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University Magazine

MONTREAL.

SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL, Editor.

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

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

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

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

GERMANY'S DOWNFALL The most awful tragedy in human history is drawing now to its inevitable end. Much sooner than would have seemed possible a few short months ago, the ruthless and conscienceless champions of the "Mailed Fist" have been made to bite the dust. When the rulers of Germany inscribed on their banners the dread alternative of "World-power or Downfall," they knew the stake for which they meant to play. The war game has gone against them, and the German Empire is shattered to fragments. In its final stages, the drama marched to a swift and almost precipitate conclusion. Never since the world was conscious of itself, as a world, have so many earth-shaking events been crowded into the space of a few short weeks. Compared with this collapse, the downfall of Napoleon one hundred years ago was almost a local circumstance. By the defection of Bulgaria and the capitulation of her other allies, Germany was left friendless and alone. She did not think it worth while—though the Kaiser gave vent to some crazy rhetoric, in the pauses of his prayers—to repeat once more the lie which Austria (possibly with more show of reason) still uttered as she was sinking, viz., that she had been waging a war of defence. Turkey's withdrawal was hastened by the splendid British victories in Palestine. But it was on the Western front that the issue was decided, as most of us foresaw would inevitably be the case. For this we have to thank Marshal Foch and the armies of all nationalities under his supreme command. They could not have done better than they did. Some profess to regret that the German forces were not decisively beaten in the field. But it amounts to the same thing. Marshal Foch had the enemy on the run, facing disaster. Apart altogether from what was happening inside Germany, her military leaders had good reason for throwing up their

hands, and making what amounted to an unconditional surrender. The refusal of an armistice, when asked for under such circumstances, would have involved unnecessary bloodshed: it would also have been cruelty to a beaten and dispirited foe. The terms imposed on the Germans guarantee in advance the just and durable peace for which the Allies have been fighting. They know now what we meant by Restitution, Reparation, and Security. We have taught them that war does not pay, and that it cannot be used in the modern world as an instrument of national progress. In the midst of our rejoicings over victory, let us cherish the ambition to use the triumph we have won with a wise sense of responsibility for the good of those who are to come after us. With grave problems in front of us—national, imperial, and international—this is nowhere more likely to be deeply felt than in Britain and her oversea Dominions. Mr. Lloyd George has recognized the defeat of the enemy as a "judgement," and most of us have a strong enough belief in divine justice to repeat, with reverence and conviction, the words used by the historian Gibbon when he said that "even in this world the natural order of events will sometimes afford the strong appearance of moral retribution."

IRRECONCILABLE IDEALS Even while they are busily engaged in setting their new house in order, the Germans will have time to sit down and do a lot of thinking. Additional evidence will no doubt accumulate, from now on, of the horrible atrocities of which they have been guilty in the course of their military and other operations. But why, they may well ask, had they so large a part of the world against them at the very start? It was because they stood revealed to all who had eyes to see as the disturbers of the world's peace. And the motive of their action was that they lusted after what did not belong to them. The rulers of Germany cherished the complacent conviction that the time had come for their country to assert itself as the real chief among the nations, both in and outside of Europe. How

far the people consciously and deliberately determined so to assert its supremacy, is a question which will be easier for them to settle now that they have thrown off the shackles by which they were fettered till just the other day. Certainly no voice was raised in protest at the time in Germany. Even now no German voice has been raised against the crimes and outrages which have marked the German conduct of the war. And till that is done we only deceive ourselves if we imagine that any change of political constitution carries with it of necessity some change of heart. The Prussians are still what they were, and Mr. Balfour was well within the mark when he spoke of them as "brutes." The fact is—though the right interpretation of the fact is very different from that given by the ex-Kaiser—that two irreconcilable ideals have been opposed to each other throughout the war. The first had for its watchwords "Might and the Mailed Fist," "Shining Armour," "Blood and Iron," "Frightfulness," "The End Justifies the Means,"—that end being of course to put Germany "on top of everything"; while the second had regard to fair play and the rights of others, especially those who were weak and oppressed. Its exponents desired nothing better than to live in peace and security with their neighbours, gradually eliminating any reasonable ground of future quarrel. It is well that the second ideal has triumphed. Life on this planet would have been intolerable, alike for individuals and for nations, if the German war-machine, which has wrought such havoc during the war, had not been absolutely crushed.

