THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
ANDREW MACPHAIL
MONTREAL

VOL. XVI., 1917

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.

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

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

The Editorial and business management is gratuitous.

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

All communications should be addressed to the Acting Editor, THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

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University Magazine

MONTREAL.

ANDREW MACPHAIL, Editor.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE PUZZLING PRESIDENT

There is no more absorbing "topic of the day" than the manner in which the President of the United States suddenly injected himself into the midst of the German peace talk, and scoffers might say that for a good exhibition of one-man power we must go in these latter days to the "freest of free republics." In its result, Mr. Wilson's action will do no harm to the cause of the Entente; but his methods and purposes are open to question. The Allies accepted, as in honour bound, the President's statement that the coincidence was purely accidental: his message was in no way "associated in its origin," he protested, with recent overtures on the part of the Central Powers. But they might well have felt deeply hurt by Mr. Wilson's professed belief that, as regards the objects and aims for which the rival nations are fighting, it is a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. His apologists tell us, it is true, that the President was only putting the matter "according to the statements of leaders on both sides." But on that theory, his presentation of the case must be considered unmeaning and unhelpful. And we cannot forget that this is not Mr. Wilson's first offence. That was committed when he informed the world that the American people had no concern with the origin of the war; and only a few weeks ago he was ingenuously asking if any one could tell him what it is all about, and who started it,—just as though Belgium and Verdun were not in themselves a sufficient answer. This makes it difficult to accept the alternative theory that the President's real purpose was to bring Germany to shame by inducing her to put in black and white, plain for all folks to see, some expression of her long-cherished ambition to impose her will on the rest of Europe. When the war began, the German Emperor told his army that Austria had felt constrained, if she was to remain a Great Power, to take up

the gauntlet that little Serbia had flung to her, and that he himself had to be faithful to his alliance with the Dual Monarchy. Perhaps Mr. Wilson never saw that imperial proclamation. Certainly he has never seen—it has not yet been disclosed—the correspondence that took place between Berlin and Vienna before the outbreak of the war. If it has not been carefully destroyed, that correspondence may still become one of the most valuable and illuminating revelations in all history. What the President may have seen are recent letters from certain English writers, imploring his help for their propaganda of peace; and it is conceivable, with his well-known sentiment for pacificism and humanitarianism, that he mistook these letters for the voice of Europe.

PACIFIC CRANKS

One of these letters formed the basis of a resolution asking for President Wilson's intervention, which was adopted at a meeting of the "American Neutral Conference Committee," held in New York early in December. This letter came from the pen of Mr. Charles P. Trevelyan, M.P., and it is said to have been smuggled out of England along with others of the same tenor, and to have been brought to the United States by special messenger. After proclaiming his belief that his fellow-countrymen were heartily sick of the war, but were prevented from advocating peace negotiations by the apparent hopelessness of the outlook, Mr. Trevelyan's appeal continued as follows: "But if once it were brought to the consciousness of ordinary Englishmen that Germany was ready for a reasonable peace, to abjure her conquests and, above all, to evacuate and help to compensate Belgium, a rapid and radical change would appear in popular opinion. This, indeed, asks the American President to risk his possible value as a backstairs diplomat, but American Presidents are apt to believe that the common-sense of common men can make better judgements on vast issues than even well-meaning rulers. Perhaps they might help our poor European world by trusting the soul of our common folk." Other smuggled messages were forwarded

by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., C. R. Buxton and others; and, last of all, came a letter to the President himself from Hon. Bertrand Russell, who is "compelled by a profound conviction to speak for all the nations in the name of Europe. In the name of Europe," says Mr. Russell, "I appeal to you to bring us peace."

Why look outside these letters, so far as our side is concerned, for the motive of Mr. Wilson's intervention? They supply in themselves a sort of working hypothesis which will at least help to explain his action. Their authors must thoroughly approve of the President's message; whether they are so well satisfied with the reply of the Entente, or Mr. A. J. Balfour's supplement to it, doth not yet appear. The only other motive—apart from the ambition to go down to history as a great pacificator—that has been attributed to Mr. Wilson in the public press, is fear of Germany and a realization of the obvious fact that, though it is open to the United States to break off diplomatic relations with that country, she is not really in a position to hold Germany, or indeed any other Great Power, to "strict accountability." This may help to explain the disquietude of Washington over Mr. Gerard's recent speech at Berlin. All that the American Ambassador really said was that the relations between Germany and the United States had never been so cordial as they are at present. Unkind critics might point out that the same statement could be made by—Turkey! But what if Mr. Gerard meant to imply was that the Emperor had better stick to his present advisers; if the other lot, headed by Von Tirpitz, should chance to gain his ear, there might have to be more talk about the "verge of war"?

In any case, we may well be proud of the dignified restraint which has marked the reception by the Allied Powers of Mr. Wilson's somewhat clumsy intervention. Nothing has impressed Americans so deeply as the new British Premier's adoption of Abraham Lincoln's memorable words: "We accepted this war for an object, a worthy object. The war will end when that object is attained. Under God, I hope it will never end until that time."

There is another quotation, even more accessible to President Wilson, which may be commended at this crisis to his attention. A very few yards from the White House at Washington stands the statue of General Sherman, and on its pedestal are graven these words:—

"War's legitimate object is more perfect peace."

Could the Allies wish for a better motto?

GERMAN EAGERNESS FOR PEACE

How are the mighty fallen! When Germany announced that she would "joyfully be ready to co-operate in the sublime task of preventing future wars" there must have been many who rubbed their eyes incredulously. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Is there to be a new dispensation, and is the Kaiser's "good old God" to forswear "blood and iron" from henceforth, to follow after Right instead of Might, and to play a more humane part than formerly in Peace Conferences at the Hague? Verily, that would be a consummation devoutly to be wished! But first must come a German-made peace. Even the United States, as a neutral power, cannot expect (say the Germans) to have a voice in the settlement, which involves territorial adjustments among the belligerents themselves. It is only when the burglar has safely disposed of his booty that he is ready to discuss the impropriety of future burglaries. At present Germany considers the realization of her "Middle Europe" scheme essential to her prosperity and progress. She must have a clear line, she thinks, from Hamburg and Berlin to Baghdad and the valley of the Euphrates. But the Allies have different views as to the future of Serbia and the other Balkan states, and the Armenian massacres have brought them much support, even in America, for their declared policy in regard to Turkey. Then there is the so-called "freedom of the seas," which Germany advocated even before the war in the hope of crippling the naval power of Britain. In future debates on the treatment of private property at sea, something will

have to be said of the barbarism and bestiality that have marked the German occupation of French chateaux on land.

Against the German claims, which have so far only been suggested in outline, the Allied powers come forward with a clear-cut requirement for complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guarantees. It has been noted that their reply to President Wilson's note contains no reference to the disposal of the German colonies. Perhaps this matter was allowed to stand over "until the hour of negotiations," along with other "details of equitable compensations and indemnities for damages suffered." Among such details may well be included also a requirement of "ton for ton," in respect of merchant shipping sunk by German submarines without warning. But as regards the German colonies, a new factor has been introduced by the whole-hearted participation in the war of Britain's oversea Dominions, and this factor will no doubt bulk largely at the forthcoming Imperial Conference. Prussia has been a bad neighbour to the other Powers—an unpleasant and disturbing factor in the peace of Europe. She has now to learn—from General Botha himself, on whom she built such fond but fallacious hopes, or from General Smuts,—what South Africa thinks of her, and how greatly both Australia and New Zealand will prefer her room to her company. Then there is Japan, which, if asked to surrender the German possessions at Kiau-Chow, will reply as Lord Heathfield did when he was called on to give up the keys of Gibraltar:

"Come and take them!"

BRITISH CABINET-MAKING

The change of Ministers in London was the result of a peaceful week-end revolution. It was quietly effected, and its good results are already apparent. But Mr. Asquith's government ought not to be allowed to pass without the tribute of a tear. For all its shortcomings and lack of vigorous initiative, it did good work: history will show how fortunate it was for Britain that such a government was in power when war broke out. There are

large sections of the populace which would never have believed anything that might have been said by a Conservative ministry about danger to the country and the Empire. It is on record that Mr. Arthur Henderson himself was all for keeping England out of the war till he spent a certain Sunday in reading what Sir E. Grey had to say on the subject. And there are thousands who felt as he did at that time. The teaching and traditions of Liberalism, as represented by such a leader as the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, were all against intervention of any kind. It is interesting to recall the fact that Messrs. Asquith, Grey and Haldane, who were acting together at the time as Liberal Imperialists, needed a good deal of pressing before they would consent to join the Campbell-Bannerman government. Of these three Lord Haldane was the first to go. He did good work in connection with the Territorials and the Expeditionary Force, but in the end he was unable to stand up against the popular view that, with all the knowledge he is now shown to have had at his command in regard to the German peril, he ought to have supported Lord Roberts instead of criticising him. Mr. Asquith will go down to history, in spite of his genius for procrastination and compromise, as the leader who kept the nation together at a crisis of unprecedented gravity, and also for his undisputed personal ascendancy in the House of Commons. Of Viscount Grey one likes to think as the real author of the scheme for a League of the Nations, which is sometimes spoken of as an American plan. For it was he who, after vainly imploring Germany to press any button she liked in the interests of peace, if she could not see her way to such a conference as he had proposed, made this solemn declaration: "My own endeavour would be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia and ourselves, jointly or separately." These were golden words, if Berlin had only cared to listen! They are of a piece with all that Lord Grey said and did before the outbreak of war, and with his whole policy as it was shortly after-

wards set forth in the famous Foreign Office White Paper. That publication is his best memorial, proving as it does on almost every page his resolute straightforwardness and his devotion to the cause of peace. Viscount Grey was fully entitled to reply as he did in November of last year to the request for some message to the American League to Enforce Peace: "I think public utterances must have already made it clear that I sincerely desire to see a league of nations formed and made effective to secure the future peace of the world, after this war is over. I regard this as the best if not the only prospect of preserving treaties and saving the world from aggressive wars in years to come."

THE EMPIRE AFTER THE WAR

The resignation of Mr. Asquith has led to the re-appearance on the imperial stage of Viscount Milner, who was always badly treated by the party which Mr. Asquith led. Lord Milner is a great apostle of imperial cohesion, and so far as the forthcoming Imperial Conference may deal with anything outside the scope of actual war-problems, he will find his opportunity there. Party politics must of course be kept away from all considerations leading up to a closer union of the constituent states of the Empire. But it is interesting to remember that this will be the first Imperial Conference in many years at which the political party led in Canada by Sir Robert Borden will have the chance of figuring. The war has taken us a long way from the formula in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier's followers used to rejoice: "Should any of the Dominions desire to assist in the defence of the Empire at a time of real danger," etc., etc. When the psychological moment arrived, all the Dominions threw themselves automatically and instantaneously into a conflict which obviously involved their own safety as well as the permanence of the British Empire. The *Fortuna populi Britannici* was in our favour, but we must not always trust to luck. So now the Prime Minister of Canada, according to the terms of the invitation, is to be a member of the War Cabinet, which will

meet in special and continuous session "in order to consider urgent questions affecting the prosecution of the war, the possible conditions on which, in agreement with our Allies, we could assent to its termination, and the problems which will then immediately arise." After the war, voluntary co-operation will no doubt still continue to be the basic formula for the inter-relationship of the component parts of the Empire, but they will do well to look ahead collectively. Pending the evolution of a really Imperial Parliament, attention should be given to the strengthening of the Imperial Council, consisting of Ministers of the Crown in both Great Britain and the over-sea Dominions. This Council should deal with imperial defence and naval problems, foreign relations, questions of food supply and emigration, and such other conditions as may be found essential to the realization of a certain measure of political and economic unity. If we cannot join forces over matters such as these, the lessons of the war will have been to a large extent in vain. If we can, we shall deserve the compliment which ex-President Eliot paid us the other day when he said, speaking specially of Canada, that she "is taking, and is to take, her full share in unifying and consolidating the world-wide British Commonwealth, and in putting it resolutely on the path of sober democratic progress."

W. P.

MITTEL-EUROPA

It was within a year from the date of Marschall von Bieberstein's appearance at Constantinople that André Chéradame came forward as an unmasker of the Pangerman plan to secure the Turkish inheritance. Europe was then agog over the Dreyfus Case, and what little attention could be spared from *L'Affaire* was devoted to Fashoda. Hence, despite the Kaiser's visit to Constantinople, Jerusalem and Damascus, Chéradame's early warnings passed unnoticed, and, in fact, he found a very small audience until the Agadir Crisis of 1911. After being a *vox clamantis* for a dozen years and

a minor prophet for three or four more, it must rejoice this clear-sighted student of Pangermanism to read the definition of purpose which the Allied governments have sent to President Wilson. Had he drafted the despatch himself its terms could hardly have revealed a clearer grasp of what Hamburg-Koweit means in the terms of a peace settlement. The fact that the Germans failed to bring off their great buccaneering raid in France should not be permitted to obscure the danger to which the world is still exposed from the establishment of their power over Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. Were the War to stop now through stalemate the project of Mittel-Europa would have reached a point much more advanced than that of July, 1914, since the recuperative powers of Germany are so much greater than those of the Dual Monarchy, Bulgaria and Turkey. Set up no barrier, release no subject populations, and the Prussians will proceed to exploit as never before the military potentialities of South-Eastern Europe and Asiatic Turkey.

Those who are led by war lassitude to state that already Prussia has been rendered harmless, should read the recent speech of Paul Deschanel to the Five Academies of the Institute. In urging his countrymen to study the Germans more closely, he begins by stating that they have invaded France above twenty times—five times since the Revolution. Yet whenever an invasion occurs France wakes up and cries "What! It's Germany, the Germany of Schiller and Goethe!" But for political purposes the real Germany expresses itself otherwise than through its poets. "Fichte said: 'Allmann,' 'All manhood.' Hegel demands that the State shall be 'venerated as a God,' that which shall have absolute obedience; and he regards war as a moral necessity. Treitschke holds that the highest duty of the State is to develop its power, even at the expense of treaties. Nietzsche lauds selection by force and creates the 'superman.' Lamprecht invents the 'tentacular State,' whence we have Delbrück's law regarding naturalization; and the generals from Clausewitz to Bernhardi teach their soldiers that the more ferocious a

war is, the more humane it is, because it is so much shorter. A formidable arsenal of sophisms! Artillery no less dangerous than the other kind!"

Translated into terms of Mittel-Europa, this means that we should not slacken till all dangers are past which threaten the world from the German domination of Austria. Sixteen years ago Deschanel, like Chéradame, began to point out what was implied by German policy at Constantinople. Now he warns France never again to be caught off her guard. And if France should be vigilant after peace comes, *a fortiori* the Allies as a whole should steadily oppose a peace which would give the Prussian war machine a population of more than 150,000,000 from which to draw its cannon-fodder.

CHARLES I AND IV

Like James VI and I, the new head of the Hapsburgs is entitled to write two numerals after his name, but in his case such a title is a sign of weakness. Nor is an impression of strength created by the apparent dependence of the young Emperor-King upon Prince Berchtold. It may well be that Charles I will attempt to escape from his vassalage to the Hohenzollerns, but will he be sufficiently pertinacious and capable to break his shackles? In connection with the changes which have resulted or may result from the death of Francis Joseph, the Allies must ask themselves three questions. First, is the present ruler likely to attempt in good faith the emancipation of his dynasty from its present subservience? Secondly, is he likely to succeed if he enters upon this course? Thirdly, would it be proper for the Allies to use an ambitious Hapsburg as a means of checking an ambitious Hohenzollern? Any attempt on the part of the Entente to bolster up Charles I as an opponent of William II would involve recognition of the *status quo* throughout the lands of the Dual Monarchy—or, at any rate, a recognition of the *status quo* with some few modifications which would not be radical. In certain quarters there may be a disposition to block the advance of Prussia towards the Aegean by

transforming the Dual Monarchy from a highway into a barrier. But the counter arguments are overwhelming. In the first place, it is doubtful whether Charles I would have the will-power and ability to free himself from Germany, even if he set about the task in solemn earnest. Furthermore, and this is fundamental, it would not be right for the Allies to employ him as a tool even though such a course might seem expedient. Ever since the Congress of Vienna the Hapsburg State has existed in defiance of both democracy and nationality. Waiving all arguments which can be brought under the head of democracy, it is absurd that the Czechs, Jugo-Slavs and Roumanians should be compelled to repress their national sentiments for another century. In time of peace injustice and oppression are often endured because they seem more tolerable than the carnage begotten of war. But now that the cataclysm has come it would be the height of political immorality to follow a shortcut at the cost of leaving 25,000,000 people subject to an allegiance which is unnatural and distasteful. Finally, the existence of personal rivalry between Charles I and William II could not possibly form a sound reason for leaving the Dual Monarchy intact. The weakness of Austria-Hungary through racial division must inevitably render her sovereign subject to German blandishments or German threats—despite any momentary effort to kick against the pricks. Fortunately there is no indication that the Powers of the Entente are being tempted to toy with considerations of expediency. It is now an avowed purpose to free Czechs, Jugo-Slavs and Roumanians on the broad ground of right.

"THE NEW EUROPE"

At a time like this when we are all thinking about the basis of territorial and economic reconstruction a special welcome must be extended to "The New Europe" (Constable & Co.). Though the tide of weekly publications tends constantly to mount, this is one which ought to be on every library table in Canada. The list of collaborators contains a large pro-

portion of those who are best qualified by special studies to speak upon the history and politics of the Near and Middle East—the regions which will be most profoundly affected by such geographical changes as are likely to be brought about through the War. And not only do these contributors form a galaxy, but they are letting their light shine at its brightest in the pages of this fresh and vigorous paper. While the articles are printed in English, their writers are widely representative of the countries which form the Entente group. What range and, at the same time, what unity is possessed by "The New Europe" may be inferred from a bare recital of names that appear on the inside of the cover: Alexander Amfiteatrov, Emile Boutroux, Emile Cammaerts, André Chéradame, Professor Jovan Cvijić, Ernest Denis, Jules Destrée, Louis Eisenmann, Sir Arthur Evans, J. L. Garvin, Octavian Goga, Professor T. G. Masaryk, G. W. Prothero, J. H. Rose, M. E. Sadler, Paul Sabatier, R. W. Seton-Watson, H. Wickham Steed, Professor Peter Struve, André Tardieu, Paul Vinogradoff, Sir Francis Younghusband. It is clear from the whole tone of the publication that these very earnest scholars and writers have banded together in an effort to define with clearness and logic the purposes for which the Allies are now fighting. The more one recognizes how imperfect is the popular understanding of Pangerman purpose, the more imperative it becomes to emphasize the importance of this weekly—the first number of which was published on October 19 of last year. Each issue contains from three to five articles on subjects of compelling interest, and to date there has not been one which the serious student of world problems can afford to overlook. Where the standard is so high and so well maintained it may seem invidious to single out the contributions of any one writer; but those who are familiar with Professor Masaryk's splendid work at the time of the Friedjung Trial will be glad to see that he was asked to write the opening paper. This study of "Pangermanism and the Eastern Question" supplemented by five articles from Professor

Masaryk on "The Literature of Pangermanism" would alone justify the existence of a paper whose message means hardly less to Canada than to Great Britain. Its motto, "*Pour la Victoire Intégrale,*" but crystallizes a series of beliefs which are cogently supported on every page.

THE IMPERIAL PROBLEM

In the last number of the MAGAZINE we ventured to express the view that now is the predestined moment for a fuller and more intensive discussion of imperial problems than there has been heretofore. Accordingly it is with the deepest interest that we note the appearance of an impressive study by Mr. Z. A. Lash, which is entitled "Defence and Foreign Affairs: A Suggestion for the Empire." Whereas in times past the argument has been largely *in nubibus,* Mr. Lash keeps his attention fixed upon concrete and definite proposals. Indeed, the whole argument finds its fit conclusion in a "Draft of Suggested Agreement between Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions and India, Constituting a Central Authority with Respect to Defence and the Foreign Affairs of the Empire." To place your cards on the table is a counsel of perfection alike in business, diplomacy, politics and constitutional law. Unfortunately not every one has the courage to do this, and even among the courageous there are few who enjoy the qualifications which enable Mr. Lash to set forth his proposals in a form both systematic and technically complete.

With a robust determination to prevent his argument from drifting away into verbiage, Mr. Lash sets up on his second page the target at which he means to shoot, and never at any subsequent point does he permit his eye to stray from the mark. His purpose is "to shew that changes may be made in the position of the Dominions respecting Foreign Affairs without the separating from the Empire of any of its parts, and to suggest a practicable plan embodying changes which would enable the Dominions to take part in the great policies and questions which concern and govern the issues of peace and war, *and at the same time would preserve*

to them the autonomy which they now possess respecting all other affairs. This great principle of preserving the autonomy of the Dominions respecting such of their affairs as do not belong to Foreign Affairs runs through the whole of this discussion."

No one who considers it desirable for Canada to remain in political association with Great Britain after the War can well quarrel with Mr. Lash's proposition that the Foreign Affairs of the Empire should be controlled by a body which is representative of the Dominions no less than of the Mother Country. This is the very shortest step which can be taken on the path toward a closer union, if the imperialism of the future is to mean anything at all. And organically connected with Foreign Affairs is the question of defence, which in turn involves provision for an imperial budget to defray the costs of army and navy. Anxious to avoid unnecessary complications at the outset, Mr. Lash is unable to agree with Mr. Lionel Curtis that if the Dominions share in the control of Foreign Affairs they must share also in the task of governing the great dependencies. But this difference of opinion does not issue in any warmth of controversy, for though writing from deep conviction, Mr. Lash's tone is throughout objective and dispassionate. No less than Mr. Curtis does he desire a strengthening of ties within the sphere where it is practicable to strengthen them, but quite plainly it does not appeal to his judgement that the question of giving the Dominions a direct voice in the control of Foreign Affairs should be made solidary with participation by them in the domestic government of Egypt and India.

Working out his central idea to its logical conclusion, Mr. Lash discusses the character and composition of such an Imperial Council as could fitly be entrusted with the conduct of Foreign Affairs and the problems imposed upon the Empire by the need of common defence. He has given us a study which is notable in itself and well calculated to stimulate thought on a subject of vital importance.

C. W. C.

A WORLD PACIFICATOR

As we go to press, reports come to hand of President Wilson's address to the Senate at Washington. It is obviously inspired by the highest and purest motives, but candour compels us to say that it reads, on the whole, as though Mr. Wilson had deliberately set out to justify the phrase recently applied to him,—"ultra-idealistic international pamphleteer." And here again we seem to be able to connect the President's performance with appeals from peace-at-any-price people. Early in January, the *New York American* published the following from its representative in Berlin:—"A fateful hour in human history has arrived, demanding the utterance of the compelling word from some inspired lips. In other crises great men have been raised up to meet the exigent demands of the hour. Will this historic hour pass without being seized upon by some mortal whom history waits to crown with imperishable laurels? This mortal to whom the finger of history points is the man who happens at the moment to be President of the United States."

Mr. Wilson steps forward to respond to this appeal. Till now nothing has been able to move him; his neutrality—while that of many of his fellow-citizens has reached the boiling-point—is more ice-cold than ever. Just at the moment when the Allies are bracing themselves for the final round, he tells them that the peace which shall end the present war must be a "peace without victory." This will be bad news for Belgium, and for all who have believed hitherto that German militarism, as incarnate in the Kaiser and his advisers, is in the direct line that began with Xerxes and was thought to have ended with Napoleon. It is as though Mr. Wilson said to the Allies, "If you insist on a 'knock-out,' the United States cannot be expected to guarantee and uphold the sort of peace that will result." There will be too much of a "sting" about it, Mr. Wilson fears, and the international concert of the future will thereby be endangered. But here Mr. Bryan comes in, objecting on principle to any "concert of power" that would imply any commitment whatever for

the future on the part of the United States. His skirts are to be cleaner even than those of Mr. Wilson himself! So on the whole, we should recommend Belgium to risk the "sting," and take chances. The President has brought himself to believe that Germany would not wish to "crush" her enemies, even if she could. Perhaps he may not have heard of Herr Rathenau's regret that his country began the present war a year too soon, or of his desire to make peace now and then get ready for another war! It is a little curious that Mr. Wilson should put limitation of naval armaments in front of what he calls the "more difficult question" of limitation of armies and preparedness. And there is a good deal in his address about our old friend the "freedom of the seas"; this is obviously a factor in his implied indictment of Great Britain, on the principle of "Faults and mistakes on both sides; why not shake hands and be friends?" On the other hand, what the President says about "government by the consent of the governed," while quite acceptable to us, will hit the Pan-Germans hard. Also the Turks! We should not wonder if it were to interest, and perhaps excite, the inhabitants of the Philippine islands!

A noble Roman was once reproached for speaking to *his* Senate as though he lived in Plato's Republic instead of "among the dregs of Romulus." In the same way Mr. Wilson must be told, with all deference, that while he may go on theorising, the Allies will continue their work as "men in a world of men."

W. P.

CANADIAN JOURNALISM

I EARNED my living for twenty-one years as a journalist. I was not unsuccessful, and on the whole enjoyed my work. Two or three years ago I quitted journalism to follow another walk in life. I now find myself a reader of newspapers and not a maker of them; a consumer instead of a producer of the daily prints; a customer instead of a merchant of news. I have not forgotten my old occupation, I have not wholly dissolved my old ties, and I find myself with a foot in each camp. But, once an actor in the journalistic world, I find myself detached; I find that, more and more I look upon the newspaper from the standpoint of a member of the non-journalistic public; and before the severance from my old vocation is complete I am minded to set down a few remarks upon what is a singularly interesting, and therefore unusually pleasant method of earning a living. One cautionary remark I must set down at the outset. It is not my purpose in this valedictory to do more than pass a few remarks upon various aspects of my old occupation, and accordingly I intend deliberately to make this paper nothing more than a series of disconnected reflections. I pray you, reader, do not expect a continuous argument. What I have to present is a series of observations, to some extent of a rather technical sort, upon the way in which the journalism of Canada is produced.

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Let me at the outset make my gravest remark, air my most portentous theory. I hasten to repeat that my years of newspaper work were by no means unpleasant—that I found the earning of my daily bread far more interesting than most men do. My old vocation did not treat me badly. Yet there is one fact that weighs heavily on my mind.

Newspapers are not liked in this country. Newspapermen do not constitute a popular class in the community. I

was conscious of this when I was in the calling; I am more conscious now that I am out of it. I mean that journalism is more unpopular than a distinct occupation needs to be. Every profession, calling, or walk in life carries with it a distinct character of its own and arouses some hostility. Doctors as such are the objects of criticism; that mysterious person known as the "business man" occasionally has hard words hurled at him; unkind things have been said against lawyers. No vocation can escape this. But some occupations attract more, some less, than their share of this sort of thing; and it is my conviction that the journalist gets rather more of it than is quite his due. It is a reflection which I do not like, and I must say at once that I have no intention of offering a full and reasoned explanation of it; still less a prescription to cure it. It hardly is necessary to go further than to say that it is a symptom, a sign that all is not right with Canadian journalism; doubtless part of the cure rests with the calling, and doubtless also part of it rests with the people at large; also, it may be surmised that some part of the malady is due to a condition for which it is excessively difficult to devise a remedy. Let us begin with the position of the general public, and its responsibility.

Now that I am a member of the general public, I realize more sharply how helpless the community feels before the newspapers. This is not a reading country; the magazines which deal with our specially Canadian conditions are little read; the intellectual classes exercise slight influence; and the great public sees no criticism of current events except that offered by the newspapers. If, then, the ordinary man dislikes the conduct of a newspaper how can he retaliate? If the offence has regard to politics, or municipal administration, or one of the other subjects with regard to which newspapers disagree, he can abandon it and take a rival. But there exist whole classes of subjects upon which newspapers preserve unanimity, and what is the ordinary man to do if he takes offence at something which falls within one of these categories of agreement? Write to the culprit? It is a poor business carrying on a

controversy with an editor, who can refuse to print his letter, who can bury it in the least-read pages, and who always can have the last word. Try to get another newspaper to take up his quarrel? Newspapers as a rule are chary of championing private grievances against their contemporaries: while newspaper men do not form a profession, there is a touch of the trade-union among newspapers.

