

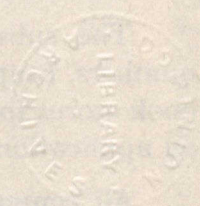


THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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

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

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: SIR W. PETERSON, M.A., LL.D., K.C.M.G., Principal; W. J. ALEXANDER, Ph.D., Professor of English; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English; J. MAVOR, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

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

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

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

The Editorial and business management is gratuitous.

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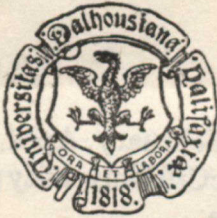
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LESSONS PROPER

FOR 1914-15

I

1 We will send men before us, and they shall search us out the land, and bring us word again by what way we must go up, and into what cities we shall come.

2 And I sent messengers unto Sihon with words of peace, saying, Let me pass through thy land: I will go along by the high way, I will neither turn unto the right hand nor to the left.

3 Thou shall sell me meat for money that I may eat; and give me water for money, that I may drink: only I will pass through on my feet.

4 But Sihon would not let us pass by him.

5 Then Sihon came out against us, he and all his people.

6 And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones of every city, we left none to remain.

7 Only the cattle we took for a prey unto ourselves, and the spoil of the cities which we took.

II

1 When thou comest nigh over against the children of Ammon, distress them not, nor meddle with them: for I will not give thee of the land of the children of Ammon any possession.

2 Distress not, neither contend with them in battle: for I will not give thee of their land for a possession.

3 Go not up, neither fight; for I am not among you; lest ye be smitten before your enemies.

4 So I spake unto you; and ye would not hear, but went presumptuously up into the hill.

5 And the Amorites came out against you, and chased you as bees do. And ye returned and wept before the Lord.

III

1 A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rahel, weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.

2 Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

3 For I heard a voice as of a woman in travail, that bewaileth herself, that spreadeth her hands, saying, Woe is me now! for my soul is weary because of murderers.

4 She weepeth sore in the night and her tears are on her cheeks.

5 All her gates are desolate, her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness. The adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things. All her people sigh, they seek bread: see, O Lord, and consider.

6 For death has come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets.

7 I was like a lamb or an ox that is brought to the slaughter; and I knew not that they had devised devices against me, saying, Let us cut him off from the land of the living that his name may be no more remembered.

8 How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princes among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

9 In Heshbon they have devised evil against it; come, and let us cut it off from being a nation. Also thou shalt be cut down, O Madmen, the sword shall pursue thee.

IV

1 The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

2 Thus the land was desolate after them, that no man passed through nor returned; for they laid the land desolate.

3 And this have ye done, sin, covering the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, and with crying out.

4 The men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee, and prevailed against thee; they that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee.

5 Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!

6 But, O Lord of hosts that judgest righteously, that triest the reins and the heart, let me see thy vengeance on them: for unto thee have I revealed my cause.

7 Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

8 How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood, for the devil has come down unto us, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he has but a short time.

9 Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

V

1 Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? Why do ye deal treacherously every man against his brother?

2 For thy violence against thy brother shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off forever.

3 Therefore shall the land mourn and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish. Therefore shalt thou fall in the Day.

4 For they commit falsehood, and the thief cometh in, and the troop of robbers spoileth without.

5 Now their own doings have beset them about; they are before my face. They make the king glad with their wickedness and the princes with their lies.

6 They have spoken words, swearing falsely and making a covenant: thus judgement springeth up as hemlock in the furrows of the field.

7 We have heard of the pride of Moab, his loftiness, and his arrogance, and his pride and the haughtiness of his heart.

8 I know his wrath, saith the Lord; but it shall not be so; his lies shall not so effect it. There shall be no more praise of Moab.

9 A sword is upon the liars; and they shall dote; a sword is upon her mighty men, and they shall be dismayed.

10 For the Lord God of recompense shall surely requite.

VI

1 From whence come wars and fighting among you? Ye lust and have not; ye kill and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, yet ye have not.

2 This people is foolish; they are sottish children: they are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge.

3 For they know not to do right, who store up violence and robbery in their palaces.

4 By swearing and lying, and killing, and stealing, they break out, and blood toucheth blood.

5 Her princes are like wolves ravening the prey to shed blood, and to destroy souls, to get dishonest gain.

6 The Lord will cut off the man that doeth this, the master and the scholar.

7 Therefore an adversary there shall be even round about the land, and he shall bring down thy strength from thee, and thy palaces shall be spoiled.

8 The Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of this land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land.

9 Therefore have I made you contemptible and base before all the people, according as ye have not kept my ways.

VII

1 O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon?

2 They bend their tongues like their bow for lies: but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth; for they proceed from evil to evil.

3 And they will deceive every one his neighbour, and will not speak the truth; they have taught their tongues to speak lies, and weary themselves to commit iniquity.

4 Hear, O earth: behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts.

5 Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? nay they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush: therefore they shall fall among them that fall.

6 Their tongue is as an arrow shot out: it speaketh deceit; one speaketh peaceably to his neighbour with his mouth, but in heart he layeth his wait.

7 Therefore pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry or prayer for them, neither make intercession to me: for I will not hear thee.

8 And the carcasses of this people shall be meat for the fowls of the heaven and for the beasts of the earth.

VIII

1 Alas for the Day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come. Woe unto you that desire the Day! to what end is it for you? the Day is darkness, and not light: As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him.

2 Woe to them that devise iniquity, and covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away: so they oppress a man and his heritage.

3 The pride of thy heart hath deceived thee. Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, hence will I bring thee down.

4 Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity.

5 Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee; sith thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee.

6 Behold, therefore I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of nations, and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, and thou shalt die the deaths of them that are slain in the midst of the seas.

7 The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thine enemies: thou shalt go out one way against them, and flee seven ways before them.

8 The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand.

9 And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers shall they fall that are slain with the sword, because thou hast said, These two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it, whereas the Lord was there.

IX

1 I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day, that ye shall soon utterly perish from off the land whereunto ye go to possess it; ye shall not prolong your days upon it, but shall utterly be destroyed.

2 And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart.

3 And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.

4 Remember, and forget not, how thou provokedst the Lord thy God to wrath: from the day that thou didst depart out of the land, until ye came unto this place, ye have been rebellious against the Lord.

5 For the Lord your God is God of gods, and Lord of lords, a great God, a mighty, and a terrible, which regardeth not persons: he doth execute the judgement of the fatherless and widow.

6 And all the people shall hear and fear, and do no more presumptuously.

X

1 If a man come presumptuously upon his neighbour, to slay him with guile; thou shalt take him even from mine altar, that he may die.

2 The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sin.

3 Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbour secretly.

4 Cursed be he that taketh reward to slay an innocent person.

5 Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.

6 Thou shalt not kill.

7 Thou shalt not steal.

8 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

9 Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark.

XI

1 Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished.

2 He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.

3 If thou seest the violent perverting of judgement and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for he that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they.

XII

1 And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.

2 And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death.

3 And they worshipped the Beast saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?

4 And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things; and power was given unto him to continue *forty and two months.*

5 If any man have an ear to hear, let him hear.

XIII

1 What seest thou? I see a seething pot; and the face thereof is towards the north.

2 The lion hath roared, who will not fear?

3 What is thy mother? A lioness: she lay down among lions, she nourished her whelps among young lions.

4 And she brought up one of her whelps: it became a young lion, and it learned to catch the prey in the islands of the sea.

5 And every ship-master, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade with the enemy by sea, stood afar off.

6 Thy mother is like a vine in thy blood, planted by the waters; she was fruitful and full of branches by reason of many waters.

7 She had strong rods for the sceptres of them that bear rule, and she appeared in her height with the multitude of her branches.

XIV

1 Thou hast afflicted the meek, thou hast hurt the peaceable, thou hast loved liars, thou hast destroyed the dwellings of such as did thee no harm. Therefore is thy

wrongful dealing come up unto the Highest, and thy pride unto the Mighty. And I saw, and, behold, the whole body of the Eagle was burned.

2 And they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof: they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them, and I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord.

XV

1 Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.

THE EDITOR

ON A FIELD OF TENTS

Extinguished under reeking cones they lie,
Who made young night's cheek flame with ribaldries;
Their lurid songs snuffed out, their vibrant cry
Muted to a low drone that will not cease:

As now they dream of lust, blood, rapine, hate,
Or temperate leashes slipped by prodigal war,
This measured cry, scarce more articulate,
I raise to You, who love them as they are:

Lewd, yet sweet chastity invokes their aid;
Bloody, their hands shall cleanse the ensanguined dove
Of peace, their loot with ruby drops be paid,
Hate as they may, no man had greater love

Than theirs; so shrive us as we witlessly
Enslave ourselves to keep our masters free.

Salisbury Plain.

A. M.

WHY SALISBURY PLAIN

IN the making of preparations for war, as in the drawing of a contract, it is easy to lose sight of essentials. So many provisions must be made that the very making of them in the mass may easily be mistaken for the thing to be accomplished. It is easy, therefore, for a government to forget that it is a soldier's first business to know how to fight—literally fight—not to attack in extended order, or entrench, or perform feats of musketry,—these things have their secondary uses,—but simply *fight* with bayonet, or clubbed rifle, or stick, or such weapons as God has given him.

The vast majority of recruits being well conducted and civilized young persons of unblemished character, their education in this particular accomplishment cannot be taken for granted. It must be acquired after enlistment, and the sooner the better. Unless it is, the enlisted man must remain a cumberer of the soil, a devourer of other men's produce, and a source of danger to his fellows and to the State.

It has long been a common superstition that British citizenship carries with it the divine right to be untrained to arms; also the human right to tag as "dragooners" and "conscriptionists" any who lean towards a contrary belief, no matter how moderate the degree of their dissent. Now this superstition is a spiritual tare: in the stony ground of Australia it makes but a poor growth and brings forth as fruit a few "conscientious objectors" who are trained to fetch and carry for the majority who are trained to arms: on the fad-enriched soil of England the weed grows rank enough to stifle and neutralize such seed of common sense as Lord Roberts sowed in the last years of his life. In the productive soil of Canada the growth has been phenomenal, and every seed blown by the wind seems to have borne fruit an

hundredfold. Thus it befell that in July, 1914, every Canadian newspaper, every Canadian minister of religion, and nearly every Canadian mother spoke so much and so oft of the wickedness of even knowing how to fight or thinking about fighting, that with characteristic British intellectual sloth even the brawniest of Canadian men and the most flamboyant of Canadian politicians succumbed to this ideal, and moving on the line of least resistance were content to be untrained to arms as evidence and proof of the constitutional peacefulness of their aspirations. Then in the first week of August the press, more particularly the evening press (none of which is whiter than the primrose and most of which verges on the buttercup's hue) conceived the brilliant and patriotic and profitable idea of trying "to change all that" in a week, by lying extras, beginning with the cheering report that Longwy had fallen. That these efforts, however well meant, met with little success is sufficiently proved by a study of the place-of-birth statistics affecting the first contingent. Young men whose intellectual growth in matters of national duty had been a little less exposed to the superstition were the first to enlist.

Time, and above all, a fair statement of the case and of the need, and a little of the pinch of unemployment, and a very little of example, and lo! writing to-day, it is possible to affirm that the superstition as to the divine right of British subjects to be untrained to arms is quite dead in Canada, where once it was most potent. Some of its effects, however, still remain to be removed, and these pages are dedicated to their examination, explanation, and amelioration. The manifest expression, the concrete result of the superstition aforesaid, is to be found in the fact that 30,000 men of the Canadian militia, incomparably better trained than their fellows, went to Salisbury Plain in September, are still there in January, and will likely be there for some time yet, for in the first week of 1915 we find the following questions and answers reported as having been made on the subject of the mystery of the recruiting figures in the House of Lords.

. . . "What is the object which the right honourable and gallant Field Marshal has in view?" asked Lord Curzon. "A little while ago the First Lord of the Admiralty made a speech in which he promised us 1,000,000 men. This army did not include either the Indian or the colonial army."

LORD KITCHENER—"It did not include the Indian force."

LORD CURZON—"Did it include the forces of Canada and elsewhere in the Dominions?"

LORD KITCHENER—"They are not sufficiently trained at present."

Many thinking Canadians who have paid taxes, part of which were devoted to militia purposes, wax peevish at the thought that this first contingent, representing the best achievement so far of the Canadian Militia Department, should be still eating its head off and contracting catarrh at Salisbury Plain, or, alternatively, at the notion that the troops that Canada professed to have under arms last August were then of no earthly practical use for fighting, according as these meditative taxpayers are mentally constructed for believing or for doubting. Happily both our political parties are equally involved in the state of our militia, so that the meditative taxpayer is not likely to do anything rash with the present government. I take this opportunity of reminding him that neither party, nor the present nor the late government, but that he himself, as a victim of superstition, is entirely to blame.

For nobody who understands what the training of fighting men means (and there were, and are, many such in Canada to advise the government), ever considered that the Canadian militia was designed to that end, any more than were the old Volunteers of the Victorian era. The Territorials, who have succeeded the Volunteers in Great Britain, and who, until the war began, underwent a sketchy light-and-shade kind of training in contrast with the mere outline training administered to their predecessors,—the Territorials, on whose development we now rely to make an end of this most bloody business, were in essence and intention much the same as our militia, though undoubtedly very much better trained.

Now the explanation of that intention, the underlying thought in the design of these Auxiliary Forces,—Volunteers, Militia, Territorials, or what not,—is the exculpation at once of the governments and parties as such, and the inculcation of those who held the common superstition exposed above. Briefly it is this: the Auxiliary Forces of the Empire constituted what was called the “*military net*,” to be skilfully cast in those gentle British communities where the strength of the superstition was strong. It is a natural corollary of the voluntary system. The Canadian government at present in office can at least be credited with doing much to enlarge our net. Were the writer making an official report, the proof of his contention would be made by a reference to the syllabus of studies and exercises required for what was called a militiaman’s “*efficiency*,” and some notes on the spirit in which officers and men were put through that modicum of training before this war began. As a civilian writing for my kind a few “*modern instances*” will perhaps be more effective.

On returning from their first field drill after this war began (to their credit it was not many days after), and all in their khaki dressed, a certain cadet corps found itself loudly cheered by some small boys, and a sort of guilty sense of getting what they in no wise deserved in the way of hero-worship was brought vividly home to them by the awed inquiry addressed to the acting colour-sergeant: “*Mister, are you real?*” The same emotion deflates the bosom of the home guard when his three-year-old, on bidding daddy and his gun farewell, as they go a-drilling, adds the ingenuous enquiry, “*Is daddy going to play at soldiers?*” For “*out of the mouth of babes and sucklings*” now as ever, and the children get at the heart of things.

The Canadian militia’s “*military net*” had the advantage of well made uniforms, becoming in their way, wholly unsuited to soldiering in this or any other land, and therein it differed not at all from the traditions of the “*military net*” in Great Britain. It had an additional attraction in being to

some extent a friendly society, as evidenced in much useful social work, a tendency towards wedding presents, and, most characteristic of all, a mania for assisting at the solemn functions of the undertaker. When a funeral is toward, all time tables for military training must be thrown to the winds, even with the Hun at the gates, till the ceremonial with reversed arms is perfected. "Oh, I've done all this before, you know," said a rejoined man the other day when the section was in the agonies of forming right and left in response to the sergeant's executive grunts. "Yes, where was that? . . . (Oh! we're wrong again.)" "In the —th, a crack regiment you know." "Yes (right—thought he said left.) How long were you there?" "Six years, so I know all this." "You should! Ever go to camp with them?" "No." "Did they have many field days?" "Yes, one a year, but I never went." "Did they do any route marching?" "Oh, yes. I was at seventeen funerals." *Absit omen.*

Now in the horrid predicament in which we find ourselves, having had a "military net" while some thought they were paying for men "under arms," (a term which carries the implication that they can use them), there is nothing to be gained by blaming any one, and I for my own part am quite reconciled to past rulers, who, knowing that the superstition stood in the way of the proper defence of the land and the empire by expert fighting men, wisely set themselves to design so ingenious a scheme for the maintenance of a skeleton organization and a nucleus crew on which to graft the army to be improvised when the need arose, what time the Fleet gave us the opportunity to prepare.

For a war cannot be won by the Fleet any more than it can by the flying corps, or the artillery, or the cavalry. These things are all destined to help the infantry to "close with the enemy," and the infantry that have not skill at arms and confidence in that skill cannot in the nature of things be expected to appreciate an opportunity to do so. Battles are won to-day as of old with money, of which we reckon we have enough for present purposes, and *cold steel at close quarters,*

either in the climax of a properly conducted, all-arms-of-the-service engagement, or, when after months or years of strife, machinery and ammunition failing, and guns and rifles worn out, the mediæval pikeman is regenerated, and the best man comes into his own.

The military net of the peace-time militia has done all that could be expected of it. What, it may be asked, is the war-time militia to be like? The answer is easy : its accomplishment arduous. The forces which we are raising must attain as near as may be to the standard of efficiency of the British Expeditionary Force, which left England last August. To ask more is to seek the impossible, to be satisfied with less is to acquiesce in adding to the wastage of this war. The intention seems unanimous to introduce this high standard, and that is no light task. In the training of the British regular before the war began it could be assumed that the recruits formed but a small proportion in their battalions, and that their officers and non-commissioned officers had been through the mill themselves and done the work of training again and again. As Canadians, with, at least, the British divine right of "locking the door after the horse is stolen," partakers, that is, in a civilization which so far has survived without conscription, we have to improvise our army : that is to say, we now face the problem of training our battalions with officers, non-commissioned officers, and men all about equally raw. So far the only solution seriously attempted has been Salisbury Plain, and for their higher education there may be no other, but surely the ground work, the instruction in the use of weapons, skill at arms and physical training, (in addition to the moderate degree of proficiency in drill required to form fours and march from the ship to the station and from the station to the training camp), could quite well be undertaken on this side of the Atlantic. Moreover, the Canadian militiaman who does not enlist for foreign service might quite conceivably have to do some firing, or even use the bayonet, on North American soil.

Let us remind ourselves of the standard of performance of British infantry. Their attack is comparable to first-class football, long sustained ; their independent sharpshooting is far above the average of skill in gunning found among experienced sportsmen. Their bayonet fighting may be compared with high-class pugilism, while individual fighters may be found in any company capable of transforming themselves, when required, into a hurricane of angry bobcats. The fire control, the marching, the disciplined spirit, and the expression of all these excellences in the style and smartness of British infantry, when trained, is far in advance of anything attempted in the Continental Armies, as every one competent to have an opinion was well aware before this war began. The maintenance now of that standard is all that lies between our old ideals and conscription. It is the army gymnastic staff and the certified gymnastic instructors who make the British bayonet charges a possibility, while the Hythe Musketry School trains the officers in fire control and the men in sharpshooting. Our military net has, however, omitted to provide us with a skeleton organization on which to found these things, for of a militia gymnastic staff there is no word yet, while our shooting ranges bear about the same relation to a musketry school that croquet does to polo ; for croquet and bullseye shooting are agreeable pastimes and harmless withal, with no relation to any real thing in life.

The rapid, recent development of the British system of fire control and the supersession of the rifle range by the musketry school date, like many other revolutionary changes in the army, from the South African War, and although that war had a directly discouraging effect upon the cult of the sword and bayonet, a great revival of interest in the latter weapon has taken place in the last six years.

With the Volunteers before the South African War, obedience to the commands "Fix Bayonets" and "Unfix Bayonets" constituted about all the theory and practice of that weapon available for dissemination. Judging by what Sir Richard Burton (himself the author of "A Complete

System of Bayonet Exercises " in 1853) says on the subject in his " Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Medinah and Meccah," even the regular army in his day suffered the want of skilled instruction in bayonet fighting. " The first symptom of improvement," he says, " will be a general training in the bayonet exercise. The British is, and for years has been, the only army in Europe that does not learn the use of this weapon ; how long does it intend to be the sole authority on the side of ignorance ? We laughed at the Calabrese levies who in the French war threw away their muskets and drew their stiletos, and we cannot understand why the Indian would always prefer a sabre to a rifle. Yet we read without disgust of our men being compelled, by want of proper training, to ' club their muskets ' in hand to hand fights (when they have in the bayonet the most formidable of offensive weapons) and of the Kaffirs and other savages wresting the piece, after drawing off its fire, from its unhappy possessor's grasp."

To-day, what the Red Book has to say on the subject of training in bayonet fighting is severely practical, and is contained in an appendix to the Infantry Training. This " Appendix I." is very short, and for good reason. It is meant to be put in practice through the medium of skilled instructors ; the inner meaning of the laconic directions would take a volume to explain, and even then none but skilled fighters would follow the text with understanding. The division of the exercises into eight lessons, for instance, is of the nature of literary artifice. A fighter cannot be made from a lout in eight lessons, no matter how skilled the instruction. But its necessary brevity and its incidental occurrence after the main text do not constitute valid reasons why " Appendix I." should be ignored.

Bayonet fencing for competitions, on which the army issues a pamphlet, is to be regarded as an academic affair. I doubt whether any army could afford to maintain battalions of performers expert enough to *fence* with the bayonet, or whether such proficiency would be effective

against a properly trained charging line. A mere smattering of the art of bayonet fencing could only prove prejudicial to a fighting man. But it is idle to express views on the over education of bayonet fighters when this Dominion has gone to the expense of exporting 30,000 men to Salisbury Plain, en route for Germany, with every kind of organization and equipment designed to enable them "to close with the enemy" and scarce a thought taken or a dollar expended to teach these men what to do when they do so close. Must Salisbury Plain make good this deficiency among others? and is it unreasonable to suggest that the soldier's training might well have begun here with exercise in the use of his ultimate weapon? The incompatibility which some officers discover between any exercise in the use of arms and the vagaries of the Weather Bureau thermometers is, I confess, a hard thing for my understanding to compass. In more prosperous times it would have been regarded as a poor advertisement for the Canadian climate.

Considering that the moose can be hunted in Quebec in December in perfect comfort, there seems little excuse for closing down all military shooting practice in October for six or seven months. Much of the mechanism now in use at the Hythe Musketry School, it is true, would be unworkable during our winter months, but Canadian genius is nothing if not inventive, and the feasibility of a winter musketry school is patent to every sportsman. There seems no reason, now that it is common knowledge what their training in musketry and fire control should be, why our officers should not be trained here.

The individual sharpshooter who will hold on is the greatest military asset in modern war. He is to be carefully distinguished from that interesting phenomenon in specialization, the Bisley long range pot hunter, who never had any military value except as an adornment of the "net." The sharpshooters' training could be conducted four days out of five throughout our winter months, without a doubt. We have abundance of good light and abundant suitable land, and sense enough to invent the tests and adapt the targets.

Considering now the improvising of a militia gymnastic staff to undertake the general physical training and the instruction in bayonet fighting of the Militia, the first thing to realize is that fencing masters, that is, experts in the use of pointed weapons, are wanted if they can be got. Guiseppe Magrini, whose fencing room was for the last ten years of his life the high altar of inspiration in swordmanship for the British Army, told me in 1906 of the interest developing in practical bayonet fighting, and, "if you know the sword, you know the bayonet too, provided you remember the weight," was his way of putting the great truth that the theory of all pointed weapons is contained in the practice of the foil. Ah! "The weight." There is a great deal in that 12 lb. to give the momentum that drives through leather and buckles if need be, when rightly applied, and just so much dead weight to retard and nullify all the foot work if there be even a hint of withdrawing action at the moment of impact, the natural and universal fault of the untrained man.

I cannot put what is essential in the art of fighting with the bayonet more briefly than by quoting from Sir William Hope's "Scots Fencing Master," published in 1687. "With calmness, vigour, and judgement put yourself into as close, thin, and convenient guard as the agility of your body will permit. . . . With calmness, vigour, and judgement endeavour to offend your adversary. . . . giving in a single plain thrust. . . . and by no means rest upon your thrust, but instantly after the performing of it, whether you hit or not, *recover* to your defensive posture again." With due allowance for the evolution of the English language that is very near to what is most pertinent in Appendix I. of "Infantry Training, 1914." But great as is our need just now for fencing masters, unfortunately the science of arms has met with little encouragement here of late years. There have never to my certain knowledge been more than three competent fencing masters in Canada at any one time during the last ten years. Some of these had been "prevots d'armes" in the French army, and are with their regiments to-day; others have wisely

shaken the dust from off their feet, and are making a living elsewhere. But if we lack fencing masters who could most readily appreciate what possibilities were practical and what merely artistic in the handling of a rifle with the bayonet mounted, we have many other skilled trainers: golf professionals and football coaches, base ball managers, and that thoroughly skilful body of men, the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium instructors, and most important of all, a few Aldershot trained men of the British Army gymnastic staff.