MR. WILSON

Much praise is being given to the President of the United States for his messages to Germany. They were vigorous and uncompromising in tone, and expressed in terms of the most perfect lucidity. The Imperial Chancellor gave Mr. Wilson his opportunity, and he took the fullest possible advantage of it. If he had felt some difficulty at the outset of the war in making up his mind what it was all about, the President certainly came in with a rush at the end. There was a little doubt at first

whether he was not entering on a dangerous course in showing such readiness to parley with Germany: it was feared that what was developing as a "peace offensive" from Berlin might, with his unconscious assistance, be too speedily converted into an "offensive peace." Mr. Wilson's critics remembered that he had always stressed the point that the United States had no quarrel with the German people, and had frequently insisted (whatever the true significance of that may be) that his country was only a "co-belligerent," not an ally. It was even feared that the approach which the Chancellor made to the President might be evidence of a desire to insert a wedge, as it were, between the Allies and the United States. Be that as it may, Mr. Wilson met the approach with perfect candour, and many Germans who read his missives in their home newspapers must have been aghast with wonderment that their rulers should have invited such caustic comment from the head of an enemy country. The record begins with a dignified and curt reply to Austria, in September. The next step was remorselessly to penetrate and expose the camouflage of German constitutional reform: Mr. Wilson simply refused to believe that because the German Emperor had written a letter promising such reform, and the Reichstag had approved, and the people were reported to be "behind the Reichstag," therefore the military autocracy had been suppressed. That he was right is shown by the fact that all the time the irresponsible Bundesrat, or Federal Council, remained intact as the organ by which Prussian policy was imposed on the German Empire. For the rest, the whole tenor of his correspondence showed that, notwithstanding the old formula of "peace without victory," there was no room for the suggestion that President Wilson was any less convinced than were the Allies that before we could win the peace we had to win the war. Complete victory, in his judgement as in ours, had first to be obtained by force of arms. The essential conditions of a righteous and lasting peace have always been the same for the United States as they have been for us. Mr. Wilson rendered a great international service in informing

the world at large, including the Germans themselves, what these conditions were. And now that he is set on going to Europe, he may render many others if (as must surely be the case) he means to descend into the arena of debate and conference in the spirit of one who is willing to take as well as to give advice.

KINGSHIP These are days when thrones are tottering to their fall, and when Kaisers, Kings, and kinglets show a marked tendency to disappear into the scrap-heap. We need not concern ourselves about the kinglets. They were among the last survivals of European feudalism, and their voluntary abdication of, or forcible removal from, the thrones they lately occupied will make very little difference one way or another, except so far as it may assist the process of democratizing the Central Empires. The petty principalities of Germany no longer count for anything. But it is, perhaps, our proximity to the United States that is responsible for some loose talk in certain quarters about the absolute incompatibility of Kingship with Democracy. What has the King of the Belgians, for example, done to deserve that he should at once be transformed, by force of American logic, into a President? Has he not made good his claim, throughout the war, to be regarded as the true and faithful "shepherd" of his afflicted people? It is surely a pity to mix him up with a practically irresponsible despot like the ex-Emperor of Germany. The same could be said of the King of Italy. The All-Highest is now the lowest down of all men on the face of the earth, and a President is greatly needed to replace *him*. But these two Kings still reign in the hearts of their people, who find nothing galling or irritating in the fact that they are their "subjects," as well as at the same time "citizens" of the country over which their Kings hold sway. And after all, the inhabitants of the freest of free republics are "subject" to their laws and constitution: that limits their freedom. Under a constitutional monarchy, a King is but the living counterpart of the national flag. He is the incarnation of all the sentiments

and aspirations that command, or ought to command, the loyal devotion of those who share the privileges of citizenship. In these days of quick change, it might be worth while to emphasize in our schools (and for the benefit, too, of foreign immigrants) the points that differentiate the British Empire from those which we have now succeeded in bringing to the dust. Our Empire is a Commonwealth of Nations. It has never implied despotism, or militarism, or the subjugation of one race to another. It stands for an ordered freedom in all its parts. And the Crown is the golden link that holds those parts together. No President can be imagined who could fulfil that function of the British monarchy. It is our King who represents and symbolizes for all his people, both at home and abroad, the results of the beneficent evolution which through the process of the centuries has secured to British citizens everywhere the liberties they enjoy—liberties that are in no way inferior to those offered under the most democratic of republics. And all the world knows that Britons have as much reason as Belgians to be proud, on personal grounds, of the King who stands to-day at the head of the constitution—the coping-stone, as it were, of the whole imperial fabric.