There is another aspect of the case as between the newspaper and its public. The newspaper discharges a most important function in our social system. It is our eyes, our ears, and, to some extent, our tongue. With it we see to the ends of the earth, we listen to the deliberation of senates, we utter our collective opinions. Upon it we depend to form our opinion of almost every topic of immediate currency. This is an enormous responsibility. And this really vital function is left in private hands and is discharged exclusively as a matter of money-making. People may publish newspapers for motives other than the desire for gain, but to publish a newspaper under satisfactory, or indeed tolerable conditions, a return on the capital is needed. The newspapers are frank about this. We read in them incessant adjurations to recollect that they are business concerns, that their production is expensive, that the news they sell is costly; in short, that news is a commercial commodity to be purveyed with an eye to business as closely calculating as that of any grocer as he weighs out the sugar. More than that: it is a fact that many newspapers are sold to their readers at a price which is below the cost of production; one often hears that the cent which buys the evening journal does not defray the cost of the white paper upon which it is printed. The publisher sells his newspaper to his readers for its cost, or for less than its cost, and looks to make his profit from the advertisements. This is widely known, and I do not recall having heard dissatisfaction expressed at it; yet it constitutes a peculiar state of affairs. The newspaper has two sets of customers, those to whom it sells news, and those to whom it sells advertising. The owner of the newspaper desires to sell more papers,

not because additional buyers mean additional purchase-money, but because they mean "circulation," and circulation attracts advertisers. The newspaper buyer does not quite pay his way; he is interesting to the owner, not as a customer, but as bait. The owner's eye really is upon the advertiser, and his interest in the reader is secondary. The reader's defection would alarm him, not because the subscription is important, but only to the extent to which it diminishes his standing with that other, that ultimate customer. At best this is a singular relation. It lessens the importance of the individual newspaper-buyer to the newspaper owner. It gives the owner a double instead of a single object. I confess that I personally dislike the feeling that when I buy a paper I am getting it below cost. Perhaps I am wrong, but I hazard the suggestion that this double set of customers and objects is at the bottom of the discontent which the public undoubtedly feels with its newspapers. It is a condition which has come about naturally, and I put forward no suggestions as to its remedy.

So much for the grievances of the public as against the newspaper. Has the public no responsibility?

Speaking generally, a community has the newspapers it deserves. Most of the objectionable features of newspapers are due to three causes: People desire them; newspapermen think that people desire them; the people who dislike them are quiescent. An example is the practice of publishing pictures in which vulgarity of subject and drawing supply the place of wit and humour. Undoubtedly some people really do like these deplorable objects. It may be suspected that fewer people like them than the newspaper owners think. But the numerous people who dislike them submit in silence. Why do they not protest? If twenty people were to notify an editor that they thoroughly detest a particular series, its attraction to him would be diminished. The respectable citizen in this matter as in politics fails to do his duty.

A fault for which the public is chiefly responsible is violence and unfairness in politics. Nearly all journals of any

importance are party newspapers, and Canadian partisan newspapers on the whole are inferior to American partisan newspapers in fairness and reasonableness. We have this paradox, that the great majority of the voters, even when party men, dislike unfair reporting and blind or dishonest criticism, and that nevertheless it is exceedingly hard for newspapers to print fair reports and intelligent comment. Active party workers, as distinguished from the ordinary party men, make it unpleasant for the editors on their side whilo deviate into fairness, whe the respectable citizens who privately think it a shame to garble a speech or to print unreasonable attacks neither help the editor when he does right nor censure him when he does wrong. As this is a subject upon which I have special knowledge, I may perhaps enlarge upon it. The average working politician in Canada is a much finer fellow, and a much better citizen, than is believed by the self-righteous folk who stand aloof; but he has his weaknesses, and one of them is a strange blindness to the fact that the really formidable controversialist is the fair controversialist. If I am supporting a party and my readers observe that my statements of fact are scrupulously accurate, perceive that I do not press weak arguments, and note that I recognize the strong points in my opponents' case: then, it is my conviction, when I make an assertion they believe it, and when I push an argument they attach weight to it. To see a member of their party conduct political controversy in such a way, however, is singularly distressing to the great number of party workers, of both parties, and the morning that a party newspaper publishes a fair report sees a swarm of protest descend upon the editor's head. The remedy for this state of affairs is for the fair-minded folk to assert themselves; if the editor is made to realize that fairness will win approval and support, he will be strengthened in his efforts to attain it. This prescription, of course, touches the respectable citizen on his weakest side; for behind his uneasy contempt for the "ward-heeler" and the "party hack" is the uncomfortable fact that these opprobriously designated persons are his superiors in public spirit.

So much for the relation between the newspaper and the public. I turn now to the technical aspects of newspaper making, and here my observations become but a string of separate reflections.

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First must come a note upon the status of the calling. Journalism is not a profession, and I greatly doubt whether there is a typical journalist, as there is a typical priest, a typical soldier, or a typical doctor. Journalists like to call themselves professional men, but the term is inaccurate except in the loose and popular sense in which all well educated men who work with their brains and are not capitalists may be said to belong to the professional class. A profession is an organized body, which admits to its practice persons whom it has tested and excludes from its practice the untested and the unworthy; it exercises control over its membership, so that the priest can be unfrocked, the soldier cashiered, the lawyer disbarred, for transgressing certain rules of conduct. There is nothing of the sort in newspaper work. Again, with some reservations, the professional man works for clients, not employers, and the journalist in this country nearly always serves for a salary. Yet, again, entrance to a profession is obtained by a period of apprenticeship, and here again writing for the newspapers does not conform to the conditions. Journalism is not a profession—is not a business—is not a trade. The only words I can think of as applying are "calling" and "vocation."

This peculiarity has a very fine aspect. Newspaper work is superbly free to all comers. I have known a butcher boy leave his cart to render genuine service to his community as a reporter. I have known men who began life as artisans shift to the newspaper office, and succeed. It is a market for all talents: the poor lad with a gift for investigation, or a turn for writing, the university graduate with his training, both may come. Every kind of knowledge is useful; I have known a man nurse a hobby for a decade, and then find it help him amazingly in his career. It is worth while to

hold one's own in so finely free and fair a field. At the same time this lack of mutual control, of the discipline of professional organization, has the defects of its qualities. On the whole it is a good thing that journalism affords such a variety of types that I can assert that there is no typical journalist; but it is a pity that no means exist of expelling the unworthy. Still, the advantage probably is worth the price.

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Having said this much I now proceed—shall I say to contradict myself? No—rather to show the other side of the shield. Newspaper men suffer from a kind of professionalism. In particular, it can be argued with much force that they write and edit their newspapers, not for the people who buy those newspapers, but for their fellow-journalists.

Consider the case of headings. Big headlines are in vogue on this continent. It is supposed that the public taste demands them. When, it may be asked, does the man who is not a journalist refer to newspaper headlines in terms other than those of contemptuous dislike? True, I have heard a politician, after delivering an attack upon an adversary, exhort the reporter who is his middleman to "head it up well." True, the man who is the hero of some amply noticed event usually exults in the big headlines. Some hypocrisy there is among the general public in this matter, and a proportion of the condemnation is hollow; none the less, I have a strong suspicion that the general feeling among the newspapers' customers is far less favourable to these embellishments than journalists usually suppose. Newspaper men lay the headings to the credit of popular taste; I suggest that they periodically examine themselves as to whether in some part they are not due to their own taste.

There is another consideration. How many writing journalists realize that the big heading is their worst enemy? A competent reporter writes an article; he takes special pains to state the facts fairly, to shade his meaning accurately, to preserve balance and to avoid over-statement; then "the man on the desk" composes a heading which in effect recapitulates

the article; and the ordinary reader scans the headline and leaves the article itself unread. If the heading simply indicated the subject, and perhaps the general line taken, as the typical English caption does, pressure would be brought to bear on the general reader to read what the reporter has so carefully written. As it is, the heading-writer has done his best to induce the reader to be content with his incomplete, and often inaccurate, summary. To the newspaper reader it may be explained that headings are exceedingly mechanical things; the first line must not exceed a certain number of letters, and must not fall below another number; the second line must have approximately so many letters; and so on. Extraordinary expressions appear in them, and for the most part these are due, not to perversity or ignorance, but to mechanical conditions. I select one at random: "No pavements where not asked by ratepayers." The word "for" should follow "asked", but it would not fit into the line, and so an ungrammatical caption appears. We continually see references to "Austros" instead of "Austrians" because the incorrect word is two letters shorter. When the heading-writer is thus condemned to dance in chains, how can he give an accurate summary of the article? He quotes some of the facts—not all. He outlines the argument—but he omits the qualifications. He achieves a sketch of the article which is almost sure to be unfair; and often the bigger the heading the less likely is the general reader to read what the reporter has written. Yet most newspaper men rejoice in having their writings surmounted by these distortions. It is the conventional measure of value.

It is a convention of the newspaperman's own making. Journalists are open to the charge of making up their newspapers first of all for each other, and only secondarily for the customers. The ordinary, reasonably intelligent man, we may take it, is sensitive to the general appearance of a newspaper page; he likes to see it neat and well-balanced; and undoubtedly minute care in technical details is needed to produce this general effect of precision. Granting this, it may

fairly be said that much of the fussing over technical details which goes on in newspaper offices is unnecessary, and that the very large headings which some journals affect are the real enemies of this neatness. There is, however, one newspaper trick which does cause real annoyance: the fashion of continuing articles from one page to another. Especially does this occur on the front page, that is, with the news which the editor considers the most important. I look at my paper, begin the article which first attracts my notice, read half a column or so, and fetch up against "(continued on page 3)". I have to choose between abandoning the rest of the front page to turn over the sheet, and leaving the article partly read to read the beginning of several other articles. Usually I do the latter, and when I have explored the front page I have several articles now half forgotten, to pursue to divers inside pages. Many readers regard this as due to the perversity of the editor. It is not; it is due to the unexpected working of a peculiarity of our newspaper methods which nearly all journalists on this continent consider a great advance: the placing of news upon the front page. Many English newspapers devote the front page to advertisements, and the Canadian journalist, especially when young, regards this as exceedingly dull. The English editor, however, gains this advantage, that when all his news is on inside pages no one page has an overpowering importance. He thus has a wider field of choice in the placing of his articles. It is well known that certain classes of readers greatly like fixity of position in the matter specially prepared for them. The commercial, sporting and society news, for example, in most Canadian papers invariably appear on the same page, and a reader who habitually takes the same paper nearly always prizes the ease with which he can turn to the sort of news that interests him. The editor thus has a strong inducement to earmark certain pages for certain sorts of matter. Conflicting with this is the desire to group the most important news on the page which first catches the reader's eye. Thanks to the absence of a front page, the English editor has an easier task in reconciling these opposing require-

ments. Perhaps it may be worth the Canadian editor's while to consider a solution of the problem which is familiar to readers of the newspapers of the United Kingdom. The editor selects the two middle pages as the most important. The one to the reader's left he reserves for the editorials—"leading articles" as he terms them—important announcements, and perhaps a very special set of advertisements; that to the reader's right he makes his principal news page. His principal long article he puts on the right-hand column of this right-hand page and makes it "turn over" to the next page, so as to lead the reader on; the rest of the page he devotes to the other important news, usually with an eye to short telegrams. If he has articles which are too long for this treatment, but which are important. he puts on one of these two middle pages a short paragraph stating the purport of the news, and adding that the full report will be found on such and such a page. Thus the reader, on opening the paper, quickly learns what are the most important happenings of the day, and can find the various sorts of news with ease. When, however, the front page is devoted to news, it dwarfs the others; to be on any inside page is to be buried. Every important article must be on the front page, or its value is impeached. The natural result is the "(continued on page 3)" which so vexes readers. At all events the English practice is less trying to the tempers of the people who buy the paper.

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I come in the last sentence or two very close to another convention, which is rather new, and very singular. It is the fetish of the introduction. The introduction, often in newspaper offices termed the lead, is an opening paragraph or two designed to give a summary of the whole article. Its use is a subject which I discuss with some confidence, inasmuch as twenty years ago I was the principal writer of introductions on my paper. I am old enough to remember reporters who would begin a long report of a political meeting thus: "The Conservatives of Weston held a meeting last night in

the Oddfellows Hall. Mr. John Smith occupied the chair, and the first speaker was Mr. James Brown. He said....." Doubtless it is better to open the report by noting the special features of the meeting, and when the occasion is sufficiently important much skill can be shown in the writing of the opening paragraphs. When the work is done well the reader profits. But of late years this business of the "lead" has been dreadfully overdone. It has become a matter of convention. First, every article must have an introduction, whatever it may be. Secondly, the form of the introduction has become conventionalized; all the principal facts or features must be contained in the first paragraph; often an effort is made to crowd them all in one sentence. From a highly deleterious book on newspaper reporting which a satiric friend gave me I quote three precious sentences which illustrate this point. "The lead itself," this Professor of Journalism writes, "is always paragraphed separately. Usually it consists of a single sentence, although it is much better to break it into two than to make the sentence too long and complicated.....Many editors require that the lead consist of one long sentence *and yet it must be grammatical.*"* This solemn precept shows that it is a matter of principle to begin every article with one long sentence, packed with diverse facts; too often the reporter's skill fails and we have a lumbering procession of ill-related clauses, grammatical but horrible. For example, a recent issue of the New York *World* began in this fashion a very long article describing the solution of a mystery which long had vexed the community:—

> The *World* this morning discloses the remarkable career and the full identity of the mysterious "Oliver Osborne" from his birthplace at Gloversville, N. Y., through a life of crime and mercenary romance, extending from coast to coast, to the Pennsylvania train which will land him at the Pennsylvania Station here at 5.28 this afternoon from Chicago, to stand trial for grand larceny and as a material witness in the trial of Rae Tanzer, accused of using the mails in an effort to mulct James W. Osborne, the criminal lawyer, out of $50,000.

* The italics are not in the original.

In short, the introduction is a badly overworked and very artificial convention, and our newspapers, it may not be impertinent to suggest, would do well to check its present dismal exuberance.

It happens that the introduction craze is specially offensive at the present time in connection with the news of the war. The several Governments concerned in the struggle issue daily official statements. Whatever we may think of their credibility, their form often, with some reservations, is excellent—curt, indeed, as a rule, but simple, clear and well arranged. Sometimes they offend the newspaperman's instincts by arranging the news in some geographical order, instead of selecting for earliest mention the place where the most important events have occurred; the Russians, for example, are fond of beginning with the Gulf of Riga and plodding on Southwards to Persia. Often they are designed to conceal or mask the real significance of the day's events. Still, I should say that on the whole their merits outweigh their defects even from the standpoint of the professional handler of news. But over and far above these technical considerations, they have one feature of immense importance. They are official. They are written by the Staff Officers of the Higher Commands, by men who are far better informed than are any private persons in their own countries. They are the statements which their Governments wish to be believed. Thus they are worthy of the closest study, alike to understand what really happens, and to deduce the temper of the governments and generals concerned; and the public quite properly are interested in them. As we see these official reports in our newspapers, each of them nearly always is preceded by an introduction; that is, by a paragraph or two in which a person who is neither a soldier nor a statesman, who is almost certain to be inferior in ability and information to the writer of the report, re-states the facts mentioned in the official communication. Not infrequently the introduction is longer than the communication; often the style of the introduction is inferior to that of the statement which it precedes; sometimes the official

communication is better even as journalism than the opening gloss. Perhaps it will not be amiss to give an example of this mania for prefatory chatter. The despatch which follows appeared in the New York *Sun*:—

LONDON, April 23.—The failure of an attack by the British relief force on the Tigris against the Turkish positions which separate it from the main British Mesopotamia army in Kut-el-Amara is admitted in a report from Gen. Sir Percy Lake, chief commander in Mesopotamia, given out by the War Office to-night.

The attack was launched this morning by a brigade (4,000 men), but broke down completely, chiefly because of the flooded condition of the terrain. The statement in the report that "few got into the third line" indicates heavy losses on the part of the British. The Turks launched a counter attack and forced the attacking brigade back despite the fact that it was re-enforced by other brigades on both banks of the river. The report follows:

An attack made this morning on the Sannaiyat position, on the left bank, failed. The position had been systematically bombarded on April 20 and 21 at intervals during each night and again this morning. Owing to the floods it was found possible for only one brigade to attack over a very contracted front.

The leading troops of this brigade, consisting of a British composite battalion, advanced in the bog and submerged trenches. Few got into the third line. The brigade was unable to maintain itself under the enemy's counter attack. Other brigades pushed up to the right and left and re-enforced it, but were unable to reach their objectives across the flooded and boggy ground under heavy machine gun fire. Our troops on the right bank also were unable to make much progress.

The London *Morning Post* of 24th April contained the same report, prefaced as follows:—

The Secretary of the War Office issued the following yesterday afternoon:

MESOPOTAMIA

General Lake, telegraphing on April 23rd, reports as follows.

I maintain that the English way of handling this piece of news is far better journalism that the American way. We may take it that the official statement was all that was cabled to the *Sun*, and that the introduction (which is substantially of the same length as the official statement) was written in

New York; I ground this conjecture upon a discrepancy between the text of the official statement as published in the two cities. The report as made public in London read:—"A few got into the third line." The version in the *Sun* has it:—"Few got into the third line." Evidently the little word "a" was dropped in cabling; the sense is distinctly changed by the omission. But the *Sun's* introduction makes a point of the precise change in sense which the alteration effects, and the simple expression, "A few got into the third line," does not convey the sense of heavy losses which is to be read into the more rhetorical phrase, "Few got into the third line."

The official document is a model of frank and terse reporting. It even conforms to a journalistic maxim which some elevate into a canon, and states the most important fact in the first sentence, which is noticeably short. Above all, it is what General Lake said, and every person who was really interested in the campaign on the Tigris was anxious first of all to learn what the General in command had to say, or chose to say, about the situation; comments and guesses could come afterwards. Contrast now with the English newspaper's method of giving the official statement without obstruction the American procedure. The statement of the man who did know the facts was preceded by an approximately equal number of words written by a man in New York, who did not know; not only did the comment and guess-work interpose between the reader and the official statement, but it was given greater typographical prominence, in that the introduction was "leaded," while the report itself was "set solid." Sir Percy Lake's sentences are shorter, his words are simpler, and his general style is easier and plainer than that of the introduction-writer. He does not employ rhetorical catchwords like "launched." Finally, there are five specific faults to find in the introduction:—

1. The despatch in the *Sun* leaves the reader uncertain whether the action took place on the 22nd or the 23rd. The official statement says "This morning" and the introduction states that the report was issued on the evening of the 23rd;

but it is not definitely established whether General Lake wrote on the 22nd or 23rd. The *Morning Post* makes the date of the engagement perfectly clear.

2. The force in Kut-el-Amara which Sir Percy Lake was trying to relieve was not the main British Mesopotamia army.

3. The remark that "it was re-enforced by other brigades on both banks of the river" is confusing and inaccurate. General Lake states that "other brigades pushed up to the right and left" of the leading brigade "and re-enforced it;" clearly this means that all these brigades were on the left bank. At the end of the despatch he adds that "other troops on the right bank also were unable to make much progress;" he gives no hint of their strength, and they did not "re-enforce" the force on the left bank.

4. The remark that the attacking brigade was 4,000 strong is certain to be wrong. A brigade of English infantry has 4,000 of all ranks when up to establishment, but the troops employed belong to the Indian Army, and in that service a brigade has an establishment of 3,000. Even if the brigade had been an English one, the detail about a composite battalion plainly tells of weakened effectives—at least to a soldier, though it did not to the civilian in New York.

5. The deduction as to heavy losses, while a likely enough piece of guessing, is founded on the misunderstanding caused by the omission of the "a" which I have already noticed.

I am far from wishing to disparage the *World* and the *Sun*, which are excellently edited newspapers, and the second of the two introductions quoted is better than the collection of words which precedes most official statements. It is because it is a favourable specimen of its kind that it has been selected for this close scrutiny. Neither do I contend that no introductions should be allowed. At times these official statements are composed with intent to deceive, and a newspaper which owes no patriotic duty to the General Staff issuing such a communication, or which is actively interested in disparaging

it, may very properly preface the statement by a remark which puts its finger on the weak spot. Thus, when in November, 1916, the Germans issued unusually long and very laboured explanations to the effect that they had evacuated Fort Vaux, not because they were obliged to do so, but because they felt like it, the average reader's penetration of the meaning of the cloudy and vague language employed would have been assisted by a brief remark to the effect that "In the statement issued on such a date the Germans admit that they have been shelled out of Fort Vaux, the French not finding it necessary to storm it with their infantry." And sometimes it would be well to preface a methodical Russian Riga-to-Persia communication with the observation that the paragraph about Galicia means an important victory, or the reverse. But these introductory comments surely should be made sparingly and with judgement: not invariably, and stupidly. There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. When an undoubted authority makes a reasonably brief statement upon a subject in which the public is genuinely interested—when those three conditions are fulfilled, the journalist's business is to get that statement before his readers as quickly and as easily as possible. The most workmanlike introduction often is the formal "The following official statement was issued at .... by....."

In the later years of my journalistic life I was occupied with political work, and had much to do with official personages and the news of which they are the sources. I often was struck with the curious reluctance of many newspapers to print official statements as they are issued. From time to time highly placed men hand to the press, statements which have been drawn up with great care. When this occurs the exact words become of importance, partly because it is advisable to scan them for the purpose of judging exactly how far they go; and partly for the less cautious reason that the public is likely to be interested in the forms of expression used by an eminent man. Yet very often the statement is paraphrased; or, when it is quoted in full, it is preceded by an

introduction of the sort I have been examining. It would be absurd to advise the discontinuance of the introduction, but it may be suggested that it should be handled with discretion, that at times it should be reduced to its simplest form, and that its present use is excessive.

In unskilful hands real harm may be done by application of the hard and fast rule that the most vivid feature of a report must be put into the opening sentence. A recent example may be cited. A certain rather widely known man in a speech upon a public occasion made some severe comments upon the conduct of affairs of state; as a result he appeared as a witness before a Commission; and in the course of the proceedings the judge who presided used the word "slander." I read one report of these proceedings, and only one. The reporter put the judge's use of this ugly word at the forefront of his article, but he did not state whether the word was specifically applied to the witness who had been called upon to make good his strictures or whether it had reference to someone else; neither did he recur to this incident in the body of the article. Thus I, for one, am left in an uncomfortable frame of mind about this public man; I do not quite know whether he was called a slanderer by the judge or not. Surely this is very faulty reporting.

I should like to revert to an earlier passage on the subject of the placing of articles, in order to make a practical suggestion. When an article at once contains genuinely important news, and yet is too long for the front page, why not adopt, or adapt, the English plan? Would it not be good business to print the introduction, half a column or so, on the front page, and at the conclusion say "A full report of the proceedings will be found on page 3"? Thus the reader on looking over the front page would read, without being asked to turn over, a complete statement of the leading features of the occurrence, and could then please himself whether to refer at once to the detailed account, or to acquaint himself first with the other items in the day's budget of news. It is one thing

to turn at leisure to an important report, and another to be left stranded in the middle of a sentence.

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All this touches upon a very marked tendency of journalism upon this continent: the disposition to write newspapers to catch the notice of people who are not interested in the events treated. This is marked in the handling of political and parliamentary news. In every town or village or neighbourhood there are politicians who follow parliamentary events with keenness, who wish to know exactly what occurs and in what order it happens, and who weigh events with regard to their real significance. For such readers the English style of reporting Parliament or public meetings is by far the best; each piece of business is dealt with in the order in which it occurs, the exact words of the more important utterances of the more important speakers are quoted, the speeches of the less important are carefully condensed, and every phrase and incident appears in its proper relations. But there are other readers who know little and care little about political matters, to whom public life is interesting only when some positive incident happens in it; if two Members of Parliament get into a personal quarrel in the House, readers of this class are interested, precisely as they are if two business men have a scandalous altercation on the street. For such readers the American method is the better; the correspondent watches carefully for "features" and describes them, without reference to their setting. The drift at present is toward the latter style; it is a matter of what a newspaper's readers desire, and it is possible that the greater number of Canadian readers like this episodical manner, this addressing of the article to the general reader rather than to the well-informed one. It is, however, vexatious at times to the man who is really interested in a subject. In most Canadian newspapers, the politician, to stick to his case, can find half a dozen scattered items describing separate incidents in yesterday's sitting of Parliament, but no account of their relation to each other, and no guarantee that he is informed of all the business which

was transacted. Twenty-five years ago there were newspapers which published "House Reports" which began with: "The Speaker took the chair at three o'clock;" which mentioned every private bill which was advanced a stage; which noticed every topic discussed, and which concluded with the hour of adjournment. The reader of such a newspaper could be reasonably certain that he had missed none of the business done by Parliament; the report was abbreviated, but was comprehensive, and was connected. Such reports are now a thing of the past. Their disappearance probably means a certain decline of seriousness in the public. Here again we find the public responsible for the newspapers it gets.

* * *

Somewhat allied to this tendency to address the amateur rather than the expert element in the public is a disposition to what I can only describe as over-writing a subject. A good many years ago an abominable catch-phrase was much heard—to bring out the "human interest" of every incident; there was a legend of a city editor who demanded that the reporter discover and emphasize the human interest of a dog fight. Perhaps this particular expression is passing out of use. We still have with us, however, an intense craving to make every item of news interesting. This will sound utter heresy to many; but a great deal of news is not interesting to the general public, and it is a mistake to try to make it so. An immense number of things happen every day which it is proper to publish, which it is the newspaper's duty to publish, but which are matters of routine. The School Board of a town awards contracts for building a new school, for new desks and new apparatus, and engages a new teacher. It is absolutely proper for the newspapers to mention these facts, which are very important to the persons immediately concerned, which are quite important to rate-payers and people who are interested in education, and which are not and cannot be made interesting to the great body of readers. Every day the Police Court of a large town sees a sorrowful parade of the failures of humanity; for the most part the

incidents of the sitting are monotonous and uninteresting in their squalor, and, alas, in their frequency. It is absolutely right that the newspapers should report these sad proceedings; for one thing, publicity is a great protection against abuses, and, for another, the community is benefited by the appearance in print of the names and sentences of its minor offenders. But periodically some reporter tries to make interesting reading about this abode of misery. He is almost certain to do one thing or the other. He may make merry over the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures—an inhuman thing to do; or he may run into sentimentality, sob over the trivial and the unworthy, and, by using up the available supply of sympathy, render it difficult, perhaps out of his power, to invoke effective support when cases of real hardship or abuse demand the giving of real help or protection.

This tendency shows in the reporting of nearly all meetings. Let the reader go to a public meeting, devoted to a subject upon which he is really interested, and that evening set down what events in it attracted his attention and interest; let him then read his newspaper in the morning and ask himself whether the report reproduces those points which attracted his attention. Sometimes it will; but how often? Not infrequently he will find some incident of no intrinsic importance made the "feature" of the meeting, perhaps to the exclusion of arguments which weighed seriously with him. Not infrequently he will find important utterances divorced from their setting—often by being taken out of their proper order and put into the introduction. I have been blaming the general public pretty liberally for the faults I have found; here I think the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the newspaperman. To some extent it may be laid to that fault already noticed, a tendency to misread his public, to think its demand for this rather cheap over-writing of a subject far stronger than it really is. To some extent it may be attributed to a restless anxiety ever to be scoring successes, to treat nothing as routine.

One reform which a great many people desire is the setting up in every office of an *index expurgatorius*, and there seems no reason why this should not be done. The *index* should contain not merely gross inaccuracies, such as writing "transpire" when one means "occur," but those terrible catch-words which have their day and then mercifully cease to be. The habit of using catch-words is no monopoly of the Canadian newspaperman; he is in excellent company. Indeed, at one of its stages, the highest literature makes great use of its stock phrases. How often does the reader of the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms find the expression "the land of the living?" And in the noble Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens we have these two passages:

> They hadna sailed upon the sea,
> A day but barely three.
>
> He hadna gane a step, a step,
> A step but barely ane.

These are common form, and when the Psalmist, or the balladist, came to an appropriate place he put in the familiar words. Thus our journalist has some warrant for his use of the ready-made phrase. But it is perilously easy to overdo it, and in any case a practice which pleases in a very simple literature is less suitable in a self-conscious age. In some of its aspects the present day use of the *cliché* probably is a sign of fatigue; the writer, too tired, or too indifferent, alike to decide what he exactly does mean, and, having done this, to select the precise word which fits that meaning, snatches at some one of the verbal blank counters which are current for the moment. We cannot ask the ordinary reporter to keep himself entirely unspotted from a practice to which much bigger men than he are addicted. But we can ask newspapers to eschew the most common and vulgar forms of the habit. An example will show what I mean. Somewhere or other, not so very long ago, one may guess, a reporter was at a gathering in which some exceptionally comical incident occurred; and that reporter in describing it said, quite accurately,

and very vividly, that the assemblage rocked with laughter. I suppose, I say, that the original reporter who used this expression knew accurately the idea which he wished to convey, and hit upon the right word. But as soon as the newspaper with that report went to its exchanges, scores or hundreds of other reporters must have seized on that happy word, and made a mental note:—"Rocked; good word to use next time anyone laughs." And forthwith the happy word became an unhappy one, for with amazing celerity it was ridden to death; and at present every time a gentle snigger ripples over a court, or a legislature, or a public meeting, the painstaking reporter says it "rocked." Again, why should every exciting occurrence be described as "dramatic?" And why should every love affair be called a "romance?" I do not wish to be understood as tilting at slang; real slang often is full of vigour and life. What I am denouncing is a bastard slang, a tame reproduction of inappropriate phrases expressly because they are hackneyed. And there is another kind of bastard slang which, in the language of W. S. Gilbert, "never would be missed." It is that odd craze to attach unnecessary prepositions to verbs; football coaches do not try a man, they "try him out;" we do not join, we "join up;" roughs do not beat a victim, they "beat him up;" and so forth. This is very mechanical and quite unworthy of the ingenuity and metaphorical power often shown in the coining of happy slang phrases; both of these categories profitably could find places on the *index*, and be challenged by the potentate at the desk. Nearly all these infelicities probably are due to the tendency to overwrite subjects of which I already have complained. The reporter is under pressure to write vividly of things which present no vivid characteristics, and he is driven to verbal contortions.

