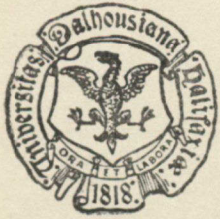


1413
5070
92



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

VOLUME IX, 1910

MORANG & COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

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

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

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

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

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

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

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

FEBRUARY

	PAGE
Canadian Writers and American Politics—The Editor.....	3
The Educated Layman—Norman W. De Witt.....	18
Oxford and Working-Class Education—Andrew Macphail.....	36
St. Yves' Poor—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.....	51
Is the Ultimate Ultimate—Albert H. Abbott.....	53
Ibsen Once More—J. W. A. Hickson.....	64
Isandlwana—John McCrac.....	92
A Laboratory Worker's Motive—Thomas L. Jarrott.....	93
An Old Book-Shelf—Edmund Kemper Broadus.....	102
The Person and the Idea—C. Frederick Hamilton.....	115
The Lords, the Land, and the People—Francis W. Grey.....	125
The Kernel and the Husk—E. J. Bidwell.....	133
The Person of Jesus—John Macnaughton.....	138
Beauty—E. B. Greenshields.....	161

APRIL

	PAGE
As Others See Us—The Editor.....	165
The Apology of a Professor—Stephen Leacock.....	176
An Obverse View of Education—Andrew Macphail.....	192
The Site of a University—John L. Todd.....	205
A French-Canadian Poet—William Wood.....	225
The Faith of our Fathers—W. D. McBride.....	239
The Long Sault Dam.—A Canadian.....	255
Song—A. Clare Giffin.....	265
Ontario's Constitutional Ordeal—Arthur Levinson.....	266
Hamlet, an Ideal Prince—A. W. Crawford.....	276
Canada's First Social Club—Lynn Hetherington.....	296
A Day on the Lines—A. P. Coleman.....	306
The Arbiter—Alexander Louis Fraser.....	315
Church Music—David Russell Jack.....	316
The Darkness—A. Beatrice Hickson.....	333
A Word of Reply—John Macnaughton.....	334

CONTENTS

OCTOBER

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

DECEMBER

	PAGE
A Voice from the East—The Editor.....	517
Militarism—C. Frederick Hamilton.....	524
The Hague Award—P. T. McGrath.....	542
Reciprocity with the United States—G. E. Foster.....	550
True Imperialism—W. Peterson.....	563
The Triumph of Fall—Eileen B. Thompson.....	572
Divorce in Canada and the United States: A Contrast—F. P. Walton.....	579
Political Parties in Germany—E. W. Patchett.....	597
To Horace—R. E. Macnaghten.....	614
The Devil and the Deep Sea—Stephen Leacock.....	616
Love Story of Miss Jane Welsh—W. J. Alexander.....	627
The Nurse—S. C. Swift.....	653
Venice—Pelham Edgar.....	654
The Limitations of Music—Joseph Gould.....	667
The New Theology—Andrew Macphail.....	683



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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

FEBRUARY 1910

	PAGE
Canadian Writers and American Politics—The Editor	3
The Educated Layman—Norman W. De Witt	18
Oxford and Working-Class Education—Andrew Macphail	36
St. Yves' Poor—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	51
Is the Ultimate Ultimate—Albert H. Abbott	53
Ibsen Once More—J. W. A. Hickson	64
Isandlwana—John McCrae	92
A Laboratory Worker's Motive—Thomas L. Jarrott	93
An Old Book-Shelf—Edmund Kemper Broadus	102
The Person and the Idea—C. Frederick Hamilton	115
The Lords, the Land, and the People—Francis W. Grey	125
The Kernel and the Husk—E. J. Bidwell	133
The Person of Jesus—John Macnaughton	138
Beauty—E. B. Greenshields	161

MORANG & COMPANY, LIMITED,
TORONTO

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

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

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

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

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

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

CANADIAN WRITERS AND AMERICAN POLITICS

THE purpose of the present note is to examine the truthfulness of the charge that Canadian writers in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE are animated by malice and misled by prejudice when they deal with matters concerning the people of the United States. A simple contradiction will not suffice. It must be enforced by illustration and made impressive by a certain expanse of writing.

There was a time when Canadian writers were much concerned about literature, which is the last thing a writer should think about. But the movement for the creation of a Canadian literature as apart from the literature of the world never came to much. It ended as an internal rumbling. More recently, Canadian writers have taken to the practice of looking upon life at large, reflecting upon it, and recording in their own dialect, for all who choose to read, the result of their observation.

When one lifts up his eyes, they inevitably fall upon the United States; and because public life is so small at home and so large and complicated there it is bound to fix the gaze. It is so "compelling", as the editors of the magazines say, that one cannot help commenting upon it. There is much to wonder at, much to admire, much to praise; but the American voice of admiration, wonder, and praise appears to the stranger so entirely adequate for all the needs of the case that he does not feel the necessity for adding his small note to the general chorus. He is compelled rather to give heed to that undertone of doubt, suspicion, and fear, which a fresh perception detects in growing volume in the minds of the best Americans who meditate upon their own problems.

Until very recently our affairs on this American Continent were of very little interest to civilized people, not any more so than the affairs of China shut in behind her wall of arrogance. But now that the United States has come out into the world and is beginning to do her proper business, helping the helpless to help themselves, as she did in Cuba, and is doing in Porto Rico and the Philippines, warning off marauders from the republics of Central America, and admonishing the people who inhabit them, a certain amount of interest has been created in her affairs. When she was a child she thought as a child, and grown-up people treated her as the child of a stranger, with good-natured toleration, cool indifference, or sheer neglect.

As a check upon conduct there is nothing so important for a man or a nation as to know what other men and other nations think. By force of that men have emerged from savagery, and nations have become civilised. Under pressure of this power Russia was driven to mend her constitutional ways; and a nation will now hesitate before putting a private citizen to death upon evidence which is not convincing to this world-opinion. That is the lesson which Dreyfus taught France, which Spain learned from Ferrer, and Austria is now practising in the case of Lieut. Hofrichter.

Abandoned by the large world at the time of its birth, the United States was not well treated by its own writers. They pitched their note to suit an ear attuned to the soft voice of flattery. The insincere adulation which men commonly offer to women was offered to the people at large. Knowing nothing of the rough truth they continued to demand of their prophets that they should smooth their tongues and speak smooth things, "prophesying deceits and words which are smoother than butter." Great swelling words of vanity were also employed deliberately by the politicians in order that they might make merchandise of the people, appeasing them with hosannas of greatness, whilst they were being robbed with impunity.

There were prophets, of course, who did not bow the knee to Demos, resolute to speak without the preamble, "an it please your Majesty"; but their voice was the voice of one crying in the wilderness for repentance and reform. The people refused to give ear, because they had been taught that the lovely catalogue of virtues—whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just—was not complete without the all-embracing formula, whatsoever things are American. Because Canadian writers do not adopt this creed they are convicted of prejudice.

Nothing could be further from the truth than the statement that Canadian writers or the Canadian people either are prejudiced against the people of the United States. Indeed the contrary is true. American young men born of English speaking parents in the United States are coming amongst us in increasing numbers. They are everywhere, in offices, factories, universities, churches, and clubs. They are crowding upon our western lands. Their children go to school with our children. They make our best citizens. We like them because they are simple people like ourselves, and they like us and our institutions so well that they quickly become Canadians, which is only a step backward to the race from which we both are sprung; and this without the least prejudice to our growing affection for all which pertains to England.

All political problems are one problem, how to achieve social happiness. The aspect which it presents to the United States and to Canada is almost identical, because our environment is so much alike. The business of all writers is to strip the problem of its accessories, so that we may see it as it is, to free it from all entanglement with the contingent, so that we may deal with it face to face. That is the only reason for studying history. That is why Canadian writers are studying the history of the United States as never before. We too have problems before us, and we turn to them to find what their experience has

been. We do not intend this as an impertinence. It is our right. The book of history is open to the world for all to read, and if we find words of warning on the page we shall not rightly be convicted of prejudice if we transcribe them for our own use. Nor is it an evidence of prejudice that we do not transcribe all the pages. A few men cannot do everything. If we select the portions which serve as warnings the historians of the United States may be trusted to hold up those aspects which are worthy of imitation. Indeed that task has already been excellently done, and between us both we shall have a true picture. It is some offset to the denunciations of the Baptist to say that the harbour of Cæsarea-Philippi was much improved by the tetrarch of Judæa.

The migration to the shores which afterwards became the United States was an "experiment in freedom." It was believed that "the second coming of the Lord would be amongst the rocks of New England." The end of all politics and of individual effort is the achievement of order and liberty. It is for that we are in Canada. Surely then we should learn from each other what progress has been made and the steps by which it has been gained.

The last word upon government has not been said. Parliamentary institutions are still on trial as they were in Bismarck's day, and it has not yet been demonstrated that men who know nothing about anything else may know all about government. With the exception of England and Hungary there is no form of government in the world which goes back beyond the eighteenth century, and it will not do to say that any one form has become so fixed that it may be considered everlasting.

The first thing to be clear about is that we are proceeding by different paths. We are following a course which the English have travelled ever since they landed in Britain at least. The people of the United States broke into a new direction, chiefly under the persuasion of certain guides who lived in France, and in accordance with the

genius of that race had drawn up as rules for guidance certain theoretical propositions based upon hypothetical considerations. It has come to be a question between experience and theory. There is no evidence of prejudice in comparing our own situation with that of the people of the United States. If the balance is in our favour the demonstration will be of comfort to us and good for their souls.

Infection spreads. The peculiar diversion which the inhabitants of Alabama employ to relieve the tedium of life in a sub-tropical climate soon comes to be practised in Illinois. Torture and joy in the sight of it is a mark of the savage, whether he be a red Indian or an American citizen. The stigma is there and it cannot be explained away. If New York and Philadelphia have a corrupt municipal government, which by common consent they do have, the government of Montreal will become corrupt too, and has become corrupt, by a process of direct infection. It is not a sign of prejudice but of a desire for self-preservation to fly the yellow flag over a plague spot. It becomes then a duty for Canadian writers to warn the people as impressively, and even as violently as they can.

Nothing could be more free from prejudice than the conduct of the Canadian Government towards the United States. It permits their Customs Officers to board British ships 200 miles below Montreal, at the risk of confirming the belief in the minds of passengers that all the region lying to the south of the St. Lawrence belongs to them. It permits officials of the American department of immigration to board the outgoing trains in the stations at Montreal, and catechise passengers upon their nationality and intentions. A parallel to this excess of amiability could only be found in the presence of German officials at Queenstown, Fishguard, and Charing Cross, or Canadian officials at Sandy Hook or in the Grand Central depot at New York. As a final example of this national good-will American newspapers are encouraged to establish bureaus at Ottawa for the purpose of propagating half truths and disseminating vulgar sedition.

It is quite possible that a civilized traveller from Europe, who enters the United States by the Atlantic seaboard, might bring with him a mind prejudiced against a people which permits its officials to enquire formally and compel his signature to a statement that he has never been in prison, in an almshouse, in an institution for the care and treatment of the insane; that he is not a polygamist or anarchist; that he is not deformed or crippled; and that he is able to read and write. But this bewildered traveller must not be blamed too severely: he may have landed in Turkey or China without being subjected to a like indignity. Let us suppose that he succeeded in landing and therefore, being able to read, he would probably require the services of a newspaper.

If he had any discrimination he would buy the "Evening Post." Let us assume further that he came ashore on Saturday, October 30th 1909; and I fear his mind would not be freed from prejudice by the aid of his reading. He would learn from the first page that the government of New York was under the control not of the people but of an organization which is described in the same issue by the following words: "for a hundred-and-twenty years its history has been of theft, graft, election frauds, prosecutions, and investigations." He would also gather that an election was in progress to displace or perpetuate that organization. He could have no doubt what the issue would be, since his journal declared: "no calumny could be so outrageous, no reproach so bitter, as to assert that the great and clear opportunity to get rid of a government of thieves and bawds was put before the people, and that they were too unconcerned or too sluggish or too corrupt to seize it." And yet he might learn three days afterwards that the candidate selected by this organization was actually elected chief magistrate of New York.

If this student of the public affairs of the community into which he had come was diligent to pursue his enquiry, he would find that the next paragraph in his newspaper

dealt with the suspicion that an incorruptible police commissioner had been dismissed in furtherance of a plot, by which the powers that prey should obtain control of the police during the election which was about to take place. Next in order he would find an estimate of the character and conduct of the man who was shortly to be elected mayor. It was declared to be "infamous," and marked by "brutality and recklessness."

The Irish race has developed a genius for municipal government as the Greeks developed a genius for beauty; the Romans for law; the English for liberty; and the Hebrews for sublimity; but this theory would not account fully to our enquirer when he turned from local conditions to a study of federal politics by means of the newspaper in his hand. In the next article he is informed, "that the Customs service is rotten from top to bottom is too notorious to arouse particular astonishment, even when the Collector admits the fact. Every frequent traveller to Europe knows of the bribe-takers on the docks." And finally, the fourth editorial occupies a column of space in its dealing with the judicial procedure of near a hundred million people, not vituperatively but with calm recital from a Report which was made by a Commission to the Governor of the State in 1904: "The condition of our courts recalls that of the courts of the Roman Empire before the reforms instituted by Justinian, and of which Gibbon wrote, as if describing our own situation. The expense of the pursuit sometimes exceeded the value of the prize, and the fairest rights were abandoned by the poverty or prudence of the claimants. Such costly justice might tend to abate the spirit of litigation, but the unequal pressure seems only to increase the influence of the rich, and to aggravate the misery of the poor. By these dilatory and expensive proceedings the wealthy pleader obtains a more certain advantage than he could hope from the accidental corruption of a judge."

It may be alleged that these utterances are also the result of prejudices on the part of an "un-American" newspaper, but that charge cannot be levelled against President Taft, when he declared that, "the administration of the criminal law in all the States in the Union is a disgrace to our civilization;" nor against Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, when he protested that the restriction proposed to be put upon the Court of Equity was "a step backwards towards barbarism."

To be perfectly fair one exception requires to be made. There are in Canada a number of persons descended from ancestors who are commonly known as Loyalists. They have a strong prejudice against the presence of a foreign flag on British territory; and it is especially marked against a flag which is starred and striped. But their action is entitled to a word of explanation if not of excuse. It is all an affair of early education. They were taught by their fathers that loyalty is never a crime nor patriotism a vice. It was difficult for those ancient men to take a dispassionate view of the case. They were Englishmen living in America, which was at that time British territory acquired by the best of titles, by conquest, treaty, and effective possession. They were under the protection of England. England had been at war, and the cost was heavy. They were asked to pay their share, and the proposal seemed to them an honourable and reasonable one. Their neighbours thought differently. Treason became loyalty, and loyalty treason. They were offered the poor privilege of forsaking all they had so laboriously acquired, and going a second time into the wilderness. The descendants of these loyalists are yet in Canada and they have not yet succeeded in purging their memory of the wrongs which their fathers endured.

In every community there is a leaven. If it is vital and considerable in quantity it will leaven the whole lump. By such means the English and the Iroquois grew into a nation, transforming invaders and prisoners and incorporating them into the new society. Without this active prin-

ple a community becomes an inert mass incapable of organization, increasing in bulk by accretion alone, but without a soul to animate it. In earlier days the Puritans of New England, the Cavaliers of Virginia, and the Dutch of New Holland supplied this transmuting power to themselves and the alien breeds which chanced to come within its influence. There was the beginning of a nation of Americans, strong, reliant, righteous, and ready to fight against each other, or against the world in defence of their principles.

At the first Congress of Philadelphia the question arose, what name should be employed to describe the language of the people. One member proposed that they should retain the word "English," and that the people of England should be compelled to find another term to indicate their form of speech. The significance of the term "American" appears to have changed, and no longer distinctly specifies the noble remnant to which it once applied. It belonged originally to Anglo-Saxons. It might now be as well if they were to abandon it to the Orientals, the Slavs, the Latins, and the Celts who claim it so vociferously, and find a new name for themselves. Let us enquire if this proposal is so absurd as it appears.

The majority of the people of the United States do not belong to the race whose native tongue is English. If the inhabitants of New York be conceived of in the image of one man, 73 per cent. of him will be born of foreign parentage. The typical Chicagoan is 77 per cent. alien. In the chief cities three-quarters to four-fifths of the population are of foreign parentage. In all the North Atlantic States the proportion of alien born to natives is as 51 to a hundred. In Wisconsin it is 71 and in Minnesota seventy-four. These statements are made upon the authority of the Census of 1900, which shows in further detail that the whole population in that year was 75,693,000, of whom 8,803,000 were negroes. Of these there were actually born abroad 10,460,000 or 13.7 per cent.: and 26,198,000 or 34.3 per cent. were born of foreign parentage. The official estimate of

population in 1908 was 87,189,000. In the preceding nine years the immigration was 7,441,000, of whom only 803,000 spoke English. Deducting the negroes in their increased numbers from the population, the returns yield a percentage of 56.8 as born of foreign parentage, and this estimate makes no account of population derived from continental Europe more than one generation ago.

Another way of approaching this problem of race is through the immigration statistics. The total population in 1820, when the records began, was 9,638,000, of whom 7,866,000 were white. Of this 85 per cent. may be considered to have been of English-speaking origin. This population doubled at least twice in 70 years, which would yield 26 millions; and by 1910 would possibly amount to 36 millions. Add foreign-born British in 1900, who were 2,789,000, and to that their increase of 500,000, and to that another million of British immigration since 1900. This yields a total of only 41 millions out of the whole population.

Of a less specific nature, but equally significant, is the changing character of the English speech. Everywhere there is evidence of the evasion of those difficulties which aliens find with the consonants of our language. The shibboleth of the English is the letters *th* and *j*, and the sound of them is now rarely heard in the land. From Galveston to Chicago *th* is pronounced *t*, as in the common expression "what *t*' hell;" Jimmy becomes "Chimmy;" Journal, "Choinal;" world, "woild;" they, "dey" — each race avoiding the crux in its own peculiar way. American writers now write English as if it were a foreign tongue. It is not the language of daily speech and when they write they find it unfamiliar, hard, and inflexible.

We must free our minds from the delusion that the amiable, sweet-tempered, amusing, kindly, educated men whom one meets in the universities, clubs, churches, offices, and homes of the cities of the United States are characteristic of the nation as a whole. They are merely the saving remnant who hate corruption and covetousness, who regard

divorce as always a calamity and usually a disgrace. To these our hearts warm and our hands are stretched out. If they were in the majority we might long ago have asked permission to cast in our lot with theirs in this new world.

The most specific form in which this charge has appeared was in the "Canadian Times," that excellent periodical which perished too soon, and it was fastened upon three rather well known writers with the words, "when they lurch upon matters pertaining to the United States their judgment and accuracy become warped and distorted by prejudice." In the conclusion of that article to which reference is made we are supplied with the coward counsel: agree with thine adversary quickly lest thy adversary deliver thee to—Germany, "should the worst that is feared happen to Old England;" and we are offered the riddle: "To what or to whom can Canada look but to the friendship of the republic to the south if not to union with her." Let us admit to the uttermost that the "American Republic is a great big fact," and then we shall be free to enquire what kind of a reed it is we are expected to rely upon. In the outset we should not fail to remind ourselves of the general principle enunciated in the fable of the wolf and the lamb, and its practical application in the conduct of the United States towards us when we had our rebellion in 1837, and our trouble with the Fenians in 1866 and 1870; and towards Mexico, when General Sherman was ordered to escort Mr. Lewis Campbell as minister to the revolutionary bandit, Juarez, for the encouragement of a rebellion which ended in the murder of Maximilian.

It is a legitimate task examining the kind of trap into which a man is invited to place his foot. A nation is not great because it is rich. An individual who is rich can accomplish much; but an aggregation of rich men does not make a rich nation. Rather are riches alone a source of weakness, since the possessor is a more desirable prey. Japan is the poorest nation in the world, and it has accomplished the most in our time. Wealth is always a hostage and sometimes valuable as part of an indemnity.

It requires no high capacity for prophecy to foretell what inevitably happens to a nation in which wealth and luxury stand in the inverse ratio to social organization, which includes some arrangements for national defence. A nation in which each man is a king and all men equal in power and glory cannot organize itself even for industrial purposes. A man whose business in life is to sell railway tickets or "locate guests" in a hotel, and who insists upon being considered not as a railway official or a clerk, but as a "free and equal," or even considered at all, will not perform his humble duties efficiently. His cool insolence is merely a protest that his manhood is outraged, if a traveller does not choose to enter into a community of feeling with him in the larger issues of life. If he is asked to sell a ticket which will entitle the purchaser to sleep in a lower berth and has none available, he must not state the fact simply, lest it might be inferred that he was merely an employee of a corporation. When he says: "There aint no lowers left, but I can give you a nice juicy upper," he has vindicated his right of freedom and equality.

It is no part of a patriot's duty to cry peace when there is no peace. That is the business proper to an enemy of the people. Happily the inhabitants of the United States do not require to look to Canada for an estimate of their social condition. We need not lay too much stress upon the revelations which are contained in the cheaper, and therefore more popular, of their magazines; but no friend of the United States, whether he live within or without its borders, can afford to neglect a book which Messrs. Harpers have just published for General Lee under the title "The Valour of Ignorance." This work of a distinguished officer is introduced to the world by General Chaffee and General Story, all of whom write with a full knowledge of the bitterness which the book contains, and the merciless exposure of the elements of weakness in their country. A passage like the following is awful in its severity: "High and low, the ambitions of the heterogeneous masses that now riot

and revel within the confines of this Republic only regard it in a parasitical sense, as a land to batten on and grow big in, whose resources are not to be developed and conserved for the furtherance of the Republic's greatness, but only to satisfy the larval greed of those who subsist upon its fatness."

The answer which may be made to this is an appeal to the military qualities which were developed in the Civil War. But we have information upon that also in General Sherman's "Home Letters" which have been so sympathetically edited by Mr. Mark Howe. It required several years to develop those qualities, and the population was not so heterogeneous at that time as it is now. General Sherman writes in one letter after the battle of Shiloh which was early in the war: "My division had about 8,000 men: at least half ran away, and out of the remaining half I have 302 soldiers and 16 officers killed and over 1,200 wounded." Again he writes: "Our men are not good soldiers. They brag, but don't perform, complain sadly if they don't get everything they want, and a march of a few miles uses them up. Indeed I never saw such a set of grumblers as our volunteers, about their food, clothing, arms." Upon those who were charged with the management of the War General Sherman is equally severe: "Our rulers think more of who shall get office than who can save the country. The whole matter is resolved into a war between the parties, and neither cares, or seems to care, a d—n for the service or his country. Instead of damaging each other, they will shake faith in our whole fabric of government." The cause of the war, he thought, was "not alone in the nigger, but in the mercenary spirit of our countrymen;" and he cites the case of Cincinnati as proof of his assertion: "Cincinnati furnishes more contraband goods than Charleston, and has done more to prolong the war than the state of South Carolina. Not a merchant there but would sell salt, bacon, powder, and lead if they can make money by it." As late as May 8th 1865, General Sherman writes:

"A breach must be made between Grant (and myself) or certain cliques at Washington, who have got a nice thing, are gone up." "Washington," he assures us in another letter, "is as corrupt as hell, made so by the looseness and extravagance of war. I will avoid it as a pest-house." It required several years to develop an army, and modern campaigns do not last that long.

And yet General Lee assures us that this condition of heterogeneity is precisely that which makes not for peace but for war. He thinks that the precipitating causes of all future wars rest with the people; that in direct ratio to the criminality of the populace are to be found concomitant probabilities of war; that the United States exceeds all other civilized nations in crime; and that this criminality arises from its heterogeneous population, which can read but is not educated, cannot distinguish between what is false and what is true, and fails to observe the rights and privileges of other people. The mob-mind, says the author, is "credulous and savage; primitive, hence brutal; feminine, hence without reason . . . and is active only in a destructive sense."

Nor is the military power of the United States, in the author's view, in possession of means of action sufficient for its needs. He shows the hopeless weakness of the army, the uselessness of most of the coast defences, the little dependence that can be placed upon volunteer and militia forces, and the defenceless condition of the Philippines, Hawaii, Samoa, Alaska, and the Pacific coast. He describes the defects of American warships and the inadequacy of their bases. He considers that the Monroe doctrine invites war and declares that his country has neither army nor military system, neither arms nor equipments, neither staff nor plans, and, at bottom of all, a population capable of provoking war but not of waging it. He ends his book by declaring that after an unsuccessful war the forces of the Republic would "scatter, as heretofore, dissension throughout the Union, breed rebellions, class and sectional

insurrections, until this heterogeneous Republic, in its principles, shall disintegrate, and again into the palm of re-established monarchy pay the toll of its vanity and its scorn."

These things are not without instruction for us. We are following in the same path, scouring the world for immigrants, scattering our heritage to the right and the left for the benefit of any one who may seize upon it. Our notion of "developing the country" is to eviscerate it, mining the phosphates and nitrates from the soil under a pretext of farming, ravaging the shores for fish, and felling the forests with ax and fire. When this work is accomplished—What then? Nothing but the record of a lost race in a dead sea, known as America. A nation which does nothing for civilization is a parasite. Better for us that we should remain a parasite upon England than a parasite upon a parasite, even if we should run contrary to that destiny which Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that Providence has decreed for us. Possibly we shall do neither.

If the people of the United States were abstractly wise, they would appoint a Commission, as they propose to do in connexion with their Tariff, to obtain a consensus of world-opinion upon their situation, composed, let us say, of Messrs. Rudyard Kipling, G. B. Shaw, G. Lowes Dickinson, and Professors Mavor, Macnaughton, and Leacock. The report written in collaboration by these observers would surely contain matter for profound contemplation.

The case is too serious to waste our time in recrimination. Is the thing true? That is the question, and not—Is the writer prejudiced? Let us both take to ourselves the advice, "Thy faults to know, make use of every friend and every foe." For a conclusion, that plaintive enquiry which Paul addressed to the Galatians will do very well: Am I become thy enemy because I tell the truth?

THE EDITOR

THE EDUCATED LAYMAN

THE last few years and the last few weeks have been filled with dazzling achievement. Things upon which men have expended their energies and wracked their ingenuities in vain for centuries have lately been brought to pass, and have not ceased to arouse our astonishment. The uttermost part of our hemisphere has at last been trodden by human feet, and the secrets of the cheerless North are being published to the world. The horseless vehicle, which had baffled inventors ever since the power of steam was first applied to transportation, is now flitting about the earth in town and country, over hill and dale, both where the verdure flourishes, and where the deserts sleep beneath the sun.

In the heavens above, the wireless message is speeding on its invisible and incalculable way throughout the spaces of the air, the winds themselves are ridden at last by the frail creations of human hands, and the depths of the sea are startled in their gloomy solitude by the noiseless rush of the submarine. It seems as if the last Herculean labour enjoined upon the human race had been achieved, and the giant will soon retire to his rest and his reward.

This is too much to assimilate in a short time. The effort to realize what its ultimate significance may be is too great for our imaginations. We have not yet ceased to wonder, and so long as we wonder we cannot think clearly. The crowd is carried away by its enthusiasm, and we are carried along by the crowd. The artful newspaper and the gaudy magazine, ever skilful to take us unawares and capture our sympathy without exercising our judgement, would have us believe that momentous things have been taking place; that civilization is advancing with seven league shoes and happiness is rapidly drawing nearer to us all.

Yet it is safe to say that our troubles will still be with us. Airships will not ameliorate poverty and sin, heal the sick or lighten the burdens of the heavy-laden. To-morrow morning the factory whistles will blow as before, and reluctant labour drag his weary limbs to work. The hungry will still hunger, and criminals still commit crime. The drunkard will return to his drink, the liar to his lies, and fools to their folly. The problem of preserving the public health, of saving men's souls for this world as well as for the next, and making their labours fruitful for themselves and for their fellows is the same as before. The troubles of society persist alike whether man walks upon the earth or rides the winds, whether he takes his tedious way through the mud in a stage coach, or darts along paved streets at perilous speeds.

What is a motor-car? queries the preacher. A new allurements for wickedness, a new risk for the reckless, a new danger for the pedestrian, more trouble for legislators and policemen, and the worst seduction that ever tempted thrift to turn extravagant. The passion for going fast is not one to uplift us. Airships, what signify they? A new toy for millionaires, a new wonder for the ten cent magazine, a new feature for our exhibition, and a new contributor to the list of fatalities in our daily morning paper. We must not mistake a sensation for a revolution. Another pole may be reached and a higher mountain climbed, but the poor will still be poor, the wicked wicked, the improvident improvident, and the unfortunate unfortunate.

Life is little bettered by many a dazzling discovery, and our newest inventions deceive us still. The telephone we count a great saver of time while in reality it has robbed us of much of our leisure. We may lock our doors and draw down our blinds, but with a telephone in the house what does it avail? There was far more leisure in the good old days when all business was done over the counter, and all talking was done face to face. In those times a day was required for a journey that now we complete in an hour, but we go one hundred times as far and much more frequently, so we

are no better off than we were before. The electric light cheers us with its safety and convenience, but it illuminates saloons as well as churches, and just as good thinking was done by the light of tallow candles and pine knots. Good books are not read more because good lights have become cheap.

Inventions do not cure problems, and they make new ones besides. When printing was a new art and expensive, few people could have books, and this was a great obstacle in the way of education. Since the processes of printing became cheap and rapid, bad books and periodicals are reproduced as well as good ones, and the ends of education are perverted. Again, when books were few, men's minds were starved for want of them, and now, since they have become plentiful, we are in danger of becoming stupid because of too much reading. The main question is therefore the same as it has been since the beginning of the world. A man must work out his own salvation. He must nurse his own character and foster his own mind, and, although he may be helped by external aids, he cannot be saved except through himself.

We are prone to think ourselves wise because we are clever. This is a mischievous mistake. We may ride in automobiles, send wireless messages, and even glide through the atmosphere and yet be as far from wisdom as the children of centuries past. Wisdom is not of such things as those. Could George Washington visit New York to-day, he would be as helpless as a villager from the remotest county, but he would still be wiser than the smartest broker in Wall Street. Moses and Solomon, Socrates and Plato, could they come to us again, would still be wiser than the rest of us in spite of our inventions. We have learned since their times many new and brilliant tricks, but there are still two classes of us, the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish.