THE GERMAN COLONIES

Though it does not figure among the conditions of the armistice, the question of the German colonies is reserved for the peace conference under one of President Wilson's famous fourteen points. There have been indications that the nature of the issue is not as fully appreciated in Canada as it is in the other British oversea Dominions. Britain claims to have entered the war for an entirely unselfish purpose—just like the United States, except that she stood nearer to the danger zone, and had an earlier perception of the danger: how then, it is asked, could she justify herself before the world if she were to come out of the war with any increase of territory? Let it be noted, to begin with, that what British representatives have said up to date is that the German colonies in Africa and the Pacific must on no account be returned to Germany: they have not

said that they want them. For this attitude there seems to be very good ground, unless we believe that in destroying the much-vaunted military efficiency of Germany, and discussing concurrently the possibility of a League of Nations, we have virtually succeeded in restoring the Golden Age. So long as victory hung in the balance, or rather while the military superiority of Germany was strongly in evidence, our enemies used to tell us that the question of the colonies would be fought out on the western front. Well, it has been so fought out. What is to become of the stakes? Are we to hand them back to our enemies? Speaking in Berlin only a couple of months ago a militarist Captain (von Wiese) is reported to have said: "We must demand the extension of our colonies if a victory in the coming war of raw materials is to follow our military victory. We need colonies in the Pacific for military and strategic reasons; we need naval bases." Other authorities on the colonial aims of Germany have made quite recently even more specific demands. Will it be wise to rely on a "change of heart" at the peace conference, before our enemies have brought forth fruits meet for repentance?

OPINIONS IN THE DOMINIONS There can be no doubt that the judgement of representative public men in the Dominions chiefly concerned is emphatically against any retrocession of her colonies to Germany; and Britain can no more afford to ignore or suppress their views than she can afford to disregard anything that may reach her from her allies or co-belligerents. For undoubtedly the Dominions have helped to win the war. The statesmen of New Zealand and Australia remind us that they are looking forward to the development of their youthful commonwealths in peace and security, on a non-militarist basis. For them the question is of a piece with that other issue, the so-called "freedom of the seas," on which our continued existence as an Empire so largely depends. In these days of wireless, and aeroplanes, and submarines, it would be an increasingly easy matter for an aggressive and faithless power, such as Germany has shown herself to be in the past, to endanger the safety of our oversea

communications. The representatives of South Africa dwell on the perils to which the Union was recently exposed by the incentives to rebellion that were supplied by the Germans on their southwest border; they also picture for the future the grave disadvantages from which we shall suffer if we fail to make provision for continuous communication by rail from Suez to the Cape along the whole of the eastern coast. At least equally weighty is their appeal to the record of German colonial administration, which published official reports show to have been one of scandalous misgovernment. The Germans have never even approximated to the ideal that an African colony is a trust to be administered justly in the interests of its inhabitants. They have shown no consciousness whatever of moral responsibility for the peaceful development and higher civilization of the natives under their charge. They have looked only to material gain and military power. It was on these and other grounds that when Dr. Solf, in the beginning of October, went so far as even to demand a "fresh partition of Africa, so as to consolidate our scattered possessions," he was met within a few weeks by Mr. Balfour's considered utterance, in agreement with the statesmen of the overseas Dominions, that "in no circumstances is it consistent with the safety, with the security, and with the unity of the British Empire that the German colonies should be returned to Germany."

W. P.

NIEDERGANG

In terms which have become almost too celebrated, Bernhardi set forth *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* as the alternatives that Pan-Germanism held out to the Hohenzollern Empire. And now it is Niedergang! However specious may be the explanations, apologies, and excuses, no convincing alibi can be produced either by the *Kreuz Zeitung* or by any other exponent of the views which Bülow, Reventlow, and the ex-Kaiser so lately proclaimed in vociferous and blasphemous chorus. Even the *Kreuz Zeitung* itself has been taken over by the Socialists.

Unless they could win quickly, through the use of a frightfulness which would put to the blush the practices of the Iroquois, the Junkers were riding for a fall. And now they have come a cropper so complete that there would seem to be for them and their cause no hope of recovery. Lord Rosebery's "Last Phase" has made widely known the Napoleon of St. Helena, with his vain regrets, and his enumeration of the junctures at which, had he acted differently, all would have been well. What may be the corresponding reflections of the fallen Kaiser we need not pause to conjecture, but it may be worth while to recall the fact that the German General Staff risked everything upon the success of its attempt to take Europe by surprise. The campaign of 1870 was a classic, and once more the end must be achieved by working strictly to a time-table. The fact that the unexpected resistance of Belgium upset that time-table did not suffice to awaken or startle the German General Staff out of its preoccupations. Suppose that, instead of attempting to destroy Joffre by a single *coup*, the unhappy Moltke, with Amiens already in his hands, had made sure of occupying the coastline from Rouen to Holland, as easily he could have done; suppose that he had consolidated his position from Rouen to Verdun, seeking only to contain the Russians until, with a sure grasp of all Northern France, he had studied on the spot (rather than at the Staff College) how to deliver the *coup de grâce* which would reduce a millennial rival to the impotence of a third-class power! To suggest this thought is not to imply that the war would necessarily have ended in German triumph. But how much more arduous would have been the task of bringing the bully to his knees!