One of these verbal sins is the growing practice of making public use of the technical terms of newspaper work. Every calling has its own jargon; a jargon, or trade language is a necessary part of its equipment. Soldier, sailor, parson, artisan, merchant, farmer—each of them has his special

vocabulary of technical terms, and rightly so. The man who deals in herrings most properly corresponds about "mixed" and "milkers;" the soldier attaches curious specialized meanings to "stores," "supplies," "crime" and other common words; the sailor has a whole language of his own. Speaking generally, people are chary of obtruding their special terms upon the general public; to be anxious to throw technicalities about in ordinary conversation usually is a sign of youth and immaturity. If you meet fairly senior naval officers, you are likely to observe in them a most noteworthy abstention from sea-terms. If you are much in the company of professional soldiers, you will find that they use technical terms only when they are discussing technical subjects. So in most callings, we find the strongest men, those who most are men of the world, disposed to use shop terms as little as possible in general company. Journalism necessarily has its technicalities; but one can observe a growing disposition to thrust them in the face of the public. Often a newspaper, instead of saying that yesterday it published an article, or a report, prefers to say that yesterday it carried a story; to "carry" being journalistic jargon for to publish, and "story" being a widely used word to indicate a report, or article, or despatch. (Story indeed is rather bad jargon, for it is applied to so many kinds of article as to lack the precision of expression which is the object and justification of jargon.) Speaking as one who knows the language, it makes me a little uncomfortable to see the talk of the reporters' room put into print; it seems even such a lapse from good taste as does the over-free use of strictly family amenities in company.

* * *

I think that I have done. I wonder if I have not written in too fault-finding a vein. I wonder if I would not have done well to draw attention to the gradual amelioration of the tone of political controversy, to the lessened rancour and to the gradual decrease of coarse name-calling—at all events in Ontario. I wonder if I might not have drawn attention to our comparative freedom from interference with private life,

and to the infrequency of deliberate injustice to individuals. Perhaps it would have been in place to draw attention to the very great difficulties which for the last ten years or so have stood in the way of training reporters. But after all it is better to strive for improvement than to preen ourselves on what already has been done, and I flatter myself that in most of what I have written I have immediate improvement in view. I do not think I have brought a railing accusation against my brethren. I hope that I have made it clear that for some of the worst faults of the Canadian press the blame lies, not at the door of the Canadian newspaper man, but at that of the Canadian public. But not all of the faults of our journals are due to the outside world. There are imperfections in the press which I am persuaded the pressmen themselves can cure. Some of them, I contend, are due to a misreading, to an underrating of the public. Some are technical. Journalism is too important, too interesting, too good an occupation to be either reviled or flattered; I hope that I have been guilty of neither extreme.

C. F. Hamilton

THE QUEST

I sought for thee,
When golden-sandalled Dawn
With irridescent finger touched the sky,
Chasing the mists of morning with her sigh;
And like some sad forsaken child
That roams unreconciled
My longing steps insatiable moved
To seek for thee amid the haunts we loved
Until Morn passed me by.

I sought for thee
Through the dead still of Noon;
White butterflies upon the languid air
Floated as in a swoon, so soft, so fair,
Light loves, they knew naught of distress,
Or my soul's weariness.
The oleanders withered in the heat
And strewed their fluttering petals at my feet,
Alas! Noon did not care.

I sought for thee,
Till Twilight softly came
With hushed step stealing through the quiet blue
Drenching the garden with enchanted dew
To still the parchéd ache of Noon.
But to my eyes, no boon
She brought, no solace of her crystal tears;
My strength was loosened, slacked my feet by fears,
For naught the Twilight knew.

I sought for thee
Through the Night's odorous dusk;
Within her holy temple worshipping
I knelt, and played upon Hope's silver string.

Star-lit the gracious sky looked down
To watch the dreaming town.
But o'er my lonely heart there seemed to brood
The poignant grief of love in solitude,
Night could no comfort bring.

I sought for thee
Till moon and stars were dead;
Through purple shades of gloom I fled apart.
Then grey-winged Sleep with her magician's art,
Entwined, mysterious and fair,
Red poppies in my hair;
Binding her filmy webs about mine eyes,
And when Dawn's trembling whisper bade me rise,
I found thee. . . . .in my heart.

MARIAN OSBORNE

NATURE'S MISFITS,

OR

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEING AN ASS

THE phenomenon of human ineptitude is one that has hardly received the attention it deserves or which we might have expected considering the famine for novelty that prevails amongst our essayists and writers and the journalistic lust after copy. This neglect can hardly arise from any lack of material and must hence be set down as a phase of that general tendency in mankind to roam abroad in search of what might be found in great plenty at its own doors.

The suggestion "don't make an ass of yourself," or something to the same effect in politer language, is more frequently tendered, in its varying notes of patronage, impatience or contempt, than received with meekness as advice seriously intended to be acted upon. For, in fact, whoever does or ever did make an ass of himself on purpose! Who would not sooner be accused of selfishness, embezzlement or almost any crime short of murder, in the calendar? But the practice of ineptitude commonly known as making an ass of oneself, or more generally the condition of being an ass, is not, like public speaking or church-wardenship, a calamity that prudence might escape, but rather such as a carroty poll or a stammering tongue, an impediment of nature and the blood, hated yet ever present, shrunk from yet in no wise to be got rid of; and he who labours under this infirmity and who is so constantly reminded of it to his discomfort will be found to have been born what is known as an ass, bred an ass and to be destined, *ex hypothesi*, to remain an ass in spite of all his own efforts to the contrary and whether his contumelious fellows like it or not.

If we would get a correct definition of what constitutes an ass (of the two-legged species), by consulting authorities we may light upon something after this sort—

> ASS (Lat. *asinus*) noun substantive, masc. or fem. A foolish person, dolt, imbecile. Derivatives—stupid ass, conceited ass."

But such a machine-made interpretation would be plainly faulty. It lacks completeness and comprehension. Like other scamped work it has an appearance of finality but tells you in reality little you did not know already. Its string of epithets all mean about the same thing while its derivatives excite an appetite for fuller information which is in no way gratified.

It might seem at first sight nearer the mark to define your ass proper as "One who, being foolish, is not, and cannot be made, aware of his own deficiencies," but neither would this cover the ground, for such an one, shouldering his way through society and ready to give as good as he gets, ass though he be, is quite likely to extort a respect for his obstinacy that would never have been shown for his talents or his compliance. "He that despiseth reproof" says the scripture "is brutish," but the inspired writer does not represent this as any particular disqualification to getting on in the world or attaining a fair degree of popularity, and it is to be feared that in the present state of the world's progress the ass who despises reproof must be considered to all intents and purposes as no ass at all.

Of this kind are the cranks (though of these there is also a harmless variety), the monomaniacs, the people who discover perpetual motion, who identify the lost tribes of Israel, theological misfits, scientific fungi, antediluvian editors, the goodly fellowship of the faddists, the noble army of coxcombs.

All such, however widely their interests may differ, have the same principle at heart, viz., that their particular doctrine is necessary to the world's health and must be true because *they* happen to hold it. One, although ignorant as a chambermaid of philology, will insist upon laying down the law upon

the subject of that quagmire, the niceties of the English language. Another will have for the sole oasis in the desert of his mind a theory of the resurrection of the body, picked out of some funeral service or sermon he may have attended in his youth, and stowed away to supply matter for disjointed argument ever since. Strive not with such as these at the entering in of the gate, unless thou have lungs of leather and a temper of brass, for verily thou shalt get worsted.

They not infrequently argue themselves into the poor house.

I once knew an ass of this breed who ruined a good business entirely by his perversity. When I first made his acquaintance he was living in a fine house and giving champagne suppers. The last I saw of him he was on his way to a steamer for Liverpool, with a steerage ticket in his pocket which friends had made up the price of, not sorry to be rid of him and his bumptiousness at so cheap a rate. His losses and wretched condition did not seem to press heavily upon him, nor the suspicion of anything amiss about himself, though his beard was turning grey, but not from care. He was as much absorbed in argument as ever and stepped out briskly, full of the conviction of his own infallibility, and that whatever might come or go the world owed him a living.

But a character like this is to be esteemed as we have seen a more or less respectable blockhead, rather than any true ass, nor is it possible within the limits of a short paper to consider all the range of claimants to the title, wholly or in part. For the present the term must be understood as restricted to that considerable body who, suffering under the heavy hand of nature, yet let it appear that they are aware of their infirmity and injudiciously struggle after reformation.

That it is a misfortune to be an ass of this sort few will dispute, and least of all those who themselves labour under the imputation, and equally evident is it that the chief discomfort of the situation is found in the futile advice and more insulting sympathy the unfortunate is served up with by those who set up to be sensible, and whom he might thence

expect to know that making people wise by lay preaching is no more feasible than arguing pug dogs into mastiffs, or toadstools into mushrooms. Indeed, from this and other causes a problem is ever and anon arising in his brain,—a storehouse empty it may be but alas! not swept or garnished, whether after all such as he may not turn out, in some far-off shadowy day, to be wiser than the more numerous and bullet-headed sort who sniff and peck at them the opposite. "Fools," says the psalmist, "because of their transgression and by reason of their sin, are afflicted," yet may not the fallibility of this judgement be held as confessed when the same writer admits his need of consideration in another intemperate pronouncement—"I said in my haste all men are liars?"

But because the raven does not set up as a peacock to order, is it to be supposed that he is unaware of his dingy imperfection? On the contrary, our friend's very anxiety to improve is, as we have noticed, at the bottom of the reputation that envelops him like a garment, contempt being ever the portion of those who are understood to listen to stricture; and many an unfortunate may thus get his title to folly not because he ignores admonition but because he attempts to profit by it. There is also a disheartening, a Nessus-like adhesiveness about a reputation for softness. Once acquired it is not to be got rid of by subsequent effort, and he who finds himself launched upon society, whether rightly or wrongly, under the character of an imbecile is tolerably certain to keep it.

From henceforth a flavour of absurdity attaches to his most reasonable actions or sensible remarks. If he wears a coloured hat or necktie his doing so is thought peculiar, if a black one he is eccentric. If he elects to cultivate society people wonder what on earth took him there, if he stays at home he is a timid or sulky misanthrope. The public disapproval, passive rather than active, does not go the length of blackballing him at clubs or the like, but he may have reason ere long to wish it had and to envy the lot of Robinson

Crusoe on his island. Should he dine out his presence is not greatly welcomed, his partner preferring to talk across the table to somebody else, but he may excite a transitory admiration later on by unexpected strength of head when the wine goes round. Should he make way for a lady in a street car, he is set down for a Don Quixote. Does he doggedly keep his place, he is a boor. When he ventures upon a joke his neighbour ignores the attempt as in duty bound, but stores away the quip for future use and by-and-by brings it out as his own, with applause. Should he take refuge in church-going he will hear a great deal of consolation and warning addressed to the righteous and the wicked respectively, to neither of which classes does he himself belong. Besides the exhortations of the pulpit are always addressed to the young, as if nobody over thirty had a soul to be saved, and he, by this time, being middle-aged, never strikes anything that seems to fit his particular case. Advice of the sort he does get only makes him nervous, and he gradually comes to see how much better off he is without it. If he follows his own eccentric orbit he only gets censured, erroneously, as a block-head, while if he attempts to please other people he is in danger of being patronized as a milksop or avoided as a bore.

Of this sort, a young fellow of my early acquaintance used to spend most of his time practising the flute in an empty house to which he had access, well satisfied with himself and mankind if he could be left to his own devices and unprofitable musings where the colours glow and the lights sparkle—in fairy land. Many a time have I listened to his strains and thought them not displeasing, for they came upon the evening air mellowed by distance and thick walls. He could also play imperfectly upon the cornet and violoncello, and had besides an undeveloped knowledge of drawing and elocution. He tamed falcons but wrote in a sprawling, schoolboy hand and could never contrive to master the art of spelling. He was a Galilean and his handwriting bewrayed him.

For a while he flickered getting himself snubbed on the few occasions wherein he attempted to accomplish anything

useful or to rise above the dead level of contemptuous toleration. He tried, for instance, to give public recitations but his entire want of experience intervened; nevertheless, as he had no audience to speak of it did not greatly matter. As he grew older he began unwillingly to realize that life was not made up of flute-playing nor character to be developed from excursions toward that land "where the streets are paved with the things that we meant to achieve," and perchance to entertain a suspicion that the ships that have sailed for its shining strand bear skeletons on their decks; and with the knowledge he seemed to lose a good deal of his buoyancy, but without changing his courses, and so dwindled away rather than disappeared in any sudden or catastrophic fashion. For a while his comrades were dimly aware of missing him from his accustomed haunts, without it occurring to anybody to ask any questions, but when his absence came at last to be plainly known rumour got abroad that he might have gone to Brazil or somewhere. As he had no correspondents, and indeed was wise enough never to put pen to paper when he could help it, the report remained unverified. This only is certain, that he did go *somewhere* and was heard of no more.

Yet another, who ought from the sequel to be considered, as belonging to a "sport" or illegitimate variety of the genus "asinus," was born to the condition of a gentleman, but took a fancy for petty shop-keeping. Possibly it afforded him an opportunity for studying the seamy side of human nature as a philosopher, which he might not have found where his friends would have preferred to see him—in the pulpit or the uniform of his country. How well I remember his ambitious invoice-heads that used to read—"John Blank, Dentist, Druggist, Spice, Oil and Colour Merchant." This particular specimen got himself into trouble of some sort, not felonious, but I rather think from a way he had of making up doctor's prescriptions when he was thinking about something else, and took a sudden move for New Zealand where dentists and colour merchants proved to be at that time in demand. He took root. He took the trouble not to get found out. Having

now turned over a new leaf he proceeded to give earnest of his reform by laying down the law generally and teaching all his neighbours their own business. Whether he succeeded in achieving stupidity or not, as seemed his earnest intention, I cannot say, but the last time I heard of him they had just presented him with a silver testimonial, as a rising and influential member of the community. But this case may be called an exception such as proves the rule.

In general when the knowledge of his shortcoming has fully unfolded itself to a person such as we set out to consider, when he has come with time to realize that he is not as other men are and that no efforts within the compass of his ability are ever likely to make him so, it behooves him to enquire what can be done to lighten a calamity for which he can expect no cure.

In the foregoing illustrations it will be noticed how the hero makes it a point to take himself away when his characteristics get to be too well known. This is as it should be. There is nothing really stupid or dogged about him at all—how devoutly he might wish there were!—and all attempts upward or onward have for him to be accompanied by movement, and the changing of a sphere of effort growing hateful to him by painful memories and disagreeable associations, for one where his baleful reputation has not yet penetrated, entering upon each new field of guiltless imposture with a firmer resolve to keep his back straight and his mouth shut as long as he possibly can.

To succeed permanently in such an attempt, like him of New Zealand, is not often to be expected. An old dog is not to be taught new tricks, but there is nothing to prevent our friend passing himself off for a time, if he is careful, as a person of sense, yet always with the fear of detection dogging his footsteps like the consciousness of crime, tainting all his pleasures and pointing forward to the painful moment when he must stand revealed as the undignified being, without tact or backbone, snickering at his own jokes, giving place to the vulgar and obnoxious when he ought to be firm, and flaring

up only when it would be better to keep quiet or when he happens to be in the wrong—in a word as the inept, the ass, he is and has privately felt himself all along to be.

If he chooses to descend now in the social scale to a stratum where people's lives and conversations are cleaner than their collars and cuffs, where young ladies are easy to get acquainted with and old ones not particular about the niceties of grammar, to a land of microbous playing cards and yellow-toothed pianos, and of strong language and stronger tobacco, he may hold his ground and achieve a certain success as "Gentleman Jack" or the "Grand Juke." Here, as life slips away, he will repeat his time-honoured stories without fear of interruption and have his puns credited to their real author, and in this quasi-dignified retirement a good many of his sort find their last haven of refuge; but the chances are that if there is a point upon which he shows a flicker of natural vigour it will be his class prejudice, and he will be quite as particular to the end of his days about the company he keeps and the cigars he smokes as anybody in his station.

One remedy there is for being an ass and only one that can be relied upon. Do you want your thin jests and threadbare philosophy to assume point and flavour all of a sudden? your ineptitude, as by the enchanter's touch, to become sense? Would you like to have Timmins buttonholing you with his latest and McSlimmins asking you down town in his dog cart? MAKE MONEY. No need then to practise holding your head up, for your shambling gait will vanish of itself. What self-made man or person of means was ever seen to slouch down the street with an aspect of self-effacement? Then will your fortunate dip into the stock or pork market be transmuted into the closest calculation, and the flippant criticism of your works and ways which erstwhile prevailed give place to—"I tell you what, that Smith knows what he's about—he's no fool!" and the like; and such is the force of human sympathy that in time you will almost find yourself coming to hold the same opinion.

But such chance possibilities are too few to be worth taking into consideration. As regards the normal specimen of donkeydom whom we left growing weary of profitless roaming or tired, mayhap, of pining after it, his circumstances not admitting, admonition doing him harm and philosophy bringing no comfort, what remains for the unfortunate before that final journey to a land where he may still have hope that his warped endeavours shall meet with some success, his crookedness be made straight and his shortcomings whole? The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and at times it would seem like a relief to him to give up trying to blame himself for everything and do a little good honest hating, but such a course he knows full well would soon recoil upon himself. Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. Perhaps the only thing that time has now left him is the unostentatious remedy of a hobby.

The hobby is not for those who would figure in society. The very word has a flavour of slang about it, and whoever christened it has something to answer for. It is not invariably a success but it is to be remembered that there is a great difference between the true hobby and its bastard brother the fad. The fad is a sign of narrowness of intellect, the hobby is found in company with breadth of view and general cultivation. The fad is a travesty, an abortion, the hobby a sort of staid capriccio agreeable to reason and experience. The one too often indicates an unwholesome warping of the mind and energies in a single direction, the other implies a charitable outlook and wide-reaching toleration. The fad is justly contemned, the hobby is or ought to be had in honour; for, not meaning merely the collecting of Weissenbruchs or blue china, it may stand for any pursuit that enlarges the horizon of the mind and that can be followed alone.

He then who thus starts in the pursuit of knowledge with no illusions has at least one advantage over his fellows,—he escapes the years of drilling it commonly takes to reduce the novice's conceit within reasonable limits and all the sooner finds his own limitations and something of self-reliance.

As time goes on, the world, relenting in proportion as it appears that he no longer requires its good offices, may begin to forgive, to take an interest in him, to cultivate him. His neglect of its overtures will meet with indulgence, his retorts with persevering good humour, and his final determination to follow the way he has chosen untrammelled induce the admission that after all there may be something in him though he has taken a precious time to show it.

And so we take leave of him whom we have called for convenience by an uncomplimentary name. *Baroque et bizarre* he has perhaps detained us too long already, yet ere we part it may be pertinent to enquire if he were, in some mighty cataclysm, to be abolished from amongst us, or if, by some equally impossible attack of sobriety, he were to act upon our advice and abolish himself, would we be greatly benefited by losing his picturesque, preposterous figure? I daresay that most of us would be not unwilling to retain the type and only to correct in each case the individual, like the people we all know who complain bitterly of the scarcity of servants but are always trying to convert their younger domestics into typewriters and nursery governesses. Have we gained anything by the destruction of the bustard, of the great awk, now when their eggshells fetch fifty pounds apiece? What would not the savants give to bring back a dodo—as soon as they have got him exterminated! There are more ways than one of considering the phenomenon of a world in which everybody would be wise and everybody determined to get on and to make money, but it is by no means certain to all of us that this kind of competition, on which we hear such lengthy encomiums, would bring back the age of Saturn. The individual withers and the world is more and more, but the ass we have always with us, *semper idem*, unreformed and unreformable, and there is no reason to fear that all our speculations, all our criticisms, and his own, will alter him one jot.

His great prototype, the unhappy son of Beor, has perhaps hardly deserved all the obloquy that has been poured upon

him. The rebukes of his dumb exemplar "speaking with man's mouth," the one-sidedness of Hebrew historians, should not blind us to fact, and, as a convenient type of the character, a glance at him, not as depicted by unfriendly critics but from the point of view of fair play, may fittingly end our quest.

At a desperate crisis in his country's history he finds himself called upon to decide between the conflicting claims of patriotism and inspiration. If he hearkens to what seems to be the call of honour and duty, he must give his support to a cause which he already knows by no human insight is doomed to failure and disgrace. If he decides to cast in his lot with the hostile strangers, uninvited perhaps and only tolerated out of superstitious dread of the wizard, it can only be at the cost of treason to the land that bore him. What were his struggles, his anguish and despair, who shall say? We have no surviving record to give the Midianitish side of the story. He is not alas the only one who has seen the celestial visions, falling into a trance "but having his eyes open." Unable to solve the cruel dilemma he yields, after long hesitation, to give utterance to the prophetical promptings which indeed he cannot suppress, and afterwards, when too late, places counsel and sword at the service of his own people, contriving thus, with imbecile ingenuity, to put himself in the wrong however the wind may blow, or whoever might turn out to be right. What can he or his like effect before that mighty tide whose restless murmurs may already have reached his ear through his altar smoke upon the far height of Peor that looketh toward Jeshimon?

For him no laurels of victory shall bloom nor choir of virgins raise the triumphal chorus. He is caught like a cork upon the advancing torrent that now returns, hoarse and hungry. He is swept away, causing scarcely a ripple—"and Balaam the son of Beor they slew with the sword"—nor left him so much as his good name!

Such was his story in scantiest outline, and such, upon a smaller scale, the history of many another like him. "Unstable

as water thou shalt not excel." Yet let us feel some tenderness even for Balaam. He had a hard road to travel and, whatever we may think of his slippery politics, there can be no question about the quality of his composition. The preachers have plowed upon his back and made long their furrows, but the very names of his detractors have sunk in forgetfulness, while he and his tragic half-illegible story will continue to live forever in his poetry.

And so run away to failure and nothingness how often, talent, energy, bright-eyed fancy, keen-edged logic, cleverness, hope. But if it be true, as maintained by the French philosopher, that a hundred thousand of our race are needed for the manuring and due fructification of a single man of genius, may it not be that even from this untimely, evanescent material there is evolving through the slow processes of the ages in the eternal crucible and laboratory of nature, something genuine, persevering and permanent?

HENRY CARTER

THE POETRY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

THE year 1880, which saw the publication of "Orion and Other Poems," marked the beginning of a new era in our literature. Dr. J. D. Logan first drew attention to this and welcomed the appearance of Mr. Roberts' volume as the first fruit of the "Canadian Renaissance." Within the next twenty years a number of our best known poets emerged in print; these included the following names—a goodly list: Roberts, Lampman, Campbell, Carman, Isabella Crawford, the two Scotts, Drummond, Pauline Johnson. Curiously enough, all, with the exception of Miss Crawford and Dr. Drummond, were born between 1860 and 1862. So that these three years have a peculiar significance as marking the birth of a group of poets certainly the most important in the history of Canadian verse. Some of these have achieved popularity in their own country, all have acquired literary standing in other countries, and have contributed work which constitutes a permanent addition to our literature.

Of purely lyric poets the most popular in the group is Archibald Lampman. There have been four editions of his complete poems published within the space of ten years (1905-1915); which in itself is a testimonial to the poet's charm and a proof that the Canadian reading public is not so undiscriminating as some would have us believe. It is not reasonable to expect that the nature poems of Lampman should be so widely read as "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and poems of that species. Service has stormed the citadel of public favour and has now achieved the supreme honour of being filmed for the "movies!" Less than a week ago I saw the following poster:

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
THE POEM CLASSIC
THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW
By
ROBERT W. SERVICE.

However, no mere lyrist could hope to achieve the popularity of him who created "The Lady that's known as Lou." The fact that the publishers in producing the fourth edition of Lampman's poems are still obeying "numerous and earnest requests" proves that there is a considerable proportion of readers who do not confine their attentions to the vaudeville school of poets.

This is distinctly cheering. It shows that literary appreciation is developing together with, or perhaps in spite of, the business spirit. Professor Cappon says that the modern public seems to require a vigorous presentation of life before listening to any ideal or imaginative strain from a poet. This would account for the well-merited popularity of Dr. Drummond's charming Habitant poems, and also for the work of Robert Service, which in spite of crudeness and frequent melodrama is always vigorous. It cannot, however, explain the vogue of Lampman's nature verse, lyrical, contemplative, essentially the poetry of meditation rather than of life and movement. The question arises then: how does Lampman succeed where others equally gifted have apparently failed? In what particular qualities are we to find the secret of his appeal? If this question can be answered satisfactorily, we are on the road to producing useful critisicm. It is a great pity that Professor James Cappon, who has written so illuminating an estimate of the poetry of Captain C. G. D. Roberts, has not thought fit to pass public judgement on other Canadian poets. A few more articles like "Roberts and the Influence of his Times," which appeared in the twenty-fourth volume of the Canadian Magazine, would do much to clear the way for succeeding poets and educate public taste.

I. *Among the Millet.*

The first volume of Lampman's poems, "Among the Millet," was published at the author's risk in 1888. The title, though suggestive, is perhaps unfortunate. Millet is not a characteristic Canadian crop, being generally grown

under exceptional circumstances such as a particularly wet season or as a catch crop. However, this is a technicality which perhaps has little to do with the subject in hand. The first twenty poems are pure nature worship in a form very characteristic of the writer; long descriptive poems, landscapes in verse. Many of these, in structure and phrasing, are often strongly reminiscent of Keats. Like Roberts, Lampman modelled his verse more on the method of Keats than of any other; but he did not possess—perhaps fortunately for himself—his brother poet's extraordinary power of adopting the exact tone and style of another, while producing an original thought. As Professor Cappon points out, this fatal facility of Roberts lends to much of his work the impression of poetical experiment. The whole of Lampman's work, on the other hand, bears the impress of his own personality. Though it is easy to trace in his verse the influence of Keats' style and Arnold's thought, and though at times we catch echoes of Wordsworth and Tennyson, he is not in any sense an eclectic poet. A native genius, moulded and ripened by a study of the masters of English verse, but distinctly fresh and Canadian. The first volume is thoroughly representative of Lampman's finished thought and style, and such poems as "April," "The Frogs," "Heat," "Among the Timothy," are probably equal to anything he produced subsequently. Here is his characteristic wealth of detail joined with selective power: the phrasing is musical, the pictures vivid and there is always that touch of realism which gives him what the critics call "substance." The following passage from "Among the Timothy" is one out of many examples:

> From the green grass the small grasshopper's din
> Spreads soft and silvery thin,
> And ever and anon a murmur steals
> Into mine ears of toil that moves alway,
> The crackling rustle of the pitchforked hay
> And lazy jerk of wheels.

From the same poem come the following lines, to which possibly some literary puritans might object, as being fanciful

or overstrained. The point about this passage, however, is that it is a very "heightened and telling way" of describing the wind in the poplar. It brings the thrill of recognition.

> Not far to fieldward in the central heat,
> Shadowing the clover, a pale poplar stands
> With glimmering leaves that when the wind comes, beat
> Together like innumerable small hands,
> And with the calm, as in vague dreams astray,
> Hang wan and silver grey.

About some of these poems there is a Wordsworthian atmosphere of serious reflection, and the blank verse of "Winter Hues Recalled" reminds one of parts of the Excursion. The point of view, however, is not that of Wordsworth. Lampman's attitude toward Nature is primarily aesthetic; the beauty of the scene holds him in thrall, but the "still, sad music of humanity" rings but faintly in his ears. The calm strength of external nature affords relief from the fever of modern life; and from this source he draws courage and faith to live rightly. There is, however, no attempt to establish a definite philosophy of life. The poet, wisely perhaps, steers clear of that whirlpool. To illustrate Lampman's usual mental attitude to nature and humanity I shall quote three stanzas from "Freedom."

> Over the swamps with their pensive noises
> Where the burnished cup of the marigold gleams,
> Skirting the reeds, where the quick winds shiver
> On the swelling breast of the dimpled river,
> And the blue of the kingfisher hangs and poises,
> Watching a spot by the edge of the stream.
>
> Up to the hills where our tired hearts rest,
> Loosen, and halt and regather their dreams;
> Up to the hills where the winds restore us
> Clearing our eyes to the beauty before us,
> Earth with the glory of life on her breast,
> Earth with the gleam of her cities and streams.