There is much vanity in the racial as well as in the individual consciousness. We feel that all the works of genius reflect credit upon us because we too are men. We marvel

at the talent of the best of us, forgetting the misdeeds of the worst of us, and, as in church, we take all the compliments to ourselves and let the rebukes pass over our heads. We talk too much of progress and of advancing civilization, as if the millennium were coming at the rate of an express train. We speak of the inferior races, and patronizingly praise them if they begin to adopt our ways. We ascribe all greatness and goodness to our God, and then read without demur that we are created in his image. We are pleased and flattered by the pretty boasting of the poets. Who does not know the words of Hamlet ?

“What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !”

How pleasing is this in general, and how ridiculous if we apply it to ourselves ! Beautiful in form and moving we are not, nor do we resemble Minerva or Apollo so much in wit, or angels so much in action, as to justify marks of exclamation. The paragon of animals I presume we are, at any rate to an evolutionist, yet we know how low the worst of men can fall.

Noble in reason we are by proxy. One day when I was holding conversation with a Greek peanut vendor he asked me if I had ever heard of Pythagoras, and when I told him that the name had reached my ears, he said quietly: “He is a fellow-countryman of mine.”

So does the excellence of others exalt us all. Some one invents a telephone and all the citizens of his native town grow proud. In Italy I once talked to a man who was stringing wires, and he asked me if I knew of Marconi. When I assented he said: “Marconi and I were born in the same place, we are of the same age, and are in the same business.”

Listen also to the sage of Concord:

I am the owner of the sphere,
 Of the seven stars and the solar year ;
 Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
 Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

How this vicarious glory puffs us up ! Both Shakespeare and Emerson were very great flatterers as well as great men of genius.

Sometimes it is questioned by cynical people whether man is ruled by reason or not. The doubt is an easy one to set at rest. There is both rational and irrational territory in our minds. We are not yet created; we are still in the process. God never quite creates a man; he leaves the completion of the work to the man and to his fellow-men. In the beginning, we are told, God saw that it was good. He left to man himself to discover the better and the best.

In a similar way we say that Columbus discovered America, and in a sense this is true, but, as a matter of fact, we have been discovering America ever since, and as there are within this continent incalculable resources undeveloped, whose kind and nature we know, and doubtless as many more of a nature and kind that we know not, which will, by steps and degrees, be brought to our knowledge and use as long as men continue to seek and work, so in our own natures there is a world of undiscovered good and capacity; and as long as men apply themselves to finding remedies for the ills of society, so long will latent talents come to light. We shall continually outgrow our own reforms, and always be finding something better than what we once found to be good.

We have over-estimated the virtues of consistency. A man is under no obligation to believe next year what he believes this year, provided he changes his opinion as the result of experience or of evidence. Instincts we inherit in spite of ourselves, and opinions and beliefs we necessarily form. We cannot live without them. Nature has wisely

provided that we should not be compelled to think every matter out every time it is presented to us, any more than we should be compelled to perform any bodily movement consciously every time it is needful. We save time and economize effort by having habits, instincts, opinions, and beliefs, all of which we inherit without knowledge or acquire with ease.

But this facility is at the same time a source of danger as well as a necessity. It was designed to spare us effort of thought, but not intended to excuse us from thinking altogether. Our opinions and beliefs need constant examination and adjustment, and not only those that are peculiar to individuals and families but even more those which we share with multitudes of minds. There is a temporary element in all our institutions. We owe it to ourselves and to one another to test every idea we entertain for fear it may become an obstacle to the welfare, progress, and success of ourselves and of others.

To part with opinions that have been long with us is not pleasant. This is no doubt a wise provision of nature with a view to defending us from fickleness and to providing our institutions with stability; but we cannot think of it as having being so arranged in order to prevent all change. We change whether we will or no. There is a direction and a drift to the cumulative opinion of a multitude against which the individual is as powerless as a cork upon the tide. Individuals may resist the change but if it is right it will in the end prevail, and the general consent of men will draw into their ranks the sons of the old guard who nursed a perishing loyalty. Wrong the public may be at times, but we know that in the great movements of the last two hundred years it has not been wrong, and it ought to be a comfort to us to know that all old thought began as new thought, all orthodoxy as heresy, and that the founders of belief were in their own days the overturners of belief.

Our minds are curiously made. We do most easily what we have done before, and prefer to do and think what we have thought and done before. Thus we are not only what

we are, but we are what we have been. And not only are we still what we have been but we are also what our ancestors were before us. There are molecules in our make-up that took their shape a long time ago, and still they move us to act in this way and that. Our forefathers lived by the chase, and men still love to hunt and fish. Life once depended on killing of certain enemies, and men still are moved to kill without thought.

Last summer while sitting on my verandah I observed a man doing an impromptu hornpipe on the sidewalk in front of me. A moment before he had been walking calmly with a friend and talking peaceably, but of a sudden he observed a small garter snake crossing his way. It was doing him no harm and was not capable of doing him any. Yet he made such a violent and unplanned effort to kill it that his hat fell off his head and his pipe dropped from his mouth. That man's ancestors were snake-killers for centuries, and he still does it by instinct. But killing snakes is not so pernicious an instinct as killing men.

There was a time of course when men settled their quarrels with clubs. Now-a-days when a man tries that method we lock him up. But nations still settle their quarrels with blows, and most men seem to think it cannot be avoided. We suspend the God-given commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and give great rewards to the warriors. We flock to behold their faces and set up statues to them in public places. We make the earliest instruction in history that we give to the youngest scholars out of stories of war and battles. Why are we not shocked by all of this? Why do we not shrink from it as a crime? Because we are educated not to think of it as a crime. It is an old and accepted institution, and will be accepted as such until the necessary fraction of the civilized race is educated to the point of deciding once and forever that it shall not be.

It is interesting to observe ourselves in the act of sloughing off an old instinct. We meet a drunken man by the

way. We don't remember it after we turn the next corner. Why? Because drunkenness is so old an institution that we don't know when it began. Our fathers admitted so long ago the divine right of a man to get drunk that we inherit, as it were, the doctrine. Recently it has begun to be discovered that it does not pay to raise money by liquor licence and spend it for jails and policemen, and it has begun to be seen by physicians, by grocers, butchers, and other merchants that drunken men do not pay their bills, and now the divine right of a man to get drunk promises to become as obsolete as some other divine rights we have heard about. Divine rights take flight quickly enough when we begin to overhaul our ideas, but most people shrink from the process at first.

One of the most mischievous instincts is that which moves, to take sides on every matter of public knowledge, however small. Two men claim to have discovered the North Pole, and before either of them has published proofs, which, by the way, we shall not understand when they are published, at once the whole civilized world is divided into Cookites and Pearyites, and feeling often runs high and bitter. How interesting it would be to know how many Cookites would have been Pearyites, and *vice versa*, if Peary had landed in Copenhagen and Cook in Newfoundland! A more mischievous partisanship still is our political loyalty. We cling to our names but exchange policies, and defend our new cause as vigorously as we attacked it before, and reck not of our inconsistency.

Party government was a good thing in its day but something better may perhaps be found. At any rate why should a man follow his own father in politics? Father and son often, and perhaps in the majority of cases, differ from each other in temper, character, and quality of mind, and would naturally have different opinions about the same things were it not for the fatal facility with which opinions and loyalties pass from one mind to another. A caste system in trades leads us to pity profoundly the poor Hindoo, but we don't worry about our own caste system in politics. One

peculiar phenomenon of instincts is that often you don't know you have them.

The much lamented race for riches in these days is due to various instincts. Men like games. They like to overcome one another whether by skill or chance, and this without doubt explains many of the operations of high finance. More often it is merely the instinct of acquisition. If a man gets all the money he can and keeps all he gets, he is like a squirrel that gathers and stores nuts as long as the weather, the holes, and the nuts last, even although his accumulations exceed by ten times what he can consume during the winter.

For this general quest of the golden fleece in our country we are able to give good excuse, although we shall not for that reason be excused from its consequences. Where multitudes of men find themselves in new and similar circumstances the reaction upon their nature and conduct will be similar in a multitude of cases. The parents of most of us, when they shook off the shackles of aristocratic Europe, came to this country poor if not penniless and many of them ignorant. Naturally the chief thing was to make money. The chief thing to all men is the thing they lack. The children of these people are put to work as soon as possible, and naturally follow trades or, in the case of the more ambitious, professions. They desire only knowledge and training useful to themselves and everything not useful to themselves they brand as useless, not being to blame, of course, for not thinking of the world at large. This feeling in the rising poor is a perpetual one. "I am afraid I shall learn something that will be of no use to me," wrote a prospective student to the registrar of the University with which I was connected two years ago. Consider the millions of rising poor in America like this young man and you can realize the force of this public opinion.

However, this indifference to better things and remoter goods, although it constitutes a huge inertia that will only be overcome in the course of generations, being recruited all

the time by fresh importations of men and women like the first, is not so petulant as the belligerent criticism of the self-made man and still more of those who allow themselves to worship this false god. Possessed of strong business instincts and much energy, he amasses a fortune. Not infrequently he is a quiet, prudent, and useful citizen; but more often he is a perverter of the youth. He calls attention, quite needlessly of course, to his lack of education, and young people begin to think education superfluous. This is the most virulent variety of Klondike fever, and not only does it spread rapidly of its own accord but it is actively propagated and loudly endorsed by editors of newspapers and periodicals all over the country. This widespread condition of public opinion, expressed and unexpressed, has had a marked effect upon institutions of learning, rather because it is strong and insistent than because it is right. It has become a question in the United States in many instances, and there are warnings of the same thing in Canada, not so much of giving students what will do them good as offering them what they will take.

People cry out for the useful education, and there is no doubt of the need. The first necessity of a man is to have house, clothes, and food. Until these are provided there is no time for other things. But these are not the chief things. Is not the life more than meat and the body more than raiment? What is most necessary for each will loom large in his own eye, but the very things that are first necessary are not so important. We need houses more than poetry; we can get along without poetry but 'twere better to be a poet than a carpenter. We need cooks more than books, but 'twere better to write one good book than to make good cakes for a lifetime. We cannot prosper without capitalists, but to live modestly and open the eyes of other men to better thoughts were better than to gather incredible sums under one name. In a word, our country is in sore need all the time of railways, canals, ships, factories, mines, and harvests, and all the men, great and small, that direct

or operate these enterprises; but when Time comes in later days to pass judgement upon our deeds, he will ask for none of these but will say: "Who has taught your people better ways of living? Who has taught them better ways of thinking? Who has led them into better forms of government? Where are your teachers and your preachers, your poets and historians, your sculptors, artists, and novelists? Who were your reformers and your statesmen?" In that day the first shall be last, and the last shall be first.

This same self-made man, the pest of modern life, advises young men to get at their life work as soon as possible; a college education, he says, unfits a man for success in life, and in this he is certainly right if by success he means a success like his own. A college education is designed to save a man from such a fate. It is to help him find his life, not lose it. The good advice is directly the opposite of that advocated by Mr. Successful Man. Postpone your professional or technical training. Don't begin it too soon. Your mind will grow for years after the body is mature. Don't stultify it by an early start.

This may be taken as a principle in life and education, that the postponement of the earning period for the sake of longer preparation brings a rich reward in added power and usefulness and in prolonged and undiminished vigour at the end of life. A man who makes a living by the use of his hands will reach his maximum efficiency by the time he is thirty years of age, but a young man may only be starting upon the practice of a learned profession by that time. The world prefers young carpenters, but it does not prefer young lawyers. A few grey hairs become the head of a physician, but we want a plumber with a young, strong arm. Men of all callings that depend upon the use of the brain come to maturity and usefulness more slowly, but greater rewards await them and a longer period of service.

It is only men who work with their hands alone who are not wanted in their fifties or sixties. A book-keeper, a plumber, a carpenter, or a machinist may be at his best in

his thirties, but the man who makes his living by the exercise of his mind is wanted at the council board more than ever in his sixties.

This impatience to get an early start in life and to make money soon is only one aspect of the general hurry of our day. The god of our time is the god of speed. The headquarters of his worship are on this continent, in the United States, where to live fast, eat fast, ride fast, and die suddenly, is the rule. We too are beginning to live fast and, of course, as every one who takes time to think will observe, are becoming more like the Americans every day, and, in proportion as we respond more to the industrial needs of our country and the geographical situation in which we find ourselves, we shall grow still more like them. Therefore we may expect to go faster and faster.

Against this general haste and impatience we must be on our guard. If we all hurry, we shall all acquire the virtues of haste and lose the virtues of leisure. Already we seem to be losing the grace of hospitality. It is not long ago that families were often at home to their friends, but now the giving and receiving calls is almost entirely left to women. Men are always hurrying somewhere or hurrying back. We are hurried at night and hurried in the morning. The worst torture we can endure is to find ourselves in a slow car or a slow train, and a temporary blockade to public traffic is little short of a calamity. It is even becoming customary of recent years to die suddenly, and long engagements are scarcely heard of any more.

Business men, of course, we must have, and business men will be busy men. Some, the messengers of commerce, must devote their intelligence and energy to the work of making what the people need where it can best be made, and of transporting it in the quickest and best way to the place where it is needed. All honour to the princes of trade! Yet we must remember that busy men are rarely gifted with vision except in the line of business, that vision is begotten of leisure and consequently some of us must have leisure that there may be vision for all.

We must not all give ourselves to the making of money. We shall all perish if we all do that. No nation can afford to force or allow all its citizens to follow one line of life. The Spartans of old had a good stock of men to build upon, but they all became soldiers. To-day there is nothing left of Sparta but the ground on which she stood. She was wiped out by the warfare for which she lived; she vanquished her enemies but destroyed herself. Visit the site of her greatness and you find no noble ruin to delight the eye, no broken statue to tell of perished skill, and no works of utility to increase the ease of life. Search our libraries and you will find no poets from Sparta, no philosopher, not even an historian to record her own futile victories. Search her records as preserved by other races and you find a dearth of statesmen and patriots whose plans were illuminated by wisdom and unadulterated by personal meanness and narrow racialism. What then became of poet and artist, philosopher and statesman? Were no babes among them royal born by right divine? Without doubt, but all better things were crushed out because there was but one thing held in honour among them. A nation cannot afford to follow one path of life alone. In Sparta there was no vision and the people perished.

Against the seductions of commercial life we must therefore be on our guard, lest we expect too much from it as we expect too much of our inventions, nor must we plunge too blindly into professional and technical training. Professional training is indispensable to our welfare and advancement, but there is a great and necessary work that it will not do. It is not physicians, for the most part, who lead in the great fight against disease, although the work cannot be carried on without them. It is not the lawyers who lead in the fight for legal reform, although a man must have legal training in order to engage in it. It is not usually the architect that leads a campaign for the beautification of cities. Public-spirited citizens must do that, and then architects are employed. In a word, it is only as man rises above his pro-

profession that he is a man and attains his highest usefulness to the country and to other men.

The things we most need depend upon the pressure that an educated citizen body exerts upon the men whom they elect to look after their interests. They depend upon the supply of highly trained men, with a knowledge of their own country and of other countries, of their own times and of former times, whom the educational system of the country renders available for public service whether that service be rendered in office or out of office. Honesty and intelligence are essential too, but unenlightened intelligence, even when actuated by honesty of purpose, will not go far in these days.

We must have men in all walks of life who have been trained in those things that give a man the long view over the course that the human race has traversed in arriving where it is. Every man who gets into public life without this long view is a menace to our prosperity and to the future of our country. Any man who enters public life out of professional or mercantile life, if he did not get his vision before he entered that life, is not likely to acquire it. Men are not born with it; it is not obtained by willingness to have it; it is non-transferable. You can acquire it only by patient study at a certain time of life. It comes only to those who will to have it, only to those who diligently seek it, and yet it comes only during leisure. A busy man is taken up with small matters. Busy people have no vision. Vision is the child of leisure.

About the education by which we are to acquire vision, I do not chose to speak here. I shall venture only to say a few words about the part that the studies which I represent may play. We do not need to advocate the natural or social sciences or modern languages ; these will have their place and perhaps there is danger that they may have too large a place, for they are useful things and appear to be much more useful than they are. It is those things whose usefulness is less demonstrable that we must not forget. All the newer knowledge

is possessed of our own faults. We need the old knowledge, the classical literatures, ancient history, and philosophy, to temper our excessive admiration of our own day. All the new knowledge, being of our own begetting, ministers to our own vainglory. We need the old to remind us that, though we may be clever, we are not wise.

Let me add one word about the so-called dead languages. Greek is not a dead language. It has never ceased to be spoken, and to-day there are 5,000,000 Greeks speaking a form of their tongue that resembles the Greek of 2,500 years ago as our own English resembles that of Chaucer, 600 years old. As for Latin, it is a dead language only when the teacher is dead, and a boy had better sit under a live teacher of a dead language than a dead teacher of anything under the sun.

It remains only for me to say something about the training of the highest type of intellectual layman, for whom, it will be observed, exists the liberal, that is, the non-professional education. One is here, you will remember, among the things that cannot be weighed and measured, and will always be controverted and variously stated, but any earnest and thoughtful statement will contain some truth and will be worth while. Nor will any educator, you will also remember, ever expect to see in the flesh the type he describes any more than Shakespeare would dream of seeing the subject of the sketch beginning "What a piece of work is man!" It is only an ideal that I describe, of which a perfect copy is never seen in the flesh.

The first step in wisdom is to carry out the advice of the Greek, "Know thyself." Know that you had barbarian ancestors who killed both man and beast, but that you must never send to death the one, and, never needlessly, the other. Know that drunkenness and drinking were respectable pagan pleasures but are unworthy of these later days of creation. Know that most of your opinions were formed in your mind before your mind was working for itself. Remember that the collective opinion

of ten thousand fools is not so important as your own if you are right, but remember also that there are many people in the world besides yourself. Know that there is a time to speak and a time to be silent. Such would be the advice of the Greek Apollo to-day.

The following knowledge also I should have him possess over and above his technical and professional acquirements. He will be familiar with the nature and subdivisions of knowledge. He will know that some things can be weighed and measured and known with certainty, while others will remain subjects of controversy. It will be a familiar thought to him that the cardinal rules of human conduct are as certain as the facts of science, and that the penumbra of scientific knowledge is as dim as the outer field of morals. He will be aware of the higher criticism but will always be mindful that the higher critics differ from each other. He will remember that scientists differ no less from one another than the critics, and while one says the earth is getting cooler another maintains that it is becoming warmer; that for a long time it was said and taught that the centre of the earth was a molten mass, until another scientist devised an experiment to prove that this simply could not be.

The educated layman must have learned to be wary of all extremer forms of socialism. He will have the historic sense and, having that, he will know that all reforms must proceed from things as they are, that government is a growth and not an invention. Our religion, our art, our laws will tell a romantic tale to him; of prophets in long succession interpreting through pain of mind and body the religious experience of one people for the good of all the world; of the slow beginnings of art among another gifted people who saw in life not so much of right and wrong as they saw of the ugly and the beautiful; and lastly he will know of the strange rise of a little city by the Tiber, that spread its firm and just authority over land and sea until the races learned the arts of peace, and to honour the law because it was just and not because they must. He will have tried to understand

how these diverse elements were drawn together and welded into one daily life. He will see how our religion has been slowly purged of the dross of time which clings to it like earth to the treasure that is taken from its bosom.

He knows that man is not yet completely revealed to himself, possessing powers that he does not know and the capacity for rising higher than the wisest can foresee. He must be, if not by disposition, at least by conviction, a stubborn optimist, and will feel a profound pity for any aged person who, having spent his childhood and life in a small corner of the world, complains to men that children are not so obedient, servants not so respectful, and the winters not so cold as they used to be. He will himself refrain from wearying the world with worthless generalizations from his own circumscribed and narrow field, but through the medium of books and thought he will strive to make the experience of all men his own. He will sit with Solomon, and talk with Socrates, reason with Plato and with Paul; he will make friends of the great thinkers of our own times.

He will know that a slow growth is true growth, that an early success in life is of necessity a small success. He will believe himself capable of greater things than he has done and will always aim not so much to surpass others as to surpass himself, and will never deem his journey finished when he has reached a goal set for him by another than himself. He will know that faith is stronger than knowledge, that the road runs farther than the eye can follow, and that the mind must aspire higher than its view.

He will not be misled by the glamour of a passing fame, nor give his allegiance to any leader because he is likeable rather than because he is right. He will not let his sympathy be caught by a newspaper, for he knows that the newspaper is in business and no merchant will tell you his wares are bad. The cheap magazine will not deceive him, for he knows that the magazine is printed to sell and the truth will never sell for ten cents a copy. In fine, I should have the educated

man a sceptic, judging calmly such things as he is capable of judging and discriminating nicely those things about which he is not qualified to judge. He is to be a man after Paul's own heart, trying all things and holding fast that which is good.

He cannot help feeling different from unthinking people but he must not stand aloof from them, dropping here and there a word of suggestion in the hope that it may fall into good ground and grow like a grain of mustard seed. Towards ignorance he is to be tolerant and patient as he is towards difference of opinion, not trying to explain by argument what his interlocutor is not capable of receiving but offering to such the silent example of his life and conduct. Silence is golden to him. Towards vocations to which nature has not called him he will be sympathetic. He may not enjoy art but he will be patient with those who do. He may have little liking for the natural sciences or the classics, but he will esteem those who feel called to their pursuit. Lastly, when fellow seekers after truth prove unlovely in their dispositions, he will apply widely and generously the old doctrine of the church that the unworthiness of the priest shall not detract from the sacredness of the sacrament.

NORMAN W. DE WITT

OXFORD AND WORKING-CLASS EDUCATION

EVERY professor must have asked himself the question, at least once in his lifetime,—Why does a University exist? During that long period between the death of learning and the birth of science, if the question had occurred to a professor in those leisure moments after the siesta was over and the carp fed, he would probably reply that the precise function of a University was to do nothing, and that a professor was performing his whole duty by being a professor, an example of attainment, just as a priest was held to justify his existence by being a priest.

But in time, the enquiring habit of mind which people have developed under the influence of economic necessity and of the scientific method, and the rising conscience within the academic body, have constrained the Universities to give a more adequate account of themselves in justification of their existence. In short, they are explaining their usefulness to the community.

There is a great gulf fixed between professing to know about a thing and knowing it in reality; and there is a still greater gulf between knowing about a thing and the doing of it. The utmost which is demanded of a professor is that he shall talk about things; and it is worthy of comment that talk about a thing grows more exuberant after it has passed away. Whilst the Italians of the fifteenth century were painting pictures there were no professors of art, and no professors of literature when the Elizabethans were writing their immortal poetry. Sophocles and Æschylus wrote their tragedies before Aristotle showed them how. The middle Victorian era, in which there was no art to admire, was the period when the art of talking about art was best understood.

In every occupation there is a kind of professional cant, and in none is it so elaborately framed as in that which

is technically known as professorial. The last man in the world to whom we should apply for a correct opinion upon the value of a thing is he who is engaged in doing it. A Highland piper is apt to possess an exaggerated notion of the place of music in the world and the pleasure which it gives, especially of that music which he performs so well. To the tympanist the sound of the drum alone gives coherence to the various sounds which are produced by other members of the orchestra; and I have heard the lecturer on poultry in an important University declare that the rearing of hens was the best possible training for the memory, as the birds resembled each other so closely whilst in reality they were different. The lecturer in classics did not agree with him; he thought that learning words out of a dictionary was a better method. It is the professor who is most completely convinced of the importance to the world of that kind of education which he gives. He is the University, but that does not prove the value of the professor, or of the University, or of the business in which both are engaged. That must be determined by other considerations entirely.

The most specific account which has been given in recent years of what is assumed to be at least one function of a University is that which is contained in the Report of a Joint Committee of Oxford University and Working-class Representatives on the Relation of the University to the Higher Education of Work-people. This Report was issued at the end of the year 1908, and bears as title "Oxford and Working-class Education." It may be obtained from the Clarendon Press for the sum of one shilling.

It is conceivable, of course, that in the long period of a thousand years the function of a University may have changed, and no one, least of all the professors, be aware of the fact. In England many of the colleges which constitute the Universities were organized for the benefit of "poor men living on alms," *pauperes ex elemosyna viventes*, because, as William of Wykeham in founding New College in 1386 affirmed, "Christ among his works of mercy hath

commanded men to receive the poor into their houses and mercifully to comfort the indigent." In certain other colleges the members were forbidden to keep dogs, on the ground that "to give to dogs the bread of the children of man is not fitting for those who live on alms." The members were not "poor men" exclusively in all colleges. The foundress of Balliol urged the richer ones to live "so temperately as not to weigh down the poor by reason of burdensome expenses," and she urged the fellows to choose as a scholar the candidate who combined poverty, excellence of character, and learning. In the statutes for Merton the foundation was not for really poor men but for *pauperes secundarii*, or second-class poor. Other colleges were designed by great prelates as an accommodation for persons who by blood or other ties were dependent upon them.

In the United States also, the various colleges were organized for a specific purpose. Yale was chartered in 1701 for the propagation of Congregational theology; the college of New Jersey, commonly called Princeton, was established in the interests of Presbyterian dogma; and Harvard was founded in order that "ministers and other useful persons might issue forth." It was not long before a visitor at Oxford was obliged to reprimand the scholars in the words: "some there are among you who, desiring to live delicately, make the modus of your expenditure to exceed that which your founder by rule appointed;" and Latimer declared: "if ye bring it to pass that the yeomanry be not able to put their sons to school, I say ye pluck salvation from the people. By yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is, and hath been, maintained chiefly." The English colleges, like the American, were especially designed for purposes which in those days were believed to have something to do with religion, but no English lad now goes to Oxford because he is poor, and few because they are religious, any more than an American boy goes to Yale because he is imbued with the tenets of Congregationalism; or to Princeton because his lips have been touched with a coal from a Pres-

byterian altar; or to Harvard because he is desirous of becoming a minister or even an otherwise "useful person." In time the Universities which were founded for purposes of learning and religion came to exist for the benefit of professors who were not necessarily learned or religious, and there seemed nothing incongruous in the transformation.

One should not fail to notice that these institutions continue to be conducted for the benefit of the staff as well as for the benefit of the student, because it has something to do with the rivalry which exists between Universities in "attracting" young men by offering them opportunities for learning a trade; since, when the students are gathered together, the public may be appealed to for support on the ground of increasing numbers, as a man might plead the excuse of an increasing family for obtaining public charity. This is the origin of the bitterness between the University of New York and Columbia, as disclosed in the recent writings of President MacCracken of the smaller institution, who alleges that Columbia is attempting to "freeze him out" by protesting that there is room for only one University in New York. It was he, I believe, who first employed the term "educational trust."

It is quite possible that the ancient belief is a mistaken one, that a University exists for the preservation and advancement of learning and for the formation of character by a process known as education. Possibly the modern belief is the correct one, that the function of a University is the teaching of trades. So important a divergence of opinion might well be investigated by professors of education to ascertain if the one is exactly right and the other exactly wrong.

It is a common belief, especially in America, that a different view prevails in England, of which the late Dean Johnson was the best exponent. This shrewd observer was never done protesting that men who were only concerned about becoming surveyors, miners, engineers, lawyers, dentists, doctors, and builders had no place in the company

of men who desired an education for the sake of its effect, real or fancied, upon the individual. He observed that "engineering students" wore overalls, smoked their pipes, and cursed. He had previously observed that plumbers also were addicted to these practices, and he could detect no essential distinction between the two classes, although he did remark that a plumber was a plumber; whereas these graduates knew little or nothing of their business upon the day of leaving the University and entering into the world. The time to study the application of science, he thought, was after, and not before, one had acquired a scientific mind, and the time to develop a scientific mind was after it had been educated. The principles of engineering, he admitted, might well be taught even in a University which was concerned with education to those who were qualified to receive instruction; but to enable a boy to manage an unreal steam-engine, to bestow upon him an agility in looking out figures from tables and ordinates from curves of this or that function, was not to make of him either an educated man or an engineer. Certainly an unprejudiced observer will find matter for wonder in a University which confers a doctorate upon a man who is expert in remedying defects in the teeth, and has a chair which is filled by a professor of "orthodontia," whilst it refuses equal recognition to the man who wipes a joint, or does "crown and bridge work" upon material which is not attached to the human frame.

This belief, however, that the Universities of England regard their charters as valid only so long as they have something to do with the preservation and advancement of learning is not so commonly held since the publication of this Report to which I have referred. Nothing could be more admirable than the form in which it states the case for direct utility. The argument is conducted with a full desire for fairness, a spirit of concession, a sweetness of temper, and a winsomeness which convinces one that the University has wrought her perfect work upon the minds and hearts of those who were engaged upon it, even upon

those members who are described as working-class representatives, although one would be willing to learn what part they had in the expression of sentiments so beautiful in themselves and so admirably stated, especially the part which was taken by one member of the Committee, who is described as High Secretary of the Independent Order of Rechabites. A note might well have been added to the Report defining exactly what a Rechabite is, so that one might form some opinion of his capacity for entertaining correct opinions upon education. If he had descended from Jonadab, the son of Rechab, by ordinary generation, we might be disposed to accept his opinion upon the undesirability of building houses, sowing seed, planting vineyards, and drinking wine; and yet question his authority in matters pertaining to a University which neither dwells in tents nor abstains from "pots full of wine and cups."

This Report is merely an amplification of the enquiry which Sir Leslie Stephen informs us was addressed to his brother, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, by their tutor: "Stephen, major; if you do not write good longs and shorts, how can you ever be a man of taste? If you are not a man of taste, how can you ever hope to be of use in the world?"

The Committee has arrived at the conclusion that in a University education alone lies the sovereign remedy for all social ills, and they appear to believe that those who suffer from those ills are under a similar misapprehension. They tell us that "education of the highest type given by the Universities has entered into the consciousness of large bodies of organized work people as an essential element in their conception of human welfare;" and "that the eleven millions who weave our cloths, build our houses, and carry us safely on our journeys demand University education in order that they may face with wisdom the unsolved problem of their present position." There are other things also which appear to have entered at least into a portion of their consciousness, that they should receive ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, that in their old age they should be supported

by their more thrifty neighbours, and that they should enter Parliament. We are all too prone to believe that human welfare lies alone in a class which is different from our own.