Fundamentally, it was a belated ambition, the hybrid of a perverted idealism and a very frank and sordid materialism. How could anyone expect in a pacific, industrial age—an age marked alike by a vital spirit of democracy and an enthusiastic sense of nationality—how could anyone expect in such an age to achieve what the Romans had accomplished under conditions so totally different? On the face of it,

Pan-German *Weltmacht* seemed a contradiction in terms. Yet when we stop to think what incalculable harm could have been wrought in the world by German armies holding all Northern France in an iron grasp, with the submarine as an auxiliary agent, and the inherent weakness of Russian autocracy as their safeguard on the eastern frontier, we can contemplate the present spectacle of Hohenzollern catastrophe with the feeling that Europe and civilization were exposed to much greater dangers from the side of the Junkers than those which the world escaped a century ago when threatened by Napoleon.

A STANDARD OF CONTRAST At the moment when these words are written, that unhappy individual who is now styled by the press "the one-time German Emperor" has found at least a temporary haven at the castle of Amerongen, the country-seat of Count von Bentinck at Maarn, in the province of Utrecht. The fact that Louis XIV once spent a night there, in 1672, however interesting in itself, cannot be thought to belong in the same category of historical data with the occupation of this chateau by the fallen monarch who now seeks it as a refuge.

It is equally cheap and easy to moralize upon those turns of Fortune's wheel that lower the proud, and therefore one may omit conventional remarks. In order truly to adjust the perspective, we must glance back suddenly to what was going on twenty years ago, for it was in the autumn of 1898 that William II made his dramatic, melodramatic, visit to the Holy Land and Damascus. The incidents of that journey, together with the speeches of the peripatetic Kaiser, furnish literary material which has never yet been made to yield its full value. Some time, let us hope, there will appear a writer who is fit to handle this theme in such wise as to develop its full potential. Anatole France has some of the qualifications. He certainly is clever enough, but almost certainly he would be too sacrilegious. Anyone who has access to the file of the London *Times* from 18th

October to 10th November, 1898 (covering the period which begins with the Kaiser's arrival at Constantinople, and ends with his departure from Damascus), will find therein a record which, in its way, it would be hard to duplicate among all the annals of mankind.

The year 1898 was indeed a most remarkable twelvemonth. It witnessed the death of Bismarck, the Spanish-American war, the culmination of the Dreyfus case, and the crisis of Fashoda (which was just occurring at the time of the Kaiser's pilgrimage to the East). With the Kruger telegram, the occupation of Kiao-Chau, the dispatch of Bieberstein to Constantinople, the organization of the *Alldeutscher Verband*, and the founding of the *Flottenverein*, Pan-Germanism was going strong. Thus William II at Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Damascus (coquetting with the Moslems, and suffering himself to be intoxicated by the prospect of Hamburg-Koweit) was already launched upon that course which brought him to his doom. With France and England on the verge of a suicidal war, William II at Jerusalem in the autumn of 1898 looked very much like the Overlord of Europe. And yet there is an organic connection between this spectacular excursion to the Levant and the events which have brought to ruin the last of the Hohenzollerns.

LA VICTOIRE INTEGRALE Ever since October, 1916, there have been printed conspicuously upon the orange cover of "The New Europe" three words which not only make clear the motive of that important publication, but define the purpose for which the allied nations have been fighting. "*La Victoire Intégrale*" is a phrase which implies a great deal, and upon its complete acceptance as a definition of resolve and objective the whole issue has hinged. Pan-German ambitions and Pan-German methods precipitated a crisis in human affairs which could not be settled by any form of compromise. The Germans accepted in its entirety that ruthless and wanton conception which Clausewitz described under the name of "absolute war"—the kind of war in which

nothing is illegitimate that can break the will of an opposing civil population by terrorism and bestiality. In just anger, all who were brave and humane in whatever lands outside the German Empire and its vassal states determined that the struggle should not end until the beast had been destroyed.

In due time, someone will write a history of the Defeatists, and carefully analyse them according to country, motive, method, and cast of mind. In every land there have been Defeatists—some of them wrongheaded, and others actively malicious. But more and more, as the war has gone on, it has become clear that there could be no parley with Potsdam. On the lips of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" was more than a rant, and the Great War has been fought out to its logical, legitimate end in this same spirit.

