rattling mess-tin is ordered to put away his cow-bell. The mess-tin should be in the pack, but the designer of the pack overlooked the possibility of plum cakes being sent from home. Talking now ceases and the company divides into four platoons, each moving in single file under the direction of a guide. For a short distance the way leads along the road. This means

good footing but more exposure to shell fire; as roads are easy marks to range on during the day and shell at night. In the latter event a ditch, though wet, is not uninviting. Soon the guide leaves the road and strikes across the fields. The ditches have been bridged but at least one or two men manage to slip in for a bath. The rate of marching is reduced to a positive stroll; for if anything faster is attempted the tail of the column gets lost. Minor delays at the head of the platoon are magnified fifty-fold before the end is reached. The proverb about haste and speed must have had its origin in leading troops across country by night. The crack of sniping grows louder and a low ridge looms out of the ground. The trench is reached and the relief files in. While the sentries are being relieved, the outgoing officer informs his successor as to the direction and distance of the enemy; the state of the wire entanglements and the ground between the opposing trenches, the amount of ammunition, bombs, wire, and tools. When the transfer is completed, the old garrison clambers out of the trench in eager expectation of a sleep and a wash on the morrow. The night is now too far advanced to start work, so all turn in, except the officers and men on watch. The most dangerous time is just before dawn, when an enemy may obtain the concealment of the dark without its confusion. At this time, every man in the trench stands to arms until day has broken, which it does most slowly and reluctantly. Everyone is numb and drowsy when word is passed down the trench. "Mess-tins, out for rum!" The subaltern appears with a large jar and a small measure. As a beverage, raw rum is as palatable as vinegar; but it warms "the corporals of the heart" at a time when vitality is most depressed by exposure. Before the reaction sets in, breakfast has supplied a more permanent source of bodily heat.

Rifle inspection follows the issue of rum. Keeping a rifle in serviceable condition is a task of which the difficulty is equalled only by the importance. For a dirty rifle no excuse, however plausible, can be accepted. A dirty rifle is incapable of delivering that rapid fire which has enabled the British to

withstand many a rush, for if the rapid fire is efficient no rush can succeed. Most men are quick to appreciate the vital importance of a clean rifle, but sometimes a barrel will be found dirty. For this the most effective punishment is to stop an issue of rum. This deprivation, combined with the good natured teasing of comrades, makes unlikely a repetition of the offence.

By day very few sentries are needed and the morning is spent in bailing out water, deepening the trench or improving the dugouts. On a fine day an aeroplane may come out to hunt for gun positions. Everyone in the trench knocks off work to watch the sport that is sure to follow. A little speck marks the aircraft. On watching this a stab of flame flashes near by, followed by the appearance of a tiny puff of white smoke; at first a solid snowy ball, gradually dissipating into thin mist. Not until after an interval of some seconds is the report of the burst heard. Then the performance is repeated, usually with the same negative result. The slight risk to the airman merely adds interest to the really beautiful spectacle. War is a picture of pitiful tragedy or of commonplace commercialism in which the shelling of an aeroplane is the one dramatic touch.

The afternoon is the time for rest. Except the sentries, nearly everyone sleeps, hunts "small game" or writes letters telling of hairbreadth escapes. The imagination shown in these tales helps to relieve monotony and counteracts depression. Times of stress are not nearly so exciting as might be imagined. One is chiefly conscious during a spell of shelling of having missed breakfast and of wondering if they will stop for lunch. Cheerfulness is deliberately cultivated, not because of any natural gaiety, but as a matter of policy. Life goes more smoothly, and the seamy side is not so evident if this policy is followed. Troops who are allowed to get "fed up" are of very little use. Singing is of great assistance. The mind seeks refreshing contrasts with immediate surroundings in sentimental songs of the most extreme type. All patriotic songs are taboo. "I Want to go Home" is the modern hymn

before action, and men forget that the freezing mud is ankle deep in singing "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold."

Dusk is a favourite time for attack, so all stand to arms until it is quite dark, when the real work commences. The company is assigned to various duties; numerous sentries are posted, ration and water parties are told off, patrols and wire repairing is arranged. Indeed darkness brings work and daylight sleep. Soon after dark, when the ration parties are about to start, the Germans begin to drop shells to the rear of the trench. Needless to say, the party waits until the shower is over and then they set out, taking with them any wounded that have not been removed by daylight. Another party is engaged in filling sand-bags to heighten a length of parapet or fill in a "direct hit" which destroyed about six feet of trench and half buried a sentry. "Lucky it wasn't the other end of me, Sir." Towards eleven o'clock low sounds of sucking and splashing are heard and a string of shadowy forms can be discerned behind the trench,—the ration party with food, fuel, and what is still better, letters, comes in. No matter how heavy the load or long the distance, the ration party always manages to carry in the letters. Grub is stored outside the subaltern's dugout for distribution on the morrow. The light in the dugout is carefully screened as the platoon sergeant sorts the mail—a burst of rapid fire on the right, star shells pop up, a compressed air rivetter joins in making the air quiver with excitement.

"Is it a real show or merely a case of getting their wind up?"

A star shell shows our front to be absolutely quiet. The diagnosis is "wind" and "stand to" is not prescribed. Unnecessary alarms only cause extra worry to ourselves and elate the enemy, who is impressed by the morale of troops who do not show unnecessary excitement. The quiet that follows is intense. After all, there may have been some cause for the uproar, so a patrol crawls out through the wire and stealthily crosses "la rue Internationale." Progress is slow on hands and knees over, or rather through, the wet field. One third of the

way across the leader sinks into the earth, the others mimic, not yet divining the reason. An object is moving beside the ditch ahead. On more careful inspection this turns into a large tuft of grass and the advance recommences. Near the German wire a star shell bursts overhead and drifts for an endless period of fifteen seconds. Noses burrow into the mud and all breathe through their ears. A few minutes listening shows that all is quiet, yet not suspiciously quiet. For some unexplained reason the return trip is always made more rapidly than the outgoing one. Soon the patrol is challenged in a low tone by our own sentry, and clambers home again just in time for the dawn "stand to."

RUGGLES GEORGE

# THE MILLENNIUM

AND, after this, what is our faith to find?
  For morning what more solid hope have we
Of haven from this shipwreck of mankind,
  Who lie at evening chartless on the sea?
Unchanging, unpreparing, halting still,
  Oh, what strange magic trust we then to unfold
Glad harvest of the fields we never till,
  Fruit of no purpose ever sown of old?
What seek we to repair this piteous time?
  What shape we to compel the thing we seek?—
Brothers, the good we plan not is the crime
  That mothers all this ruin. Ere we speak
Our answer lies within us, and our star:
We have to-morrow what to-day we are.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

# MIRIAM

## II*

JOSEPH:

So, my Miriam!
And dost thou set the loom in purple weft
Or homely ply, to make a palac'd lord
Spending the toil-worn peasant's patient store,
Or some plain builder of his country's worth
To whom his work is dearer than his wage?
Haply those dimpl'd hands, that fondly stray
To prove each landmark in his night of things,
Shall one day deftly grip his father's tools
And shape good wheels to lighten folk their load.

MIRIAM:

Ay, his Eternal Father's heav'nly trade!
Strong wheels, all radiant as the whirling stars,
True in the course and pois'd in equity,
Alert and sure to jump the binding ruts
That hold toward the treasury of dross,
Fearless to pioneer the upward paths
Toward the spirit spheres:—let him make wheels
Godward to aid the toiler with his load!

JOSEPH:

Sure thou art drunk with joy, and all the lore
That eastern sages gave thy priestly line
Runs riot in thy veins! Those lustrous eyes
Whose depths thou hast redoubled in thy babe
Flash with the holy fires of one possest.
Yet, if indeed it be thou art inspir'd,

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*Part I was published in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, October, 1911.

Then have a care, for the wise fools of earth
Forgive not nor forget to find a grave
For new-born wisdom, lest some voice of God
Should strike the ear and show it dead to truth.
Let one loose tongue but babble, "She blasphemes
Who would usurp the provinces of heav'n,"
And thou art doomed, my sweet, and I forlorn.

MIRIAM:

Nay, Joseph, chide me not as one possest!
Look on our babe and list to me awhile.
Hast thou forgotten all I gave thine ear
Of that strange eve amid the silent hills
That guard mine uncle Zachar's lonely cure,
How to his hostly roof in friendship came
Two journey'd priests, well versed in works and ways
Of men and things abroad from far Indu
To Europe's Babylon? How clear they limn'd!
To death—to life I saw each nation sway
Ev'n as its humblest hand bore to the scale
Shadow or substance, gold or wealth divine,
Semblance or truth, licence or liberty.
King, priest and people vaunt the rule of God,
Yet evermore men bow to idols vain,
Nor reck of woe to come upon their babes
Whose feet their prophets blindly guide astray.
Thus in their pageant pass the years aflame
With burning greed and smoulder'd injury;
And, flux'd in many a sunset's crimson gold,
Blood shed to waste and talents spent to shame.
Yet slowly sure, uplifting earth to heav'n,
The conquering few, cursed in their day and killed,
Feed in their sacrifice the lights of faith,
The hearths of hope, the hallowing fires of love;
Their meed to make the morrow's brighter glow
Leap from the dismal ashes of to-day.