The gymnasium instructors and athletic trainers could be rapidly converted into a body of skilled bayonet instructors by the army-trained men, and selected non-coms. from every infantry regiment in Canada could be sent to them for instruction, and in the course of time we could take it for granted that every infantry man drawing his pay could at least use his weapon at close quarters. Or, if a more modest programme was attempted and only *one skilled bayonet instructor* were attached to each infantry battalion in Canada, the work could be accomplished in accordance with the schedule which follows. It must be borne in mind that this is improvised instruction for an improvised army,—an army to which the injunction (I.T. 1914, p. 235), “company officers are responsible for the training of their men in bayonet fighting; they must therefore be efficient instructors,” can only be made to apply by a feat of the imagination.

On the average, and allowing for varying aptitude, a well set up recruit can be made reasonably proficient with the bayonet in twenty-four lessons, lasting an hour each, distributed over at least four or, at most, eight weeks. An assistant bayonet instructor can take four pupils at a time, that is, in an hour, and he can work effectively four hours a day, that is, give sixteen “hour-lessons.” A battalion therefore requires $800 \times 24 = 19,200$ “hour lessons,” which at the rate of 16 “hour lessons” given each day by an assistant instructor, in his four hours’ work, would take him 1,200 days to deliver. Twenty instructors could thus do the work in 60 days, or 40 instructors could do it in 30 days, working, of course, under

the direction of the skilled instructor. Now, a skilled bayonet instructor by himself could train assistant bayonet instructors at the rate of twenty, at most, a month, if they worked twenty days out of the month, and four hours each day. It would take him twice as long to train double the number.

Thus, whether the skilled instructor spends two months on 40 assistant instructors, and the third month on the battalion with their assistance, or one month on 20 assistant instructors, and two months on the battalion, he has a three months' job to put the battalion in order. A large percentage of recruits would be found physically unfit, or incapable of handling their weapons; these would require several weeks physical training to precede their bayonet instruction. If their cases were diagnosed by the skilled instructor before he began training his assistant instructors, they could be made ready to take up the bayonet fighting with the rest.

The materials present no insuperable difficulties. Much of the padded raiment necessary for the more advanced lessons is on the market in connexion with such games as baseball and hockey. The masks are easily procurable, and the spring bayonets can be manufactured by the joint efforts of a carpenter and steamfitter for about six dollars each. Each assistant instructor's outfit of gear, consisting of the following: 2 pairs of spring bayonets (frequent repairs being necessary); 2 masks; 2 body pads; 2 pairs of gloves; 2 arm pads; would cost approximately sixty dollars.

By way of emphasising the desperate and imperative importance of skill and confidence in the bayonet, I beg the reader to consider for a moment what is the popular conception of a bayonet charge, and also the inevitable course of events if an uninstructed body of troops put that conception to the test. "Charge!" and whether as a climax to an attack or the counter stroke of defence, on go the bayonets, up get the men and rush in a mad race for the objective. Then comes the clash of steel, elbows squared at all angles. That's how the newly recruited soldier boy imagines it, as does the journalist who jobs in the tales that wounded men

recount, the ladies of newspaper reading families, and most ordinary citizens. And when in field drill exercise a new drill-perfect company of militia is called up from its prone position behind imaginary cover by the magic word "Charge!" that is pretty much what they do... and by the time they have gone fifty yards their fighting value is reduced to nil ;— they would be no match individually for ten-year old schoolboys armed with their mothers' umbrellas if the schoolboys were fresh and angry enough to hit out.

And if that same drill-perfect company found themselves in trenches where the fire control was masterly but the enemy still came on, and it was clear to every mother's son of that company that the enemy was coming right in, and none of them was really sure what would happen if he hit a man with a bayonet, while it was quite obvious what would happen if he himself were hit, and each felt intense uncertainty as to what his right and left hand man would or could do ; then it is absolutely certain (even if that company consisted of the best British goods) that they would one and all leave the trench on the wrong side, melting away with all the work of training wasted. For drill and all branches of soldierly deportment have this sole aim, that the soldier should " possess a combative spirit " and desire nothing so much as to " close with the enemy " if granted that great privilege.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that in the circumstances above described things so fell out that it could not afterwards be said of them that they " got beyond all orders and got beyond all hope." Suppose they charged (God help them !) in blissful ignorance of the technique of fighting ; what would happen next?

Does the reader know what is meant by a " natural fighter " in contradistinction to a " born fighter " ? If wrestling is in question, it is the man who grabs, and holds on, till he is tired, and that comes soon. In boxing it indicates a person who (even if he doesn't kick, or bite, or butt with his head, and so gives an opening for his destruction) has a reach only and exactly the length of his arm and always hits in round jerks.

With sword in hand a natural fighter is a person who will most probably impale himself on his adversary's point if left to himself. With the bayonet the natural fighter, if he fights at all, not only comes to a disagreeable end, but probably endures some moments of exquisite mental perturbation in the realization of his impotence and his fate. For our natural bayonet fighters will fix their bayonets in a frenzy of haste, and probably fumble away some time in doing so. They will then get up piecemeal and start at top speed, notwithstanding their accoutrements, and in so doing will exhaust seventy per cent. of their energy before the first fifteen yards can be covered. From that point on, they will rapidly lose wind and power, and be dead beat in forty yards. Before they cover half that distance they will be spread out like a cross country handicap race through the variation in individual speeds, and be bunched in each other's way in places, quite a number falling over their weapons if the ground be uneven. Then, at length, pumped and run out with a negative acceleration to express their failing energy of body, soul, and spirit, they will close (for we are supposing they persevere) with the enemy. This they will do, being natural fighters, by running into their men head foremost, swinging back their weapons, and dragging their bayonets into their enemies in the manner portrayed in the weekly illustrated's "from notes by a survivor." At least they will try to do these things, but long before their points can be "fixed" their adversaries should have them run through; that is, if their adversaries have been taught a forward truculent "guard" and a stiff "point" delivered with leg work behind it.

But we shall suppose, having granted our natural fighters so much luck as to reach their men, that by good fortune some get home on their enemies, right through the heart, let us say, where the leather braces and buckles and the ribs and muscle attachments are least penetrable. Well, what then? Down will go the enemy, and down will go our natural fighter, and as he rises, an easy prey to all ill-disposed persons in the vicinity, he finds, Oh horror and surprise! that he can't release his weapon. Stuck!

The probability of a natural bayonet fighter ever getting home is very remote. On reaching his man a nervous, pitchfork jerk that might scratch a strap or tear a uniform would be the best of which he could deliver himself. Natural bayonet fighters are sheep for the slaughter, and what is even more serious they are sure to realize it at an inopportune moment.

Let us picture honestly to ourselves a party of our militia in the state in which we are shipping them to England, —superlatively good material physically but not “set up,” in moderate condition for the most part, but with no skill in the use of their rifles either with or without bayonets, able to put on their uniforms and accoutrements, go a march, and manoeuvre on a parade ground ; and let us remember also what may be demanded of them athletically, bearing in mind that if they cannot rise to the demand they are worse than useless.

The tactical use of the bayonet charge as the aim and end of all musketry and other military activities is made abundantly clear in the Red Book. Nothing beyond the statement that in a bayonet fight “success will fall to the line which is best in hand and charges with most spirit and determination” (I.T. 1914, p. 160) is vouchsafed, however, with regard to the technique of the thing, either at the stage when the charge is an organized coördinated effort, or at the end when it must suddenly resolve itself into an affair of individual wildeat fighting.

If a line of men (which is quite a different thing from a mob of men) is to be brought into action in very short time, let us say 100 or 200 yards away, endowed with the “impetus of a charging line,” two things are implied, first, that from the start almost to the end it shall remain a line, and secondly, that the impetus shall be available at the end, not be dissipated at the beginning. Momentum is measurable as the product of weight and speed, and high speed can only be maintained by a soldier encumbered with his kit for a very short distance ; it can only be attained at all if it is built up

economically by steady, natural acceleration. When bayonet charging is afoot, the time for firing has usually gone by for both sides. The charge should begin with the utmost steadiness, every officer and non-commissioned officer steadying his men, while the pace is accelerated with judgement from stepping out to doubling and finally to charging with the battle cry, so that the utmost speed that each individual is capable of will be attained *on meeting the opposing line*, and not before.

Quite apart from the question of conservation of energy, so necessary for this, the hardest and most fatiguing kind of fighting yet conceived, the accelerating line will be far more shattering to the adversaries' nerves than one advancing at uniform speed, be that never so fast, for, as the seconds fly by and the ground is eaten up by an *ever increasing rate of proximity* the charged have no time to think. Meanwhile, the chargers are gaining to the full the moral power of a physical climax of exertion. When the last fifteen or twenty yards remain, the leash of control is slipped ; officers and non-coms. have done their work as such, the rest depends on the individual, his skill, his strength, his heart, his speed. Then is the time for the shrapnel to burst, so to speak, for the advancing line to resolve itself into a race, but a race in which no man is so far in advance that his right or left hand man is more than a few yards in rear, and a race where every man has elbow room for his work (three or four yards of front) ; a race in which every competitor suddenly develops a glittering weapon with a point fully a yard and a half in front of his own body. To select his man, to run holding his point straight and true to that man's eyes to the last fraction of a second, and then to drive it to any part of the body that can be reached, (and that is not very much and the lower the better), and then to know how to clear his point ; to do all this by an *instinct grown from practice*, that is the standard of performance required of a first-class fighting man in the British Army. To do less is to perish miserably wasted, and all waste is criminal and blamable somewhere.

Now all this rather simple play of the organized charge and the individual performances in which it is destined to terminate is not at all unlike the element of organized action which the English Rugby man deplores in American football. It is not more difficult to practice *nor less certain of result when worked*. A regiment, however, has to be trained to a higher degree of coöperation and of individual physical condition than any football team, and a bayonet is at least as difficult to handle with credit as a golf club. There is, moreover, nothing in any sport to compare with the ordeal of reaching a vis-à-vis at top speed, loaded with anything from 40 to 60 lbs. of gear, and then to engage him in a fight to the death with a 12 lb. weapon six feet long, in the hands. Is the Canadian climate indeed so vile that in winter and in summer the obvious exercises,—doubling in full kit carrying the rifle as most convenient, and the working of accelerating rushes of different lengths under control of the officers,—should not be practised daily by Canadian militiamen drawing \$1.25 a day? Can it be longer necessary to send our men to Salisbury Plain to do these fundamentally elementary exercises?

Having given the "military net" ideal of the Canadian militia full credit for having been what it was intended to be, and done what it was intended to do, its results, in so far as officers' training is concerned, may be examined. While the British Territorial system was, after all, a compromise between the ideals of the military net and a system of partial training, in our militia the training never went beyond the point of giving a piquancy and subordinate interest to the activities of a friendly society with a distinctive dress. Thus, when the real military situation had to be faced we had to begin training our officers in a very expensive and slow way by giving each his full complement of men, at the rate of \$1.25 a day, to handle. So our first contingent has not been trained by its officers at all, but its officers have been trained on the men, in so far as their military education has yet gone.

It is interesting to note in this connexion that on January 9th, the *Montreal Star* published a "story" about "Novel Bayonet Drill," describing how one company at Salisbury Plain (evidently impatient at the slow improvement of their officers, of whom it can now be said by the same correspondent that "not so often are companies in manoeuvres sent where death would await them, had it been real warfare") has taken their training in essentials on their own shoulders and purchased "two suits of exaggerated football togs" and the paraphernalia for a bayonet instructor and pupil. Are we to understand that the 30,000 Canadians have only two spring bayonets and a pair of masks for their instruction in the one most indispensable accomplishment?

But to return to the Canadian officer and his training, it would be well to recognize that he is the most difficult officer in the world to make, and this through no fault of his own and, as it happens, to the credit of all concerned. The rank and file he commands is sure to have some of the best characteristics of the British soldier and lack his chief fault. The one weakness of Tommy Atkins is that he prefers that his officers shall not only do the bulk, but the whole of his thinking. It is difficult to conceive of a Canadian born militiaman being defective in that respect, his danger lies all the other way.

The free and undisciplined youth of Canada constitute, no doubt, unsurpassed military material in the matters of independence of thought, self-reliance, and intelligence, and as no social differences are tolerated in Canadian sports and athletics, the Canadian officer can have no prestige to start with, in virtue of birth, wealth, or even his education (when it exists). Our officers tend for the most part towards one or other of two antithetic types: those who address their men as Tom, Dick, and Harry, and in return suffer "Jack" to take the place of "Sir," and those who, in a horrified realization that such things are subversive of all discipline, err in their behaviour to their men to the extreme of an autocratic superciliousness and rigidity which would be re-

sented by any self-respecting Guardsman at the hands of a lieutenant with a seat in the House of Lords, and which it would never occur to such a lieutenant to attempt. It takes a very good man to get anything at all out of our militiamen, but when the officer is really good enough there is no limit to what he can do with the splendid material he is privileged to guide or control. There is only one condition on which Canadian militiamen will consent to be led properly,—that the leaders shall win, and hold, and deserve a real personal respect and confidence. Though too few for the present emergency, that pattern of Canadian officer does happily exist in sufficient numerical strength eventually to leaven the heap.

No one will dispute the statement that the first contingent was shipped to Europe in perfect innocence so far as modern British ideals of musketry and bayonet fighting are concerned, that is to say, lacking the rudimentary and fundamental basis of the action for which it exists at the public charge. The second contingent has not even had target practice out of doors, and no steps have yet been taken as far as individual or even collective bayonet instruction is concerned. What will be the fate of future contingents in these matters of elementary basic efficiency time will show, but, in this connexion, I would ask, need the changing seasons be considered at all? Cannot musketry and bayonet fighting be practised in and out of doors here as well as in England? If England's crowded training camps are essential for the field training of our contingents, skill in the use of weapons at least could be imparted here in the Canadian militia, and should be as a matter of course. It is high time the training of the men began, if any are to take part in the spring campaign.

I have sought by an exposition of the theory and practice of the military net, to explain why it befell last August that the best troops Canada had ever had "under arms" were so inefficient that they required at least six months' training before they could be put on communications in a friendly

country. A protest has also been made against the continuance of the conditions which make it impossible to train our men to fight in this country, coupled with a suggestion for the improvisation of an instructional staff out of the admirable material at hand. Incidentally I have sought to bring out the fact that bayonet fighting must be taken seriously, for the untaught bayonet fighter has as much chance of surviving a *mêlée* as an unpractised golfer has of beating Bogey. In the confidence bred of skill at arms we find the true, the only, basis of those "moral qualities" referred to in F.S.R. on which "success in war chiefly depends."

Only the other day the London Scottish charged home as required, and the very fervour of the newspaper comment scarcely hid a low opinion of the charging powers of Territorials. Nothing has yet been said of the men who did the work that made that charge effective. The London Scottish have a great gymnasium where for many years all kinds of fighting have been taught and where a qualified *maitre d'armes* has presided to the end that the men of that regiment may have the polite accomplishment of fighting. The inference to be drawn from the charge of the London Scottish is not that Territorials and Militia can be relied on to charge, and win, with the bayonet merely because they speak English, but that serious physical training and good teaching in the work of fighting can be depended on to bear the required fruit even where auxiliary forces collected by the military net are concerned.

PERCY E. NOBBS

THE CEMENT OF BLOOD

IT is a melancholy fact, but an unmistakable one, that bloodshed, alone, is capable of amalgamating various sections of mankind into that curious thing which we call nationality. Other influences go far toward the same result, but it is doubtful if there ever has been a national community at all worthy of the name that has not been consolidated by war, either civil or external, and without which it would have attained a true national standing. Communities, by reason of geographical situation, of unity of race, language, and customs, may tend to cohesion and may be more readily converted to nationality than those without such incentives, but even in those instances where such factors are most pronounced, we look in vain for the emergence of real national entities if the sacrifice of blood is wanting. Indeed, so powerful is this element in the making of a nation, that it has often overcome, for long periods at least, all the natural centrifugal influences combined. It is the real secret of artificial political systems and "wide-flung" empires. It was the sole tie that bound together, even temporarily, the successive powers that had for their centre the Euphrates and Tigris valleys; internal and external wars consolidated the lands that formed the perimeter of the Mediterranean, occupied, as it was, by the most heterogeneous mass of people ever, till that time, gathered under one government.

The forced expulsion of the Moors from Spain and the Tartars from Russia made the former masters of half the world and set the latter upon a career that now gives promise of making it the overwhelming dominator of the Eurasian continent. Modern Italy and Germany owe their very being to war, and to wage a successful conflict was the only resort left to Japan in order to win a place of respect among the

present nations. But for the civil war in the United States, that great country would have disintegrated long ago, not into two, but into several, sections, in spite of almost every conceivable natural reason for remaining a national unit. It is not, in truth, war that is dangerous to political unity; it is peace. Peace means individual war, collective ambition. Peace means the separation of family from family, of class from class, of section from section, as the differences of social position, of wealth, of influence and culture become accentuated. War is the great leveller, strengthening national bonds hitherto largely conventional, and giving the whole mass of the people, for the nonce, a common object in life. The grievance that seems a mountain in peace dwindles to a mole-hill in war; the evils of threatened defeat and political dissolution become grotesquely exaggerated, and the old, old prejudice of the "enemy" and the foreigner reasserts itself with the rancour of the days of the tribal savage. In fact, in the face of war man loses his acquired virtues and regains his natural ones. Serenity of judgement, pity, modesty, gentleness, forbearance give way to valour, loyalty, stoicism, and an innate confidence of moral and physical superiority.

With these considerations in view it is not surprising that men of reflection are already speculating upon the changes and political rearrangements that will be produced by the present war. The most spectacular of these, and, possibly, the most important, will take place in Europe, but for us of the outlying parts of the British Empire the effects of the war on that vast organism are of surpassing interest and moment.

In the event of the decisive success of England and her allies, one prospective result stands out with overwhelming surety—that Russia and England will, for a time at least, divide the leadership of the world between them. Without a doubt, Russia will be the predominating factor in the politics of Continental Europe, and it seems equally clear that England, meaning thereby the collective Empire, will have the determining voice in the immediate destinies of the rest of the

world. Everyone of knowledge and broad outlook recognized at the outset of the war that the contest would break, or, really make, the Empire. That prior to the first of August, 1914, the Empire was not *made* was certainly evident to every thinking mind within it. It was merely "assembled," to use a term popular with mechanics and builders. Its fragmentary parts had come into existence during two centuries or more in ways so diverse, so, at times, seemingly inopportune, so unexpected, so wholly without apparent law or guiding principle of attraction, that its bulk had come to resemble those chance agglutinations of flotsam and jetsam heaped up by the tide upon the sea-beach. In the opinion of its rivals and enemies one tide had assembled it; another, as readily, might disperse and destroy it. No natural thread of national cohesion could be seen to traverse it, and it evidently contained within itself innumerable tendencies to disassociation and rupture.

Even the consolidation of its principal outside sections—Canada, Australia, and South Africa—gave but little promise of the amalgamation of the entire mass. Indeed, reasoning from the analogy of the formation of the solar system, as it is popularly conceived, these external crystallizing particles bade fair to become new Jupiters and Saturns moving in quite independent orbits. Their interest in material things, as trade, commerce, manufactures, were not only not common, but, in many respects, even antagonistic. Only one or two things bound them, not one to another, but to a common centre—the United Kingdom. The first of them, and probably the stronger of the two, was a common language, common origin, and common laws and ideals of life. The second, not often confessed, but, like the skeleton in the closet, always present though pathetically ignored, was the sense of individual weakness that seemed to make independent existence so hazardous as to be practically out of the question. This sentiment, a characteristic in which the Anglo-Saxon has never been strong, on the one hand, and cold downright good sense, in which he has always excelled, on the other,

sufficed to keep the parts from flying or falling apart until the critical moment arrived. Pressure came from without which was either to crush out all semblance to harmony, or to consolidate into real unity and effective coherence.

For more than a generation that peculiar principle which we call Imperial Federation had been working as a leaven among the British peoples. It was introduced to them, as was singularly appropriate, for the notion was by no means native to the English, by D'Israeli, that occult and alien spirit who captured the stolid imagination of the English and made them, for the moment, almost Oriental in ideals. The inevitable reaction followed, however, and it cost Beaconsfield and his party their place and power. Since then it has been a mere theory, more or less of a dream, and consequently, as are all political theories and dreams, largely ignored and scoffed at by the average Briton. It was impracticable, he declared, and having pronounced that word, nothing more was to be said. The idea languished because it was an idea, not a thing, until suddenly as a thunder-clap the war came, and the thing, Imperial Federation, came with it, leaving the theory, the idea, the dream utterly behind, so utterly, in fact, that the phrase Imperial Federation has not been heard since the first gun was fired. This, it is needless to say to all who know English history, is so characteristic of Anglo-Saxon methods of political evolution as to occasion no surprise. First, the broached theory ; then the scornful popular repudiation of it ; then its slow spread and fermentation among the masses, advocated here and there by enthusiasts and " faddists " ; then the advent of the crisis or catastrophe, as the case may be, and the instant adoption of the unnamed principle, without formal agreement or scratch of pen or official recognition, much the same as if it had existed in the Constitution since Magna Charta. In such a way has Imperial Federation come into the life of the Empire, and it only remains, at the close of the war, to mould it into conventional shape, and adjust it, with all the inconveniences of the ready-made garment, to the body politic.

Not since the Union with Scotland in 1707, and hardly then, has such a momentous change come to the British peoples. The United Kingdom has ceased, in very truth, to be, primarily, a European power. She has, in fact, ceased to be an integral power at all. She has become but a fraction, the major fraction, of course, at present, of a power dotting and engirdling the whole earth. For, it must be plain, great decisions affecting territory outside the British Isles will no longer lie exclusively with their people.

It is probable that before the war is over, three hundred thousand men, or, maybe, half a million, from India and the "dominions beyond the seas," will have fought to preserve, consolidate and augment the Empire. For generations to come, in every nook and cranny of the globe, men will be paying vast sums, yearly, as a consequence of this conflict, and, probably, in anticipation of such another. No longer will they be content to trust to such a combination of fortunate circumstances as gave them a breathing-space for preparation during the last half of 1914. Union, more or less closely organic, is imperative and inevitable, and the mind staggers as it contemplates the resultant organization. Canada will have become a part of Europe, and Great Britain a local American power. Australia and New Zealand will be, virtually, one with India, and the three will, for long, be the immediate over-lords of all Asia south of Siberia. Africa, in its principal regions, as the years come and go, and as its uplands become the seat of Anglo-Saxon peoples and civilization, will emerge from its obscurity and subservience and at last play an unknown but great part in the destinies of mankind. Not a gun will be fired the world over but will have a vital significance to these imperial communities, and, it may well be, no war will take place without their consent. As the majesty of Rome enforced peace in the age of the Antonines so, it is not inconceivable, the abolition of international war may be the greatest result of the hegemony of the new Empire.

History affords few, if any, examples whereby the duration of such an organization may be forecast. Phœnicia,

Greece, Venice, Portugal, and Holland, in a miniature way, attempted something similar. The outcomes, it must be confessed, were neither happy nor of great permanence. But union, in each instance, never went beyond the ante-1914 stage in the British Empire, and the nucleus or centre of each system was far too small to permit of stability. Spain, under Charles V and Philip, comes nearest as a prototype, but the central unit was quickly beaten down and humiliated and the corruption of its government and the viciousness of its colonial scheme absolutely forbade success.

Apparently, then, the world is on the brink of a new departure in political communism, a communism on a scale and animated by a force that is destined to present a novel field to the historian, and a fruitful one for the coming political philosopher.

G. G. MELVIN

MY VALENTINE IN LENT

My Valentine, you shun to-day
 The world's alluring forms of clay;
 Intent upon the rosary
 You lift not somber eyes to see
 Whose torch would light the devious way
 To that far land of rose and bay,
 Where sleep all lovers, sad or gay,
 With whom the god kept company,
 My Valentine.
 A path forbidden quite, you say,
 For one whose labour is to pray?
 And yet, when Spring to you sets free
 Her first wind blown anemone,
 Which altar shall receive the spray,
 My Valentine ?

GERTRUDE BARTLETT

EVE OF WAR

AUGUST 2, 1914.