Here we shall commune with her and no other,
Care and the battle of life shall cease;
Men, her degenerate children, behind us,
Only the might of her beauty shall bind us,
Full of rest as we gaze on the face of our mother,
Earth in the health and the strength of her peace.

In this volume also are several narrative poems of a romantic strain, among which may be mentioned especially, "The King's Handmaiden," "Abu Midjan," "The Organist," "The Monk." The last of these is the most ambitious, a stanzaic poem of some three hundred lines, describing the persecution of a pair of lovers, Nino and Leonora, and their final escape. The scene is laid in Pisa, apparently at the period when the Florentine tyrants were crushing that unfortunate city in their grip; that is to say, in the first half of the 15th century. Reference is made to Messer Gianni, the tyrant, to whom Leonora is forcibly affianced by a mercenary father. Leonora escapes in the dress of a monk and visits her lover Nino, bearing a goblet of poisoned wine. Without revealing herself she tells the story of her own persecution, but pretends that Leonora has destroyed herself, and has sent the monk as a messenger to her lover, bidding him drink the poisoned wine and join her in Heaven. Nino's constancy is equal to the test; he raises the goblet to his lips, when the supposed monk dashes it to the ground and stands revealed as his mistress. They then escape to a "kindlier shore." As an illustration of the style, I quote one stanza:

She dashes from her brow the pented hood;
The dusky robe falls rustling to her feet;
And there she stands as aye in dreams she stood.
Ah, Nino, see! Sure man did never meet
So warm a flower from such a sombre bud,
So trembling fair, so wan, so pallid sweet.
Aye, Nino, down like saint upon thy knee,
And soothe her hands with kisses warm and free.

It is obvious that in this poem the method of Keats has been carefully studied; but having admitted this much we have

said about all there is to say. The most unreasoning admirer would hesitate to compare it with "The Eve of St. Agnes." Popular approval has fastened itself upon Lampman's nature verse and has, perhaps justly, ignored his attempts to reproduce classical and romantic themes. This is due partly to the temperament of the writer himself and partly to the spirit of the age in which he lived. The leisurely meditative quality of Lampman's verse did not supply the action and movement necessary to the telling of a story. One has only to read a few pages of the last poem in the volume, "The Story of an Affinity," to realize that in the long narrative poem he was completely out of his element. Then, again, modern life seems to be too full and varied to permit any great interest in classical or mediæval themes. Roberts' earlier volumes, Orion and Actaeon, are of this type, and, as a consequence, are known only to critics and students; and Roberts has a wider scholarship, a more vigorous touch and a far greater facility in this kind of poetry than Lampman possessed.

The volume concludes with a number of sonnets mainly reflective in character, among them some of the best known and most popular; "Outlook," "Aspiration," "Knowledge," "The City," might almost be said to have become common property. Lampman said of his own sonnets: "Here, after all, is my best work." His judgement upon himself was severely critical, and Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, in his excellent memoir, tells us that he was never satisfied. He had the restless ambition of the conscientious artist, as expressed in Tennyson's "Ulysses":

> Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever, when I move.

Lampman evidently took his art most seriously and lavished his whole strength upon it. The accusation of careless, off-hand composition, which has so frequently been made against Canadian poets, has no bearing here. Indeed his diligent

attention to choice of phrase and metrical arrangement has laid him open to the charge of occasional laboriousness, particularly in some of the longer poems. The sonnet, however, by its compactness, disciplines a mind which carries a wealth of detail. It enforces a mental pruning, leaving only the choicest fruit. Many of Lampman's sonnets are masterpieces of construction and phrasing, striking the happy mean between the severe and the ornamental style, with just enough of the poet's own thoughts to give them a personal value to the reader. Selection among them is difficult, but I will quote one of the more purely descriptive type, a triumph of keen observation and beautiful phrasing:

> How still it is here in the woods. The trees
> Stand motionless as if they did not dare
> To stir, lest it should break the spell. The air
> Hangs quiet as spaces in a marble frieze,
> Even this little brook that runs at ease,
> Whispering and gurgling in its knotted bed,
> Seems but to deepen, with its curling thread
> Of sound, the shadowy sun-pierced silences.
> Sometimes a hawk screams, or a woodpecker
> Startles the stillness from its fixed mood
> With his loud careless tap. Sometimes I hear
> The dreamy whitethroat from some far-off tree
> Pipe slowly on the listening solitude
> His five pure notes succeeding pensively.

II. *Lyrics of Earth.*

The next volume, "Lyrics of Earth," might be described as a picture gallery of the seasons. The poems are arranged in a kind of general sequence following the seasonal changes. The longer poems, "The Meadow," "June," "Comfort of the Fields," "September," "An Autumn Landscape," have a fullness of detail which appeals primarily to the nature student. "Lyrics of Earth" may be said to perform the same service for Ontario as Roberts' volume, "Songs of the Common Day," has done for the Maritime Provinces, and especially New Brunswick. Taken as a whole the

poet's touch is lighter than in the first volume, the verse more varied, lines and stanzas shorter. There is an infectious lilt to the movement of these verses taken from the lyric " In May."

> The sowers in the furrows go,
> The lusty river brimmeth on,
> The curtains from the hills are gone,
> The leaves are out; and lo!
>
> The silvery distance of the day,
> The light horizons in between,
> The glory of the perfect green,
> The tumult of the May.

We pass through a succession of bright pictures of various seasons, all of which show Lampman's characteristic treatment of landscape. First an extraordinarily close observation, which, however, never obscures the broad impression but always preserves the keynote of nature's mood; second, a faculty of happy phrase which endows even commonplace or unnoticed details with interest and beauty. It is this ability to see and show beauty where it is not always recognized which constitutes much of his charm for the ordinary reader. Here is a realistic description of a scene on the Ottawa:

> A tug-boat up the farther shore
> Half pants, half whistles in her draught,
> The cadence of a creaking oar
> Falls drowsily; a corded raft
> Creeps slowly in the noon-day gleam,
> And wheresoe'er a shadow creeps
> The men lie by, or half adream
> Stand leaning at the idle sweeps.

The features individually taken are prosaic enough; no doubt many a poet would have left them out of the scene, particularly the snorting tug-boat. But this is not the way of Lampman, with whom truth in description is vital. This independence is amply repaid by the sense of reality of which the reader, even when the poet is in the most exalted and imaginative moods, is always conscious. In the passage

quoted above the mental picture is vivid and compact, and the whole is redeemed from the prosaic by a light touch or phrase here and there, a spot of colour on a subdued background.

A characteristic feature of the woodland scenes is the constant reference to birds. Here again the accuracy of the poet's methods becomes evident. There is, it is true, a kind of individual characterization which is not altogether scientific; but Lampman never trades on poetic license. His descriptions are true, both scientifically and psychologically. In simpler words his imagination, while active, never runs away from actual facts. One feels that the man who is talking really knows something about birds: he not only describes their colours and notes but sketches their characters with sure, deft touches. Here is an example from "The Meadow":

> The bluebird, peeping from the gnarléd thorn
> Prattles upon his frolic flute, or flings
> In bounding flight across the golden morn
> An azure gleam from off his splendid wings.
> Here the slim-pinioned swallows sweep and pass
> Down to the far-off river; the black crow,
> With wise and wary visage, to and fro
> Settles and stalks about the withered grass.

There is no lack of examples: the song sparrow, "first preacher in the naked wilderness," the bob-o-link, "with tinkle of glassy bells," the vaulting high-ho, the lusty robin, the genial if discordant blackbird, the solitary thrush as he "tunes magically his music of fine dreams," the snow-birds, "like flurries of wind-driven snow," and many others. These dainty figures move continually across the stage, an airy chorus to the drama of Nature.

III. *Alcyone—Sonnets.*

In the third volume, "Alcyone," which did not leave the publisher's hands till after Lampman's death, the proportion of purely descriptive poems is smaller; the volume contains more of the author's personal reflections on human life.

This change is a natural development, to be observed in any of our Canadian poets who have produced continuous work. The evolution in mental attitude is very clearly marked in the case of C. G. D. Roberts, and can be realized by comparing practically any poem, taken at random from Orion, with "Songs of the Common Day," and these in turn with "The Book of the Native." Here the poet passes from the romantic style to impressionistic nature verse, and thence to a more reflective, semiphilosophical nature poetry. The same change is to be found in the verse of Mr. Wilfred Campbell when we pass from the Lake Lyrics to that collection of poems entitled "Elemental and Human Verse." Mr. Campbell insists strongly upon the human application, often so strongly as to injure the artistic effect. With Lampman, on the other hand, there is no definite division between the purely descriptive and the reflective, though the third volume contains a larger proportion of poems with a moral application than do the earlier ones. There is, however, no trace of didactic utterance; neither Roberts nor Lampman expresses himself with that emphasis which characterizes the work of their great contemporary, Campbell. A moral truth is suggested, not asserted; there is little attempt at argument. Those readers must go elsewhere, who like poetry which expounds theories and transforms itself into a vehicle of philosophic discussion.

The star, "Alcyone," represents the height of human aspiration, remote, never attainable, but ever present and ever burning. It is the Gleam of Merlin, varying in brightness and shade, but always compelling man to follow knowledge, and strive after the highest. In the first poem, from which the volume takes its name, the vague desire of aspiring humanity is given utterance:

> For what is life to thee,
> Turning toward the primal light
> With that stern and silent face,
> If thou canst not be
> Something radiant and august as night,
> Something wide as space?

Lampman's whole-souled devotion to the highest view of art and its function is reflected in all his work, which has the seriousness that Matthew Arnold considered indispensable to the best poetry. His philosophy may be nebulous, incomplete, but what true poet was ever a metaphysician? The poet's influence will always be sympathetic rather than intellectual. Lampman is one of those authors whose personal character counts for as much as his writings, because it is the basis of those writings; if he gave us no direct or searching criticism of human life, he gave us what is better, or at least more acceptable, a glance into his own mind. William Dean Howells says: "His pure spirit was electrical in every line." Few poets have told us so much about themselves and yet said so little on the subject. There is an atmosphere of thoughtful deference which betrays the modest man; and modesty becomes the wearer, especially when it comes from deep reflection and self-searching; in an age and a country where a sturdy and aggressive self-confidence is—naturally enough—a predominant characteristic, the moderate utterance has an added power for good.

To leave generalities and come to details. Such poems as "The Clearer Self," "To the Prophetic Soul," "The Better Day," "Sapphics," contain all there is of philosophy—a simple philosophy of courage and endeavour, of faith in the ultimate good.

> Each mortal in his little span
> Hath only lived if he have shown
> What greatness there can be in man
> Above the measured and the known;
>
> How through the ancient layers of night
> In gradual victory secure
> Grows ever with increasing light
> The energy serene and pure,
>
> The Soul that from a monstrous past
> From age to age, from hour to hour
> Feels upward to some height at last
> Of unimagined grace and power.

The theory of a spiritual evolution parallel to the material comes no longer with the force of an original thought; but these verses have the charm of simplicity and directness and the earnestness of ripe conviction. I should like to refer briefly to the poem " Sapphics " which Dr. Logan, in an article published some time ago, has quoted in full and discussed almost minutely. In this the poet contemplates the beauty o the trees in autumn, and from their eternal strength and hope draws courage for his own spirit:

> Yet I will keep my spirit
> Clear and valiant, brother to these my noble
> Elms and maples, utterly grave and fearless
> Grandly ungrieving.

The moral application is clear—he who runs may read; by turning it inward upon himself the writer avoids the effect of preaching, a practice altogether foreign to his character.

Of a different type is the poem called " The Woodcutter's Hut." Practically the same subject has been treated by Roberts under the title of " The Solitary Woodsman," and the different styles are characteristic of the two poets. Roberts' woodsman is the most shadowy outline; not the slightest attempt is made to develop human character. He blends completely with the woodland features, himself hardly more prominent, inarticulate but keen of sense, the first of the animals. In Lampman's poem the woodcutter fills the stage, and though he is too merely—

> The animal man in his warmth and vigour, sound and hard and complete,

yet he takes on an individuality which the woodsman of Roberts does not possess. To Lampman the hut of the woodcutter conjures up:

> The sense of a struggling life in the waste and the mark of a soul's command,
> The going and coming of vanished feet, the touch of a human hand.

Roberts, however, thinks only of the wild life which surrounds the woodsman, the owl, the chipmunk, and the sly bear "summer sleekened;" or of the various sounds of the forest, which he hears, the call of the blue-jay, the scurry of the woodmice, the moose's call, the laughter of the loon. As a work of art Roberts' poem is certainly the finer. The short stanza and line, the simple direct phrase, are far more appropriate to the subject than the long cumbersome line chosen in Lampman's poem. But apart from difference in form the treatment is particularly characteristic. Roberts' handling of the theme is entirely objective: he does not reveal his own personality, which merges completely into his subject; he becomes, for the nonce, himself a child of nature, alert of sense but chary of words, quick to analyze the sounds of the forest, but quite averse to analysis of thought and character.

> And he hears the partridge drumming,
> The belated hornet humming,
> All the faint prophetic sounds
> That foretell the winter's coming.
>
> And the wind about his eaves
> Through the chilly night-wet grieves,
> And the earth's dumb patience fills him,
> Fellow to the falling leaves.

On the other hand, Lampman's attitude is here and always that of the student—an extraordinarily keen and appreciative one but nevertheless a student. It follows then that he is more detached, has more the eye of the observer, in other words he interprets what he sees. And herein, I fancy, is to be found the chief reason why as a poet he has a firmer hold than Roberts upon the reading public. A city man by force of circumstances, he voices the inarticulate feelings and desires of city people who, however much they may actually incline to the "flesh-pots," always have at the back of their minds an inherited thirst for green fields and cool woods. In Lampman they find their own appreciation of these things, deepened and magnified into reverence, strengthened by an

uncommon intimacy with the wonders of nature, and voiced in language both dignified and musical.

Sonnets.—Here and there in the third volume are a few descriptive sonnets which, however, should be considered with the others in the fourth division of the complete edition. This collection of sonnets would form in itself a valuable contribution to any literature. It would seem that the pentameter with its dignity and flexibility is the most suitable vehicle of Lampman's thought. Other metres he handles with success, but gives the impression of coming back to this favourite measure with relief. These sonnets vary in style and thought between the beautiful tranquillity of "Evening" and the righteous wrath of the "Modern Politician." Sometimes the Petrarchan type is taken, with a clear division between octave and sestet; more often, however, there is no definite break in the thought. Occasionally the Shakespearian form is chosen as in the case of "In the Wilds." This sonnet is worth quoting as echoing a certain note which is very insistent, the joy of a sensitive soul in the primal strength and cleanness of the wild. All lovers of the trail will appreciate thi sonnet.

> We run with rushing streams that toss and spume,
> We speed or dream upon the open meres;
> The pine woods fold us in their pungent gloom,
> The murmur of wild water fills our ears.
> The rain we take, we take the beating sun,
> The stars are cold above our heads at night,
> On the rough earth we lie when day is done
> And slumber even in the storms' despite.
> The savage vigour of the forest creeps
> Into our veins, and laughs upon our lips.
> The warm blood kindles from forgotten deeps
> And surges tingling to the finger tips.
> The deep-pent life awakes and bursts its bands,
> We feel the strength and goodness of our hands.

Since the sonnets are so important a feature of Lampman's work it might be well to classify some of the most character-

istic in the form of a table. This is a kind of pedagogical exercise, but it has the advantage of giving a bird's-eye view.

External Nature, Descriptive.	External Nature, Reflective.	Humanity.
Evening	Voices of Earth	Outlook
Among the Orchards	On the Companionship with Nature	Aspiration
A Thunderstorm	In the Pine Groves	The Modern Politician
Solitude	The Passing of the Spirit	Virtue
Indian Summer	In the Wilds	Stoic and Hedonist
After the Shower	Earth the Stoic	To an Ultra Protestant
A January Morning	In Beechwood Cemetery	The Largest Life
Winter Uplands		The Death of Tennyson

Selection is difficult, and any choice is bound to be unsatisfactory. There is a uniformity about the sonnets which makes it nearly impossible to pick any outstanding examples. Nor is it possible to be arbitrary on the question of merit. Some of the purely descriptive poems are perfect works of art, landscapes in vignette; again, those in which the author's reflections on humanity form the main theme have a dignified simplicity and force which recall the sonnets of Wordsworth. Any choice among these must depend on the personal taste of the reader.

IV. *Poems and Ballads.*

The fifth and last division contains some miscellaneous poems and ballads, "The Story of an Affinity," in the style of Tennyson's country idylls, and a dramatic poem in three scenes, "David and Abigail." Reference has already been made to "The Story of an Affinity," which has a certain unfortunate long-windedness which spoils the narrative. The story of "David and Abigail" certainly offers proof of latent dramatic ability. The characterization of some of the slighter persons, especially of Joab and Miriam, is done with skill. But the subjective quality of Lampman's mind belongs more to the lyrical than the dramatic. His own reflections take shape in the words of his characters, which consequently have an impossible power of self-analysis. Making all allow-

ances for poetical freedom, one cannot imagine Abigail, wife of Nabal, expressing herself like this:

> Our only happiness, our final joy,
> Is in persisting calmly to the goal,
> And he who struggles from his ordered way,
> How hard so'er it be, even in thought,
> Reaps in the end but bitterness and shame.
> He only can be happy who is strong,
> Who bears above the crying tides of passion
> And movements of the blind and restless soul
> A forehead smooth with purpose, and a will
> Spacious and limpid as the cloudless morn.

Of the shorter poems, "The Passing of Autumn" has a dainty music and shows a more imaginative treatment than most of the woodland sketches. It has that pure lyric note which is occasionally muffled in Lampman, by a laborious carefulness of phrase.

> The wizard has woven his ancient scheme
> A day and a starlit night;
> And the world is a shadowy-pencilled dream
> Of colour, haze and light
>
> Like something an angel wrought, maybe
> To answer a fairy's whim,
> A fold of an ancient tapestry,
> A phantom rare and dim.
>
> Slim as out of aerial seas,
> The elms and poplars fair
> Float like the dainty spirits of trees
> In the mellow dream-like air.
>
> Silvery-soft by the forest side
> Wine-red, yellow, rose.
> The Wizard of Autumn, faint, blue-eyed,
> Swinging his censer, goes.

The most interesting and certainly the most vigorous of the ballads is "Phokaia," describing the wanderings of the inhabitants of that ancient city of Ionia. The Phokaenas, after the conquest of Ionia by the Persians, refused to submit

to their tyrant, Harpalus, and gathering their household goods set sail for new lands:

> Dear are the seats of our gods, and dear is the name
> Of our beautiful land, but we will not hold them with shame.
> Let us take to the ships, for the shores of the sea are wide
> And its waves are free and wherever our keels shall ride
> There are sites for a hundred Phokaias.

Fate was against them, the lands they visited were hostile, and their fleet was attacked by the Carthaginians; however, the Phokaeans won the day, though badly shattered, and the remnant came, with fortunate winds and omens, to "a little port on a sunny rock-built shore." From this germ rose the city of Massilia, the modern Marseilles. The rugged strength and independence of this handful of sea-faring Greeks seems to have been perpetuated in their descendants, the Marseillais, who gave to France her national song of liberty.

In conclusion, both Lampman and Roberts, by the volume of their work and by its general excellence, stand well in the front of Canadian nature poets. They are both truly Canadian, products of the soil. While the range of Roberts is broader, his treatment more varied and his scholarship more thorough, Lampman has the more intimate appeal, through that personal element which, though not always directly expressed, is keenly felt behind all he wrote. The difference might be expressed in this way: while Roberts gives us beautiful impressions of Nature, Lampman interprets her. His is the true Spirit of Solitude of whom Shelley wrote:

> Every sight
> And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
> Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.

His verses, whether purely descriptive or containing some moral reflection, invariably have that element of thoughtfulness which gives them a value below the surface. Further, his exactness of detail is educative and stimulates to a keener interest in Nature. Let any reader take one of the long poems

of the seasons, such as "The Meadow," "Comfort of the Fields," "April," "June," "September," and carefully verify the different features there introduced. If he can do so without learning something new and interesting he will be either a Philistine or a biologist. Mr. Wilfred Campbell, in an aggressive mood, makes it out to be quite a merit in himself that he does not know the names of flowers and birds. He thinks such exact technical knowledge is a sign of poetic degeneracy. It reminds one of the story of a convivial Keats who drank "Confusion to Newton," because he had destroyed "the poetry of the rainbow." But Keats was a disciple of the romantic and the unreal. There will always be this conflict in poetry between prosaic reality and ethereal fancy. The task of the modern poet clearly is to lift the prosaic to the divine, to live among realities and to ennoble them, not as Tennyson's artistic and selfish Soul in the Palace of Art, to build himself a house of "God-like isolation." Now, as to the application of this to the subject. Lampman, in his nature verse, has this accuracy of detail which brings him close to the way of modern life; "realistic" in the accepted sense of the word he never is, since his pictures are always beautiful, his music is always sweet. It is to be admitted that in a few of the longer poems there is a certain heavy luxuriance, a monotonous sweetness, which detracts from their artistic excellence. Here and there also he may lavish himself upon themes unworthy of much effort. But these are natural blemishes, exaggerations of that fundamental quality which gives him his peculiar charm, the quality of soundness, the desire for truth in his art.

As a poet of humanity Lampman has not the direct contact with life which characterizes his nature verse. He is essentially a dreamer, projecting his mind into the past or the future but avoiding the present. What ethical significance he develops is confined to the broader simpler human issues, which are common to all ages. Always the champion of simplicity, honesty and courage, the primal virtues, he has Matthew Arnold's contempt for Philistinism, the smug com-

placency which a prosperous commercialism assumes; but his cheerful temper refuses to accept the melancholy strain which tinges so much of that great writer's verse. He sometimes bursts out passionately against the narrowness of business or political life, and his "Modern Politician" is as near violence as so gentle a spirit could come; but he never shows personal bitterness but rather the indignation of a just man against flagrant injustice. In the sonnets to "The Truth" and "An Ultra Protestant," he protests against intolerance in everyday life and in religion:

> Wisest is he who, never quite secure,
> Changes his thoughts for better, day by day;
> To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
> And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

But it is not by isolated expressions that we arrive at the mind of the man. To quote his friend and fellow poet, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, "Behind all he said and wrote was felt a great reserve of wisdom and integrity." There is an undercurrent of courage and kindliness, which does not expend itself in surface froth, but sends up an occasional strong swirl from the depths. Mr. Campbell's poem in his memory "Bereavement of the Fields"—is a beautiful tribute and will surely take its place among the great elegies. It is old-fashioned to conclude with a verse, but no words could sum up more fitly the essence of Lampman's genius:

> Songs in our ears of winds and flowers and buds
> And gentle lives and tender memories,
> Of Nature's sweetest aspects, her pure moods,
> Wrought from the inward truth of intimate eyes
> And delicate ears of him who harks and broods,
> And, nightly pondering, daily grows more wise
> And dreams and sees in mighty solitudes.

G. H. Unwin

THE BALLAD OF THE "ROVER"

Come all you jolly sailor lads that love the cannon's roar,
Your good ship on the briny wave, your lass and glass ashore;
How Nova Scotia's sons can fight you presently shall hear,
And of gallant Captain Godfrey in the *Rover* privateer.

She was a brig from Liverpool of just a hundred tons;
She had a crew of fifty-five and mounted fourteen guns.
When south against King George's foes, she first began to steer,
A smarter craft ne'er floated than the *Rover* privateer.

Five months our luck held good all up and down the Spanish Main,
And many a prize we overhauled and sent to port again,
Until the Spaniards laid their plans with us to interfere,
And stop the merry cruising of the *Rover* privateer.

The year was eighteen hundred, September tenth, the day,
When off Cape Blanco in a calm all motionless we lay:
And the schooner *Santa Ritta*, with three gun-boats, did appear,
A-sweeping down to finish off the *Rover* privateer.

With muskets and with pistols we engaged them as they came,
Till they closed in, port and starboard, to play the boarding game.
Then we manned our sweeps and spun her round, without a thought of fear,
And raked the *Santa Ritta* from the *Rover* privateer.

At once we swept her back again; the gun-boats were too close.
But our gunners, they were ready and they gave the Dons their dose.
They kept their distance after that, and soon away did sheer,
And left their consort fighting with the *Rover* privateer.

We fought her for three glasses and then we went on board,
Our gallant captain heading us with pistol and with sword.
It did not take us very long her bloody deck to clear,
And down came the Spanish colours to the *Rover* privateer.

We brought our prizes all to port; we never lost a man,
There never was a luckier cruise since cruising first began,
We fought and beat four Spaniards—now did you ever hear
The like of Captain Godfrey and the *Rover* privateer?

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

NOTE.—This most brilliant little sea fight is historic. Indeed the half is not told. The *Santa Ritta* alone carried 125 men, and all her guns were heavier than the *Rover's*. For his wonderful success Godfrey was offered a commission in the Royal Navy, which he refused. In his "Privateers and Privateering" Commander E. P. Statham, R.N., writes: "To the initiated Captain Godfrey's handling of his craft on the approach of the Spanish vessels will commend itself. It was an exceedingly pretty bit of seamanship, only possible to a captain of consummate coolness, with his crew well in hand." Liverpool, N.S., has a fine privateering record. There should be a statue of Godfrey in the market-place, with his "Rovers" about him. Godfrey's great-grandson has gone overseas in the C.A.M.C. after completing his medical course at Dalhousie. *Bon sang ne peut mentir.* Godfrey's exploits are related in detail in *Old Province Tales*, "Chronicles of Canada."

A. M.

IS THE CHURCH DEAD

THERE is no reason why this question should awaken undue irritation in the mind of the most ardent churchman; neither is it necessary to brand the man a traitor who honestly feels that the true reply is yes. The New Testament records at least one instance of the death of a church, the sadness of whose lost life was heightened by its own ignorance, and the ignorance of the Christian public of the time, of the fact that the tragedy had actually taken place. It is said of Sardis (Rev. iii. 1), "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and thou art dead." Could anything more ghastly be presented to the spiritual imagination than that of a church keeping up all the forms of devotion to its Head by virtue of a mechanical activity proceeding from the unspent energy of a heart which has ceased to beat, even as parts of the body may twitch and jerk after life is really extinct? A good reputation may survive the loss of the character upon which it was built. Sardis had a good name while no longer meriting it. Astronomers tell us that to-day we see the light of extinct stars; so it may be of churches, that they dwell in the splendour of an afterglow, their sun having set. On the other hand, dawn may be mistaken for evening twilight. The Church at Sardis embraced in its membership some who were worthy to walk with Christ in white; Corinth numbered amongst its adherents those who were grossly immoral. And yet Sardis was dead, while St. Paul rightly regards the Church at Corinth as living. Obviously modesty should mark judgements upon the life of a Christian community.

Rightly to answer the question, "Is the Church dead?" we must begin by defining our terms. What do we mean by the term "Church?" It is used with varying meanings in the New Testament. Jesus seems to use the word on one occasion to describe a company of Christian believers gathered

together for worship (Matt. xviii. 15-20). It is somewhat often employed to designate a local congregation, as, for example, the Church at Rome. The Master once (Matt. xvi. 18) and St. Paul more often (Ephesians v. 22 ff., and elsewhere) use the term in a generous sense, sometimes suggesting the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world, and sometimes more particularly a form of organized Christianity (Col. i. 18). When, therefore, one insists either that the Church is dead or that it is alive, he should tell us how he is using the word. Plainly, individual congregations may die; the vitality of a denomination may be a negligible quantity; the Church of an empire may be practically moribund; while at the same time the Church of Christ throughout the world may be alive when viewed as a great organization. Or conceivably in the eyes of the Head of the Church, organized Christianity might be as was Sardis, while many individual congregations, or groups of churches, might retain the full vigour of the Christian life.

I confess to an active prejudice against the good sense of any man who too confidently pronounces a definite opinion as to the spiritual condition of the whole congregation of Christian people throughout the world. Can any mind ungifted with omniscience decide with accuracy whether the Church universal is alive within the thought of the Master? The field of its operations is so large that it may well show very different signs of vitality in different parts of the world. As in the present war both the Allies and the Central Powers may daily claim victory and lament defeat, so immense is the area of the conflict, so in respect of organized Christianity, failure and success, vigour and lifelessness, may exist at one and the same time. To ask of the whole Church, "Is it dead or alive?" is like asking, "Does the world grow better or worse?" The answer generally depends on what we want to find; data may be had in plenty to sustain either view, and the man who honestly seeks to weigh all the facts will probably suspend judgement.