Oh, for a voice of heav'n to call mankind
To man's true standard in the march of things!—
Earth should go nobler then; for scarce an eye
But erst had giv'n a wistful glance above,
Nor heart but held awhile a holier scheme.
So spake they and with Zachar's wisdom turned
To the last findings in astrology,
If some new star might presage braver scenes.
Shadow'd of all their tales I slipp'd the latch
And stole away, pitcher in hand to ply
Its household duty to forgetfulness.
There fell no solace where the plashing fount
Played with its eddying bubblets in the pool:
Nor by the racing rill, whose rippling smile
In reckless mirth made merry at my mood,
Glancing and glist'ning in its gurgling glee
Till, swamped in levell'd humour where the creek
Sobered its course and set its face to sleep,
Its restless being, awed and overwhelm'd,
Laid down its person like a soul in death,
Lapsed in the lake to destiny more deep.
Here not a ripple reached the shelving strand
To rock the cradled lotus through her dream
And kiss the pillow'd sand. From shore to shore
The hush of eve on liquid silence lay
Like rose and silver blent in alchemy.
The serried reed upheld his rested spear,
Nor found the breath to bid his rapier blade
Play in the pass of swords that bring to bay
The wallowing boar, and nightly scourge aloof
The water'd wild ass in his wanton tread.
The valley slumbered; and about her head
Like flambards at the gate of Paradise
The solemn hills stood in a purple haze,
From hip to helm cuirass'd in burnished sheen
Hot from the shimmering forge of sunset flame
Kindling their crests aloft with limpid fire:

Beyond her feet the billowing desert lay
Dim-tinted of its arid idleness
'Neath bleaching suns; yet now the hand of eve
Sweet ministrance of cooling shadows made
To quench the wearied hours with crimson wine
Sluiced in the hollows, and a couch to spread
With purpled coverlet and canopy
Neath ev'ry rock. I sought an alcove dear
Whose wings outspread toward the westering sun
Compass'd perfection paradised in flowers:
For spring, a maid no more, blushed as a bride
On the young arm of summer. At my tread
Sweet windflowers nodded to my garment's hem
With winsome smile, whose crimson, white, and blue
Ensign'd the blood of heroes spent to hold
Pure honour high into the azure heav'n.
There too the gentle lilies of the field
Deep hues and dreamy fragrance softly shed
In cluster'd iridescence o'er the green,
Save one fair bed beside my resting nook
Where they grew white for me, blest in the shade
Strewn by a monarch cedar's courtly arm
Betwixt their beauty and the noontide ray.

As there I lay to watch God's glory fill
The molten heavens and set the lift ablaze
With flooded fires, a presence touched my soul
From those enlightened silences beyond
And tossed my thoughts upon a troubled dream
Of hope lost in a wilderness of fears.
So hung that moment on the hand of fate
That not a whisper left the list'ning world
Who held her breath all hush'd and motionless,
Awed of some portent as of Sina's flame.
Then soft anear me stirred the pulse of wings
Rustling the myrrh bush, and the song-bird came
To raise his vesperal, the while his mate
Stole to my side to claim her wonted crumbs

Ere nightlong she resumed her nested care
In vigil o'er the hope of motherhood:
And nobly visioning her holy charge,
He set his soul to music, full inspir'd
In passion'd tones, whose heav'nly numbers held
My soul in touch with voices from afar
Out of the silent infinite of stars:
"Mother of God," he sang, "Mother of God,
Labour and love for earth and live in heaven."
Then outward to the listening earth at large,
"Children of God," he cried, "children of God,
Labour and love for earth and live in heaven."
Then on a wistful strain my thoughts he wing'd
Homeward to distant Nazareth and thee
And the hard prejudice that foil'd thy suit
Amongst my kin. Then hot rebellion rose
That we of earth, in vain self-glory swoll'n,
Should use this mortal span of God-lent pow'r
To multiply all sorrow for our own:
And with his song, athwart the blinding sky
Deep unto terror wax'd that crimson-gold,
Till I beheld therein the prophet's word—
Blood shed to waste and talents spent to shame;
And all the wrongs of earth wrenched at my heart
For refuge utterance and remedy
And forced my lips to God. "Oh Power of Good,
Is thy full mercy, love and mightiness
On all the spheres save one? Is earth alone
The place whereto the wayward spirit comes
Condemned into our purgatory flesh
Till sin and suffering bid sorrow forth
To teach the need of law so long contemn'd?
Yet this were mercy sure, did we but bear
The gentle justice of thy joyous yoke
Nor add the sinful burden of our own.
Oh lend thy voice to bid mankind believe
That this reforming world is heav'n indeed

Where man regards his fellow as himself!
And for that voice, if I be worthy thus,
Grant me the prayer each Hebrew maiden prays,
And let the lips to bear thy message, Lord,
Feed on my breast." And silence stood aghast
If struck to earth my soaring hope should fall.
Then wafting upward through the hush of things,
Falling like dew upon the slumb'ring flowers,
A long, low call note thrilled the quivering air:
Soft as the lullaby of seraph lips
O'er babes in dreamland paradise it swelled,—
Sweet with the peace of stars unknown to strife
Of sword or tongue or sorrow-laden gold,—
Tender with love tried fiercely in the flame
And tranquil grown in triumph over pain
Through lives long done,—sad with the echo'd knells
Of woe in labour'd worlds invisible
To shallow mortal eyes. Louder it rose
And broader spread in throbbing wavelets clear,
Till mystic pulses, moving in the air,
Shook me within; the while there came a sense
Of unseen presences abiding near
With wisdom influent of many spheres
To bear me witness of eternity.
Then in that moment, coursing o'er my mind,
Visions of vast proceedings cast their shape,—
The plans of æons past, the nurtur'd schemes
That stars and systems wax'd and wan'd to bring,
The living worth of dead and contrite worlds,
The facts that nations stood for ere they fell,
The faiths that prophets agonized to speak,
Truths for which patriots lived and martyrs died,
And mothers watched in anguish o'er their babes,—
The ethic essences of all that is
And all that was, made focus of my soul
To form the life-light of the thing to be.
And while half-swooned with sweet rewarding pain
I lay entranced, those tones divine rang on,

"For thee,—for thee,—a Son of God for thee!
Labour for God on earth and live in heaven."
Trembling I rose to face the vault above
With hands upheft: and, while its myriad eyes
Leapt through the twilight space to search my soul
And plumb its truth, I made the holy vow
Of motherhood. And still that voice went on
In passion phras'd, as though astrain to hold
God's perfect peace upon an aching world:
Then, like an omen dark as human hate
For truth reveal'd, athwart the paling west
A sudden night-hawk stooped and struck the song
To swift and bloodset silence evermore.

For evermore ?—Nay, for my breast well knew
God's living messenger of light to come
Moved like a flutt'ring songbird deep within.

VAUTIER GOLDING

# THE NEARING CASE

THE case of Dr. Scott Nearing has raised some of the most complicated problems of university statesmanship. The widespread discussion it has aroused, and now the publication of Dr. Witmer's brief,[1] are evidence of unusual interest in these problems. Apart from its immediate and practical bearing on security of tenure in university employment, on academic discipline, and on the right of the teacher to an active expression of opinion outside his class-room on matters on which he speaks with special knowledge, the case is valuable as an indication of the working of deeper issues. By their words and their silence, the leading characters have made the incident one of real significance, giving a sharp challenge to conventional or hazy opinion, and demanding a judgement based on fundamental affirmations or denials.

The disappearance of an assistant professor from the staff of a large university is seldom a matter for more than local comment. But Dr. Nearing is a man of unusual force: he had the largest class in his university and by all testimony held it well. Outside he is well known as a speaker and writer. Even those responsible for his virtual dismissal declare that there is nothing whatever against his character—quite the reverse. Clearly the reasons for it must also have been of unusual force. In the words of a statement recently issued by the trustees, "Dr. Nearing was dismissed because his public views and utterances . . . . . were misunderstood by the public and by the parents of students to such an extent that they reflected unfavourably upon the university as a whole."[2] I do not for one moment question the absolute sincerity of this statement, nor of its conclusion: "the dismissal had nothing to do with the question of academic freedom of speech." It is

[1] "The Nearing Case," by Lightner Witmer, Professor of Psychology in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: Huebsch. Pp. 123, 50c.

[2] Quoted *Literary Digest* Oct. 30, from the *New York Times*.

just its sincerity that makes it so significant. To the trustees it was a case of academic discipline to be dealt with in the course of their trusteeship, and calling for no explanation of the action they decided to take. To the mind used to the relation of employer and employed this is apt to look final. "No explanation is necessary at this time, nor will any be forthcoming at any time" said one of the trustees. "The University of Pennsylvania is not a public institution. It is only quasi-public. We are answerable only to our own sense of duty and responsibility. No one has the right to question us."[1] The same trustee objected to public explanation on the further ground that "it would not be accepted as final," in which he at least showed better prophecy than did one of his colleagues who closed an interview with the word "Finis"—at the beginning of a long controversy.[2] The position is a familiar one. "When people are charged with a duty to perform and with a trust, and they do what they consider right, do they ever explain? . . . Why should they explain? Answer me that!"[3]

The question is clearly put, and the challenge promptly taken at every point. Trusteeship involves by its very definition responsibility to something more that the trustee's own sense of duty, though that was the ground of his being chosen. He is responsible to the letter and spirit of his trust, and of its interpretation he is not the sole judge. His success in its fulfilment may be challenged at law: then he is compelled to explain. Or it may be challenged publicly: then he is bound to explain. Dr. Nearing's advocates claim that his teaching is close to the letter and spirit of the foundation deed, while the action of the trustees violates it. This charge, substantiated by evidence of Dr. Nearing's teaching and the words of the deed, clearly calls for investigation and judgement, just as much as a charge of malfeasance. The statement that the university is not a public institution, while true as far as it goes, covers only the lesser fraction of the truth. The typical development of universities is more and more to

[1] Witmer, pp. 19-20. [2] *Ib.*, p. 27. [3] *Ib.*, p. 21.

transcend any original limits of creed and administration in order to be freer for the service of the whole community. At the same time their endowments are more and more supplemented from public funds; so that the general responsibility to the community for the provision of its higher education is reinforced by the specific responsibility for the expenditure of state funds. Both of these conditions are found in Pennsylvania.

Finally, it is denied that Dr. Nearing's teaching could bring the university into disrepute with the community, or into conflict with its "ethical sense," as one of the trustees claims.[1] Have not the trustees mistaken for the community the particular social and financial section which they themselves represent? This is clearly put in the correspondence between Dr. Nearing and the proprietor of a Bristol (Penna.) paper. The question at issue has been Nearing's denunciation of child labour, and he is explaining the ground of his attack. "Pennsylvania is a very rich and prosperous state. In my estimation her future prosperity depends primarily, in fact almost solely, upon the character of her future citizens. I therefore raised the question of the desirability of employing young children in industries to-day. What will be the effect of this employment on the industries of to-morrow? If we are to take a statesmanlike view of these matters, we must look to the future as well as to the present. In fact, I think we must look to the future more than to the present, because it is so much larger than the present.