WONDER at Man, and dread of God and Doom
Held us, three friends, from sleep that fatal night.
The moon at splendid full stared lordly bright
Above our harvest fields and garden bloom.
St. Lawrence, flowing far from gloom to gloom,
Yet vastly lay in silver-shimmering light.
Such peace! We, yearning on the holy sight
Of spires and earth and stream in that illume,
Longed that high Heaven might so soothe Europe's heart.
And yet the sky was wild with wondrous clouds
Driven, in shapes of continents and seas,
On lofty winds that flew as still as shrouds,
Blasts that stirred not the leafage on our trees
While masses packed on high were stormed apart.

Said one,—“A parable behold! I deem
That all Earth's empires there we may descry!
Save where ethereal blankness rules the sky,
They, darkening solid, hide the every gleam
Of starry throng and moon in steadfast beam,
Which heavenly host the more triumphantly
Emerge serene after each wrack goes by
As evanescent blot on endless dream.”

“Yea,” spoke another, “Future even as Past
Seems swept across yon great indifferent moon,
Which shines as cold with scorn that naught which Man
Shall strive, by war, to 'stablish as his plan,
May linger more than is the plenilune
Long by each fleeting empire overcast.”

Spoke then our student-soldier strong of soul,—
“Though every phantom of the Earth or Cloud,
With sun and moon and all the starry crowd
Move equal on in ignorance of the goal,
Or meaning of the universal whole
Which beareth onward orbs and empires proud,
Alike to endure whatever Fate allowed
By that Unknowable which wields control;
Yet Man hath liberty to mend his plight
By heeding honour’s inmost sacred calls,
Which, if obeyed, his soul ascendeth free,
Or, if denied, it sinketh as a thrall’s.
Choose we this hour to rise!” And straightway he
Knelt meek, and silent vowed him to the fight.

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

BENEDICT ARNOLD

IN this year of war's "excursions and alarms," and especially as New Year's Eve draws near, the anniversary of Quebec's gallant repulse of the Americans, it may be of some interest to view their leader, General Arnold, in the light of modern biography, in which much of the old-time scorn and bitterness has died out, and many extenuating circumstances have been brought forward in explanation—while never condoning the act itself—of Arnold's attempted betrayal of West Point.

How often one hears Benedict Arnold called a "horse-trader," and as such knowing his way to Quebec, as if to infer the man was of low extraction and intelligence, instead of being a man of good colonial stock, fearless courage and a born leader.

The Arnolds first settled in Rhode Island, where the Benedict Arnold of that date was the governor of the colony, his grandson removing to Norwich, Connecticut. Here was born in January, 1740, the Benedict Arnold of this sketch, the eldest son always receiving the name of Benedict. Young Arnold's mother also came of Connecticut's good stock, the men of her family receiving the best education Yale College could then give. But times were hard, and people simple, working at whatever came to hand, without any of the pride and traditions of the Old World to maintain, the social rating of members of the community being centred in the plain old white meeting-houses, where pewholdings were carefully allotted, the Arnold pew still to be seen on the old plans.

Young Benedict was a high spirited boy and often startled the quiet folk of Norwich by his pranks, until he was apprenticed to his kinsmen, the Doctors Lathrop, to serve them as apothecary's boy, whence came his knowledge of drugs. Finding such a life far from satisfying his adventure-loving nature, Arnold took to the sea, for half the male popu-

lation of Connecticut were both traders and sea captains, and from this time until nearly the end of his American career New Haven became his home and port of trade with the West Indies.

The energetic and masterful young man soon rose to be the captain of his own ship and then the owner of several, becoming a well known and flourishing citizen of quaint New Haven with its famous Green, old "South" Church, and square outlined with white colonial houses, a few standing to this day, as does one old building of Yale now enclosed about by modern dormitories. The chronicles of the town contain many references to the bold young captain, a mutiny of his crew was quelled by him in a very summary manner, on the return from another voyage he brought and presented to a young lady a red silk parasol. Great was the horror and indignation among the Puritan congregation at such a devil's plaything being brought into the "meeting-house"; the parasol was made the subject of a fiery sermon, and never again were the staid folk of New Haven offended by the sight of the glowing silk.

Arnold was now to become a Benedict in fact as well as name, for we find him in February, 1767, marrying Margaret Mansfield, a daughter of the high sheriff of the county, and the young couple started their married life in a large frame house which stood until recent years, a hearthstone and carved mantel being carefully preserved in the New Haven Colony Museum, as well as Arnold's signboard, ledgers, mortar and pestle, and medicine cabinet. On what was the bank of a creek where trading schooners could run up, the remains of Arnold's warehouse is still shown to tourists, although now reached through rows of tall city buildings.

Beyond the notices of the births of the Arnolds' three sons, we are shown little or nothing of the domestic or public life of Arnold until the flame of revolution broke out, when we find the young captain leaving his trading ships to march at the head of his "training-band" to aid the Boston colonists after some wordy warfare with his seniors in New

Haven as to the arming of the men with weapons which ought to be kept for home defence. On joining Washington's troops Arnold's plan for invading Canada was unfolded, but his first active service was on Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, with Ethen Allan and the "Green Mountains Boys." Jealous of the young officer's success, the first of the bickerings and demands for the accounting of stores was put in against Arnold, who in disgust at Connecticut's treatment of him, went straight to General Washington who accepted his word and started forward the organization for the march on Quebec.

Of the hardships, cold, hunger, sickness, endured by the sturdy band as they dragged their boats and canoes after them from lakes to rivers, we Canadians are all familiar. And what Quebecer does not read with pride of the defence of the old city, while able to admire the courage of the attacking foe and understand what they must have undergone in that bitter winter campaign. In the attack in which Montgomery was killed, Arnold was wounded and had to drag himself along the ground to the General Hospital Convent on the banks of the St. Charles River, where the good nuns had not been molested. Here Arnold recovered, but in the meantime the old officer he had so deeply offended in New Haven, had arrived to take command. A great personal loss had also fallen on him in the death of the young wife he had left at his country's call, and Hannah Arnold, his devoted sister, took charge of the children and did what she could to keep her brother's local business together.

On the Americans retiring from Quebec to Montreal, a commission of three men, Benjamin Franklin, Carroll of Carolltown, and Samuel Chase, were sent to the latter city to investigate the causes of the failure of the expedition, and they fully exonerated General Arnold in their report to Congress. The brave little band had utterly lacked everything that in these days a well equipped Army Service Corps would have brought along.

It was on Lake Champlain that Arnold fought his next battle, for he was equally fitted to command on land or water. The country was full of his praises, while the first serious attempt to break the bold young militia officer was started by those who, in virtue of their seniority and former service as British regulars, were furiously jealous of him. In spite of Washington's urgent recommendation, interest was brought to bear on Congress to pass him over in the appointment of five new major-generals.

Arnold was justly hurt, but his correspondence on the subject with his commander-in-chief was dignified and patriotic in feeling, and he seized a brief respite from active service to visit his motherless children and attend to his own long neglected affairs.

But times were too anxious for a man like Arnold to rest very long, and some British landing near New Haven, he was the first to mount his horse and round up the inhabitants to repel the invaders, which they did with spirit, for although only farmers they were fighting for the safety of their own nearby homes. Arnold had two horses shot under him but escaped unhurt.

Congress was now forced to show its appreciation of his services by advancing him to the long delayed rank of major-general, but in spite of this Arnold insisted on a full inquiry into the charges against him of extravagance in Canada, Arnold claiming that not only government money had had to be expended, but his own private fortune as well, in order to secure food and clothing for the soldiers he could not see suffer. Generous and warmhearted to a fault we find him supporting two orphaned children of a brother officer.

While all this was taking place, Washington was petitioning congress to lend him the services of General Arnold, for General Burgoyne had entered New York State from Canada. General Gates was nominally in command of the army in the north, but the officers and men looked to Arnold to lead them, and the two battles of Saratoga justified their faith in him, for his bravery was the wonder of all as he charged up

and down the lines on a great, black horse until it was shot beneath him and Arnold brought down with a wound in the leg, as at Quebec.

Congress acknowledged his services, and his journey home, when able to travel, was one long ovation, New Haven welcoming her citizen with a public display and salute of guns, while General Washington's personal letter of congratulation was couched in the highest terms and was accompanied by a gift of epaulettes and sword knots. If Arnold's fame could have but rested here!

It was General Washington's very determination to show every confidence in an officer who had performed so many gallant feats, that led to the great tragedy of Arnold's life, for his appointment as military governor of Philadelphia was a position he was totally unfitted for. The Philadelphians had been British in their sympathies, and until recently English troops had held the city, which for colonial days was one of much wealth and devoted to the maintenance of Old World pomp and ceremony. Coming from the more Spartan New England States and from rough campaigning, it was a great change to be suddenly placed over such a town, and Arnold with his usual extravagance was not the man to allow his position and powers to be thought meanly of. He immediately set up his official household on a scale of magnificence quite out of keeping with simple Republican ideals, and before three months had passed we find him paying court to the daughter of one of the most prominent Tory families, Miss Peggy Shippen, who had been the toast and admiration of all the British officers, among them Major André, later to become so tragically connected with the Arnolds.

Once before we were given a glimpse of another love affair with a Boston belle, "the heavenly Miss De Blois," as Arnold wrote of her, but the heavenly vision must have proved fleeting, although we know a present of brocade for dresses was sent her, a gift that seems odd to us, but in those days when everything had to be imported, it was no doubt greatly appreciated.

Certainly in this present courtship, Benedict Arnold displayed great ardour, and no one reading his letters could call him a rough soldier of fortune. He first asked the young lady's father "to sanction his addresses," and then proposed marriage to her in pages of old-time formally ornate sentiments, sometimes calling her "dear madame" and then lapsing into "dear Peggy," ending with "dear madame" once more. The Shippen family seem to have favoured the match, although Arnold was twenty years older than the lovely Peggy, and the marriage took place in April, 1779.

What a different picture we see of this second home, no white gabled house on the shore of Long Island Sound, but the grandest stone mansion the city could supply, with a summer place known as "Mount Pleasant" to which they rode out in a coach and four with liveried men. Gay dinners were given to the bride's Tory friends, and entertainments of the most lavish description.

Young and pleasure-loving as she was, Peggy Arnold could not have been without heart, and as little in common as there must have been with the New England sister-in-law, yet the two women seem to have been on cordial terms, and the children's claims on their father were properly acknowledged.

The murmurings that Arnold was being influenced by his wife's friends, and favouring the Tories in whatever came under his control as governor of the city, grew so loud that some notice had to be taken of them, and as usual Arnold expressed himself perfectly willing to have an investigation. The councillors of Pennsylvania were the accusers, and Arnold appeared before them to defend himself. The court-martial took place at Morristown on December 19th, 1779, and was a most dramatic one—but the finding seems to have been a compromise, neither condemning nor clearing Arnold, in a desire to keep in with the powerful Pennsylvania politicians. Charges that Arnold had made purchases for his own benefit were proven unfounded, also his use of public conveyances.

His closing of some shops was justified, and his action about a Connecticut sloop was merely an advance of money. At the same time the Court felt that General Arnold had been imprudent in his relations with people known to be still loyal in heart to the mother country, and General Washington was ordered to caution his military governor.

It was a hard duty to perform, and Washington's letter was really an appeal to his gallant subordinate to show himself worthy of the trust he, Washington, had always reposed in him. In spite of the delicate wording of the reprimand, it must have been galling to a man of Arnold's nature. He resigned his governorship, and Washington gave him the command of West Point, a post more fitted for his soldierly qualities.

"*Cherchez la femme*" now becomes the whole train of reasoning for Arnold's trafficking with the British who held New York City, many of whom were old friends of the lovely Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia days. Although there seems to be no proof of the young wife's complicity, and Arnold swore she was as "innocent as an angel," it does not seem unjust or unreasonable to think that she could have felt but little antagonism to the so-called enemies of her country, men of her own English race, until a few years before united by every tie—personal ties, that count so much more with women, than the impersonal causes which plunged the young colony into revolt. Arnold had had it well brought home to him that his many sacrifices and courageous acts counted as nothing as compared to petty accusations of men who considered themselves his social superiors. No doubt this was all enlarged upon by the British in the inducements held out to Arnold to return to his old allegiance, where he would be properly rewarded personally, besides the hope that in so doing he would bring the British arms to a successful peace, and be acclaimed the saviour of the colonies to the Crown, instead of a traitor.

West Point occupies about the same strategic position on the Hudson as Quebec on the St. Lawrence, and is not

unlike it in its scenic surroundings. On the fatal day of the termination of the negotiations, a British sloop of war, the *Vulture*, brought André, now holding the rank of adjutant-general, up to within a few miles of the fort where at a lonely spot Arnold met him, but the conference not ending before daybreak, and the sloop being noticed and fired on, it dropped down the river, leaving André to rejoin her as best he could. With the incriminating papers hidden on him, and a pass signed by a general still in the American army, poor André mounted a horse and rode to his cruel death, for he was held up by three patriots, searched, and classed as a spy.

Washington was, meanwhile, unexpectedly approaching West Point from the opposite side of the river, a messenger sent on from him and one from André arrived at the same time. There was not a moment to be lost, leaving his wife in a state of collapse Arnold dashed down to the water's edge where he kept a barge, and was rowed to the *Vulture*. Washington, arriving at headquarters, was thunderstruck at the terrible news, but treated Mrs. Arnold with the greatest consideration, for her plight was pitiful no matter what part she had acted, and she was sent with an escort to her father's home. The Council of Pennsylvania, however, refused to allow her to remain in Philadelphia and she was ordered to leave in November of the same year, 1780.

Meanwhile, Arnold was safe within the British lines in New York, his late companions in arms execrating him with every breath. In a long proclamation he gave his reasons for abandoning the cause of liberty, and urged his late fellow-countrymen to become reconciled to England.

The press of the day was filled with bitterest abuse and Arnold was burnt in effigy, while, to appease the public who clamoured for his blood, André was sacrificed instead, and was hanged, though he implored to suffer a soldier's death by being shot. With the British forces Arnold took part in several engagements, one of them near the place of his birth, Norwich. The defeat of Cornwallis practically ended the War of Independence and Arnold sailed to England with his

wife and their two youngest children, leaving his sister in America with the three older boys, but she, finding it too great a strain to live among those who hated the name of Arnold, soon left for Upper Canada with her charges. In England the Arnolds were well received, were frequently at court, were voted money equivalent to the property sacrificed in America, and Mrs. Arnold and her children provided for by pensions. But Arnold was a most restless and unhappy man, and soon sought occupation in renewing his trading connexion with the West Indies, aided by government contracts. For four years he even brought his family out to St. John, New Brunswick, from 1787 to 1791, returning again to London. A few years later the King granted him 13,400 acres in Canada, where the good sister and sons were finding a kind refuge and whose country it has remained, in their direct descendants, to the present day.

In spite of all that was done to make their life in England a success, nothing seemed to flourish with Arnold, and at sixty years of age we find him a broken-hearted, worn out man, dying in London on June 14th, 1801.

After Arnold's death we gain an intimate knowledge of a Peggy very different from the gay, thoughtless, ambitious, young matron in America. Her letters to her own family in Philadelphia are most pathetic, those to her stepsons even more so, urging them to remember only the best of their father, sending them his American uniforms and otherwise scrupulously sharing the little there was left, as her own children were a great care on her slender resources, and it required all the good offices of the many friends she had among the nobility to place her sons in military schools. Accustomed as she had always been to comfort, we find her obliged to renounce nearly everything. Her father helped her and she came out once to see him, but was treated coldly by all her former friends. She returned to England, where she died at the early age of forty-four, without the consolation of knowing her sons were all to hold honourable rank in the British Army. The only daughter married an officer, and a

grandson, the Rev. Gladwyn Arnold, married a daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, little or no stigma seemingly being attached to the name of Arnold, such as was fostered in the United States. At the time of the World's Fair, the Canadian Arnolds were approached to allow the exhibition of Benedict Arnold's uniform but they very rightly refused to do so.

Q. FAIRCHILD

HORACE I. 2

SEEK not, my dear Leuconoë,
To find what Heaven forbids to know;
Nor strive to learn by magic arts
What length of life the gods bestow.

'Tis best to bear whatever comes;
What matters if for us there be
More winters or the last be this
That spends its rage on Tuscan sea.

Be wise: fill high the cup with wine;
Metè length of hope to life's brief way;
While we are talking time has fled;
No morrow trust; enjoy to-day.

JOHN HENDERSON

ENGLISH POETRY OF WAR

THE passion of warfare,

Heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use,

finds immediate outlet in verse. No periods of English history have been so prolific as the periods of her great wars. The poetry thus produced has not generally been, nor can it be expected to be, of the highest quality. Wordsworth defined the essence of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Lyrics produced under the immediate stress and inspiration of the event, must, in the nature of the case, lack the artistic perfection and the reflective wisdom which are the essentials of great verse; but this is compensated in a measure by the equally essential qualities of intensity and exaltation.

A study of English war poetry, were the emergence of these qualities the only reward, would be sufficiently tempting; but there are other considerations no less attractive. An historical survey—or, to put the case more precisely within the modest scope of these pages, a glance at the past in the light of the present—affords a moving picture, wrought as it were, by the poetic impulses of successive generations upon the film of history, of the changing physical aspects of war; and not less does such a survey reflect the changing psychology of a nation at grips with a mortal enemy—the growing complexity of mood of a slowly-maturing civilization, disrupted from time to time by the impact of a primitive passion.

To shut our eyes and ears to the battle of the Belgian littoral, where the embanked artillery of the opposing forces rakes the undulating dunes, while athwart the battle-ground

hurtle tons of metal from the nearby vessels, and to be transported in imagination to the hand-to-hand struggles of our Anglo-Saxon forebears, is to escape from the ghastly warfare of the machine and to win back on the wings of poetry to the primitive warfare of man with man. It would be hard to find a stronger contrast than that afforded, when we see side by side the picture which our imagination draws of the desolating chaos at Nieuport, and the picture which an unknown poet has left us of the battle of Brunanburh, a thousand years ago. Here are no deafening explosions, no hurtling lead, no air-borne ministers of death, no complex mechanism of war. It is good, clean fighting with sword and axe and javelin and lindenwood (shield); and the movement of the Anglo-Saxon verse, with its syllabic freedom and its flexible alliterative harmonies, rings no less to the music of the whistling javelin and the clang of sword on shield than do the swinging dactyls of the modern translator:

Athelstan King,
 Lord among Earls,
 Bracelet bestower and
 Baron of barons,
 He with his brother,
 Edmund Atheling,
 Gaining a lifelong
 Glory in battle,
 Slew with the sword-edge
 There by Brunanburh,
 Brake the shield-wall,
 Hew'd the lindenwood,
 Hack'd the battle-shield,
 Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his north again
 Hoar-headed hero!
 Slender warrant had
 He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives—
 He that was reft of his

Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war; . . .

Many a carcass they left to the carrion,
 Many a livid one, many a sallow skin,
 Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it, and
 Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and
 Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
 That grey beast, the wolf of the weald.

Grim this is, and savage; but as long as the battle is thus fought in the open, between man and man; as long as death-missiles are sped by hand alone, and opposing warriors can have speech with each other before the onset, there is still room not only for the vaunt of battle but for those little chivalric touches which somehow lighten the scene of carnage. In the "Battle of Maldon," the Viking ships lie in the stream below the town of Maldon. The Vikings have disembarked and have tried in vain to cross the narrow bridge. They turn to the ford but fear to expose themselves in the crossing.

Byrthnot calls to them o'er the cold water :
 " We have made way for you, wait not to come to us !
 Fighters, the field is here ! God alone knoweth
 Which of us two shall win in the battle."¹

No doubt if Byrthnoth had been educated up to it he would have mined the bridge or swept the ford with artillery; but as it was, in the pride of his heart ("for his ofermode"), he gave his enemies a point of vantage, fought them without giving or asking quarter, and paid for it with his life.

It is hard to tear oneself away from these primitive battles. The men are man's men, the weapons are man's weapons, the outcome hangs on individual prowess, not on impersonal mechanism. Conceive a gun that travels on

¹ I have ventured a free translation of the lines. The available translations of "Battle of Maldon" are singularly wooden.

caterpillar wheels, and from which the firers have to retire a hundred yards to escape the concussion ! It is effective; but it is inhuman; it is no more poetic than a charnel-house. A weapon is poetic when the poet's imagination can seize on the human element in it. Witness the Anglo-Saxon "Riddle" of the Bow:

When I am bent, and from my bosom darts
 The venomous sting, with dexterous speed I send
 Far and away the quivering stroke of death.
 Soon as my guide who fashioned me for torture
 Lets loose my pliant limbs, in agony
 I stretch, until I vomit forth the broth
 Of fatal, piercing poison that erewhile
 I swallowed. Never a man I then bespeak
 Shall easily depart, once he is grazed
 By that which takes its flight from out my vitals.¹

Four hundred years pass. The physical aspects of battle are not much changed. Swords and shields still play their part. The cross-bow has been introduced; its use against Christians has been prohibited by the Lateran Council because it is too deadly (think of this in comparison with the modern mines), but it is used none the less. The javelin has been supplanted by the long-bow, and the battle of Creçy is to be won by the archer. Gun powder has been invented, and crude cannon have been experimented with at the siege of Cambray, but their power is undreamed of, and they have not yet caught the imagination of the poet. Ships have developed, and the English are becoming a sea-faring and sea-fighting nation.

The English are at war with the French. Stung by the unexpected capture of the good ship *Christopher*, and appealed to by the citizens of Bruges and Ypres, whose cities are being over-run by the Normans, Edward III gathers his ships together and defeats the enemy's fleet in the harbour of Sluys. Among the panegyrists of Edward's victories, one

¹ Trans. Brougham, in "Translations from Old English Poetry." Cook and Tinker (Ginn.)

emerges for posterity in the person of Lawrence Minot, whose swinging rhythms and zest for martial themes mark him as the fourteenth century Kipling. Like Kipling, there is nothing academic about Minot's poems. They are not so much songs about war, as the veritable songs of fighting men, filled with the lust of battle and gloating with savage irony over the defeated enemy. It is a pity to modernize Minot, but one must alter a word here and there to make him intelligible to the average reader.

King Edward to sail was full soon dight,
 With earls and barons and many a keen knight,
 They came before Blankenbergh on Saint John's night.
 That was to the Normans a full sorry sight.
 Yet trumped they and danced with torches full bright,
 In the wild waniand¹ were their hearts light.

Sir William of Clinton was there, ye may know;
 Many a stout bachelor ranged he in row;
 Then fell their arrows as thick as the snow,
 The boast of the Normans brought they full low.

The good Earl of Gloucester, God make him glad!
 Brought many bold men with bows full brade,
 To bicker with the Normans boldly they bade;
 In the midst of the flood they made them to wade.
 To wade were these wretches cast in the brim!²
 Out of France came these caitiffs to learn how to swim!

So might the modern Tommy Atkins put it, with the same irony, though with perhaps a trifle more of geniality in the face of danger.

Another century passes. Artillery has begun to play its part. That part is a more dramatic one than it will play in later times, for the natural conservatism of mankind has carried the era of primitive weapons on into the beginnings of the era of modern warfare. Resulting is a most heterogeneous armoury in which the silent weapon sped by man's hand and the missile driven by the demon powder fly side

¹ "The waning light of the moon." The word is too good to modernize.

² Sea.

by side. The early fifteenth century has no poet to deal with the siege of Harfleur or the battle of Agincourt with the dramatic power with which Shakespeare was to deal with the former or the lyric exaltation with which Drayton was to deal with the latter at a later period; but in the stumbling measures of John Lydgate (if he it was who wrote "The Siege of Harfleur and the Battle of Agincourt, 1415"), we have at least a glimpse of how it strikes a contemporary.

Great ordnance of guns the King let make,
 And shipped them to London all at once;
 Bows and arrows in chests were take,
 Spears and bills with iron gunstones;
 And arming daggers made for the nonce;
 With swords and bucklers that were full sure,
 And harness bright that strokes would endure.

The King to Southampton then did ride
 With his Lords; for no longer would he dwell.
 Fifteen hundred fair ships there did bide,
 With good sails and top-castel.

Between Hampton and the Isle of Wight,
 These goodly ships lay there at road,
 With mastyard across, full seemly sight,
 Over the haven spread abroad;
 On every pavis¹ a cross red;
 The waist decked with serpentines² strong.
 St. George's streamers spread o'erhead,
 With the arms of England hanging along.