The fact of the matter is that the working classes—if one must continue to employ the words of the Report—are mistaken, and the professors are mistaken too, in assuming that a University education or any other education which has its origin in books is of much value for a workman or a professor either, unless the individual has a mind which will profit by it. The experiment has been tried for the past hundred years. It has not produced educated men, and it has produced inefficient workmen.

The movement for adult education began late in the eighteenth century at a time when all forms of folly were even more rife than they are now. In the outset it was of a religious nature, and the benefits which were obtained from religion were wrongly attributed to the education with which it was associated. With the increasing application of science to industry it was supposed that a new education was required, and Mechanics' Institutes attempted to supply the need. By the middle of the century the attempt ended in failure. It was found that the preliminary equipment of the student who had never attended an elementary school was too small for him to make good use of lectures and classes. In all there was probably some disillusionment and disappointment when it was found that the direct effects of technical institutions in bettering the material condition of the individual workman were comparatively small.

These two attempts were followed by University extension education. Between 1885 and 1908, 32,146 lectures were delivered under the control of the Oxford University Extension Delegacy alone in 577 centres to 424,500 students. Upon the success of this movement the present Report affords valuable information. It was found that so long as the system was compelled to be financially self-supporting, so long must the lecturer attract large au-

diences; it was necessary that 852 persons attend the lecture of a second-class lecturer to raise the money necessary to pay the fee. The lecturers and the subject had to be chosen not on account of their educative value but with a view to the probability of their drawing such large audiences that the lectures would pay. Success then tended to be measured in terms of quantity not of quality, and if the members fell off from a course it had to be replaced by another which was more likely to draw. The lecturer then became an orator addressing a public audience. Sir Robert Morant got at the truth of the matter when he said that it was not more lectures that were required but real solid work.

The Report recognizes frankly another difficulty when it states: "It too often happens that a teacher fails almost entirely when confronted with his working-class audience because he has started from a point of view so different from theirs as to make it impossible for the minds of students and teachers ever to come into real contact with each other. The things which he regards as important have seemed to them trivial, and he has never really touched the problems upon which their minds are exercised." Accordingly, the teacher is advised to take special steps to get into touch with the working-classes, to appreciate and sympathize with the point of view from which they approach a subject; but we are not informed how this is to be done. It is as difficult to get into touch with the working-class as it is to get into touch with a company of Fellows in a Common Room, and one "cannot sympathize with a point of view" from which he believes a false impression is obtained.

The Committee stumbled upon the truth unconsciously when they admitted that work-people "will not be content with any substitute for University education which assumes that they will be unable to enter the University, since a University Extension student, though he may win a certificate, is neither as well stamped thereby with the hallmark of an educated man in the same way as is the reci-

ipient of even a pass degree at Oxford." There is the fact forced home bluntly: it is the hallmark which is desired and not the quality which an honest hallmark signifies. Herbert Spencer stated the truth with that plainness which was habitual to him when he said: "If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical (University) education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. To get above some and be revered by them, and to propitiate those who are above us, is the universal struggle in which the chief energies of life are expended. We are none of us content with quietly unfolding our own individualities to the full in all directions; but have a restless craving to impress our individualities upon others, and in some way subordinate them. This it is which determines the character of our education. Not what knowledge is of most real worth is the consideration; but what will bring most applause, honour, and respect,—what will most conduce to social position and influence,—what will be most imposing. As, throughout life, not what we are, but what we shall be thought, is the question; so in education the question is, not the intrinsic value of knowledge, so much as its extrinsic effects on others."

In direct opposition to this statement which bears upon its face some appearance of probability, the Committee answers its own questions—"To what will the education which we wish Oxford to offer to work-people lead?" "We have already expressed an opinion that the demand for University education made by work-people is not so much for the facilities to enable their children to compete successfully with members of other classes for positions of social dignity and emolument, as to enable workmen to fulfil with greater efficiency their duties which they owe to their own class, and, as members of their class, to the whole nation. There can therefore be no doubt that, with some exceptions, the working-class students who go to Oxford will at the end of their two years of study return to the towns from which they came, and continue to work

at their trades, as before." This opinion, however, is qualified by the words, "The working-class demand that higher education should not separate the student from his own people must not be taken to imply that it is desired that he should necessarily return to the bench or the machine at which he worked before going to Oxford, but that he should in one capacity or another use his education in the service of his fellows." We may well deplore the advent of working men to Oxford as classes, not as individuals, if they import with them the methods of the labour unions, which the students of their own peculiar Ruskin College employed last April in their "foolish and disorderly proceedings" against Principal Hird.

The trend of thought is further indicated in another Section: "What they desire is not that men should escape from their class but that they should remain in it and raise its whole level. They do not wish, like the Scottish ploughman of fifty years ago, that their sons should be made by a University education into ministers or school-masters."

These Oxford professors are exactly wrong, and the Scottish ploughman was exactly right. They treat the individual as a member of a class; he looked upon his boy as a single individual, as a man in the University and the Universe. If it is foreordained from all eternity that the world shall be forever composed not of men but of classes of men rising one upon the other from ploughmen, school-masters, and ministers, to professors, then a co-equal decree may possibly be discovered under which the education proper to each class shall be set forth. The present proposal appears to be that all men shall receive a University education: and yet that conclusion is vitiated by the remark in another section, "It seems to us that the task of educationalists in the future must be to ennoble the status of every class by supplying it with the form of culture appropriate to its needs."

And if the task of educationalists in the future must be to ennoble the status of every class by supplying it with

the form of culture appropriate to its needs, by what means shall that form of culture be discovered which is appropriate to the status of every class? By asking each class what it needs. The students are to "pursue a plan of study drawn up by work-people and representatives of the University in consultation." Again it is affirmed that "the advantage of throwing the local management of the classes into the hands of a body representing working people is that it insures that the education offered will meet the needs of work-people."

A branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants passed a resolution, "that it is inexpedient for the working classes to cultivate a closer relationship with Oxford until the teachings of the Universities are radically altered, so that a truer view of social questions may be taught, and that it is inadvisable to send workmen students to colleges until the curriculum is made suitable for the training of labour leaders." To this the magnanimous reply is made that the Universities should co-operate with the Railway Servants, "in their efforts to obtain what they want instead of providing, without consulting them, what the University thinks they ought to want." Apparently the opposite course led to failure, since the admission is made that "the whole history of the University Extension Movement shows that higher education cannot be imposed upon work-people from above, but must be organized and managed by men who belong to themselves. This is in our opinion a fundamental axiom, the neglect of which will be followed by certain failure." And yet the University appears to believe that this partial failure may be turned into success by a nearer approximation of extra-mural teaching to the teaching within the walls; and this is to be accomplished by the daring experiment of altering the principles upon which for a thousand years education has been conducted.

A man who is swimming for his life is not likely to make any profitable observations upon meteorology or natation;

and a student who is harassed by poverty is incapable of that calm of mind which is essential for the education which comes from residence at a University. There is something piteous in the account which the Committee give from their own experience of the hopeless struggle. "We are well aware," they say, "of the great difficulties which beset the working-class student,—the lack of books, the crowded home, the often exhausting and mechanical labour, the fear of non-employment that too often absorbs his thoughts. We have known students to sit up not once but regularly, completing an essay till one o'clock at night, and enter the mill next day at 6.30; or to attend classes on Saturday afternoon after a week containing twelve hours overtime over and above the standard 53 hours." We can readily agree that "a man who is supporting a family on 24 shillings a week cannot afford and ought not to be expected to buy more than one or two inexpensive text-books;" but until we are informed what that diligent student was writing, we can offer no opinion upon his wisdom. Indeed there are very few essays which would justify a man's remaining out of his bed either for the writing or the reading of them.

Much is made of the benefits which will follow to the community from a temporary intermingling of members of various classes in the University, of the knowledge and suggestions which work-people may offer, and of the very valuable insight which they may obtain into the working of University institutions. It is not suggested, however, that a professor should perfect his education at the lathe or the bench; and no mention is made of the value of his knowledge or suggestions in the conduct of a factory. Yet surely a University is quite as complicated a concern as a workshop. We are told that "there must be that free movement from one class to another that alone can insure that the manual and intellectual work of the nation is performed by those best fitted to perform it, and that fresh streams of ability are continually drawn from every quarter of society;" but we are not informed by what process the

present graduates of the University shall be relegated to manual employments if it were ascertained that they had a more peculiar aptitude for hand labour than for intellectual pursuits.

Let us suppose that a professor follows this amiable advice, and moves from his own class into the class of the agricultural labourer. He would appear to be, and would be in reality, an ill-educated man. It would require years of experience before he was at home in his new environment, before he learned at what date oats must be sown in a certain field, where was the securest spot for setting a night line, which public house sold an ale to suit his palate, and where was the most delectable location in the parish for sunning himself on a Sunday afternoon.

The kingdom of learning can be taken only by force. Those who earnestly desire education will find the measure of their desire. Anything in excess of that is useless. There may be as much mental culture in reflecting upon one's inability to procure a degree as in accepting a degree which is thrust upon one. But if the degree is the thing, it can be obtained upon easier terms than the Committee proposes, even if the recommendation be adopted that scholarships be provided of such an amount as would enable a man to maintain himself in the University, and in some cases as would in addition provide a margin to assist those who might be dependent upon him, and who in consequence of his temporary withdrawal as wage-earner might suffer great hardship. Even the married man with a family is to be considered. There are colleges in the United States which offer a degree for fifty dollars with the usual ten per cent. discount, if fully paid in advance.

In opposition to this theory that University education is the sovereign remedy for all industrial evils I cannot do better than quote the letter which Mr. Jude Fawley, stonemason, received from T. Tetuphenay, the Master of "Biblioll College;" "Sir,—I have read your letter with interest; and, judging from your description of yourself as a work-

ing-man, I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by remaining in your own sphere and sticking to your trade than by adopting any other course. That, therefore, is what I advise you to do."

It is a gratuitous assumption that education is found alone in a University. There must be many educated men in that class which produced the author of "Pilgrim's Progress"; and it is questionable if John Bunyan would have been improved by a period of residence in the Oxford of his day or of our own day either. I am disposed to think that if those adscititious circumstances did not exist which attract boys to Universities there would be as large a proportion of educated men amongst the working classes as amongst the holders of degrees, men of sincerity, candour, simplicity of character, and principle, like that other stonemason whose reminiscences Mr. John Murray has just published.

The proposal in short of this Report is to lower the standard, to substitute for that training which is found alone in schools where the classical and philosophical tradition prevails, a kind of pseudo-scientific, higger-mugger reading of literature, politics, economics, and languages, such as is considered ample in American Universities.

This Report is a thing of ill-omen. It offers to debase the currency in deference to a factitious demand from people who do not understand what they are asking, what they want, or what they need. So soon as we are convinced that, "learning hath not her own true form nor can she show of her beauteous lineament if she fall into the hands of base and vile persons," we are prepared to assign to the University its true function, which is to be the comfortable and congenial abode of scholars. And what is the business of a scholar? Professor Gilbert Murray answered the question in his inaugural lecture upon "The Interpretation of Ancient Greek Literature," at Oxford, January 27th 1909. The best life of Greece, he said, represented one of the highest moments of the past life of humanity, and he gave his answer in the words: "the

business to which the world has set us Greek scholars is to see that it does not die." They are to act as mediators between the living and the dead, since with all the permutations of science the main web of life is permanent. It is the business of the religious teacher, as Harnack said, to remind us that a man named Jesus once lived: it is the business of the scholar to remind us that Plato, and Isaiah, and Vergil, though now being dead, yet speak to us, and to interpret to us what they said in terms which we can comprehend.

By all who have beheld the beautiful city, so, venerable, so lovely, so serene, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and felt her ineffable charm, and heard her calling to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty, nearer to the true goal, perhaps, than all the science of Manchester or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Report will be read with that pain and wonder which could be expressed by no one save Matthew Arnold whose words, it may be necessary to remind the present generation, I am using. How different is its conception of the business of a University from his idea that its purpose was for studying things that are outside of ourselves and studying them disinterestedly, for the attainment of complete human perfection, for that growth in the variety, fulness, and sweetness of life by which the hard unintelligence of the world shall be reduced.

There are different forms of folly. Each one requires treatment according to its kind, varying from wrath and curse to the bitter jest or dry scoff. For that amiable form which is technically known as professorial, something more mollifying is demanded; it is so naïve, so disinterested, so sincere. It is the rôle of the politician to play the courtier to King Demos with a perpetual "An' it please your Majesty;" and this obeisance of Oxford appears like a clumsy attempt at an imitation of that performance which the politician by sedulous practice has learned to do so well. Oxford will only suffice to herself and to the nation so long as she remains true to that within herself which has made her what she is.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

ST. YVES' POOR

Jeffik was there, and Mathieu, and brown Bran,
Warped in old wars and babbling of the sword,
And Jannedik, a white rose pinched and paled
With the world's frosts, and many more beside,
Maimed, rheumed, and palsied, aged, impotent
Of all but hunger and blind lifted hands.
I set the doors wide at the given hour,
Took the great baskets piled with bread, the fish
Yet silvered of the sea, the curds of milk,
And called them 'Brethren,' brake, and blest, and gave.

For O, my Lord, the house-dove knows her nest
Above my window builded from the rain;
In the brown mere the heron finds her rest,
But these shall seek in vain.

And O, my Lord, the thrush may fold her wing,
The curlew seek the long lift of the seas,
The wild swan sleep amid his journeying;
There is no place for these.

Thy dead are sheltered; housed and warmed they wait
Under the golden fern, the falling foam;
But these Thy living wander desolate,
And have not any home.

I called them, 'Brethren,' brake, and blest, and gave.
Old Jeffik had her twisted hand to show,
Young Jannedik had dreamed of death, and Bran
Would tell me wonders wrought on fields of war,
When Michael and his warriors rode the storm,
And all the heavens were thrilled with clanging spears—
Ah God! my poor, my poor!—

Till there came one,
 Wrapped in foul rags, who caught me by the robe,
 And pleaded, 'Bread, my father!'

In his hand
 I laid the last loaf of the daily dole,
 Saw on the palm a red wound like a star,
 And bade him, 'Let me bind it.'

'These my wounds,'
 He answered softly, 'daily dost thou bind.'
 And I, 'My son, I have not seen thy face,
 But thy bruised feet have trodden on my heart.
 I will get water for thee.'

'These my hurts,'
 Again he answered, 'daily dost thou wash.'
 And I once more, 'My son, I know thee not;
 But the bleak wind blows bitter from the sea,
 And even the gorse is perished. Rest thou here!
 And he again, 'My rest is in thy heart.
 I take from thee as I have given to thee.
 Dost thou not know me, Breton?'

I,—'My Lord!'

A scent of lilies on the cold sea-wind,
 A thin white blaze of wings, a Face of flame
 Over the gateway, and the Vision passed.
 And there were only Mathieu and brown Bran,
 And the young girl, the foam-white Jannedik,
 Wondering to see their father rapt from them,
 And Jeffik weeping o'er her withered hand.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

IS "THE ULTIMATE" ULTIMATE

“**T**HE Search for the Ultimate” as discussed in a recent number of this Magazine¹ is one of the subjects for which an audience may always be found. Under the spell of the finality which in some way is supposed to be the goal of science and philosophy, men have laboured on from the time of Thales—as they doubtless did long before his day—down to our own age, seeking something that should be ultimate. To some the only “Ultimate” that is worth the search has been the particular ascertained fact; even the great Newton laid down the maxim, “Make no hypothesis,” as a first principle of science—or, as it was in his day, of philosophy. Others have sought the Ultimate in a great theory of the universe, such as we find in Herbert Spencer’s “Synthetic Philosophy,” in Hegel’s marvellous system, and in other different types. More than this, greater complexity and much greater divergence of view, were that possible, have been, of late years, introduced into the search by the increasing multiplicity of the sciences, and a corresponding tendency in certain groups of sciences to regard their special point of view as the only one from which the Ultimate may be seen. If one contrasts the biological with the purely physical sciences, it will readily be recognized that between the conception of development which to-day rules in the former, and the reference to pure mathematics, which is the real power in the latter, there is so great a difference that it may be difficult, though perhaps not impossible, to see how these two groups of sciences can ever agree on one Ultimate. It surely is evident that for each science that which is to be accepted as Ultimate depends upon the point of view, or, in other words, upon the elements which that science accepts, and in terms of which it expresses its conclusions.

¹ By Arnold Haultain, THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, December, 1908 (Vol. VII., No. 4.)

In the discussion of "the search for the Ultimate," therefore, the first question is not, "What would a chemist or a physicist accept as Ultimate?"; for it is obvious that so long as the points of view are different, the Ultimates reached by each must be different. The fundamental question is rather, "What general characteristics must be possessed by that which can be accepted as *the* Ultimate, as distinguished from something which is ultimate only in some particular science?" Must it be expressed in terms of the elements of biology, of chemistry, of physics, of psychology, or must it be expressed in terms peculiar to none of these; and if in terms of the elements of no science, in which direction shall we look for it? To a very considerable extent it may be held that it is just here that the logician or the metaphysician has offered his solution, claiming for it the excellence that it is not peculiar to any particular science, but that it possesses the great excellence of "universality." The Ultimate must surely be universal! When Mr. Haultain shows us in his picturesque way how the physicist turns the flank of the chemist, only to be defeated by the psychologist, who in turn cannot avoid being surrounded by the metaphysician, he only points out that the physicist cannot accept the chemist's Ultimate, that the psychologist is not satisfied with the Ultimate of the physicist, and that the metaphysician can see finality in none of the Ultimates proposed by the particular sciences.

Must the world of science, then, surrender unconditionally to the metaphysician? Apparently not, for there are still those who, following the example of Comte, regard metaphysics as belonging to a stage in the development of mankind which has been long since outgrown. We are to-day living in the scientific as opposed to the theological or the metaphysical age of the world. To those persons the metaphysician is little more than a "bogey man," who may have influence with children and unscientific people, but who has no place among the progressive thinkers of to-day. There are other scientists, however, belonging to probably

the more modern class, who believe in metaphysics, although they may not like the name in particular, but who make demands upon the metaphysician which former ages did not make in the same way. They demand that, whatever speculation is indulged in with regard to the ultimate nature of things, it shall be based upon the facts discovered by scientists, and that, therefore, any metaphysic purporting to deal with either matter or mind shall, so far as such speculation can, explain the definite facts and laws of science. They will have nothing to do with that metaphysic which they regard as a kind of other-world product which is deduced by pure logic from nothing in particular. While these two classes may represent the most typical rebels in the scientific camp against the would-be conqueror, there is no reason at all why many others should not arise who refuse to accept the conclusions of metaphysics for many reasons. One has read of a ventriloquist "surrounding" a company of Indians, but he could never have taken them prisoners had they not laid down their weapons; the scientists may have been disturbed by the many-voiced metaphysician, but they did not lay down their weapons, and nothing could show better than Mr. Haultain's article that, if the metaphysician has defined the bounds of "the ultimate," thus, as it were, calling upon the scientists to surrender, the scientists have at once refused to obey in that they have united to exclaim, "But this ultimate cannot be known!" Mr. Haultain's own view seems to contain both sides in a somewhat undigested way. We are told that, "The universe about which man's reason is able to affirm anything at all is merely that minute portion of the all which is revealed to it by these few avenues of knowledge; it consists wholly of things visible, tangible, audible, olfactory, sapid, ponderable, painful, pleasurable, hot, cold, and so forth; and of the relationships between these which the perceiving and thinking mind creates." And we are asked, "Do any of the highly abstract terms utilized by metaphysicians really carry us out of the world of the senses? What is our widest generalization but an assertion

about things of sense?" And then we read, "Above us and beneath us are 'universes'. There are universes of stellar systems; there are universes of microbes; there are universes of things in which microbes stalk as gigantic monsters. There are universes within universes, interacting, preying upon one another, eating each other up, and all of them apparently in a state of the most frightful commotion, and all of them, for aught we know, mere phantasms of the mind. Shall man, this 'hair-crowned bubble of the dust', this carbon-compound man, sit down and write out in words a true and succinct account of this All?....." But why not? Why, if the universe about which alone man can talk, be "a universe perceived by human senses and conceived by a human mind," may not man report what he perceives and thinks, and be quite sure he is telling the truth about it? If *the* universe be not a universe so perceived and thought, who has told any man, be he scientist or not, that there is such a thing? Would not that be a mere word, a "*flatus vocis?*" to use Mr. Haultain's language. We are not here objecting to Mr. Haultain's statement about the knowable universe, nor would we take issue with his statements about "the All," but it should be evident that some one must have "perceived" or "conceived" this All by means of the evidence of sense, if the theory be correct, and this All so conceived is not only knowable, but is actually known.

A little consideration should show that the problem of the Ultimate may be approached from two widely different points of view, to which the world has become thoroughly accustomed, and which one may designate as the point of view of *Existence*, and the point of view of *Knowledge*. An outline of the history of this distinction would of itself prove of considerable interest. It is, however, sufficient to say here that it had its origin in an assumption which one finds as early as the fifth century before Christ, and which crystallized in the philosophy of Plato, in his distinction of that reality which could be known through Reason alone, and the more or less illusory world given us through the

senses. At that time, and indeed for long enough afterwards, the distinction was made practically between that which was permanent and that which was constantly changing. The former was real, and to it, as for example, in Anselm and later thinkers, the term "Existence" was applied; the other, the fleeting, was applicable to man's apprehension in particular, and to anything manifesting change wherever found, in a secondary sense.

The later developments of philosophy have shown certain noteworthy tendencies in the attempts made to escape from the difficulty into which this distinction of Existence and Knowledge has led philosophers. One sees such a tendency in Descartes' method of doubt, in which he professes to accept nothing as true, or, what is the same thing, as existent, unless it be known by him clearly and distinctly, beyond, in any case, the possibility of doubt. A similar attempt is found in Hobbes, when he bases all knowledge upon what he intended to be a thoroughly mathematical basis. He thus refuses to accept the various existences portrayed in scholastic philosophy as knowable. It is, however, in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, that one finds for the first time a perfectly plain declaration on these points. He says that man is accustomed to let loose his thoughts into the vast ocean of being, as if all that great realm were the natural possession of his mind, without first inquiring what the materials of his knowledge are, and how he comes to know anything at all about this vast being. The result of the standpoint laid down by Locke, that facts of consciousness only are the immediate objects of our knowledge, is seen in the negative side of the philosophies of Berkeley and Hume. What these men made evident on Locke's basis was that such "Existences" as God, matter (material substance), the human ego (spiritual substance), were completely unknowable, and their existence could not be proved, on the assumption that the only materials of human knowledge are, first, facts received through the senses, that is, sensations, and second, as it in effect came to be in Hume, facts immediately given in consciousness as feelings or emotions.

Kant's contribution to this discussion served to call attention to certain fundamental points, the importance of which in Kant's mind may be judged from the fact that he regarded his work as the necessary introduction to any future metaphysics, and claimed that there had been no real philosophy of existence up to his time. No matter whether Kant's theory be accepted or rejected, one must at least admit that he has shown beyond all possibility of doubt that the only way to approach the problem of existence is through a critical investigation of man's ability to acquire knowledge. It surely goes without saying that the problems which man sets for himself, and which he then attempts to solve, have arisen out of something which he knows or which he regards as absolutely certain. Even the problems of early Greek mythology and of the earliest philosophy of which we have any record, strange as they may sound in our modern ears, were very real difficulties to the men who worked at them, and they were simply developments from the facts of everyday life which these men observed.

The question to-day, then, when we approach the problem of the Ultimate, surely in the first instance concerns itself with the point of view. Are we to regard existence or reality or "universe" as something which is complete, standing quite apart from man, with a nature of its own, and then ask to what extent man is able to know this reality with the materials or elements in terms of which alone he knows anything; or are we to regard the first and fundamental problem as concerned with man's knowledge and its elements, and from this reach out to the further question, "What can such a man state with certainty about the universe?" This may be otherwise expressed as, "What kind of a universe exists for him?"

That this difficulty concerning the point of view from which the investigation is conducted is not solved by the mere statement of it only shows that man has become accustomed to talking about a universe without any regard to his ability to know it, and apparently overlooks entirely the

obvious fact that if man be not fitted to know such a universe, the mere positing of it, the mere statement that it exists, becomes one of the most insoluble problems that he has to face. In other words, when we are told that, "A fool can ask questions which a wise man cannot answer," it is not altogether self-evident that the fool has asked a question with which a wise man should in any way concern himself. Any one might ask what kind of clothing is worn by the inhabitants of the moon—let us say in particular, by the inhabitants who live upon that side of the moon which is never turned toward the earth;—but it is a question whether a wise man would answer most wisely by the simple statement, "I do not know," or by asking another question, for example, "What reason have you for assuming that there are inhabitants on the moon?" Would it not be better if our philosophers were to concern themselves more with the justification of their problems, rather than with an attempt to prove that the solution proposed for these problems is adequate? Time and time again, the history of science has shown the folly, and the history of philosophy abounds in examples, of attempting to deal with problems which have not been critically scrutinized before great labour is spent upon them. Scientists get many of their problems by the theories which they propose on the basis of ascertained facts, but any scientist knows well that these theories are helpful only in the degree in which they lead to further discoveries of fact.

The first and great problem in the search for the ultimate is, therefore, to decide what that ultimate is for which we are to search. Shall it be something like the mediæval conception of substance, which by definition can only be known as a logical category or by the way of logical deduction; or shall it be something which man knows so certainly, so immediately, that there can be no question about it?

One has seen from time to time in the history of thought, either definitely expressed or assumed in a more veiled way, the position that man could know qualities, attributes, or phenomena only, and that, therefore, the

substance or *noumenon* which would serve as a basis for these attributes must in the nature of things remain unknown, and indeed unknowable, by man. Such a view, however convincing it may be if one accepts without question the proposed basis, is far from self-evident should one become critical, and ask about the validity of this distinction of substance and accident, of phenomenon and *noumenon*. When proposed by Aristotle, it was stated as a kind of logical classification, and its connection with existence was not made so very definite except that it was clearly assumed that the substance could be known quite as well as the attributes. If this matter were carried somewhat farther, one might be compelled to admit that the substance would be known by reason, while the attributes would be essentially derived from sensation. Mr. Haultain has, however, very properly pointed out that reason must work with materials, and he assumes that these materials must be sensations, and nothing but sensations. That is, in technical language, Mr. Haultain's position is a thorough-going sensationalism, which holds that everything that man knows or can know is derived, in the first instance, through the sense-organs as sense qualities. That this position is absolutely untenable to-day, and indeed that it has been untenable for at least half a century, is evident to any one who has studied the history of thought carefully, and, in particular, who has followed the development of psychology. Sensationalism originated about 1750, in England in the psychology of Hartley, in France in the work of Condillac. One may regard the influence of these thinkers upon the history of thought as being decidedly helpful in calling attention to the very point which we have already emphasized, viz., that thought, no matter by what name designated, requires materials or content with which to carry out its operations. Modern psychologists are, however, unanimous in rejecting the view that the elements of thought are sensations only. While psychologists may not altogether agree in their view as to the number of

elements and the designation of them, they are thoroughly agreed that any analysis of consciousness will reveal more than one class.

While, therefore, thought as reason can only know that for which it has materials, one must be very guarded indeed in making any statement about the number of elements which thought has at its disposal. It is far from clear that what cannot be known by means of sensation cannot be known at all. In direct rebuttal of the position assumed by sensationalism, one may point to the history of thought in connection with mathematics, and, in particular, with geometry, from which it is clear that if the propositions of geometry were derived from sensations, they do not and cannot possess the certainty and universality which has been claimed for them. The three angles of a triangle are not necessarily equal to two right angles, because relations in space, abstracted from sensations, demand it; but simply because for our sensations they are so close to it that any divergence would fall below the threshold of noticeability. The statement used in geometry that a line has length but not breadth is absolutely impossible of representation in terms of sensation, just as it is evident that the mathematical point as mere position can never be represented by sensations except as an area of a certain definite extent. The development of this line of thought is not necessary here. Suffice it to say that one can trace it through Locke, Berkeley and Hume, Reid, etc., and find definite statements upon it in the logic of John Stuart Mill and others. It is clear, then, that geometry cannot be accepted at its face value if it has been derived wholly from sensations. The fact that every sense quality, for example, red, sweet, pressure, etc., has what is called an absolute threshold, that is, that a certain measurable stimulation is necessary before there is a sensation at all, stands in the way of the absolute accuracy which is demanded by mathematicians, provided sensation alone is the basis of mathematics.

So much is clear if one deal with the geometry of Euclid only. What would be said were one to insist upon the modern views frequently heard concerning the "fourth dimension" of space? What would one do with meta-geometry or with non-Euclidean geometry as a whole? These modern movements profess to be based upon the existence and knowability of a space different, at least in certain particulars, from the ordinary three-dimensional space of Euclidean geometry. If it be impossible or at least difficult to construct Euclidean geometry on the basis of sensation, is it not obvious that it is even more impossible to construct these more modern forms of geometry on such a basis? Nor can the existence of such forms of thought be ignored. They may be wrong; there may be no space but the three-dimensional space with which we seem to have got along very well in the past, but even ignoring these, such developments stand absolutely in the way of any dogmatic assertion that sensation is the only avenue through which information can come to man.

We are able now to return to the immediate question which we set out to discuss, viz., Is the ultimate as regarded by the ordinary metaphysician and as represented by Mr. Haultain's discussion, a valid ultimate, from the standpoint of present-day science? Can such an ultimate ever be anything more than a kind of will-of-the-wisp, which will ever retreat as one approaches it? If this is what one means by an ultimate, the problem of its knowability vanishes at once, and the great question centres in the validity of this conception of the ultimate. If, however, one looks at the matter from the standpoint of scientific method, from which we see the scientist striving to discover what the world is, and according to what laws the various operations in it take place, we must notice that the ultimate, from the point of view of knowledge, will always consist of the elements in terms of which he expresses his result. The ultimate, that is, is not the last thing which he will discover, much less could it ever be the

unknowable X which he can never discover, in both of which cases the ultimate is regarded rather from the standpoint of time than of finality for knowledge. In a certain sense, one's system of knowledge will be constantly changing in its interrelations, until the last fact or the last law has been discovered, but this does not mean that one may not have some things as finalities at the present time. Sensation, let us say by way of illustration, must always remain one of the ultimate facts for knowledge; and no matter how far we go in knowing more and more of the universe and its laws, we shall certainly never reach the point, at least under the present conditions of human life, where sensation ceases to be necessary, and where its verdict, as far as the evidence of sense can carry us, will not be a final verdict. The present discussion does not warrant opening up the whole question of the elements of knowledge. It is simply intended to call attention to the possibility of regarding the problem of the ultimate from an entirely different standpoint from that from which it has been commonly presented. That the ultimate in the common metaphysics cannot be validly regarded as an ultimate from the standpoint of knowledge in any sense other than that of time, seems to the writer obvious; and that the valid ultimate for science and philosophy must be those elements or materials of knowledge upon the basis of which alone we can proceed to unravel the mystery of life—or, if preferred, of the universe—seems equally evident. Surely enough has been said to make clear this at least, that to set up something as ultimate without first inquiring how we have come to the notion that there is such a thing, and without asking whether it is fitted to be an ultimate, is not merely a short-sighted policy, but must prove in the last analysis also an attempt to estimate the validity of science by nescience, the value of knowledge by that which we do not and cannot know.