"No one is more interested in the prosperity of Pennsylvania than I am. My definition of prosperity, however, includes the welfare of all the people of Pennsylvania, and not the welfare of a selected few . . . . Personal blame does not attach for the present situation. No individual is responsible. Yet as a society we are collectively responsible if we fail to use the means at hand to readjust living and working conditions, of the men and women who are living and working, who will live and work in Pennsylvania."[2]

[1] *Ib.*, p. 25. [2] *Ib.*, p. 119.

From the standpoint of the student of social conditions, this statement is as axiomatic as it is temperate. Yet he was formally asked to cease his references to the subject of child labour, and the rumour was spread that his silence or even dismissal was to be the condition of the renewal of the state appropriation.

The trustees' first line of defence was seen to be unfortunate. By far the best statement of their case (which had hitherto been mainly ejaculatory in character) has been made since the publication of Dr. Witmer's book, by Dr. White, a trustee recently returned from Europe. He believes they did the right thing in the wrong way, and that explanation is needed. This he prefaces by the statement: "In the main I approve of his criticisms, and believe in his theories. . . . . . Indeed, if these views were not somewhere and somehow presented in the course in economics, I would consider the department to that extent derelict in the discharge of its duty." He expresses, however, a doubt whether Dr. Nearing appreciates the danger of presenting advanced theories to untrained minds: such teaching is misunderstood and misapplied. At last, he says, he became "doubtful of his fitness to represent the university before the public as one of its chosen expounders of the principles of economics. When such incidents multiplied as years went on, and persons whose goodwill and respect for the university seemed to me important, were so affected as to lead them to say, sometimes angrily, sometimes sorrowfully, that they could not let their boys be exposed to such influences . . . . I realized that it had become my duty as a trustee to consider whether his influence on the whole was helpful or prejudicial. I learned about this time that he had been kindly and considerately asked if he could not help to lessen this growing feeling—which was, I still thought, probably unjust to him—by a better adaptation of his arguments to the understanding of his audiences and by a more careful selection of time and place for his more fiery pronunciamentos, and had apparently agreed on the wisdom of such a course, but had failed to follow it. Thereupon my hitherto vague

idea that perhaps the trustees should interfere began to assume definiteness."[1] This reasonable statement was put more bluntly by another trustee: "We have come to the conclusion that professors are the most dangerous class in the community."[2] At the trustees' meeting the question was raised "whether he was not a greater liability than an asset."[3] Dr. Witmer counters this by referring to the remarkable growth of the Wharton School, due surely to the excellence of the faculty rather than to any action on the part of the trustees. Indeed "special departments, as, for example, the evening school, resulted solely from ventures for which Wharton School instructors assumed even financial responsibility; in very much the same way as the college courses for teachers, the summer school and the graduate school all were initiated by members of the faculty, without the financial support of the trustees."[4] Dr. Nearing with his large classes and his admittedly great personal influence has not injured the school in numbers and income any more than he has the esteem of the students and faculty who have rallied to him. But he might still be dangerous.

This I leave for a moment to mention a charge subsidiary to the other, of intemperate language. It is very intelligible that, in denouncing abuses which to him seemed unmeasured, his language should exceed the limits of politeness. It might even be regrettable or undiplomatic, but the Christian can point to the highest of precedents. However, the investigation of what little evidence there is loses all interest in view of the evident partiality of the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania for strong language. After one experience of Billy Sunday, they invited him to return. Now, Billy Sunday also is a person of considerable force. His power as an evangelist seems to depend in the last resort on his vivid realization of the struggle between evil and good. His speciality is Hell, and his Devil is a very up-to-date version of Apollyon. This central idea he elaborates with a wide expressive voca-

[1] Quoted *Literary Digest* Oct. 30, from a written communication to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.
[2] *Ib.*, p. 81. [3] *Ib.*, p. 96. [4] *Ib.*, p. 97.

bulary, enriched with the imagery of the baseball world, and handled with a rough grip of psychology. His clear, visual imagination is unhampered by knowledge, and unclouded by any trace of spiritual sensitiveness, so that he can use with undiminished effect the language of the saloon. In face of this any reference to lack of restraint in language is out of place; it could at best show Dr. Nearing a feeble and unskilled practitioner in the presence of an honoured master.

I make no apology for reproducing Nearing's now historic letter to Sunday. Mr. Wharton Barker (the trustee who has championed Dr. Nearing) refers to it as "breathing from end to end the spirit of Him who preached the Sermon on the Mount." I only add that to me it reads as a plain straight expression of simple good sense and feeling, as clear about facts as Sunday is constitutionally and professionally blind.

Dear Sir:

During the past four weeks I have heard and read a number of your sermons. You are endeavouring to preach the religion which Jesus summed up in the two commandments, "Love thy God with all thy heart" and "Love thy neighbour as thyself." People are flocking to hear you. They weigh your words and believe them.

Would you inspire them with the true spirit of Christ?

Let me suggest one aspect of the neighbour problem in Philadelphia, which offers you an unusual opportunity for service.

You are preaching in a winter almost without parallel for the frightful amount of distress and suffering among the poor, yet you have directed your invective against the churches mainly.

Why? Are the churches the chief culprits? Is not the world beginning to realize that to-day the most sinister crimes against the ideals of Christ's religion are committed by the system of industry for profit—a system which pays wages so hideously low that if the poor were made spiritually and morally perfect, they would still be abjectly poor?

Interpret your doctrine of salvation in terms of modern life!

Would not Jesus, if he were face to face with a multitude of ten-dollar a week men, feed their bodies before he attempted to save their souls?

You have declared your interest in the salvation of Philadelphia.

Look around you and ask yourself what salvation means here.

The city is filled with unemployment and poverty; multitudes are literally starving; thousands of little children toil in the city's factories

and stores; its workers, a third of a million strong, have no workmen's compensation law for their protection. Meanwhile, the railroad interests, which control the hard-coal fields, are reaping exorbitant profits; the traction company exacts the highest fares paid by the people of any American city; the manufacturers, entrenched at Harrisburg, are fighting tooth and claw to prevent the passage of up-to-date labour laws, and the vested interests are placing property rights above men's souls.

These monstrous offences against humanity—this defiance of the spirit of Christ's gospel—exist to-day in the city which hears your message.

And further: The well-fed people, whose ease and luxury are built upon this poverty, child labour and exploitation, sit in your congregation, contribute to your campaign funds, entertain you socially, and invite you to hold prayer meetings in their homes.

These are they that bind grievous burdens on men's shoulders, that make clean the outside of the cup and the platter—the devourers of widows' houses, against whom Christ hurled his curses.

Here is Dives; yonder is Lazarus. And it is Dives who has made your campaign financially possible.

Make no mistake! The chief priests, scribes and Pharisees of Philadelphia will never crucify you while you deal in theological pleasantries. Has it occurred to you that their kindness is a return for your services in helping them to divert attention from real, pressing, worldly injustice to heavenly bliss? Turn your oratorical brilliancy for a moment against low wages, overwork, unemployment, monopoly and special privilege.

Before you leave Philadelphia will you speak these truths?

We pray "Thy kingdom come on earth." While men are underpaid, while women are overworked, while children grow up in squalor, while exploitation and social injustice remain, the Kingdom of God never can come on earth and never will.

Yours truly,

SCOTT NEARING.

This seems to be Nearing when most uncompromising and intemperate. Which of these two is "dangerous"? Difference of opinion on this is fundamental: it is a question of religion. "Billy Sunday's economic doctrine is this in his own words: there's a lot of good-for-nothing lobsters think they are called by God to go up and down the country harping for a limitation of wealth and damning the rich man for every dollar he has, while they sit around and cuss and damn and never work."[1]

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[1] *Ib.*, p. 52.

The student Red and Blue, discussing compulsory chapel, says: "The student does not want to be preached to incessantly. He can get that on the Sabbath day, if he has a mind for it. He wants chapel to be a place where he can get a quickening of his better impulses; where he can have his thoughts lifted from the muck of the commonplace; where his mind will be elevated to the realm of the beautiful, the good and the sublime. A sermon is only one means to the end. A talk that voices the thought of some of the world's greatest thinkers would accomplish the result without injuring sectarian prejudice. Music is one of the surest means of sounding the sweetest and noblest chords of the soul. We have musical clubs who entertain others, but whom we never hear. Why could they not favour us in chapel occasionally? We have scholars among the faculty whose words would be an inspiration. We have alumni who have climbed high on the ladder of attainment. Why could not these, with others of the world's great who would be honoured to come, be invited to address us? If chapel were conducted on these lines, it would attract and uplift all and offend none."[1] Will it be believed that the comment of the *Alumni Register* (the organ of the campaign against Nearing) is, "evidently this youthful editor wants to turn the worship of God into a Town Meeting, or perhaps a play, like Bringing up Father, would suit him better."[1] Evidently the spirit of Nearing is strong in the students, and that of Billy Sunday in the group of Alumni which opposes him. Which of these is dangerous? Of all that a university stands to build up, Billy Sunday is a dangerous friend; of all that stands in its way, Nearing is a dangerous enemy.

This is a manifestation of the "new spirit" on which the provost congratulates the university; which finds its apologist on the board, in Mr. Pepper, whose great anxiety is to rescue the university from materialism to his own type of pietism, as he sets out in his *A Voice from the Crowd*. It is characteristic of the "new spirit" that it should look with pleasure to the prospect of "unanimity" in the university, and seek to

[1] *Ib.*, p. 56-7.

secure it by the time-dishonoured method of intolerance. There are institutions which exist to perpetuate fixed modes of thought and closed bodies of knowledge; they meet in their own way the problem of the adjustment of life: they regard it as one of their functions to prevent anarchy of thinking. But free universities rejoice in the hope that lies in their freedom, and welcome the diversity of opinion among honest, earnest, keen-witted men; they regard it as one of their leading functions to enlarge the limits of social and intellectual sympathy, and to base it not upon dogma and privilege, but upon knowledge of the actual facts of human intercourse. This ideal is subject to the difficulty inherent in the disorganized and transitory nature of much of its material. It is more liable than a more defined and organized system is to the dangers of incomplete knowledge and immature thought, but is correspondingly more open to development. There is no doubt a danger in entrusting the teaching of subjects with vital bearing on practice and belief to immature men, but it is one which the mature are very apt to exaggerate. Immaturity in such cases is hard to estimate; agreement or disagreement with our own convictions or interests is likely to be a disturbing factor in the judgement. Maturity is too often represented as static thinking, and shown in an attitude very content with things as they are, or reduced to a sterile academic discontent. Too often it lays itself open to the moving reproof of A. H. Clough by the depressing reminder that "as things have been they remain." This even in a period of unexampled material change, perhaps largely because that change exhausts the powers of imagination. In the metaphor of Arnold Bennett's play, maturity is often measured by its arrival at this "Milestone."