The English land, march to Harfleur, and mount their cannon before the walls, and "London" and "The King's Daughter" begin their thunderous chorus:

For every great gun that there was,
 In his mouth he had a stone.
 Then said the great gun,
 "Hold, fellows, we go to game!"
 Thanked be Mary and Jesu her son,
 They did the Frenchmen there much shame.

1 Target. 2 Cannon.

"Fifteen afore," said "London" then;
 Her balls full fair she gan out-throw.
 "Thirty," said the second gun; "I will win an I may."
 Wherever the wall was most sure
 They bare it down withouten nay.
 The "King's Daughter" said, "Hearken this play,
 Hearken, Maidens, now this tide!
 Five and forty we have, it is no way!"
 They beat down the walls on every side.

The Normans said, "Let us not abide!
 But go we in haste by one assent,
 Wheresoever the gunstones glide,
 Our houses in Harfleur are all to-rent."

So, against the stone walls of Harfleur, the Maidens do their deadly work; but when it comes to a battle in the open, as at Agincourt, England falls back on her ancient weapon:

Then blew the trumpets merrily,
 These two battles¹ together gede,
 Our archers stood up full heartily,
 And made the Frenchmen fast to bleed.
 Their arrows went fast withouten let,
 And many men shot they throughout;
 Through habergeon, breastplate and bassinet
 Eleven thousand were slain in that rout.

This is not good poetry. One may even be permitted to doubt whether, in the strict sense of the word, it is poetry at all; but it has at least this advantage over the stirring music with which the Elizabethan geniuses celebrated the, to them, already ancient battles of Harfleur and Agincourt. It places us eye to eye with the contemporary poet, stirred by the mighty powers which science has now loosed in the cause of war.

Moreover, it gives us a glimpse of the poetic instinct for personification, as insistent even if less convincing, with these new death-dealing weapons, as with the Anglo-Saxon arrow. "Maidens" were these five and forty cannon which shattered

¹ Armies.

the walls of Harfleur; and feminine has been the cannon in poetry ever since. It were invidious to ask the reason, or to attempt to discover in the bright beauty of the cannon's untarnished metal and the terrible pungency of its speech any similarity to the sex of which, somehow, it has reminded generation after generation; but the fact is a matter of record. The grim "Maidens" of Harfleur are veritable Valkyries, "Choosers of the Slain."

Weave the crimson web of war!

Let us go and let us fly

Where our friends the conflict share,

Where they triumph, where they die.

Even the swift-flying bullet, singing on its deadly errand, is very woman to the poet. Witness Bret Harte's "What the Bullet Sang:"

O Joy of Creation

To be!

O rapture to fly

And be free!

Be the battle lost or won,

Though its smoke shall hide the sun,

I shall find my love—the one

Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,

All alone,

With the power in his hands

Not overthrown;

I shall know him by his face,

By his god-like front and grace;

I shall hold him for a space

All my own!

It is he—O my love!

So bold!

It is I—All thy love

Foretold!

It is I. O love! what bliss!

Dost thou answer to my kiss?

O sweetheart! what is this

Lieth there so cold?

Meanwhile, the lesson of power learned at Harfleur is taken to heart and applied in other directions. Vessels still oppose to the leaden hail hulls and bulwarks of thick-hewn oak. But the day of broadsides has come. The high built galleons of the Armada sink under the English fire, and the story of the battle, as sung by the poets, is a song of the crash of cannonades. Again, the fight of "the one and the fifty-three," which caught the imagination of Sir Walter Raleigh and of Gervase Markham, and was destined to furnish to Tennyson the theme of the greatest poem of a naval battle ever written, could have been possible only with well served cannon against inferior weapons.

To have stood up against

Ship after ship, the whole night long,
with her battle-thunder and flame

was possible only when cannon were, in comparison with modern artillery, almost an impotent thing; but, comparatively weak as they were, they seemed to the poet monstrous and demoniac. To Shakespeare, the cannon is "devilish;" and even as late as the close of the seventeenth century, the novelty of the weapon has not altogether worn off. There is a curious reflection of this in a familiar old song of 1698, "The British Grenadiers:"

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal,
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears.
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees and we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemy's ears,
Sing, tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

It is only a few years later than this that Addison draws for us the first picture, of really epic proportions, of a great battle won by artillery instead of hand to hand combat; but

the guns are still the "brass cannon" such as battered the walls of Harfleur two hundred years before.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
 The immortal Schellenberg appears at last :
 Like hills the aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
 Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
 Threatening destruction: rows of hollow brass,
 Tube beyond tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep.

It is not necessary to trace any further the changing physical aspects of war, as reflected in poetry. The crude brass cannon which so possessed Addison's imagination will gradually be superseded by the rifled and steel-jacketed monsters of to-day. The grenadier with his fusee and his hand grenade will give way to the impersonal and deadly mine and bomb and shrapnel. Individual heroism, the prowess of the bayonet and the sabre, skill of horsemanship—these, the relics of primitive warfare, will persist in spite of the growing mechanism of war.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well:
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the Six Hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd.

But gradually the individual will be absorbed into the machine, greater weight of metal and greater weight of men will more and more determine the event, and God, as the

cynical Voltaire said, will be on the side of the heaviest battalions.

Up to a decade ago—one is almost tempted to say, up to four months ago—the picture of war drawn by Addison in the beginning of the eighteenth century remained practically true for modern warfare. It is the aeroplane, the Zeppelin, the submarine, the destroyer, the torpedo, and the searchlight that have with amazing suddenness changed the whole aspect of battle; and save for a few particular phases, the poetry of this ultra-modern warfare has not yet been written. Tennyson's prophetic anticipation of the "airy navies battling in the central blue," written more than half a century ago as it was, remains the most epic visualization of the aeroplane and Zeppelin. The noble opening stanza of Alfred Noyes' "Search Lights":

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight
 The lean black cruisers search the sea.
 Night long their level shafts of light
 Revolve and find no enemy.
 Only they know each leaping wave
 May hide the lightning and their grave,

adds another phase. Nowhere has the sinister and ghastly power of the invisible instruments of death been so powerfully sung as in Kipling's "Destroyers":

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
 In vain the daylight dies;
 The sullen shouldering swells attend
 Death and our sacrifice.
 Adown the stricken capes no flare—
 No mark on spit or bar,—
 Girdled and desperate we dare
 The blind-fold game of war. . . .

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,
 The muffled knocking stroke—
 The steam that over-runs the foam—
 The foam that thins to smoke—

The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
 The deep that chokes her throes
 Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
 The luke warm whirlpools close.

A shadow down the sickened wave
 Long since her slayer fled :
 But hear their chattering quickfires rave
 Astern, abeam, ahead !
 Panic that shells the drifting spar—
 Loud waste with none to check—
 Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
 Or sweeps a consort's deck !

The strength of twice three thousand horse
 That serve the one command ;
 The hand that heaves the headlong force,
 The hate that backs the hand ;
 The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
 The mine that splits the main ;
 The white-hot wake, the 'wilderer speed—
 The Choosers of the Slain !

But these are mere selected aspects. It has been said that anything like a collective picture of warfare as it is to-day has not yet been written. One is, indeed, inclined to doubt if it ever can be, unless some new Milton shall arise, whose cosmic imagination can grapple with matter so stupendous. The battle of Nieuport is the Hell of "Paradise Lost," realized in the fulness of time when all the achievements of science have become the playthings of man's hate—a place where a countless multitude struggle under the veritable

"cope of Hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires."

II

In thus following the physical aspects of war through pictures drawn by successive poets, we have lost sight for a little while of the national mood which the poetry of war reflects. It were possible, did space permit, to trace the note

of bitter hatred, of joy in the *mêlée*, of gloating over the slain, not merely in the primitive Anglo-Saxon poetry, where we should expect to find it, but also far on into the maturing civilization of later times. This harvest of bitterness and savagery perceptibly diminishes, however, as one progresses into modern literature; and the spirit of war poetry becomes, not that of the sergeant in Ireton's regiment into whose mouth Macaulay puts the words,

Ho, comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain
First give another stab to make your search secure;

but rather that of Campbell's familiar lines:

Out spake the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
" Ye are brothers; ye are men !
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring."

The primitive song of battle is a song of carnage—for the sake of carnage. The modern song of battle is the song of men who make a thorough job of it, not for its own sake but for the better thing which is to follow.

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by two and threes, to call the living to school.

And into the modern song of battle, themes hitherto unsung have made their way. The old poetry takes grim cognizance of the grief of the widow and the fatherless—

Then on the morne they mayde them beerys
Of byrch and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe, with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye;

but such a reference as this from "The Battle of Otterburn" is typically casual. The broader humanitarianism of the modern mood has realized the poignant appeal of the stay-at-home as vividly as it has the trumpet-call of the marching hosts. Nor has this mood dwelt with mawkish sentiment

upon the broken-hearted woman who sobs her heart out in the deserted home. Rather does the mood find true expression in the ringing words of Lawrence Binyon, with their fine echo of Tennyson's "Ulysses":

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price,
Your hearts burn upward as a flame
Of splendour and of sacrifice.

For you, you too to battle go,
Not with the marching drums and cheers,
But in the watch of solitude
And through the boundless night of fears.

Swift, swifter than those hawks of war,
Those threatening wings that pulse the air,
Far as the vanguard ranks are set,
You are gone before them, you are there!

And not a shot comes blind with death,
And not a stab of steel is pressed
Home, but invisibly it tore
And entered first a woman's breast.

Amid the thunder of the guns,
The lightning of the lance and sword,
Your hope, your dread, your throbbing pride,
Your infinite passion is outpoured

From hearts that are as one high heart
Withholding naught from doom and bale,
Burningly offered up—to bleed,
To bear, to break, but not to fail.

The theme of the passive heroism of womanhood is not of course a new theme; but it is winning a new and nobler emphasis in this war than it has ever won before; and coupled with it is that other *motif* of the humanitarian mood—the woe of beleaguered Belgium. It is not the first time that England has listened to the Macedonian cry from that quarter. Edward III heard it, and the cry is echoed in Minot's words:

When Bruges and Ypyre hereof herd tell
They sent Edward to wit that was in Arwell;
Then had he no liking longer to dwell . . .

but not then was England to witness the spectacle of a neighbour-nation utterly laid low. To-day "Louvain" has become the veritable watchword of English song; and it is not impossible that when the great poem of the present war comes to be written, it will be not an Iliad but an Odyssey—the story, not of the conquering valour of England, but of the heroic suffering of Belgium.

In the light of this change in the mood of battle poetry, it was to be expected that the poetry of the present war would strike a note of religious dedication, of heroic courage and of high souled magnanimity characteristic of the civilization which we pique ourselves upon possessing. But in so far as it has shown these qualities (and it undoubtedly has shown them), it has had to manifest them under the stress of circumstances peculiarly calculated to drag the Muse back into the primitive mood. To contemplate an enemy whose veneer, not perhaps of "culture," but of civilization, has been rubbed off in the twinkling of an eye, and whose conduct has been barbaric to a degree, and at the same time to keep one's spirit "commercing with the skies," is no slight task. There is an uncomfortable feeling that, after all, civilization is not "getting anywhere," and that there is no more reason for expecting anything of Apollo than of Mars. We had all come to think that world-civilization had reached a point at which the history of human nature might be expected to stop repeating itself; and yet we can turn the pages of English poetry clear back to the year 1200, and find in Layamon's "Brut" a description of Teutonic warfare that might have been written yesterday.

The Teuton Childric has been defeated by Arthur, and pledges himself, as the price of pardon, that he will harass Arthur no more. Nevertheless, Childric gathers his scattered forces and again lands on the shore of Arthur's kingdom.

As soon as they came on hand, the folk they slew; the churls they drove off, that tilled the earth; the knights they hanged, that defended the land; all the good wives they struck with knives; all the maidens they murdered; all the learned men [clergy] they cast on gleeds; all the servants they slew with clubs; they felled the castles, laid waste the land, burned the churches—grief was among the people! Sucking children they drowned in the water;—— the cattle they took and slaughtered; —— all they took that they came nigh.

The enemy penetrates to Bath, and there on the hill Arthur defeats the Teutons, filling the Avon with the bodies of armoured warriors, and slaying their leader; and the gentle old priest of Arnley puts into Arthur's mouth a barbaric chant of triumph over the slain.

How the steel fishes lie in the stream! Armed with sword, their life is destroyed; their scales float like gold-dyed shields; there float their fins like spears. Strange things are come to this land—such beasts on the hill, such fishes in the stream!

And thou, Childric, didst climb this hill wondrous high, as if thou wouldst to heaven; but now thou shalt to hell. There thou mayest learn much of thy kin. . . . Bid them dwell there winter and summer, and we shall live [here] in [this] land in bliss.¹

It is the very irony of fate which makes the myth of the twelfth century the historical record of the twentieth; and the savage joy of Arthur is mild and humane beside the terrible bitterness and relentless hatred of William Watson's "Funeral March for Kaiser Wilhelm II." The spirit of Brunanburh is awake again.

And from Germany, a black echo of this black mood, comes the "Hassgesang"—the "chant of hate against England," published by Ernst Lissauer in "Jugend," and thus translated into English by Barbara Henderson:

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow, and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not,

¹ Prose rendering by W. H. Schofield, in "English Literature from the Conquest to Chaucer."

We hold the Wechsel and Vosgesgate
 We have but one and only hate,
 We love as one, we hate as one,

We have one foe and one alone.
 He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
 He crouches behind the dark grey flood,
 Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
 Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
 Come, let us stand at the Judgement place,
 An oath to swear to, face to face.

An oath of bronze, no wind can shake,
 An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
 Come hear the word, repeat the word,
 Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
 We will never forego our hate,
 We have all but a single hate,
 We love as one, we hate as one,
 We have one foe and one alone—
 England!

What are we to think of such poetry? The "Hassgesang" is to be expected from the Germans. Hatred of England has been bred and indoctrinated into them through thirty years of anti-British education. From Nietzsche to Bernhardt they have been taught that the only law is the law of force, the only morality the morality of conquest. England has stood in their way, and they hate England. Their attitude is intolerable, but it is at least not surprising.

But England? One does not have to be a pacifist or a sentimentalist to condemn the spirit which dictated Watson's bitter words. The mood of England should be—and in the main, is—the exaltation of a great cause, not the bitter animosity of a primitive savage. It is our business to put an end to a baleful militarism, not to fling back taunt for taunt and gibe for gibe.

It behoves not only the ordinary man whose hasty words do not go upon record, but also the poet who, for good or ill, is spreading upon the pages of literature a message which posterity shall read, to be temperate and even magnanimous

of speech in such a crisis. It is the first stanza of Kipling's "Recessional" which we hear most often quoted; but it is another stanza which should be on our lips to-day:

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard;
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Fortunately, the atavistic savagery of Mr. Watson's outburst marks the exception, not the rule. If England is forced to contemplate an enemy whose deeds are of the dark ages, she has none the less the inspiration of a just and great cause. The poetry of certain of her past wars is far from reflecting a unanimity of mood. There is no more imperishable record upon the pages of history than the bitter words of Wordsworth written in 1802:

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

On the other hand, there is no better evidence of the solidarity of the English spirit to-day than that afforded by the predominant, indeed, practically the universal, note of her recent poetry. That note was first struck by Henry Newbolt in "The Vigil," written at an earlier date, but most opportunely republished in the dread moment when war was seen to be inevitable, but before it had been declared.

England! where the sacred flame
 Burns before the inmost shrine,
 Where the lips that love thy name
 Consecrate their hopes and thine,

Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

The same note is struck again in the noble words of
Thomas Hardy when the future looked blackest:

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

It is not a mood of "frantic boast and foolish word,"
nor is it the mood of him who impiously flaunts the name of
God. It is the mood of those who, leaving all other things,
go forth, prayerful and unafraid,

To keep the house unharmed
Their fathers built so fair,

knowing, also, that

They are holding in their hands
Liberty of little lands.

Half a century ago, Tennyson exclaimed,

What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him who turns a musing eye
On songs and deeds and lives that lie
Foreshortened in the tract of time.

This war will answer other and far more important questions; but it will no less answer the question over which Tennyson mused so long ago. The mood of the moment is a mood of deeds, not words; and the poetry of the moment, stirring as it is, has not yet had time to find itself; but in that period of tranquillity which will follow, the recollected emotion of these great deeds done and great lives spent will be minted into a golden harvest, richer even, we dare to hope, than that which marked the glorious days of great Elizabeth.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

THREE POEMS

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY FROM THE
UKRAINIAN OF FEDKOVICH

I. THE FLUTE

The midnight fire flickers,
The embers slowly dying,
The father sits at the table,
Heavily, sadly thinking.
The mother, too, sits quiet
Sending swift prayers to Heaven.
Her heart is filled with grief,
But she knows not words to tell it.
The sisters finish their sewing
By the light of the kahanetz.

The brother has sought a corner
To pipe sad tunes on a flute.
He plays on the flute of Ivan,
Ivan who serves for the Czar.
Suddenly, with a heart-cry,
He stops his sad, sweet playing:
"Ivan, Ivan, it sounds not!
Thy famous tunes are silent!
Where, O where art thou living
And how does my brother fare?"

Brushing away his tears,
He placed his flute near the rafters.
Quietly leaving the room
He went to sleep in the stable;
That he might talk with the bay
Concerning Ivan, his brother.

And on the hot sands of Italy,
On the green grass lies a soldier,
Shot, awaiting death, alone, alone
As a leaf in desert sands!
Only the moon is shining—
Above him the proud juniper
Her buds flings outward.

And he lies thinking, thinking—
Dreaming of his home,
Bidding good-bye to father,
To mother, brother and sisters.
“ Adieu, adieu, Kateryna,
With thine undying love,
With thy so sweet affection!
Adieu, my golden weapons,
Adieu, my bay in the stable,
That carried me to dances,
That knew my heart's deep secrets!”

Then, low and faint in the distance,
There reached his ears, uncertain,
The sounds of sweet flute piping.
They drifted into silence.
The soldier's head has fallen,
The stars have faded away.

On Sunday in the village
Gather Ivan's companions:
“ Brothers, come let us play it,
The famous flute of Ivan's!”
How vain were all their efforts!
’Twas dumb, as dumb as ever.

And on the hot sands of Italy,
Under the boughs of the juniper tree
What does he dream, Ivan?
Does he dream of the bay
Or of Kateryna?

II. STORM

" How it blows
 From Yuha!
 See how the dark cloud grows!
 What wrath it brings.
 But when, who knows,
 O villagers of Yuha,
 Will it dry
 Your bleeding wounds!
 Ah, when.?"

" Is it you, still,
 O villager of Yuha?"
 " Still it is I.
 Cleanséd, my wounds
 All healéd lie."

III. THE RECRUIT

In the great Emperor's courtyard
 He stood at his post on the pavement.
 He washed his face and dried it
 As the duck her wings in water.
 He washed his face with his tears.—
 None saw or heard in the silence.

He leaned his head on the bayonet
 And slept for a precious moment,
 In the great Emperor's courtyard
 He slept on his sharp-tipped bayonet.

He dreamt that he walked on a mountain—
 O blue was the dream-like mountain!
 Brushing his hair in ringlets
 He walked on thinking, thinking:

Why does my mother write not,
Or can she still be living?

He heard her answer softly:

“ I would like, my son, to write you
But they made me a tomb so lofty
That I may not rise from beneath it.
Oh, rise I cannot, my Eagle!
For deep below, on the bottom,
They have covered my hands with earth-clods,
With earth that is lying heavy.”

In the great Emperor's courtyard
He would have dreamt still longer
But the bell on high St. Stephen's
Rang with a noisy clamour
He wiped his face from the misting,
His bayonet wiped he dully
Blood flows on the courtyard pavement
From the soldier lying dead there.

IMMORTALITY

I died once, but I came to life
With pain that stabbed me like a knife;

And once again I know I died—
Afraid! And yet that shell flew wide.

A singing bullet cut the air:
I said a catch of a childish prayer—

“ If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

“ Before I wake—”

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

A LITTLE SONG OF ANGELS

A LASS she has a watering-pot,
A lad he has a spade,
And O, it was a pretty plot,
The garden Adam made.
There in the tender timeless years,
Ere yet our grief was born,
Came Michael through the slanted spears
To wake the rose at morn.

Raphael, Michael, Israfel,
They helped him weed and hoe,
And planted pinks and pimperl
And pansies in a row.
Under the striving starbright wings
The breeze sang like a choir,
The fragrance of eternal springs,
Beauty and bloom and fire.

Young Adam turned the furrow straight,
The dawn was at his feet,
And Gabriel leaned on Eden-Gate
To watch the dew-wet wheat,
And drifts of laughing cherubs drove
Like doves along the loam
What time the heavenly reapers strove
To lift the harvest home.

O, all you lads and lasses, stay,
Take pity in your heart
On those who cast the rose away
And keep the thorny part.

A LITTLE SONG OF ANGELS

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For there was one, as I've heard tell,
Bright as a blade was he,
The little angel Azrael,
That wept beside God's knee.

Moon upon moon, the irised night
Came innocent of wrong.
Dawn upon dawn, the dreaming light
Lit all the hills with song.
And Gabriel sheathed and Raphael slept
Wing-folded in the shade,
With little new-born Death, who wept
For grief that he was made.

O, all you lads and lasses trim,
Be gentle in your prayers
To all poor gardeners come from him
Who first gave ground for tares.
O, early, early grief was gleaned,
O, early wrath was stored,
And little Azrael, he leaned
And wept above his sword.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE WEALTHY SHEPHERD

As I came in from the green South Downs

I heard the pedlars cry—

“What d’ye lack?” and “What d’ye lack?”

“Come lasses and lads, come buy.”

So they chattered and clacked away

All at the fair on a summer day—

“Satin waistcoats, and scented gloves,

Silken hose or a cage of doves,

Sweets and ’winkles and hot meat pie—

What d’ye lack? Come buy! Come buy!”

And I answered them as a free soul may,

Fresh from the green South Downs that day,

“I lack nothing that ye can sell,

I’ve flung my pence in the Wishing Well,

Bathed my face in the morning dew,

Broken my fast on the white milk new,

Breathed the scent of the wild sweet-briar,

Listened long to a sky-lark choir—

All that I’m lacking, I tell ye true,

Are my green meadows and hills of blue.”

How they laughed and jeered me,

Those pedlar folk.

“Look at the daft one!

He’s a joke!

Buttercup gold in his hands he holds!

Fool! Get back to your South Down folds.”

Back from the low-land fair I haste,

Far from the clatter, and clack, and waste.

There I find in my bosky dell

Three new lambs by the Wishing Well,

Sweet wild thyme and the glint of dew,

Treasure trove of the old and new.

But down at the fair the pedlars cry

“What d’ye lack? Come buy! Come buy!”

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

THE ROSARY OF THE SOUL

IN memory of the years that were,
The years that are, and yet shall be,
And of the lonely days and hours
That slowly creep away from me;
In memory of the day we met,
Sweet bells of Recollection toll;
With hands soft-clasp'd and eyes tear-wet,
I say the rosary of the soul.

I thank Thee for the gift of Love,
Sent to me in the long ago.
And Thou, who sent it from above,
Can now discern the heart's deep woe.
I thank Thee for the twilit hours,
The vows at eve to faithful be,
And though they withered with the flowers,
For their sweet fragrance I thank Thee.

Blest were the days of love and bliss,
And blest the raptured first caress,
The hours wherein we would not miss
A touch, a look, for all were bless'd;
Blest were the days of dear delight,
Blest is the memory, though of loss;
Blest was Love's day, and Love's short night,
And blessèd, blessèd is Love's cross.

In memory of the days that were,
The days that are, and yet shall be,
And of the lonely days and hours
That slowly creep away from me;
In memory of the day we met,
Kind recollections round me roll,
So kneeling close to sad Regret
I say the rosary of the Soul.

M. AILEEN WARD

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

DURING the past year loyal Ukrainians have been celebrating the centenary of their greatest national poet, Taras Shevchenko. Many heroes the ancient kingdom of the Ukraine had, but none of her heroes of the sword are held in more veneration than the peasant poet, Taras Shevchenko. The story of his rise from a poor serf boy to a place of the highest honour among his people as an artist and poet, and the blighting of his genius by the jealous hand of Russia just as it was about to enter upon its most promising period is one that in tragic interest is surpassed by few.

Born February 25th, 1814, the child of agricultural serfs, his early life was spent in the most abject poverty and servitude. Serfdom of the bitterest kind prevailed in Russia. The serf was absolutely at the mercy of his lord, who could sell his cattle, seize his crop, or eject him at will from his small holdings. He was bought and sold like an ox and sometimes was even exchanged for a dog.