And quite apart from the resolve of the progressive nations to make an end of Pan-Germanism, there emerged ever more clearly with each month of hostilities the need to free Europe from the double incubus of Austria and Turkey. The Ottoman and the Hapsburg had both been anomalies long before Pan-Germanism appeared in its aggressive and dangerous form. From geographical considerations, Pan-Germanism became identified with the Austrian question and the Turkish question. Fortunately for mankind, the whole pack of cards has fallen down together. The Archdukes and the Pashas are going out of business along with the Junkers. A good riddance to them all! That is what *La Victoire Intégrale* means in politics, on the negative side. Speaking positively, it means the inauguration of an era in which oppressed communities like the Poles, the Czechs, the Jugo-Slavs, and the Roumanians will be enabled to enter the sisterhood of states with firm step and head erect.

MASARYK

Under our own eyes there have passed from academic cloisters into the hurly-burly of practical politics three scholars who have taken a high place among men of action—Miliukoff, Masaryk, and Wilson. It is superfluous to call attention to the degree of

celebrity which is now enjoyed by Wilson, and of Miliukoff one can only pause to say that fate, operating through the madness of the Bolsheviki, prevented him from rounding out by executive labours a strenuous and notable career. To Masaryk the future opens up a prospect of great distinction and usefulness. Like Kramarzh and all the other leading Czech politicians of the last generation, he derives from Palacky, but earlier than Kramarzh he came to realize how insoluble was the Austrian question on the basis of autonomy or federalism under the Hapsburg flag.

For some time past he has been the formal official head of the Czech national movement, and it is only natural to assume that the Czecho-Slovaks will choose him to be the first President of their republic. For such a post Masaryk possesses high personal qualifications. He is not a prophet, like Mazzini, nor an orator like Kossuth. The source of his strength may be found in that sense of right and fairness which belongs to the philosophical statesman. Sagacious yet strong, sympathetic yet vertebrate, Masaryk is well fitted to discharge the delicate and fateful duties which will devolve upon him in the reorganization of Central Europe. No one who is at all familiar with history and geography can fail to perceive how much the Bohemian question means in the new order of things, and all who admire the Czechs on the score of their steadfastness will rejoice that in Masaryk they have a leader who to a strong sense of political righteousness adds wisdom and courage.

THE RED FLAG

Now that the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns have all been swept into the discard, we may look upon Bismarck's *Dreikaiserbund* arrangements of 1873 as a bit of archæology which may be bracketed with the dynastic records of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Divine Right, which has been dead in Great Britain since the battle of Naseby, is now equally extinct in Central Europe, and it is difficult to believe that there can be any

reaction which will have force enough to bring back from the tomb this obsolete conception of government.

What now concerns the world is to establish a golden mean between the kind of freedom which recognizes a law, and that state of rampant wildness which Maine used to call "the freedom of the wild ass." Theoretically, Bolshevism means the freedom of the wild ass, but since this cannot possibly exist in densely peopled communities, we find Bolshevism running into new and fantastic forms of tyranny. For example, if the Associated Press reports are correct, the Bolshevik regime in Russia has been establishing an order of things which, so far as it can be defined at all in brief terms, may be labelled "Compulsory Free Love."

Of course, no reader of this magazine would welcome a class war. But if the Bolsheviks, like the autocrats, insist on having a showdown, the issue must be fought out, alike with the weapons of argument, and—if it comes to that—with the arms of the flesh. How far the more moderate Socialists are to be credited with breaking the force of Bourbon reaction is a matter of debate. Certainly there is *prima facie* ground to think that they are entitled to a share of the credit which belongs to those who have striven against and overthrown Bourbonism. At the present time it is not easy to find anywhere an authentic follower either of Charles X or Lord Eldon. Even the most conservative are willing to admit that the present social order is capable of great improvement. To that extent we are all Progressives. But one may feel himself to be a sincere Liberal—in the broadest sense of that word—without finding any inspiration in the so-called doctrines or in the practical methods of the Bolsheviks. Under modern conditions the races of the world are tending fast to become one family, at least to the extent that ideas are communicated from one locality to another with lightning-like rapidity. Broadly speaking, however, the great social and political conflict of the next fifty years is likely to be that between the English view of freedom, which is grounded upon a proper conception of human psychology, and those conceptions of

Marxian Socialism which are so largely metaphysical, or at least theoretical, as to be divorced from actual reality. Certain things are quite apparent. It is an industrial age, which, on the physical side, finds its vertebræ in factories. Even agriculture, the oldest of the arts, depends nowadays upon highly developed machinery, and the artisans, through whose labours the products of factories are largely created, possess two important means of asserting themselves—the right to vote and the power to strike. By using this leverage blindly and indiscriminately it is possible for them to cause untold misery in the world.