ALBERT H. ABBOTT

IBSEN ONCE MORE

A RE-READING of Ibsen's letters, of most of his works and of Paulsen's chatty and egotistical but intimate biographical sketches, the appearance of Mr. Gosse's delightful and suggestive book, the publication of some previously unknown letters by George Brandes, the completion of the admirable English edition of Ibsen's works by Heinemann, under the masterly supervision of Mr. William Archer, not to speak of numerous articles in English, French, German and Danish reviews, have served as the occasion for bringing together some salient features of the author's life and writings which in a previous paper had not been sufficiently emphasized.¹ These various investigations have let in some light on one or two features of Ibsen's life, which have hitherto remained partially or wholly concealed, and, as a consequence, help us to understand better some aspects of his later dramas. This seems inevitable in the case of any poet and dramatist and should all the less surprise us concerning one who has said that, "everything I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if it has not been my own personal experience." His peculiar method, however, of utilizing the material was well calculated to obscure the connection for the ordinary reader and to mislead (in regard to one instance at least) the analysis even of the more trained.

Until he was fifty years of age, Ibsen's life was a struggle for existence in the most material and degrading sense of this phrase. At the age of thirty-eight he was literally starving. His impact with the social order of his age was from the first unlucky. From the time that the ill-educated apothecary's assistant came forth with the

¹ UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, October, 1907. I had hoped to be able to refer to what seems likely to be a temporarily conclusive work on Ibsen by Roman Woerner, but the second and probably more important volume of it is still on the way. (July 1909.)

flickering light of "Catiline," 1850, until about the end of his career he was in conflict with all that was outwardly successful, respectable and "nice" in society. Everywhere in Ibsen's writings there is displayed a thorough-going scepticism regarding the accepted order of social affairs. Norwegian society, in particular, is characterized as one which lacks nobility and all aristocratic traditions.

From the outset of his literary career, Ibsen firmly believed that he had a mission and was born to be a leader of European thought. It is not uncommon for ill-educated youths to have such an impression; what is rather unusual is that it happened to be true. In his appeal to the King of Sweden in 1864 for a pension, he based the request on the ground that it would enable him to continue the work to which he was convinced that he had been appointed by God. In the serious spirit with which he conceived all his work, he again and again insisted that "talent carries with it no privileges, but entails duties." He firmly believed that the race must be periodically reformed or else become morally and, perhaps, physically dead, and that this reform must be initiated by those who are endowed with superior natural gifts of intellect and will. What especially aroused his ire was the character that has become stereotyped in one order of ideas, which, though perhaps good in themselves, are now outworn and unable to admit anything new. Convinced though he was of the necessity of destroying the old social illusions, he yet knew that the old order in its resistance to change is very strong. It may be still stoutly entrenched even though decrepit and shaken: witness, for example, how in "Rosmersholm" tradition and the antique house conquer the ideas of the too clear-sighted Rebecca. Ibsen's message though finally intended for the whole civilized world—more particularly for Europe—is primarily addressed to Norway, a fact which the present writer now more clearly recognizes.¹ It

¹ "I began by feeling myself a Norwegian, gradually developed into a Scandinavian, and have now reached my moorings in the "Allgemein-Germanischen." Letter to George Brandes, Oct. 1888.

is to Norway that he first of all belongs, and it is at home that he is now—perhaps with the exception of Germany—best understood. It was in Germany that his social dramas were first sympathetically and intelligently received. His work, so carefully conceived and so passionately executed, was at first too exciting and disturbing to be welcome to his countrymen. They resented his laying bare the national weakness and the decrepitude of local society. In the early '80's Ibsen's name was covered with loathing in Norway. But at the present time we are told by an authoritative writer that, "any one conversant with Norwegian society, who will ask a priest, or a schoolmaster, an officer or a doctor what has been the effect of Ibsen's influence, will be surprised at the unanimity of the reply. Opinions may differ as to the attractiveness of the poet's art or of its skill, but there is an almost universal admission of its beneficial tendency. Scarcely a voice will be found to demur to the statement that Ibsen let fresh air and light into the national life, that he roughly, but thoroughly awakened the national conscience, that even works like 'Ghosts' which shocked, and works like 'Rosmersholm,' which insulted the prejudices of his countrymen, were excellent in their result." The conquest of Norway by this dramatist who railed at the national habits, and showed that there was a worm under every aspect of the local society, is amazing. "The fierce old man who had almost starved in exile lived long enough to be accompanied to his grave by a Parliament and a King."

The natural severity of Ibsen's temperament, hardened further as it was by circumstances, excluded the tone of his message from being one of sunshiny hopefulness. It is not surprising that it is frequently acrimonious and bitter. The diagnosis performed of a sick world is made as searching as possible; for Ibsen is not one of those physicians who believe in dwelling on the favourable symptoms of the patient and misleading him by keeping the unfavourable symptoms out of sight. Mr. Gosse is right in saying that, "no other writer of genius in the 19th century was

so bitter in dealing with human frailty." Compared with his cruel clearness, the diatribes of Leopardi and Schopenhauer are on the one hand shrill and thin, and, on the other hand, piquant and almost amusing. Ibsen does not fluctuate between anger and benevolence; but is uniformly stern, and so far as possible, impartial. It is this calmness which enables him to probe deeper into the problems of life than any other modern dramatist. He examines with unswerving patience under his microscope all the varied and abnormal forms of organic social life, and issues the description like a scientific report. We have to think of him during the last half of his life as thus ceaselessly occupied.

"My whole life," declared Ibsen in a speech at Stockholm during Easter Week of 1898, "has been one long, long Passion Week." "Dichten heisst Gerichtstag halten über sein eigenes Ich." "It has often," said Ibsen in an address to Norwegian students in 1874, "been like a bath from which I proceeded with the feeling of being cleaner, healthier and freer." And later in life he wrote: "In every poem or play, I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification."¹ We believe this to hold good up to the semi-autobiographical epilogue, "When We Dead Awaken," with which Ibsen's literary labours closed.

Ibsen's literary life falls into three or perhaps four well-marked periods. The first closes with the year 1864, when, at the age of thirty-six he shook off the dust of his native land and became a voluntary exile in Italy and Germany. He was already the author of almost a dozen pieces, including the celebrated "Love's Comedy" and the "Pretenders," 1864 a work the significance of which outside of Scandinavia and Germany has not yet been appreciated. Then follows the period of the satires, "Brand," "Peer Gynt," and the "League of Youth." Between this and the next period of the modern dramas, lies "Emperor and Galilean," a work on the adventures of the Emperor Julian, a great

¹ See letter to Ludwig Passarge, Vol. X., p. 290, German edition of Ibsen's works, S. Fischer, Berlin, 1898.

double drama, the longest and most ambitious, but the least characteristic, least interesting and least successful of all Ibsen's maturer productions. It is not difficult to understand what there was in the figure of Julian to attract Ibsen's imagination. It was his perverse individuality, "the absence of any common kingly convention," which offered a fascinating originality to one who believed that the whole world was out of joint. It was a lifelong disappointment to Ibsen, as it was to Goethe with his "Farbenlehre," that this drama, on which he expended far more consideration and labour than on any other of his works, was never favourably received by either the general public or the critics. Ibsen always maintained that he had incorporated a part of his own spiritual life in this piece, and that the choice of the subject stood in much closer connection with the movements of our own time than one might at first sight be inclined to assume. But it is not improbable that it was the Herculean character of the drama (to use his own phrase) which misled him in estimating its value. There are many instances of authors over-estimating the significance of their works through judging them from the standpoint of the difficulties experienced and the amount of toil expended in their production.

During this period Ibsen's genius was really at rest; it was preparing to take the important step forward which had been indicated in the "League of Youth;" the final discarding of verse and the adoption of prose as the instrument of dramatic expression. Ibsen had now settled in Munich, where he lived for some years in complete seclusion, refusing to see Norwegian visitors and friends, whom he regarded as "an expensive luxury." Many days his family saw him only at meals. The summer holiday was passed usually at Berchtesgaden or in the Tyrol, with an occasional change to Sorrento. He was now reviewing his own literary capacity and deliberately preparing for the decisive step: the production of the "Pillars of Society," which appeared in 1877, and with which the series of modern dramas com-

menced. This work was like the writing of a new man. It had none of the exterior character of his earlier lyrical pieces. All external ornament was from now onwards to be excluded. The productions were to be no longer dramas in the "ancient acceptation," in which men spoke with the "tongues of gods," but were to be clinical studies of human nature, presented in the most realistic form and absolutely unadorned. Clearness of speech and tenseness of dialogue were to be their distinguishing characteristics. Ibsen expressed himself a few years later to the effect that "the metrical form had entailed great injury to the art of play-acting," and on being asked for a few verses refused on the ground that he "had for years exclusively cultivated the incomparably more difficult art of writing in the beautiful idiom of real life."¹ So great is the difference between the later dramas and his earlier productions that one might with reason regard all that Ibsen wrote up to the '70's as forming one period, and all that follows after as forming the second period of his literary career. In this latter period we are inclined to make a further division between the dramas which ended with "Rosmersholm," 1886, and which are rather social and realistic, and the last four beginning with the "Master Builder," and which while symbolical are concerned rather with individual fate than with social problems. "Hedda Gabler" lies between.

It may be confidently stated that one of the turning points, if not *the* turning point of Ibsen's literary life was his entering into a contract by which he bound himself at the age of 23 to go to Bergen "to assist the theatre as dramatic author" (1851). What assistance Ole Bull, who offered him the position, could have expected from this crude, ill-read youth, this tyro empty of experience, it is impossible to say. But this step taken in the dark by Ibsen helped to make him what he ultimately became. Without Bergen, we agree with Mr. Gosse that there would probably have been no "Doll's House," no "Wild Duck" and no

¹ Vol. X, p. 325, German edition.

"Hedda Gabler." For this contract with the Bergen theatre forced his undisciplined and stubborn genius, which might otherwise have developed along abnormal paths, to take the tastes of the many-headed into consideration and analyze the effects made on the audience, and what was still more important, to acquaint himself with the necessary laws of dramatic composition.

At Bergen Ibsen developed into the expert stage manager. He was sent to Copenhagen and Dresden for instruction. He who had up till then fed himself on the dramas of the older Danish school, especially Oehenschlager's and Holberg's, was brought into contact with all the great plays of ancient and modern times, particularly with the works of Shakespeare, Schiller, Heiberg, Goethe, and Scribe. Their influence was lasting, especially Heiberg's and Scribe's. "Lady Inger," 1857, shews the influences of "Macbeth," the "Jungfrau von Orleans," and of Scribe. Although no author throughout the whole of his career impressed Ibsen more than did Heiberg, yet his later technique, which will always be a source of admiration and remains unsurpassed, owes very much to his study of French plays. And here I believe, what I did not sufficiently appreciate when I wrote a previous paper on the subject, that the influence of Scribe was predominant. "Lady Inger," 1857, is a sort of romantic exercise in the manner of Scribe, whose influence is more plainly seen in the "League of Youth" and the "Pillars of Society."¹ He learned from Scribe how to produce the well-made (*bien fait*) play. Unless he had been a close student of "Scribe" he could not have become a playwright of consummate skill. In the earlier plays the influence of the French drama is seen in the closeness with which Ibsen kept to the dramatic unities; and discloses itself in one of the later plays, namely "John Gabriel Borckmann." Ibsen, at first, simply accepted the formula of the "well-

¹ This point has been brought out in a recent essay by Professor Brander Mathews.

made play" and modified it only after he had thoroughly mastered it. It was not until he produced "A Doll's House" that he appears as an innovator.

Ibsen mastered Scribe's technique and improved on it by simplifying it. The wires and strings which are visible with the French dramatist disappear from view in the best dramatic works of the Norwegian. He developed the formula in a new direction. In turning from the drama of conventional situations and external action—essentially French—to that of internal action and of spiritual development, Ibsen adapted this technique to the needs of the new drama which he was creating. Ingenious as he is in devising effective situations, he makes the situation significant as an opportunity for character to express itself. Clever as he is in plot-building—in this respect quite the equal of Scribe—he rather makes the character dominate the situation, instead of allowing the situation to dominate the character. His attention is not so much turned on the bare happenings themselves as on the effect which these happenings will have on the characters. Instead of putting men and women into "tight corners" of mere external incident, Ibsen reveals to us their innermost thoughts under impending spiritual catastrophe: and this in prose form, and without monologue or "asides." Here he is a pioneer. The old tricks and rules of the stage were adapted to meet the needs of the new kind of drama which he was working out for himself. And with all, there is no relaxation but a heightening and deepening of the playwright's craft. By shearing away all fustian from the dialogue, he contrives to express in a few words of conversation a greater and deeper meaning than playwrights before him had expressed in five minutes of soliloquy. At the same time, he is able to preserve the necessary heightening and clinching of the action without sacrificing anything of the truth. Into one of his conversations, as has been previously remarked, he often stuffs several ordinary ones. Hence the objection made to these dialogues that they are "the language of the newspaper

recorded with the fidelity of the phonograph" seems very much astray. They are far too concentrated and have been too much filed to be a mere reproduction of ordinary conversations. Ibsen never copies all the trivial details of everyday life. His art is no mere photography of Nature: it is Nature, digested and idealized, or at least synthetized. What he has created is very far removed from a mere "Naturabklatsch." And it has nothing in common with what some would-be followers, more particularly Mr. Bernard Shaw, have put forward as the postulate of a new art: reveling in indecent coarseness, in the vulgarities of human existence and sophistry.

From the year 1864 to 1872, Ibsen stood on the side of the *right* or conservative party. He was opposed to the *left* party, whose policy he believed to be chiefly responsible for the isolation of Denmark in the war with Prussia and also for their refusal to adopt his pet idea of the union of the three Scandinavian nations. The "League of Youth," which was a satire on political conditions and was directly aimed at the so-called party of reform, brought about the estrangement with Bjoernson. But gradually Ibsen's wrath extended to the right wing and to the conservative ministry, which had treated him shabbily in the matter of a pension and which was itself too weak to successfully oppose the left. In "An Enemy of the People," his indignation against political and social obscurantism embraces equally both parties. He had now become a political heathen. By this time he was again on a footing of friendliness with Bjoernson, whose generous approval of his work as a dramatist had sustained his spirits during a period of great depression. It must have been a shock to the simple-minded Bjoernson to be now told that the lower classes are nowhere liberal-minded or self-sacrificing, and that "in the views expressed by our peasants there is not an atom more of real Liberalism than is to be found among the ultramontane peasantry of the Tyrol." "I do not believe," wrote Ibsen to Brandes, "in the emancipatory

power of political measures, nor have I much confidence in the altruism and good-will of those in power." "They do not really need (he said bitterly) poetry at home, they get on so well with the party newspapers and the Lutheran Weekly."¹

This conviction of the uselessness of effort, and particularly of his own efforts to arouse his countrymen from a dulling self-complacency, is emphasized in the brilliant saturnine comedy, the "Wild Duck." It was finished at Gossensass in the autumn of 1884, during which period Ibsen read nothing except the Bible.

"The Wild Duck" represents, I think, the culmination of Ibsen's dramatic art. So great is the skill of the playwright here that at first sight there seems to be no art at all. It is worthy of note that whenever Ibsen refers to this work it is in terms of bitter irony. When it was first published, his admirers received it with bewilderment. They were unwilling to believe that the hitherto so serious and even angry dramatist and satirist was admitting the futilities of his previous attempts to awaken the public mind. But the idea has gradually had to be accepted. "I have been foolish," we can imagine Ibsen saying, "to have thought that 'A Doll's House,' 'Ghosts,' 'An Enemy of the People,' could do you any good. You have repudiated my efforts as a reformer. You may regard my previous activities as those of a Gregers Werle; while I now accept the role of a Dr. Relling." "As the play," wrote Ibsen, "is not to deal with the Supreme Court nor the right of Absolute Veto nor even with the removal of the sign of union from the flag"—which were then and afterwards burning questions of Norwegian politics—"it can hardly count upon arousing much interest in Norway, but it will relieve me to point out the absurdity of my caring." This attitude alone, apart from the virtuosity of the construction, exhibits Ibsen as the true artist.

1. Vol. X, p. 307, German edition

The central object of the play is the presentation to the spectator or reader of the hopeless clash of temperament. Even more than in "Ghosts," there is an avalanche which has begun to move long before the curtain rises, and which, almost unaffected by the incidents of the plot, rushes to its inevitable close in obedience to a number of precedent determining factors. Ibsen was now master of the practice, which is necessary in order to gain this effect, of building up in his imagination for months at a time the past history of his puppets. And here he has displayed a power which he had not before attained, and did not again equal, of fascinating and enthralling us by the gradual withdrawal of veil after veil from the past.

We can find no trace of incoherency in the "Wild Duck," but only firmness of outline and complete continuity. This is perhaps owing to the fact that the author deals with individual and not typical forms of temperament. We have here some of the most sordid of Ibsen's creations; but they are also among the most lifelike. The odious Hjalmar, the pitiable Gregers Werle, always thirteenth at table with a genius for making a mess of other people's affairs, the vulgar Gina, the beautifully girlish figure of Hedvig, in which Ibsen probably revived his recollections of a favorite sister, are all wholly real and living persons. No play of Ibsen's is more pessimistic than this which describes the danger of a sick conscience and the value of illusions. It may be better to leave the poisonous vapours and lies which form the framework of society undisturbed than by disturbing them risk robbing the average man of the illusions which are the source of much of his happiness. Since the average human being is unable to stand an unvarnished presentation of reality, illusion becomes a charm which the quack, that is, the wise physician, hangs around the patient's neck.

The "Wild Duck" was played throughout Scandinavia with great success, and the recalcitrant Norwegians began to realize that its author was a great national genius. They saw that if Norway did not shew its appreciation it

would make a fool of itself in the eyes of Europe. Many agreeable and "highly civilized" compliments now found their way to Ibsen in Rome; and he began to think that the human element was perhaps gradually being introduced at home. He determined to see for himself how "the 2,000,000 dogs and cats" were developing, and landed at Christiania in June 1885. Outwardly the journey was not a success; but it was important in Ibsen's spiritual development. It supplied the occasion of "Rosmersholm" and "The Lady from the Sea."

His favourite companion, "the great Swedish writer and poet," Count Snoilsky, one of the few who never wearied or irritated him, joined Ibsen in the North and they spent a pleasant month at the charming little town of Molde. Here there were no politics, which Ibsen had been trying to escape, to worry them; and after Snoilsky left, Ibsen lingered, spending hours on hours at the end of the jetty, gazing into the clear cold sea, and watching the arrival and departure of the steamers on the fiord. He was now thinking of a new drama. As was his wont he stored up the impressions, making no immediate use of them. They were incorporated three years later in "The Lady from the Sea." Before this, another play, "Rosmersholm," was produced, in 1886. It took its impulse from a speech which Ibsen made during his journey, at Trondhjem, June 1885, to an audience of working men, in which he expressed his fears that modern Democracy would not bring about the rising of the sun in the Third Kingdom. ("Emperor and Galilean.")

The text of the speech was: "There must enter first of all an ennobling element into our national life, government and press. I don't, of course, think of a nobility arising from birth or from money, nor an aristocracy of science or even of genius or talent, but of an aristocracy of will and disposition. It is the last alone which can make us free." But in his eagerness to work out this philosophical idea in "Rosmersholm" Ibsen fails to construct his drama on realistic lines. In the act of theorizing he loses his hold on

reality. "The rich ancestral house is kept up by the ministrations of a single aged female servant and there is a complete absence of all practical amenities." Rebecca is a sort of troll. All this is remarkable following upon the realistic "Wild Duck." After the strenuous tragedy of "Rosmersholm" there came a pure comedy, "The Lady from the Sea." It is not didactic like "Rosmersholm;" and "there is thrown over the whole texture of it a glamour of romance, of mystery, of beauty, which had not appeared in Ibsen's work since the completion of 'Peer Gynt.'" (Gosse, p. 172.) It is connected with "A Doll's House" and other previous plays by its defence of individuality and the emphasis laid on the necessity of free moral development. It shows the sweetness of gratified individuality which thereby becomes emancipated, leading to health and peace. In this respect, it presents the reverse of "Rosmersholm" where the bitterness of a restrained and balked individuality ends in death. "The Lady from the Sea," 1888, which has been made the subject of a remarkable analysis by a French critic, re-introduces the symbolistic trend which is so marked in Ibsen's latest plays. According to M. Jules de Gauthier, "Ibsen's constant aim is to reconcile two fundamental biological hypotheses of the 19th century, and nowhere is this conception more fully centred than in this work." Without accepting this interpretation, which is remote, Mr. Gosse holds that Ibsen has clearly insisted in this mysterious and yet attractive play, more than anywhere else, on the necessity of taking biology into consideration in every discussion of morals. But the startling decision of Ellida, on which the ending of the play turns, is not a very probable example of the limitation of choice and of the power of change, produced by heredity. Brandes condemns what he considers to be its bad conventional ending, with belief in the words "Liberty and Responsibility," remarking that, "there are few things less capable of calming a woman who is longing for a free adventurous life, with all its mysteries, than the offer of such moral advantages as free choice and responsibility."

It was in an unusually happy mood that Ibsen saw the opening of the year 1889: but this mood changed as he settled down to the composition of a new play which was to deal with sad and tragic passions. The play, which was "Hedda Gabler," robbed him of his summer holiday: he worked at it in Munich uninterruptedly from May to November, 1890. The demand for it was a proof of the immense growth of his celebrity, for editions were simultaneously called for in London, New York, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Moscow, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Christiania.

In this play, which, though technically weak, is theatrically one of the author's most effective pieces, and in which Ibsen returned for the last time with concentrated vigour to the ideal of his "central period," there is no general point at all. "Hedda Gabler" is not a satire on society. "It has not been my desire," said the author as he finished it, "to deal in this play with so-called problems. What I principally wanted to do was to depict human beings, human emotions and human destinies upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day."¹ And this background, as we now know, is largely that of Christiania of the 60's. "Hedda Gabler" simply analyses a life episode of a perverse and abnormal woman. Hedda herself is not a type, but an individual. She was probably suggested by a German lady who was known to Ibsen and who poisoned herself because she was bored with life. The attempt to show that "Hedda Gabler" proves anything must be left to that class of critics who burden themselves with the naive assumption that every dramatic work must have a didactic purpose, and that you cannot have a work of art without a consciously conceived moral.

In "Hedda Gabler," the originality of the fresh Norwegian nature is disclosed as having been permitted to take its way unchecked, and gives the impression of something

1 Letter to Count Prozor, Dec., 1890.

unfinished and temporary which has not yet acquired any form. Hedda herself appears as a well-endowed, "but meagrely developed young woman, accustomed to plain speaking in a society in which crudity of speech evidently extended to the educated classes." She believes herself to be the exceptional woman. She cannot therefore give up her individuality; cannot allow it to be absorbed in a conventional marriage, nor adjust herself to "middle-class" surroundings. She possesses coarse instincts, is shameless and envious and has a low curiosity. She is the blasée society woman who has made a conventional marriage in order to be provided for. She is so greedy of power and so wretchedly jealous that she leads Eilert Lövborg to drink again in order to feel her influence over at least one human being, and then destroys the book he has written during the period of his friendship with another woman, although this woman has the power to keep him from the bottle. Hedda is devoid of all real worth; she is a true degenerate. That such a person "should rise from life's feast," that is, throw away her life, cannot very much affect us; and yet Ibsen has managed to interest us in her career, with such power has he drawn the character. It is interesting also as an indication of Ibsen's development that he should have represented her evil side with such emphasis; for during a considerable period he had been continually exalting women at the expense of men. Here we have a woman who is capable of nothing but of ruining and destroying.

We said that this play is technically weak. There are several improbabilities. It is not intelligible, as Brandes has remarked, how an epoch-making genius like Eilert Lövborg should wish to read his great work to George Tesman whom he heartily despises. He considers that Hedda has degraded herself by union with this fool. And yet in order to get his opinion, he takes the MS. to a drinking party where he can pour out his precious creation to the despised Tesman. It is not at all probable that Mrs. Elvsted should be going about with all the notes of Lövborg's bulky book

in her pocket or even in a small hand-bag; and it is improbable that she should sit down to reconstruct the work before the man she loves is buried or without going to see him in the hospital. Of course, her action heightens the stage effect and occurs on account of the future development. Also, the pistols are lugged in because the dramatist required to have them ready for a suicide which is not thoroughly well motivated; for Hedda admits rather too quickly that Brack has a hold over her. These and minor points which might be added show that Hedda Gabler is not one of Ibsen's best constructed plays. That Hedda herself exhibits somewhat contradictory qualities; that, for example, she is conventional and shrinks from scandal, and then burns Lövborg's manuscript and finally commits suicide, is no serious objection to the reality of the character, since there is probably no limit to what a woman will do under the influence of jealousy.

We must now mention an experience or adventure of considerable significance for some of Ibsen's later work, of which nothing was known until after the dramatist's death through the publication of certain letters by G. Brandes. Not inaptly has it been described as the "ray of vermilion which descended out of the sky on the grey tones which were now gathering thickly" on Ibsen's more than sixty years. In the summer of 1889, there appeared at Gossensass a young Viennese lady who used to sit on a bench in the Pferchthal and smile on the poet, whom she adored, as he passed by. The smile strange to say—in the case of Ibsen—was returned, and Ibsen was soon seated at her side. After an introduction to the people with whom the young lady was staying, endless conversations ensued. Neither realised what these had meant until after they parted. Miss Bardach wrote from Vienna that she was now more tranquil and happy: Ibsen on the other hand, remaining discreet and respectful, oscillated between joy and despair. About this time he wrote to a friend: "Oh you can always love, but I am happier than the happiest for I am beloved." Almost ten years later he wrote

to Miss Bardach, whom so far as we know he saw only once again, "That summer at Gossensass was the most beautiful and the most harmonious portion of my whole existence. I scarcely venture to think of it, and yet I think of nothing else."

This curious episode, which modifies somewhat our concept of the dramatist's character, and which will appeal very strongly to the vulgar-minded, may be taken as shewing the dangerous susceptibility to which an elderly man of genius whose life had been spent in reflection and labour may be open when he realizes that in analysing and dissecting emotion, he has had no time to enjoy it. The spectacle is pathetic: Miss Bardach, pleased by the compliment to her vanity; Ibsen, enthralled and despairing. The elderly man who has hitherto lived a retired and peaceful existence, now gives way to an irresistible illusion and makes a grasp at an elusive happiness. These things are rather complex and not to be hastily classified according to Anglo-Saxon principles. Later on Ibsen is reported as having said: "She did not get hold of me, but I got hold of her—for my play,"—the play being the "Master Builder." But there is no incompatibility between the truth of the latter statement and the denial of the first. It is quite intelligible that while suffering the pangs consequent upon an unreciprocated affection, Ibsen would enrich his imagination with a few points of experience. The passion which he experienced was consciously made to serve as material for at least one of his later plays.

These later plays differ, as has been already remarked, from the earlier plays of his modern dramatic period in being more symbolistic and dealing with individual destiny rather than with social problems. Throughout them there runs a sense of the preciousness of the experience of that *hohes schmerzliches Glück* of the summer of 1889. None of them bears more the stamp of these hours among the

roses at Gossensass than does the "Master Builder."¹

This drama becomes intelligible—especially the conversations between Solness and Hilda—only when it is interpreted as partly autobiographical, yet not as exclusively and directly so. We can scarcely conceive Solness, without qualification, as the poet himself, who in his confessions gives expression to his doubts and his terror at the uniformity of his good luck. And what selfish secrets or craven timidities or "exploitations" of his younger contemporaries had the poet to conceal? Apart from these facts, Ibsen has again and again reminded us that his method and technique entirely preclude the author's appearing in the speeches, and that his private relations were never *directly* used as the material of any of his works. More satisfactory is Mr. Gosse in his description of Hilda, who though outwardly attractive and refreshing is yet superficial and cruel. She is "conceived as a symbol of youth, arriving too late within the circle which age has trodden for its steps to walk in, and luring it too rashly by the mirage of happiness into paths no longer within its physical and moral capacity."² The portraiture of Hilda, who represents the inherent hardness of youth which makes no allowances, is masterly; both it and the analysis of Solness disclose Ibsen's objective manner at its best. In the study of the self-made man, who has never submitted to the discipline of professional training, but trusted to his native talent, we have undoubtedly a bit of the poet himself. The Master Builder Solness, who through his good fortune has hitherto been irresistible, and who has broken everybody else, is now broken by Hilda who makes a direct appeal to his passions. This is the interesting dramatic situation. Behind it there seems to be suggested the tyranny of luck and the view, the correctness of which need not here be inquired into, that those

¹ Ibsen admitted, in reply to a correspondent in the year 1900, that the series of dramas which ended with the "Epilogue" really began with the "Master Builder." And he added: "I do not care to give any further explanation on this point." Vol. X, p. 415.

² Gosse, "Ibsen," p. 191.

who have enjoyed exceptional fortune in life have to pay for it by not less exceptional, though perhaps less obvious disadvantages.