With his parents Shevchenko was the property of a half Russianized, half Polonized German named Engelhardt whose estate lay in the government of Kief near the Dnieper. His home was a wretched hovel with a weather-beaten thatch. Here he lived like other serf children, suffering hunger, cold, and neglect.

Of the grinding toil that sent his mother and father to an early grave he says:

I do not call it heaven,
That little cot in the grove
By the pond on the border of the village.
I saw hell. There was
Hard work. Never was time
Ever given to pray;
There my good mother
Still young, poverty and labour

Brought to the grave.
There father, crying with the
Children, little and naked,
Could not endure this misfortune
And died in servitude;
And we, like little mice,
Were dispersed among the people,
I to school to carry water for the scholars;
My brothers went out to servitude.

Again he gives a glimpse of his forlorn childhood:

A little boy in the village,
Like a twig broken from the branch,
Only one under the fence
Sits in his old rags, absorbed,
It seems to me that it is I;
That is my youth, my boyhood days.

Shevchenko's father early recognized in him the marks of genius, prophesying great things from his ardent nature and unusual cleverness; so the lad was sent to school to the parish clerk, the one educated man of the village. Taras soon learned all that individual could teach him, for the curriculum consisted of little more than the alphabet, a few prayers, and a regular flogging for all the boys every Saturday. The *diak* was a drunken and quarrelsome man and the beatings Taras received awakened in his fiery soul a hatred of all persecution and oppression, a hatred which found ample cause for expression in later years as he viewed his people's sufferings. The *diak* looked upon him as a superior pupil, and made him his apprentice. But his office was evidently not altogether one of emoluments, for, one day, finding the *diak* hopelessly drunk, he took the opportunity to pay off old scores by giving him a sound thrashing, after which he ran away, carrying with him an illustrated book on which he had long laid covetous eyes.

Perhaps it was this book that awakened his latent genius for drawing, for, as he wandered about the neighbourhood working at odd jobs and running away when beaten or half

starved, he was accumulating a store of stolen pencils, paper, and pictures to copy and looking for some one to teach him to draw.

All attempts to train Taras to the ordinary tasks of the serf failed. As a shepherd boy he let his charges stray; as scullion in his master's kitchen and page to his master's son, an army officer in Poland, he was no more successful. The pots and pans were left unscoured while he stepped out of doors to draw, or his gallant young master was left knocking at the street door at midnight, while by the light of a candle his page, all absorbed, pursued his drawing.

Captain Englehardt removing to St. Petersburg determined to turn the persistent bent of Taras to account, and hired him out to a house painter, for whom he worked for several years, living in a garret with other apprentices and doing what drawing he could at night by the light of a candle.

But deliverance was at hand, the reward of his indomitable genius. One fine night as he sat in his dirty house-painter's blouse drawing a statue in the Summer Garden, he heard behind him a voice addressing him in his own tongue, "Whither are you from, countryman?" Startled he turned to see a gentleman, who, when Shevchenko confessed that he was in the habit of coming to the park on clear nights to draw, invited him to call at his studio and bring his pictures.

Shevchenko found his new friend to be none other than a Ruthenian student at the Academy of Art, Soshenko by name, who introduced him at the Academy, where he was given a hearty welcome. Professor Briulov, director of the Academy, took an especial interest in him, because, as he said, he had "not got a serf's face," and through his efforts the means for the purchase of Shevchenko's freedom was provided. When the document granting the emancipation was put into his hands, it seemed to Shevchenko so incredible that he could do nothing but kiss the paper and sob.

Shevchenko was twenty-five when made a free man, and it was not till after his emancipation that he was known to

write, but as Soshenko expressed it, "he then began to waste his time in scribbling verses." He continued to paint and with success enough to pay his way through college and secure his diploma from the Academy of Arts.

Shevchenko's first volume of poems was published in 1840, and another followed in 1842. His fame as a poet spread. Honours and appointments were awaiting him in Kief, and his verses were read with delight by the whole Ukraine. But the popularity of Shevchenko and his verses led the Russian government to regard him as dangerous to Russian authority in the Ukraine, and steps were taken by the police to implicate him in something that would give them cause to arrest him. He was accused of belonging to a society having for its purpose such "revolutionary aims" as "to found schools and publish books for the poor." The real reason was that the extraordinary respect felt by all Ukrainian Slavists both for Shevchenko personally and for his poems kindled the dormant spark of freedom in the breasts of the oppressed serfs and this could not be tolerated. Shevchenko was therefore condemned "in consideration of his robust constitution, to military servitude in Siberia." His poems were not to be circulated, and he was forbidden to draw, paint, or write. He was to be blotted out completely, as dangerous to Russian authority in the Ukraine.

Ten dreary years Shevchenko spent in the fortresses of desolate Asia. The rude soldiery were repulsive to him and the fettering of his genius unbearable. For persisting to paint and write, as a relief from the monotony of his surroundings, he was sent to Novopetrovsk in the Caspian Salt Desert, and the seven years of his detention there are as barren of verse as the desert about him was of verdure, and the misery of his existence unspeakable. From a poem written in his early captivity we catch a glimpse of his utter loneliness, as, in imagination, he stands overlooking his beloved steppe, contrasting it with the wretched wilderness about him:

And there the steppe, and here the steppe,
 (But here not such:)
 Ruddy brown and red,
 With there the blue;
 The green mingled
 With plots and fields,
 And high heaped grave mounds,
 —O the beautiful groves!—
 But here—weeds and scrub-clad sandhills,
 O could I see even a burial mound
 To remind me of days gone by!

Largely through the intercession of Countess Tolstoy he was released in 1857. His friends found him broken down in body and mind. He had lost the power to paint and write, and only recovered the latter a month before he died, when one of his finest poems, "Winter," was written. The verses, as translated by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, are given below.

Thy youth is over; time has brought
 Winter upon thee, hope is grown
 Chill as the north wind; thou art old.
 Sit thou in thy dark house alone;
 With no man converse shalt thou hold,
 With no man take counsel; nought,
 Nought art thou, nought be thy desire,
 Sit still alone by the dead fire
 Till hope shall mock thee, fool, again,
 Blinding thine eyes with frosty gleams,
 Vexing thy soul with dreams, with dreams.
 Like snowflakes in the empty plain
 Sit thou alone, alone and dumb;
 Cry not for Spring, it will not come
 It will not enter at thy door,
 Nor make thy garden green once more,
 Nor cheer with hope thy withered age,
 Nor loose thy spirit from her cage;
 Sit still, sit still, thy life is spent;
 Nought art thou, be with nought content.

Shevchenko died February 26th, 1861, just a few days before the emancipation of the serfs, which he had longed to

see. Shortly after the proclamation was issued, the friends of the dead poet carried his body to the Ukraine and buried it beside the Dnieper, where he had so often wished to find a resting-place in death, since it was denied him in life.

When I am dead, bury me
On a lofty, lonely hillock,
Midst the boundless sea-like steppe,
In my dear Ukraine;
But so that the wide unfolding plains
And the Dnieper and his steep high banks
Are still visible, and that he is heard
As he roars—the Roarer.

As the body passed along on the journey, crowds thronged to pay a tribute of respect, the serfs saying: "He got for us our freedom but himself did not live to see it."

Shevchenko never lost altogether the sense of his humble origin. His early life had been one of bitter servitude, the years of his freedom had been few and he had known very little friendship. No wonder he divided the world into two classes, God's people, who do all the hard work and sing all the lovely songs; and the wicked favoured classes who abuse and prey upon them. Of his ambitions, simple but unrealized, he gives a pathetic list in one of his lyrics: "I asked such little things of God," a hut by the Dnieper, a bit of land to cultivate, a patch of garden ground, two poplar trees of his own, and to die by the Dnieper and be buried "on such a tiny hill."

Pure of soul and kind of heart, Shevchenko's nature overflowed with love for the lowest of men. The poor and ignorant had in him a sturdy champion. The misery of the serfs was always in his mind and their liberation was his greatest passion.

The conditions that moved him to pity and indignation he describes in vivid word pictures:

Darker than the dark earth
The people wander;
The green orchards are dried up,
The white huts have rotted

And have fallen down.
 The ponds are overgrown with weeds,
 The village looks as if it has been burnt,
 The people as if they have gone crazy.
 Dumbly they go to their tasks
 And lead their children with them.

Everywhere over the Ukraine
 The people are yoked by their wily lords,
 They die those knightly sons.

Shevchenko's was a chivalrous nature. He loved children and was beloved by them. His high regard for woman is revealed in these lines.

In our Eden on earth
 There is nothing more beautiful
 Than a young mother
 With an infant child.

Shevchenko was in many respects like Robert Burns; both were of the people and both were poets born. As Burns portrayed the life and gave expression to the mind of the Scottish peasant folk, the poet serf of the Dnieper voiced the heart cries of his countrymen for liberty, peace, and enlightenment. Shevchenko was the first Ruthenian to write with the object of making the Ruthenian language great, and to him alone has its greatest strength and beauty been revealed.

Through him was the Ruthenian literature raised to a position of honour among civilized nations, and the national consciousness of the Ukraine, the old kingdom of the Cossacks, was rekindled.

To Shevchenko was due also the resurrection of Ruthenian social life in the numerous societies that have been formed to study his poems and Ukrainian history. His grave near Kaniov by the Dnieper is a place of pilgrimage for the people of the Ukraine. A fitting monument to celebrate the centenary of the great poet is being erected in Kief, but no monument, however grand or enduring, can excel the memorial he himself has left in his imperishable poems.

Shevchenko is not the poet of the serfs of the Dneper country only. He is a prophet of truth and a champion of liberty, whose outlook is universal and whose message is for the world. That he is worthy of the high place accorded him by his people may be judged by the counsel expressed in the following lines which have been accepted by the Ukrainians as their watch-word. The translation is by Mr. Sherbinnin.

Learn from other men, my brethern,
Love to think, love reading.
Hear from strangers' lips the teaching
Yours by far exceeding.
Hold fast to your fathers' wisdom,
And learn from another;
For God's doom awaits the traitor
Who forgets his mother.
Strangers will forsake him likewise,
No good will befall him;
But his kindred and the stranger
An outcast will call him.

F. L. TILSON

WALTER BAGEHOT

PERHAPS no biographical work in recent years has been more needed, or awaited with more interest, than this book.* Many years ago Bagehot's friend, Mr. R. H. Hutton, wrote a memoir of him; of its kind nothing could be better. It contained all that, in the opinion of many people, it is necessary or wise to know about an author: an account of his birthplace and parentage, his early and later education, and the friends of his youth, the facts of his later life, so far as these have any bearing on his written work. *Quid multa?* gasps many a reader nowadays when confronted with bulky octavo volumes of memoirs of actresses, school teachers and nameless rectors, who are *be-written* rather than written about; and there is a tendency to wish that even for the greatest authors there could be published, as sufficient for all time, biographical notes of the conciseness shown in the *vita* prefixed to the works of many of the greatest authors of antiquity. But aside from the fact that Bagehot is greater as an author and thinker than many men whose biographies have been written at length, he is precisely the sort of author that provokes a reader to wish to know his *vie intime*. Many essays have been written on his work and his position as a writer and economist. Leslie Stephen and Sir Robert Giffen have attacked the subject from different sides. Mr. Augustine Birrell has spoken about him with that delicious book-flavour which characterizes all his addresses and essays. Many Englishmen are essentially such that, if the whole story is to be told of them, some criticism must be passed upon them by an American. Bagehot is one of these, and he has found his American critics. Mr. Forest Morgan, who edited the collected works, published in Hartford, Connecticut, 1889,

* "The Life of Walter Bagehot," by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Russel Barrington. Longmans & Co., 1914.

contributed a short preface which abounds in shrewd remarks, and President Woodrow Wilson contributed two sparkling articles on Bagehot to the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1895 and 1898. What could be better on a Victorian Whig than Mr. Morgan's remark about Bagehot: "Perhaps God is more of a democrat than is allowed." That is the distinctly American epigram. In President Wilson's essay, the objection is stated with eloquence: "But you know what you lack in Bagehot if you have read Burke. You miss the deep eloquence which awakens purpose. You are not in contact with systems of thought or with principles that dictate action, but only with a perfect explanation. You would go to Burke, not to Bagehot, for inspiration in the infinite tasks of self-government, though you would, if you were wise, go to Bagehot rather than to Burke if you wished to realize just what were the practical daily conditions under which these tasks were to be worked out."

"Moreover, there is a deeper lack in Bagehot. He has no sympathy with the voiceless body of the people, with the unknown mass of men. He conceives the work of governments to be work which is possible only to the instructed few. He would have the mass served, and served with devotion, but he would tremble to see them attempt to serve themselves." ("A Literary Politician," by Woodrow Wilson—*Atlantic Monthly*, 1895).

Still, we required to know more of Bagehot's way of life than any of his intimate friends have hitherto revealed, or any of his admirers had been able to discover. Mrs. Barrington's work is no disappointment. It shows some weakness, but the faults are lost in the merits, and what it tells us is what those who have been reading Bagehot's works for years would have wished to be told—the tale of a life of enormous activity and yet of the kindest human relationships, a life hopeful and jocund day by day in spite of great private sorrow, and a life in which, as every reader of the "Literary Studies" would have expected, the domestic affections were strong, and even predominant. Perhaps it

would not be malevolent to add that the lives of few authors furnish such edifying reading as this does. Genius has a way of being hard to live with ; but a multitude of friends and acquaintances have testified to Bagehot's amiability, despite a certain detachment of attitude, and now comes the testimony of his sister-in-law, along with the publication of many private letters, to show what a thoroughly kind and affectionate nature Bagehot had—much sentiment but no weakness, as became the author whose works show a most unusual combination of strong common-sense and insight into the more hidden chambers of the human heart. Bagehot's private sorrow was the intermittent insanity of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, and from whom he seems to have inherited his wit and sprightly disposition. She lived to the age of eighty-four, her son surviving her seven years. According to Mrs. Barrington, it was this domestic affliction which has stood in the way hitherto of a complete biography of Bagehot being published.

It is well that Mrs. Barrington has allowed no false modesty to prevent her giving a full account of the relations of her own family to Walter Bagehot. Her father, the Rt. Hon. James Wilson, whose eldest daughter Bagehot married, was in many ways a remarkable, if not a great, man. Beginning as a poor Scotch boy, he built up a considerable fortune, became editor and afterwards sole proprietor, of the *Economist*, a paper which had an enormous political influence, and which did much to clarify the "science" of political economy ; entered Parliament, was made a Privy Councillor, and finally Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer. Active, honest, zealous in the service of his country, and with great administrative ability, he was considered an authority on financial matters by his contemporaries, and through him Bagehot became acquainted with very many of the greatest public men of the day. Mrs. Barrington does not make too much of Bagehot's obligation to his father-in-law, certainly she does not lead one to believe that anything was added to Bagehot's *interest* in politics by his marriage. He could not

have been more interested in them than he was from his childhood, and the first part of his biography bears evidence amply to the early training which Bagehot received (from his own father) in the politics of the day and the politics of England back to the opening of the nineteenth century. Bagehot used to say that he always consulted his father on any event in the history of this period. On this point Mrs. Barrington has avoided a mistake made by Mr. R. H. Hutton, a mistake pointed out by President Wilson:

“ Mr. Hutton believes it was Bagehot’s connexion with the inner world of politics in London, to which his marriage gave him entrance, that enabled him to write his great works of political interpretation. . . . Mr. Hutton was Mr. Bagehot’s lifelong intimate, and one hesitates to question his judgement in such a matter ; but it may at least be said that it can, in this case, be established only by doubtful inference, even though uttered by a companion and a friend. It is not necessary for such a mind as Bagehot’s to have direct experience of affairs or personal intercourse with men who conduct them in order to comprehend either the make-up of politics or the intimate forces of action. A hint is enough. The gift of imaginative insight in respect of affairs carries always with it a subtle, unconscious power of construction, which suffers not so much as the temptation to invent, and is equally free from taint of abstract or fanciful inference.” (“ A Wit and a Peer,” by Woodrow Wilson.—*Atlantic Monthly*, 1898.)

President Wilson’s own career since the writing of this article is perhaps the most complete proof of his contention. When he wrote this it was not possible to point to him, and say, “ He proves it in his own person.” It was true of his own case then, but we could not know it.

It is a gain also that Mrs. Barrington has given us so lengthily a description of the beautiful surroundings of Bagehot’s home in Somerset. Had Bagehot been nothing but a political economist and a banker this should have been left out. We should have then complained : “ The biographer

is an artist, an art critic, and *that* is the reason for this long preamble about the Mendip Hills." But Bagehot was also the loving critic of Wordsworth, and the author of many a paragraph on the beauties of nature and their effect on man. He inherited a deep love of Somerset scenery from his father, it was a large part of his life, and though Mrs. Barrington apologizes for the length of treatment accorded the surroundings of Longport, Bagehot's birthplace, no reader would wish a word less of it. Certainly no one who knows Somerset would neglect a good description of it, and Mrs. Barrington describes it well, its colour and distant prospects and whiffs of sea air, not omitting to mention the quaint, homely goings-up-and-down of its villagers—a feature of English life which was an endless source of philosophy and amusement to Bagehot, and which was the inspiration of many of his best pages. It helped him to understand Shakespeare as well as the English Constitution, it was the basis of his theory that stupidity is the cement of institutions in all countries where institutions amount to anything.

"He can at times" (says Leslie Stephen of Bagehot), "utter a crude judgement because he is too indifferent—if that be possible—to orthodox literary authority, and his literary criticism diverges into psychological or political speculations which are hardly relevant."

Bagehot would have been very pleased with this criticism of himself. Indifference to orthodox literary authority is exactly the virtue which he praises in his essay on Shakespeare. "After all, the original way of writing books may turn out to be the best. The first author, it is plain, could not have taken anything from books, he looked at things for himself. Anyhow, the modern system fails, for where are the amusing books from voracious students and habitual writers?" As for the censure that "his literary criticism diverges into psychological or political speculations," many of Bagehot's "Literary Studies" show that he cared not a fig for literary criticism which did not diverge into, or rather, largely consist of "psychological and political speculation," that is,

of investigations into the human mind and into the institutions in which the mind of man is best expressed.

“Psychological and political *speculations*” sums up Bagehot’s activities better than might at first sight be supposed. He was not so much interested in men and human actions, as such, as has been sometimes held. He wrote much the best account of the British Constitution, and of it as it existed in his own day, but he never entered Parliament, and some of his attempts at election were dismal failures which his biographer does not explain away by references to domestic affliction. He wrote the best account of the English banking system, also as it existed in his day, but he does not seem to have done anything striking in his own person, as a banker. He had no taste nor capacity for the minutiae of business when he himself had to attend to the business. His writings show philosophical insight into law, but he gave up the profession of law in disgust. In Paris, in the stirring events of 1851-2, though he was a youth, enthusiasm did not carry him off his feet, he helped to build a few barricades, then *looked about for a convenient window whence to view affairs*, and wrote a series of letters, for publication, on what he saw. *Speculation* is the word for this sort of mixing with human activities. Not that Bagehot did not know life, and the activities of men, and know them profoundly—he gave financial advice to so great a Chancellor of the Exchequer as Gladstone, and men of affairs consulted him precisely because he was a practical man, not as a philosophic student of affairs; and yet he was really always the latter, and, in a sense, never the former. He did not “daff the world aside,” but he held it at arm’s length, and when his active friends, who did not know the world nearly so well, pressed him to take an active part, he consented once in a while to make the attempt, but he soon, indeed before the attempt was complete, fell back on the occupation and amusement of his life,—a scrutiny of the human doings around him, and a reasoned analysis of them.

Few can describe an action or event which they see with their own eyes; “contemporary estimates” of statesmen,

authors, wars, or politics are nearly always at fault. Bagehot himself, most present-day critics are agreed, has been absurdly neglected hitherto. But not only is it given to few to estimate the importance of what happens before their eyes, the mere seeing what happens seems almost an impossibility. History is not a record of what is seen to happen, it is an argument as to what must have happened. Now Bagehot had perhaps an unequalled faculty for seeing what lay before his eyes, and for telling others about it. His first venture in literature is a good illustration. At the end of 1851 he found himself in Paris—witnessing Napoleon le Petit's *coup d'état*, and the immediate effects of it. He was hardly twenty-six at the time, but his insight into affairs was already developed, and he wrote his famous "Letters on the Coup d'Etat," which were neither a newspaper reporter's account, dealing with externalities, nor an account in the style (so well known nowadays) of the "historical reviewer," setting forth what has led up to "this pass of affairs;" nor is it, in the main, a prophecy as to the outcome. It is a description of what is happening, vivid as any description in literature, but it is also a "psychological and political speculation," a speculation on nothing less than the character of a whole people, the political stage at which that people have arrived, and whether a new-sprung constitution, as yet untried, fits a people of this character, and at this stage. The miracle is that this most audacious bit of writing seems truer and truer every day to the student of French history and affairs.

Not only the goings-up-and-down of men, but human institutions (in the working, not on paper) are difficult of discernment. We have many Stubbses and Freemans, only one Bagehot. It is even easier to be a Sir Henry Maine, an etymologist of institutions. So much has been said in praise of Bagehot's work, "The English Constitution," that we need not praise it here—it is sufficient to observe that its excellence is due to a capacity which the author displayed in all his writings; a capacity to see just what was going on around about him. It is so with "Lombard Street." Bage-

hot did not think that only a few others besides himself could see things as they were, but he knew that those who saw could not always tell what they saw. He says in the essay on Shakespeare : " The reason why so few good books are written is that so few people who can write know anything." In other words, the men in the British Cabinet, and those who are closely in touch with it, may " know what they are doing," but they do not see into what they are doing, and still less could they describe the machine they drive. Aristotle makes a similar remark about the politicians of his day. The men in Lombard Street know their business well, extremely well, but they, even less than the Cabinet Ministers, can tell exactly what they are about, and very few men can tell what they or their colleagues are about.

The same tendency may be seen in Bagehot's literary essays. For him literature is a kind of thumb-mark to be studied according to the Bertillon method. This and that kind of poem could only have been produced by this and that kind of man, and the author again must have lived in this and that kind of society, under this and that kind of government. Hence the " psychological and political speculations " which Leslie Stephen thinks an excrescence. Bagehot's essay on Shelley begins with : " Shelley is probably the most remarkable instance of the pure impulsive character " ; that on Shakespeare with : " First of all, it may be said that Shakespeare's work could only be produced by a first-rate imagination, working on a first-rate experience " ; that on Cowper with : " It would only be a very pedantic critic who would attempt to separate the criticism of Cowper's works from a narrative or outline of his life." Again, in the essay on Gibbon : " The manner of writing history is as characteristic of the narrator as the actions are of the persons who are related to have performed them ; often much more so. It may be generally defined as a view of one age taken by another ; a picture of a series of men and women painted by one of another series. . . . There is no one of the literary works produced in the eighteenth century more thoroughly characteristic of it than Gibbon's History."

As Bagehot opens his eyes wide to see just what is "going on" in Lombard Street, or just how the English Constitution is "worked," so in reading he seems to be on the *qui vive* to know what was in the minds of Sidney Smith, or Béranger, or Milton, taking nationality, generation, and condition in society into account, and to know why they looked upon things as they did. It requires a very careful reading of literature to be able to answer such questions, it is (to use a phrase made hateful by cheap critics) it is, in the best sense, *communicating with an author*.

Leslie Stephen and others have objected that there is a large admixture of the common-place in Bagehot's work. In Bagehot's day a reviewer was not yet required to crowd six epigrams into every sentence. He himself had a fine turn for the epigram, but he shows no inclination to oblige his readers to dine on dessert. Perhaps in his business training he had heard something of the folly of glutting the market. At all events, most of Bagehot's essays contain paragraphs like the following (from the Essay on Mr. Clough's poems):

"In a certain sense there are two great opinions about everything. There are so about the universe itself. The world as we know it is this. There is a vast, visible, indisputable sphere, of which we never lose the consciousness, of which no one seriously denies the existence, about the most important part of which most people agree, tolerably and fairly. On the other hand, there is the invisible world, about which men are not agreed at all, which all but the faintest minority admit to exist somehow and somewhere, but as to the nature or locality of which there is no efficient popular demonstration; there is no such compulsory argument as will force the unwilling conviction of any one disposed to denial, etc."