I wonder if the danger of immature teaching is nearly as great as that of imparting adult knowledge with no sympathetic appreciation of the possible points of contact with the experience of youth? I am sure that the failure to appreciate the value of immaturity as a preparation for maturity is a common cause of dead teaching. It results in "filling a vessel" instead

of what Quintilian tells us is the real function of education, "kindling a hearth," as an immature teacher may certainly do.

The real reason for Nearing's dismissal was his attitude as a citizen in the local conflict between capital and labour, the "interests" and the public. The personnel of the trustees is so bound up with the former that we feel sure Nearing would have remained in favour at his post had he supported with his knowledge and ability the case of capital, or at least let it alone. We should have heard nothing of his immaturity. His real enemy was "big business," unconscious of the true nature of its influence on human life, confirmed in its unconcern by a religion which substituted personal salvation for social responsibility.

Nearing is evidently not the man to leave alone a combination which seemed to him so dangerous to the future of the community. It is his conviction that his action as a citizen is entirely consistent with his knowledge as an economist. It was from no mere humanitarian softness that he opposed child labour and the domination of the great corporations. He knew from the study of actual conditions, the human material of economic theory, that great prosperity achieved under present conditions of industry, involves misery and injustice and waste. Much of this is preventable, and we can no more endure its continuance than we have acquiesced in the tyranny of disease. The method is in both cases the same: patient, inductive study, constant testing of theory by concrete application, that humble yet indomitable "obedience" by which alone, as Bacon said, "Nature is to be conquered." The task of medicine is harder than that of material invention, because its data are more complex and incalculable; the data of sociology are far more complex and incalculable still. But the method is the same, and if the hope of ultimate adjustment is out of sight, yet there is no other hope, and at least the method is known to be right. Medicine again meets difficult enemies in its war against stupidity and ignorance: but only in one field, hardly as yet invaded, has it to meet enemies so deeply entrenched in that selfishness whose energy it is the object of

all education, religion, civilization, to transform into nobler terms.

For this movement, which reveals the essential process of all education, universities might well hope to produce some leaders. But only if they gain and keep their freedom of enquiry, judgement and expression—a freedom worthy to attract, train and employ the finest minds. The solution of social problems requires scientific study; this will offer ample employment to certain temperaments. It requires also persuasiveness and constructive ability, which will lead other temperaments to try to ensure the carrying out of remedial and preventive measures. There is a place too for the unmasking of social evil, hidden in forms which deceive even its instruments, who are often innocent, honourable and generous men; and for the denunciation of evil in grosser forms, which are yet overlooked and tolerated. If any interested party is strong enough to dictate the views to be taken by scholars whose first interest is the truth, there is an end to any hope from the universities, except in matters regarded as "safe." And if it is strong enough to lay down, in its own interests, the limits of citizenship, then the men whose nature leads them to the meeting ground of economic theory and practice must be withdrawn from one field or the other, to the very great damage of both.

J. A. DALE

# QUALITY AND EQUALITY

NO one can read history and philosophy and theology and politics—nay, no one can read the fiction of this day without seeing the pervasive attraction exercised over the imagination of theologians, statesmen, philosophers, and historians, and even the novel-writers at least of the present age, by the idea of equality.

It is even their obsession. It is assumed that in a divinely ordered society equality is the ideal in view, if not the end actually obtained. It is assumed that the ruling principle of the world—Christianity—is but another name for equality. Christianity means democracy, that is, a democratic equality. It is an ideal, but something more. The founders of the United States introduced into their Declaration of Independence, as men are apt to fancy that they secure their ideal by announcing it as a present fact, the curious clause, that all men are born free and equal. The founders of the French Revolution repeated the proposition in their triple watchword which stares one in the face on the public buildings of Paris—Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. One of the founders, Philip, Duc d'Orleans, bore it as his nickname—Philippe Egalité.

On the other hand, more modern Egalitarians, even though they are Socialists, press the doctrine of equality less far. Mr. Hyndman, the Socialist, in his reminiscences, for example.

But a second thought and a second study of these sources reveals an undercurrent not running precisely in the same direction. Democracy means the right of numbers, the count of heads, the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But it also means—and the two meanings are forever clashing and have created two widely different views of democracy in all ages—liberty for every man, the rights of the individual, the value of the individual soul, the rights not of men only, but of man.

This democracy involves the rights of minorities, not less than majorities; proportional representation is its legitimate offspring, and a new "divine right" makes its appearance superseding the divine right of the majority, as that superseded the divine right of kings, the divine right of every man, even of a minority of one, against the oppression of numbers. And this divine right—not less than the divine right of numbers—rests on the idea of equality. If every man has equal rights with every other, there comes a point, sooner or later, when his rights cannot be over-ridden by the rights of any number—however great—of his neighbours.

Every one admits the rights of numbers, of the mass, of the State, to supersede individual and personal rights in all non-essentials, in the expropriation at a price of land required for public purposes, and the like. Few, if any, thoughtful persons admit the right of the majority to confiscate the property of the minority, even of a minority of one, or to dictate to them their way of living, their habits and religion —provided these things are not endangering the State.

It may seem to benefit the State if the minority can be forced into the same grooves of thought, life, and religion as the majority; it may seem to secure the unity necessary to a perfect State; but the French statesmen who on this plea exterminated the Huguenots, are voted to have been wrong. Not that they failed exactly, but their success was worse than failure and constituted a greater failure than direct failure, namely, failure indirect. The success of their persecutions filled all lands but France with the best blood and intellect of France; enriched the world at the expense of France and was, while seemingly successful, the worst blow ever dealt at French interests. The right of numbers therefore, though it is the principle of modern governments, has its limits, however vague they be, and if their limits are overrun, the numbers—the nation itself that is—suffer more than they gain by so exaggerating their rights.

But yet a third current is as traceable in the river of democratic politics as the current of individual rights; an

undercurrent distinct from the main stream of democracy, and distinct from the other and first undercurrent—the rights of the individual.

The United States deny in practice whole-heartedly, though in theory half-heartedly they support, the equal rights of alien and so-called inferior civilizations. They claim the continent of America for the white race; they forbid the immigration wholly or in part of the Chinese and of the Japanese. They withhold by artifice—if not yet by positive law—the franchise from the negro. The Canadian government resists the intrusion of Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos. The South African government resists the same immigration and withholds, or sharply limits by an educational test, the franchise of the Kaffir and the other native tribes of Africa. The Australian government resists the invasion of Japanese labourers. The British government itself—though looking askance at these things and in perpetual conflict with its daughter states over the details of this question—denies the equality of the brown races of Hindostan: gives them civil but not political liberty, and civil but not political equality.

And many of these states further deny the political equality of the white race, as far as one sex, the female sex, is concerned, and confines the suffrage to men.

And so neither democracy in its natural form—the rule of numbers—nor in its secondary and higher form—the equal liberty and equality of all—expresses the whole thought of the age and of its popular thinkers. There is no occasion to consider here the thought of its unpopular thinkers, though they may be legion—absolutely; relatively they are few, until they convert the rest, and then they are no longer unpopular.

But this second undercurrent, then, in the river of modern democracy represents what? Not the idea of equality obviously, still less the idea of the rule of numbers (which is itself implicitly and in germ inconsistent with the idea of equality); this second undercurrent naturally and absolutely contradicts equality; it bids equality mind its "p's" and "q's." More

precisely, it strikes off the "e" and puts the "q" first, and sets up in its place the principle of "quality."

And then it begins to dawn upon the puzzled theorist that even Christianity itself, which lies at the basis of democracy and has been assumed to be its synonym, has somehow, somewhere, in its meanings, implications inconsistent with mere democracy and inconsistent also with mere equality. It begins to dawn upon him that the only equality recognized by Christianity, or by any religion for that matter, is not the equality of which the politician speaks, but only the equal responsibility of all men for the making the best of the very unequal talents committed to their charge; their equal responsibility for using to the full the ten, or five, or one talent committed to their charge.

But if the talents be ten and five and one, there is no longer any equality in the ordinary sense of the word. There is instead the principle of quality. The man with ten talents has quality; the man with five has an approach to it; the man with one has no quality.

And after all—without any such parable—Christianity, if it be a religion, must be aristocratic in some sense, not merely democratic; must seek to get the best out of any one, not the average only. It is a religion and cannot then be like a labour union which prescribes that the best bricklayer regulate his number of bricks by the capacity of the poorest, or rather of the average bricklayer. It is a religion; it cannot mean then that the good workman starve his ten talents till they seem like five, or whatever be the average number of talents vouchsafed to men. That would turn the Creator into a labour boss, or walking delegate. The imagination cannot go so far; not even the imagination of a decent labour "boss" or respectable walking delegate.

There may be a divine right underlying all government, the divine right of the individual to develop his individual talent to the limit to which nature permits its development. It is a terribly difficult right to secure as society is at present constituted, hampered as a man may be by heredity and cir-

cumstances. But something in us, nevertheless, attests the divine right of such development. But there is another divine right—the divine right of quality to rule, which will seem even more divine because it is less difficult to secure, because indeed it cannot, however often defeated, be permanently effaced or ignored. In proportion as men are generous and intelligent, the human nature in every man acknowledges the right of quality and gives to it unstinted obedience and ready acknowledgement. No man of generosity and intelligence is so misled by the false and perverted kind of democracy which calls itself democracy while it is only the voice of jealousy and envy, as to count himself the equal of one in whom he sees superior quality.

But what is this superior quality, so universally recognized and obeyed? The question is never an easy one to answer, and is impossible of answer in a democratic age of universal education.