Passing over "Little Eyolf," 1894, which has been described as an exercise on a tight rope—an independently conceived but mysterious piece, containing one of the happiest of Ibsen's creations in the person of the engineer Borgheim, who regards life as a play between completed work and fresh labours—we come to "John Gabriel Boreckmann," published two years later, in 1896; a drama which centres around a case of financial megalomania. In part it is also a study of the result of the failure to make happiness the guiding idea in the education and life of others. Ibsen was probably led to make this analysis of business character from the observation of a particular instance of company promoting. In any case, John Boreckmann stands for a type of nineteenth century speculator, who has imagined, and to a certain extent carried out, a huge metal trust for the success of which he lacks only the trifling element, sufficiency of capital. To sustain the enterprise, he helps himself to money wherever he can, scarcely thinking of anything else than the ultimate, and as he thinks, for his fellow-citizens, beneficent triumph. Unfortunately before the machinery can be put in operation, the law, invoked by a rival in love, stupidly steps in and he finds himself in prison. All the expectations of the family are now centred in the son, Erhart, whom the mother determines shall redeem his father's crime by a brilliant career of commercial rectitude, and in whom the father, not yet having given up his ambition of returning to business, reposes his hopes for co-operation. Erhart Boreckmann is not even asked whether he feels that his life-work lies in the career which his mother has chosen. He disappoints both parents. He intends to enjoy life, and not to shoulder any burden of responsibility. He has no ambition and almost no natural feeling. He feels that he is born to be happy and suddenly elopes with a certain joyous Mrs. Wilton,

who has simply beauty, no longer in its first bloom, to recommend her. With the cry against his mother, "You, you have been my will. I have myself never been allowed to have one. But I can't stand this yoke any longer," he leaves the house for good. Under the shock John Borckmann's brain gives way and he wanders out into the cold of the winter's night full of vague dreams of what he can still do. He dies in the snow, where his wife and her sister have followed in an anxiety which has temporarily overcome their mutual hatred. For Borckmann had once bargained for wealth with the soul of Ella Rentheim. We leave them in the wood, "a dead man and two shadows, for that," says Ella Rentheim, "is what the cold has made us:" the cold, namely, of a heart which neglects and sacrifices for position the natural promptings of love. While there are some points of whimsicality in the play, it is on the whole one of the deepest human interest.

The veteran dramatist was now beginning to feel the approach of old age, signs of which were displayed in the later acts of the play, "When We Dead Awaken," 1899, which until recently was regarded as the dramatic epilogue to all that had been written since the "Pillars of Society." There is a certain cloudiness about this drama very unlike his previous work. So far as we can see there is no moral in the play. Its development is incoherent. It is possible to see in it traces that the wound received at Gossensass remained unhealed to the last. The boredom of the sculptor Rubek in the midst of his eminence and wealth, and the conviction that in working with concentration for the purity of his art he had used up his physical powers suggest the regrets that were now unavailingly pursuing the old age of the author. But it is not necessary to suppose, nor is there any ground for supposing, as has been maintained by a French critic, that Ibsen is here confessing his belief of the error of his earlier rigour and regretting the sacrifice of his life to his work. It is much more natural to regard the work as the production of a very tired old man, who now

felt his physical powers to be declining. We must remember that Ibsen is never directly or solely autobiographical in his works. In the figure of Professor Rubek, as in that of Dr. Stockmann, there is something of Ibsen, but not by any means *all* Ibsen. He is distinctly superior to his problematic "heroes:" being raised above them by his clearness and calmness of mind. They succumb to the dangers which he saw and overcame.

Three months before the publication of "When We Dead Awaken," Ibsen had experienced the social climax of his career on the night of 2nd September, 1899, on the opening of the National Theatre at Christiania by the King of Sweden and Norway. "An Enemy of the People" was performed and Ibsen alone occupied the manager's box. At the end of each act he was called to the front of the box, and was greeted by the huge audience with a sort of "affectionate ferocity." Towards the close of the performance it was found that he had stolen away, but he was waylaid and forcibly carried back to the box. "On his reappearance," we are told, "the whole theatre rose in a roar of welcome, and it was with difficulty that the aged poet now painfully exhausted from the strain of an evening of such prolonged excitement could persuade the public to allow him to withdraw."

When Ibsen died he was one of the wealthiest citizens of Christiania, a fact which it may please those to learn who are never weary of commiserating the poverty of poets. This was due to the care which he had taken in protecting his copyrights and in looking after the receipts. The success of his later works was enormous; the edition, for instance, of 15,000 copies of "Little Eyolf" was exhausted in a fortnight in Denmark and Norway alone. He was extremely adroit as a man of business, his investments being at once daring and shrewd.¹ In the arrangement of his life he was simplicity itself; nobody ever found him affected. He was

¹ See Vol. X, p. 321, for a characteristic business letter to his publisher and agent, Fr. Hegel.

generally passive in matters of friendship. His motives were genuine; but his heart a walled city. He was seldom confidential; his character was closed. He had little sense of domestic comfort. The rooms of his fine house in the "Drammensweg" were, we are informed by direct witnesses, bare and neat, with almost no personal objects except what belonged to his wife. Visitors were struck by the absence of books in his study. The most prominent object being a large Bible, which frequently lay open and which was constantly studied. Ibsen disliked his partiality for the Bible being commented on; and to pious people who naively expressed their pleasure at finding him studying the sacred volume he invariably replied curtly: "It is solely for the sake of the language." He hated anything approaching cant and pretention. He always concealed his own views as much as he endeavoured to understand the views of others.

Ibsen's capacity for observing trifles and remembering little things was extraordinary. He considered it amazing that people could go into a room and not notice the pattern of the carpet, the colour of the curtains, of the objects, etc.¹ This trait is seen in his minute and full stage directions. Later playwrights have imitated him in this: but fifty years ago it seemed needless and extravagant. He took an extreme interest in the detailed accounts of public trials: he read exactly what the prisoner was reported to have said and all the evidence of the witnesses. He had great curiosity for all the small incidents surrounding a large event. In a visit to Ibsen at Saeby in 1887, Mr. Archer extracted from him some valuable remarks as to his method of composition: "It seems that the *idea* of a piece generally presents itself before the characters and incidents, though when I put this to him flatly, he denied it. It seems to follow, however, from his saying that there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play when it might as easily turn

¹ On one occasion he read his admiring biographer, Paulsen, a lesson on this head.

into an essay as into a drama. He has to incarnate the ideas, as it were, in character and incident, before the actual work of creation can be said to have fairly begun. He writes and rewrites, scribbles and destroys an enormous amount before he makes the exquisite fair copy he sends to Copenhagen." In none of his mature dramas did he alter a word when once the work had been given to the world.

By a strange and perverse fate Ibsen's name has been commonly associated with two kinds of plays neither of which has a resemblance to Ibsen's productions. These are plays which deal with the relations between the sexes, and plays which lack definiteness in the drawing of character and which erroneously suggest an identity between depth and vagueness. I am inclined to say that sexual relations were not for their own sake of any interest to Ibsen. He did not care for women; though their homage was not unpleasant to him in his later years. They did not interest him, apart probably from the fact of their presenting the common difficulty of life and of possessing more disregard than men for anything but their own aims. For licit or illicit love stories Ibsen cared nothing; if he had, his plays would probably have been more popular. Again, of vagueness there is next to nothing in Ibsen: difficulty in interpretation there is, which must depend on the knowledge and wits of the readers; but this is not synonymous with obscurity. Each of his plays has a strong and definite action. But before a sentence was written down he had studied and invented, in its remotest branches, the life history of each of the characters which were to figure in his play. Nothing was unknown to him of their former experience; "for years before, like a coral insect, he was building up the scheme of them in silence."¹ The ground is cleared by having the situation

¹ His secretiveness with regard to his work was extraordinary. It is a sign of the strength of his nature. Paulsen tells an amusing story of how on one occasion Ibsen was thrown into a state of consternation and rage by his wife, who, having picked up a scrap of paper on which were some notes of a new play, jokingly inquired: "What kind of a doctor is the one who is to appear in your next drama?" It was Dr. Stockmann.

well defined before the curtain rises. The action begins only when everything is ready for a catastrophe, the characters being introduced because they become interesting to Ibsen just when the situation is reaching a crisis. But all before is perfectly clear to the dramatist's mind. Typical in this respect are the "Vikings," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," and "Hedda Gabler," all of which are amongst his most effective stage pieces. Such a style of construction makes enormous demands on the reader's or observer's imaginative power and intelligence.

Ibsen must be primarily judged, for this was his own demand, as a poet and playwright, not as a philosopher or social reformer. "All I have written," he declared in a speech at Christiania in 1898, in reviewing the work of his life, "is without any conscious tendency. I am much more a poet and much less a social philosopher than has been usually supposed. . . . My task is the description of man."¹ And with reference to some compliments about his work on behalf of women he added: "I cannot accept the honour of ever having laboured consciously for the interests of women. I am not even clear as to what 'the interests of women' means." And this notwithstanding the fact that women are the fermenting element in "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House" and "Rosmersholm;" where they are contrasted with men who are the representatives of traditional ideas.

Numerous commentators have laboured to discover some specific moral teaching or theory of life running through his works, which would impart to them their deeper meaning, *der tiefere Sinn*, for which the Germans delight to dig. But at times Ibsen seems more subtle than the subtlest interpreters. It is seemingly impossible to find a specific theory of life which will connect all of his dramas satisfactorily together; and we cannot see why there should be any. In the best plays of his maturest period, demo-

¹ See Vol. I., p. 535.

cracy, the intellectual and moral development of women, the principle of individuality without democracy, the efficacy of illusion, the strength of the old and apparently socially and politically effete, are all emphasized in turn. Were it not for the "Wild Duck" and "Rosmersholm," we would be inclined to regard the desirableness and even necessity of the full and true development of human personality as one of Ibsen's fundamental tenets. Everywhere in his letters Ibsen discloses himself as a most thorough-going and consistent individualist; even to the length of the abolition of the state. He was really an anarchist in the theoretical sense. He could see no necessity for the existence of the state. The life of a nation in the sense of its intellectual and spiritual existence stood, in his opinion, above its existence as a political unity. There is for him no more potent means of freeing and bringing into play the intellectual, moral and even physical forces of a people than (to use the stirring phrase of a German commentator) the "unbedingte Selbstherrlichkeit der unveraeusserlichen Individualität." One's own conscience and one's own insight into the truth comprise the only reliable standard and norm. Hence the duties to oneself are the highest, for they form the basis of one's duties to society. It is timely to remark that so-called duties towards an all-levelling society, which declares that all individuals are bound to one another with the same obligations, frequently leads to immorality, wretchedness, and a pretence of virtue. And so Ibsen wrote to Brandes in the year 1871: "What I wish you before everything else is a true full-blooded egoism, which will lead you to attach worth and importance only to your own affairs and to regard everything else as non-existent. Do not consider this is a sign of brutality in my nature. You cannot serve your contemporaries in a better way than by coining the ore which you possess. For social solidarity I have never had a strong feeling: I have received it as a sort of traditional belief, and had one the courage simply to leave it out of account altogether, one would

perhaps get rid of the ballast which presses most on one's personality."

But a true individualism which implies a mastery of self shows itself in self-control and self-limitation. One individual is not capable of everything: each must be content with his life-work and not over-reach himself and go beyond his capacity: otherwise he will come to grief like Master Builder Solness. Ibsen has shewn us in the character of the engineer Borgheim wherein he considers true individuality to consist, in the harmony, namely, between desire and achievement. Borgheim is perfectly content because he has achieved what he has willed, and has not willed to attain what is impossible.

Truth and the complete freedom and full development of the self are for Ibsen the "pillars of society." Throughout all his writings, with the exception of the "Wild Duck," which represents the feeling of a period during which he had lost faith in humanity, Ibsen stands for one thing: that we shall remove the spectacles of tradition, convention and pretence and see things as they are. We may not see them eye to eye with him: it is not certain that he demands this; but he does demand that we shall first of all be ourselves, see with our own eyes and not accept this or that simply because somebody else says so. This is surely the modern attitude towards everything. "Eines Mannes unwürdig ist die Halbheit und Zwiespaltigkeit." Underneath all his work lies the burning desire, which amounts to a passion, to express the truth, and because the truth as he saw it was never either comforting or beautiful (and this to a certain extent may be considered a temperamental defect), his plays are disturbing, often ugly and to many depressing. Ibsen's pessimism, however, refers to the past and to the present and not to the future. To the future, "the third kingdom" of "Emperor and Galilean," which like the magician Maximos he can only presage, he looks forward with an indestructible optimism. He sees signs—whether mistakenly or not we cannot here try to determine—which seem

to point to a fundamental uplifting of present social conditions.

The poet suggests the direction in which the conclusion may be found; but it is the business of each of his readers or audience to use his own imagination in thinking the matter to the end. "My office is," Ibsen said to Brandes, "to ask; not to give answers." He protested in the strongest way against being made responsible for any of the views, for example, held by the characters in "Ghosts." "In the whole work there is not a single view, not a single utterance which can be ascribed to the author as a personal belief." Ibsen was not first a philosopher but an artist; it is because he is an artist that he is a philosopher. Owing to his view that it is the business of art to describe the truth, to analyse and describe the facts of life as he saw them and not conventional situations, Ibsen as an artist cannot be wholly separated from Ibsen as a philosopher. His concept of art unites the two. The duty of art is to tell the truth, *without moralising*. To the role of the artist, one must not add that of the moral reformer as Tolstoi would do: although it is true that the products of such an art may indirectly have a moral value and effect, just because they present an unvarnished and intense picture of the hard and inflexible facts of human existence. But when attention is concentrated on the rubbing in of a moral the artistic standpoint can never be truly interpreted. Work is not inartistic even when morally deficient, any more than it is immoral because its sole defect is inartistic treatment.

It is not denied that there is a moral effect, or even in some cases a moral purpose, in Art. To do so would be to over-rate the importance of the work of the mere artificer. The denial would also fail to take account of the influence of Art on the appreciator. For if a poet find satisfaction and joy in his creations, these will in all probability be imparted to his readers, and the experience may in itself form a high moral influence. As a creator, however, the artist can rightly insist that his aim is not to make people good or bad,

but to analyse and describe new aspects of experience which shall interest and stimulate, or to reveal fresh modes of beauty which shall bring joy.

An art like Ibsen's is a solvent rather than a cohesive. It is concerned with the facts of life, not with the composition of theories about life and humanity. How far the products of such an art, which clearly depicts the social *milieu* of the time, as actually seen by its author, will outlive its own age, is a question which cannot yet be answered. But it may be said that in this respect there is hope for Ibsen so long as Æschylus and Sophocles are read. The resemblance with the Greek dramatists, especially with Sophocles, is closest in "Ghosts" and the "Wild Duck," the best works of Ibsen's maturity. Here the sequence of events is worked up to a logical close in which there is a sense of rhythm and inevitableness. There is no shiftiness, no doubling-back and turning, no anti-climax, and no mere ingeniously contrived conclusion. There is no mystery-mongering for its own sake. The simplicity, rhythm and inevitableness which the great Greek dramatists understood are with Ibsen aided by a technique learnt from Scribe and the French school, and improved upon. Ibsen let in a nipping and bracing air on the stage. He shewed that it is possible to tell the truth without sacrificing anything in the way of theatrical effect. But it must not be forgotten that Ibsen to begin with was a poet. He was a poet long before he was a modern dramatist; and the poetry in him is always present even up to the "Master Builder." Perhaps his poetic works will outlive his modern dramas. "Brand," "Peer Gynt" and the "Pretenders" are, in the opinion of the most competent judges, lasting contributions to Scandinavian, and hence to European literature.

J. W. A. HICKSON

ISANDLWANA

*Scarlet coats, and crash o' the band,
The grey of a pauper's gown,
A soldier's grave in Zululand,
And a woman in Brecon Town.*

My little lad for a soldier boy,
(Mothers o' Brecon Town!)
My eyes for tears and his for joy
When he went from Brecon Town,
His for the flags and the gallant sights
His for the medals and his for the fights.
And mine for the dreary, rainy nights
At home in Brecon Town.

They say he's laid beneath a tree,
(Come back to Brecon Town!)
Shouldn't I know—I was there to see:
(It's far to Brecon Town!)
It's me that keeps it trim and drest
With a briar there and a rose by his breast—
The English flowers he likes the best
That I bring from Brecon Town.

And I sit beside him—him and me,
(We're back to Brecon Town.)
To talk of the things that used to be
(Grey ghosts of Brecon Town;)
I know the look o' the land and sky,
And the bird that builds in the tree near by,
And times I hear the jackal cry,
And me in Brecon Town.

*Golden grey on miles of sand
The dawn comes creeping down;
It's day in far off Zululand
And night in Brecon Town.*

JOHN McCRAE

A LABORATORY WORKER'S MOTIVE

ABOVE the work-table in an English physiologist's laboratory is written: "Abandon emotion; reason only." At the table lives a man who tries to follow the rule he has made for himself. He is an old man; for many years he has studied in his laboratory. He works to find out new things. When he has found them he gives them to the world, and then returns to his searchings in order that he may continue to discover the unknown. Daily, for all of the day and part of the night, he works.

To him the observation of an occurrence suggests a probability. The probability, proved by experiment, becomes fact. Experiment leads to experiment; fact is added to fact; until a truth—one of Nature's laws—is recognised for the first time. The man is absorbed by the interest of engagement such as this; he is held by the direct continuity of the train of reasoning which leads, so irresistibly, to the achievement of fresh knowledge. Possessed by the lust of travelling by unexplored paths through unknown regions, only the necessities of eating and sleeping are able to turn him from his occupation. He has no wife, no family. He has no recreation—save his work. He holds play to be the enjoyment of pleasing occupation, and he thinks himself happy in that he loves his employment. Consequently, in following it, he never works but always plays.

Governments and learned societies have heaped honours on him; pretty ladies and distinguished men come to his laboratory to see, and to be honoured in seeing the man who has found so much to give it all to his fellows. All, men and women, societies and governments, have urged him in vain to leave for a time his workroom, to come into their world, and to enjoy with them the things that they enjoy. He has refused, and remains working, alone. His actions

are direct and purposeful. They seem to be guided by reason; he is always calm. He has, in short, every appearance of being a sane, well-balanced man. He differs from other men only in being more thoughtful than they are. Yet this man is content to work far harder than do those about him, and to receive no tangible reward for his labour; he is content to live roughly, almost meanly, in order that he may spend more hours in his laboratory.

Here, then, is a capable man, who works and yet desires none of those things which are the incentive to most men for labour; he works, produces, and then forgoes the fruit of his achievement. Since he is a sane man, he does not work without a purpose. Although no ordinary object can be detected in his actions, he has a motive for them. The explanation of his motive is interesting, since it proves that his unpractical and abnormal way of living is the result of an attempt to follow his own visionary, but logically reasoned, system of philosophy.

He lives and works as he does because of definite reasons which have provided him with rules to govern his actions. He believes that in formulating rules to guide himself, a man who would deal with actualities must avoid all question of things transcending physics; he neglects metaphysics and considers only those things which can be recognised as real by the means of perception men possess at present and he believes only those things which can be proved to be truthful by the same means. Though he adopts this position, our Physiologist does not deny the possibility of the existence of things at present unknown to him: nor does he deny the possibility of there being other means of perception, still unknown, by which human knowledge may be infinitely extended. He merely says to himself: "Some things I know; my senses have told me that they are real. Whether other things exist beyond my perception I do not know; but, certainly, although my knowledge may be incomplete, I must, for the present, find the motive of my actions in what I know of things as they are."

Men know many facts. They have measured, analysed and dissected, until they possess a great deal of very accurate knowledge about the way in which living and dead things are made, and change. Although they have done all this, they remain as ignorant as the brutes of the nature of life. They know nothing of whence life comes, and where it goes. They know nothing of how, or why, they exist, but only that they do exist, and that they are capable of action. To live rightly is to exercise that capability for action to the best advantage.

Constructive imagination and experience have provided man with many systems intended to guide him in his efforts to attain right-living. Some of these systems have been widely adopted, and they are very successful in that they enable those following them to live a communal life amicably.

Several of the most successful systems depend for authority upon an appeal to a Superbeing,—to a Deity—Who has voiced the rules of the system as His laws, and Who will reward or punish—in this or a future world—their observance or transgression. A thoughtful man, impassionately reviewing the facts, must regretfully conclude that, no matter how useful such a Being—and His rewards—might be to mankind, there does not exist any certain physical proof of His existence. In the same way, however repugnant it may be to men to think that their mental life must die with them, there is no demonstrable reason for believing that anything of the power of thought will survive the brain which possesses it.

In consequence of these things, a rational man, who wishes to be guided in his actions by *realities* alone, must neglect entirely the dictates of systems of conduct devised by *men*; and he must neglect them whether they are supported or not by reference to the authority of a Superbeing. Men crave a future life, but until some reason for believing in its existence can be proved, reasonable men must order their present life as though there were no possibility of their minds surviving to live in another life after their bodies

have died. They must guide their actions by their knowledge of things as they are known to be ; from their knowledge they must deduce rules of conduct.

A physiologist, whose whole employment is the study of life, easily learns how he may live to the best advantage by regarding the world-life about him, because he realises that he is but a part of that life. For him the essential quality of life is that it is never fixed ; it is never stationary, but it is always moving, always evolving. Towards what *end* forms of life are moving and changing he does not know, and he has no means of guessing. But he does know that evolution is proceeding, and he must conceive it to be his duty, as a living being, to yield himself blindly to its changes and, so far as he is able, to aid, and not to hinder its progress. He knows that Nature proceeds infinitely slowly and that the efforts of the momentary lifetime of one man can do little to retard or hasten her progress. Nevertheless, his duty is clear; he must help Nature as far as he is able. But how can he help? The answer may be read in the facts of life as men know them, because from them the *direction* of evolution may be learned.

Practical men will unhesitatingly admit that in man life has reached its highest expression. If human life be examined, in order to ascertain in what it differs from the life of animals less developed than man, it will be found that in only one demonstrable thing do men differ from animals in more than degree, and that is in their faculty of deducing new facts from past experiences; by experiment man can create knowledge. It is because it possesses reason that human life is the highest phase of evolution. If men are to be true to themselves, and to the heritage of wisdom left by those who have preceded them, they must do all in their power to exercise the faculty through which they are supreme. Their chief end must be the increase of knowledge.

When they consider the manifold activities of mankind, many persons will find it hard to believe that men differ from animals only in the possession of the faculty of

reasoning. Yet a little reflection will convince them that the results of men's activities differ in more than degree from those of the lower animals only when they are the fruits of the application of the power of reasoning.

What is the result, what is the object—conscious or unconscious—of the life and work of most men? Most persons, men and women, believe that the purpose of their own activities is to assist themselves in their search after contentment—which is happiness; and they also believe, since they are free agents, that they perform actions because the doing of those actions is pleasing to themselves. Both of these things are doubtless true. But it is necessary to go further and to ask, why do men find pleasure in the performance of arduous labour, and in what do they find complete contentment? The purposeless activities of luxurious idlers, of misers, and of habitual hacks may obscure perception at first; but if one reflects a little and reduces the apparent objects of men's diverse occupations to their simplest terms, the fundamental truth becomes evident: the final purpose of human endeavour is to provide for the development of offspring under what are conceived to be the most favourable circumstances. At first it is difficult to believe that complete contentment exists for most human beings only in the execution and accomplishment of this purpose. Yet, if the abnormal idlers, hacks, misers, and unmated men and women be disregarded, it becomes obvious, after a little thought, that human endeavour attains absolute contentment in the perfect family alone. Like his body, man's ethics are designed solely to secure the certain continuation of his kind; it is well that it should be so, for it is through his perpetuation that evolution will proceed and knowledge increase.

Facts precisely similar to these govern the existence of brutes; man differs from them only in his power of creating knowledge; it is only in the creation of knowledge that his activities are not brute-like. If, therefore, like a brute, a man devotes all his energies to the search after contentment

and none to the increase of knowledge, he in no wise transcends the animals lower than himself and, since he neglects to reason, he is untrue to the power with which Nature has endowed him;—*to increase knowledge is the highest function of a reasonable being.*

The amount of knowledge possessed by the world may be increased in two ways. The first is by disseminating what is already known among a larger number of people by means of more general education. The second way is by investigation and discovery. It should be the aim of every man, through his influence or achievements, to add something to the sum of human wisdom. It is not possible that all men should be teachers or discoverers, nor is it possible for most men to be patrons of learning. But every man can be openly appreciative of the benefits which knowledge has brought to him; by word and action he can help to create an opinion which will insist upon the devotion of more of the energies of the state to public instruction and research; by an open appreciation of the public value of those who extend and create knowledge he can make the careers of teachers and laboratory workers more attractive. In both of these ways every man can help towards the realisation of that ideal day when the creation of knowledge and submission to evolution will be recognised as the highest aims of existence. When that day comes, the whole of the present scheme of civilisation will be altered. The faults of the modern social structure, which foster ignorance and permit the perpetuation of the unfit, will be repaired. For example, one of the first faults to be obliterated will be the system whereby wealth can be perpetually inherited through successive generations. That this system has occasionally maintained a good family during adverse circumstances cannot be denied; but since the members of such a family were superior men and women their strain would probably have maintained itself without assistance. The system should be destroyed because it is an artifice which not infrequently interferes with the pro-

gress of evolution by ensuring the maintenance of a decadent and unworthy stock.

An appreciation of the importance of increasing knowledge as a means of assisting the progress of evolution may serve as a supreme rule for the guidance of mankind as a whole; but the individual requires a rule, more definite than this, to assist him in deciding the right and the wrong of the questions arising in every-day life. A safe rule for the guidance of the individual may be deduced, just as was the general rule, from an observation of Nature's processes. It is almost safe to say that Nature wastes nothing. Matter is never destroyed; energy is never lost. The form of matter and the condition of energy may alter, but Nature annihilates neither. Nature's thrift should be imitated. Actions should always be purposeful and never unproductive, never wasteful. Men should endeavour to waste nothing, least of all themselves, in fruitless activities. When an action is determined upon it should be pursued whole-heartedly until it is accomplished: Resolve, Concentrate, Finish, must be the watchwords of good workmanship.

If a man fails to exert his whole power in the performance of his work he is wasteful, because the unemployed portion of his faculties is wasted during the period for which it is permitted to lie idle. Consequently, if an action has been resolved upon as a desirable one, it should be done as well as the doer is capable of doing it.

With rules as simple as "Don't waste," and "Do your best," for guidance, self-criticism is easy because the standards for judging the goodness or badness of an action are easily applied. If a man is certain that he has done his best to carry a productive action to a successful end, he is proof against the criticism of others; he may disregard their blame or applause. He may do so the more because it is impossible for others to know the reasons which made a particular action desirable to him, or for others to determine whether or not he exerted his whole power in its performance.

These maxims, "Don't waste," and "Do your best," are the laws by which our Physiologist has directed his life. We have followed the reasoning which led to their adoption and we have heard the governing idea—the necessity for the increase of knowledge—which has been the final motive of all his actions. As might be suspected, a man who lives as he does is necessarily much alone; his ideals, aim, and occupation are so different from those of other men that he is isolated and often finds himself entirely out of sympathy with his friends.

Sometimes his old companions reproach him for the attitude which estranges him from them, and protest that a man may spend his life more profitably than as a recluse in a laboratory.

When his friends have ceased their reproaches and protests, the old man answers them cheerfully and carefully. His answer is always the same and it runs in this way: "I believe that the highest function of man is to use his reason in the creation of knowledge; because they fail to exercise this function most men are untrue to themselves. In my work I have tried to be true to my intelligence, and I have spent my life in my laboratory. It has been a pleasant life; you, my friends, say it would have been happier had I not been mistaken, unlike most men, in allowing it to be filled, completely, by thoughtfulness. It may be so. Science is a barren mistress and books, once written, are less amusing than a nursery; but, remember, the creator of an idea is less troubled by its vagaries than is a parent by an errant child.

"Because my motive has differed so greatly from the motives of other men, and because my rules of action have been simple enough to permit me to ignore the approval or disapproval of my fellows I have been much alone. Sometimes the desire for companionship has been almost overpowering; sometimes, when I have felt most the differences between my aims and those of my old comrades, self-questioning concerning the wisdom of my ideals has

been very acute. But now, when I am nearing the end, I am certain of the accuracy of my reasoning and I am convinced of the correctness of my endeavour to live rightly.

“The blame of those who have found fault with my actions cannot affect me, since I know that my motive has been a righteous one, and that my efforts have attained their object; but the applause of the friends who have approved of my work is nevertheless very dear to me. Though other emotions have been overcome, love for their sympathy remains always with me.”

Then his voice becomes softer and sometimes it trembles a little as he ends in saying:—“To my mind the appreciation of his good intentions is the greatest reward a man can receive; I want no other return for what I have done than to be thought of, now and afterwards, as one who did his best.”

THOMAS L. JARROTT

AN OLD BOOK-SHELF

THE *mise en scène* is the "Dark Room." The Dark Room is a spacious apartment which, through some inexplicable aberration of the architect, was dropped, windowless, transomless, almost airless, in the blind centre of the whimsical old house. The Dark Room is too large to be called a closet, and too maimed to be used for anything else. And so it is given over to the outworn miscellanies of many generations, and has become the shrine of Erebus and Lethe.

At one end of the Dark Room is the book-shelf, or rather a row of them—a book closet, the veritable altar of Oblivion. It must have been my great-grandmother who laid the first obsolescent volume upon the lowest shelf of the bare closet. And ever since, through the successive generations, other books have followed it until they began to crowd each other and climb, level by level, toward the top. Finally, perhaps, when my great-grandmother's granddaughter was a girl in her teens, the books reached the top shelf, which projects up behind the wall; and there they gathered one by one in a silent company with their toes visibly on the shelf and their heads invisibly erected into the nook of the wall. There they gathered until the already crowded neighbours were pushed aside to receive one more thin little volume—and then the closet doors were shut, and the Dark Room door was shut, and the denizens of the book closet settled themselves to sober contemplation.

It was twenty years ago, perhaps, when that last volume was crowded in upon its fellows; and twenty more years might have spread their dust upon them, had it not been, Ah me! that the Fates have cut the thread of the good old house. Progress steps unfamiliarly through the wide halls,

judges the dreamy silence with critical disapproval, and decides to sell. And leave those volumes to the curious eye of the stranger? No, that at least must not be. We will look over the book closet to-night.