Bagehot produced this at the age of thirty-six. It is like Macaulay's schoolboy on metaphysics. But it would be widely erroneous to suppose that the total effect of Bagehot's writing is common-place. Hardly any other essayist gives

a reader such a freshening. Did space permit, it would be possible to show that in many of the essays the commonplace passages serve an artistic purpose, for when the author is about to be most subtle he sometimes leads his reader on through words and ideas that are most familiar, so that the gateway to the maze is passed unnoticed. Upon some subjects, indeed, Bagehot displays the *naïveté* almost of a child. The most notable perhaps is the subject of Kant. Bagehot took his Master's Degree, with the gold medal, at London University in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and we know that Kant's "Kritique" was one of the works he studied. But his remarks on Kant, which continued all through his life, never got past the stage of the bright student opening the work for the first time. Perhaps it is in his references to Kant that Bagehot is most like the type of "Victorian" writers who can never get to the heart of a subject.

The passage above quoted also affords an instance of a tiresome mannerism in Bagehot—(which has been noticed by Leslie Stephen and others)—he is continually making a two-fold division in analysis. But his most provoking mannerism is the putting of a remark into the mouth of an imaginary person: "a Frenchman," "a German," "a little girl," and many more. "Papa, I wish I was the Roman Empire." "Child, don't talk nonsense"—this is the childish beginning of Bagehot's essay on Gibbon.

One of Bagehot's most admirable essays is that on Pitt. It has been usual to regard Pitt as a person who had no character, that is no human character, at all. Macaulay's epigram, which treats Pitt as a kind of Athene, sprung full-grown from the brain of Zeus, is toned down by Lord Roseberry (he says simply: "Pitt perhaps never was young"), but even Lord Roseberry tells us rather that Pitt acted *like* a human being, never that he acted *as* a human being, and relates in awed tones that the great man sometimes played practical jokes, and that once Lady Hester Stanhope blackened his face with a burnt cork. Bagehot shows no astonishment

at these purely human proceedings, and while he sees that Pitt was a very remarkable man, and gives his extraordinary capacities their due credit, it never occurs to him to treat his subject as other than a man. He shows, too, how influences of one kind and another affected him as they would have affected other men, how his father trained him in the rapid reading and translation of the classics, which accounted for his easy flow of language in later life ; how his mathematical training at Cambridge helped him in his framing of budgets ; how his understanding of the "Wealth of Nations" gave him an immense advantage over his contemporaries, who had not taken the trouble to study it. Now it might seem that this is a sufficiently obvious method of treating a great statesman ; but many things in the career of Pitt have caused historians to treat him otherwise ; chancellor and leader of the Commons at twenty-three, Premier at twenty-five, Pitt, with "his damned, long, obstinate face," seems to have intimidated them as he intimidated George III. Bagehot is not a whit dismayed, and brushes the miraculous and the notion of an avatar aside ; a thing which is all essential, for in the age of Pitt personality (and personalities) counted for more perhaps than at any other period in our history. The discussion in a nobleman's drawing-room settled the elections in several ridings at once ; the mesh of dissipation which Fox threw around the Prince of Wales impeded the political designs of the king ; the king himself was the master of the puppets in both Houses. Such was the world in which Pitt moved, a world for which, as Bagehot shows, the Earl of Chatham had trained his son from infancy, and therefore he succeeded in it so well. It was not that he was superhuman at all.

There is in this essay an interesting passage (really a quotation from another of Bagehot's works—the "Essays on Parliamentary Reform") which may be cited to show how impressed the author was with the importance of the human equation ; it is doubly interesting, for it deals with a constitutional problem, a case in which so many writers would

lead us to believe that the human element may be left out of account.

“ Many writers have been very severe on George III for taking the course which he did take, and have frequently repeated the well-known maxims which show that what he did was a deviation from the Constitution. Very likely it was ; but what is the use of a constitution which takes no account of the ordinary motives of human nature. It was inevitable that an ambitious king, who had industry enough to act as he did, would so act. Let us consider his position. He was invested with authority which was apparently great. He was surrounded by noblemen and gentlemen who passed their life in paying him homage, and in professing perhaps excessive doctrines of loyal obedience to him. When the Duke of Devonshire, or the Duke of Bedford, or the Duke of Newcastle approached the royal closet they implied by words and manner that he had immeasurably more power than they had. In fact, it was expected that he should have immeasurably less. It was expected that, though these noblemen acknowledged daily that he was their superior, he should constantly act as if he were their inferior. The prime minister was in reality appointed by them, and it was expected that the king should do what the prime minister told him ; that he should assent to measures on which he was not consulted ; that he should make peace when Mr. Grenville said peace was right ; that he should make war whenever Mr. Grenville said war was right ; that he should allow the offices of his household and the dignities of his court to be used as a means for the support of cabinets whose members he disliked, and whose policy he disapproved of. It was evident that no man who was not imbecile would be content with such a position. . . . Human nature has never endured this, and we may be quite sure that it never will endure it.”

Into human nature, Bagehot has a Shakespearean insight. Generally the expression of his ideals is in such clear, matter-of-fact, if not hackneyed, language that a careless reader is thrown off his guard and does not see how penetrating

the remark is. This profundity of insight is shown not only in his professed character sketches, but in all his writing, not least in the "Economic Studies" and the "Lombard Street." And here, from its contrast with the usual "economic" writing, it is specially commendable. One of the most preposterous things in modern literature is the bogus-scientific nomenclature and phrasing of the economists. The sentimental writing of the Ruskinians has left the fact unchanged that political economy must be abstract. Bagehot praised Ricardo as "the true founder of abstract political economy." But abstraction does not mean an arbitrary terminology and scheme of laws out of all relation to men and things. "Economic movements" are to be observed in the lives of men; there is nothing about a "peak of prices" which the united will of men could not upset; if they do not upset it, it may be worth while occasionally to enquire why. From this mistaken tendency in economic writing, Bagehot is altogether removed. When he talks of banking, for example, he never talks of it as though it were a labyrinthine machine, the entrant into which is carried off his human feet, and divorced from all the rules of human common-sense and human logic. Bagehot insists that a banker is, after all, a kind of man; that banking is the sum total of certain human activities, and it never occurs to him to treat the subject either as an abstract argument with no reference to human experience, or as the romance of actions and processes that might be supposed to take place twenty thousand leagues under the sea. A good example is the passage in "Lombard Street" on the subject of meeting panics among the public:

"The advances should, if possible, stay the panic. And for this purpose there are two rules: (1) that these loans should be made at a very high rate of interest. This will operate as a heavy fine on unreasonable timidity, and will prevent the greatest number of applications by persons who do not require it. The rate should be raised early in the panic, so that the fine may be paid early. (2) That at this rate these advances should be made on all good banking

securities, and as largely as the public ask for them. The reason is plain. The object is to stay alarm, and nothing, therefore, should be done to cause alarm. But the way to cause alarm is to refuse some one who has good security to offer. The news of this will spread in an instant through all the money market at the moment of terror ; no one can say exactly who carries it, but in half an hour it will be carried on all sides and will intensify the terror everywhere. No advances indeed should be made by which the bank will ultimately lose. The amount of bad business in commercial countries is an infinitesimally small fraction of the whole business. *That in a panic the bank or banks should refuse bad bills or bad securities will not make the panic really worse ; the unsound people are a feeble minority, and they are afraid even to look frightened for fear their unsoundness may be detected.*"

The last sentence (which we have put in italics) is as graphic a description of human motives as anything in Tacitus ; it is part of Bagehot's treatment of the dry subject of the Bank Reserve.

It is pleasant to find that Bagehot does not run to the opposite extreme, that of referring any contingency to a "basic human law" or inquiring what the "natural tendency" is. The whole position of the "English Constitution" or of "Lombard Street" shows that he could not be guilty of such a mistake in a general way, and we may notice that, on the very next page after his vivid description of the conscience-stricken "unsound people," he refuses to consider the financial crisis of 1793—"the world has too much changed since then." It is delightful to find a writer on economics who steers clear of "formulæ" and who is, at the same time, so conscious of the value of forms, and of the crust which human actions in the gross leave behind them.

As the name of Adam Smith is connected with the principle of Free Trade, and Ricardo's with the Theory of Rent, so Bagehot's is forever linked with the science and practice of banking. His book on "Lombard Street" has had the good fortune to bring about, in a practical way, the

reforms which he advocated. He advised that the directors of the Bank of England be not mere "amateurs" and semi-trustees, but real trustees. And the Bank of England has since shown its realization of its duty as a custodian of the Gold Reserve. He advocated that the reserves be never allowed to fall below £10,000,000. Mr. Hartley Withers, writing in 1910, says: "now it is rarely below £20,000,000." Bagehot said: "One third of its sinking liabilities is at present by no means an adequate reserve for the Banking Department." According to the same authority, in the years 1907-1909 (the period of the American financial crisis, involving a great drain on English gold), the average proportion of the reserve to the liabilities was 48 per cent. But not only has the book had a practical result; like the "English Constitution," it is the classic work on its own subject. The reason for this is, once again, that Bagehot *sees into* the conditions of the banking mechanism. He has no *a priori* rules, indeed he denies that preëstablished regulations can avail much in the matter. He sees clearly that the banker is always between two agonies; if his reserve is insufficient his position is unsafe, if it is excessive he is losing money by forgoing interest on the unnecessary surplus. For the Bank of England the dilemma is accentuated; its reserve must be even more jealously maintained since it keeps the reserves of so many other banks and financial people; on the other hand, its losses in forgoing interest on a large reserve are painfully apparent in contrast with the smaller losses on the the smaller reserves of the other banks. The bankers and the Bank of England must steer between the shoals by their own wits, says Bagehot; there is no other help for them! One cannot but exclaim in reading him: the author himself would be at no loss what to do! There is such a quick glance into all the difficulties, such a common-sense measuring of the situation.

Nothing better could be said of the work in this respect than was said of it so long ago as 1880 by Sir Robert Giffen ("Bagehot as an Economist"—*Fortnightly Review*, 1880):

“ Another feature I should like to put forward, as characteristic of Bagehot, was his ‘ quantitative sense,’—his knowledge and feeling of the ‘ how much ’ in dealing with the complex working of economic tendencies. Much economic writing is abstract, and necessarily so. You can say, for instance, that import duties tend to diminish trade between countries, and that import duties on articles imported from abroad, the same kind of articles being produced at home, are peculiarly mischievous, or that fluctuating exchanges are injurious to trade. But in the concrete world there is something more to be done. Here the ‘ how much ’ is often the only vital question. Fluctuating exchanges may be injurious to trade, but then they may be more tolerable than the evils incidental to some remedial course you propose. And the sense necessary for this was Bagehot’s in an unusual degree. This is conspicuously manifest in one of the discussions he was most interested in, that of the Bank Reserve. But everywhere and always this ‘ quantitative sense ’ was present when the discussion made it necessary. And the value of this quality, I believe, cannot be over-estimated.”

Bagehot was fond of pointing out the relation of Ricardo to Adam Smith, a relation which Ricardo himself, with pardonable pride, notices more than once. How does the work of Bagehot advance, supplement, or contradict that of Ricardo? The most obvious distinction in the work of the two thinkers turns on this point: that, whereas the study of Ricardo leaves one with the belief that business, unless interfered with by arbitrary government or war, *must* keep to one level of profit and prosperity, that it would be a calamity if it did not, Bagehot shows that the *normal course* of business is alternate elation and depression, with consequent wide discrepancies of profit, as between business and business, in the interval. The chapter, “ Why Lombard Street is often Dull, and sometimes Excited,” like many another chapter in Bagehot, appears at first sight such a simple narrative of fact that it may be passed over by the careless reader. But the truth is that it is one of the most valuable contributions to political

economy that we have. Every one knows nowadays that business normally ebbs and flows, and the germs of the theory are to be found in Adam Smith, but it was Bagehot who worked it out, and made the causes of it transparent, and it is the more to his credit that he did so, seeing that the theories of Ricardo, which were so dominant in Bagehot's day, point altogether in the other direction.

Perhaps the reason for the generous neglect accorded Bagehot's work, "Physics and Politics," is that he uses as a starting-point ethnological theories which, though they have really passed into our own thought, are regarded as obsolete to-day. The fact is that Bagehot owes very little to his starting-point; he goes on from it to develop a quite original vein of thought. It is a trick of his, as we observed above, to disguise subtlety with commonplace. Consider the title and vocabulary which a Viennese professor would have used in stating the theory which Bagehot here develops! At the end nothing but the title and the vocabulary would have startled us. Bagehot, on the other hand, for a long time makes us think that he is merely thrusting the subject of politics into the evolution pigeon-hole; at the end, and on reflection, we are startled into an entirely new way of thinking. His essay has the quality which must be ascribed to so many of the misled and misleading pages in Buckle, it is infinitely suggestive as to the mode of human development. Short as the work is, it contains circumlocutions which Buckle would never have been guilty of, but it is a much safer guide. Indeed, the central thought, that human action hardens into a "cake of custom," which it is both necessary and perilous to break and slough off, and the application of this to the whole of history, this is as profound as anything in Aristotle's "Politics," and it is surprising that the work is so little read or known in our universities.

We must come to a close. It is to be hoped that the biography, in itself an interesting work, containing many anecdotes of persons high in official life half a century ago, and affording at the same time a most intimate insight into

upper middle-class domesticity of the Victorian era, will whet the curiosity of the average reading public in the writings of Walter Bagehot. There is still to appear a single work which will take account of his writings as a whole. Those who are competent to write on his critical and biographical essays, or who can write on these and his political works, must refer us to others for an estimate of his economic writings. Thus all the views of his position and influence are one-sided. It may be that the complete edition of his works now in active preparation, including the contributions to the "Economist" never hitherto reprinted, will lead to a more synoptic estimate.

CARLETON W. STANLEY

AD DOROTHEAM

THIS maiden hath a charm which is more rare
Than beauty, patience, innocence, or grace,
Which all commingle in her gentle face,
Grave-smiling mid the tendrils of her hair:
It is the charm of gazing everywhere,
On sky, or stream, or us of mortal race,
As if she deemed that love were in that place,
With care for her as tender as her care:
Yet there be shades of trouble in the maid,
As might be in the child who late had gone
Thankful about a garden, unafraid,
Blessing the flowers she prest small fingers on,
Until one cruel insect fiercely paid
A sting for her caress, and left her wan.

A. I. KENSHAW

PRAGMATISM

IN English literature during the last quarter of the nineteenth century a marked prominence was given to the trend of speculative thought which characterized itself by the name of Agnosticism. But as the century drew towards its close, the star of Agnosticism began to pale before the brilliance of a new meteor which rose above the horizon of the philosophical world, announcing itself by the name of Pragmatism. The novelty may be said to have burst upon the world with a sudden surprise, and it has spread with surprising rapidity in the New and in the Old World alike. Fortunately the new movement has attracted Professor Caldwell of McGill University with sufficient interest to induce him to devote a recent volume¹ to its exposition and criticism. Dr. Caldwell's book, moreover, is merely one of a plentiful crop which the fertile theme has already produced; and one feature of the book, which is likely to form a chief attraction to many readers, is the view it gives of the extensive literature which is growing up in profusion around the subject. It may be added that, contemporary with Dr. Caldwell's monograph or immediately subsequent to it, there are various other indications of the interest which the subject continues to command. In a work on the condition of France in last century, which has been recently translated into English,² the fact is more than once emphasized that the dominant tone of French thought at present is curiously hostile to "intellectualism" or "rationalism," while its leaders or prophets are said to be William James and Henri Bergson. It must also be borne in mind that the anti-intellectualist

¹ "Pragmatism and Idealism." By William Caldwell, M.A., D.Sc., Sir William Macdonald Professor of Moral Philosophy, McGill University, Montreal. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1913.

² The English translation is entitled "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century." (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1914). The passages particularly referred to here will be found on pp. 182 and 279.

attitude is commonly recognized as a characteristic of Pragmatism. A further symptom of the influence of this movement in France is the fact that we owe to a French author the first important monograph on William James—a monograph which has also been translated into English.¹ It is due, however, to Professor Royce of Harvard to add that, although his own philosophical teaching has been a lifelong championship of that very Rationalism with which pragmatists will have nothing to do, he has recently given to the world a genial sketch of his late colleague, William James, in a volume of essays, which takes its title from this sketch.² This literature would probably have received considerable additions during the past few months, if the speculative problems of life and its more permanent interests had not been swept out of view for the time by the devastating storm of the present appalling war. But apparently there are some who see in this unparalleled disaster itself a terrific expression of the pragmatist tendency of thought, which finds the real significance of life in energetic action rather than in speculative occupations. Militarism then becomes a phase of Pragmatism.

All this wide-spread interest in the new philosophical movement indicates, or creates, a natural curiosity to learn its real drift, but such curiosity seems to be often baffled. This disappointment is sometimes ascribed to the vagueness and vacillation of the language employed in exposition of Pragmatism; but it may be due, in part, to the very drift of the theory itself. For one of its characteristic features is an attitude of suspicious scepticism in regard to any doctrine which claims to yield a completely rounded system of speculative reason. No wonder, therefore, if at times pragmatists appear somewhat indifferent about the lack of unmistakable definiteness and harmony in their own system. On this account it could not excite surprise if Dr. Caldwell's critical

¹ "William James." By Emile Boutroux. Translated by Archibald and Barbara Henderson. Longmans, Green & Company, 1912.

² "William James and other Essays on the Philosophy of Life." By Josiah Royce, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

readers shared in the general disappointment by failing to gain even from his exposition a clear and certain view of what Pragmatism really means; but he is to be congratulated on having already received an unusually welcome appreciation of his work in this respect. Professor Schiller of Oxford, who holds a chief place among the champions of Pragmatism in England, gives a review of Dr. Caldwell's book in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal* last year; and here he credits the author with having perceived that "the great question which Pragmatism has raised, is 'the simple fact of human action and of its significance for Philosophy.'" This perception is even spoken of as "the rediscovery of the fact of action."¹

From this authoritative explanation the drift of Pragmatism must be taken to be what is understood to be implied in its name. The name, of course, suggests some connexion with practice, action, conduct. It seems intended to accentuate the fact that man is formed to live, and that life means activity. Man is not a pure intelligence. His intelligence itself, though adapted for discovering truth, for obtaining knowledge, does not end in this. It forms one of life's activities, and in these activities its true function is to be sought. That function is not to spin out speculative theories for the enjoyment of idle contemplation. It is from practical life that reason must draw its supreme inspirations; in practical life it must find its supreme end.

But what does all this mean? For, even with Dr. Schiller's authoritative explanation, the real purport of Pragmatism is not by any means freed from the uncertainty of which many critics have complained. In France, as we have just seen, it has been interpreted as representing a current tendency of thought towards anti-rationalism; and in this aspect it is to be regarded as undermining all faith in reason, and as thereby destroying the possibility of science or of any real knowledge as completely as any sceptical

¹ See *Hibbert Journal* for April, 1914, p. 705. The reviewer had probably in his eye pages 93 and 98 of Professor Caldwell's book.

speculation of the past. The new scepticism seemed to be heralded by a brilliant essay of William James on the "Will to Believe."¹ This essay made belief more or less dependent on the will of the believer, and independent of any external reality in what is believed. It was, therefore, understood to make truth merely a creation of belief. In this light Pragmatism became a reversion to the ancient doctrine of Protagoras, that man is the measure of all things, that reality and unreality are measured out by him. But this sceptical aspect of Pragmatism appears to have vanished in the fuller development of its teaching. That teaching is now understood to assert that, whatever may be the subjective aspect of truth, it implies an objective reality beyond the reach of any influence from our "will to believe."²

Let us, for the nonce, accept this assurance as to what Pragmatism *is not*, and endeavour now to find out exactly what it *is*. For this we cannot surely do better than recur to the explanation of Dr. Schiller, that the great question raised by Pragmatism is "the simple fact of human action and of its significance for Philosophy." Dr. Schiller, as we have seen, speaks of this also as "the rediscovery of the fact of action," but we shall not take these words in their rigidly literal meaning. It would certainly be a serious historical blunder to assume that the active or practical side of human nature had been ignored, or that its import had not been recognized, in the philosophy of the past. The fact is, that the relation of practice and theory, the import of one for the other, has always been acknowledged even in the common life of men, while in philosophical literature it has often met with a truer and fuller appreciation than it receives in the literature of Pragmatism.

¹ "The Will to Believe and other Essays in Popular Philosophy." By William James. New York, 1897.

² See the statements by Professor James, quoted in Professor Caldwell's book, p. 9 (note) and p. 12. It was from Professor James that I first heard a story of Carlyle and Margaret Fuller, which is worth repeating here. It appears that this distinguished lady, prominent representative of New England transcendentalism, found her teaching at times taken in such an ethereal interpretation as apparently to remove all solid foundation of reality. To guard against such a misinterpretation Carlyle was told that she had given the assuring explanation, "Of course I accept the universe." "Egad! She had better!" was the remark of the sage.

But what is the significance of action, the peculiar relation of practice and theory, for the discovery or rediscovery of which Dr. Schiller gives credit to the pragmatists? In its most ambitious interpretation the pragmatist doctrine may be regarded as an assertion that action is the primordial fact, upon which all philosophy must build in constructing a systematic view of the universe. Even in this sense, Pragmatism cannot claim to be a novelty. The doctrine is met with in a place where its assertion implies that it is by no means an unfamiliar invention of speculative curiosity. Great philosophical poems, like "Faust," like "Hamlet," like the tragedies of Aeschylus or Sophocles, do not play with fictitious queries to tickle the transient moods of an idle fancy. Their realm is that of the real problems which create a perennial perplexity for human thought. Now, in one of those suggestive soliloquies which form a characteristic feature in the early scenes of Goethe's great drama, Faust is introduced as brooding over the opening statement of the Fourth Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word." With the Greek original of the text before him, and with some knowledge of the controversies to which it had given rise, Faust not unnaturally questions whether its meaning might not be more correctly rendered by "Thought" than by "Word." But this rendering also is discarded as unsatisfactory, and the suggestion occurs that the true meaning of the disputed term may be "Power." This too, however, is abandoned, and satisfaction is found at last only by translating the famous text into the phrase: "In the beginning was Action (*die That, deed or act*)."