In the old aristocratic and caste societies of one hundred years ago, it was easily answered. The peasant in an English village of those days with that keen perception of facts, that realism, which belongs to the illiterate and makes the illiterate so much more interesting and edifying as companion than the literate, seized upon the superiority in knowledge, birth, wealth, and manners—not in any one of these things only but in them all—which he found in many of his squires and class superiors and called it "quality." They became to him "the quality"; and there was no difficulty for him in saying where quality resided. But in this age all that is gone.

What peasant, however humble or servile from years of subordination, could give to-day that picturesque epithet "the quality" to the squire or nobleman or millionaire whose only inequality with himself may be in money; who thunders past him in an infernal motor covering him with dust and spoiling the flowers of his tiny garden, and coating garden and cottage and flowers with dirt, but who may know no more nor possess better manners than himself; who may amount to no more in Oxford or Cambridge than himself,

who may be even a lesser part of Oxford than himself. A long string of scholarships from the elementary school scholarship to the scholarships of the university may have taken him or his sons to the universities; they cannot have taken the squire or the millionaire in England to seats of loftier learning or better manners. The universities may not have stamped the impress of these things so deeply on the squire's mind as upon his own. Whatever quality— in the proper sense of the word—there be in the world may now be his as well as his squire's, and more than his squire's. And there is no longer any very sure or easy outward badge and visible sign by which the inward and spiritual grace of quality may be distinguished. Money will not do; for it is still as ever doubly hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven or quality; and few will do it. A few rich men will survive the obstacles and engrossments of wealth, the distractions of petty business, and still pettier society, which it brings in its train. A few abnormal camels will pass through the needle's eye; nothing is impossible to God, or to those men on whom His grace has fallen, but as a criterion of quality money will not only not serve, it will not begin to serve. It will more easily serve as a criterion of grace's absence, seeing that the victims are many in whom "dull affluence repressed their noble rage."

Birth will not do; for nature is capricious, and the golden nature is sometimes found in modern states, as in the Platonic Callipolis, in the brazen or leaden class of the proletariate. Biologists cannot agree as to the value of heredity and hereditary culture; for families, like lands—as Pindar says—soon suffer from intensive culture and continual cropping and have to lie fallow for a few generations; and rapidly exhaust themselves when they are forced and cultivated to produce talent and grace and genius. The virgin land which has never been cultivated, the germ plasms of the uncultivated proletariate are apt to be more promising, like the soil of Manitoba and the West; the proletariate is our political Saskatchewan.

Clothes will not do. They are too cheap and easy an index. So that it becomes even safer to argue from them inversely; a poorly-dressed and dowdy woman may be a great lady; a lady of quality, and a gentlewoman; a richly caparisoned damsel runs the risk of being at once set down as a dressmaker or a housemaid enjoying her afternoon out.

Then if clothes, birth, money are no index, what index remains? Education remains, but it is delusive and disappointing. Latin grammar does not give quality necessarily; nor even does the lack of it. Physical science does not preclude illiteracy, and though illiteracy does not preclude "quality," it disguises it. A good modern education may leave its possessor where it found him; it may do worse, and overlay and freeze the genial current of his soul, as Dickens would have been pruned out of existence by a good education.

There is no index of quality and no outward test; only a long experience, and the guarantee furnished by a record of years will carry with it the conviction that this man or that —nobleman or peasant—has the indescribable distinction, a distinction of nature primarily, only slightly disguised or arrested by unfavourable circumstances.

Then, obviously, quality—so hard to describe and so much harder to recognize—can be no measure for political purposes, for the possession, for example, of the franchise. Here, of course, when we reach this democratic conclusion we are "up against" Socrates. Socrates scoffed at democracy because it neglected quality, because it counted noses. No man, he was fond of saying, when a ship was tempest-tossed, took a show of hands to find a helmsman. Every man rushed for the expert—for the helmsman—for the man of quality, and rushed him to the helm, and held him there by force if necessary. A state should rush to its natural helmsmen, the experts in government, and hold them to the job.

The figure is entertaining, but it does not seem very profound or salutary. Presumably on shipboard there is a helmsman already, who is known, or at least supposed, to understand something of the business. Presumably, also, on

shipboard in a storm even human vanity is not so prodigious that the ignorant but vain man, who is eager to be in the limelight but knows nothing of seamanship, will choose the limelight at the cost of drowning; to drown in the limelight is imperfect distinction.

It is not quite the same in the ship of State, in politics. A man may love the limelight (or the Limehouse light) inordinately, but, unfortunately, there is no deterrent drowning, just ahead of him, to curb his vanity; and besides, it is so much harder on the ship of State to recognize the expert. Democracy, so far as I can judge, is only a method, and the only method so far as I can at present imagine one, of choosing that expert. I think Socrates was very unfair and unjust. We all agree with him in his object. We all want that expert. But we cannot, for the life of us, imagine any better way of finding him than taking a show of hands; at any rate, of white hands (metaphorically white, of course). We might, indeed, restrict the franchise to the B.A.'s of the University of Toronto; we might restrict it to the chief newspaper editors; we might restrict it to university professors (I lean to this myself at times) or to all doctors of medicine, or to all surgeons; we might restrict it to the ministers of the Anglican Church (I put this in out of compliment to Trinity College); we might restrict it to the bank managers; we might restrict it to Canadian Pacific Railway magnates; we might restrict it to lieutenant-governors. Alas, for human nature, we have none of us sufficient faith in any of those amiable persons, for many reasons, but two are sufficient: that we know by bitter experience that many of them—and not the worst of them—have no faith in themselves for any such high office; and secondly, by still bitterer experience, we know that they have no faith in each other, and frankly tell us, under their breath and in a corner, that other B.A.'s and other university professors, and other bank managers, etc., are little better than fools.

These, you see, are the fancy franchises which the late Mr. John Bright—who was not a B.A. or a university pro-

fessor, or a doctor or a surgeon, or even a bank manager—unmercifully ridiculed; and which only the state of Belgium has ever put into practice. We can all of us sympathize with Mr. Bright. It is so easy to ridicule, so hard not to ridicule, these professors and professional gentlemen as heads of a government. But personally I sympathize also with the state of Belgium, at least in their idea, in their aim and object, if not in their method of achieving it. For, after all, what can be more absurd, as Socrates saw, than this principle of equality in the franchise. What can be more absurd than that a man who is managing well, let us say, a large estate or a large railway, or a large bank, or any large establishment should see his vote cancelled by the vote of the laziest, most shiftless and most incompetent of his tenants or his employees: the thing is preposterous, absurd, even wicked, at the first glance. It is so obvious, as Aristotle says, that a State is a factory—a large business engaged in the manufacture of virtue; and the dividends from it, that is, the honours and the chief posts and the chief power, should go to those shareholders who contribute to its capital of virtue the largest number of shares, that is, the greatest amount of virtue. But, once more, with Aristotle's metaphor, as with Socrates' metaphor of a ship, the difficulty is to decide who are these shareholders, and what is virtue. And who can decide that, and what tests or index have we?

And so democracy, in spite of Socrates' scoff and Aristotle's metaphors, must be sound enough in not looking just yet for the index, in ignoring it; in basing itself frankly on numbers and equality, with only this recognition of quality in the background: that it demands that the civilization of a land be the civilization of the higher race, not the lower. Whether that means the civilization of the white men, instead of the civilization of the black and yellow or bronze, is a different question, demanding the judgement of an expert without prejudices, who has seen and known intimately all these civilizations. And where is he to be found? But democracy may properly limit its doctrine of numbers and

equality with this vague proposition of quality, though the proposition be at present too vague and academic for practical utility, and be one of those many discoveries which we must patiently leave to the science of the future to discover.

What comes of all this? Does anything come of it? Where does it all point? Only to this, I think: that in politics, in the distribution of the franchise, we must base ourselves upon democracy and on the principle of counting noses—I don't say noses out of slang or flippancy or irreverence, but only because it is so abhorent, so unscientific, to talk of the counting of heads, when you are not counting what is in them. When I see in the distant future the true counting of heads, that is, the counting of what is in them, or better the counting of what is in heads and hearts combined, I cannot reconcile myself to speak of counting heads in any lower, more vulgar, and more democratic sense; it shocks me.

In the administration of a state, then, and in the distribution of the franchise, we must for the present be content with our poor democratic principle: the counting of numbers. (That avoids the vulgar word noses.)

But, secondly, we shall guard and limit the principle of numbers by recognizing the more divine principle of equality. We shall recognize minorities and give minorities representation. We shall introduce proportional representation. We shall give to each considerable minority its representatives proportioned to their number. We shall not be content much longer to swing with the pendulum, as they swing in England; to be governed by a House of Commons which represents now this snap majority and now that. We shall find something more stable by proportional representation and the representation of minorities; and perhaps still further stability by the adoption of the referendum, a device which represents at once the right of the majority but also the equal rights of each voter. Our present system of representative government recognizes the equal rights of each voter only for a moment; only when the pandemonium of a general

election is in progress. After that is over, the individual voter is helpless again—more helpless even than he was when the two parties were cajolling him for his vote—and becomes nobody, until another election comes on. In the interval he is governed by the snap majority which he put in power, only because he had to put some party in power, and which never represented him perhaps, except on the one question which was paramount for the moment during the election, and which may have ceased to represent him only a month afterwards, when circumstances have disposed of that burning question and have put another in its place on which the snap majority does not represent him at all.

Proportional representation, minority representation, and the referendum, these three reforms seem all urgently needed to defend the rights of minorities and also the rights of equality—the rights of the individual voter; to deliver us from the tyranny of single chamber government, from the tyranny of a House of Commons and an autocratic Cabinet, from the insolence of elected persons.

Of course there are the theoretic safeguards of a House of Lords and a Senate, but we need not discuss those safeguards just now, when the House of Lords is a cypher and cannot even act any longer as a referendum and force an appeal to the real rulers, the electors; and when the Senate—as we have known it in this country—has come to be only the refuge of the enfeebled or unsuccessful statesmen of the party in power, of the men who are too old to go through the hurlyburly of an election, or have done so unsuccessfully, and have claimed a senatorship as the recompense of that rough and tumble experience and of that electoral horseplay.