And nightfall finds us—the two Aunties and me—peering by the dim light of a candle along the dusty shelves. I am only I, and there's an end. The two Aunties are the only ones who make any difference. They are young ladies of sixty-five or thereabouts. Aunt Ruth is perhaps a year or two younger than Aunt Rachel, but they have been young together for so many years that that, too, doesn't count. Aunt Rachel is tall and slender and white-haired and brown-eyed. She has a slight imperfection in her lower lip—due to a cut, from a fall in her childhood, I have been told—which gives her a queer crooked little smile when she is merry. She never laughs aloud; but she is often merry, and that slow, crooked little smile is one of the most persuasive things that I have ever seen. She has a delicate and very fragrant humour, has Aunt Rachel, and though just forty summers ago she ceased to grow any older, she has adjusted herself to the changing moods of the world during these last two score years. Aunt Ruth, too, is tall and slender and white-haired and brown-eyed. Her face is fairer in its symmetry than Aunt Rachel's but she is less often merry. She is not so adaptive as her sister. There is a touch of melancholy in her mood, and she lives in the Past—the Past of the 1860's and '70's, when the young men came to woo,—and wooed in vain, for the sisters found the love of no man potent enough to separate them the one from the other.

It is in this Past that we are to-night,—a Past that comes dimly back to life again as we look over these books that Aunt Ruth and Aunt Rachel had read and laid aside fifty, forty, thirty, twenty years ago.

Aunt Rachel falls to counting with a merry smile. "One, two, three copies of *Charlotte Temple—Love and Romance*, by Susannah Rowson. And the motto

'She was her parents' only joy.
They had but one, one darling child.'

How we did enjoy reading that love-sick tale! And how we sympathised with Charlotte! And how instructive and elevating to youth and innocence that story was supposed to be! And that reminds me. Do you remember, Ruth, the books of instruction to young girls, which we were fed on in our teens and early twenties? They must be tucked away somewhere in this closet. Yes, here they are."

And she gathers from here and there on the shelves a series of worn little volumes in faded cloth bindings and lays them before me. I read their titles aloud: *The Young Woman's Guide to Excellence*, by William A. Alcott, Author of *The Young Man's Guide*, *Young Husband*, *Young Wife*, *Young Mother*, etc., etc., Thirteenth Edition, Boston, 1847. ("Professor of things in general," I remark irreverently. "Wonder what the *and-so-forths* stood for." But Aunt Ruth frowns and I read on): *Letters to a Young Lady on a Variety of Useful and Interesting Subjects, Calculated to Improve the Heart, to Form the Manners and Enlighten the Understanding*, by the Rev. John Bennett. Tenth American Edition. Philadelphia, 1856. *The Young Maiden*, by A. B. Muzzey, Author of *The Young Man's Friend*, Boston, 1840. *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, by the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, New York, 1858.

"Now that last," breaks in Aunt Rachel, with decision, "was a good sensible book; but those others! Their authors treated us as if our bodies had the growth of twenty years and our minds were still in swaddling clothes."

"Yes," adds Aunt Ruth, "and they planned our love affairs for us,—as if a young girl dreamed her most romantic dreams by rote, and learned how to say yes or no to a wooer out of the catechism!"

"Now, just look at this," says Aunt Rachel, and she turns to *The Young Woman's Guide*: "'Once, at least,

in twenty-four hours, the whole surface of the body should be washed in soap and water, and receive the friction of a coarse towel. This may be done by warm or cold bathing; by a plunging or shower bath; by means of a common wash-tub; and even without further preparation than an ordinary wash-bowl and sponge.

“ ‘By washing a small part of the person at a time, rubbing it well, and then covering what is done, the whole may be washed in cold water, even in winter time.

“ ‘Would that our daughters and sisters—the daughters and sisters of America, especially, were so far apprized of this indispensable requisite, as to need no monitor on the subject! But, unhappily it is not so. Very far from it, on the contrary.’

“Now *what*, Ned, in your modern college slang,—now *what* did Mr. William A. Alcott take us for?

“But this same gentleman’s theology was as doubtful as his hygiene was obvious. See how he puts it. Beauty, he says, is a virtue. ‘There can hardly be a doubt that Adam and Eve were exceedingly beautiful; nor that so far as the world can be restored to its primitive state—which we hope may be the case in its future glorious ages—the pristine beauty of our race will be restored. . . . In falling, with our first parents, we fell physically as well as morally; and our physical departure from truth is almost as wide as our moral. I suppose all the ugliness of the young (I am afraid Mr. Alcott didn’t like children) comes directly or indirectly from the transgression of God’s laws, natural or moral; and can only be restored by obedience to those laws, by the transgression of which it came.’ ”

“But, my dear,” protests Aunt Ruth, “the Bible says that Adam and Eve were beautiful; and Mr. Alcott was considered a great authority in his day.”

Aunt Rachel’s question goes unanswered and she picks up the *Letters to Young Ladies*. “Time was,” says Aunt Rachel, as she turns the leaves of the little volume, “when we thought that the sum of all wisdom was contained

between these covers. There are just one hundred and thirteen letters to 'My dear Lucy,' and they deal, as the Rev. Mr. Bennett explains in the preface, with:

I. Religious Knowledge, with a list of proper writers.
 II. Polite Knowledge, as it relates to the *Belles Lettres* in general: Epistolary Writing, History, the Lives of Particular Persons, Geography, Natural History, Astronomy, Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Heraldry, Voyages, Travels, and so forth; with a catalogue of, and criticisms upon the most approved authors under each article.

III. Accomplishments, as displayed in Needlework, Embroidery, Drawing, Music, Dancing, Dress, Politeness, and so forth.

IV. Prudential Conduct and Maxims, with respect to Amusements, Love, Courtship, Marriage, and so forth!

"It must have been at least forty-five years since I drank at this fountain of knowledge. I wonder how it would appeal to me to-day." And she runs her eye over the pages.

"What do you think of this, Ned, with your co-educational colleges and your *new women*? 'The prominent excellencies of *your* minds are taste and imagination, and your knowledge should be of a kind which assimilates with these faculties. Politics, Philosophy, Mathematics, or Metaphysics, are not *your* province. Machiavel, Newton, Euclid, Malebranche, or Locke, would lie with a very ill grace in *your* closets. They would render you *unwomanly* indeed. They would damp that vivacity, and destroy that disengaged ease and softness, which are the very essence of your graces.

"The *elegant* studies are, more immediately, your department. They do not require so much time, abstraction or comprehensiveness of mind—they bring no wrinkles, and they will give a polish to your manners, and such a liberal expansion to your understanding as every rational creature should endeavour to attain.

“ ‘ Whilst men, with solid judgment and a superior *vigour*, are to combine ideas, to discriminate and examine a subject to the bottom, *you* are to give it all its *brilliancy* and all its charms. *They* provide the furniture; you dispose it with propriety. They build the house; you are to fancy and ornament the ceiling.’ ”

The ceiling is too much even for Aunt Ruth, who joins in the general laughter. “ Do go on, Aunt Rachel,” I urge, “ and tell us what sort of literature he suggests to ornament the ceiling.”

“ Well,” continues Aunt Rachel, “ here in letter 45 he enumerates the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer*, and the *World*. Addison, he says, he puts at the head of the list, because that writer ‘ more frequently than any of the rest, gives lessons of morality and prudence to the sex, and, for delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly adapted to female reading.’ I see that he suggests also in the same letter the advisability of conversation with intelligent people, because conversation ‘ gives us all the graces of intelligence without its austerities; its depth without its wrinkles. It gently *agitates* the sedentary frame and gives a brisker motion to the blood and spirits.’ ”

“ But what about poetry?” I insist. “ Surely he must make poetry the chief ornament of the ceiling.”

“ Well, I am not so sure of that,” answers Aunt Rachel, as she turns the pages. “ Ah, here it is. ‘ Poetry,’ he says in letter 58, ‘ I do not wish you to cultivate further than to possess a relish for its beauties. Verses, if not excellent, are execrable indeed. The muses live upon a *mount*, and there is no enjoying any of their favours unless you can climb to the height of Parnassus.

“ ‘ Besides, a passion for poetry is dangerous to a woman. It heightens her natural sensibility to an extravagant degree and frequently inspires such a romantic turn of mind as is utterly inconsistent with the solid duties and proprieties of life.’ ”

"But if he doesn't wish you to ornament the ceiling with your own effusions," I insist, "doesn't he at least suggest a few frescoes from the accepted poets?"

"Yes," replies Aunt Rachel. "I have it. Letter 59 recommends Shakspeare because his plays 'will give you a useful fund of historical information'; Paradise Lost 'because Milton, above all other authors, describes the distinguishing graces of the sex; Homer in Pope's translation, and Virgil in Dryden's; and—Upon my word! *Whom* do you think he includes as the only other member of this hierarchy? No other than the forgotten Mason, whose 'Caractacus, Elfrida, and English Garden, have acquired him considerable celebrity.'

"But, see! The next chapter adds to the list: Miss Seward who 'is a star of the first magnitude; Miss Hannah More, whose 'Bleeding Rock, Search after Happiness, Sir Eldred of the Bower, Sacred Dramas, Female Fables, etc., will please and instruct you; Miss William's *Peru*; Miss Charlotte Smith whom 'the muses will in time raise to a considerable eminence; the Comtesse le Genlis; Lord Lyttleton; Akenside; and Cowper, whose poems he very mildly praises as 'calculated to do considerable service.' But the grand climax of his list is reached in the closing paragraph: 'The most finished poet of the age is Hayley. His Essay on History and on Epic Poetry, his Ode to Howard, and his Triumphs of Temper, have received very great and very general applause.'

"Now, Ned, you profess to be a student of English literature; perhaps you can tell us who is Hayley, 'the most finished poet of his age?'"

"Faith! Aunt Rachel," say I, "I don't know. *Sic transit*. I never heard of him, and his Triumphs of Temper."

"The following chapters, I see," continues Aunt Rachel, "recommend books on travel, on geography, on art, on heraldry, and what not; but here he comes back once more to his ideal woman: 'But after all this recommendation of different studies, do not mistake me. I do not want to

make you a fine writer, an historian, a naturalist, a geographer, an astronomer, a poet, a painter, a connoisseur, or a virtuoso of any kind. But I would have you to possess such a *general* knowledge as will usefully and innocently fill up your leisure hours, raise your taste above fantastic levities, and render you an agreeable friend and acquaintance.' ”

Aunt Rachel is about to lay the Letters aside, but I remind her of the “Accomplishments” and “Prudential Conduct” which the preface promised. She yields and turning here and there among the pages of the Letters, with an assumed gravity, through which I can catch the twinkle of a merry eye, reads these highly italicised paragraphs from the “Character” of a model girl.

“ ‘*Another distinguishing grace* of Louisa, is *softness*. She is (what *nature* intended her to be) *wholly* a woman. She has a quality, that is the direct opposite to *manliness and vigour*. Her voice is gentle; her pronunciation delicate; her passions are never suffered to be *boisterous*. She never talks politics; she never foams with anger; she is seldom seen in any *masculine* amusements; she does not practice *archery*. I will venture to prophesy that she will never canvass for votes at an election. I never saw her in an unfeminine dress, or her features discomposed with *play*. She *really* trembles with the apprehension of danger. She feels *unaffectedly* for every person exposed to it. A friend leaving her father’s house, only for a short time, calls forth her concern. The farewell tear stands big in its transparent sluice. . . . The heart of this lovely girl is all over *sympathy and softness*. The big tear trembles in her eye, on every trying occasion.

“ ‘From Louisa’s strict confinement and systematic life you would conclude, perhaps, that she had almost contracted a *disrelish* for books. But, indeed, it is far otherwise; her studies are her pleasure; they are so judiciously mixed with entertainment, and so interwoven, as it were, with the common casual occurrences of the day, that she considers them more as an *amusement*, than a *business*.

Her private moments, when she is left to her own choice, are not infrequently beguiled with the very same employments which had engrossed the other parts of the day.

“The garden is the scene, where she indulges all the luxury of her taste; and her rambles into it are as frequent as the great variety of her avocations will permit. One day I found her in this retirement. The place was very happily fancied. Large clumps of trees, on both sides, with their intervening foliage had rendered it impervious to any human eye. Nature had wantoned with particular luxuriance. A clear transparent spring murmured through the valley. And it was fenced, on both sides, with a very lofty mound, cast up as on purpose, and planted with perennial shrubs. A shady arbour in the middle, catching through a beautiful vista the spire of the village church, invited to meditation and repose. She was reclined here rather in a pensive attitude, reading Burke’s *Essays on the Beautiful and Sublime*: and to me she appeared, I must confess, more enchanting, more *beautiful* and more *sublime*, than the admired work of that well-known and admired author.’”

“Now, that landscape picture,” puts in Aunt Ruth, “used to seem to me the most exquisite thing! I always thought that if I had the money some day, I should look until I found just such a scene, and buy it and recline there just as Louisa did, for reading and meditation. I do not seem to care for it so much to-day. I am afraid you are not reading it very sympathetically, Rachel;—or perhaps I am growing old.”

But Aunt Rachel continues: “On another occasion. . . she had stolen from the domestic circle to indulge, at leisure, solitary grief. The book she held in her hand was Lord Lytton’s *Dialogues of the Dead*. The soft melancholy visible in her countenance, the very apparent agitation of her spirits, and the grief, bursting through her animated eyes, formed a very interesting whole. . . .

“A third time of her elopement, she was reading the only novel which she permits herself to read, that of Sir

Charles Grandison. Tears like an April shower tinged with the sun, were mingled with her joy. The book was opened where the once amiable Harriet Byron is *now* Lady Grandison; where the painful suspense of her virtuous though premature attachment, is crowned by an eternal union with its object, and she is kneeling to her ever-venerable grandmother, to implore a blessing. Heavens! (said she) What an exquisite and inimitable painter was Richardson. . . . I never read this writer without weeping. He had an amazing talent for the pathetic and descriptive. He opens all the sluices of tenderness, and tears flow down our cheeks like a river. . . . If *all* novels had been written on such a plan, they would, doubtless, have been very excellent vehicles of wisdom and goodness.

“The *last* time I broke in upon Louisa’s retirement, she was surrounded with authors. She seemed bent upon indulging her elegant taste, in all its extravagance.

“Addison’s papers on the Pleasures of Imagination; several pieces of Miss Seward; Mason’s English Garden; Ariosto, with Hoole’s translation, and Webb’s Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, together with a Collection of Poems, lay, in promiscuous dignity, beside her. She has accustomed herself to enter into a sort of commonplace-book, passages which she thinks particularly striking. I am happy in being able to give you a little specimen of her choice, for she indulged me with a sight of the valuable manuscript.

“The first poetical rose she had plucked was from——”

“Oh, don’t, don’t, Aunt Rachel,” I cry, “I shall dissolve in tears if you go on with Louisa’s dew-besprinkled posy. Look ahead and tell us what the amiable gentleman says about matrimony.”

“Matrimony? M—n—M—n. Yes. Lucy must not marry an old man or a country squire or a military man or a lawyer. ‘Beware of *such* society; beware of your *heart*. Let not the unblushing front of a barrister, let not the mere scarlet habit of a *petit maître* who has studied the windings

of the female heart infinitely more than tactics, or the art of war, let not a few civil sayings, or flattering attentions beguile your *imagination*, or lay your *prudence* asleep.' The best thing for Lucy to do, he believes, is to marry a clergyman. 'A man of *this* cast seems particularly calculated not only to *relish*, but to *enhance* the happiness of the married state.' "

"Good for the *Reverend* John Bennett!" I murmur.

"As for the rest of his advice to Lucy," continues Aunt Rachel, "there doesn't seem to be anything worth—but wait. Here's a paragraph that fairly bristles with italics. He is indulging in the hypothetical case of Lucy's loving a man who does not return her affection: 'If any man therefore, can *deliberately* be so cruel as to visit you frequently and show you every particularity that is only short of this *grand* explanation, never see him in private; and, if that be insufficient, and you *still* feel tender sentiments towards him, determine to shun his company *forever*. It is easier, remember, to extinguish a fire that has *just* broken out, than one which has been gathering strength and *violence* from a long concealment. Many have neglected this necessary precaution, and died silent *martyrs* to their fondness and imprudence. The eye of beauty has *languished* in solitude, or been dimmed with a flood of *irremediable* tears. The heart has throbbed with *unconquerable* tumults, which *gradually* have dissolved an *elegant* frame, that deserved a much *better* fate. Undiscovered by the physician, they have baffled all the resources of his skill; they have rendered ineffectual all the tenderness of friends, and *death* alone has administered that ease, which neither beauty, friends, nor fortune could bestow.' "

"Now, Rachel, I protest," interrupts Aunt Ruth. "You are laughing!" And even in the subdued glow of the candles which light the Dark Room I fancy I can catch a glimpse of a tear "standing big in the transparent sluice" of Aunt Ruth's eye.

At any rate, Aunt Rachel suddenly closes the book, and, ignoring my plea for some choice extracts from *The Young Maiden*, begins to take down other books from the shelves, putting them, now in the "junk" pile which is accumulating on the floor, now on a table to be preserved against the time when some new-fangled sectional book-case shall receive them.

I catch a glimpse of Fénelon's *Télémaque*, much worn, on its way to the junk pile and rescue it to read myself.

"We read it in our 'Seminary' days," explains Aunt Ruth. "A little Latin and much French were we taught. Harriet Hawkins, who has a daughter in college; tells me that Jeannette is expected to be proficient in Greek and German. It was not so with us."

Bertha the Beauty, by Letitia E. L. Jenkins, Author of *Heart Drops from Memory's Urn*, is smilingly consigned to the junk-heap by Aunt Rachel; and my look of enquiry wins no comment. From the same quarter I rescue *The Parlor Scrapbook for 1836* and find that one of the "Choice Selections" included between its covers is "The Favourite of the Harem, with Oriental Illustrations." That too is allowed to pass. At *Duychinck's National Portrait Gallery*, in a series of paper bound folio volumes, I cast a wishful eye. One volume opens to steel engravings of Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, and Napoleon Bonaparte resting comfortably side by side, and I am tempted to go on;—but Duychinck is laid on the table. A little leather bound copy of *Virgil's Bucolics and Georgics* with interlinear translation, 1833, shares the fate of *Bertha the Beauty*; and I pause to reflect that the youthful scholar of three generations ago, like his great-grandson, had his "pony." Did they call it an "ambling pad nag" in those days, I wonder.

For a while, I am put to tearing the title pages out of discarded school books of nobody knows how long ago, lest the curious eye of the junk-man should read the inscriptions thereon. The books are uninteresting things, but, Oh! the names! the names! Scrawled there in faded ink or almost

obliterated pencil! Men who were boys once, like me, and who passed from the immature scrawl of boyhood to the prime vigour of manhood, and who grew old and died—and whose very burial places have been levelled to the surrounding sod, and been forgotten. And here is the name of one of whom my grandmother used to tell me when I was a little boy. A merry little chap, he was, this great-uncle of mine. Fate took him from his grammar and spelling books; and to me who have never seen him, he will always remain what my childhood pictured him—a happy little Dream of a lad who never had to grow up.

But the old book closet is almost emptied now; and among the last of the books lying there, Aunt Ruth picks up a frayed leather folio. "Volume three of *The Christian Baptist*," she says. "That magazine was published by Alexander Campbell. He founded the sect of Campbellites, you remember, Ned; and we used to read the Christian Baptist with much interest in those days." "Yes," I assent, and as I dutifully pick up the volume, it opens to a lock of short black hair neatly pressed between its pages. The colour heightens in Aunt Ruth's face; and Aunt Rachel's smile is a bit slow in coming. My eyes speak the question which my lips hesitate to frame.

But Aunt Ruth takes up one candle and Aunt Rachel the other, and we shut the book-closet doors upon empty shelves, and go downstairs together.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

THE PERSON AND THE IDEA

And lastly, the absence of old traditions, the absence of a territorial aristocracy, and the remoteness of the Crown, make parliamentary government in the self-governing colonies a very different thing from parliamentary government in the United Kingdom.—Sir Courtenay Ilbert's introduction to Redlich's *Procedure of the House of Commons*, p. xxi.

UPON a previous occasion¹ I suggested certain alterations in the procedure of appointing a representative of the Crown in Canada. The presentation of my thesis was necessarily brief and hurried; and I wish now to set forth with greater deliberation the arguments which moved me to make those proposals. My starting point—my base, if you prefer the metaphor—is the enormous concentration of power in the hands of the Canadian Premier. Thanks to certain peculiarities in our circumstances, he is more absolute in his power than is the Premier of the United Kingdom.

This whole matter of the position occupied by the Premier demands a moment's attention. The House of Commons is reputed to be our repository of real political authority. But the House of Commons delegates its authority to a committee; thanks to the combination of the advantages of ability and harmony, this committee is exceedingly powerful; and it has happened to the House of Commons as it has happened to all deliberative assemblies which entrust details to a powerful committee,—the committee has mastered the assembly. I do not mean any one House of Commons; I mean all the legislative assemblies which the great and fertile British Empire has called into being. But if the Cabinet rules the House, the Premier rules the Cabinet. In Canada, at all events, he is no longer *primus inter pares*. His dominance is the natural outcome of the massive simplicity which is the characteristic of the party organization

¹ In "Collier's Weekly," 8th August, 1908.

in a British country. The leadership of an American party is permanently in commission. A British party which is not under firm and masterful leadership is forlorn. With us there is but one House which matters; the majority rules that House; the Ministers are the leaders of the majority; the Premier is the Chieftain of the Ministers. The links of the chain are tightened by the fact that the tradition of British Institutions is authority descending from above. But it would not need that tradition to concentrate leadership, authority, power, in the hands of the one man who leads the dominant party in the State.

I conceive that the Premier of the United Kingdom, while in a position of enormous authority, is subject to two great modifying influences, removed from the arena of party politics, which we lack in Canada. First, there is the influence of a resident Crown; secondly, there is Society. I shall deal with the second of these first, for the reason that it must be dismissed very briefly, we having no possible counterpart to it in Canada. By English Society I mean, not the round of possibly frivolous amusement which the word suggests to Canadians and Americans, but the existence of a large leisured class which is keenly interested, not merely in conserving its monetary prosperity, not merely in gregarious amusement, but in public affairs. Thanks to a rare fusing of past tradition with present conditions, the man or woman who is born to wealth and place in Great Britain is encouraged to pay a keen and instructed attention to politics. I have been told that there are about three thousand men who "really matter" in England. Outside of this singular body of professed students of politics is a great mass of educated persons who know more or less about public affairs, and have the means at any time of coming into touch with them.

With few exceptions, the men who rise to Cabinet rank belong to this special world; they are linked to it by a thousand ties; and it forms a species of public opinion which has peculiar potency. In a strictly political sense the power of this class has strict limitations, and the Premier must look beyond

it for his vote-getting. But in the thousand-and-one details of daily policy this influence is sure to sway him. I include in this general term—though with some hesitation—the complex forces which make the House of Lords a factor in British public life, for that Chamber owes its political influence to social considerations rather than to its undoubted juridical rights. We in Canada have no such Society and there are in sight no materials from which it could be constructed. Thus there is one limitation upon the powers of the Premier which we cannot reproduce.

An undesirable counterpart which exists is the enormous power possessed by large moneyed interests, the wielders of which I have elsewhere styled our Concealed Nobility. The influence exerted by these interests combines the possession of power with the absence of responsibility—and almost of recognition. I decline to regard this as an extra-political modifying influence, because it works through political channels; and because, while I do not commit myself to loose denunciation of capital, while I recognize that large interests must enjoy due—but disinterested—consideration, I fear it is Utopian to expect disinterested action by the actual holders of this influence.

I come to the Crown. Here one's task is difficult, and even more delicate than difficult. Too much, in my judgement, has been written about the beneficent activities of our present Monarch. The actual deeds of the Sovereign of the day are the *tacenda* of politics, and it is the part of wisdom for all good monarchists, when brilliant contemporary diplomatic feats have to be exulted over, to ascribe the credit to the Ministers who must bear the responsibility.

But apart from this, I am compelled to discuss what I may describe as the working kingship, distinct from the kingship of loyalty, and the juristic constitutional kingship of which you read in most treatises. We enjoy, and we profit by, a high and affectionate loyalty to our distant sovereign; and we are inclined to think that when we are loyal to King

Edward and have at Ottawa a representative to sign documents, all possible benefits have been reaped. But there is an intermediate work-a-day advantage which is derived in the United Kingdom from the immediacy of the Crown. Our theory is that the Parties exist for the benefit of the entire State; our practice tends to make men confound the State with their party; in Britain there exists an exceedingly influential person unconnected with either party and with every inducement to view the State as a whole. I may urge my readers to read once again Bagehot's two chapters on the Monarchy in his "English Constitution;" and I may be permitted to transcribe one or two paragraphs:

"To state the matter shortly, the sovereign has, under a constitutional monarchy such as ours, three rights—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn. And a king of great sense and sagacity would want no others. He would find that his having no others would enable him to use these with singular effect. He would say to his minister: 'The responsibility of these measures is upon you. Whatever you think best must be done. Whatever you think best shall have my full and effectual support. *But* you will observe that for this reason and that reason what you propose to do is bad; for this reason and that reason what you do not propose is better. I do not oppose, it is my duty not to oppose; but observe that I *warn*.' Supposing the king to be right, and to have what kings often have, the gift of effectual expression, he could not help moving his minister. He might not always turn his course, but he would always trouble his mind.

"In the course of a long reign a sagacious king would acquire an experience with which few ministers could contend. The King could say: 'Have you referred to the transactions which happened during such and such an administration, I think about fourteen years ago? They afford an instructive example of the bad results which are sure to attend the policy which you propose. You did not at that time take so prominent a part in public life as you now do,

and it is possible you do not fully remember all the events. I should recommend you to recur to them, and to discuss them with your older colleagues who took part in them. It is unwise to recommence a policy which so lately worked so ill.' The king would indeed have the advantage which a permanent under-secretary has over his superior the parliamentary secretary—that of having shared in the proceedings of the previous parliamentary secretaries. These proceedings were part of his own life; occupied the best of his thoughts, gave him perhaps anxiety, perhaps pleasure, were commenced in spite of his dissuasion, or were sanctioned by his approval. The parliamentary secretary vaguely remembers that something was done in the time of some of his predecessors, when he very likely did not know the least or care the least about that sort of public business. He has to begin by learning painfully and imperfectly what the permanent secretary knows by clear and instant memory. No doubt a parliamentary secretary always can, and sometimes does, silence his subordinate by the tacit might of his superior dignity. He says: 'I do not think there is much in all that. Many errors were committed at the time you refer to which we need not now discuss.' A pompous man easily sweeps away the suggestions of those beneath him. But though a minister may so deal with his subordinate, he cannot so deal with his king. The social force of admitted superiority by which he overturned his under-secretary is now not with him but against him. He has no longer to regard the deferential hints of an acknowledged inferior, but to answer the arguments of a superior to whom he has himself to be respectful.

"It is known, too, to everyone conversant with the real course of the recent history of England, that Prince Albert really did gain great power in precisely the same way."

Bagehot wrote the foregoing paragraphs about forty-five years ago, and every scrap of knowledge which we have gained of the inner history of the reign of Queen Victoria

adds emphasis to his observations. He might have added one further remark. Let us remember the studious care with which the secrecy of the hidden springs of our political life is guarded. The journalist must be content to piece together isolated facts. The private member on the Ministerialist side is kept in ignorance of much. The Cabinet has its inner circle. The Leader of the Opposition is sedulously kept in the dark. The King has the right to know; and a monarch who for ten, twenty, forty years has been at the centre of things has a fund of knowledge and experience which it would be folly to decline to use; and Prime Ministers seldom are fools. We must remember that the conference between King and Premier takes place in the profoundest privacy, so that the political leader can allow himself to be swayed or convinced without "losing face." In short, it is difficult to imagine a Premier of the United Kingdom who is not profoundly influenced by the experience and views of his Sovereign.

Now Canada has an absentee Crown. We have the local machinery; there is a representative of His Majesty, who signs documents, opens Parliament, performs certain ceremonies, and exercises a certain degree of influence. It is very far from my purpose to under-value or to depreciate the dignity or the value of the office of Governor-General, as it is, and has been, administered. We are fortunate to have it; but it has this peculiarity: that it provides for Canada a headship from which the personal element is nearly eliminated, and from which the valuable gift of experience is expressly excluded.

Looking at the realities of things, it is the personal touch that renders the British monarchy valuable. From the strictly legal point of view, our present system of government could go on without a king at all, by recognizing the Premier as the titular as well as the real political authority. The King is not needed as a figure-head. He is not needed as an active leader. His real value is that we have at the head and at the centre of things a man of immense dignity,

of uncommon experience and training, who belongs to no party, whose silent influence we trust to moderate and modify the actions of all parties. He is our Highest Common Factor. In no small measure it is the man who counts—his experience, judgement, sagacity, training, poise. And the circumstances under which Royalty is reared, if unfavourable in some respects, are potent to develop that curious sympathetic aloofness—if I may coin a paradox—which is the peculiar virtue of the Kingship.

I have already said that our present management of the post of Governor-General is carefully devised to exclude this personal element. We seek to make His Excellency a figure-head. A British nobleman is selected by the Cabinet of the United Kingdom; presumably he is a political friend of the party in power. He assuredly has been a party man at home, and his whole training up to the moment of his appointment has been as a partisan. He suddenly is charged with a Monarch's duties; he becomes our local king, *minus* the affectionate loyalty, which is properly reserved for the King in London. But monarchy is a trade in itself,—from the power of recollecting names and faces which is said to be a royal quality, to that poise of the mind which regards no political parties with undue favour or resentment; it is a life training. It is a trade which is difficult enough with the aid of all the advantages which are denied to our Governor-General. It is only fair to expect our Governor-General to take some months at least to get into the necessary frame of mind to which royalty is trained from infancy. As soon as he has learned the trade, as soon as he has forgotten that he ever was a partisan, as soon as he has begun to accumulate the experience which is a Monarch's special personal qualification, we whisk him off; we erect an unwritten law forbidding him again to set foot upon our shores; and we send him back to the parliamentary arena of Great Britain, there possibly to be a partisan once more.

I regard two things as valuable in a working resident Kingship: training, and the mental attitude which it brings;

and experience. The logical results of this contention are royalty and permanence. Let us have a Royal Prince as Governor-General, and let it be a life appointment.