When "the Church" is spoken of, we commonly mean the Church as we know it, or think we know it. We arrive at our opinions from a limited area of observation. We resemble eye-witnesses on the battle-field, who judge of the success or failure of the whole campaign from their own immediate experience. We are not to blame that the area of knowlege is narrow; we are worthy of censure when we draw too sweeping deductions from few and local facts. And that is a temptation to which many of us yield easily. And so in dealing with our present problem it will be wiser to leave it to the Head of the universal Church to pronounce upon its vitality, and, like the disciples in the Upper Room, give the question a more direct application. There may be a concern for the Body of Christ which would be turned with larger advantage upon ourselves. The Master, who retorted upon the curious disciples who asked, "Are there few that be saved?" with a counsel directly bearing upon their own soul's welfare, will find more satisfaction in the humble effort to correct one's own faults, and to build up one's immediate section of the Temple of God, than in a critical attitude that expresses itself in ill-considered sentences of condemnation. The boy in the trenches who humbly does his "bit" in unconcern as to what others are doing, may render a worthier service—and surely as patriotic—than the newspaper critic who delights in the pastime of wrecking governments. Instead of turning the feeble flicker of our wee candles, which in our conceit we mistake for brilliant search-lights, outward upon the Church at large, it may yield better results if we make diligent inquisition into the condition of the Church that lies nearest to us, and the nature of whose progress we may help to determine. And so, in the further discussion of our topic, the reader is invited to think chiefly of his own particular congregation and denomination, of the Churches of Canada as he may feel competent to form a judgement regarding them, at farthest of the Church of Christ in our own Empire. This is undoubtedly an ambitious enough programme of observation for any modest man!

Having agreed upon our use of the term Church, we must come to some understanding of what is meant by a Living Church.

So far as we accept the guidance of the New Testament we shall have no difficulty in at once reaching a negative, but important, canon of judgement; that the real life (which is spiritual) of the Church cannot be measured by material standards. The questions so often asked upon the street, "How much? How many? How big?" are wholly misleading here. An example of the futility of such standards is given in the Letters to the Seven Churches, appearing in the book of Revelation. Smyrna is poverty-stricken and persecuted, and is told that greater sufferings await her; Laodicea is rich and increased in goods, and has no unsupplied earthly need; but for the Church at Smyrna there is nothing but commendation, while for Laodicea there is not the faintest word of praise. That in seeking to determine spiritual values we must discard material standards will be accepted as axiomatic.

All churchmen will agree, surely, on another point: that any branch of the Church is dying, if not dead, which no longer wins converts to its ranks from the "worldly world," and no longer from its own ranks is able to supply Spirit-called men to carry on the work of the Christian ministry. To the primitive Church men were daily added from the unfriendly world; the primitive Church was strikingly productive in pastors, preachers, evangelists, and prophets. When a church loses its winsomeness and fertility in these respects it is not uncharitable to regard it as the victim of creeping paralysis, to say the least.

Our standard of judgement will be determined in the large by what we conceive to be the mission of the Church. What does the modern Church live for? What should it do that it may deserve to live? There is a broad and general reply which everyone will accept: to carry on the mission which brought Christ into the world. This is too great a truth ever to become a commonplace, and yet it is so obvious that one is surprised that it demands the emphasis of repetition.

Nevertheless it is the reproach of the history of the Church that a doctrine so fundamental has not only been often overlooked, but actually at times repudiated. In terms of poetic hyperbole, Lord Tennyson cries out against discreditable phases in the life of the Church as he sings,

> But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
> As the churches have killed their Christ.

In less bitter, though not unsimilar vein, an American poet says sadly:

> The one named Christ I sought for many days,
> In many places vainly;
> I heard men name His name in many ways;
> I saw His temples plainly;
> But they who named Him most gave me no sign
> To find Him by, or prove the heirship mine.

It still needs to be said that the only justification of the Church's continued existence is its fidelity to the mission of Jesus.

But what was His mission? Nothing but hints may be given.

(i.) He came to bring good news to men. The term "evangelical note," which it is charged some pulpits have lost, has descended into a kind of religious slang. It stands, however, for a sacred and unending responsibility. Every living church is to the sad, old world another Advent angel, singing, "Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy." The congregation that does not in some way add to the gladness of life, that fails to disperse something of the surrounding gloom, is falling short of its mission.

(ii.) The mission of Jesus was a mission of teaching. It was thus in part that He brought good news to men. The living church is a teaching church. Silly people decry what they call "doctrinal preaching." What does "doctrinal" mean but teaching, and how can the Church be true to its Master's final word if it fails in a ministry of instruction? Empty-headed folk, who seek entertainment, and the mentally

indolent, who crave short cuts to success of all kinds, ask for what is "practical." "Let doctrine go, give us something practical." Delightful practice follows upon ignorance, surely! With characteristic penetration Bunyan brings one Ignorance to the gates of the Celestial City, to be turned thence into the hell for which his conceited folly so well prepared him. No one in this war fills a more necessary place than officers of instruction, who here and in Britain prepare men for active service. When a church ceases to teach the people it begins to die, and the generation with itching ears, to whom wisdom cries aloud in vain, invites its own destruction. "My people perish for lack of knowledge."

(iii.) The ministry of Jesus was a ministry of inspiration. Browning was right,

> 'Tis one thing to know and another to practice,
> And thus I conclude that the real God-function
> Is to furnish a motive and inspiration
> For practising what we know already.

This our Lord, who is the Life, did; and so must the Church. Here lies much of the opportunity and obligation of the Church: "to furnish a motive and inspiration." This is done whenever the Church is in fact the witness to immortality, the spiritual home of souls, the servant of the poor, the inspiration to Christlike service. Sometimes rather thus than by organized effort shall the whole lump of the social order be leavened. A live church is an inspirational church.

(iv.) Who should doubt that the mission of Jesus was social? It is sometimes said that He was an individualist, and that is true when we think of the emphasis He invariably placed on the worth of the individual soul. But we have only to remember and weigh His doctrine of Fatherhood, of the Kingdom of Heaven, of the brotherhood of man, or get a true glimpse of the significance of the Prayer that teaches us to pray, to realize how He valued social righteousness. In at least two of His parables in respect of the future—those of the Rich Man and Lazarus and of the Last Judgement—He gives us reason to believe that the bliss or woe of the "to-morrow of

death " will be largely determined by the relations we sustain to one another here: that is to say, social righteousness in this life is necessary to the enjoyment of the bliss of the hereafter where "social joys" prevail. By reason of the religious presuppositions of the time, and the political environment of early Christianity, the social teachings of our Lord did not come to marked expression; but they are implicit in the New Testament, and it is the undoubted duty of the Church of to-day to make these teachings explicit and to apply them to present conditions.

And it is just here, as I see it, that the Church in our own land shows alarming signs of impotency. It has not sufficiently exposed the social side of the Christian evangel. The Montreal Witness, in a recent issue, strongly rebuked the weak side of a good deal of prevalent interpretation of the New Testament: "We have spiritualized and spiritualized everything in Scripture into thin vapour, which, like the aromatic smoke of incense, may soothe our souls and blind our eyes, but has no influence over our lives." We have done worse than that; we have robbed what in our doctrine has been righteous of vigour and effectiveness by our policy of inconsistency. Why does the political grafter, or the man who has made his money unethically, smile with amused contempt at the Church's fulminations? Because he knows quite well that he will not be excluded from Church fellowship, or refused a place upon the Church's councils, if he only makes a worldly success of his enterprises. The man who has stolen a city franchise, or corrupted a legislature, may be asked to preside at a meeting for the carrying of the ethics of Christianity to Japan, and his subscription, though derived from gains which the Church pronounces tainted money, will be expected and applauded. The Canadian Church has done what John Wesley, with characteristic foresight, begged his followers not to do—made rich men necessary to the promotion of its various schemes. Thus, without direct intention, but by a policy of drifting, we have entered into partnership with workers of iniquity. We have recognized a dual morality,

and to win financial help and gain a measure of political and social influence, we have played false to the very first principles of the religion of Jesus. We have failed to create a sensitive social conscience within the Church itself. We do not make it unpleasant for political tricksters, or men who have accumulated large fortunes in cold-blooded defiance of the Golden Rule, to remain in fellowship with our Churches. We are unequal to arousing sentiment vigorous enough to drive unclean and dishonest men from public life, or of making it hard for a few men to absorb the earnings of the many. Why is this? Back of our pulpit denunciations, and the comments of our religious press, there is lacking the driving power of consistency. We say and do not; from the same fountain spring the bitter waters of rebuke of evil practices and the sweet waters of fraternity for the men whose deeds we denounce, when they are graciously willing to grant us the support of their dollars and their smiles. I see in all this great danger to the Church, and an unspeakable hindrance to the progress of true religion. Unless the Church of our Empire is ready at any cost to align itself to the cause of the oppressed, and definitely to divorce itself from the worship of the mammon of unrighteousness, the outlook is alarming. The very life of the Church is bound up with fidelity to the social mission of Him, who—to use the words of Dr. Forsyth—"set on foot the greatest Socialism and Fraternity the world has known, which is still in its dawn."

(v.) All this leads naturally to the final word, that the Church must give effect to the redemptive mission of Jesus. No argument is needed to enforce this statement, but the greatest possible courage to practice what our hearts tell us is imperative. It is so easy to sing,

> Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small;

it is so hard to crucify the selfishness that never ceases to plague. There is something quite winsome in the ideal of a cross to which we may cling; but to carry our cross is quite

another matter. To sit with the Master at His Table and feast with Him is a congenial duty; to go with Him into the wilderness that we may share His fast is hard for flesh and blood. We find it easier to scatter palms upon the roadside, and to cry "Hosanna" with the multitude, than to keep lonely vigil with Him in the Garden, or to confess discipleship with the "despised and rejected of men." And yet that Church dies that evades the Law of the Cross. There is a noble passage in Dr. P. T. Forsyth's book, *The Person and Place of Jesus Christ,* where he reminds us that "the chief temptation" of the Church is to seek "the reformation of society by every beneficent means except the evangelical; . . . to save men by rallying their goodness without routing their evil, by reorganizing virtue instead of redeeming guilt." He proceeds to remind us that society cannot be saved by a brotherhood of man which fails to find room for sonship to God; that we cannot have "a new Church or Humanity upon any other condition than the renovation in the soul of the new covenant which Christ founded in His last hours, before the very Church was founded, and which is the Church's one foundation in His most precious blood." This is worthy of our most serious thought. If the present war teaches any thing it surely enforces this truth, that social reformation cannot be permanent apart from social regeneration. Nor can the Church hope to mediate its message of redemption unless it shares the cross with its Head. An uncrucified Church cannot hope successfully to hold up a crucified Saviour to the gaze of men. It is true of the Church as it was true of its Christ, that it must "be lifted up" to win the world from sin. The Church that does not shrink from death cannot die.

Does the reader complain that I have not answered my own question? I have sought to do something else, to suggest notes or signs of life within the Church by which we shall each of us arrive at our own answer, the only satisfactory solution of such a problem after all.

S. P. Rose

NATION BUILDING

"LAST century made the world a neighbourhood; this century must make it a brotherhood." During the last century we entered upon the era ushered in by what has been termed the "Industrial Revolution." Narrow neighbourhood boundaries were broken down. Trade was no longer confined to the village or the market-town. Manufactured goods were sent across the seas, and, in return, products were imported from the ends of the earth. The community circle was enlarged. Men no longer thought of themselves as belonging to the parish or county but as members of the nation or the empire. Large groups of colonists migrated to distant lands and even transferred their allegiance to nations hitherto foreign or even hostile. Our poets and reformers had begun to dream of "the Parliament of Man; the Federation of the World."

Then came the war. The nations had been drawn into a world neighbourhood before they had learned the principles or caught the spirit of international brotherhood. Whatever the issue of the war, we cannot retreat to an isolated life within the boundaries of a contracted community circle. We cannot re-erect the narrow neighbourhood boundaries. We are citizens of the world and must face the problem of world organization. If the world is not again to be plunged into war, this world organization must be worked out on the principles of justice and in the spirit of love. Permanent peace can come only through the development of good-will.

Here then is our task. In this world-task Canada, though one of the youngest of the nations, may be destined to take no unimportant part. Canada, as one of the sisterhood of nations which form the British Empire, has already world-wide interests. As a country in which two races have for a century lived side by side, she has received a discipline in tolerance

that ought to fit her for the larger and more difficult duties that now confront her. As one of the great American democracies, she must attempt the unification of the diverse peoples who are filling in the vast unoccupied territories of the New World. Canada with her heterogeneous population is a sort of microcosm. Canadian problems are epitomized world problems—hence their difficulty and their importance.

Fifteen years ago, the Dominion had a population of only five million souls. Of that population, only some three millions were of British origin. During the fifteen years there has been an immigration of over three millions, so that for every Canadian of British origin who was here fifteen years ago there is now an immigrant.

Of the 3,000,000 immigrants 38% were British—largely English; 35% were Americans—a mixed group containing many of Scandinavian and German origin; the remaining 27% were non-English speaking—a medley of peoples from every country in Europe as well as from some countries in Asia.

In the formative period of their history, the United States had no such flood of immigration as this. At the beginning of last century the United States with a population of 5,000,000 received during the first decade only about 70,000 immigrants. At the beginning of this century, Canada with a population of 5,000,000 received during the first decade some 2,000,000 immigrants or twenty-eight times as many as the United States during the corresponding period. Further, up till 1869, less than 1% of the immigrants to the United States came from South-Eastern Europe. Of the recent immigration to Canada almost one-quarter is from South-Eastern Europe.

Before the English and French in Canada had become thoroughly unified, a great wedge of foreigners has been driven into our community life. Race animosities, religious prejudices, language jealousies and social cleavages are already forcing us to realize something of the delicacy, the complexity and the difficulty of the problems which face us.

Ruthenian peasants just emerging from serfdom; Russian Doukhobors bent on maintaining their community life and ideals; sturdy Scandinavians from the remote valleys of Iceland or the quiet hamlets of Sweden; colonies of German Mennonites trekking from the Russian mirs in another effort to obtain religious freedom; Italians and Greeks from their sunny valleys and vine-clad slopes; Jews seeking to escape the persecution and disabilities under which they labour in the Old World; Mormons gathered up from two continents and welded together in Utah; Chinese, Japanese, Hindus—and a score more strange groups are being "dumped," so to speak, into our Canadian communities and left to sort themselves as best they may.

What will be the outcome of this intermingling of races, languages, religions, and customs? How far shall we blend? Which element will predominate? Surely these are important questions for the eugenist, the ethnologist, the statesman, the sociologist, the churchman and not least of all, for the ordinary Canadian citizen and his children.

The coming of the immigrant has intensified and complicated the serious problems that would in any case have had to be solved in a young and developing country. Conditions in Canada are not static. Institutions have not yet been firmly established. The rapid expansion of business, the extensive construction work, the enormous influx of capital, the wild speculation, are all closely related to the immigration problem.

The shifting of the population from the rural districts to the cities, with the consequent danger of the creation of congested areas, called for wise and vigorous action. When thousands of immigrants from the slum districts of London and Liverpool, reinforced by hordes of European peasants, crowded into the poorer districts of our ill-planned and inefficiently administered cities, the situation, both from the sanitary and the moral standpoint, became intolerable.

The transition from the agricultural to the industrial stage has not been easy in any country. The presence of

hundreds of thousands of newly arrived immigrants—the majority of them men in the prime of life—each in his anxiety to get a start in the new land willing to put up with any conditions however unfavourable, or to accept any wages however low, has made it extremely difficult to secure proper industrial standards. Sanitation, housing, safety, hours of labour, regularity of employment, industrial insurance and similar matters which are now acknowledged to be essential to the general welfare, have received scant consideration in Canada.

The "rural problem"—the overcoming of the isolation of rural life, the provision of greater social opportunities, the general adoption of the principles of scientific farming, the organization of co-operative enterprises, the adjustment of the agricultural industry to the demands of the modern commercial world, the re-direction of education—this many-sided and far-reaching problem becomes very formidable indeed when the country is being settled by newcomers who have not even a common language.

The establishment of sound and suitable public institutions, the development of high political ideals and a "social conscience" would not have been easy in a country which consisted of scattered communities of people trained in individualistic habits of thought and activity. The presence of alien and unassimilated elements has aggravated the difficulty and tended to retard the development of a sense of community fellowship, or corporate responsibility, and of devotion to a social ideal. The general indifference to the conduct of public affairs, the lack of adequate means for the expression of disinterested public opinion, the difficulty of united action, has afforded an opportunity for the baser elements in our public life to gain a position of influence that has degraded the public life and service of Canada.

Undoubtedly the immigrant has thus helped to create our problems—as, it should not be forgotten, he has helped to create our wealth. It is not so clearly realized that the immigrant must help to solve these problems and may indeed take a foremost place in the bringing in of the better day.

The immigrants bring greater assets than we sometimes realize. Many of them have small financial resources but they are endowed with a capacity for patient industry. Not a few of them have skill and training in various crafts and show boundless ambition.

The members of each nationality bring with them a rich and varied culture. Many a peasant, clad in sheep skins, possesses artistic abilities of no mean order. Our literature, our music and our art, let it not be forgotten, we owe largely to Europe. The immigrant comes to enrich and re-vitalize our cherished store.

Further, the immigrants are imbued with a reverence and a patriotism which we need in this new and commercialized country of ours. Through the centuries they have struggled for the liberty which we have largely inherited. They have kept alight the fires which in our materialistic American civilization burn but feebly. Perchance the immigrant has come to reinforce some of those institutions which were in danger. His coming is undoubtedly compelling us to make deeper and broader the foundations of our national life.

The problem after all is possibly not so much the problem of the immigrant as the problem of the Canadian.

There is a danger that the immigrants may accept the lower rather than the higher things in our Canadian life. The immigrants as a rule come into contact with our least worthy institutions. They meet Canadians who, to say the least, are far from representing Canadian ideals. Canada, it must be remembered, is for the majority of the immigrants nothing more than the factory, the low-grade lodging house, the cheap show, and a narrowly restricted circle of interests.

In the case of the children of the immigrants there is an added danger which is not generally recognized. The boys and girls, catching the prevailing attitude of contempt for "foreigners," come to despise their foreign-born parents. They fail to appreciate their excellent qualities. As far as possible they withdraw from and repudiate everything not Canadian —as they know Canada.

Just here is the tragedy of many an immigrant household. Here is the beginning of that irresponsible and unguided life that so frequently ends disastrously. We in our ignorance have done little to help. Too often our "Canadianizing" efforts have contributed directly to the undermining of the foundations on which alone true character is built. Destroy filial respect and reverence and love of the homeland, and what have we to work on?

We have in practice taken for granted that our standards were the only and final standards. If the immigrant has not in all points measured up to our standards we have considered him as an inferior. We have then attempted either somewhat arrogantly to assert our own superiority or set about with missionary zeal to make him conform to our type.

Some of the immigrants have been more concerned in making homes than in making money and we have called them unambitious. Some have given considerable time to participating in musical and dramatic performances and we have called them shiftless and lazy. Some have clung to the religion of their fathers and to the associations of the homeland and we have called them superstitious and unpatriotic. Some have wished their children to retain a knowledge of their mother tongue and we have denounced them as reactionary and un-British.

This attitude, which has too frequently characterized the patriotic and religious efforts which we have made on behalf of the immigrant, accounts in no small measure for our failures. Let those who set out to "Canadianize and Christianize" the immigrants remember that there is room for other and perhaps higher Canadian types than those which predominate either on our streets or in our houses of parliament; that there is reason, too, for other types of Christianity than those which prevail in Canada in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen.

"God has many bests" as a wise teacher once put the truth which we are emphasizing. In the garden of Allah grow many varieties of flowers—each perfect after its kind. All

cannot be judged according to one standard. If ever we in Canada attain a national ideal, it must be big enough—Catholic enough—to give a place to the highest and best which each class of immigrant brings to this country.

More than missionaries we need interpreters—those who can mediate between the Canadian and the newcomer, who can present to the newcomer in an attractive light the best which we have developed in our social and national life and can, on the other hand, sympathetically present to the Canadian the needs and possibilities of those who are casting in their lot with us.

In our nation-building, plenty of good material lies ready to hand. We need the wise master-builders who, understanding the value of each class of material, can fit each piece into its place in the ever enlarging structure.

Of the forces that are moulding the immigrant the unorganized and undirected are probably the most potent. In his daily work the immigrant is influenced by "the boss," by his fellow-workmen and by the conditions under which he must live and labour. In his free time the immigrant receives his education on the streets, in the moving picture shows, at the dance-hall or in other places of amusement. His training in citizenship comes largely through his contact with the police and with the political agents who at election times are sent to solicit his vote.

The organized and directed forces which are working for the welfare of the immigrant are entirely inadequate. In some places night classes in English are provided by volunteer efforts, in a few cities by the School Boards. Technical classes are open in the larger cities. Instruction in civics is not yet commonly given, either to children or adults. Libraries in the language of the immigrant and educational pictures are provided in perhaps three or four cities in Canada. The churches have as yet failed to meet the situation. Those to which the immigrants belong cannot adequately cover the whole territory, and as they have not adapted themselves to the New World ideals, frequently lose their hold upon their

adherents, especially the younger generation. The Canadian churches, even when they are altruistic in their work, meet with prejudice and opposition.

Probably the most effective work among our foreign immigrants has been done by the public schools, institutional churches, Young Men's Christian Associations, the social settlements and other agencies which have worked along broad social lines.

Immigrant communities as found in industrial camps, in the rural districts of the prairie provinces and in our larger cities constitute three fairly distinct classes. In the methods adopted in the successful experiments in each of these fields, we can, nevertheless, trace the same general principles of work.

Large numbers of newly arrived immigrants are employed in more or less isolated industrial camps. Here they are largely separated from the institutions and influences of stable civilized life. In the cities, under competent leadership, the State can in time be induced to provide educational and social opportunities, but in these semi-civilized communities there is no body of public opinion behind the man who is heroic enough to "tackle the job." Drunkenness, gambling, immorality and lawlessness are as yet prevalent. In some of the mining camps efforts have been made by the local churches to establish institutional work. The difficulty is that these efforts are so poorly supported and so pitifully inadequate. In these neglected and socially unorganized districts, if anywhere, the churches should lead the way in the establishment of institutional agencies. Such conditions call for capable, well-equipped men, not for a succession of inexperienced students.

In the railroad and lumber camps a most interesting work is being carried on by the Reading Camp Association. University students are sent out during their summer holidays. They work side by side with the men during the day. Then in the evening they preside over a reading room, conduct classes in English, write letters for the men and, as far as possible, provide for some of the most pressing social needs. Unfortunately, since they are absolutely dependent upon the courtesy

of the companies these students are often unable to do anything to remedy some of the worst evils with which the men must contend. It would seem as if there is a line of work here which should be greatly extended and supported by public funds and public authority.

The outstanding need of our rural communities is recognized to be that of better organization. The physical isolation of the farmer has given him no training in co-operative effort. Numerous institutions and societies exist in every community, but these work more or less independently and are self-centred rather than "community centred." No state church having been established, there exists no parish machinery for initiating and maintaining those activities which provide for the higher needs of the community. Each religious denomination has planned and carried on its work with little regard to the work of other denominations.

In the newer districts settlement has been so recent and the settlers are so diverse in character that a normal social life has not yet had time to develop. There are often not enough people of any one nationality to form a group for social intercourse or religious fellowship. If groups are formed the groups are mutually exclusive if not antagonistic. The problem is how to unify our rural communities.

Probably the best work is that which centres about the public school—frequently the only neutral, common meeting place in the district.

The work, for example, carried on in Teulon, Manitoba, is very suggestive of what might be accomplished by well organized effort. Teulon, a few years ago, seemed a most unlikely place for the development of any progressive experiment. It was a dreary little village situated some forty miles north of Winnipeg in rough scrub country. To the north extended backward Ruthenian colonies occupying what might be termed swamp land.

Into this village, a few years ago, went two men of vision and ability—a medical missionary and a school teacher. Now the whole district is changed. There is a good consolidated

school which draws its students from the surrounding districts. Boarding homes are provided for those who live at too great a distance to be driven to school. The school is adapting its curriculum to the needs of the district and the children are being instructed in manual work, gardening, farming and housekeeping. Some of the "foreign" children are being specially trained so that they may go as school teachers to the remote non-English communities.

A small hospital provides for the physical needs of the people, and the missionary doctor is in addition doing a broad work not unlike the well-known work of Dr. Grenfell of Labrador.

Steps are now being taken to establish in close connection with the school a demonstration farm that will bring agricultural training to the very doors of the settlers and lead to a great economic advance.

A Social Service Club maintains various activities, among the most popular of which is a natural history club.

Surely a story like this is a challenge to our Canadian young men. Through such efforts as these our country life will be redeemed.

In the cities the tendency is for the various immigrant groups to be more or less segregated according to nationality. They frequently occupy the least desirable districts, either in the slum areas or on the outskirts of the city. Housing and sanitary conditions are usually deplorable. In the winter there is much overcrowding and unemployment. There are, as a rule, fewer opportunities for the development of a high type of social life than in other parts of the city. Sometimes the larger colonies develop their own social institutions and then there is a distinct alien community within the larger Canadian community. Not infrequently the helpless foreign district becomes the resort of the lowest classes in the city and the preserve of the corrupt politician.

If better-class Canadians venture into the district it is in the role of "uplifters." They come as outsiders to impose their particular brand of religion or patriotism or social

institutions upon an alien community. Obviously the real need here is for the breaking down of the separating walls, for the establishment of a better understanding and for the provision of those social opportunities of which these newcomers are now deprived.

It is in meeting these needs that the Social Settlement has done its best work. It has not only opened the door to a richer life but it has been a veritable House of the Interpreter. It has succeeded where the mission has failed—not because it left religion out of its programme, but because its religion found expression in other than credal or ceremonial or ecclesiastical forms. In trying to discover points of contact the views of the social workers have been broadened and their faith deepened until they have become able to touch the lives of their neighbours. The ultimate religion must surely be universal in its appeal.

Gradually many of the activities of the settlement are being carried on by the public school, and the school building is coming to be recognized as the "Social-Centre." This is as it should be; but in its widened social programme the school must not forget the spirit of the Settlement. Elaborate equipment and organization is valueless without the presence of broad-minded, large-souled men and women. The work of the interpreter can never be delegated to mere hirelings.

In line with the work of the Social Settlement is that of the People's Forum. An account of the Forum in North Winnipeg may perhaps best illustrate the possibilities of such an institution. In connection with the work of All People's Mission, an effort had been made to help the various classes in the community. Kindergartens were provided for the younger children, gymnasia and classes and clubs for the boys and girls, and mothers' meetings and councils for the women. The needs of the men remained unmet. It was therefore decided to experiment with an open forum. This, from the first, was placed under the control of a committee representing the various sections of the community.

After six years of successful work the Forum is now a well-established and highly valued institution. It has become entirely independent and is incorporated under Provincial Statute. For the past three seasons the meetings have been held in the auditorium of St. John's Technical Institute which is granted rent free by the City School Board.

The People's Forum aims to provide opportunities for the discussion of civic and social questions by citizens irrespective of nationality or creed, to popularize science and art by arranging for lectures and addresses, illustrated whenever possible by lantern views, and to provide good music, especially by encouraging the musical talent latent in our diverse population.

The Forum breaks down the artificial barriers that so seriously divide our communities. It takes people out of their own little circles. It broadens their interests and makes them sympathetic toward those who hold views different from their own. It helps to create a common interest, to develop a community spirit and thus to prepare the way for a more disinterested and efficient citizenship.

The Forum proper—around which are developing other activities—is conducted on Sunday afternoons from three to five o'clock. After a presentation of the subject by one or more speakers there is an opportunity given for questions and, later, for discussion. The subjects discussed cover a wide range, including anything relating to civic or social welfare. An illustrated scientific lecture is given about once a month. The programme usually includes one or two musical items. As many as fifteen different "foreign" musical organizations have assisted in a single season.

Christmas Sunday is usually observed as Peace Day and New Year's Sunday as International Day. This practice has been maintained even during the war, and these meetings are perhaps most typical of the work and spirit of the Forum. Last year the theme on the first of these days was "Factors *which have made* the World a Neighbourhood." Addresses were given on "Commerce and Industry" by a labour member

of the Local House; on "Literature and Art" by a Russian Jewess; on "Migration and Travel" by the first Ruthenian to be elected in Canada to a Legislative Assembly; and on "Science" by a public school principal. The theme on the following Sunday was "Factors *which will make* the World a Brotherhood." Addresses were given on "International Law" by a well-known barrister; on "Freedom of Trade" by an Independent Progressive Member of the Local House; and on "Social Ideals" by a leading member of the Polish Society, "Oswiata." The music was contributed by the Ukrainian Choirs, Ivan Kotlarewski and Maria Zankowetski.

Surely such community gatherings week after week must have far-reaching effects.

From every side of the question we are driven to a recognition of the need for a constructive immigration policy. We have a Federal Commission on the conservation of our natural resources. Who will deny that the care of the immigrant is of sufficient importance to demand the continuous study of a group of experts?