For government then, for politics, democracy and equality; and quality in the background as a dubious principle—absolutely sound, the soundest of all principles in theory—but academic and impracticable in fact, until we are nearer the millennium.

But government and politics do not absorb life, any more than trade and commerce and arts and sciences absorb

life. Socrates, by the way—I can never get away long from Socrates—thought that trade and commerce and arts and sciences *did* absorb life. He thought that poets were demonstrably fools and ingoramuses, because, while professing to understand life, to understand men, women, and children, to understand what a king says, and what a queen says, and what a merchant and a judge and a doctor and a tradesman says and does, he yet never could tell you what a tradesman actually will say when you ask him to recommend you a sugar or a tea; what a doctor will say when you ask for a prescription for mumps; what a seamstress will say and do when you ask her to mend your gown and sew on some collar buttons; or what a muleteer will say or do to get his mules up an impossible pass in the mountains. The right words in all these cases, objects Socrates to the poets, the mystical right prescription for the swollen face, the mystical right swear-words for the mule, are always known only by the expert, the doctor, the seamstress, the tradesman, and the muleteer, never by the poet.

Well, we have our Shakespeare, not to say our Homer, who know what a man is, and a woman and a child and a king and a tradesman and a doctor, and a muleteer even, who did express human nature over all these walks of life, or even over their mountain passes. And having Shakespeare and Homer we know that Socrates was talking Socratic nonsense, and that life is greater than art, and much longer, in spite of half true proverbs; in reality *ars brevis vita longa est.* The time a man spends in his technical pursuits is short. The part these things play in his life is short and small. The man in them is greater than the artist or craftsman, and the specific character which he possesses as a man, that is, as a king, as a doctor, as a tradesman, as a muleteer, is something infinitely greater and more complex than his technical knowledge, and the technical jargon in which he expresses himself for a few minutes when he is "on his job," "doing his bit" as king, tradesman, etc.

This specific character of men—modified in each case by his place in society and his trade—this it is which the poets, because they are poets, and are all men and, more, are man, woman and child all in one—comprehend and interpret to us outsiders, so that we go to them, to Shakespeare and to Homer, to know other men and to know ourselves.

Life is much greater, then, than government and politics and franchises, much greater even than the arts, trades, and professions which are greater than politics. And what is to be the guiding principle of life—of private life, of the inner life, of the only life most of us really lead—of the life we lead when we are not either voting or lecturing, or selling sugar, or exhorting mules, etc. etc.?

And here comes in at last and incontestably now, and not theoretically or academically, nor as a vision of some millennial future, here comes in again at last our third principle of quality. Quality, however vague, is that which we seek and express in private life, in our very life and character; by which we are judged now; by which we expect to be judged hereafter—at the Great Assize, I mean. I will not attempt at this late hour to prove there is a Great Assize, it would take a little too much of that valuable time which I have been wasting on hair splitting and experiments of an ultra-academic and professorial character. I will content myself with a proposition, which hardly any one I think will deny: if there be no such Great Assize there ought to be, for it represents the deepest instinct of justice implanted in the human heart from kings to muleteers. The belief in it springs from the deepest instincts and leads to the noblest living. Therefore it must be true. What is the good of pragmatism if it cannot at least teach us that? Quality I say is that by which we are judged here in our private lives and expect to be judged at the Great Assize.

And therefore there remain the three principles we have been discussing—democracy, equality, and quality. Democracy for government and politics and franchises; equality for the law courts and as a secondary principle, a principle of

limitation and regulation, even for our governments and our politics and franchises—yes, and even for our trade and professions, for all true and necessary work honourably done and to the level of our best is in a certain sense, a subjective sense, a religious or Christian sense, equal. And quality, for our true lives, our inner lives, our real selves, and our religion: now abide these three principles, and the greatest of these is quality.

MAURICE HUTTON

# ADVERTISING AS A PUBLIC NUISANCE

IT really seems that some people believe advertising to be one of the great agencies of civilization. By advertising is meant here not the mere information-giving notice of goods to be sold, houses to rent, services to hire, and so forth, which is almost as old as the art of writing; not this at all, but the "booming," "business-making" advertisement of very recent growth, the huge poster, electric sign, the "art" of the "window-dresser;" in short, the fife-and-drum method of dinning into the ears of the public that it must, on pain of being called a fool, and suffering in various other ways, do the thing which the advertiser demands. This, it seems, is considered one of the great and beneficent inventions of modern times. It is not, of course, a new invention at all. It is the method formerly used by circus proprietors, to wheedle pennies from children, applied to the whole adult world. The application was one obviously to be made. The average man, like the child, suffers a trance of stupefaction at mere size, numbers, quantity of din. There must be something wonderful about real estate advertised in letters ten feet high, and by electric light! Second thoughts run: "But why the need for such a marvel being pointed at?" Just as the child, finger in mouth and coin tightly hugged in pocket, sometimes wonders whether the showman is not claiming more than a pennyworth of marvel for the beasts inside.

But if one holder of real estate begins to rival another in his methods, until no real estate exists which has not its merits electrically illumined; and if other holders of things to sell angle for the public's penny in the same way, what then? The thing becomes an epidemic mania; not only the itinerant bear-leader and the real estate quack toot their horns and flash their lights; those engaged in legitimate business imagine that if any of the public's money is to escape from the onset

of the quacks they too must use the quacks' device; and as the contagion spreads college presidents "boom" their colleges, the very preachers of religion try to persuade us with steam calliopes and bagpipes, or, if in minatory mood, threaten damnation in gigantic posters. "Don't be a camel, drink our beer," the brewer exhorts us. Is there any less of dignity in this than in the "University Prospectus" which reads: "Send your son to our institution. Last year we had 5,000 students. Do you want any further proof that our methods are the right methods?" The college president rubs his hands with the vulgar gusto of the circus-man at "the results of the campaign," and the "religious organizers" gloat in phrases which would be thought blasphemous in the mouth of any one else. And they all wonder, these religious, educational and beer-selling advertisers, how the world contrived to get its business done before advertising was happily hit upon. Certainly thirst was not quenched nor were souls saved, as effectively as now! Impossible! "It pays to advertise," says the merchant. Then all merchants up to half a century ago forewent their proper gain! And since "every merchant advertises nowadays" more money is now being squeezed out of the public than ever—the public that has only its penny to spend!

Let us consider this point a moment. One wonders what happens when the dons forgather in those American "Universities" which have "Schools of Advertising" as well as Faculties of Political Economy. How do advertisers and economists agree when they begin talking shop? Carlyle long ago pointed out the economic folly of the London hat maker who had an enormous hat drawn through the streets, instead of advertising by putting good material and workmanship into hats that might be worn by human beings. No one can deny the enormous waste of present-day advertising. Within the last decade haberdashers in this country have found their selling costs increased by at least fifty per cent. Are more socks sold in consequence of being displayed on wooden ankles, and electrically illumined wax ankles, in

costly windows with quarter-cut oak trimmings, velvet mats and bevel mirrors? These imitation ankles cannot increase the number of flesh and bone ankles, which alone profitably wear socks. And haberdasher A cannot hope to get ahead of haberdasher B in the matter, since either may invest in wax ankles and window trimmings. No one tradesman can get ahead of another tradesman in this fashion, and all the tradesmen together lose by it, or if they do not, it must be because they are in a position to retrieve their increased selling costs by increased prices, and then the consumers, that is the whole public, must certainly lose; there is always loss where there is unproductive investment. That is, indisputably and transparently, the economy of wax-ankle advertising.

The writer has observed in several small country towns shop-keepers who eventually ruined each other and themselves by thus increasing their selling costs, bidding against one another. In these cases the merchants were not able to recoup themselves by increasing their prices, since this would have driven trade to a neighbouring town. So they preyed on one another, and where each had previously a decent measure of prosperity they now found themselves living on the narrowest margin, yet fearful each one to give up the practice which had brought them to this pass, lest they should be completely ruined before the others followed suit. If the advertising oestrus sting the neighbouring town, then the merchants in each town are likely to show sufficient unison of action to increase their prices; that is, the whole consuming public, including the shop-keepers themselves, share the losses. The public never spends more than its penny, but when the national economy is vicious it gets less for its penny.

It is astonishing how long the public is content to cheat itself by a mistaken economic theory. The merchant not only persuades himself that it pays to advertise, he persuades the public that it pays to read, listen to, and be knocked down by his advertisement. Some European countries long thought it paid to have tolls and customs exacted between

parish and parish. Turgot told France for years that it was bad economy, without result. What finally swept away the custom was that the public found it was inflicting a nuisance upon itself. Then every one suddenly discovered that the *octroi* was bad economy, as Turgot had said, that it discouraged commerce, baulked communications, and was everything mischievous. It is probable that advertising, as we know it in America to-day, will be abolished after a similarly circuitous and non-reasoning argument. The public shows signs of weariness at its own handiwork, at the bawling circus-man into which it has turned so many of its members. We have borne much. We have allowed itinerants calling themselves evangelists to placard whole cities with such slogans as: "Get right with God." (A West Virginia version is: "—— it all, be a Christian.") We have allowed the landscape of every highway to be mutilated. Our newspapers contain whole-page advertisements of shops that employ stupid, ill-educated women to ransack dictionaries of poetical quotations for the appropriate tag to sell corsets and furniture-polish, and to write mushy letters to fictitious correspondents. Hydra-headed Banality confronts us everywhere in the form of an advertisement. But these are mere wounds to the spirit. It is the physical nuisance which will first render itself insufferable. The advertiser, having worked to the full surprise, shock, disgust, and weariness, now finds it necessary to be more and more insistent, emphatic, and clamorous. The noise that has deafened must be made louder. The circus-man that coaxed now threatens, he button-holes, he blackmails, he lies unflinchingly. What is worse, the advertiser brazenly takes up more and more of the public's time. His circulars, in envelopes insidiously plain and duly stamped, must be cleared away by the shovelful. A clerk must be employed to keep "personal representatives" away from the busy man's office, and the question is instant with many a business man: "Who pays for these discarded advertisements and rejected advertisers; who pays the cost of the discarding and rejecting!" But he finds the thing a nuisance before he

discovers it is a folly. The housekeeper arrives at the same conclusion by the same route. Advertisements once gave her useful information and she still has to advertise or read advertisements when she needs a maid, or has occasional wants of the kind. These are the sort of advertisements which we said at the beginning are as old as writing. As for the other sort, which once promised to be a convenience and a time-saver, the housekeeper finds that they serve no purpose at all. Multiplied, emphasized, exaggerated, they leave her in just the same place as if they did not exist, fo she still has to make her own selection. They do not help her when she wants to be helped, and they are always a plague. Finally, hating the nuisance, she observes that it is a costly nuisance, and begins to speculate who pays the costs. Does she not herself contribute to the delivery of the bills that cram her letter-box, and to the costly appointments of shops which are designed merely to strike the eye, and which yet do not induce her to spend her money in one shop above another, since her eye meets the same appointments everywhere! The public, in short is annoyed at being waylaid by a circus-man at every corner, and the annoyance is an impulse to the following reasoning: "I, the public, can pay no more than I ever did for the maintenance of circuses; therefore, since there are more circuses than before, they must be poorer circuses, and I get less for my money whatever tent I enter."