The crux of the situation lies in the danger that uneducated and untrained millions may quite light-heartedly take for granted certain things which are a palpable untruth. Marxian Socialists may pyramid indefinitely theories which rest upon a wholly false assumption—the assumption, namely, that the only true unit of value is to be found in a certain number of labour hours. Over against this assumption stand certain immutable facts, written large upon the human race, since some are born weak while others are born strong, and many are born stupid while a few possess genuine capacity.

To readjust the handicaps of life is a legitimate, laudable, and essential objective; but to handicap those who, by their talents, initiative, and industry are fitted to lead and benefit the rest, is to load the masses with perpetual fetters.

In whatever country people are preaching Bolshevism, it is legitimate for those who are not Bolshevist in temper to inquire what status would the family as a unit enjoy under the red flag, and what provision would that emblem make for the rewards which are due the saving remnant. To some, indeed, it may appear that even to hold parley with Red Radicals is as futile as to debate the political qualifications of the Turk. This view, we submit, is erroneous. Autocracy having been knocked on the head, it remains to adjust the balance between liberalism and radicalism. Here is a problem so momentous that no thinking man or woman can be excused from the duty of analysing the Bolshevist proposition, or from endeavouring to understand the strength and weakness

of radical propaganda. Unless this matter is taken up seriously and exhaustively it may be hard to save the well-intentioned ignorant from false prophets. Never before has the social organism been so delicate. Never before has injury to one social stratum been so likely to bring misery to the other strata.

C. W. C.

REACTIONS The tense emotions of four years of war seem to be followed by a mental inertia and almost bewilderment, as when the spent runner, who has passed the goal, throws himself exhausted on the ground. At such a time the mind seeks diversion in any thoughts which insensibly adjust themselves to the forgotten atmosphere of peace. One remarks, for example, the different reactions of the belligerent nations to the news of the armistice, revealing, as they do, fundamental differences of national character. The simple phrases of the King and of the British Premier gave expression to the deep-seated religious feeling of the peoples of Great Britain, which rises to the surface in moments of supreme emotion. The proclamation of the Municipal Council of Paris was a pæan of victory, an exhortation to gladness, a hymn of praise to the triumphant destiny of France. In the United States of America, President Wilson made known the terms of the armistice in an address to Congress. Here in Canada the news was, generally, received with dignity and self-restraint. Sir Sam Hughes voiced the prevailing sentiment when he said: "I am not celebrating to-day. I am thinking of the boys who will not come back." Yes, our dead will not return. Canadian soldiers will lie near the homes of Flanders and of France, which they died to save. Who would dare disturb their rest, or violate the ground which their blood has hallowed?

CONTINUITY We are told on all sides that the end of the war marks the dawning of a new age; and to be in the fashion historians, philosophers, clergymen have been busy for some time past re-writing history,

philosophy, and religion in the light of current events. But persons who are at all given to reflection will hesitate to accept extemporized systems. Some Germans (all Germans, if you please) are bad men. Therefore German philosophy is bad philosophy, German scholarship bad scholarship, and the German language, an Oxford professor declares, unpleasantly guttural; whereupon some of our hot-heads demand that it be banished from schools and universities. Historians, too, are ready to please. At their bidding the sinister spectre of William II re-embodies in the buckram of his ancestor George III, who, we are now told, was a German king, and alienated the affections of the American colonies by his horrid Teutonism. Poor old George, who "gloried in the name of Briton," and was as typical an Englishman (of a sort) as ever lived! Seriously, it is hard to see why we should allow all our painfully acquired values to be destroyed by the war. If German philosophy and learning are really so worthless, why did not our sages say so ten years ago, and if they misled us then, is there any guarantee that they are safer guides to-day? Nor has the war differed from previous wars except in immensity and horror. In the sphere of private conduct does it raise any fresh problems of duty or destiny; or afford any fresh solution? We may profit by its lessons without making it the occasion for tempestuous judgements in scholarship and literature, or for spectacular improvisations in philosophic and religious speculation.

THE SOUL OF FRANCE Perhaps no document of the war has expressed the spirit of France so completely and finely as the dying words of Maurice Christophe Dréterian, sub-lieutenant of the 29th Alpine infantry, shot through the head in the Champagne region on the 6th of October, 1915. He died in the arms of a Canadian officer, who received these words from his lips:

"Je vis le plus beau moment de ma vie. Je ne regrette rien, et je suis heureux comme un roi. Je suis heureux de me faire casser la tête pour que le pays soit délivré.

"Dites aux amis que je m'en vais à la victoire, le sourire aux lèvres, plus joyeux que tous les stoïques et les martyrs de tous les temps.