The problem must be attacked all along the line. There must be an extension of State activity. We profess to be afraid of "paternalism" yet we have, through the tariff, bonused industry; we have subsidized railway and steamship companies; we have encouraged immigration. Why then should we hesitate to safeguard the interests of the worker or provide for the needs of the immigrant?

We must stand guard at our gates. In the past numbers of undesirable immigrants have been permitted to enter Canada. We have every right to rigidly exclude those who would lower our standards. It may be necessary to apply this policy in the case of certain groups or nations. It is ultimately in the best interests of all that the welfare of the Canadian people should be the deciding factor in determining Canadian policies.

We must maintain certain minimum standards with regard to health, housing, wages and conditions of living and labour. Such standards would probably serve, as one writer has suggested, as an effective "immigrant tariff."

But the State must be prepared to go still further. The lack of organization and public control in industry has meant unemployment, poverty and crime. Labour bureaus and industrial insurance are but the first steps in a necessary programmme of social legislation and reform.

Canada, which is essentially an agricultural country, must adopt a policy of land settlement which will enable our immigrants to settle and remain in the rural districts instead of crowding into the cities. In the case of European immigrants, at least, some form of the village system might with advantage replace the present checker-board system of one hundred and sixty acre homesteads. Such a scheme, which would involve the provision of financial assistance and expert advice, could be easily financed by a tax on the unused lands which now so seriously retard community development.

Along these lines the immigrant would be most effectively protected against the exploitation to which he is now subjected by employment agents, machine agents, real estate agents, and the scores of other parasites that batten on his ignorance of conditions in the new land.

Our schools must accept wider responsibilities. They must educate all prospective citizens—immigrant adults as well as Canadian-born children. They must adopt curricula which are closely related to the past, present and future life of the child. They must give a definite training in citizenship. They must extend their functions, providing, in the cities, for a wider social life and, in the rural districts, becoming centres for the entire life of the community.

Our universities ought to provide trained leadership. Opportunities should be given to every undergraduate to obtain an intelligent knowledge of our outstanding Canadian problems. Special courses should be offered that would give men and women a professional training for public service and social work.

The patriotic organizations must not attempt to make of the immigrants Canadians after our own pattern, but rather

to mediate between the old life and the new and to express emerging Canadian ideals.

The voluntary agencies must become more intelligent, more sympathetic, more disinterested. The churches must learn not to be ministered unto but to minister.

We need a new conception of citizenship, possibly a new conception of religion. More than all, we need men of vision who can point us the way and men of devotion whom we can follow.

J. S. Woodsworth

THE NEW GOSPEL OF LAND SETTLEMENT

TO the men whose Canadian citizenship dates back eight or ten years, and who have diligently studied, if they have not always believed, the Oracles of Trafalgar Square, Ottawa, Calgary, or Victoria, the curious changes of tone as the years rolled by have provided an amusing study.

Who, having once seen it in the distant past, cannot recall a certain prominent double ground-floor window at the entrance to historic Whitehall, where, on the one side, a continuous flood of wheat cascaded before the fascinated onlookers—a torrent of fluid gold—while on the other side the beneficent results of the wealth-bringing stream were depicted in a series of realistic pictures?

We were shewn the rapid mastery by the farmer-settler of nature's indifference to the comfort of man—the rough log shack supplanting the pioneer's tent, and supplanted in its turn at the end of a marvellously short space of time by some ambitious cross between a village hostelry and a suburban villa!

Soil-fertility was transformed before our eyes into houses and barns and water-mills and machinery.

Wheat seemed to be coined with the rapidity and sureness of a Jay Gould printing off Erie Common Stock Certificates by the mile to confound the Bulls. And never a doubt crossed our minds, or was allowed in those days to cross our minds but that wheat and yet more wheat was the master key to affluence. Never a doubt was left but that all these refinements of civilization had been paid for, and paid for in hard cash, paid for out of the wheat, literally ploughed and reaped out of the soil.

It never occurred to anyone gazing at that Whitehall window, to question the verisimilitude of its suggestive symbolism.

And, after all, was it not perfectly natural that some part of the capital dug out of the ground should be fixed upon its surface in the shape of solid buildings and the usual paraphernalia of developed economic life?

The prairie wheat-grower, damming up rivers of wheat with the same regularity and the same felicitous results as a contractor on a government railroad job, wintered for our edification in California, just as the British Columbia orchardist dissipated his enormous revenues every other season at Monte Carlo.

There was no doubt about it. There could not possibly be. Nobody could look for five minutes at those Immigration Office windows, and imagine that it must be otherwise.

Besides, was not the whole fable vouched for by the imprimatur of half a dozen official Canadian publications?

Surely the officials must know what they were talking about.

Nor did the sinister thought occur to any of the window gazers referred tc that these officials knew only too well what they were talking about, and that in their minds it did not bear exactly the same interpretation that we placed upon it.

It did not occur to us that there were two distinct and quite opposite sides to all this immigration propaganda, and that the riches dangled before the prospective settler's eyes might be very real, but were not intended for him. How could he suppose that it would be wrong, altogether wrong, of him to expect to share in the wealth he was invited to create?

Well, we know better now. The Oracles have spoken again, not twice but many times.

There are occasions when the pent-up wisdom, experience and loquacity of our official Sibyls reaches such a high pressure that a safety-valve must be opened or they will burst. Relief is periodically found in Conventions or Congresses. There are Dry-farming Congresses, Irrigation Congresses, Live-Stock Conventions, Fruit-Growers' Conventions. Towns fight for the honour of giving them hospitality; it is good for

trade. Premiers grace the proceedings with a brief appearance and a few well-rounded periods, in the best vein of sedative or downright soporific stump-oratory; it is good for the party. A crowd of lecturers, all expert in the art of lecturing for a purpose, pass on from one meeting to the next; it is a special profession. The Mayor and notables of the Town, with their ladies, occupy most of the Hall. Somewhere on the back seats are the agricultural delegates, the rustics—mostly rather ill-at-ease in such an impressive assembly, conscious of rough hands, heavy boots, and the wrong style in neck-wear—with just about the feelings of a big boy who has outgrown his clothes invited to a rather swell party of seniors.

The settlers! The pioneers! The only people who in the last resort really count for anything in this great Western country! The irony of it all! There they are expected to sit sucking their thumbs like gawking schoolboys, to be lectured at and lectured about by the comedians whom they pay, to an audience of townsfolk who live upon them.

A few of them are allowed now and then to rise and say ditto to the coruscating platitudes of the platform orators; the rest either remain dumb, or are not reported—which amounts to the same thing.

At least such used to be the state of affairs. A welcome change has been inaugurated by the recently published Proceedings of the Twenty-first International Irrigation Congress, held at Calgary, Alberta, October 5-9, 1914.

This is a perfect feast of frankness, and about the first occasion I can recall in which it has been admitted in an official document that there might be a difference of viewpoint between the settlers and the people who settled them! As such it deserves to be reviewed and discussed.

The present writer holds no brief for this or that system of agriculture, and no remarks that may escape him should be twisted into a reflection upon the technical merits of Irrigation, Dry-farming or any other method of husbandry.

He takes it that whatever method of business preserves the capital employed therein, and earns proper dividends

thereon, is a good method under the given circumstances, and contrariwise. He suggests as a probable truth that it may be just as foolish to invest large capital sums per acre upon irrigation-ditches or model farming equipment in places where they are not called for by market conditions as it would be to spend $150,000 per mile on pushing a railroad through a desert incapable of producing traffic.

His point of view is that of any other settler upon land who has migrated from the other side of the Atlantic—that nobody farms for the mere love and glory of the thing, if he can help it, any more than a lawyer will consent to forego his fees (unless he can't collect them) or than a plumber will forget to send in his bill for time, overtime and extras when the job is done, or than the President of the Grand Trunk Pacific will consent to serve two or three years without a salary, merely because there are no profits to divide among the Stockholders.

No! We look upon farming purely and simply as a business. We regard the earning of profits as the only possible justification for farming in this or in any other country. We approach all problems of land-settlement from that standpoint and from no other. And we join issue at once and categorically with what appears to be now the accepted doctrine in official circles.

That doctrine finds ccmplete expression in two addresses, at least, in the Proceedings of the International Irrigation Congress, 1914; first of all in a singularly candid speech delivered by Mr. J. S. Dennis, and, secondly, in an allocution by Dr. J. G. Rutherford with a fervour almost apostolic. I quote the very words of Mr. Dennis. They are as unmistakable as a blow from a bludgeon:—

"Let me emphasize right here that what we want is 'People on the Land that will make Homes.' I said we had a vast number of people farming land in Western Canada, and a very small number of farmers. So we have, in this sense—we have a very small number of men occupying land as farmers, who are occupying it with this idea, that they will make a home there and obtain from this land a living and produce

more than they consume, and that they will not expect, after being on the land two or three years, that they will be able to sell it at an enhanced value. That has been our trouble. We have expected that we could occupy land for a comparatively short time, and sell it at such an increased price that we would make a large amount of money out of it, and more than that, while actually farming the land over and above living out of it, we would be able to put a large amount of money in the bank. It never was done by farmers in any country. That is not the basis of farming or agriculture, as I see it. The basis, as I see it, in practically every province or state on this continent, and practically every country on the other side, is to make homes."

Well! There is a very clear expression of the new gospel, logical enough so far as it goes. A corporation owning lands, and also a railroad whose traffic must be fed from these lands, is no doubt justified in attracting population precisely on the representations made by Mr. Dennis. They are transparently honest—all honour to him! There can be no deception, and no room for disappointment. The settlers would be foolish to suppose that there is anything for them beyond some sort of a living and some sort of a home. What he really wants to create is a kind of Canadian peasantry—imported from elsewhere—something like the peasant farmers of Germany (the Bauern) or the small tenant-farmers of France.

But he goes on to make an astonishing assertion which will not bear a moment's investigation. He says: "If the farmer ever had, has to-day, or ever intended to charge up against his farm, day by day, the value of his services, on a cash basis, farming would go out of existence."

To any one acquainted with European conditions, this is surely the most amazing paradox ever uttered by a man who should have known better. Naturally, there are unsuccessful farmers in every country, just as there are bankrupt tailors, and insolvent bankers.

The profits to be derived from any business are limited only by conditions, enterprise and ability. If the big farmer

of Northern France, Central Germany, and most parts of England and Scotland did not know down to the last fraction the cash value of the services of every one of his employees from the foreman down to the youngest stable lad, how in the world could he remain on his feet?

It would surely be nearer the truth to say that wherever farming fails to return a proper cash value, or equivalent in kind, for the services of the farmer, *there* farming *must* go out of existence, unless, indeed, there is no other occupation in which the individual can earn a better living.

"A man puts into his farm," says Mr. Dennis, "a large amount of effort for which he gets no return in cash." Note the form of words. Mr. Dennis might have expressed it otherwise. He might, for instance, have said: "A man puts into his farm a large amount of effort for which he does not expect to get any return in cash." And that would have been a very true remark. The thing is of daily occurrence, almost anywhere except in Western Canada. It is just a matter of taste. The effort may have been its own reward—like virtue—or a pleasure in itself, like growing orchids. The French peasant is said to love his land better than any mistress, and the mere sight of a well-turned furrow fills him with a delight unspeakable.

However, the standards of the West are rather utilitarian than aesthetic. There may be flower-gardens on the farms, but even they are expected to have a cash value, to enhance the price of real estate! Of course, the expectation may be disappointed; the investment of effort may have gone wrong. The settler may very likely get no cash value for his effort, but, as a matter of human truth, so far as 99 per cent of the Westerners go it was certainly not his intention to forego the tangible reward.

On the other hand, Mr. Dennis might have said: "A man is bound to put into his farm a large amount of effort for which, as a matter of fact, he gets no return in cash." And the statement, made on such high authority, would have to be accepted as true, if deplorable. It would indeed suggest the need rather for emigration than for immigration!

From the glowing attractions of that double window near Trafalgar Square, with its suggestions of fat bank-rolls and a prompt return to Europe in the wake of the Strathconas and the Mount Stephens, to the modestly jejune inducements held out by Mr. Dennis, what a distance to travel! What a dull stick to come down after such a brilliant rocket!

Yet Mr. Dennis retains all his optimism, "because it is optimism that has made this country." Abstractions are double-edged swords! All's for the best in the best of possible worlds!

This pious sentiment will lead us not much further than it led Dr. Pangloss of immortal memory. If all's well with everything and everybody, then there's no more to be said or done. Let's all go to sleep!

No one could insinuate that optimism takes such a shape with a Vice-President of the C. P. R.

"Perhaps it is better," says he, "in all these schemes to start with optimism knowing that inevitably you will be disappointed."

Optimism at one's own expense—in other words, self-delusion—that is scarcely the failing of a far-seeing captain of enterprise. But optimism at the expense of the other fellow, of what is called the "sucker;" a great show of courage "pour encourager les autres?" Or, again, the optimism of the spider! Well! It is quite easy and often profitable. But is it good policy in the long run?

Enterprise at the expense of the other fellow is very like the action of an officer who should urge his men upon some dangerous task from which they are pretty certain not to return, and for which he himself hopes to get the D.C.M.

This brand of enterprise has been too notorious a feature of all Land-Settlement schemes throughout the length and breadth of the country. Land selling companies have not by any means been the only offenders. Provincial Governments, the Federal Government itself, in the old bad days have followed just the same methods.

Large tracts of Saskatchewan were recommended by expert officials for their splendid wheat-growing possibilities. It was the settlers who paid in hardship, hopeless toil and ultimate ruin for the discovery that the experts had spoken of in complete ignorance. Cattle might thrive; fodder for cattle would certainly grow with great luxuriance in most years. But the wheat—the one attractive money-making possibility—would not mature. In British Columbia, countless landsellers, backed by the Government, boomed the profit-earning capacity of apple-orchards, peach-orchards and the like, to such a pitch that inevitably, within a very few years, overproduction must create that sort of hopeless crisis when capital must go without interest, enterprise without profit, and labour without a wage.

If instead of this profligate colonization, these press-gang methods of securing settlers at all costs, profitable forms of agriculture had been allowed to expand naturally under the irresistible pressure of the normal economic forces, prosperity would have been established upon unshakable foundations. Most important of all, the new settlers would feel some confidence in the safety of their investment of capital and enterprise. They would be content to stay where they are. They would not be under the constant temptation to sell out and get away from the menace of a production far in excess of possible or of profitable markets.

To say that farming is a competitive industry, just like any other, is to utter an obvious truth. And yet it is a truth which none of our colonization enthusiasts will recognize. They cannot or will not see that there may be too many farmers, just as there may be too many doctors, too many lawyers, or too many writers for the magazines.

Yet all farmers are perfectly aware that their interests require a limitation of the area under crop rather than an increase. Nor are the grounds for their opinion merely selfish.

If 100,000 acres properly farmed are sufficient to supply the needs of a given market at a fair price, what is the sense of

trying by artificial propaganda to extend the acreage tenfold or twentyfold?

Were it possible to create new demands by increasing the supply, and while maintaining profits at the proper level, there would be economic justification for such a course. But it is not possible, as a rule, and in any case it is not possible beyond a certain point. The only result of too many farmers in the long run must be impoverished farmers and worse farms.

All this is so clear to any student of economics that the hysterical insistence with which our colonization wizards are constantly proclaiming the exact opposite makes one doubt whether to question their sanity rather than their honesty. "The great curse of this country," exclaimed Dr. Rutherford, "has been the extensive occupation of land as opposed to the intensive cultivation of it; when you go into countries where farming has been carried on for centuries, you frequently find people making a good living out of one or two or three acres of land, properly cultivated in intensive fashion. The Western farmer, on the other hand, says, 'I can't do anything with half a section; a half section is no good to me. I want a section.' It is the same old story. Easy come, easy go; they do not really want to farm, they simply want to handle a lot of machinery, and go down east, or to California in the winter."

Three acres and a cow! Shade of Jesse Collings! What an ambitious prospect for the landless of the Old World, who look to the New World for elbow-room and a place in the sun!

A French gardener may be spending $1,000 per acre or more, to raise intensively produce that will sell for $2,500 on the market. An English hop-grower with a working expense of $250 per acre will make a profit of $150 per acre, or a loss of $200, according to season and price. It is all a question of demand and supply. Surely Dr. Rutherford does not suppose that these ultra-intensive small-holders of whom he speaks, and who bear only a very small proportion to the total farming

population, do these things just for pleasure or for show. They can do them, and do them with success, because conditions happen to be right. They live on or near the farms, and take pleasure in their rural homes just in proportion as their farm pays. If it did not pay, they would soon make a home elsewhere.

The history of small holdings in British Columbia is lamentable enough. Imagine small holdings on the rolling Prairie!

Perhaps the small-holders might be self-supporting if they were also cobblers, spinners, weavers and tailors, if they made their own boots and their own overalls, and if they had no taxes to pay. What possible ground of comparison can there be between Belgium or France, where agriculture is protected by a tariff, and Western Canada, where everybody is protected by a tariff except the farmer—who has to pay 35 per cent or 50 per cent more for everything he buys, and must receive 50 per cent less for everything he sells (if he can sell it) than the Belgian or the Frenchman.

No! The new gospel preached by our Land-Settlement Oracles squares neither with the vested interests of present settlers nor with the just demands and expectations of prospective settlers.

They had better invent some more palatable doctrine, or forever hold their peace.

On the whole the umpire's decision is that the Congress orators have had their innings. It is now the settler's turn! You may easily infer how the argument would develop:—

1. The settlers who have already come in require that their interests be protected. Indefinite increase of land under cultivation can only ruin the acres already settled without any advantage to the expected new population.

2. The creation of farms where they are not wanted is not only an injustice to the victim of colonization, but a national economic error. A bankrupt farmer is of no use to any one, no more than a skeleton which the vultures have finished plucking.

3. From the Imperial point of view, indiscriminate colonization can't be defended.

4. This country is after all a part of the British Empire. For decades past it has been slavishly imitating the United States—a hollow farce that is out of date altogether. Land is not an asset if it exists in unlimited quantities. The larger the area cultivated the worse the security. One hundred million acres of wheat would mean general insolvency. This is to the C. P. R. mind a Chesterton paradox; yet it is a fundamental axiom of national finance.

All the wrong ideas prevalent come from applying to land and agriculture principles which no one ever dreams of extending to manufacture; and yet whatever is true of the one is true of the other, only more so.

NOTE.—The Editorial Committee greatly regrets that, owing to some mischance, the letter which must have accompanied the foregoing article has been mislaid. Every effort has been made to trace the author, but unsuccessfully. He is requested to accept this apology for publishing his paper anonymously, and to send his name to the Secretary.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF LAND SETTLEMENT

A REJOINDER

UNDER the above caption there appears in this issue of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE a very curious and, from an academic point of view, rather interesting attack on the doctrine of sound and sane agriculture for our prairie provinces, as advanced in the addresses of Messrs. J. S. Dennis and J. G. Rutherford, at the International Irrigation Congress, held in Calgary in October, 1914.

The article, which is well written, makes it very evident that its author has a much wider and more accurate knowledge of the niceties and exactitudes of English prose than of the conditions under which land settlement and prairie farming are progressing in the West.

Through it all runs a thread of laborious humour, full of unexpected vagaries, possibly the most amusing of which is the tendency of the author, as shown by his repeated use of the words "economic" and "economics," to pose as an authority on economic questions.

Perhaps, however, we are doing him an injustice; he may be serious in this assumption as he apparently is in some of his more definite allegations, although his general jocularity is such as to render it rather difficult to tell where he is in jest and where in earnest. Possibly, like Tammas Haggart, he is an unconscious humorist, and, therefore, not altogether responsible for his eccentricities.

Stripped of its picturesque features and its superfluous verbiage, and, to abbreviate one of his own mellifluous metaphors, reduced to a skeleton, his initial argument is that because in former years the great and unquestioned wheat-growing potentialities of Western Canada were quite truth-

fully heralded far and wide as a means of attracting attention to that region and inducing settlers to go there, the gospel of sane agriculture and home-building now being preached is economically wrong and fundamentally wicked.

No doubt mistakes were made, especially during the last fifteen years, in putting too prominently before intending immigrants the wheat-growing possibilities of our prairie country.

Over-enthusiastic officials,—many of them, under our system of political appointment, none too well qualified to furnish reliable information,—over-stated the case. Speculators, ignorant of and indifferent to the actual facts, busied themselves in the sale of inferior lands to incoming settlers, using, to give force to their representations, government and other official publications, which, in the case of the areas to which they had reference, were well within the truth. Even Providence took a hand, and over a term of years gave bountiful crops, in districts previously considered unreliable, and under methods of cultivation which in ordinary seasons would have ensured utter failure.

Under these circumstances many men, official and otherwise, probably quite as honest and well intentioned as this latter day critic, and like him, perhaps, lacking practical experience in Western conditions, were themselves misled and so misled others into purchasing lands on a get-rich-quick basis.

After all, in view of last year's grain crop and of the fact that on some of the richest lands long under the plough, the yield of wheat per acre was larger than ever before, was there anything so very blameworthy in what they said or did?

There are to-day many thousands of men in Western Canada and out of it, who coming to the country with little or nothing, have in the last twenty to thirty years amassed very comfortable fortunes out of grain, and grain alone. These men do go to California for the winter, when they feel so disposed and are well able to afford it. The admission that, in some instances, the unearned increment in the land swelled these fortunes, only further proves the case, these

improved farms being as a rule, when not retained for the second generation, sold to old-timers or other experienced farmers well able to judge of their potential value.

Even the richest gold mine, however, becomes exhausted in time; so that all this is really beside the case, and were it not for the imputation so light-heartedly cast by our gay-going critic that the attractive double window in Trafalgar Square, showing in miniature what can be seen in actuality every year at Fort William, was a kind of confidence game engineered by the Dominion Government for the undoing of innocent fellow subjects, it would scarcely be worth while to occupy time and space with this phase of the matter.

It is not easy for an ordinary plain minded man to follow his erratic arguments, but our patronizing philosopher, after he ceases to rail at the advertising to the world at large of our wheat producing capabilities, takes a fling at the Farmers' Convention. Here, at least, on paper, he is very much at home. Talk about pent up wisdom, experience and loquacity; he certainly does not pen up his verbosity! Knowledge is to some men, when writing for the general public, a matter of minor importance. So in this case our critic, giving free rein to what must be a most active imagination, depicts a Farmers' Convention. Or perhaps we again do him wrong; possibly this is the kind of Convention he has been accustomed to. Was he on the back seats with the rustics, or in the Town Council, or—can it be possible,—on the platform?

In any case, it may be safely said that, were he at all in touch with Western conventions and conditions, he would not be surprised by the tenor of the addresses at the Calgary meeting. He would know that for the last quarter of a century thinking men in the prairie provinces have been consistently advocating the adoption of mixed farming and home-making methods as against the exploitation of soil fertility.

As to the sanity of such advice there can be no question. He himself cites the United States as a horrible example, and the history of land exhaustion in that country through

continued grain growing should certainly be enough to convince us in Canada that no effort should be spared to prevent a like wastage of the soil riches of our Western Provinces.

Our critic to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no difference of opinion on this point between the intelligent man on the land and those who are doing their best to persuade others less thoughtful or less experienced, to conserve soil fertility instead of first exhausting it and later spending years of unprofitable effort in bringing about a partial restoration.

Does our critic take exception to this doctrine? Divested of time-worn platitudes, shorn of references to lawyers' fees, plumbers' bills, the President of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Dr. Pangloss and other literary curiosities and adornments, his arguments would appear to indicate that he does.

He criticises Mr. Dennis for advancing the view that the home-making idea should dominate the settler, and that once the home is successfully established, profits may be confidently expected from the surplus products of the farm.

He says farming is a business like any other, and right there he shows his utter lack of grasp of the Western situation.

The basic difference between the farmer and the man engaged in any other calling is that the farmer can, by pursuing sensible methods, obtain most of the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life directly from the soil, at a comparatively small expenditure of labour and practically at first cost. In other words, the farmer can, if he chooses, live more or less independently, while the others, including the doctors, the lawyers, and even the writers for the magazines, must, when they have the price, pay him for his products, while when they have it not, they must e'en go without.

That is one reason and a good one why practical men "apply to land and agriculture principles which no one ever dreams of applying to manufacture."

Our captious critic reads into the remarks of Mr. Dennis meanings which neither that gentleman nor any member of his more or less intelligent audience ever thought of. Mr.

Dennis was not speaking of the big farmers of Northern France, Central Germany or England and Scotland.

He was dealing with the very different problem of placing on raw land, with the best possible prospect of ultimate success, men leaving these and other countries in the hope of bettering their condition in life, men with little or perhaps no capital, but imbued with the hope that for themselves and especially for their families, the future would be better and brighter than the laborious wage-earning past.

The history of Canadian settlement proves this hope to be well founded. When we consider the humble origin of most of our Canadian people; when we recollect, as many of us do, the old farm-homes in Ontario, the other Eastern provinces, and even in Manitoba, from which came forth to school and college and to the busy marts of trade most of our prominent citizens and public men, it goes without saying that the early settlers on the land have greatly bettered their standard of life.

In advocating the home-building idea for the prairie pioneer as opposed to the grain mining, soil-exhausting methods which have proved such a disappointing failure wherever followed, whether in the United States or in Canada, Mr. Dennis was doing absolutely the right thing. The past history of our country shows that the farm-home is the dominant factor of our national life.

Who, with a knowledge of the facts of the past and the features of the present, would liken our Canadian yeomanry to the Bauern of Germany, the small tenant farmers of France, or the labouring class of Great Britain from which so many of them originally came.

Again he goes on with much hair-splitting of words and phrases to criticise Mr. Dennis' statement that the farmer puts into his farm a large amount of personal effort for which he neither receives nor expects to receive a direct return in cash. In the course of his lucubrations on the point, the thread of his argument, always tenuous and tortuous, becomes so badly snarled and twisted, that he loses it himself, and after a few

sentimental allusions to the growing of orchids, French peasants, mistresses and farmers, flower gardens and real estate, with a parting fling at the double window in Trafalgar Square, he turns his light artillery on Mr. Dennis for declaring himself an optimist.

Here, again, as in other parts of his tirade, as, for instance, his sneering but pointless interpolations relative to irrigation ditches and model farm equipment, there is evident one of two things, and it is not easy to determine which. Whether the motive behind his wordy diatribes is venom or merely vain-glorious ignorance masquerading as superior and top-lofty wisdom, is "one of those things no fellow can find out."

Does he wish to convey to a world hanging on his words the impression that Canadian Governments, Dominion and Provincial, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and other reputable companies and individuals were, or are, systematically engaged in fishing for "suckers," in practising "the optimism of the spider," in plain words pursuing a policy of deliberate misrepresentation; or does he merely lack knowledge of the true facts and circumstances of the case?

He is very careless of his compliments, but at that he may be given the benefit of the doubt, though possibly he might himself prefer the other verdict.

The weight of evidence indicates that not only does he not know what he is writing about, but that he has been the confidant of at least one and probably more than one of the educated but unpractical failures who have, to our sorrow as to their own, from time to time landed on our shores to take up and later to abandon the, for them, too strenuous and uncomfortable rôle of the pioneer farmer.

It is even possible that he is himself a graduate from this school of visionary victims of their own incapacity.

The records of the prairie provinces and of the fruit growing regions of British Columbia are, unfortunately for everyone concerned, burdened with many stories of failure; but for the vast majority of these neither this great country nor its warmest advocates are in any way responsible. The

personal equation is the most important factor in determining the success or failure of the pioneer settler, and the number of successes scored by people of the right sort fully justifies the optimism which in the space of one generation has transformed Western Canada from a trackless wilderness to a smiling and prosperous country, on the further development of which every far-seeing Canadian, East as well as West, is basing his hopes of future national greatness.

Our candid friend next goes on to discuss the question of over-production, and here, as an economist, real or imaginary, he lets himself loose, with an almost audible sigh of relief. Ignoring entirely the fact familiar to all students of agricultural production, that the gradually increasing cost of living, so evident before the war, is largely due to shortage of agricultural staples, and that prices for these products in properly handled and controlled markets have been constantly rising, he propounds the new doctrine that we have too many farmers and that, if their numbers were reduced, those left would be greatly more prosperous.

He ignores the fact that despite the enormous increase in the areas under cultivation which has taken place during the last hundred years, prices obtainable for agricultural produce are, disregarding war as an abnormal factor, at a much higher level than ever before.

His economic reasoning is manifestly absurd and unsound. He says, "Were it possible to create new demands by increasing the supply and while maintaining profits at the proper level, there would be economic justification for such a course. But it is not possible as a rule and in any case it is not possible beyond a certain point."

Comment is superfluous when we know that the exact opposite has been the case ever since modern transportation facilities began to place new or unaccustomed natural products within the reach of distant peoples, as, for instance, the market created for American and Canadian flour among the rice-eating Mongolian races, or the enormously increased consumption of meat among the working classes of Britain since Australasia and Argentina entered that field.