The rough material of this scene was evidently gathered by Goethe from fragments of the old folklore in which the Faust-myth found its primitive embodiment; but the introduction of this scene into the great drama proves that the central idea of Pragmatism, if it is construed as a philosophical system, is by no means an original discovery of our time. However, even if we descend from the more ambitious interpretation of Pragmatism, and view it merely or mainly as an

excursus in the regions of psychology and logic, we are brought to a similar appreciation of its originality. The discovery, with which Dr. Schiller credits the pragmatists, refers, as we have seen, to the significance of action, the relation of practice to theory. Does this mean the influence which the practical side of man's nature exercises over his speculative life, the influence of will and emotion over intelligence as a psychical fact? Why, long before "the will to believe" had been made a popular phrase or the expression of a theory of Pragmatism, psychology had come to accept as a commonplace the doctrine that belief is not a purely intellectual act. Its peculiar tone as a distinctive state of mind comes rather from sentiment and volition than from cool intelligence; and in those more forceful forms, which are commonly designated by terms like faith, trust, conviction, confidence, it is always understood to imply not merely the calm, inert assent of a man's reason, but that complete consent of his whole nature, which controls his active life. It is only faith of this vital and vitalizing type that can be regarded as the real belief of any man. A truth, which he does not grasp so energetically as to make it mould his character, is one which he cannot be said really to believe at all. It has therefore been a common suggestion of educational literature in general, that even a strictly intellectual culture, to be effective, must be inspired with enthusiasm, must be sustained by persistent effort of will. This has been specially the favourite theme of practical treatises on religion and morals.¹

Whatever credit Pragmatism may claim for giving a fresh prominence to these facts, it can in no sense claim either their discovery or their rediscovery. All the best ethical teaching of the ancient world—Pagan and Hebrew and Christian alike—is thrilled by the earnest import of the practical implications of all genuine faith. The whole subject took a peculiar shape in Christian theology from its being connected with certain dogmatic inferences; and the controversies, originating

¹ It is but fair to Professor James to say that he makes no claim for any distinctive originality in Pragmatism. In fact, one of his books is entitled "Pragmatism, a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking." New York, 1907.

in this source, were roused to fresh violence by the new problems of the Reformation crisis. Modern psychology turned, with a more purely scientific interest, to the old subject; and it is a curious incident that, somewhat less than a century ago, it roused a temporary storm in Great Britain. The storm was originated by an extravagant assertion of Lord Brougham about the irresponsibility of men for their belief. The disturbance does not appear to have penetrated to the depths of scientific life, but it rippled over into the neighbouring regions of ethics and jurisprudence, and even of dogmatics. In my earliest academic years, just after the middle of last century, occasionally a faithful survivor of the old heresy-hunting pack, whose scent still retained something of its former keenness, caught the alarm when any suspicious public utterance seemed to indicate that the game had been started afresh. But though a few sympathizers were ready to join the chase, the game was usually allowed to escape, probably from the scent being lost in a wholesome breeze of larger human interests sweeping across the trail. It is, however, a significant fact that this comparatively trivial incident of controversial literature should have retained an interest for scientific psychology as far down in the century as the year 1865. In that year appeared the second edition of Alexander Bain's work on "The Emotions and the Will," and the author finds "the dictum of Lord Brougham" of sufficient interest to devote to it a special note of unwonted length.¹

The practical side of man's life, forming as it does the most obtrusive feature of his experience, certainly did not lie unrecognized and unappreciated till it was brought into notice by a novel speculative adventure towards the end of the nineteenth century. In fact, there are important aspects of the subject, which, in the literature of the past, have received a thoroughness of treatment that is lacking in the literature of Pragmatism. Thus, the significance of action, the import of practical life, cannot be understood if we do

¹ See p. 522.

not keep in view the fact that its influence over intellectual life has a baneful as well as a beneficial aspect. Not only may will and emotion impart a more energetic efficiency to belief, but they may also paralyze intelligence so as to render it unsympathetic, unreceptive to truth, and readily submissive to error. The blinding and warping effect of intemperate passion or of obstinate will is a common disaster in the spiritual life of the world. It has in all ages formed a theme of warning. It has even led to an attitude of uncompromising hostility against all emotional excitements. This extreme is the attitude of rigid stoicism. But it is a significant fact that even epicureanism and scepticism point the aim of life to an ideal of passionless, imperturbable calm, not altogether alien to the apathy of the stoic; while it has been an accepted principle of all human culture that there is no more hopeless barrier to the apprehension of truth in theory or to the attainment of virtue in practice than the attitude of the man for whom "*stat pro ratione voluntas.*"

It may, however, be pleaded that pragmatists do not deny or belittle the influence of practical life over the beliefs of men. They rather go to an extreme in asserting this influence as indicating the real origin of all belief. But the distinctive teaching of Pragmatism has to do not with the relation of theory and practice as a fact for psychological study; it is rather the *logical* value of the relation that is forced into prominence. The point specially emphasized is the fact that practice forms an effective test by which the truth of a theory can be tried. Can you act upon the theory? Do you find that it "works," when carried into practice? This is the import of practice and of its relation to theory, which is urged with special prominence in the teaching of Pragmatism. But here again clearly Pragmatism has not discovered or rediscovered any fact of which the significance had been previously unknown or overlooked. Not only has this always been accepted, implicitly if not also explicitly, as a criterion of truth, but even with persons who make no pretence of technical training in the logic of scientific research,

it seems almost an instinctive impulse—a rule of common sense—to test any doubtful statement, any conjecture or suggestion, by some act of observation or (where possible) of experiment. This familiar method, indeed, was supposed to be interpreted by pragmatists in a somewhat narrow application. The method makes the truth of a theory depend on its consequences; and, in accordance with the general drift of Pragmatism, these were understood to be merely what would be spoken of distinctively as the *practical* consequences. But, in common thought, practice and theory are, in general, contrasted. It came therefore to be assumed that the *theoretical*, that is the purely *intellectual* or *logical*, consequences of a doctrine are held by pragmatists to be of no account in judging of its truth. It is but fair, however, to recognize the fact that this narrowing of the pragmatist teaching has been expressly repudiated, and with this repudiation the teaching becomes simply a repetition of one of the commonplaces in the Logic of Scientific Method.

But clearly Pragmatism means something more in asserting the necessity of subjecting all theory to the test of practice. Apparently for Pragmatism the fact that a theory is found to work, that it can be carried into practice, that men can act upon it, this is the fact that *makes* it true. With this interpretation the pragmatist doctrine must be understood to mean, not that a theory works because it is true, but that it is true because it works. Obviously this doctrine makes an important inroad into the methodology of science, especially as it claims to have indicated the true foundation of methodology.¹ But its chief interest lies in its assertion of a place among the great systems of philosophy by offering a solution of the ultimate problem of all thought, the problem of what constitutes *reality* or *truth*.

The meaning of this solution is already indicated in the explicit and uncompromising hostility of the pragmatists to

¹ I am happy to have an opportunity of observing that this aspect of Pragmatism is discussed with unusual thoroughness in a small brochure by Dr. Hickson, which was originally read before the Philosophical Society of McGill University: "Some Difficulties of Pragmatism." By J. W. A. Hickson. Montreal, 1911.

what is spoken of as intellectualism or rationalism; for these names, as used in this connexion, may be taken to describe the system which, in the history and literature of philosophy, has been known more commonly by the name of idealism. It is not, therefore, without significance that Professor Caldwell, in the very title of his book, brings idealism into comparison or contrast with Pragmatism. To grasp the question at issue between the two systems, a preliminary explanation will be found helpful, if not indispensable. The question, as we have seen, is based on a common psychological distinction between the practical and the intellectual phases of human life, or, in other words, between will and emotion on the one hand, and intelligence or reason on the other. This distinction, however, to which Pragmatism attaches a peculiar significance, would involve a hopeless perversion of the facts of life, if will and emotion and intelligence were treated as really separate phenomena, capable of acting independently of one another. They are but three different phases of consciousness, different aspects of the life of a self-conscious being. Emotion and will, divorced from conscious intelligence, would sink to the level of purely natural impulses on a par with the instinctive cravings of an animal or any mechanical agency in the inorganic world. The value of emotion and will themselves, which Pragmatism asserts in opposition to any exclusive claim of speculative intelligence, is a truth which intelligence alone can discover or appreciate.

But if Pragmatism teaches any distinctive doctrine, it must be understood as contending that truth or reality is to be reached, not by reason, but by action, and by action not conceived as practical reason or rational will, but by action conceived in contrast with reason. It thus becomes a renewal of the attempt to dethrone reason from its position of supreme authority as final court of appeal in all questions with regard to reality or truth. It might have been supposed that the time had gone by when it was still necessary to emphasize this authority of reason, as it must form the fundamental principle of all philosophy, of all science, of all intelligent

thinking. The aim of all intelligent thinking is to understand the world, which is our home, and the life we are called to live in it. This world is primarily made known to us, in a "rough and ready" fashion, by our common daily experience, —made known later, in a more exact way, by the painstaking observations and experiments of science. But, in whatever way it may come to be known, everything is what it is to us because it is a knowable, an intelligible object. It is known, indeed, always in relation to the things with which it is associated in time, most essentially in relation to the intelligence that knows it. 'Tis true that any of those relations may, for the moment, be left out of account in the attentive examination of an object; and then the object examined is sometimes incorrectly spoken of as if it were apprehended by itself, apart from its relations to other things. But in such cases it is only some particular relation or relations that are being examined to the temporary exclusion of others, and every object is found to be what it is precisely by virtue of the relations which it holds to the rest of the world. In particular the fact should never be forgotten that the knowing intelligence forms an integral factor of the whole result attained in every act of knowledge. If, therefore, the interests of attentive examination may isolate an object temporarily so as to make it appear for the time as something really separate from the intelligence that knows it, the fact must not be ignored that such isolation of an object is an abstraction essentially fictitious—a scientific abstraction, not a separation *in rerum natura*. Consequently, if we are determined to push beyond the abstractions of common experience and of the special sciences, so as to grasp the whole concrete reality revealed in knowledge, we must take into account the part played by intelligence in appreciating the full meaning of objects known. There is, in fact, no object to be known at all apart from an intelligence to know it; and that is an unfortunate narrowing of the scientific mind when it becomes blinded to the reality of science itself by the very perspicuity with which its objects are discovered.

We thus come to see what must be meant by the reality ascribed to the objects which it is the function of intelligence to reveal. Nothing can be a reality for us, except in so far as it is an object to an intelligent being; and therefore nothing can be an object at all, if it violates the very conditions of intelligence—if, for example, it involves an intrinsic contradiction. Everything that takes the rank of reality does so only in virtue of the fact that it is a thoroughly intelligible object; and it would at once fall from that rank, vanish into the limbo of nothingness, if it were found to be an irrationality, an incongruity, an absurdity. Accordingly the real world, the world with which we have to do, must be open to an adequate intelligence in its every nook and cranny. It is this alone that makes the world what it is, makes it a *cosmos*—an harmonious arrangement embodying universal intelligence—not a bewildering *chaos* of inconnectible items that are simply tumbled together in space and time. This intelligible order is the reality in things which it is the function of all knowledge to trace.

This view of Nature as being, not an irrational *matter*, but rather intrinsically a rational *form*, a spiritual reality,—this is no mere mystical vision. There seem, indeed, to be some minds that flout the idea of an essential rationality, an essential spirituality, in the physical universe as incompatible with the demands of rigid science. At moments of genial sentiment, perhaps,

While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things,

the idealistic view of the world may be condescendingly patronized as a pretty conceit of poetic enthusiasm; and an occasional æsthetic gratification may be found in the indulgent use of Wordsworth's language to acknowledge that Nature can give, not only the hard facts of sensible experience but also

. a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Scientific intelligence, however, is not to be debarred from enjoying the wider range which opens to its view when it soars beyond the barriers of its own abstractions. The competent scientist sees clearly, and does not hesitate to declare, that the reality, which he discerns by scientific insight, is no artificial abstraction, alien in nature to himself as an intelligent being, but something which is itself of the nature of intelligence, something to which intelligence gives body and form. Thus, although Professor Huxley's utterances at times disturb his readers with a bewildering uncertainty inseparable from his earlier agnosticism, yet he never falters in his repudiation of any hypothesis which assumes a material entity independent of mind, and, speaking of all physical science, he says explicitly that its "object is the discovery of *the rational system that pervades the universe.*"¹ The late M. Poincaré may appropriately be cited in company with Mr. Huxley as certainly not less devoted to the service of science, and probably more strict in his adherence to mathematical rigour in scientific thought. Assuredly an utterance of his is not to be treated as a mere rhapsody of æsthetic sentiment. Now, his work on "*La Valeur de la Science*" closes with this solemn assertion of the nature of all reality: "Everything but thought is mere nothing. Since we can think only thought, and since the words which we use in speaking of things can express only thoughts, to say that there is anything else but thought is an assertion which can have no meaning.

"And yet—strange contradiction for those who believe in time—geological history shows us that life is but a short episode between two eternities of death, and that, in this episode itself, conscious thought has endured and will endure but for a moment. Thought is but a lightning-flash in the midst of a long night.

"Yet it is this lightning-flash that is all."

J. CLARK MURRAY

¹ "*Collected Essays*," Vol. I., p. 60.

SOME DISILLUSIONS OF SPANISH TRAVEL

AN American tourist whom I met several years ago in Italy, immediately after his conventional two weeks' scouring through southern Spain, was quite clear in his own mind concerning the needs of that country. "Spain," he said with a pontifical air, "wants a moral revolution." This decision has since been confirmed to me by many persons, none of whom either knew Spanish or had travelled in Spain. My intense conviction of the universality of this need renders me reluctant to pronounce any general charge against any particular nation, and urges me rather to confine myself to the more modest design of presenting a few impressions obtained through admittedly myopic eyes,—people and things seen at fairly close range and without any scheme of philosophic perspective.

Touring and *travelling* can hardly be considered interchangeable terms. In regard to the latter, we can dispose at once of the *Borrovian* illusion, with its implication of journeys on mule-back, of saddle-bags stuffed with uncanny provender, of wayside inns peopled with engaging rogues, of colloquies with ubiquitous gipsies, of picnics at the foot of cork-trees, and all the fabled possibilities of picturesqueness and adventure. Let all this go with the fallacies that most Spanish ladies smoke cigarettes, that they really enjoy a bull-fight, that black-cloaked hags slip notes into the hands of strangers at dark street corners,—the Spain of Don Quixote and of picaresque fiction. Such life *does* persist in Spain, but it is now discoverable only by such dauntless enquirers as Mr. Luffmann, the author of "A Vagabond in Spain" (1895); for the ordinary traveller it remains quite unapproachable, and any suggestion of a wish to see it would rouse resentment in any Spaniard of creditable social standing,

who may even go the length of contending that the "Romances of Roguery" were never truly representative of any aspect of Spanish life.

A disconcerting result of more than one visit to Spain consists in the realization of the vast difference between travelling merely for pleasure and having some definite object in view. Some suspicion of this had gathered in my mind in 1904, when I attempted to collect a little literary information concerning local popular verse along the coast between Malaga and Valencia, as well as in the adjoining districts. The merest expression of professional interest in such specific subjects was met with a half-concealed eagerness to divert my attention to other topics, for no reason that I could possibly fathom; so far as I could see, I was poaching on no *confrère's* private preserve, crossing no scholar's chosen path. The conviction slowly grew that this was but one manifestation of the spirit described in the convenient term *Españolismo*, the disposition not merely to reserve Spanish things (including Spanish studies) for Spaniards alone, but to oppose any attempt at treating Spanish literature from the broad, international, cosmopolitan point of view which characterizes the criticism of Central Europe. Two years later, an eminent professor bluntly assured me that no foreigner could hope to arrive at an adequate knowledge of Spanish entitling him to hold any independent opinion worth considering on Spanish literature; his own views concerning French literature were freely bestowed, though unsolicited, but it hardly becomes a stranger to point out to a native that the latter's argument is a two-edged sword. Yet this very *savant* took it amiss that I preferred seeing the many beautiful buildings in Cáceres to visiting schools at seven o'clock in the morning in order to test the babblings of Iberian children in support of some unstimulating theory of phonetics. "Para dominar una lengua" (which, by the way, he had declared to be impossible of achievement for an outsider) it was indispensable to study its origins; and the examples to the contrary of Cervantes and Shakspeare were brushed

aside as not to the point. This is doubtless an extreme case; but on comparing notes with others I have come to the conclusion that much of the "hospitality" of Spain seems to consist not in allowing a traveller to do as he pleases, but in making a programme for him, neglect of which is looked upon as ingratitude: one always discovers, however, that the things described as negligible are precisely the ones which convey *le goût du terroir*.

A strange instance of the unspoken hostility to even the most innocuous stranger came under my notice on a small coasting-steamer between Malaga and Cartagena, when, the evening being rough, a young bagman turned in without eating any dinner, and very naturally suffered from nightmare, calling out in the dead of night, "Mata el Capitan! Mata el Capitan!" (Kill the Captain!) To my surprise, the following morning everyone looked askance at *me*; and one of these *hidalgos* finally expressed the feelings of the company in charging me with having disturbed everyone. They were not aware, however, that they had to do with an ex-logician, who pointed out to them that if he ever did talk in his sleep, Spanish was the last language he would be likely to use. Not one of them had the grace to look shamefaced. By way of making amends, one of the same group, when we landed, instructed the hotel-people, while I was out for a stroll, to put me into a better room than the one I had selected, without taking the precaution to secure commercial terms for me, with the obvious consequence that I was mulcted of some *pesetas* more. Still, they were amusing and merry grigs, for the most part, and I can bear no grudge to them for the well-meant efforts to make an experienced campaigner comfortable. One of them even suggested a luminous addition to my diary. We had attended a bull-fight, at which there turned up the novelty of a negro *torero*, who was shouted for by the mob to kill a bull, which feat he actually accomplished, in deadly fear and with a most unsportsmanlike stroke; but he was carried in triumph through the streets

of the little town. "To give additional point to your narrative," said my adviser, "you might say that the next day at luncheon you ate a steak from the bull killed by the black *torero*." Other surprises may be in store for one. At Tarragona, a young commercial traveller enquired of the stranger whether he possessed any acquaintance with English literature. "A little." "The reason I ask," he went on, "is that I have recently been reading a translation of what I believe to be an English poem, and if the original is really equal in quality to the Spanish version it must be one of the great things of the world." "And what is this masterpiece?" "It bears the title of 'El Paraiso Perdido,' by John Milton." He was promptly assured of the soundness of his literary *flair*, and encouraged to go on; but I thought to myself, *Où diable la curiosité littéraire va-t-elle donc se nicher?* I will not venture a guess as to the kind of reading indulged in by his species in countries which I know better than I do Spain.

Not all manifestations of curiosity are attended with similarly gratifying conclusions; and as one experience of my own (1906) can serve as an illustration, I may be pardoned the egotism of citing it,—more especially as, in my own private circle, I have heard garbled versions of it, one of them to the effect that I had tasted of a Spanish jail. Let us have the bald facts. I was at Mérida in Estremadura, two or three days after the attempt on the life of the young king and queen. Arriving in the late afternoon from Seville, I spent the remaining daylight in seeing some of the Roman remains (ruins, rather) which are the only temptation for a visit to the misery-ridden modern town. A strange sense of discomfort and inquiet seemed to surround me, a feeling of being alone in an unfriendly country, increasing as the evening wore on, yet the glances of the hotel people as I wrote up my diary were hardly more than disconcerting. Needless to say that though *la bomba* had been freely discussed by the others present at dinner, I had followed the promptings of prudence in observing what was meant to look like uninter-

ested silence. I could not guess why the sloppy waiter (Allah blacken his face!) so often directed his viscous eye my way. Next morning as I was photographing a small shrine, a voice imperiously called "Caballero!" Two *carabineros*, or municipal policemen (*not*, Guardias Civiles), were watching my movements, and now proceeded to ask questions in insolently overbearing tones. The facts that I was a professor from abroad travelling for study and health, that the red book under my arm had been bought on the other side of the ocean, seemed to carry no weight until I added that I had arrived the night before from Seville, where I was known and had spent three weeks; evidently, I was no fugitive from justice for a crime committed in Madrid two days before. On entering the inn, a trifle uneasy, I was tapped on the shoulder by the hostess, a repulsive harridan, who slunk up behind me out of a corner and said, "They have caught the assassin." "Well, *señora*, I am quite as pleased as you can be over it." Her face fell; and she retreated, to make way for the bleary waiter who began to read out of a newspaper that the guilty man "*parecia un Inglés*" (looked like an Englishman), a phrase which he significantly repeated and emphasized; such identification, it may be surmised, was considered complete because one's clothes had undeniably been made in London. Not till many days later did I discover that the waiter (a discharged *alguacil* or bailiff) and the hag had plotted the affair with a view to the offered reward; it had been the talk of the inn the night before, after I had gone to bed, and not one of the quite presentable men in the place,—not even a professor from X., with whom I had exchanged literary views,—had been considerate enough, or enough of a gentleman, to give me a hint, which could so easily have been whispered in French. My mention of the *carabineros*' cross-questioning brought out only, "You did well to answer at once; otherwise, you might have wound up the day in jail!" Better still; it will hardly be believed that a traveller of unimpeachable respectability could, after this, be actually *shadowed* to Madrid, where five minutes'

talk with the British authorities put an end to such low-minded, and really silly, espionage. This sounds like a page from Quevedo,—in everything but satire and style, be it understood; it is the bare truth, and yet Spaniards will tell you that the episodes of picaresque fiction are inventions.

Often enough, a stranger's situation may be more amusing than ominous. While waiting at a doorway in Seville, I was surrounded by a group of children, all well dressed, yet clamouring for a *perra chica* (halfpenny), to whom I said that they were "sin vergüenza" (without shame). They immediately whirled in a wild saraband about me, shouting in unison "Sin vergüenza! Sin vergüenza!" What do they care for a stranger's opinion? They hear their elders treat it with contempt. A charmingly pretty, though unwashed girl of about six received a *sou*, on another occasion, for she said she was hungry. The next day she attempted to get at the pocket whence the *sou* had come; and the day after that when I saw her at the door of a large and prosperous *café*—she was its owner's daughter—decked out in Sunday ribbons, after one twitch of dismay she looked me straight in the eyes and walked back into the house with the *aplomb* of a duchess. Still another: as I was sitting in the park at Seville, a decently dressed boy came up and said rudely, "Cigarita!" "Is that a way to ask!" exclaimed a gentleman, also a stranger, from a neighbouring chair. "Es la costumbre?" was the sullen retort. "No, gentlemen, don't believe him," cried a small urchin a pace or two away. One moment of shamefacedness, and the first boy tore after number two, with rage in his eyes; but I am glad to say was promptly left outside a door which was slammed in his face. Let me say that these are town incidents; no village child, no peasant's son or daughter, that I ever met in Spain was other than gentle and respectful; not one of them, on being photographed, ever showed indecent eagerness for the offered coin.

One of the deepest-seated motives of the above attitude towards the stranger is, however, in nowise connected with national antipathies; nor is it the mere dislike of persons

more neatly turned out than the average local inhabitant, which in Ronda, for instance, leads young hooligans to throw stones from above at tourists exploring its romantic gorge; such hospitable demonstrations are not exclusively Iberian. It strikes me as singular that I should have been so slow in appreciating the real spirit, notwithstanding the lessons of Spanish literature and history; but it required three distinct experiences, during my last tour, to bring home to me the tenacity of the feeling which centuries ago found its complete expression in the Inquisition. During the excitement which followed, all over the country, upon the murderous attempt in the capital, a pious gentleman of some position volunteered the information that all the women in his household, from its mistress to the scullery-wench, looked upon the deed as a direct warning and visitation from Heaven to the young queen because—without real conviction, it was assumed—she had renounced her own religion in order to espouse a crowned head. Under such circumstances, a cautious stranger will offer no comment, but there can be no objection against the reporting of an assertion exactly as it was originally made, before a whole roomful of people. A few days later, in a railway carriage, I was suddenly challenged with the staggering question: "Señor stranger, are you an atheist?" This springing of the Socratic method (for so I saw it threatened to develop) was so ominous, that I thought the tone in which I denied the soft impeachment was sufficient to damp further enquiry. Not so; the next catechising bore on the first clause of the orthodox *Credo*, immediately followed with the expression of a desire to know whether my co-religionaires had any faith in "El misterio de la Santísima Trinidad!" As the other passengers were now alertly turning inquisitorial eyes in our direction, it seemed wise to tell my interlocutor the threadbare story (new to him) concerning "the religion of all sensible men," which was received with a look of something very like resentment and the remark, "Yes, that is like all Ingleses, concealing their real opinions *para sus comodidades*." And the other passengers all nodded approval. I was consequently not much

surprised on thinking over my final talk with the librarian of one of the provincial universities, a few days previously. He had been truly cordial-minded, putting his resources at my disposal and furthering my studies in so far as he could. On my bidding him good-bye, he ventured a question or two, after requesting permission to do so.

"You, Sir, seem to have travelled about a good deal in Spain; you know something of our language and literature; tell me, in all these meetings with my countrymen, have you ever been invited to enter a Spanish house, received as an acquaintance of the family?"

"No, save on one occasion, by a merchant to whom I had a letter."

"Anything exceptional in the conditions of the family?"

"Yes, the gentleman had lived much abroad, had married there, and his children, in the Spanish town where they live, are described as being of their mother's country."

"Exactly; further than this you can hardly hope to penetrate, at least among the bourgeoisie. Our women decline to receive heretics as their guests. I, being a bachelor like yourself, attach no importance to these things. But it seemed to me a kindness to a stranger to explain precisely the ground on which he stands."

Another odd revelation of this state of mind is certain to come to any member of the teaching profession who hails from abroad. As there were several American professors in Spain in the summer of 1906, my own experience received corroboration through their testimony; moreover, fellow-members of the craft from other countries have since confirmed that experience as identical in every point with their own. I never had even so little as fifteen minutes' talk with a *confrère* in any province of Spain (save one) without hearing something like the following series of questions, to which possible answers are subjoined for the assistance of others:

"Professors in your country must be very well paid."

"No, on the contrary; there, as elsewhere, teaching is looked upon as one of the least remunerative of professions."

"But travelling is very expensive."

"Not when you know how to manage."

"But how much does a professor receive?"

"That depends on his academic status, length of service, and other local conditions a trifle too complex to explain."

"Well, how much do you get?"

The reply to this last question is submitted as having been invariably successful in terminating the enquiry; its suggestion of the evasive casuistry of a celebrated order may be judged by various standards.

"Well, you see, in our profession as in others, some members are independent of the profession."

Still, I admit that when the same question was fired at me across a *café* table in Madrid from a group of young lawyers to whom I had been casually introduced after the free-and-easy fashion of Southern Europe, my reply shewed less of christian suavity, whereat one of them exclaimed, "Well, at all events, I wonder that you should be here in a Madrid *café* at four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of at your work in your own country." I had observed this young sprig at the same table at half-past nine in the morning as I was on my way to the Biblioteca Nacional, where I had that day worked for more than four hours.