Accordingly the writer has no need to protest that he writes without any attempt to effect a change, and that he merely points out how things are going—*non suasor agendi sed acti index.*

C. W. Stanley

# THE CHURCH AND THE LAYMAN

IN recent issues of various magazines there have appeared many articles dealing with relations as at present existing between the church and the people. Some write from the point of view of the ecclesiastical historian and religio-analyst, while others survey their fellowmen over the edge of the pulpit. All admit that something is wrong and all attribute a different cause. The layman also admits that something is wrong, but it is a question whether the causes attributed do really underlie the apparently widening gap between the altar and the office.

Modern Christendom, as viewed from another planet, would present an aspect of diversion and differentiation—a small group of devout men, a larger one of blandly interested adherents, and a multitude whose interest had waned, if indeed it had ever been aroused. There would appear a wrangle of creeds, a rivalry of sects, and the flowering of a multitude of new beliefs out of the "dry bones of worn out theologies;" some cultivating a super-developed ego to the exclusion of deeper interests; others retiring to avoid the shocks of the world; others unloading their short-comings in the lap of a wise and subtle doctrine, others trimming their sails and steering a successful worldly course, close-hauled to the winds of rectitude, some building their social sphere out of their temples; and others madly reversing this proceeding. Add to this a sectarian rivalry, carried heroically into the yellow plains of China and the jungles of central Africa with a vim and assiduity that emulates the most progressive business policy. Such is the aspect of the church to-day as seen at long range.

Consider now the modern man to whom the centuries have yielded so many of their mysteries. He is primarily intellectual—not the emotional being to whom the ancient

church made its first offerings. Emotion, because it is deep and not naturally understandable, is, in fact, something which he must rigidly exclude from his mental processes. It is too dangerous. He is tutored from his earliest years in preparation for the conflict not of creeds or churches, but of life. His qualities and abilities are nurtured for the coming struggle, and should he fail, it is not for lack of training. He is at heart a pragmatist, and his difficulties will not be in the adoption of ideals. He is prone to be contemptuous about what he does not understand, because, indeed, he understands so much. He is armed *cap-à-pie,* and his delight is in the arena of business or science. Humanly speaking he is, if we except his emotional nature, complete, even though he has not yet learned that he is as yet incomplete. He is a man of the present, the actual insistent present, and his life allows no time for the contemplation of the future.

The difficulty of such a man is to realize the need of religion. What can the church do for him, he asks, that he cannot do for himself. Lacking the seed of spirituality, how can he bear the flower?

He would probably argue thus: "I don't pretend to be any better than my neighbour, but am I not as good? I do not profess certain beliefs that he professes, but I do business with him and don't find that his beliefs affect matters one way or the other. We both run straight and play the game. He is no happier than I, and indeed is restricted from certain things which help me to enjoy life and don't make me selfish. I give away as much as he does—in fact more—and I am not so exacting as to the character of the man I help. I'm perfectly willing to join the church but my friend has never convinced me as to what it has done for him. One naturally feels what one should or should not do, and without a sermon, and I cannot believe that my future after death—if I have any future—will be materially affected because I did not accept something which I cannot understand and of which I feel no need."

The problem of the church to-day is the man who feels no need. Dr. Schoonmaker holds that the error of the church is in its aspiration to power, while Dr. Gavan Duffy blames its alliance with men of wealth for whom practically a new course of Christianity has been evolved. These are to all purposes identical arguments.

But the man of to-day observes the church with its diversified sects, new born to satisfy the varying needs of varying temperaments, and asks himself whether it is not probable that he could draw together a personal following were he to evolve some brand new sect of his own.

The burden of the church has resulted in the opening of multifarious by-ways, and these all testify to one all important theory. The purpose of religion being, in the first instance, "to bind together," is it not possible that an interpretation which came like a flame to the men of the first century, may be less convincing and less adapted to the men of the twentieth? A heretical suggestion, say you! But is it?

Consider the apostles. Men of emotional fidelity, emerging from the shadow of the rule of the prophets, with the mark of blood above the lintels of their doors. This unwatered soil was of prodigal fertility, needing but some mysterious rain to make it blossom. The rain descended, and these untutored minds, suddenly initiated into great wonders, immortalized themselves on papyrus. Out of their records sprang that priestly order which has lived till to-day, an order which naturally enough has striven to keep alight the transcendant flame. The axioms, the postulates, the very fibre of religious tenet and administration, have altered little in nineteen centuries, but the Galilean fisherman and the Judean shepherd have evolved into the modern man.

And should it be argued, as it is valiantly argued, that the glory of the church is its unswerving loyalty to its first magnificent manifestation, it may still be held by those who would like to accept that which often seems so profitless, that the divine truth must be great enough to tune its message

to the receiver of the modern analytical mind, and substitute an intellectual and sociological appeal for its first emotional revelation.

It is a curious tribute that the revolt of man from what might be called the Athanasian doctrine, has not resulted in any entire discarding of creed. There still moves in his heart the eternal question, and to answer it the twentieth century has fabricated a medley of religious invitations. The reformed drunkard shouts the menace of the bar-room, the evangelist assails the camp meeting till it sways in an abandonment of emotional frenzy, and the Anglican priest hears confession. But the modern man, critical and analytical, examines himself when the mood has passed and whispers "Cui bono." Oddly enough he has already accomplished most of the admonitions. But he has not yet achieved the great surrender.

It is a common mistake to think that many are deterred from joining the church by any limitation and inefficiency of the priesthood. Our modernist is too practical to expect priesthood to produce a vital and temperamental change in those who, whatever else they lack, need no conversion; nor does he cynically compare the practice of some of his acquaintances with their weekly profession of faith. He is still too human and too wise to saddle upon any creed the delinquencies of some of its adherents. Nor does he bother about the funds, property, and ecclesiastical power of the church. These he thinks are the reasonable appanages of age. But when—being of clean life and mind and morals—he asks the church how Christianity will benefit and transform him, and learns that it will benefit and transform only his views of present and future life, and that through natural morality he has already executed all priestly commands save one—the modernist questions whether a complete self surrender to the Man of Nazareth would be more than a method of establishing a spiritual deposit to be drawn on in the rare case of future need, and, without knowing it, balances Christianity against the straight cut doctrine of Confucianism, void of any threat of punishment or promise of reward.

Orthodoxy is primarily a matter of environment and heredity, and since women are temperamentally the more traditional and emotional they are also the more orthodox. The church, being largely supported by women, has subconsciously, up to the present time, left this situation to a great extent unanalysed and has devoted to it but little more than admonishment, and admonishment is not, in the language of the day, a drawing card. Thus, the often unmodulated actions and examples of men who have thrown doctrine and tradition to the winds, the better to devote themselves to a worthy cause, have a deeper influence on the minds of their fellows than ecclesiastical precepts and revelations—*vide* the Salvation Army.

It is instructive to note the present ramifications of religious orders, now so multiplied as to appeal to every difference of spiritual hunger. This in itself is a sign of the times. But the modernist, viewing at every turn these manifold offerings—these evidences that the church is a little more than willing to meet him half way, if he will only state exactly what he wants—hesitates to commit himself to any given doctrine, lest a more suitable one be available around the corner.

And though it may be urged that the very anxiety of the church to adapt herself to changing humanity has resulted in a moderation of her pristine rigidity, it is, nevertheless, to be feared that she has lost the trail which, by its simplicity and directness, leads straight to the human heart. Never, surely, had she a more magnificent opportunity than in these days when men are so deeply pondering and regretting the apparently widening breach.

The truth is, that the modernist, whatever his assumption of independence, cannot proceed further without the church, and he knows it. All his arguments to the contrary have failed, and the hunger of his soul still remains unsoothed by science and art, unappeased by material power and progress. He may during his life shun what he terms the iucubns of religion, but he cannot face death without a whispered appeal

into the unknown. He swears by the God he doubts and is ushered out of existence by a priesthood he neglects.

A curious problem exists—in which men are better, wiser, more tender and generous than before, and yet without professed allegiance to the fountain head of wisdom and tenderness. The memorial affection with which we turn back to our mother's knee is founded on that which is deeper than sentiment, and it is remembrance of the past rather than any minatory future which prompts our best actions.

The result is curious. The code runs parallel with the Sermon on the Mount, but it is not the sermon itself. The thinking modernist does much that God would have him do, but not because God would have it. He is in many respects an anomalous Christian, one who lacks Christ. His traditions are civic and constitutional, not religious. He has more pride in announcing his country than his creed, because he imagines his country has done more for him. He is blind to the fact that Christ is the great civilizer.

Such is the modernist—decent, well-meaning, slightly cynical, exacting, jealous of his rights, a religio-perfectionist, impatient and overworked. He cannot be driven and is restless under the bit. He is amenable chiefly to two influences, rivalry and example. It is on the latter that the church of the future must lean.