He weakens as he goes. He attempts to ridicule Dr. Rutherford for urging more intensive cultivation as against extensive occupation of land.

Because the Doctor cited as extreme instances of the first mentioned method the small holdings of Europe, this ingenious manipulator of words and phrases endeavours to make it appear that an old Westerner, who is perhaps as intimately familiar with farming conditions on the prairie as anyone else in Canada, is advocating three acres and a cow for the pioneer farmer. He becomes increasingly obtuse and somewhat offensively patronizing, drags in French gardeners and English hop-growers, harks back to his British Columbia grievance, tells us about cobblers, spinners, weavers and tailors, and as a final master stroke of diplomacy, drags the tariff across his trail.

He presents, not for approval or consideration, mark you, but as the last word of a self-constituted umpire, on his unfair and one-sided debate, four dogmatic statements rather cutely and cunningly phrased, but which, with the exception of the first sentence of the first one, are mere strings of words without any real meaning or substance, but so framed as to catch the eye and, if possible, snatch a snap judgment from readers who have not had an opportunity of seeing the addresses of Mr. Dennis and Dr. Rutherford, from which he has quoted without context only those few sentences in which he thought he could most readily find flaws at which to peck.

He is a clever and cunning manipulator of language; by the use of well turned periods and adroit literary allusions in skilful combination he has produced an article which, while scatter-brained and diffuse, is undoubtedly readable and entertaining. But, when read, it resolves itself into words and wind; to quote the terse if ungrammatical reply of a former Canadian Minister of Agriculture to a lengthy and vicious attack from the Opposition benches—

"They ain't nothing to it."

THE SCANDINAVIAN NATIONS AND THE WAR

Second Part

The first part of this article appeared in " Queen's Quarterly " for January.

AT the opening of the twentieth century then, the political position of all three Scandinavian peoples was uncomfortable and depressing, and that too in spite of the fact that all three had made great advances in wealth, industry and commerce, and that two of them at any rate, Norway and Sweden, had just had a golden age in literature and art. But all that did not prevent them from feeling uncertain and uneasy about the future, especially after the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway in 1905. With that event the great expectations which they had cherished of a united Scandinavia and even of an Empire of the North which should revive the glories of the Hakons and Waldemars of other days seemed to have finally disappeared. Once again the three had missed the road and each stood with diverging tendencies and in a rather embittered mood, facing an insecure future. We have seen with what anxiety even a Norwegian like Björnstjerne Björnson looked on the situation in 1906. And he could speak for all Norway as perhaps no other man could. As for Denmark her pride seemed to have been crushed forever by the heavy hand of Prussia. It is almost painful to read the humble references of Danish poets and authors, after 1864, to their little land and its henceforth modest pretensions. In a book which he published a few years ago a distinguished Danish writer, Johannes V. Jensen, speaks of the ice which lay on the souls of the Danes after 1864 and of their depressing consciousness that their country had fallen from a place amongst the States that count.* He

* See *Nordisk Aaand*, pp. 47 and 118.

does not indeed view the future of small states in general very hopefully, and the way of salvation he preaches for Denmark is if not an alliance with Germany at least a friendly approximation to the land of the mailed fist, and the adoption of what he calls the "New-German" point of view. By the New-German point of view he means not only the strong military organization of the State but still more that outlook on life, that realistic conception of world-policy which is characteristic of the new German gospel. Here is a paragraph in which Jensen partly defines it. I quote it, not because it represents Danish feeling or opinion in general—he himself says it does not—but because it represents the point of view from which Germany has found a great deal of support amongst the intellectual classes of the North, even those of countries like Denmark and Norway which naturally fear and dislike her. It is from the head only, not from the heart that such support has come.

> There is no small difficulty (Jensen writes) in maintaining one's faith in the ultimate victory of peace amongst men and at the same time prosecuting war with one's whole energy for the present as the only means to attain that end. The Germans were always a race of soldiers but have always made peace and order wherever they went. The protest against the horrors of war which comes especially from the Social-Democratic party has a better place in the past or the future than in a time like our own when the national boundaries are so ill fixed in Europe and the rest of the world is for the most part in a primitive condition. In itself it is no doubt a barbaric idea that young men shall be trained to kill and let themselves be killed on the battlefield, but the barbarism is not on our side when one considers the danger of our young women being mishandled by barbarous races or our art treasurers being at the mercy of Mongolians. The end of culture is the flower, but you cannot spring over the period of the development of the stem and the leaf. Besides military training has its important civil mission; athletic training and civil discipline have not yet shown themselves to be adequate substitutes.

Jensen, we see, seeks escape from the failure of Scandinavianism in an approach to Germany. We must put ourselves, in short, under the protection of the mailed fist, for there is no hope in England or those big democracies

whose people never take the trouble to understand our situation and are never ready to act. That is at bottom what Jensen has to say. You can see the same tendency in Dr. Georg Brandes, who surprised Mr. William Archer so much by his "colour-blind neutrality." Brandes was once a high Radical, the foe of all Holy Alliances, and rather French in his intellectual affiliations and admirations. Now he is Minister of the Interior in Denmark with an obvious leaning towards the Germany that Bismarck and Treitschke have made. He still flies the democratic flag, however. I notice he has been writing recently in the *Politiken* that this war is owing to the fact that the people have not the least voice in questions of war and peace and in deciding their own destinies, but he adds "and that just as little in France or England as in Russia or Turkey," a statement which surely needs some modification to be just. He is discreetly silent as to the voice of the people in Germany, but he insists that the present war is a trade war and nothing but a trade war, a war over "concessions." It has nothing to do with ideals of freedom and right. That is, Dr. Brandes chooses to shut his eyes to the fact that the great military aristocracy of Germany—the most formidable thing of its kind in the world—has cleverly succeeded in bringing the ambitions and interests of the commercial classes into line with their own ambitions and interests. Yet few have looked so long at the general development of Europe, or know it better, than Brandes.

It is the general need of escape from national weakness and subsidence which is influencing what we may call the higher thought of these Scandinavian countries either in the direction of Germany, or (in the case of less realistic minds) of new visions of a remoulding of races, of new forms of federation "based on men, not on languages or boundaries," or on somewhat Utopian views of the defensive power of culture (kulturvaærnet) and disarmed neutrality. In Norway and Denmark in particular these optimistic ideals have been popular, though they have been rudely shaken by the conduct of Germany in this war. They naturally sought to envisage

the future from some new point of view which would give hope, when the old hope failed. They needed new horizons.

The outlook of the Swede was in several respects very different from that of his Danish and Norwegian brethren, especially after the break with Norway. Norway had been a great disillusion to the Swede and the parting was not without bitterness on his side. There is a passionate outburst of patriotic song from the Swedish poets which leaves no doubt as to the popular sentiment at the time. "Help our mother," sings Lidman, "she was struck, insulted, scorned and deceived;"[1] and in much the same strain Per Hallström writes: "the insult they sought to put upon us may be forgiven but not forgotten."[2] But Sweden is a bigger and stronger State than the other two and the Swedish spirit reacted with a kind of indignant vigour against all the disappointment and disillusion. It did not tend so much as the other two to seek escape in pacifist Utopias but rather hardened into a stern realism and the acceptance of Prussia's *realpolitik* as the true wisdom of nations. There had long been a tendency in Sweden to look on Germany as a possible ally against the menace of Russia. A vague kind of Pan-Germanism even had at times been a rival of the pure Scandinavian ideal amongst the Swedes, and the tendency in that direction naturally strengthened with the growth of German power and prestige and with the decay of Scandinavianism.[3] This new German point of view, as Jensen calls it, includes not only the German view of State policy in relation to other nations but the German view of the proper constitution of the State, of which the chief features are the paramount position given to military training and the strengthening of the royal executive against the power of the parliament. As a political tendency therefore it is most pronounced amongst the Right or Conservative party to which many of Sweden's leading men and publicists belong.

[1] Sven Lidman, *det nya Sverige*.
[2] Hallström, *Flaggan*.
[3] See Bengt Lidforss *Utrikespolitiska Vyer*.

The influence of German ideas is very marked in most of the Swedish publicists. One of the most distinguished of them, Harald Hjärne, a professor at Uppsala, published in book form a series of his articles and addresses from 1880 till 1913.* He is a Conservative but not of the extreme or activist party, and his writings have in general a tone of reason and moderation which must make them a fair reflection of Swedish conservatism. In the articles which were written before the break with Norway it is noticeable how he insists on the necessity of the Union as a guarantee for the security of "the Scandinavian peninsula;" and as the Norwegians have no fancy for being dragged into a war with Russia on Finland's account, he denounces most emphatically the idea of a revanche policy against Russia as folly, "sick folly." We have nothing to do with the rights and claims of the Finns, he says, and he reminds his readers that the Finns have a language of their own and a specifically Finnish or Fennomanish literature, and there is even a Fennomanish party which dates the liberation of Finland from the union with Russia. He even throws cold water on the great "Fänrik Staal poesy" of Runeberg which celebrates Finland's last struggle against Russia. All that was in the eighties and nineties of the Nineteenth Century. But after 1905 there is a change in his tone and point of view. The union with Norway has been dissolved, the power and prestige of Russia have been shaken in the war with Japan. She is not quite the colossal war-power she was deemed to be, though Hjärne who is an authority on these Eastern questions knows she is not so much broken as some think. But the power of Germany in every respect, economical as well as military, is more formidable than ever and her vast designs in the direction of the Balkans, Turkey and the East are quite clear now to the Swedish publicist. He sees the conflict, the "world-war" that is coming, and the question with him and with all of them in Sweden now is, what part is Sweden to take in the great game? Hjärne is prudent, at times almost

* *Österuropas kriser och Sverges försvar* (Askerberg, Uppsala).

to obscurity, in the expression of his opinion, and also a little hesitant and doubtful, for he sees there is danger both ways. But once or twice he speaks out. In a political address at Örebro in 1908 he discussed Swedish interests in the Baltic and how they might best be maintained. They had not much to expect of England, he said, which had other and more important interests to look after. "Rather a prudent approach to Germany was to be recommended, as German interests in the Baltic, if we acted with reasonable discretion, coincided more nearly with our own than those of any other Power. But if we were to expect anything of others, then we must ourselves be in a position to do something for them, to give them something in return for the help we expected to get." (P. 285.)

Mr. Hjärne is very cautious but he is really telling his countrymen that they had better look to their army and take sides with Germany in the conflict that is coming.

Hjärne has also accepted the typical German views of the State. He disparages the pure parliamentary régime as necessarily lacking in efficiency. Even the prestige of "the British Lower House, that mother of parliaments," he declares has disappeared. He demands that the State authority in Sweden shall be strengthened in the person of the king. The State authority, he says, must stand above the conflicting interests of parties and classes. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people he pronounces to be as obsolete as that of the divine right of kings. He dwells at length on the great value of universal military service for the training of young men. It is the same political tendency to which Professor Rudolf Kjellen, the intellectual leader of the young Conservatives, gives a powerful and philosophic expression in his *Political Essays*. He indicts Swedish Liberalism for having diminished the security of the nation, weakened the spirit which bound society together, paralyzed the State authority, and diminished the people's happiness by taking away old values of life without bringing in new ones.*

* *Partier och Ideer*, 1910. Liberalism in Kjellen's sense is almost as much a characteristic of Anglo-Saxon Conservatism as Anglo-Saxon Liberalism. That is, both fall equally short of the New-German point of view.

Hjärne is thoroughly German also in his view of the Eastern question which has long been his special study. Pooh-poohing almost the special claims of national or racial fragments within a great state he makes a strong appeal on behalf of Austria as of high value in the European system. He would recommend, however, that the Russian and the Austrian conquests of old Poland be erected into a kind of independent State under an Austrian Archduke. But for that part of Poland which was annexed by Prussia he has nothing to propose. He has even a good word for Turkey. It is a long time, he reminds us, since the Grand Turk was a terror to Christendom, and he did a good deal in these days even, Prof. Hjärne thinks, for "the thorough cleansing and disciplining" of those Balkan and Levantine regions. It is the new German point of view.

Professor Hjärne has not much respect for the typical Liberal or Radical opinion on such questions. Swedish radicalism at any rate with its ignorance of international relations and its humanitarian dilettantism he declares to be a real danger for the social development which our time requires. As for the ideal of Scandinavian unity he has discarded it as incompatible with a Germanizing policy. It is just as well, in his opinion, that Sweden's policy need no longer be conducted with a regard to Norwegian or Danish sentiment. "We have no such interests in common with Norway and Denmark," he says, "as should draw us from Germany to Russia." On the other hand he now shows a more wakeful interest in Finland's situation. He warns Russia not to drive things too far there; Sweden has her sensitivities. Let us pull ourselves together and be ready for the crisis, is his last word at this time. He does indeed say it would be better if Germany could fight that fight out with Russia herself, the situation being a critical one for Sweden; nevertheless, if ——!

Such was Hjärne's attitude in 1913. It was Russia he always thought of then as the chief antagonist with France in the background. But he is a prudent man and not so

sure after all that Germany with her *realpolitik* is quite to be trusted in the long run. Might she not suddenly make up with Russia, he says on one occasion, and then the two together would cut and carve Scandinavia as they liked? Two months after the war broke out he collected and published these articles, but added a preface in which he advises his countrymen to "make it their business to observe the strictest equity in order to avoid any new occasion of conflict with Russia." What had cooled his enthusiasm I do not know. Perhaps it was Britain's appearance in the fray, or Germany's invasion of Belgium.

In Per Hallström we have a much more thorough-going and enthusiastic disciple of the German. He is a distinguished poet and novelist holding perhaps about the rank that Galsworthy does in England. He is one of those Swedes who have sought refuge in Pan-Germanism, says "we Germans," and has come to look on Germany as the one progressive power in civilization. In his mind Sweden's interests are identical with those of Germany and he is nearly as furious as the Germans themselves against Britain for coming and spoiling that vision of a great new time which Germany has proclaimed to the world, at least for all those who will join her in rearranging it. In a book on the war, *Folkfienden*, written soon after its commencement, his first attack is on Britain, and, like the famous 93, he seems to have rushed rather prematurely, with hastily snatched arms of any kind, into the fray. He too is to defend the Germans from the charge of atrocious usages in warfare. But he does not descend into any examination of facts, he simply explains the charge as owing to the psychological peculiarities of the English. He professes he was unable at first to understand their universal outcry over German methods of warfare. It was only after considerable reflection, he tells us, that he came to understand it as the expression of the horror with which the British regarded a war which for the first time in many centuries threatened their own fields. To them he says a military attempt on England is "not war but murder." That

is his line of defence; it seems rather a weak one now since the continuous revelations of the German spirit in warfare have called forth protests from the whole neutral world. Hallström's book is not of the kind that gives its author much trouble in research. He snatches his arms readily from anywhere. "Are not the English born hypocrites? Have they not produced Fielding's Blifil and Dickens' Pecksniff and Thackeray's Pitt Crawley?" A highly literary style of leading proof to be sure! "What hypocrisy in pretending to be the champion of freedom in company with Russia!" Hallström cries. It is a reproach I have also seen addressed to France, and it might now be equally well addressed to Italy. So at least they must be all hypocrites together. I notice that Russia and her tradition of despotism is a perfect godsend to Germans and Germanizers in putting their case, but perhaps there is more room for hope in the new Russia of to-day than Hallström is willing to recognize. What is certain is that the Duma is a more democratic assembly than the German Reichstag and has more real power. As for the deep innate capacity of the British for hating, Hallström has one positive and unquestionable proof of it. Did not Lord Curzon say publicly, "I would like to see the Bengal lancers on the streets of Berlin" and also, oh horrors! "I hope they'll be in at the killing"?—Yes he did, and I will say I don't admire that style of speech very much, but, O Peter, I think I could quote much worse and much more deliberate expressions of hate from your German Ostwalds and Lissauers.

Peter's argumentation certainly does not give one the impression of philosophic calm, hardly even of sober logic, for he passes at once from these anti-German eccentricities of the English to the general question, why is it that Germany is so generally disliked by other nations. The neutral world, he says, if it were asked would certainly give its vote against "the great nation"—"with the possible exception of Sweden where opinion is divided." Why is this? Well, Germany, Hallström tells us, was never popular; the world somehow never reached a sympathetic appreciation of the great

Bismarck. And the cause of it is mostly fear, Hallström opines; Germany's superiority stares all nations in the eyes. Then Germany also has not followed the fashion of the day. She has dared to get on excellently without "parliamentism" . . "She has conducted her reforms and progress without putting her destiny into the hands of (parliamentary) quacks . . . . and orators who know just enough to persuade those who know nothing at all." Yea, Germany, this honest doctor, has discovered microbes in democracy's most sacred wells and taken "sanitary precautions, like Ibsen's Dr. Stockman, with cold resolution . . . . It is a great and wonderful spectacle offered to our time which we had never suspected of being so sublime." Hallström, we see, has exactly reproduced the German's notion of himself as the stern healer of the sick and confused democracy of our time. He is writing during the early period of the war and is enthusiastic over the success of the German armies; his only anxiety is for the effect which this general dislike on the part of "a hostile or indifferent world may have on the German nature." "Is heroism," he pathetically asks, "to become sombre and distrustful and contemptuous of a world that cannot appreciate it?"

Hallström with his Germanic spectacles on sees many things to puzzle over One of them is the way in which every one seems to spare France in the criticism which is going round. She, it seems, can allow herself all liberties of speech and action and yet escape judgement. So he proceeds to take France down a peg, or two or three pegs. The revanche idea was bad for a nation to live on; French geniality is a quality common to all the Romance nations and is found in a finer form in the Italians where "we Germans" should rather seek it; France has contributed nothing solid to modern political development; French classicism of the 17th century was of less value to civilization than the Italian Renaissance or Luther's Germany; French blandishments led Sweden to her ruin in the Thirty Years' War. As for the French Revolution, mankind paid too dear a price for it. (*O Peter*, what are we not paying for the German one!)

The artistic genius in its imaginative constructions is accustomed to proceed by an implicit half-unconscious form of reasoning. It tends to neglect and even suppress as much as possible a cold conscious logic in these imaginative processes. And it does rightly in this, for cold logical construction is worth little in art. But when we have to pass judgement on things that actually exist, the process requires a cooler observation and a more careful comparison of phenomena. There is a great difference between Hjärne and Hallström in this respect. The professor not only knows more of the relevant phenomena, but he sees more than he says, enough to give a certain measure and reserve to his judgement; the romancer will see nothing and cares for nothing but the point he seeks to make. He is not strong on documentary evidence but relies rather on the higher vision for his case. But he is perfectly sincere in his Germanic enthusiasm and begins his book by formally declaring that the worst and most depressing thing about the war is the way in which "the high and neutral fields of right and just thinking" had been violated in the battle of words. His book ends with a chapter on "Frederick the Great and German heroism" in which he remarks by way of moral that that past history of Frederick's is repeating itself in all essential traits in the struggle we see to-day. "Had Frederick been beaten he would have been a mere adventurer who set Europe on fire for an impracticable end, a miscreant who deserved his punishment. It is only his victory that taught us to see and understand the heroism and moral fortitude with which he took upon himself the wrong in the eyes of men in order that the deeper right which he considered his might secure by victory due consideration for itself in the world judgement."

Very true! Mr. Hallström, we may see, is not wanting in the higher vision, though a little reckless in the lower forms of proof. But the conclusion we would draw from it in Canada is that we must see to it that no victory, nor any ambiguous peace even, puts such a moral crown on Wilhelm II.

Mr. Hallström can hardly be surpassed in his enthusiasm for the Germans and their cause, but he does not occupy the conspicuous place that Professor Gustaf F. Steffen does as a champion of that cause. Professor Steffen was once a revolutionary socialist, but has now gone over to Germany. He appears in very formidable shape indeed, the Third Volume of his *Krig och Kultur* having just been published by Bonnier. Its sub-title is "Socialpsychological Documents and Observations from the World-War," and it consists of all sorts of documents drawn from all sorts of sources, quotations from books and newspapers, from parliamentary speeches and diplomatic correspondence, reports of social-democratic congresses, the speeches and letters of notables all over the world, etc., etc., to all of which when they are German or pro-German Professor Steffen adds due encomiums, and when they are in favour of the Entente Allies due criticism and redargution. There is not much inward organization in the work, though the materials are grouped under certain heads and a plan of treatment shines through here and there. In the first two chapters of the First Volume Professor Steffen occupies himself with documents chosen to illustrate the national self-consciousness of the Briton and the German respectively, especially as regards the State policy by which their empires are maintained and developed. As Professor Steffen treats it, it comes to mean practically their philosophy of war. The professor knows of course he will have plenty of material for Germany from the Treitschkes and Bernhardis who have made German war philosophy famous enough. But he is evidently embarrassed to find any suitable scientific literature of this kind in England for documentation. There has never been any such philosophic preparation of the national mind for war in that country. So what does he do but take a book in which a clear-headed American, Homer Lea, with a turn for speculative deduction, expresses his ideas about world-states and the situation of the British Empire—and treat it as a document in English psychology, "as a systematic

expression of the fundamental views of the English people and English statesmen in the sphere of world-politics"! Twenty pages does he spend in showing that Homer Lea (an American globe-trotter with a speculative interest in political problems) is a cold-blooded Machiavellian whose "world of thought (I will translate him here word for word) is built in a frightfully one-sided way on an acknowledged brutal theory of the struggle for existence;" "acknowledged" and "brutal" are put in leaded type. He even proves to his own satisfaction from Homer Lea's maxims that there must have been a premeditated violation of Belgium's neutrality on the part of England! (pp. 15 and 22). And the sole connection he establishes between England and Homer Lea is that he persistently calls Mr. Lea an Anglo-Saxon, though he admits he knows nothing about him.

In the second chapter of his First Volume he begins his documentation of German war philosophy by remarking ironically on the demonstrations of moral horror with which the British received Bernhardi's *Germany and the Next War*: "great right had they to do so, seeing Bernhardi's philosophy of war is the very twin brother of Homer Lea's." (p. 24.) Even German professors could not beat that kind of "documentation" against Great Britain, and they have done some wonderful things that way, things that make me reflect that after all it is Goeze and not Lessing that we must take as the general type of German intellect. When you come to Professor Steffen's documentation of German philosophy about war and the State you find it hardly corresponds to the richness of the material, that great literature from the "blood and iron" speeches of Bismarck, the treatises of Clausewitz and Bernhardi, the war-calls of Treitschke down to later Reventlows, Delbrücks and Ostwalds; even a less learned gentleman than Professor Steffen might find much to do here. But Professor Steffen's documentation in this case is not formidable. Bernhardi gets off from him much more lightly than poor Homer Lea; a page and a half of high sentiment on Germany's mission, the deep ideality and

universality of the German, etc., etc., that is all you get of Bernhardi; then a fine sentence from the theological Professor Eucken declaring that "our powerful activity in outward things does not prevent our inner life being as deep, as rich and as universal now as it was before"; similar impartial testimonies to the entire spirituality and ideality and incomparable worth of the German nation from Professors Harnack and Rein.

That is Professor Steffen's documentation in the case of Germany. Twenty pages to Homer Lea, "Anglo Saxon globe-trotter," and nine to the war literature and philosophy of Germany. No, that is not quite correct; of these nine pages two are devoted to a diatribe on English individualism and insularity and a quotation from Kipling:

> He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth,

which stands there—along with the chapter on Homer Lea—to prove the cold-blooded instincts of the British people for war.

The Third Volume of Professor Steffen's work has just appeared, but I cannot say I think any more highly of its reasoning and "documentation" than I do of the First's. The professor admits Germany willed the war (p. 4), but she willed it rather than "a continuance of peace under certain conditions," just as Russia willed war rather than see Austrian troops marching into Servia; just as Belgium willed war rather than "declare herself passively and peacefully neutral at all costs;" just as France . . , just as England . . , and so on. It is the sophism by which all distinctions are obliterated. One might as well say "just as ancient Greece willed war rather than be passively overrun by the Persians, or Switzerland rather than be annexed by Charles the Bold." Professor Steffen does not seem to see that a very serious onus of proof lies on the nation that first wilfully substitutes the arbitrament of war for the ordinary forms of international competition, a much greater onus than on the nations that are obliged to accept the substitution. Then Professor

Steffen follows, of course, with pages on Germany's need of "room for geographical, economic and political development." It is difficult to see what limit could be put to this comprehensive claim for development. Most people would think Germany had done extraordinarily well in the last thirty years. Bismarck used to declare he was quite content with less. But Professor Steffen's plea would justify Germany in seizing Brazil or Cuba to-morrow and going to war with the United States over it.

Professor Steffen has often a very simple art of presenting Germany's case. It consists in simply losing sight of certain large general facts in the case and discussing the question on other grounds. For example, everybody knows the superior numbers and immensely superior preparation with which Germany took the field and how she counted on striking France down before the slow and unwieldy forces of Russia could be fully marshalled. It turned out differently. The rush on Paris failed. Russia and even Britain had time to collect their strength. Still later Italy came in. The German program for a quick crushing blow had gone to pieces and Germany and her allies eventually found themselves facing four great Powers fully armed. This enables Professor Steffen to argue that Germany could never have been so foolish as to seek voluntarily a war with such an assemblage of forces. Here are his own words which he intends to be finely ironic: "German militarism.... is then the most insane thing in the world inasmuch as it voluntarily prepares its certain downfall by an absolutely motiveless offensive war against almost all Europe, nay almost against all mankind (sic). And yet (they say) it chose the moment for attack which was most advantageous for itself and most disadvantageous for its poor victims." (p. 13.) It must occur to some of the professor's readers surely that Germany neither willed the war nor entered it with "all mankind" against her. When she began to march her soldiers into Belgium she counted on only two antagonists, France and Russia, and sorely was Bethmann-Hollweg disturbed when the British ambassador

told him (the Germans being then already in Belgium) that there would be *three*. And great was the indignation of the German press when long afterwards Italy joined and made a fourth.

With these specimens of Professor Steffen's documentation and argumentation I must leave him. His work is full of inconsistencies and contradictory judgements, as if he never compared what he says on one page with what is on the other. He is very severe on France, the supposed champion of freedom, for her alliance with a despotic Russia (p. 124), but he finds the alliance of cultured and idealistic Germany with the unspeakable Turk to be "a natural proper policy of interest." (p. 8.) He is very satirical in his references to the neutrality of Hr. Branting, the leader of the Swedish democrats, which he thinks is too highly coloured; what he thinks of his own I can only conjecture. He challenges the Stockholm *Social-Democrat* for using the *J'Accuse* pamphlet as if it were a fair reflection of German opinion, yet he tries to convict Hr. Branting of error by a quotation from Mr. Brailsford (of the *Union of Democratic Control*) as if it were a document representative of British opinion.

These three writers, Hjärne, Hallström and Steffen, represent clearly enough the great influence of German ideas and German politics in Sweden especially amongst the intellectual and conservative classes. Fear of Russia, particularly the old Russia of bureaucracy and the ukase, and dissatisfaction with an ill-timed pacifist programme, seem to be at the bottom of it. But there have been counteracting influences also. The ever clearer manifestation of vast ambitions on the part of Germany, revelations of that new Germany whose ruthless and vindictive spirit expresses itself in Bernhardis and Ostwalds, have made some Swedes, perhaps many, pause in their advances to Germany. That genial and versatile Lund professor, Bengt Lidforss, is an example. Till about 1905, his opinion, as expressed in various articles (now collected in book form),* was decidedly in favour of a

* *Utrikespolitiska Vyer.* Malmö.

German alliance as a measure of safety against Russia. He would not hear of a policy leading in the direction of Scandinavianism because it would include Danish interests and be interpreted by the Germans as more or less hostile to them. But when Sven Hedin, Professor Fahlbeck and the activist or war-party began just then to blow up the flame of war sentiment and Lidforss realized that "the great German plans for a world domination on the sea won at the cost of England's present position" were part of the programme, he began to draw back and declared that an alliance with Germany was no longer safe or desirable for Sweden. (pp. 52, 54.) And in 1909 this opinion was much strengthened by what he saw in a visit to Berlin that year. He found that in the mercantile, academic and official classes there was a strong disposition for war and a general belief that the time was opportune, and he also had a glimpse of the *furor teutonicus*, the German frenzy, which seems to have amazed him. It was at a political meeting in Berlin of which he gives the following account:

> One of the chief speakers was Professor Adolf Wagner, the well-known economist, and this was no doubt the reason that the celebrities of the academic world of Berlin were there in such numbers. During his address Wagner happened to touch on Germany's position in relation to other nations and remarked that if any unfriendly power would like to try a bout with Germany the old *furor teutonicus* would give a good account of itself. These words called forth such a violent storm of applause that the speaker had to make a pause of several minutes, and amongst those who were loudest in their howls of applause a group of scientific celebrities was noticeable; in the midst of them I recognized the famous winner of the Nobel Prize, Robert Koch; his features at that moment were entirely distorted, the veins stood out livid like welts from the blow of a whip, the whole countenance had a bestial effect—furor teutonicus.