"Nous sommes un moment de la France éternelle. La France doit vivre. La France doit vaincre.

"Préparez vos plus belles toilettes; gardez vos sourires pour fêter les vainqueurs de la grande guerre. Ça ne tardera pas. Nous n'y serons peut-être pas. D'autres seront là pour nous. Vous ne nous pleurerez pas. Vous ne porterez pas notre deuil. Car nous serons morts, le sourire aux lévres et une joie surhumaine au cœur.

"Vive la France! Vive la France! La victoire est à nous. Ayez confiance. Ne bronchez pas. Patience! Soyez gais. Ayez confiance."

It is well that these words should be recalled in the hour of victory.

R. W. L.

DO INDEMNITIES PAY

AS the Peace Conference approaches, and the time of reckoning with the Central Powers for the moral and material damage inflicted by them during the war draws nearer, something will doubtless be heard about indemnities. The desire to make those pay the piper who have called the tune to which half the world has been driven to dance at great cost in blood and treasure is natural enough. Not only have Belgium, France, Serbia, Montenegro, Armenia, Poland, the Baltic Provinces and other states, bills against Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria for what may be termed the extraordinary damages sustained in the war, but all the victorious belligerents are entitled by custom and practice, founded on an obvious principle of law and justice, to demand payment of their costs by the defeated nations. Justice is not always served by war, and in many cases the payment of indemnities has been made by the parties actually injured by aggression because they have unfortunately been defeated. The costs of an action at law are rightly paid by the unsuccessful litigant (where the judge so directs), because the winner of the case ought not to be made to suffer for having acted within his rights But war is not necessarily just in its decisions, whereas the judicial authorities must be presumed to be so.

However, in the present case, the justice of the decision reached in the war is beyond question. The Central Powers were the aggressors, their motives were predatory, and, on the face of the matter, they might fairly be mulcted in the costs of the struggle to the victors as well as to themselves. The real question is not the right and power of the Entente Allies to demand indemnities, but the wisdom of doing so.

Supposing that the Central Powers possess, or can produce within a reasonable time, the wherewithal to pay the bills of

their conquerors, the question whether their creditors would be well advised to press their claims will bear closer examination. It is not enough to dismiss it offhand as desirable merely because its justice is evident. Of late years the impression has spread far and wide that the receiver of a war indemnity is not benefited thereby. And a little examination will show much ground for this contention. After the Franco-Prussian war, when the French people threw their personal possessions into the pot to make up the huge indemnity imposed by Prussia as part of the price of defeat in an unjustified war, the losers quickly renewed their wealth and suffered less severely from depression in trade and commerce than did the victors. The latter, in point of fact, suffered quite noticeably the malevolent effects upon their industrial activities of the receipt of the indemnity, Bismarck himself ascribing German trade depression following the war of 1870 to that cause.

What, after all, is the process of payment of a war indemnity by one nation to another? Clearly in a war of any magnitude—certainly, in the present case—there are no resources immediately available for payment. The debtor country is therefore obliged to create them at the same time that it is meeting the demands arising from the interest on its own war-debt and the necessity of earning its daily sustenance: for nations must live in order to work and create wealth. Extraordinary energy must be, somehow or other, diverted into productive activities; thrift is strictly enjoined. The indemnity-paying nation actually benefits in its habits, and cultivates its industrial powers in the effort to meet the bills presented for payment by its conquerors.

The creditor nation, on the other hand, must receive the product of the other's labour in settlement of its claim. Money is valueless except when employed as a medium of exchange. Exchange in this case is one-sided, so to speak; it implies the passage of goods from the debtor to the creditor, but the mere cancellation of a paper debt in return. The receiving nation is apt to have the stimulus to production

removed, its prices for home products unduly reduced and demand for them lessened by the competition of the commodities imported in payment of its claim to war-indemnification.

Strange, then, as it may appear, it is by no means always wise to collect war indemnities. All the nations concerned in the present war have dissipated their stocks of actual wealth. Thrift and energy in production, induced by high prices and brisk demand for the commodities consumed during the war without the possibility of replacement, will quickly begin to redress the adverse balance if permitted to act unhindered. The transactions between individuals in war-bonds, the payment out of taxes of interest on, and of portions of the principle of, the national debts will return to them the surplus products of the people's industry in the form of capital seeking investment. Anything which checks industrial activity will prevent advantageous employment of this capital, and will promote financial stagnation and trade depression. The repayment from any source of the whole of the national debt would be an unqualified disaster to the nation apparently benefiting by the extinction of its liabilities. In many circumstances the possession of a large funded debt enables a nation to store up its surplus wealth by permitting investments to earn interest out of current taxation—the earnings of capital and labour diverted to national purposes; the capital so invested is withdrawn from a money market sufficiently supplied without it. The ability to make safe investments at moderate rates of interest in national securities provides a useful stabilizer for the supply of industrial capital.