This really is the front of my argument. I make no secret of my feeling that there is something unwholesome in the impressive completeness of the power wielded by a Canadian Premier, whether that Premier belongs to my party or the other party. The Governor-General has just sufficient dignity to draw people's attention to him and away from the real might of the Leader of the House. In the essentials of power the Canadian Premier is the most despotic ruler in Christendom. The standing temptation for him is to look at everything through the spectacles of politics; for the only limitations imposed on him are strictly, and technically, and narrowly, political: he must at the next general election once more obtain a majority. It is advisable to have non-political modifying influences to play upon powers so vast and unprecedented: advisable in fairness to the Premier, upon whom we impose an enormous responsibility. I see that modifying influence in the erecting in Canada of that peculiar and beneficent institution, a Resident Crown.

I desire to put forward two additional reasons, minor as compared with this great need of our system, but by no means devoid of value. One of these is that it will increase the interest of our institutions and of our citizenship. Here we run into a very big phase of our future. We Canadians have pretty definitely made up our minds about our national business. We intend to make this North America of ours, at present a One-Power continent, at some time in the future a Two-Power continent. It is unlikely that we can hope to equal the United States in sheer bulk of citizenship, and it consequently is necessary to search for some countervailing advantage. The advantage which lies to our hand is the power which we possess of making ours infinitely the more interesting citizenship.

We are part of the British Empire; we have a world-wide citizenship; we have interests in Europe, in Africa,

in Australasia, in Asia, and Canadians without sacrifice of allegiance, with a strengthening instead of a wrench of loyalty, can play their part in the affairs of any continent of the world. Our American cousins are in a continental ring-fence; we are free of the world and of world-politics. This advantage, already perceptible, will grow as Imperial organization marches forward, and as Canada takes an increasingly active part in the affairs of Empire. Now, of this subtle difference in the two North American citizenships, the presence of Royalty at Ottawa would be an outward and visible sign. It would impart to the texture of our national business that warm and gracious personal note which makes a monarchy an attractive method of government, the absence of which makes a republic a cold, bare, and uninteresting method. Even the essentially human sides of monarchy have their value. To quote Bagehot again—"The women—one half the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry." I must observe that in this there would be no change. We have a vice-royalty, which we take pains to render as cold and uninspiring as possible. The simple development which I advocate would add this touch of interest to an institution which we already possess.

From this broad, general effect I turn to an opposite aspect of affairs. Certain of our private and confidential bits of business should be expedited by the presence of Royalty at our capital. Here one is dealing with matters which are jealously guarded for a couple of generations at least; but it seems within the bounds of probability to hold that a certain proportion of our public affairs, never large, always appreciable, and sometimes important, depends upon personal considerations. The subject does not lend itself to full or explicit discussion, but at least it may be said that it should be no disadvantage to Canada to have as her medium of communication with the United Kingdom a Royal Personage whom every British statesman would regard with thorough respect, who would be the near relative of our King and

Emperor, and who would be the blood relation of nearly every European monarch. We could count upon our Royal Prince being more Canadian than the Canadians; his whole interest would be bound up in the growth, prosperity, dignity, and glory of his principality; and as our part upon the great stage increases it should prove increasingly useful to have devoted to our service a Personage of real European influence. Our views would be sure of getting to headquarters; a proportion of our frets are due to the suspicion that our representations do not reach headquarters, but are smothered on the way.

Of ways, means and persons, I have little to say. The daily press is busy now with the discussion of one august name; I am content to argue for the general principle. The question of ways and means is simplicity itself. Let a Royal Prince be nominated as Governor-General. On the expiry of the six-year term, if all has gone well, reappoint him. Continue the process until it seems convenient to change to a life tenure. As for title, it will be easy to leave it as it is. A change to Viceroy would be welcomed. Prince of Canada would be euphonious. Some newspaper critics have troubled themselves about the matter of the succession. That can easily be left to settle itself; but as King Edward will remain our King, it might seem preferable to make it an appointive post. However, I am content to leave some few problems for future generations to solve.

C. FREDERICK HAMILTON

THE LORDS, THE LAND, AND THE PEOPLE

THE English election of 1910, if memorable for no other reason, will always be so on account of the multiplicity and inextricable confusion of the issues professedly at stake. None, however, plays, apparently, a more prominent part than the question here dealt with: the relation of the people to the land, and, consequently, to the landowners.

No question, at first sight, seems more simple and direct. A comparatively small number of persons, belonging, chiefly, to a nominally privileged class, have acquired, by means which may or may not stand the test of equity and social justice, a wholly disproportionate interest in the land; the great mass of the people, crowded into towns and cities, being, it is alleged, thereby deprived of an inalienable right of freedom and citizenship—the right to possess property in land. Yet no question, as I shall hope to shew, is more involved, and, so far as Great Britain is concerned, so difficult, if not impossible of solution. I shall hope, that is to say, to shew that it is a question of economic conditions, rather than of land monopoly.

Two opposite policies, it may be remarked, have been proposed, whereby the present state of things may be remedied. The Liberals, according to Mr. Winston Churchill, hope that "the land taxes will break up the large estates." According to Mr. Balfour, they are in favour of making the State the universal landlord, which is generally understood to be socialism. The Unionists, on the other hand, favour the formation of a peasant proprietary, such as has been created in Ireland, not less by Tory than by Liberal legislation, but rather more; and which, by indefinitely increasing the number of land-owners, makes socialistic state ownership

more and more impossible. The result of either policy would, it is assumed, be, in one sense, the same: the return of the people to the land. The real problem is, rather: Can they be induced to return to it, under present conditions? Which will prove the stronger attraction: the trolley-car or the plough? The slums or the open fields? Which, as a matter of fact, has proved, and is proving the stronger, here in Canada?

That, after all, is the real issue; the only one that matters; the issue of economic conditions; and, in seeking an answer to it, so far as it affects Great Britain, we shall have to go somewhat far afield, and to take into account matters which, at first sight, might, not unnaturally, be regarded as irrelevant.

The problem of rural depopulation, then, underlies the whole question of land and people, and needs to be insisted on, if only because so often ignored, or carefully lost sight of. It becomes a point of interest, therefore, to determine whether the alleged monopoly of landlordism is, really and actually, responsible for the non-cultivation and non-possession of large areas by the mass of the population. This much, at least, must be admitted at the outset, namely, that rural depopulation is by no means peculiar to England, but is a problem affecting all civilized countries, Canada included, to an extent the seriousness of which we are only now beginning to realize. And if this townward migration is found to be proceeding in communities where land is cheap, plentiful, and easily accessible, it is surely only fair to infer that land-scarcity is not necessarily at the root of a like movement in England.

Another point must, moreover, be taken into account, in connexion with this preliminary enquiry, namely, as to whether any legislation, however skilfully devised, can provide an effectual remedy for an evil, the causes of which are so diverse, so many and so universal. It is only in Utopia that merchants follow the plough, and ploughmen follow the "ticker" alternately, during fixed periods. In other words, you cannot make men farmers by Act of Parliament,

any more than you can make them virtuous by so apparently simple a process. The very simplicity shews that the prime factor, human nature, human "cussedness," if you prefer the expression, has been omitted from the reckoning. It was, I think, the "Spectator" which, some years ago, pointed out, with regard to small holdings in England, that, had any real and general need been felt for them, they would have created themselves. Certainly, so far as my personal observation goes, no landowner, with farms on his hands, or rented far below their value, would have refused to lease, or even to sell, on the advantageous terms which any successful system of small holdings would necessarily have offered. This is, moreover, apparently borne out by their readiness to lease land, to village councils, for labourers' allotments; all the more that such land brings in a very fair rental.

I have been careful, in the foregoing paragraph, to specify, first, land suitable for cultivation, and, secondly, a successful system of small holdings. I have done so for the reason that the "thousands of acres" attributed to certain landowners must, in many instances, be largely discounted, if we are to consider only land suitable for cultivation as "monopolized;" a reckoning which the Lloyd George type of politician is careful to ignore. Again, I have insisted on the element of profit in any system of small proprietorship—its business aspect—simply because that is the only element worthy of serious consideration. It is the complement to the question: Will the people return to the land? the answer being: Possibly, if you can offer sufficient inducement; if you can shew that it will pay.

On the amount of farm land available, therefore, and on the business success of small holdings, as a means of investment and of livelihood, depends the solution of the English land problem; not on taxation, nor on the "breaking up of the great estates," hoped for by Mr. Winston Churchill, who, presumably, has no estate of his own which he might break up, "pour encourager les autres." The conditions of the problem are, of course, so very different from those

to which Canadians are accustomed, that it seems almost hopeless to attempt an explanation. Yet, while it is on points of resemblance, the prevalence, for instance, of certain tendencies and economic conditions, that we must rely for a right understanding of the matter, it is well that the points of difference should, as far as possible, be made clear.

The difference chiefly to be taken into account is, I think, one of custom; I had almost said, one of sentiment. The Canadian's primary ambition is to own his house or land; the British farmer, on the other hand, being content, hitherto, with a good lease which, if nominally annual, may, and often does, descend in the same family for generations, or even centuries. Except in name, such tenants are, to all intents and purposes, owners of the land they cultivate—with the ultimate burdens resting on other shoulders. It is an attitude of mind expressed in the English proverb which says that "fools build houses, and wise men live in them." The farmers' version would, presumably, be: "Fools own farms, and wise men rent them—as cheaply as possible."

It is these very tenant farmers, however, who, it is maintained, are really responsible for rural depopulation in Great Britain, being, as they are, the sole employers of village labour, and controlling wages—as they determine rents—practically, to suit themselves. Further, it is they, rather than the landlords, who stand, and have stood, in the way of any system of small proprietorship. The reason for such opposition is, of course, the sufficiently obvious one of self-interest. Any breaking up of the large estates would, evidently, put an end to their monopoly—for that is what it amounts to—or would, at all events, increase the value of land—and their rents along with it. The experience of Ireland, in this respect, lends force, at least, to the charge against the English tenant farmer, on this count.

The charges are, in any event, grave enough; but are, I believe, apart from the Irish graziers, capable of clear and adequate proof; on evidence afforded, not by the landlords, but by those who have the best interests of the village labourer

at heart, namely, the country clergy, who see and deplore, though they can neither prevent nor remedy, the migration of their people from the fields and open spaces to the congested slums of the large cities. They, at least, will have no hesitation in placing the responsibility where it rightly belongs—so far as it rests on persons, not on conditions—that is, on the tenant farmers.

On this evidence, then, it is charged that the tenant farmers, with their practical monopoly of land and employment, are responsible for rural depopulation, and are the real opponents of small holdings, whether owned or leased. In proof of which, it is pointed out: first, that under present methods of farming—possibly unavoidable—there is not one third of the employment available to village labour, to-day, that there was a generation ago. Secondly, that the tenant farmers have, as a class, done their utmost to prevent the village labourer from making profitable use of his allotment. And, since the tenant farmer, in addition to being the sole employer of labour, is, in many cases, owner or lessee of the labourer's cottage, he is, evidently, master of the situation.

But not even an assignment of responsibility for the present condition of affairs, and for its continuance, could it be satisfactorily and justly made, would bring us appreciably nearer to a solution of the problem at issue. The system of large farms has, of itself, given rise to a state of affairs, in regard to buildings, which makes any general division of the land into small holdings, however desirable, extremely difficult of accomplishment. The buildings, that is to say, which are suitable to a farm of several hundred acres become, obviously, more and more unsuitable in proportion to the number of holdings into which it may be divided. Not only so, but, for each of these holdings, buildings of one kind or another must be provided, either out of private, or out of public capital. If the latter, it must be by local taxation, and, the landlords once taxed, or bought out of existence, the burden necessarily falls on the small holder, whether he be proprietor, or tenant of the State.

Either the one or the other, indeed, comes, ultimately, out of his pocket, and the problem, as before, resolves itself in one of profitable, or unprofitable, investment.

It comes back, in a word, to the question: What inducement has the State to offer, which will bring the people back to the land? Otherwise stated: Will a small proprietary pay? The answer to which is, evidently, that if it does, the fact will, in due course, make itself plain; the need, to revert to the "Spectator's" dictum, will be felt, not created. If it does not, no Act of Parliament, socialistic or other, will take the people back to the land, even if it is their own. The ordinary man knows, probably, what is good for him, as a "business proposition," better than his parliamentary bear-leaders. And it is chiefly because he has doubted the business advantages of farming on a small scale, that he has been so little eager, whether in England or in Canada, to undertake it. It is scarcity of profit, not scarcity of land, that is at the root of the trouble.

It is here, if anywhere, that we come to the points of similarity between conditions in England and those with which Canadians are familiar; to the one point, indeed, which affects the whole issue: Will it pay? That is a question which, in so far as it relates to Canada, I do not, of course, presume to decide; I am certain at least that the system of small holdings, notwithstanding that loans to the amount of nearly \$1,709,805 were raised, on this account, by County Councils in England last year ("Tablet," Jan. 1, 1910), has not, hitherto, been generally considered a profitable undertaking, for the simple reason that all the conditions of success are, at present, against it. It has been tried, with a very large measure of success, in Belgium, the most prosperous country, probably, in the world, but under conditions the most favourable possible, those, namely, of cheap, efficient, and easily accessible transport, largely by water. It is therefore, interesting to note, in this connexion, that a revival of water transport, in England, involving an expenditure of seventeen millions sterling (\$85,000,000) and an annual cost

of \$5,000,000, with provision for barges up to 750 tons, has, recently, been recommended by a Royal Commission ("Tablet," Jan. 1, 1910). The report, which is also given in the "Times" (Weekly) of December 31, 1909, is well worth studying. And for this reason, that transport is the key to success in farming, the real solution of the land problem, and which Belgium, at all events, has solved effectually, if the returns of internal and external trade afford any criterion. It is a problem, moreover, both as to land and water transport, which, sooner or later, Canada will inevitably be called upon to deal with, if it is to maintain the adequate and vitally necessary relation between the production and the consumption of the prime necessities of life.

We come back, therefore, after the dust and turmoil of the British elections, to the real facts at issue. It is not so much a question as to whether one class owns more than a fair share of land as of who shall own it, the State or the individual? The Lloyd George politician, who may or may not know the difference between oats and barley "in the raw," says: "The State," but could not, possibly, be induced to settle on his supposed share of the land, on any consideration whatever. Mr. Balfour says: "The individual." Both, at least, are agreed as to the theoretical desirability of a more general distribution of the "national asset," the area available for cultivation; of turning back the tide of townward migration; the return of the people to the land. Both, moreover, have the same problem to solve; the inducements necessary to bring about such a return. Both, in a word, must demonstrate the profitableness of small farming, whether as tenant or proprietor, as a business matter, to the satisfaction of those to whom they offer its alleged attractions and advantages. It must be not only shewn to be profitable, but the means of success, transport especially, must be provided as fully and as efficiently as in Belgium. The question for State or individual is, once more: Will it pay?

And, since the mere fact of proprietorship does not necessarily spell success; still less, provide a barrier against

townward migration, it is well, as the old saying goes, to "disabuse our minds of cant" and to take the "shibboleths" of politics, "land-monopoly," and such like, at their true value. What are the real profits of land-owning? How do they compare, that is to say, with other investments of capital nominally equal to the selling value of the large estates? What is the net income derived from a duke's "thousands of acres," after all charges, tithes, annuities, repairs, etc. have been deducted; not to mention a five per cent income tax, rates, and many special taxes on "luxuries"? For, if the State is to buy out the landlords, if it is even to tax them out of existence, it must look to its returns, to the rents to be paid by its tenants. Once more, I do not presume to give a definite answer, but the calculation, carefully entered into, might prove interesting, and there are golden geese that the Brothers Grimm knew not of. It raises, however, far too large a question to be gone into here; that, namely, of whether land should be rated at its selling, or at its net letting value. On the latter supposition, again, the real profits of country landlordism—and we are here concerned with no other—might fairly be calculated.

The problems here considered, then, to conclude, are not confined to England, nor are they to be solved by a mere division of land, or by nominal proprietorship. They affect, as has been said, all civilized countries, and resolve themselves, ultimately, or so it seems to me, into the three essentials of profit, transport, and the due relation between the production and consumption of the necessaries of life. It is, in a word, a question of facts and conditions, not landlordism or monopoly; the trouble is that it is always easier to put the blame on other shoulders, than to bear our own share of it; to hold the "wicked landlords"—or any one—responsible for our disinclination to face realities which run counter to our pet theories and political predilections.

FRANCIS W. GREY

THE KERNEL AND THE HUSK

IN the interesting article contributed by Professor MacBride to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE in October 1909, entitled "The Scientific Criterion of Truth and its Relation to Dogma," he writes: "If we are to preserve for the coming members of our race the benefits of Christianity, a re-statement of the essential kernel of the truth, and a casting off of the temporary husk is a pressing necessity."

By "temporary husk" Professor MacBride means in this context all the supernatural element found in the existing accounts of the life of Christ. "These accounts have come down to us," he says, "embellished with a series of supernatural marvels"; and later, "...religious truth has nothing to do with magic or miracle."

I submit that to speak of the canonical Gospels as "accounts embellished with a series of supernatural marvels" is very misleading. Embellishment means conscious addition by way of ornament, as when we speak of a book "embellished by engravings," or of a writer's style as "embellished by illustrations." There is not the slightest trace of any such process in the Gospels. Though the Evangelists evidently arranged the materials on which their compilations were based, to bring out, more clearly the picture of Christ's life which they desired to present, the miraculous is always an integral part of that picture, and no mere addition. It is not only not an embellishment of the portrait, it *is* the portrait, as far as Christ's actions are concerned. Thus Mark gives, excluding the Resurrection, eighteen specific miraculous doings, apart from the general allusions to miraculous actions of healing which are not given in detail, while he reports barely half that number of non-miraculous actions, some of which are of the highest importance as bearing on the character and personality of Christ, while others are much less so. Practically the

same proportion is found in Matthew and Luke, though they give much greater prominence to His teaching than Mark. But as far as His actions are concerned Professor MacBride's method would leave a very tiny kernel indeed.

I lay stress on this point because Professor MacBride complains that the "apologists of Christianity seem to think it necessary to claim for the legends about the doings of the Founder the same degree of importance as they do for His teaching." I should prefer the statement that they accept the personality of Christ as reported in the Gospels, including both actions and teaching, as an inseparable whole. Professor MacBride thinks that the teachings can be taken, and the supernatural actions left, as "the teachings can be verified by every man for himself in his own experience, but the historical character of the legends must be settled by the vigorous application of scientific historical criticism." Does the first part of this statement mean that, if a man found any portion of the teaching of Christ unverifiable in his own personal experience or in the life of others as he saw it, he would be justified in denying the historicity of that particular teaching? Such a method of decision might be vigorous, but is scarcely scientific. The more common mental process would seem to be the acceptance of the teachings of Christ as true because His whole unique personality is accepted, in short, because it is believed that in them there is heard the voice of God speaking. In that case failure in ability to verify them (if by verification is meant putting them into practice in our own lives), would not impair their truth, but only deepen the sense of the imperfections of our own nature. Our writer adds that he does not mean for a moment to imply that the doings of Christ are of no importance to His teaching, because, as he truly says, "unless the Founder acts as well as teaches his creed, he is really in no sense a teacher at all." Now that is precisely the position of the apologists. That is exactly why they are unable to perform the dichotomy he urges upon them. They claim that all His actions, whether super-

natural or otherwise, do exemplify His teaching, throw light on His character, and help us to form a conception of His personality at which we could not possibly arrive if they were eliminated.

Professor MacBride's inability to see the cogency of this position seems to be due to his use of the terms magic and miracle as if they were convertible. To most people the words convey a totally different significance. At any rate, I submit that there is very little trace of what is usually understood by magic in the supernatural acts attributed to Christ. If the distinction needs illustration, we have only to turn to the Apochryphal Gospels, in which Christ is represented as a mere magician, employing his supernatural powers to suit his not always creditable caprices. The miracles recorded in the Canonical Gospels taken as a whole, even if it be admitted that two or three at the most do not reach the same standard as the rest, produce no such effect. On the contrary, as one reads one after another of the supernatural actions attributed to Him, it is not the miraculous side of them which bulks largely upon the mind, but the extraordinary perfection of touch, the overwhelming compassion, the infinite pity and love which these actions display. Matthew Arnold once said that if he had the power to turn his pen into a penwiper, it would make no difference whatever to the effect that his writings would produce. That is true enough. If Christ's supernatural actions were of that kind, they would certainly be, as Professor MacBride seems to assume them to be, mere magic, and would detract from, rather than enhance, the beauty of His character and the force of His teaching. But is it possible to read the stories of the feeding of the multitude, or the restoration to life of the daughter of Jairus, with the accompanying incident of the healing of the afflicted woman, to take two instances out of the many which could be cited, without feeling that here we have the great Apostle of Love putting His Gospel into action—action which not only harmonises with, but exemplifies and lights up, His teaching? It is not for a love of the miraculous, as such, that a belief

in the truth of these actions is maintained, but because they are felt to fit in so perfectly with the rest of the picture of which they form so integral a part.

What I have tried to make clear is that, while Professor MacBride is quite entitled to ask us to reject all that is supernatural in the Gospels on the ground that it conflicts with the laws of science, he is not entitled to imply that those who accept it are accepting the "embellishment of a series of supernatural marvels," or are believers in magic. Even if the highly disputable contention that the Evangelists were "ignorant and credulous men" were true, at least they had sufficient ability as biographers to present us with a portrait of their Master, the supernatural element in which blends insensibly with, as well as explains and illustrates, the rest, and is certainly no disconnected series of magical works, without ethical content or significance, forced haphazard into the narrative.

The above is a dispassionate attempt to show why to at least one humble believer there can be no question of "kernel" and "husk" in the account of the life and works of Christ, as given in the Gospels. I repudiate entirely any claim to the "superior position of the pious person," which Professor MacBride ascribes, I think unfairly, to Dr. Sanday. For an able statement in defence of a belief in the miraculous, even when the scientific criterion of truth is applied, I would refer Professor MacBride to the Gifford Lectures of Dr. Gwatkin, "The Knowledge of God, 1906." By the deed of Foundation of the Lectures he is precluded from "reference to, or reliance upon, any supposed special exceptional or so-called miraculous revelation." Yet by reasoning from which any purely Christian apologetic is rigorously barred, he arrives at the conclusion that there is no *a priori* reason in our present state of knowledge why God should not have intervened in the world in this way. He is of course debarred from discussing the actual historicity of any particular supernatural act or acts, but he at least makes out a very strong case against rejecting them because they appear to conflict with what are called

the laws of nature. Any one who has read the book will readily recognize my indebtedness to him in what I have urged here.

With regard to the Gospel narration, if all *a priori* assumptions in either direction be rigorously laid aside, the matter narrows itself down into the question of the credibility of the witnesses. To some their narrative will bear the stamp of truth on every page. Others will arrive at a different conclusion. Each will continue to claim that they are "vigorously applying the canons of historical criticism." Which view will prevail time alone can show. But meantime there can be no question of limiting the title of Christian. It is legitimately claimed by all who recognize the authority of Christ.

In conclusion, is Professor MacBride quite sure that the question of the credibility of the supernatural is such an obsession to the rising generation as he thinks? I have been in the closest touch with intelligent sixth-form boys and young men for many years, and my experience is that their difficulties lie in quite different directions, such as the apparent impossibility of reconciling the Christian belief in a God of love with the appalling amount of unnecessary suffering seen among mankind, and in the world of nature, or with the existence of sin and evil. And in any case I would remind him that precisely the same demand was being urged on behalf of the then rising generation, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford upwards of twenty years ago, with no less force, and in language almost identical with that which he employs in pressing it upon our consideration to-day. I would ask him to believe that it is something more than mere obscurantism, something deeper than an obstinate clinging to tradition *qua* tradition, which makes some of us unable to accept his premisses or adopt his conclusions, and compels us to believe that the benefits of Christianity are more likely to be secured for the coming members of our race if our lines are followed, rather than those suggested by him.

E. J. BIDWELL

THE PERSON OF JESUS

THE great question for the Christian Church has always been the person of its Founder, the question:—What think ye of Christ? In so far as our religion is a matter of thought at all and not of mere feeling, that is the problem which has always demanded, and must always demand, attention. It began to be asked in Jesus' own life-time; and, after his death, down to this present moment, has never ceased to be the subject of intense reflection. It has been answered in all sorts of ways: within the New Testament itself it is not one but many different answers which a careful search will discover. At bottom, I suppose, every man had then, and has still, his own answer to give, which is not quite the same as any one else's. Let us look for a moment at some of those answers.

His enemies said that he was a deceived deceiver, an insane person, possessed, as they put it according to the quaint theory of the time, by a devil, and deriving from the unwholesome excitation of his unfortunate condition the abnormal powers which could not be denied, and must therefore be explained away. By an ingenious stroke of malice, they turned to account for their own hatred the most palpable evidences of his greatness, the evidences which were on the level even of their own comprehension, and so succeeded in extracting darkness out of plain light.

People with more open minds found in him as they had found in John the Baptist a renaissance of the prophetic spirit. They felt that the same strange uplift and inspiration, which still breathed upon them from certain passages in the old books, read weekly in the Synagogues, had somehow revived in him. It was not merely his mighty works which arrested

them. The impression of his no less mighty words was no less overwhelming to such unprejudiced persons. Here at last was a man who did not merely repeat what he had been taught, or drive home his point by a long list of authorities. Here was a vibrant voice, not an echo: a well of living waters, not a cistern: one who saw things with his own eyes, and made you see them for yourself, to whom God spoke directly, and not merely through the record of what he had long ago said to others. In spite of the entirely exaggerated respect they had been taught to give to mere learning, they could not entirely silence the instinctive human perception that this made a tremendous difference. They could not but feel that there was something quite unique and thrilling and commanding about this young Rabbi, taught in no known school—from whence hath he this wisdom?—and quoting no masters; who spoke with authority and not as the Scribes.

But even these were not quite easy in their minds about him. Apart from the somewhat discomposing unaccountableness and immediacy of his appearance, he was so alarmingly unconventional. He kept such very bad company, sometimes. He did not quite come up to their idea of what a really holy man should be. He was not severe and forbidding enough. He did not take any trouble about making his outward appearance sanctimoniously repulsive. They would have felt much more at home with a saint not quite so fresh to look at. They detected a certain suspicious light-heartedness and joyousness about him and the band of scholars whom he had formed by close intercourse with himself, which had a disquieting suggestion of an almost Greek frivolity. Why, he and his disciples actually did not fast! They were not very particular about the Sabbath: they ate good dinners whenever they had the chance, sometimes at the expense of very doubtful hosts: they drank wine, an indulgence not quite strictly compatible (as it had even then come to be suspected) with the highest grade of austere sanctity. In short, considering the very mournful state of

the world, the oppression of Israel, and the ascendancy of the wicked, it would be more in keeping if they showed a little more lugubriousness.

Then there were among the Jews a good many who had almost ceased to be Jews at all. They had become careless of the holy law, and incurred the unspeakable contempt of the pious and respectable. For one reason or another, chiefly because it was very difficult for any ordinary person to reconcile the problem of being a pattern-Jew with the necessity of making a living, they had given up the attempt, and lived like mere heathens, not troubling themselves much about the very exacting demands of the orthodox system. These were naturally very much excited by this unheard-of type of teacher, who rather sought them than despised, or shunned, them, and was not afraid at all, apparently, of incurring pollution by contact with them. And some of them at least found a wonderful sense of disburdenment and restoration in his speech and presence. It would have been hard for them to put into words what they thought of him. But they liked to be near him. They stole in shyly to the places where he was to be found: their hearts glowed and their hopes rose when he spoke. They had a feeling, then, that after all they were not so utterly cut off from all that was good and pure. Finally, some of these and others attached themselves closely to him, followed him about, and could see him every day, and almost every hour of the day and night, in that unrestricted intimacy, made possible by the simple life of Palestine in those days, of which it is hard for us to form any adequate conception. They could not do so long without coming to feel sure, if they were not so from the very beginning, that it was quite impossible to express, much less to overstate, the greatness and goodness of their Master. They were prepared to expect anything of him. There was nothing at all to which they did not come to believe him equal. God himself, as they believed, had promised in the sacred books that he would one day send a deliverer and king to restore Israel. The conviction

gradually dawned upon the inner circle of his disciples that Jesus could be nothing else than this supreme gift of Jehovah, their promised Messiah.

Even his cruel and shameful death could not permanently shake their belief in him. He could not be dead to them: they saw him re-arisen and glorified. What seemed at first the complete eclipse of all their hopes, the death-blow of their high-strung views of their Master's dignity, proved only the starting point of a still more soaring and transcendent claim for him. They had hoped that he would come forward as the deliverer of Israel while he lived: not many years after his death they rose to a vastly extended thought of his manifested glory. He was now the destined Saviour of the whole world: not only the first-born of Israel, but the first of men, the centre of universal humanity; and indeed no longer a man among men at all but lifted up quite out of their ranks and rather, as it were, the manward side of God; an essentially divine Being, whose appearance in this world was only an episode interrupting a supramundane existence eternal, backwards as well as forwards, so completely and indistinguishably fused with God himself that to his followers the thought of the one was quite inseparable from the thought of the other. They could only see God through him in the light of the glory of his face. He was all the God that they could need, or know. And the remarkable thing is that the one man who led the way in this tremendous widening of the horizon, the man to whom the human person of Jesus first expanded to infinity, was not one of his own companions at all, but an outsider, and a persecutor of his followers.

It was Paul, who, taking his start just from the Cross, at first his rock of offence, came to see in it the centre of the whole universe, the earthly side of the crown of all embracing lordship, the shadow cast by that sun-like diadem for mortal eyes, and inseparable from it. To Peter, as we can see from his speech at Pentecost, Jesus, even after his resurrection, was still Jesus of Nazareth, "a man approved by mighty works and wonders and signs, which God wrought

through him in the midst of you." And yet though there were several things about Paul which Peter was slow to find congenial, it does not appear that he ever made any protest against the unlimited claims of Paul for the person of their common Master. That line once entered upon, and as it was quite natural on the one hand that a theologian like Paul who started from the data of the Jewish Apocalyptic speculation should take it, so on the other hand, as it appears to me at least, it was quite necessary to the full unfolding of all the ideal content given in the life and person of Jesus that it should be taken—at any rate once taken, it was followed up, and carried still further in such books as the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, until at last it found its final and most comprehensive expression in the Logos Doctrine of the Johannine writings.