The aspirations of all historical periods are expressed in stone, pigment, poetry, and marble, and these productions constitute the spiritual legacies of the ages. When Phidias carved a calm eyed Jupiter, when Giotto painted his angelic Madonnas, and Dante led the minds of men into the abyss of his Inferno, each gave vent to that which was not only felt by millions but also moved them mightily. Ancient and mediæval art revealed the ancient and mediæval soul. In later days, Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, Whitman, Wordsworth, and Longfellow maintained a spiritual communion with the Deity that coloured their work and made it a homelike and intimate thing to multitudes. But the poet, the sculptor, and the painter of to-day have divorced themselves from the

interpretation of religion, simply because their audiences lack that certain capability of passion without which there can be no abandonment or intensity of faith. The passionless man, if intellectual, is perforce critical, whether consciously or subconsciously, and the critic cannot by the sole means of a finite intelligence achieve belief in the infinite.

It is in many devout minds that the war of the world will result in the turning of many to Christ. The layman, and not the cleric, will decide this. But it is written in history that religion is the cause rather than the result of war. Mahomet drove home his tenets at the sword point, the Crusaders beheld a mysterious cross flaming in the sky, and the pigs' fat on the British cartridge fomented the Indian Mutiny. When the tumult of the great war dies, there will be millions in whose hearts is either the flush of a physical victory or the grim despair of defeat. What deeper mockery can there be than that of nations locked in a death grip, while from opposing batteries and trenches rises the appeal for aid from a mutually worshipped deity ? Truly the modernist has cause to hesitate.

All religious revivals have been protests, in which an outraged and public sense has developed its leader. Buddha revolted at a debased Brahmanism that strengthened a dangerous priesthood while it imposed extravagant sacrifices on a helpless laity. Christ nerved the martyr against both the weight of Judaism and the debauchery of the worshippers of Diana. Luther smote a papacy that flourished on dispensations and the Covenanters outlived their persecutors in Highland glens. In every case the protest won out, because it was registered against political, ecclesiastical, or personal vice. But to-day, with the exception of war, which being of human passion is non-eradicable, it is difficult for the reformer to choose his object of attack. The world is more generous, of more moderate life, quicker to appreciate and more loath to blame. The weapon may be as keen, but the target is less obvious. And, in fact, during latter years, the process of influence has been reversed. What was once objective is now

suggestive. We are drawn to individuals rather than herded by them into desired routes, and the light that burns clearest to modern eyes is not that which flames in the pulpit, but that which glows steadily in a pure and ordered life.

The rationalism of Liebnitz, Wolff, and Lessing has had its day. There is no need for it in a time when man is asked to believe in himself, if in nothing else. The inspirational character of the scriptures is not a stumbling-block if they have fortified a Cranmer and spurred a Livingstone. The warfare of science and theology is at an end, leaving a clearer conception of truth and a lessened weight of dogma, and there is to-day less reason for spiritual despair than when Ruskin wrote, "I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what they lose."

It would now appear to the layman that one of the first duties of the church of to-day is to reduce the terrific contrasts of modern life, and it is a question whether the gospel will ever reach the man whose principal consciousness is that of glaring inequalities. If it is hard for the rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, must it not be still more difficult for those to whom circumstance has denied comfort and competence? The wise missionary does not attempt to preach to a hungry heathen.

It is not necessary to dilate on what might be termed the soapiness of manner which reflects the unctuous entity of some who are professionally religious, or on the austerity of others. These attributes are only the characteristic symptoms of an individuality, and they existed in concealment before the declaration of belief. But it is, nevertheless, the suspicion of the modernist that religion is, *per se*, out of tune with much that is exhilarating and joyous. The attitude of the church to the stage has, for instance, much to answer for. And while Puritanism may have nourished the sterner virtues of life, it has failed to synchronize itself with an age of broadening sympathies.

On what ground, then, may church and modernist meet? Dean Farrar in his "History of Free Thought" says, "If

intellectual means are sought.... it is philosophy to which we must look to supply it; the philosophy which recalls man to the natural realism of the heart." Surely this realism is the opportunity of the church. "The doubter," Farrar continues, "accepts Christ as a teacher and king, but not a priest. His work is to inculcate a higher type of morality—not to work out a scheme of redemption."

It seems, then, that the modernist is willing to be influenced by the admittedly noble teachings of Christ but questions the necessity of redemption. And it is at the angle of redemption that the trail divides. The capacity of being conscious of sin is often due to some cataclysm of sorrow, loss, or peril. A spiritual condition is necessary before the avowal of faith. We have, in other words, to grasp the supernatural and make it naturally our own. If we consider the riddle of life, this should not be difficult, but experience has, nevertheless, proved that a profession of belief is not usually the outcome of prosperity.

Fifty years ago the church was the greatest factor in secular morals and ethics. To be accepted as respectable and desirable, it was necessary to attend church. Religious subjects were matters of general conversation, and the parson had more than merely clerical influence. The Protestant Church of to-day is, in America, a factor in neither legislation nor education, that is if one excepts the Sunday School. It is represented neither in parliament, congress, senate, nor on the bench. Internal diversions have so weakened its powers that it cannot combat the social evil by any sustained and simultaneous action. It exercises no benign influence on art or literature. It is potentially powerful but actually inactive.

This is in the face of the fact that there is a mighty army waiting to be led. Deep in the heart of the modernist is a quick humanity. It is immaterial whether he is an agnostic. The quality, the attribute, the thing to work with, is there, and with it the world can be vastly bettered. What one shall call it does not matter, and for the purpose of religion a cassock is not necessary.

Picture a situation in which the laws of a nation favour in their administration one body of men rather than another, or if that appear too extreme, a situation in which one body, through greater wealth and ability, is able to profit more by existing laws; picture also a condition in which immortality is discussed on one day of the week only, and then by a group professionally removed from the material and commercial life of the people, as well as from most of their pleasures and diversions; in which the privilege of charity is exercised by the few and not by the many; in which prostitution is countenanced on the demand of the lowest type of citizen; whose vote is annually exacted therefor, and the illegitimate child is branded with an unearned stigma, in which the killing race for wealth is for so many the focus of existence, in which the ineffable days of youth are hurried by for an early plunge into the effort of life, and poise, rest, and peace are forgotten in the struggle.

Does not such a condition weaken a nation and strike at every sturdy root? It exists, and here is the opportunity of the church. Were the church to set aside the clash of dogma and the rivalry of creed and, coming forth from the cloister and sanctuary say to the world, which is the modernist—These things exist and it is monstrous that they should exist, and the voice of the priest and even his example cannot banish them; but with you all things are possible; and since you are strong and wise and know the path that leads to your brother's door, will you not help us shoulder part of a burden that is too heavy for us alone, because it is time the world were sweet and clean again? If the church were to say this, there would be such a response as would amaze even the church itself. Social service halts not at the threshold of the poor. It affects the whole method and colour of life, and is as many sided as humanity itself. And because to be human is to carry within us some rare and mysterious spark of divinity, it is toward this broad and magnificent field of service that the modernist awaits the call of the church.

Alan Sullivan

# "ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID"

### LATINE REDDITUM

Laborasne, languescisne,
  Conflictatus es?
"Apud me est," inquit Ille,
  "Requies."

Suntne signa quibus mihi
  Videatur dux?
Cicatrices quinque sunt quas
  Fecit crux.

Estne illi diadema
  Regem nuncupans?
Valde est, spinarum, frontem
  Lacerans.

Quaerens, sequens illum, quidnam
  Hic laturus sum?
Luctum, lacrymas, laborem
  Plurimum

Usque complectenti illum
  Quae postremo sors?
Labor actus, dolor victus,
  Victa mors.

Repelletne me poscentem
  Ut accipiat?
Non dum coelum manet, non dum
  Terra stat.

Fidem pro fide servabit
  Benedicens me?
Clamant sanctae voces—"Bene-
  dicet te!"

W. D. LESUEUR

# BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

## DRAWN SHUTTERS: A Volume of Poems.

*Beatrice Redpath. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London, and the Oxford Press, Toronto, 1915.*

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE extends its most cordial congratulations to Beatrice Redpath (Mrs. W. Redpath) on the appearance of this volume of exquisite verse. Mrs. Redpath has been for some time a contributor to this and other magazines, but the present volume is the first publication of her work in book form. The title selected, *Drawn Shutters*, admirably conveys the tone and feeling of the work. The poems represent precisely that mood of quiet reflection which comes when the house is darkened and the shutters drawn against the afternoon sun, and when the noises of the street outside fall subdued and broken on the ear. One turns from the glare and noise of the world without to muse upon the thought within.

The poems in the volume are of various lengths, but of an equal excellence. Some of them are exquisite little gems, embodied in a few lines, and yet presenting pictures of a singular and striking beauty. Thus:—

DAISIES.

White daisies which are swept
By winds that softly blow,
They are the tears by little children wept
And now in pastures grow.

THE SEA.

The sea is kind—it giveth rest
To those who wearied are,
Canopied by the crimson west,
And candled by a star;
The sea is kind—it giveth rest
To those who wearied are.

Others of the poems are longer and convey with excellent condensation a whole story, not related in straight narrative, but by an indirect suggestion which heightens the artistic power and effect. Mrs. Redpath seems to possess instinctively the art of telling a story by implication. The effect as seen in the poignant tragedy of the poem called *The Mother*, or the intense feeling in that entitled *In Rebellion*, is singularly striking and powerful.

A large part of Mrs. Redpath's work is instinct with a tender and wistful melancholy which will be to many readers its chief charm. Many of the poems seem to be written, as it were, in the very hush of the presence of death. *To One Lying Dead*, restrained and artistic as it is, haunts the imagination. *The Little Stone House*—it is the home of the dead that is meant—has in its very hush and stillness the shuddering awesomeness of death itself. But the melancholy of the poems never passes into morbidity or sensationalism, and offers always, even at its saddest, a wonderful charm of beauty.

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**A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE.**

*Marcus Southwell Dimsdale* (in series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, *edited by Edmund Gosse*). *London, William Heinemann.* 549 pp., six shillings.

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**POEMS.**

*G. K. Chesterton. Burns & Oates, 1915.* 156 pp., 5 shillings.

This is not a final but a typical collection, as living as the excellent portrait which at once challenges and heartens us from the frontispiece. The frank antagonisms and prejudices, the generous sympathies; the flash of rapier-play, the flash of the cleaving swordstroke; the phrase of perfect simplicity, the phrase whose knot is half-untied and half-cut; the irresistible and unresisted pun; pure ragging and pure poetry;—to count the different facets, all bright, would be almost to count the pages of the book or the aspects of its Protean author.