To suggest that the above colloquy will furnish an adequate idea of average Spanish manners is so far from my purpose that I hasten to add a word of explanation. Many of the men occupying positions of the kind above referred to are in no sense of even middle-class origin; their early surroundings and defective upbringing, joined to their characteristic national feeling of superiority to all other peoples, renders them quite incapable of appreciating the amenities of social life in better conditions than they occupy. It was of such men as these that a foreign official was evidently thinking when he said to me: "Admirable as they are when they remain in their own natural class, they become unbearable when they attempt to be *Señoritos*." Moreover, I have experienced too much of simple attention and courtesy from Spaniards of various standing, official or other, to wish to convey a

general disparagement; the machinery of ordinary travelling existence is quite well enough oiled for the unexacting and uncomplaining, and moves steadily, if slowly.

My conclusion must, nevertheless, consist in a brief statement of my last disillusion. In all the other divisions of the Spanish kingdom, one hears little of Catalonia and the Catalans besides expressions of dislike and scorn. Unmindful of Cervantes' noble eulogy of Barcelona, Spaniards of other provinces—Castilians, Aragonese, Andalusians—unite in giving Catalans a bad name for general "dourness," churlishness, abruptness of manner, disobligingness, and so on. Now, strangely enough it was precisely in Barcelona that I found the most sustained and complete comprehension of what a travelling stranger most requires in the way of civility and assistance. Nowhere else in the whole peninsula did a university professor give up a whole afternoon to showing me the educational institutions, the picture-galleries, and the beautiful Gothic buildings nestled in out-of-the-way corners of his splendid city. The Ateneo, or Literary Club, of Barcelona was the only one of which I was made free. And at the University Library, where I at first worked by permission of an assistant, I was visited at my desk by the principal librarian in person, who after enquiry into the nature of my studies and the method by which I had obtained my merely indifferent working-knowledge of Spanish, not only reaffirmed the special privilege of table and private room, but assured me that all the resources of the rich library were at my disposal at any time and for such time as I might wish to enjoy them. However hazardous it may appear to dwell on what might be a mere accident of "traveller's luck" in finding people well disposed, one may note that, two years later, the professor of Spanish in the French university of B. anticipated a remark I was preparing to make: "I know what you are going to say. The most amiable and obliging of Spaniards, *ce sont les Catalans!*"

P. T. L.

A PARABLE FOR POETS

A FOOLISH little reed once grew
Rooted in mud, with a million others.
East and west the great winds blew,
And bowing, swaying, with all its brothers,
A humble thing, and common indeed
Was the little reed.

Till the great god Pan one day
Roamed on the shore where the reeds were growing.
He picked the foolish reed at his feet,
And made with it music, fantastic and sweet,
Till winds ceased blowing and waters ceased flowing,
Till shy wild things of the waste drew near,
And birds came down from the sky to hear.
"Ah, I am a singer—a singer indeed,"
Said the foolish reed.

But half a beast is the great god Pan;
So he soon grew tired of melody.
He let fall the reed, and away he ran
To splash in a pool. Ah, well-a-day!
For the reed, as voiceless now as its brothers,
A common reed, like the million others,
Dropped in the mud where its life began;
Near the hoof-print of Pan.

MAUD GOING

THE KIKUYU CONTROVERSY

“**I**NTER arma silent leges.” Hence, although several months have now elapsed since the Consultative Committee of Bishops created by the Lambeth Conference in 1897, presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury their advisory report in regard to the fierce controversy that has been raging in the Anglican Church for over a year, in regard to the now historic Kikuyu conference—it is possible that the Archbishop’s final decision will be delayed still longer. For just as Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment have been shelved until the end of the war, so the Kikuyu issue may be held in abeyance until the public mind can distract itself sufficiently from this appalling war to turn its attention again to the problem of Christian Unity. Be that as it may, the whole of Protestant English-speaking Christendom is awaiting the outcome of the Kikuyu Controversy with mingled hope and anxiety.

As the decision of this matter will profoundly affect the position to be taken by the Anglican Churches throughout the world in regard to the questions of “open communion” and the “open pulpit,” and will have a far-reaching effect upon the problem of Christian Unity on the mission fields, it may be of interest at the present time to tell afresh the story of the Kikuyu Conference and to make some comment upon certain of the questions at issue.

The controversy was started by the Bishop of Zanzibar (Dr. Weston) in an open letter, entitled, “*Ecclesia Anglicana*—For What Does She Stand?” which he addressed to the Bishop of St. Albans. In the course of that letter he brought charges of heresy against the Bishops of Uganda and Mombassa for their actions in connexion with the conference which was held in June of last year, in the Kikuyu Mission of the Church of Scotland. That conference was called for the

purpose of discussing plans by which the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Quaker missionaries of British East Africa could present a united front to the dense heathenism and militant Mohammedanism that surrounds them.

In a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, Dr. Rainsford, the former rector of St. George's (Episcopal) Church, New York City, who has recently returned from a two years' expedition to that region, draws an awful picture of the barbaric phases of heathenism with which the Christian Church has to grapple in Kikuyu land. Some of the native tribes are apparently without even a rudimentary idea of a God, and they seem to have no belief in a future existence. The hyenas are their only undertakers, and they perform their ghastly offices while their victims are still alive. For, if anyone is permitted to die within doors, the natives believe that the mud hut must be either destroyed or abandoned; parents, therefore, being as lazy as they are superstitious, take their dying children out into the open bush, where they are eaten by the hyenas! And the children do the same with dying or enfeebled parents. "Ask a Kikuyu," says Dr. Rainsford, "if some one of his fellows, whom you knew, is alive and he will say, 'No; he has gone to the hyenas.'" Such is the Kikuyu Heaven!

Mohammedanism has recently been making immense gains in East Africa. To the negro tribes there—which take kindly to the polygamy that is permitted and even encouraged by the Mohammedan missionaries—Islam preaches only three doctrines: (1) that there is no God but Allah; (2) that Mahomet is his prophet; and (3) that all Mohammedans are brothers. On the other hand, as the Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists overlap in the same fields, the natives are being bewildered by what are apparently four different forms of Christianity.

In a pamphlet entitled, "The Kikuyu Conference—A Study in Christian Unity," Dr. Willis, the Bishop of Uganda, says that the Protestant missionaries, wishing to reduce "the

danger of planting in African soil fresh seeds of a disunion which we all deplore among ourselves," at home, agreed at the Kikuyu Conference upon a plan of coöperation which they have submitted to the authorities of their respective Churches. "No Church and no society stands committed" to the plan; "the whole scheme is still *sub judice*." The purpose of "the Proposed Scheme of Federation" can best be described in the following additional quotations from Dr. Willis's pamphlet:

The aim of the Conference was not an impracticable attempt to amalgamate existing Churches or Missionary Societies. It had in view an ultimate union of native Christians into one native Church; and with this end in view the Conference sought to find means, not for removing existing conditions, nor for watering down the distinctive characteristics of the different bodies, but for averting dissensions between native Christians, barely visible as yet on the horizon.

* * * * *

It is proposed, in the first place, to recognize a Comity of Missions; to divide British East Africa into different missionary districts, and to leave each Church free to develop its work within its own defined area. It is manifestly impossible for the Anglican Church to occupy the entire field. British East Africa covers an area about half as large again as the United Kingdom. It contains a native population roughly estimated at four million, mainly Pagan to-day, but likely to become, in the near future, Christian or Mohammedan. Apart from three Chaplains to Europeans, the number of ordained clergy of the Church of England at present working in the Protectorate is twenty-three Europeans and three natives. Far stronger, numerically, are the representatives of the different denominations. Where we cannot enter they are prepared to work; where neither go, Islam has a clear field. Under the circumstances, common sense would suggest a working agreement, by which unnecessary overlapping may be avoided, and the whole field occupied against a common foe.

Pending the ultimate formation of a native Church of East Africa, "the two Bishops of Uganda and Mombassa," as stated in the Bishop of Zanzibar's protest, "and the heads of four Protestant missionary societies [subject to the approval of the home authorities] pledged themselves:—

(a) "To recognize a common membership between Federated Churches;

- (b) "To establish a common form of Church organization;
- (c) "To admit to any pulpit a preacher recognized by his own Church;
- (d) "To admit to Communion a recognized member of any other Church;
- (e) "To draw up and follow common courses of instruction both for candidates for baptism and candidates for ordination."

This scheme of federation was adopted on June 20th, 1913, and on the evening of the same day the Conference found its natural climax in a celebration of the Lord's Supper, which is, *par excellence*, the Sacrament of Unity. No Church of England building being available, the service was held in the Scottish Presbyterian Church at Kikuyu, but the form prescribed in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer was followed throughout. Says Norman Maclean, in his "Africa in Transformation":—

Bishop Peel [of Mombassa] administered the Sacrament; a minister of the Church of Scotland preached the sermon, and all the mission delegates received the Holy Communion at the bishop's hands. There was no question of any difference between them. All the things that ever separated Christians were submerged by the rising tide of love and unity which had borne them upwards to that hour. It was a day, the impulse of which will be felt throughout every mission field in the world. The missionaries in British East Africa and Uganda have given the Christian world an object lesson in the spirit of unity. They have shown how it is possible for Christians to be "one, that the world may believe."

The Kikuyu Conference in general and the Kikuyu Communion Service in particular have raised such a storm in Great Britain as not only to endanger the unity of the Anglican Church, but to threaten its leadership in the great movement for Christian Unity.

In his open letter to the Bishop of St. Albans, the Bishop of Zanzibar cites three recent incidents which, to his mind, prove that the Anglican Church is in danger of surrendering "the faith once delivered to the saints":—

1. His references to "Modernism," having no bearing upon the Kikuyu Conference, lie outside the scope of this article.

2. As indicating the tendencies of the school of thought in the Anglican Church that is now up in arms against all that the Kikuyu Conference stands for, it is worth while to mention the second incident cited by the Bishop of Zanzibar. He is greatly disturbed because the Bishop of St. Albans "had publicly inhibited from ministering in his diocese a priest who had invoked Our Lady and two other Saints." The Bishop of Zanzibar believes in what he calls "a sane and moderate Invocation of the Mother of God and of the other Saints."

3. In addition to his protest against "Modernism" and his advocacy of the "Catholic practice," just referred to, the doughty Bishop of Zanzibar is strongly opposed to "Pan-Protestanism," and he complains that at the Kikuyu Conference "two Bishops and several Priests of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* committed themselves to a temporary federation of Missionary Societies, with a view to the establishment of a new United Protestant Church of East Africa and Uganda."

He admits that the doctrinal basis of the proposed federation includes:—

(1) The acknowledgment of the absolute authority of the Bible as the supreme rule of faith and practice;

(2) An acceptance of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds; and

(3) The vital importance of belief in the atoning death of our Lord as the ground of forgiveness.

But he finds fault because that basis does not contain:—

The Athanasian Creed; the Sacraments of Confirmation and Absolution; the Episcopacy; and the necessity of a priest for the celebration of the Holy Communion [by which Bishop Weston means a clergyman who has been episcopally ordained].

Then, with evident disapproval, the Bishop of Zanzibar says that,

As a pledge of good faith, and with every appearance of heartfelt joy and gratitude, the Bishop of Mombassa celebrated the Holy Communion on the last evening of the Conference, in a Presbyterian Church, and admitted to Communion as many of the delegates of Protestant Societies as cared to present themselves.

He further says:—

If our own position is so chaotic that a Bishop, consecrated for the very purpose, among others, of ordaining Priests, may publicly communicate with a Church without Episcopacy, then the whole purpose of our life and work is gone.

If so blunt a question may be pardoned, one would like to ask the Bishop of Zanzibar just what is the "purpose" of the "life and work" of a Christian Bishop—especially in such an embattled mission field as British East Africa—if it is really anything beyond the effort to make, not Anglicans, but simply Christians, out of such benighted heathen; and just how that "purpose" would be impaired if the Anglican native converts sometimes partook of the Lord's Supper with those in the non-Anglican Missions, who likewise "profess and call themselves Christians"?

No one who has ever been present at a Communion Service in an Anglican Church can fail to have been impressed by the gracious catholicity of the invitation to the Lord's Table as given in the Book of Common Prayer:—

Ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life, following the Commandments of God and walking from henceforth in His Holy ways: Draw near with faith and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort.

The Bishop of Zanzibar would, in thought, add a "string" to that gracious invitation; so that it would mean, "Draw near with faith and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort, *provided you have been confirmed by the laying on of a Bishop's hands*;" for he says that God has "clearly bidden" and "sent" Anglican clergymen "to bear a faithful and fearless witness to the present indwelling of

Christ in the Holy Catholic Church and to invite men to His Heart by way of the Sacrament that a Catholic Ministry alone can offer."

The strict constructionists in the Anglican Church point to the "Excluding Rubric" at the close of the Order of Confirmation in the Book of Common Prayer, which in its superficial meaning seems to support the contentions of the militant Bishop of Zanzibar. It says:—

There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed.

But such men have forgotten the history of their own Church on this subject. That rubric, in its original form, was inserted in the Prayer Book at a time when the only Church in England (except the Roman Catholic Church) was the established "Church of England," and when all the other people were, at least nominally, adherents of the State Church. Under those conditions the rubric was obviously wise, and was universal in its application.

But, to-day, the conditions are entirely different. While the Anglican Church is still the State Church, there are other Christian Churches in Great Britain numbering their adherents by the millions.

Of course, it would still be irregular and improper for anyone brought up in the Anglican Church to partake of the Communion unless he had been properly instructed as to the meaning of that Sacrament, and had taken upon himself the vows of full membership, in accordance with the Order of Confirmation. But, under modern conditions, the "Excluding Rubric" is merely domestic legislation, applicable only to the unconfirmed adherents of the Anglican Church; and it ought not to be applied to those who look upon themselves as confirmed members of other Churches—unless, indeed, our Anglican brethren take the position that the Communion Service when administered in their Churches is the Anglicans' Supper, instead of being the Lord's Supper.

The debate over the Kikuyu Communion Service has reproduced on an international scale the controversy over the invitation extended in May, 1911, by Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, to the Nonconformists of his diocese to unite with their Anglican neighbours at a special Communion Service in Hereford Cathedral on the day of King George's Coronation—an occasion that called so imperatively for fellowship and national unity. That invitation excited "feelings of very deep regret and considerable alarm" in the mind of the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Talbot), who contended that behind the Excluding Rubric in the Order of Confirmation "there was a principle which recognized that participation in the Communion was only intended for the children of the Church," that is, only for those who had been episcopally confirmed.

Commenting upon Bishop Talbot's protest, Dean Hensley Henson, in his "Road to Unity," says that for generations the "Excluding Rubric" has been understood to apply only to those who are members of the Church of England. He further says:—

The right of Nonconformists to communicate in the National Church has been challenged since the Tractarian movement fastened itself strongly on the Clergy. In 1870, Archbishop Tait received a memorial signed by 1,529 clergymen of the Church of England, expressing their "grief and astonishment at the admission to the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, of teachers of various sects, openly separate from our Communion." In the course of his reply the Archbishop wrote:—

"But some of the memorialists are indignant at the admission of any 'Dissenter', however orthodox, to the Holy Communion in our Church. I confess that I have no sympathy with such objections. I consider that the interpretation which these memorialists put upon the Rubric to which they appeal, at the end of the Confirmation Service is quite untenable.

"As at present advised, I believe this Rubric to apply solely to our own people, and not to those members of foreign or dissenting bodies who occasionally conform. All who have studied the history of our Church, and especially of the reign of Queen Anne, when this question was earnestly debated, must know how it has been contended that the Church of England places no bar against occasional conformity." ("Life of Tait," Vol. 2, p. 71.)

The Archbishop's biographers tell us that "questions as to the occasional admission to Communion of those who were not members of the Church of England came before him again and again during his public life, and that he never wavered in the advice that he gave."

"Scotch Presbyterians, some of them his contemporaries, or even his seniors, used to ask his counsel as to receiving the Holy Communion in the Church of England. To those who, at whatever age, desired to become actual members of the Church of England, he always urged the blessing, if not the absolute duty, of confirmation; and his three sisters were all of them confirmed by him, on his advice, when well advanced in life. But he repeatedly declined to authorize or justify the refusal of Communion to Scotch Presbyterians, resident for a time in England, and he was always ready to defend his opinions on theological and historical grounds." ("Life of Tait," Vol. 2, p. 74.)

Bishop Creighton pointed out that the rubric was "framed for normal cases, and did not contemplate the case of Nonconformists." His advice, he said, "had always been on the side of freedom," and he claimed the agreement of Archbishop Benson in this view. ("Road to Unity," pp. 136-138.)

In refreshing contrast to the Bishop of Zanzibar is a book recently published by Longmans & Company, entitled, "Episcopacy and Unity." Its author, the Rev. H. A. Wilson, M.A., is a scholarly parish minister in the Anglican Church. Mr. Wilson had been brought up to believe in the Divine origin and, therefore, the necessity and authority of the Episcopacy; and he still believes that Episcopacy "is not only the most ancient form of ecclesiastical polity and the most natural evolution of the germ contained in Holy Scripture, but, judged by the light of history, is the best form for discharging the mission of the Church." But, as he adds, "this position is very far from that which claims for Episcopacy an exclusive divine right." He goes on to say:—

To adopt the former view places one in an impregnable position—one from which a fearless appeal can be made to *Scripture, history and human experience*; and it is just upon these three rocks that the maintainers of the latter theory come hopelessly to grief. As the tide of free enquiry flows on, they are more and more liable to be left in the back water associated with untenable theories.

It seems to me quite vain to attempt to maintain the exclusive theory in the light of recent historical inquiry. The very fact that that theory finds no adequate support from unbiassed enquirers, such as, Lightfoot, Hort, Hatch, Gwatkin [all Anglican writers], Harnack, and many others, by itself more than half condemns it.

The further fact that Presbyterians, and others of unimpeachable sincerity, claim to find justification for their theories in Scripture and the history of the earliest Church, proves that these authorities, at the best, have spoken in uncertain fashion; and it is this uncertainty which finally disposes of the theory that any form of Church government has been established by an exclusive Divine right.

It is an old argument, but none the less valuable, that, if the will of God had decreed that a monarchical Episcopate was to be the only channel of sacramental grace, some definite statement of the Divine purpose would be found. It seems plain, therefore, that the burden of proof lies upon the High Anglican; and the most friendly verdict that an impartial judge can pass upon the case, as advocated by him, is that of "not proven."

He can give nothing remotely resembling a definite command uttered either by Our Lord or His apostles. The Scriptural evidence is held in many quarters to support conclusions quite the reverse of his own. He can find from the evidence of the first century very few traces of a monarchical Episcopate and absolutely nothing definite. He relies largely upon the Epistles of Ignatius—the epistles to churches some of which almost certainly had no Bishop at the time, and probably not for some time after. He is faced by the fact that down well into the fourth century the metropolitan see of Alexandria, on the fairest (one might say the only fair) interpretation of the evidence, had a form of church government more closely resembling Presbyterian than Episcopal.

For my own part, I must frankly confess that an honest consideration of these facts has produced a great change in my own view. Having accepted, without enquiry, the common opinion as to the claim of Episcopacy to be the one and only divinely appointed system, it came as nothing less than a shock to find how rickety was the platform upon which that theory stood.

I still hold, and that most firmly, that Episcopacy is the best possible system of Church government, and that severance from that system would be a most serious and deplorable breach with the past; that Episcopal ministrations are the most regular and the most effective and the best designed for the evangelization of the world. But there is a wide gulf between this and declaring that non-Episcopal ministers are unauthorized ("Episcopacy and Unity," pp. 241.)

Mr. Wilson says that an invalid Sacrament "is one that is so impaired as not to be capable of discharging its functions, which are two in number: (1) to unite a believer to Christ, and (2) to build him up in holiness of life and conduct." The first or subjective test, he says, has been met in the experience of countless communicants in Nonconformist Churches. As to the second or objective test of the validity of the Sacrament when administered by Nonconformists, namely, whether it has made men strong to resist evil and to grow in grace and power and good deeds—although Bishop Gore is "poles apart" from many of the views now held by Mr. Wilson—yet the latter is more than content to cite that Bishop's eloquent words as a sufficient answer:—

There have arisen Christian Churches with a noble and continuous record of spiritual excellence—exhibiting, both in individuals and corporately, manifest fruits of the Spirit, alike in learning, in virtue, and in evangelical zeal. To deny God's presence with them, and His coöperation in their work and ministry, would seem to me to approach blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. We cannot express in words too strong, our assurance that God has been with them, and that we are meant to learn from their saints and teachers, and to sit at their feet as before those who possess God's Spirit.

Mr. Wilson says that the "Excluding Rubric" was no more than the Church's rule for its own children, to save the Holy Communion from ignorant participants who had had no instruction as to the meaning and obligation of the Sacrament; but that to apply the Rubric to baptized members of Nonconformist Churches who had been instructed as to the meaning of the Sacrament and had been admitted to confirmed membership in their own Churches, would be equivalent to "doubting the reality of their baptism"—the validity of which no Anglican would deny—and would "call in question their status as Christians." He says: "To refuse the Communion to such Nonconformists would raise the whole question whether the Anglican Church was any longer entitled to call herself THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. It would lose its character and become a mere *Episcopal sect*."

In principle, the Bishop of Zanzibar belongs to the school of the Judaizers of Apostolic times, who would have imposed the yoke of the old Levitical ceremonies upon such devout and uncircumcized Gentiles as Cornelius. Mr. Wilson aptly says that the reply which St. Peter made to the Mother Church at Jerusalem "comes home to us with great force in this connexion":—

If then God gave unto them the like gift as He did also unto us, when we believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was I, that I could withstand God?

And when they heard these things they held their peace and glorified God, saying, Then to the Gentiles also [the Nonconformists of that day] has God granted repentance unto life. (Acts XI, 17, 18, R.V.)

Mr. Wilson closes his wise book with the following irenical propositions:—

Let there be a frank recognition of the validity of the Nonconformists' ministries, and a cordial acknowledgement of their equality with us; and let baptized members of the non-Episcopal Churches receive from us, at least occasionally, a cordial welcome to the Table of the Lord. Men who pray together are not likely to "bite and devour one another"; and I can see here the termination to the bitterness which has provoked those burning jealousies that are such a disgrace to the Christianity of England.

In a letter to the London *Times* in May, 1911, supporting the Bishop of Hereford's action in inviting Nonconformists to the Coronation Communion Service, Dean Henson related an anecdote of the celebrated Baptist Minister, Robert Hall, which is worth repeating, as bearing upon the Kikuyu issue:

On one occasion he presented himself for Communion at what was called a Particular Baptist Church, he himself being what was called a General Baptist. An official politely indicated to him that he could not be admitted to the Sacrament, as he did not belong to the Denomination. Dr. Hall replied: "I thought this was the Lord's Supper, but, if it is only *your* Supper, I have no wish to remain."

It is pertinent to the pending controversy to call attention to the fact that the basis of Christian Unity set forth by the Anglican Churches in the Chicago-Lambeth Quad-

ilateral does not include the special method of confirmation practised by those Churches that require the laying on of a Bishop's hands before a baptized person can be admitted to full membership. That Quadrilateral contains only four points:—

(1) The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as containing all things necessary to salvation, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith;

(2) The Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, as the statement of the Christian Faith;

(3) The two Sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—ministered with un failing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by him;

(4) The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

To the plain wayfaring Christian, the militant Bishop of Zanzibar strangely misses the fulness of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," with its sweeping "whosoever," which is so beautifully paraphrased in the catholic invitation to the Communion given in the Book of Common Prayer. What a mechanical and even materialistic view he takes of the Grace of God, in holding, as his own words show, that the only *sure* channel of that grace, so far as it is offered in the Lord's Supper, is through the laying on of a Bishop's hands in the rite of Confirmation!

The Archbishop of Canterbury wisely decided that a "trial for heresy and schism [such as was suggested by the Bishop of Zanzibar] would, under the circumstances, be wholly out of place." The whole matter was referred to the Consultative Committee of Archbishops already mentioned (of which the Primate himself is a member). That Committee was requested by the Archbishop to give him the benefit of its advice upon two questions that are of vital interest to all English-speaking Protestants:—

(1) Whether the proposed scheme of Federation suggested by the Kikuyu Conference contravenes the principles of the Anglican Church.