Paul, by his doctrine of kenosis, the doctrine that the divinity of Jesus was as it were only latent and suspended in his earthly manifestation, had still left some room for what, however, he did not attach the very highest importance to, the actual historical life of Jesus on earth. In John, however, even the man Jesus as he went about in Palestine is looked at almost exclusively in the light of the very highest formula which can be found to gather up the whole range of his spiritual and permanent significance. Everything local and limited has disappeared. There is not the faintest vestige of growth or change. All is fixed in a god-like immobility from the beginning, nay from all eternity. There is scarcely a trace of the accidents and obscurations, the passing clouds, the gropings, and hesitations, and temptations, the ebb and flow of force and light, the alternating heights and hollows, all the conditions under which, and by means of which, any life, such as is to remain really human and intelligible to us, must necessarily express itself. It is not a picture of a man amid resisting circumstances, in an environment where he acts and is reacted on, gives and takes, feeling his way from point to point towards a goal only dimly descried by him in the far distance, and moving about in worlds not

realized: it is a programme of mere perfection, a concentration of the pure essential ideals embodied in the limits of a human person, the last and deepest meanings and tendencies of the Master's effort produced by way of anticipation to the point where they stand out quite clear, stripped of all obscuring accidents, in the light thrown back upon them by subsequent experience and meditation. The Gospel of John is certainly one of the most profoundly inspired and sublimest books even in the New Testament, but it is fairly manifest that we have in it mainly not the process, but the results,—Jesus not as his disciples actually saw and heard him, but as he had come to be, after a very considerable period in which much has been learned and much forgotten, to the matured experience and reflection of his church.

With this Pauline and Johannine Christology once established as the authoritative basis, the later course of speculation on the subject need not surprise us very much. That Christology had itself, in the case of both Paul and John, been in great part the product of theological reflection working with inherited categories or frames of thought, Jewish and Greek. The Apocalyptic writers had elaborated a fully developed scheme of transcendent predicates for their Messiah, including such attributes as pre-existence. The Messiah to many of them had almost entirely lost his old decidedly human and vigorously national character, and had become an ideal universal being, the perfected type of the Jewish saint. Paul did little more, although that was a very great deal, than transfer these attributes *en bloc* to the crucified and risen Jesus. John has Paul behind him, and Philo as well, whose Logos does not formally differ very much from John's, except, as before, that it is completely transformed by the life and character of Jesus, which it is used to express. When later the Greek Church began its weary, wire-drawn debates on the person of Christ, the many rich elements of living experience which, in spite of all abstract reflection and all traditional rubrics, had been reflected in the systematizings both of Paul and John, had almost entirely evaporated.

The process has now resolved itself very much into a wrangle of metaphysicians. The council of Chalcedon settled the question finally in the formula which prevailed through all the following centuries, passed quite unchallenged through the Reformation, and still holds the field as the orthodox statement, though I suppose very few indeed ever dream of disturbing the ancient dust that buries it. It is the doctrine of the two distinct natures in the one person—the two distinct natures “conjoined without confusion and without change, but also without rending and without separation.” The one nature is not affected by the other, there is no intermingling of the two streams: each remains complete in itself, unchanged by the other; and yet the two form an organic and indivisible unity. That is to say: after each is elaborately isolated into a state of abstract incommunicable separation from the other, the two are again by mere authoritative fiat declared to be organically one. It has always been easier to state this doctrine than to understand it. It had the merit of insisting equally, however unintelligibly, on the two aspects of the person of Jesus, which it chooses to call natures, the divine and the human, and the unfortunate but inevitable consequence of making Christendom practically ignore the human side altogether. The man Jesus was, if one may say so without irreverence, elevated into a dignified superannuation, banished into the infinite remoteness of an abstract Godhead which could not possibly come into any contact with human beings at all. Instead of being the Mediator between God and Man, the Christ required Mediators between man and himself, the Virgin Mother and the Saints, and finally the priests, the Bishops, and the Pope, as well as the whole elaborate machinery of sacramental magic. The Captain of our Salvation, who had learned sympathy through suffering, the first-born among many brethren who by his own obedience had become the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him, was nothing more than a mere categorical imperative, chiefly on its

punitive side ; the stern omnipotent Judge before whom we must all one day appear to render our account.

Luther and the others made war to the knife on all this, and disposed finally of a good deal of it in the most explicit possible terms. Implicitly, their fundamental principle, justification by faith, went to the very root of the whole evil. That meant, as they very well knew, though practical considerations sometimes compelled them in part to dissemble their knowledge, the freedom of the Christian individual, his right and duty to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good, that is, to foster what is living and cut away dead wood. It meant the direct relation of each soul to God, the rule of the Spirit, and his unceasing accessibility; the indispensableness of living experience, which is the final test of religious as of all other truth. It meant the absolute irrelevancy, and worse, of mere pious parrotry. Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Therefore, it meant the absurdity, comical, if it were not also so sombre and lurid, of condemning people after the fashion of the so-called Athanasian creed in this world and in the next, if either they showed the least delicacy about accepting what no one could at all understand, an elaborate piece of theological mathematics much harder than the Integral Calculus, or even about refusing to join in the damnation of others who could not see their way clear to attempting such a feat.

But the Reformers had not the full courage of their own convictions. Though they made so much of Paul they never rose to the height of that word of his ; "What is Paul and what is Apollos but ministers through whom ye have believed?" We cannot blame them. So many in our own world, which should surely by this time be old enough to know better, are not yet by far within wind of that word. They did a good day's work—the best since St. Paul. No one has ever been able in this world, and that is a fortunate thing for the world which has so vast and various a load to carry, to work out evenly to the full in all its consequences such an inexhaustible principle as justification by faith. No one man and no score

of men, no one century and no dozen of centuries would suffice for such a task. The Reformers got back to Paul or to some part of him. In some respects they even passed beyond him, namely, in their hearty recognition of the common human life, the family, the State, and the daily business by which we make our bread. But in some other respects they did not even touch the fringe of his garment. They were conservative, like all deeply religious natures, pious towards the past, for all their innovations. Their horizon was very limited in some ways. They were all of them, for instance, quite convinced of the impiety of Galileo's views: they thought a belief in the Ptolemaic astronomy indispensable to salvation. They knew a good deal of rough Latin, but very little Greek or Hebrew. No wonder; they could not possibly sow the seed and reap the harvest. They laid the foundation which made possible that superstructure of our knowledge, which could not possibly be theirs, and but for them would never have been ours. "That they without us should not be made perfect." Or rather, a certain life and spirit came to birth in them which has grown to supersede much of what in them it produced. We may be dwarfs, but we stand on the broad backs of the giants, and can see further than they could. Besides, they were timid. They shrank back from the tremendously revolutionary consequences of their own liberation of the individual. Slaves who have still the blue mark of their chains on their wrists and ankles will always make a wild use of their new liberty. The Peasants' War and John of Leyden were too much for Luther. He thought the world must be coming to an end, that he had before his eyes the last diabolic flaring up of the nether fires. He half-recoiled after boldly stepping forward, and left an external authority standing in place of the bondage he had overthrown, the letter of the Bible. The fiery serpents of the wilderness made him face backwards towards the land of Egypt. But this was a very different thing all the same—a living book which he at least read in an intensely living, if somewhat one-sided, way—a book which contained the winnowed literature of a whole great and unique people,

that is to say the substance of the deepest experience of more than a thousand years from the various stand-points of all manner of the most original personalities and the most stirring periods. That was a large place indeed by the side of the monastic cloister : it was the very air of freedom itself compared with the oppressive, incense-laden atmosphere of an authoritative institution with its cast-iron creeds and dogmas, which had become, as it were, a tomb-like prison haunted by doleful and ghostly creatures, thin bloodless formulæ, the bastard brood, as Mommsen calls them, of two incompatibles, authority and science. But still in their religion of a book the Reformers did leave us an inheritance of bibliolatry. And their successors, the weak Epigoni, whom Nature, exhausted for a time, as it might appear, in the production of the fathers, seems infallibly to breed in the sons of giants, had soon erected a new structure of dogmatism just, as airless and windowless as the mediæval one, made up in the strangest way, partly out of the moss-grown stones of the old Bastille and partly out of the more recent iron taken from the very battering rams which had strewn the ground with them.

The Reformers then did in a measure get back to Paul, but they did not get back behind him to the historical Jesus. They did not even try to. It never dawned upon them that such an enterprise was either possible or desirable. It was reserved for the Nineteenth Century to carry Protestantism to its final conclusion in attempting this arduous task. To get back to Jesus—that, one may say, has been the secret motive-spring of the whole modern criticism of the New Testament. No doubt the movement is partly an intellectual one. It is in some degree due to the irresistible pressure of the impulse to bring our knowledge in this supremely important field to the same level of clearness and cogency attained by all the rest of our historical science which we count worthy of the name, and that by the strict application of the very same tests and standards as everybody recognizes to be indispensable elsewhere. It is intolerable to us that

any body of assertions whatever, claiming to be owned as solid, should sue for acceptance in *forma pauperis*. It must make good its claims not on the score of piety—like a certain student of divinity I once fell in with, one who evidently regarded it as a kind of sacrilege for his soulless intellectual of a professor to plough him in Latin—but like all other things and candidates simply on the score of luminousness. The higher the interests it involves, the more searching the tests it must submit to. The worst lie, as Plato says, is the lie in the soul. “If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.” We must seek truth in the inward parts, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

But quite as strong a force as the desire for clearness, nay perhaps still stronger in this determined effort to get behind Paul even, and the veil of Moses in Paul, I mean his Jewish theology, to the very face and heart of Paul’s master himself, is the passionate religious longing of the modern man, as of the ancient Greek, whom in so many respects he so much resembles, to see Jesus. “Sirs, we would see Jesus.” That is what the critics would say to the publicly accredited disciples of to-day, still, as of old, somewhat Judaistically inclined. And they would say it, at least many or most of them would, just as simply, as eagerly as those old Greeks, in spite of that greater complexity of mind, which they cannot by any means help, and which, notwithstanding the widespread prejudice to the contrary, is not at all incompatible with a quite candid and childlike spirit. Ever since the days of the Pharisees there has been frequent occasion to observe that a hard heart may very well go along with a soft head.

I think, too, that everybody who has gone into this matter at all closely must admit that the labour of these historical critics has thrown a flood of light on the New Testament as it has on the Old: that in fact it has made the Bible, in some ways at least, a much more living book than it could possibly have been to our fathers. Mr. Samuel Blake of course does not admit this. But he has been a very keen and busy lawyer

a profession which has neither afforded him the time nor perhaps fostered in him the quality of mind, which would enable him to know or perceive, in this very different region. Neither does Sir William Ramsay. He too hates the higher critics with a perfect hatred. But Sir William Ramsay, though for a good piece of special service honoured by the University of Edinburgh with the Doctorate of Divinity, is essentially an archæologist, and one of the type who think that nobody but an archæologist can possibly have the right point of view in almost any subject. He suffers from what Bacon calls the "idola specus," and still more perhaps from what a doctor of medicine might class as a slight tendency to œdema of the occiput, a sort of perceptible fulness in the cranium.

In order to characterize the theological equipment of this Doctor of Divinity it will perhaps be enough to say that he thinks the words of Jesus were practically taken down in writing as he spoke them, presumably by a short-hand reporter, and that he has himself conferred an important service on Christianity by proving that Christ was born at Bethlehem. I fear the good people who extract consolation from him are like the babies who are pacified with what are called comforts ; they are getting more wind than milk. As to his well-known fellow-worker in this very grateful business of mixed farming, as one may call it, where learning goes on so beautifully side by side with a touching religious conservatism—Dr. James Orr—it is quite enough to say that the latter won the prize of six thousand dollars, offered by a pious American lady for the best refutation of the Old Testament higher critics, and richly deserved it.

But when we come to the men who really know and are to be taken seriously, what we find is that, however conservative or even timid they may seem to be, they invariably, every one of them, do most cheerfully and generously admit how much they have learned from the critics whom they oppose. Look at that light of Oxford and the Church of England, Dr. Sanday. He is orthodox enough to satisfy

the most exacting, besides being one of those good men who create a prejudice by their mere character in favour of any views whatever which they may happen to hold. One feels uncomfortable about differing from him in anything. If he were to maintain that the earth was flat, he would do it in such a reasonable and winning way, and with so much weight of modest learning, the conviction could scarcely be repressed that there must be at least an important side of truth in his contention, such as a really complete and final view must necessarily include. And Dr. Sanday is most cordial in his recognition of the critics' services, although he is mildly repelled by the vigour and rigour of some of them. Then again, there is Dr. Forsyth, the intellectual primate of the English Congregationalists. He would most emphatically call a halt in this new Protestantism of which I have spoken, in this mighty and, as it seems to me, irresistible wave of impulse that presses on behind Paul and John even, towards the simplicity of Jesus himself. And yet Dr. Forsyth, although in my opinion by far the most moving and eloquent defender of the Old Protestantism now alive, a man whose fundamental religious instincts are always right, however one may think him mistaken in the doctrinal form which he thinks indispensable to their complete expression, not only acknowledges the flood of new light which is pouring in upon us, but insists on what surely comprehends all that can be said by any critic, that the problem for us to-day is to hold to the great experimental facts of Christianity in the face of the entire disintegration of all mere book-religion.

Many more could be added to these names. I could drench you with a cloud of witnesses, especially if I were to take in the *Vermittelungs-Theologen* of Germany whose name is legion. In that country even among the most pectoral Divines the epithet "kritiklos," "uncritical," is the most opprobrious which can be hurled in theological controversy against the veriest worm. But let weight suffice. The great scholar Lightfoot is dead : Dr. Sanday and Dr. Forsyth are the names to conjure with among the English-

speaking biblical scholars on the opposite side to that which for my part I am compelled to take—compelled with some reluctance—Gott helfe mir ich kann nicht anders!—but with a very firm and increasing faith that the cause of Christianity and simplicity can only gain from its general triumph.

Our main object is to reach Jesus himself, as I have said. This however is not easy. Jesus never wrote a word, except that unrecorded one in the dust. We have no first hand reports of him by eye-witnesses. At least if our Gospels contain such, and I think they do, they are embedded in a mass of quite another character. Our material is scanty and for our present purpose, to make sure about Jesus himself, often quite dubious—not to be accepted without careful sifting. This is manifest even to the most cursory examination. Try to do what was once a favourite occupation—ever since the time of Tatian's Diatesseron; try to construct a Harmony, as it is called, of the four Gospels. Few will ever attempt that task any more. We are all born now-a-days, or if not exactly born so we cannot help drawing in the habit, as it were, with the air we breathe—we are, one may say, born with such a general set and tendency of mind, that at the very outset we should be pulled up sharp, and forced to feel that in such an attempt we were engaged in an impossible business: the harmonizing of things which will no more harmonize than an acid and an alkali.

In the opening chapters of Matthew we have at the very threshold one account of the birth and infancy of Jesus. Mark and John have not one word to say on the subject. Luke takes it up, but gives us an account of his own differing almost in every single detail from Matthew's, and hopelessly irreconcilable with his. These two evangelists, though agreeing that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the son of Mary but not the son of Joseph, and the descendant of David though he could only have been so through Joseph in a way that would count, flatly contradict each other and other things in themselves in every other detail. According to Matthew the family of Jesus was settled in Bethlehem: they after-

wards moved to Nazareth in order to escape plots against his life : plots against a baby born in the house of a poor carpenter in an insignificant little hamlet, of whom it is scarcely possible to stretch one's imagination wide enough to suppose that either Herod or his son could have had the very slightest chance outside of a fairy-tale of ever hearing one single syllable. Herod's own family kept him so busy in the way of cutting heads off that he had no time for hunting out peasants' babies. And if he had really committed a wholesale massacre of children, do you suppose for one moment that Matthew would have been the only person to say one word about it ?

According to Luke, on the contrary, Joseph and Mary had their house in Nazareth from the beginning. It required nothing less than a turn in the vast machine of the Roman Empire with which Jesus' birth is thus very artistically brought into a most significant connexion, to bring this humble family to Bethlehem. The census of Augustus, —one great heathen prototype of Jesus, the magnificent outward ruler making in the beautiful picture the foil for the spiritual Baby King in the manger,—the well-known census made it necessary that Joseph should present himself at the seat of his ancestors in order to have his property rated. Unfortunately, however, it is in the highest degree improbable that he had any property there, much more so than that an English carpenter whose family had emigrated to Canada should have property left behind him in an English county or should have to go back there to get it assessed. The Romans had some faults as governors, but they were not altogether deficient in practical sense, and even if Joseph had been dragged there himself by some preposterous and most un-Roman piece of red tape, would he have taken Mary with him, especially in the state of her health? But there is really no need for these considerations. We know as a matter of historical fact that Luke who is very easy-going about such trifles has antedated the census by several years. It did not take place, and could not possibly have taken place at that time at all.

That is only a very striking and clear sample. Many more could be given. Our harmony would not go very far, I think. It would soon become abundantly manifest to any one who cannot get himself to believe that the same thing may be both black and white in the same spot at the same moment, that a very different kind of procedure is necessary with these little books if we are to extract from them any tolerable data for our present purpose of seeing Jesus as he actually was. Of course, people can say with Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Blake that the Bible seems full of contradictions, but that a really religious spirit will believe them all. There are, it is true, some such religious people still, but the time is not far distant when they will be called by a less complimentary title, or else religion itself will cease to command the general respect which it has for the most part enjoyed among white men.

There are indeed many contradictions, and the simple way is to acknowledge the fact and try to account for it, which is precisely what the higher critics do, without in the least making the stupid mistake of concluding that the book is therefore a worthless book. In this particular case the thing for any sensible man to do is perfectly on the surface. He will just renounce the attempt to get any detailed story of the birth of Jesus. He will take Matthew and Luke here for what they are, as any one with an eye for such things should be able to see at a glance, namely, poets and painters. He will give himself up to the lovely poetry, especially of Luke, and set these songs and tableaux side by side with the organ chant of Milton in that splendid hymn to the Nativity, and the beautiful pictures of Raphael, and so many others. He will then find in them deep and inexhaustible meanings, such as no accurate inventory of mere facts could give. He will find what is there, not what is not, poetry namely, which Aristotle rightly said was truer than mere history, and be very thankful both for the manger and for the Magi. He will enjoy the delicate perfume of the first garlands gathered by the early church

for the "dear babe divine." But for our present purpose which is just to get bald and reliable history he will leave them entirely on one side with perhaps a wistful momentary lingering over Luke's wonderful and almost quite unexceptionable picture of the twelve year-old boy Jesus in the Temple, questioning the Doctors of the Law, he will press on to his actual business and begin where Mark and John begin, with the Baptist and the Baptism. There he will feel that his foot as an historian is on his native heath, in a world where things go on as they do in the world we know, not in the enchanted realm of faery.

That is what we all do in the case of Buddha. Even Sir William Ramsay, for all his archæological bluntness of literary sense, would see that the wonderful and beautiful legends woven around the Bouddha's birth are just poetry. We cannot make fish of the one and flesh of the other. They are too strikingly alike: so much so that it has been suspected with some reason that the Christian story was not uninfluenced by the Indian one. No very great man ever lived in ancient times whose cradle lacked its aureole of legend. The kings were all born with a golden spoon in their mouths, and a pretty fairy for a god-mother. Moses, Samson, Gideon, and even in strictly historical times Plato, and Alexander, and no end of others had marvellous infancies and miraculous conceptions. Now-a-days our extended knowledge especially of religion has brought us to see in this sort of thing not a record of fact but a phenomenon of historical and racial psychology. The time is not far distant when our children will take the measure of such things at about the same age when they now discover the truth about Santa Claus.

We have not very far to go then before we can see what sort of books our Gospels are. If we allow ourselves to think and feel at all about them, and are not utterly destitute of that literary sense without which a man might as well enter upon this sort of study as a deaf person might hope to learn the violin, we shall see quite plainly that they are

not histories or biographies in our sense. The writers have little or no critical equipment. They do not sit down, like the great Greek historian Thucydides, with a clear and firm purpose to sift their materials. They are all, it is true, perfectly truthful men. There is not one of them that would not shrink with horror at the thought of pious deceit. They are, however, a great deal more than merely honest, and that is the trouble. They are profoundly religious, fervid disciples of Jesus. And what is more, there is not one of them who is not saturated with that lofty view of his person, which, as we saw, there is every reason to believe St. Paul was the first to rise to.

The great majority of scholars after about a hundred years of hard work have at last settled down for extremely cogent reasons to the following conclusions about them. Mark is the oldest, the nearest to the events which he describes. Besides that, his narrative, very much in the form in which we now have it, has been woven into the texture both of Matthew and of Luke. These two latter Evangelists, however, besides the material which they have both taken from Mark—although they have each worked it in, in his own separate way—offer us additional material of the very highest value of all perhaps, material not derived from Mark, and not represented in Mark with any thing like the same fulness, namely the words of Jesus himself. Both of them get these words or *logia*, as they are called, from a common source written originally in Aramaic, but before them in the same Greek translation; although I should add that the edition of this source used by Luke seems to have been an enlarged and somewhat modified one, containing some of the most precious things of all, like the parable of the Prodigal Son.

This collection of the words of Jesus, along with indispensable short notices explaining the situation in which they were spoken, was almost certainly the first element in the Gospels to be reduced to writing. Those who heard him naturally kept repeating his sayings: they were trained

in a school which produced an almost miraculously tenacious and faithful power of memory; and in any case the words were difficult to forget. The earliest preachers of the religion of Jesus used them in instructing their converts. And that very likely was the purpose for which they were first written down, perhaps not more than twenty years after Jesus' death, and almost certainly before the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70, forty years after that. But we may feel pretty sure that they had passed from mouth to mouth for a good while before they were fixed in writing. The earliest Christians believed that the end of the world might come any time within the next fortnight, and it required a certain cooling down in them to take the trouble to write anything except letters like St. Paul's, which he would never have written if he could have got at his correspondents by word of mouth.

Now in this process of passing for a considerable time from one man's lips to another's, these logia could not fail to have undergone some changes especially as regards the order in which they were presented, but also in other ways. There would be a quite irresistible tendency, which we can plainly see in actual operation, to bring them up to date, to make them fit more precisely the present circumstances of the Church. The occasion to which they referred would often be forgotten; and a more or less suitable context would have to be supplied. Words dealing with the same general subject would be brought together as in the Sermon on the Mount. Sometimes, the thread of connexion would be merely a word, of which case we have a remarkable example in Mark's Gospel (Chap. IX. 38-50). As to the varying order, everyone could arrange them as it happened to suit him. Matthew has an entirely different arrangement from Luke, who seems likely in this respect to be nearer the actual fact. So much for the logia-source. The narrative would probably be later to crystallize in a firm shape, and was obviously much more liable to alterations, and legendary accretions; ivy and convolvulus, as it were, wreath-

ing the trunk of fact. So that, although Mark is one of the sources upon which the other two are dependent, and in many instances preserves an older and soberer, less ornamented type of tradition than they represent or have imported on their own account, yet the other and later ones contain some matter which may claim to be as much first-hand as the very best of Mark's, and vastly more so than a quite considerable part of his narrative.

But you will say if the case stands as has been described, and above all if it is true that every one of these Evangelists is steeped in Paul, how can we reasonably hope to get behind Paul to Jesus himself. Well, that is indeed the crux of the whole problem. We cannot do it without very energetic tunnelling through an uncommonly tough piece of rock. But I believe the task is after all not hopeless. Fortunately for us, Mark, the oldest Evangelist, is a very simple and honest man. His almost total lack of critical faculty cuts two ways. It helps us no less than hinders. He sets down many things quite ingenuously just as he got them, apparently without being at all aware that they are not very compatible with his own general view of the person and aims of Jesus. And besides, and this is after all the main thing, many, indeed most, of the recorded words of Jesus are so clear-cut, pithy, picturesque, stamped with such an unmistakably individual power and depth, or grace and sweetness, and therefore so nobly rhythmical and suffused with high emotion, that certainly any one who has ears to hear will never fail to catch in them the voice, at the very least, of one most singularly inspired and quite unique personality, uttering itself in a perfectly definite and incomparable historical situation, such as the resources of this earth do not produce more than once or twice in a thousand years. It is not impossible, I think, to reach solid ground at last—the very face and the very words of the Master, “A sober certainty of waking bliss.”

And I believe that thousands of simple souls all through the ages have done so just through the criticism of the child-

like heart, which the toilsome and self-renouncing labours of the much maligned higher critics will one day, when the dust of conflict has cleared, find their highest glory and completest justification in establishing on a firm basis of thoroughly tested historical probabilities and facts. For true feeling is critical, as well as honest thought. It separates, distinguishes, quietly but surely takes what is akin to it—alive and real—and eliminates all that is inorganic, obsolete, not to be digested or assimilated. It has a strange tact and intuitive vigour of selection and anticipation. Science comes lumbering up in its rear, like the male mind, which after three years' laborious reflection, overtakes at length the conclusions reached in five minutes by a woman's or an artist's intuition. Herder, who happened to have the unfair advantage of being a poet, reached about a hundred years ago by pure "flaire," as the French call it, pretty much the same conclusions as the laborious little tack-hammers of the New Testament scholars have now riveted into a palpable fabric, such as imposes itself for the most part on the acceptance of all the people who are at all worth considering.

After what I have tried to make plain to you, as to the character of our material, it will not surprise you to hear that there are many questions about the life and aims of Jesus which are far from being settled, and which perhaps will never be settled. And among these one of the most hotly debated is the question which most concerns the subject of this essay—How did Jesus himself conceive his own mission and person? But I should be very much surprised if the answer that is destined finally to prevail most widely will differ much from what has substantially come home all along to those readers of the Gospels who have read them with their own eyes and not through dogmatic spectacles with all the colours of the rainbow, but simply with a view to the best they could get out of them for their own highest life.

Jesus certainly felt that it was his mission, as it still is and has always been, to clear his hearers' mind of cant, to lead them to the open daylight of reality out of the land of

Egyptian darkness and quagmires where the doctors of divinity of those days found their congenial swamps. He certainly felt it was his mission to prepare them for a tremendous crisis which he was quite sure was very near, and which as a matter of fact is always both near and here, the daily judgement of God, with its doom and choice of life or death eternal. It was his mission, he felt, to show them that the man who stands in that judgement, and does not shrivel up before its awful light and flame must have just one thing in him and only one,—and that one thing is love, heroic love, a heart that beats, and a hand that strikes for the poor and the heavy laden, the heart and hand of God's soldier and son, whom the vast task that love sees before it in this suffering world allows not to slacken his fibre through greed of wealth or pampering of his lower desires. His strength must be the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. It was his mission to proclaim and prove that this heroic love and the purity it brings were within the reach of those from whose polluting touch the orthodox and respectable gather up the phylacteries on the fringes of their robes—nearer to those than to their despisers ; to exhibit bodily an infinite, uplifting power which, in his own day, and in ours, and throughout all the ages that have lain between, has been a fountain of eternal youth and cleansing for sunken men and decaying nations. It was also his mission, as he strongly felt, to show that the unparalleled concentration and austerity he demanded was not merely consistent with, but necessarily accompanied by, the largest freedom and joy, the most perfect openness to all the beauty and the oddity, the laughter as well as the tears of this entrancing spectacle of a world.

The solemn saint of the lugubrious ash-heap, the old ideal of inveterate superstition, should have died long ago, before the sunshine of the Son of Man, who came eating and drinking, and looked at all the world with free and friendly eyes, whose God and Father made flowers and quaint, capricious children, playing in the market-place, and scolding

importunate widows, and sly rogues of lazy, clever, unjust stewards, the God who was at the very opposite pole from that celestial Rabbi of the Pharisees, with horn spectacles and a large white tie studying the Law of Moses in the abundant leisure of the ages, since he had exhausted himself in producing it.

It was not his mission to make men speculate much about himself. He kept himself in the background; was in no hurry to precipitate any decisions whatever, and certainly not any metaphysical ones about his claims. He was content that men should see his Father's claims and their own good, and very trenchantly repudiated the value of all "Lord, Lord's" addressed to him. He knew that those whose heart leapt up at his words, the weary and burdened, to whom he brought rest and lightening of their load, would know him for what he knew himself to be, the Son of God and their own elder brother, the Captain of their Salvation. Did he conceive himself to be the Messiah? There is a strong tendency to doubt it now-a-days, and even to deny it. One of the very noblest of the German critics, a man of deep piety who knows far better than most of them, or almost of any of us, what Jesus really was, Kölbing, is one who very largely from religious motives denies it. I think personally there can be no doubt he did. I wish I had space to give my reasons. But if he did he knew that the way to the Messianic dignity was through suffering and death. This Messiah, this son of Man and servant, came, not to be ministered unto but to serve, to establish his royalty in the same way that his meanest follower may win his crown, not by thunderbolts, or miracles, or the swords of Angel hosts, but through helpfulness, steadfastness, lowliness, and love. He came at last to know that it was an indispensable part of his mission to die. And however many doubts and difficulties there may be, however many questions about him we must be content to leave forever perhaps, with a painful note of interrogation, we may safely feel that he was the Messiah, the only Messiah his people ever had or ever will have offered them for the bring-

ing of those things which belong unto their peace. Yes, and more than the Messiah. Criticism has brought doubts of course. Doubts are inseparable from life. Our very doubts will only drive us closer, like doubting Thomas, to the wounded side of him who died that we might live. He is the King of Love, and ever will remain that ; and therefore he has made the world his own.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mystic frame,
Are but the ministers of Love
And feed his sacred flame.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

BEAUTY

Whence comes the thought of beauty in life's stress?
From Aphrodite gleaming through the foam,
Or Eve awaking in her garden home,
The first fair bud of earthly loveliness?

Or from the ruddy Dawn when all affright
She flies before her fiery lover Day,
Or Evening as the shadows turning grey,
She blushing steals into the arms of Night?

All these are but the models that suggest
Eternal beauty to the poet's soul,
Which images a fairer world unseen ;
The haunt of beauty is his lonely breast,
Where dreams divine are freed from earth's control
And span with gossamer the gulf between.

E. B. GREENSHIELDS