And one may note that the psychological observation here is not that of a Briton or American, but of a friendly Swede who had always been in close contact with German life and character. Lidforss goes on to ask how it comes about that the German middle classes have changed so much from what they were fifty or sixty years ago; he answers that it is the result of three successful wars of conquest and perhaps

even more of the new capitalistic-commercial point of view which has accompanied Germany's industrial development and "supplanted the old humane ideals, which are now considered childishly romantic sentiment." (p. 97.) And Lidforss wrote all that eight and ten years ago when many distinguished Englishmen were innocently proclaiming Germany to be their spiritual home.

Besides the majority of the intellectuals in Sweden the aristocratic and military classes are generally claimed as in sympathy with Germany. If a recent book by Birger Mörner* is, as one should expect, any fair representation of their sentiment, they certainly are. He visited Turkey during the war and is jubilant over the failure of the Gallipoli expedition, "one of the worst prepared and most profitless enterprises the history of war knows of." He looks forward to the time when the colonies will enquire into it. The students also and Swedish youth in general are credited with Germanizing sentiments. They do not say much about it, as far as I can see, in Sweden, but I noticed that Professor Tonnies, writing from Munich to the New York *Staatszeitung*, says: "The youth of Sweden are all convinced of the necessity of attaching themselves to a greater and more powerful empire...." "They believe as firmly as any German in the great final crushing victory." But that was written in the earlier period of the war.

There are, of course, numerous exceptions to this Germanizing tendency in all classes, and amongst the social-democrats and independents there is a strong party which still holds by "old" British and French ideas of freedom and has not been slow or backward in expressing its distrust of German politics and of the Germanizing policy which at times seemed to dominate in the Government. There has been plenty of Swedish literature on this side, such as Anton Nyström's comprehensive survey of European politics in *Fore Under och Efter 1914*, and C. N. Carleson's biting exposure of German sophistries in *Varaldskrigets Kulturbejd*. Never in the history

* *Med Profetens Folk.*

of the world, indeed, has a nation lain under such a weight of accusing voices as Germany to-day. With the later progress of the war, which showed at least the hopelessness of a German victory, the opinion in favour of a strict neutrality was strengthened and the question was practically settled in the discussions of the Riksdag last May. One of the ablest surveys of the international situation I have read is a Swedish publication, *Sveriges Neutralitetspolitik*, which comes evidently from the democratic or liberal side. It is a strong reply to those very one-sided views of the international struggle for development and expansion which Swedish publicists like Prof. Kjellen and Sven Hedin have made current in the North,* and which are practically pleas for Germany's expansion at the cost of every other nation—but their own. The book is anonymous—which is significant enough of Swedish politics—but it is written by a man who has a perfect command of his material whether he is treating of German, British or Russian politics, at home or abroad. He takes the cover off things but with no raw or inexperienced hand. In particular he exposes the hollowness of the pretensions under which Germany has sought to cover her great raid on Europe. He sees clearly—what is after all an open secret—that the new Germany is more of a menace to Europe's peace than the old bugbear of Russia, and he states it simply and clearly:

> It is not Russia that threatens Europe's tranquillity with her expansion, but it is Germany. With the exception of a port in the south Russia has all that it needs: a gigantic land which well tilled can nourish a gigantic population and support with its woods and minerals an industry of unlimited dimensions. Germany is comparatively a small country with limited resources which already have been largely used up and neither suffice for the maintenance of population nor the movement of industry, a population burning with the desire of activity, constantly on the watch for new fields of labour, methodical and persistent, a strongly organized State, the world's greatest military power, and a government fully persuaded that Germany has not the position it has a right to, and firmly resolved that it shall get it. Compared with "the German idea"

* For example, Kjellen's *Stormakterna*. Tredje Delen, pp. 118-144.

as it is supported by the German State-power, Panslavism's instinctive striving to assemble all the Slavs under the Russian sceptre is like a family partnership compared to a world-trust.

Besides the natural distrust which Swedish democrats have of German politics, what has done most to modify Swedish sympathies with Germany is the startling revelation of the German spirit in its methods of warfare. The Lusitania incident brought forth a memorable public protest from a great number of Sweden's most distinguished men. Sweden has also suffered much from German submarine and mining operations. Published statistics show that up to February of 1916 alone, about 40 Swedish ships had been sunk and 128 lives lost. Ellen Key, that popular Swedish authoress, in her latest book on the war (*En djupare Syn paa Kriget*) speaks emphatically of the baneful influence which "the Prussian system" has had on the German spirit. "Nothing," she declares, "has hurt Germany's position in the world so much as its defence of usages of war which are atrocities (*grymheter*) executed by military command, systematically planned and carried out as a duty. They are far more revolting than the Russian atrocities which are committed by a people kept in ignorance." (p. 242.) Johannes V. Jensen, the Dane, has also, I notice, been renouncing Germany as wholly governed by an evil "Wendish-Prussian" spirit.

The attitude of the Swedish government under the premiership of Hamarskiöld, while it has maintained an official neutrality during the war, has at times reflected these strong currents of sympathy with Germany amongst the upper classes. This was apparent enough in the diplomatic correspondence which passed between the Swedish and British governments on the question of the detention of mails. The real point in that discussion seems to me to be whether Sweden, being at peace, has a right to depart as far from the ordinary arrangements for transmission of mails as Britain and her allies were doing under what they considered their rights as belligerents in a great war. The

question is debatable on the principle of reprisals and need not occupy us here, but in the Swedish official notes there are at times points of malice plainly intended to cover and support Germany's position, as, for example, in the despatch of January 21.*

The question of the mails was finally settled in August in a sweet-sour way, both governments doing the best they could under difficult circumstances. But in September a new and graver question arose between Sweden and the Entente Allies. At the very beginning of the war Denmark with the consent of the Allies had closed her straits by mines, as otherwise Germany had threatened to do it. That left the Öresund or Strait between Denmark and Sweden the only passage for the Allies into or out of the Baltic. The Swedish government now closed that passage by mining a narrow part of it, the Kogrundsrännen, and prohibiting all trade there except in Swedish ships. Economic reasons had no doubt something to do with this decision. But the Öresund is a critical spot internationally—Czar Nicholas called it one of the two keys to Russia—and it was unfortunate that the closing of the Sound had the effect of facilitating the naval operations of the Germans and hindering those of the Allies. It was in contravention also of a special treaty with Italy. The measure called forth an expression or conflict of public opinion which must be a very fair reflection of Swedish sentiment at this stage of the war. Hr. Branting, the leader of the Social-Democrats, fell upon the government tooth and nail and declared that the majority of the Swedish people were with him on this question. Varner Ryden, an influential Socialist, also wrote in the *Arbetet* that the Government had not "the support of a united Swedish opinion" in mining the Kogrundsrännen, as "the desire amongst large sections of the people was to observe not merely a formal but a real neutrality," and he adds that the Swedish Government made a great mistake when it gave way to pressure

* See *Diplomatisk Skriftväxling*, published by the Swedish Government.

from Germany in this matter. The independent or liberal press is cautious and reserved on the subject.

Most of the Conservative press, on the other hand, approve of the measure, the *Sydsvenska Dagbladet* declaring it ought to have been taken long ago. The *Skaanske Aftonbladet* and the *Örebro Dagbladet* both denounce Hr. Branting as "a Swedish Venizelos," a characterization which is illuminating in its way. Other organs of the Right preach an implicit and unquestioning confidence in the Government as the duty of all good citizens in a time of danger. To which call the *Afton-Tidningen* answers that it would be easier if the Government's policy were always clearly in agreement with public sentiment.

Of course party interests have their usual place in such newspaper warfare, but I think one may take it as a very fair reflection of Swedish sentiment at this time. Sweden's official neutrality at any rate can no longer be considered as precarious, especially after the recent conference of Swedish, Danish and Norwegian State ministers in Christiania. The terms of the "understanding" between the three Scandinavian countries have not been divulged; they are said to involve merely measures for the maintenance of their common neutrality, but that of Sweden must have been strengthened by the existence of such an understanding. One might hope it would lead to a closer union between the three countries. The existence of States too small to speak with a firm voice, too weak to resist pressure, too weak even to be trusted, has been a dangerous and embarrassing element in the present war.

JAMES CAPPON

IS IT PEACE

The drench of death still clots the felon blade
That stabb'd thy neighbour's sleep; the open grave
Sickens in surfeit at thine endless feast;
The dead scarce taled, the wounded groaning yet,
Martyr and patriot and ravish'd maid
And murder'd innocent cry out for heav'n
To vindicate their valour o'er thy shame;
Still crash thy wheels through covenant and pledge;
Still thine intriguing serpent slimes a lair
In ev'ry land, with fang and cloven tongue
Alurk to poison truth to treachery
And suck advantage from the trusting hand;
And durst thy vultures beak aloud to God
In bare deceit to father on his name
Thy bastard policy of blood and crime
Seal'd by a false and foreto broken peace?
Peace? Fond indeed the dotard who would free
Thee and thy war-lords and the pedlar gang,
Who glut the purse upon the price of blood,
To sharp the steel beneath the cloke of peace
And gather strength to stab and snatch anew!
If earth be arbiter upon thy head
Who hast defied the hallow'd rights of men
And broken laws the decent brutes observe,
Patience awhile, and thou shalt have the peace
The farmstead proffers to the beast of prey!
But what if heav'n pursue that issue deep
Born of the creed that thy necessity
To burn and pillage, torture, rape and slay
Makes null and void the laws of God on high?
Once 'twas the gist of war how frontiers ran,
Whose right should bridge this river, till that plain,

March o'er yon range and build beside the sea?
Now hangs the question—who shall guide and sway
The voice and hand of freedom, honour's vow,
The holy call of hymen, faith, and fane,
The inner shrine of conscience,—God or thou!
Thus comes our banner 'gainst thy hideous strife
A mortal crux chang'd to the heav'nward sign
That calls the faithful to a Great Crusade.
Who comes the final victor from the field
Where souls co-operate and selves compete?
If heav'n have mercy for thy sordid clay,
Whose "most all-highest majesty" would take
The title, name and throne of God in vain,
Patience,—thy sin-born madness too shall find
The peace foul Judas sought for Christ betray'd!
Peace? On thy terms of slavery and shame?—
Shirk death to compromise with sin and thee?—
That were to join the vassalage of hell
And own thy nether darkness lord of all!
What peace for thee and thine in earth or heav'n,
Wilhelm the Antichrist, while hell remains
Thy chosen province, where, with evil eye
Ogling the hags of horror to thy dreams,
Thou darkly dost beget new butcheries
To chill the blood of babes, new lust and crime
To blanch the lips of maids, new treacheries
And broken vows and foul-play'd traitor blows?
Can peace go comrade at his dastard side
Who plann'd to spoil her altars unawares?
Nay, there is truce for all, but not for thee,—
Thee and thy lords and thy Camorra gang!
Peace for the peasant, whom thy bloodstain'd hand
Scourg'd to the deeds his simple heart abhorr'd,—
Peace for the orphan'd home whose frugal bread
Thy glut of death has trampled in the mire,—
Peace for the witless dupe thou hast beguil'd
To view thy felon scheme as righteousness,—

Peace for the industry whose toil-won store
Thy spendthrift grasp hath squander'd on the grave,—
Peace for the land thy hellcraft hath betray'd
Shall come when thou art beaten to the dust,
Helpless to hurt and humbled of thy throne,
Depriv'd of all the enginry of war,
All terror's tools of land and sky and sea.
Then, though thy hated foe be first to grave
Thy brutal past in the boon field of peace,
While earth shall hold thy sorry land forgiv'n,
With vengeance quench'd by reparation's tide,
How shall her olive branch avail thy soul
Whose self-corruption, like the leper's dust,
Withers upon the touch the healer's hand
And warps to evil aught it brings of good?
Nay, peace shall come; but, with her mounting smile,
The gloom shall deepen o'er the charnell'd way
In hideous isolation thou must wend,
A lonely outcast in a crowd of joy.
Living or dead, in fact or phantom shaped,
Flesh-clad or earth or vagabond in space,
Thy palsied ghoul must face a land misled,
Whose trusting folk have found thee out in shame.
Living, the moral triumph of thy foes
Shall gall thine ear. Thine eye shall see
The orphan's glow'ring hate, and watch afar
The widow searching in the field of blood
Her hallow'd span to plant the flow'rs of love.
There in pale resignation proudly borne
Her fond remembrance paints the form she knew
Where May's young blossoms lit their trysting bower
Beside the twinkling stream that mocked all care,
While the sweet mavis set their vows attun'd
To life's eternal song; or on that day
The link of wedlock on his knightly arm
Had swept all tangles from their path to heav'n;
Or in that moment when his anguish'd brow

Weighed duty in the balance, and her love,
Strong as the bands that moor the drifting stars,
Bade honour win the beam and bear him forth
To quit him nobly at his country's call.
Thus faith triumphant in her fearless eye
Sees through the mound of death a hero's mien
Biding her tryst in some blest hour to be.

Wilt thou see death transfigur'd in the grave
To beauteous life beyond? From thy dark sight
No vision'd hope, no flow'r-strewn turf can blind
The million shamble-pits that butcher hands
Have chok'd to slake thy carrion desire.
Viewless in faith, thine autotheist eye
Beneath the screening sod shall only find
Thine own blood-graven handiwork in death,—
No soul divine, only the shatter'd clay,
The rot and reek of shapeless mortal shreds
Blasted and crumpled; not the image blest
A patient God makes perfect age by age,
But broken tools, discarded from thy hand,
That rise to smite thee in thine hour of fall.
Their large forgiveness from the life beyond,
Thy heart, long locked to ruth, shall latch away.
To thee, like mouths agape, each martyr gash
With ragged lip shall curse the natal hour
That draped thy skull and bones with felon dust,
Or move in fervent pray'r that fate may speed
Thine advent where the unrespecting worm
Beneath thy rafter'd ribs his court shall hold,
And writhe his orgies round thy hollow heart
Empired of all an emperor's domain.

Turned from the widow's tear, the orphan's hate,
The dead's reproach, thy restless eye shall meet
The cripple's gaze, and in his plight shall see
The millions maimed upon thy single word,
Wreck'd human remnants, whom thy guilt condemn'd
To drag a fate more bitter far than death.

Ruin'd of life nor rescued by the grave,
Robb'd of their priceless legacy of toil
For self-dependence and their country's worth,
Fall'n from the ranks they watch the tide press on,
Left by the way all desolate to bide
The pittance bare a prosper'd land affords
Her sons who gave their all to save her need.
Struck out of strength and action they must bear
The mocking brutes who make their torture's throe
A mummer's jest, or raise the mimic's jeer,
And penalize the cripple for his pains,
That he who suffers most must feel the more;
Save where sweet mercy sheds her silent glow
To light their darkness through the lonely day
Till death shall wake the dawn of work anew.
What peace can clear thee of these crumpled lives
Thy sin hath wronged more foully than the dead?
Broken, disfigur'd, blind, unnerved, insane,
Dislimb'd, unfeatured, they shall haunt thy brain;
By day the flesh, by night a phantom host,
Drawn from a dozen lands all steep'd in blood
At thy behest, shall crowd in phalanx deep
To stack their sharded members o'er thy bed
Till, palace-high, their grim and ghastly pile
Makes for all time the fitting monument
For thine imperial fame. Well mayst thou shriek
For death's cold mercy in thy smother'd dream!
But art thou sure of peace beyond the tomb!
Are the wise fools of earth's academy
Faultless of sight, who hold the cluster'd heav'ns
Barren of life,—God but the priestcraft name
Thy feigning lip spat forth in falsehood pray'r?
Ponder it well;—perchance yon stream of blood
May sluice the wheel that mills thy grinding fate
Where God's great quern shall husk thy soul of sin,
If aught be left when thou art winnow'd through!
Death puts no finis to a foul-play'd tale;

Fame's jackal sleuths rush with revealing snout
To stench the actor's trail, and tongue abroad
The infamy that feeds them. So for thee
And thy doom'd caste, earth's darkest tragedy
Dinning its trumpet to the farthest skies
Sickens the peopled heav'ns. Thy patriot dead,
Their ghostly eyes full open'd by the grave,
May see thee throughly now, no hero king
Wise-counsell'd in an honour'd land humane,—
Only an autotheist, madly vain,
Puff'd by his war-wolves and the flatterer's wile
To dupe, betray, and drive to pirate sin
A land that soon had won the world in peace
By art and industry;—no eagle crest
Holding the forefront of the hottest fight,—
Only the vulture, gloating for his prey,
Beaking in bald hypocrisy to God
From some well-tended perch, whence for his whim
He sent his conscript heroes down to die,
And called them cowards if, unclaim'd of death,
They came in failure from the fires of hell.
Thou needst be brave to face such eyes as these!
What peace for thee and thine in all the spheres,—
Thee and thy gang, for thou dost stand for all,
Wilhelm the Antichrist, whose idiot eye
Could see thyself upon the throne of God
And find no warning in the blasphemy.
Ponder it well; ere, lost to earth and heav'n
The Great Forgiveness pass thee lone in space,
Reading afar the verdict on thy tomb—
Here bleaks a "most all-highest majesty"
Who dipped his arms more deep in blood and mire
Than all before, to leave the mark of Cain
Forever branded on the Prussian brow.

VAUTIER GOLDING

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

CHINESE ART MOTIVES INTERPRETED.

Winifred Reed Tredwell. 8vo. New York, Putnam. Price, $1.75.

It is not until in its decadence, when art has come to be regarded as a mystery and only to be understood of experts, that meaning in ornament becomes obscure, or even vanishes. The simple man, when he decorates the things which he uses every day, uses motives which have some pleasant meaning for him and for his fellow-men.

European art is full of such simple motives. The four-leafed clover for luck, the bee for industry, the lamp for learning, the Canadian maple leaf, are all symbols which we recognize without effort. So there are numberless stories, nursery tales and scraps of history which we make use of in decoration, knowing that they will be understood without the need for any great learning. The twelve Apostles appear on spoons; the twelve signs of the zodiac in our calendars. The three Graces, the seven planets and the nine Muses have all their places in European Art.

Similar motives are in use by all peoples, and, as Chinese Art in some form is to be found in almost every house to-day, some knowledge of its symbolism will give an additional pleasure to most of us. We have to learn, for instance, that a bat may mean happiness and a carp, long life.

Miss Tredwell's book gives us such knowledge in a very compact form. All the usual Chinese symbols are illustrated and described and the principal personages whom we may expect to meet, the Buddhist Apostles or the eight Immortals, are described with their attributes. The book is frankly popular but is sufficiently comprehensive to be of real use. It is well illustrated and the index is efficient, a most important feature in a book that will be used mainly for hasty reference.

It is a pity that the author has thought it necessary to intersperse the descriptions with rather laboured pleasantries. Apart from this, the book is very readable and, as the writer claims, contains information which would have to be sought in many and expensive volumes. The price, however, seems rather high.

IMPERIAL UNITY AND THE DOMINIONS.

By Arthur Berriedale Keith, D.C.L., D. Litt., Oxford. Clarendon Press, 1916. Price, 12s 6d net.

Prof. Keith's *Responsible Government in the Dominions*, published in 1912, at once took rank as a classic. Its three volumes, besides accumulating a great mass of detail, not easily accessible elsewhere, presented for the first time a complete view of the autonomous government of those portions of

the British Empire which are now known as the Dominions. In the volume before us he brings the story up to date, describing the events of the last four years, which have been years of high importance in the development of self-government. Valuable as this part of the work is, however, the interest of most readers will be more particularly enlisted by the second part of Dr. Keith's work, to which he gives the title "Possibilities of Union." To the discussion of this absorbing topic the author brings very high qualifications. Many years spent in the Colonial Office and latterly in the Dominions Department, together with an intimate association with the work of the Imperial Conferences, have given him exceptional means of knowledge of the existing relations between the Home Government and the Dominions. But Dr. Keith has deserted the Colonial Office to become Regius Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Edinburgh. He writes, therefore, free from the restraint of official reticence. That he has enjoyed his liberty is very apparent. Perhaps he has sometimes let himself go rather further than good manners (to say nothing of discretion) permit. But the dispassionate reader will be able to give their proper weight to his criticisms without being provoked to anger by an occasional shrewishness of phrase.

Dr. Keith is not one of those persons who, having excogitated a scheme for federating the Empire, present it as the only solution of a very complicated problem. He has too much knowledge of his subject to be seduced by such easy methods of reconstruction. Federal government, more than any other, engenders friction. For the present "the efforts of statesmen must be bent on removing as far as is practicable all grounds of friction between the several parts of the Empire, and on promoting unity of sentiment and action upon common problems." With such ends in view, Dr. Keith is content to reduce still further the slight control which the Imperial Government exercises over the affairs of the Dominions. Thus he would, as is reasonable, concede to any Dominion which has not already got it full power to change its constitution without reference back to the Imperial Parliament. Governors, he thinks, should no longer retain any personal control in the sphere of executive government. They should act always on the advice of Ministers, as the Crown does in Great Britain, whether in regard to the dissolution of Parliament or the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, or in any other matter whatever. Again: while the supremacy of Imperial over Dominion legislation shall be retained, the power of the Imperial Government by means of reservation and disallowance to control Dominion legislation should be formally abandoned. On the other hand, in order to preserve the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a supreme court of final appeal for the Empire, it should be given a real Imperial character by providing for the effective and continuous representation of the Dominions amongst its members. Other recommendations

are: that all legal restrictions of the power of Dominion Parliaments to regulate merchant shipping should be removed; and that in the interest of Imperial unity, the Dominions should give free and unrestricted entry into their territories to all educated British Indian subjects. In connection with this last suggestion, the right of India to representation at the Imperial Conference is strongly urged.

As regards constitutional developments of a more positive character, Dr. Keith preserves an attitude of critical aloofness. Certainly he does not expect or desire the speedy realization of a federal executive responsible to a federal parliament. The possibilities of Imperial Conferences are subjected to a searching analysis with the conclusion that there is very little that they can usefully undertake. The precedent set by Sir Robert Borden in having a member of his Cabinet permanently resident in London is approved; but it is a practice which the other Dominions may not readily follow; first, "because of the reluctance of any Dominion to imitate another;" secondly, because the prolonged absence of a minister from home might prove an embarrassment, particularly in Australia and New Zealand, where parties are often very evenly balanced.

Dr. Keith believes in the Empire and its destiny. He does not believe in forcing the pace. "The attainment of true organic unity for so great an Empire and so diverse elements, scattered widely in space, is a task far exceeding that of any federation yet accomplished, and it may well be that the form which ultimately will be evolved will be one which has no existing parallel."

"I POSE."

Stella Benson. Macmillan Co., Toronto, 1916, $1.25.

One might paraphrase "Hedda Gabler's" "girl with the irritating hair," and call this "the book with the irritating style." It has many other qualities, many of them good. It is clever, it is amusing, it has originality, and when the author allows the pose to slip, it is genuinely moving. But one would welcome more breathing-space between its self-conscious cleverNesses.

The story itself is restful in its total abstinence from probability; no one can feel bound to criticize it from the point of view of verisimilitude. It blends farce and sheer romance; and the characters in it are for the most part entertaining caricatures, showing only an occasional tendency to serious characterization. A penniless hero, sent on an errand across the ocean by the acquaintance of a night; a suffragette of incendiary intentions, with whom he blamelessly elopes, for the safety of England; their adventures with an earthquake: behold the principal materials of the tale. The mocking touch with which they are handled is not incompatible with occasional strokes of hard sincerity; for instance, the writer's insistence

that a child may be sick even to death without thereby becoming either saintly or attractive.

After the return to England of the two chief persons, the underlying seriousness of the book becomes apparent. The reader finds himself an onlooker at scenes that are decidedly not farcical; and the writer's manner becomes much more direct. In this changed attitude of mind, she hurries on to the unexpected and violent catastrophe; scarcely necessary, it seems, to the story, but serving its purpose in converting farce to tragedy. The last impression left by the book is one of genuine conviction and social feeling. Those who desire "light reading" need not, however, avoid it on that account; the pill is very well coated.

THE WOMAN—BLESS HER.

By M. MacMurchy. S. B. Gundy, Toronto, $1.00.

It is a plea for organization and co-operative effort, and the author in her most persuasive manner appeals to the women of Canada to realize their responsibilities and act upon them. The book is systematically arranged, and a careful survey is made of the different classes into which the 2,000,000 mature women of Canada naturally range themselves—the Business Woman, the College Woman, the Country Woman and the Woman at Home, the last type being, of course, largely distributed among the others.

The problem for each woman is to recognize the class to which she belongs—no hard matter, if she is pounding a typewriter for ten hours a day—and then to determine within her own mind how she can best prove herself an efficient economic unit within the complex machinery of the national life. Our Country Women—listen to this you college-bred girls! —are on the whole our most intelligent class, but they are jealously suspicious of their sisters of the town, and this prejudice must be broken down and a mutually sympathetic understanding arrived at. Country organizations, such as the Women's Institutes and Home Makers' Clubs, should be strengthened and should take within the scope of their activities the investigation of improved methods of buying and selling, and, generally speaking, the country woman should concern herself with everything that might serve to check the urban drift of our population. The chapter on the Woman at Home faces the fundamental woman problem in a country where 90% of the women marry.

Generously disposed as Miss MacMurchy is to the widest expansion of a woman's opportunities to work how and where she will, she still insists with the wise men of old that home making is her supreme vocation. Her inference from observation is that wastefulness and ignorance check our national growth at the source and the logical remedy must lie in an

education that will make women aware of the real difficulties of the problem and in an organization that will make her solutions effective.

Needless to say, coming from Miss MacMurchy's pen, the book is well written, and the careful analysis of an actual situation will commend it to thoughtful readers. She has written a timely book on the part that the Canadian woman should play, rather than actually plays in nation-building.

ANTHOLOGIES.

1. *The Book of Sorrow: Andrew Macphail. Oxford: Humphrey Milford, $2.00.*
2. *Canadian Poets: J. W. Garvin. Toronto: McClellan, Goodchild, $2.00.*

1. All lovers of poetry have their secret anthologies, in which (to keep the beautiful Greek image) they store the flowers whose beauty they hope will not fade for them. The publication of an anthology rouses curiosity and criticism, for we can compare it with our own, and enjoy the differences unless indeed they exasperate us too much for pleasure.

Anthologies are of many kinds: collections of the presumably best, by a kind of majority vote; collections of samples; the expression of a series of moods or a line of thought; the revelation of an individual taste. They are sometimes built into a scheme, as is the Poet Laureate's *Spirit of Man*. Dr. Macphail's is a notable example in this kind. Each has a gravity which goes far to disarm criticism. This is especially true of the *Book of Sorrow*, for it reveals the long consolations of a devout lover, who has collected and fitted together with affectionate patience many things lovely and not a few rare. Inevitable differences of taste we can cover by a mental reservation to the opening words of the Preface. "This Book of Verse contains all that has been said, all, indeed that can be said upon the theme of Sorrow." We will follow Charles Lamb's example and "deny it at a venture." This is no doubt what Dr. Macphail expects and is fully prepared to meet. But what really matters at the moment is not the satisfaction of the sophisticated taste of critics. The book is published as a contribution to the comfort of a bereaved generation, to whom it offers the varied ministrations of the most sensitive and most sympathetic of the arts.

2. Mr. Garvin's is a collection of samples of the poetry of Canada during the last fifty years. He has chosen 360 pages of the verse of fifty authors—enough to give a very good idea of the variety and quality of Canadian poetry. This, it is true, is only half the field covered by Mr. Wilfrid Campbell in the Oxford Book of Canadian Verse. But Mr. Garvin does not attempt the same historical completeness; he aims to illustrate more fully the poetic movement of the present. It is indeed in the work of living poets, especially the less well known, that the specific value of this anthology lies, while there is enough of established reputation to enable comparison.

There are excellent portraits, full biographical details, and critical introductions. These introductions are the least satisfactory part of the book; they are of very various value as well as origin, and in any case they come between the poet and his reader with too little warrant for the intervention. If the poems were worked into a consistent body of criticism (as in William Archer's beautiful *Poets of the Younger Generation*) it would be very different. As a matter of serious book-making we should like to see the essential dates and facts briefly recorded under the portraits, the critiques omitted, and the friendly expansiveness of the biographies reduced into an appendix. They are less in place in this book than they were in the serial form in which most of them first appeared. We hope the regrettable difficulty over the copyright of the work of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts and his sister will be overcome, and that a second edition will soon give the opportunity for the inclusion of more of their verse, as well as for songs of new singers, for which Mr. Garvin's enthusiasm is evidence that he is listening. Meanwhile this handsome volume will certainly, as its publishers believe, "increase the pride of Canadians in their native talent," and so do good service to the cause of literature.