If indemnities are demanded from the Central Powers, therefore, the surplus products of their labour will be diverted to Allied countries without the compensating necessity for exchange of Allied products for the commodities received. Competition with the existing supplies on the Allied markets will be set up and prices will be depressed unduly. The home producer will therefore suffer damage because the goods are not received in the natural course of trade by exchange of commodities. But in the case in point, the effects will

not stop there. In order for them to produce the indemnity the demands of the Central Powers for raw material must be satisfied. The bigger the indemnities the greater will be the surplus to be produced by labour and the larger the demand on available raw materials, the cost of which will be enhanced proportionately to the consumers of the Allied countries. The machinery of production must also be renewed, and factories devoted to war-work put to the industrial processes of peace. The stimulus for the rapid adjustment of these and other means of production will be supplied in the defeated countries by the necessity for the payment of indemnities, while the receipt of them and the increased competition for materials will act in the opposite direction in the victorious countries.

Thus the Central Powers would actually benefit in several directions from the imposition of indemnities. For a time, it is true, they would enjoy none of the surplus wealth they were creating. But labour would be fed, clothed, and housed—maintained, in short, at the point of efficiency; industries would be rapidly re-established, habits of energy and thrift induced, and raw materials imported. In every way, short of becoming immediately wealthy, the industrial and agrarian populations of Germany and its partners in the liability for payment of war damages would be the gainers. To be set to work and sustained at work will be something for them to be thankful for rather than to regard as a penalty.

It is probably true that the worst punishment the aggressors in the war could undergo after their military defeat would be to be shut out of the circle of international trade exchanges. So debarred they would be unable to readjust and restore their industrial activities. Stagnation of internal trade and widespread poverty and hardship would result. The state may be economically self-sustaining at need; but it can never prosper and grow in trade and commerce, and therefore in wealth, when isolated—that is, prevented from

sharing in the trade which flows in increasing volume across the international boundaries throughout the world.

Germany and its partners in crime must make reparation for wanton damage illegally committed against the lives and property of civilian non-combatants and must make restitution of the stocks of commodities and machinery of industry obtained by plain robbery from the occupied countries. But the Allied nations must beware lest in giving way to the temptation to make their enemies pay their costs in the war—a course quite just in itself—they should unwittingly do themselves a great disservice and confer on their former opponents very great actual benefits. Better forego indemnities and reap the fruits of thrift and industrial prosperity, even though accompanied by apparently onerous taxation, than suffer stagnation of trade and lessen the reward of home production by enforcement of their just claims.

The suggestion has been made that Canada should demand from Germany payment of all its costs in the war. If Canada is prepared to accept that payment in the product of German factories run by German capital and produced by German industry, and thereby to divert to Germany the food necessary to support its workmen and the raw materials required to fabricate the goods—both of which may be more urgently needed, say, in France or Britain or Italy, but without the added impetus to send them there—Canada might persist until this demand was met. Where individual Canadians have suffered illegitimate damage from the ruthlessness of the Germans, by all means let them be compensated generously, and by Germany. But think twice before pressing the just claim for indemnity for the sacrifices willingly undertaken in the cause of democracy and for the future security of the liberties of the democratic peoples.

ARTHUR E. DARBY

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE

NOTHING, perhaps, in connection with the war has been more remarkable than the growth among all peoples in the last four years of the national idea. This tendency to strong national feeling may be favourable to the development of democracy or antagonistic to it, according as the nation places first in its consideration the welfare of the individual or the welfare of the State. The war has been a struggle between these two conflicting principles, in application to national and racial development. The one is represented by the vaguely interpreted name, democracy; the other is commonly spoken of as autocracy, or military despotism. Neither of the principles for which the various combatants have undergone such enormous sacrifices and sufferings is very clearly defined in current thought. Yet it is of the first importance, especially among the nations who have emerged victorious from the struggle, that there should be the clearest and simplest statement of the principle which they have fought to preserve.

The idea which underlies the German national creed, and which is responsible for the ease with which the military class and the feudal autocrats of Prussia have bent the German people to their will, is the conception of the State as the unit in human development. Worship of the State, rather than any special reverence for the dynasty or for militarism, *per se*, has been the cause of much that is surprising in German institutional development. It is true that, by a perversion in the application of the principle, the dynasty has been, in the eyes of the German peoples, the personification of the State; and it is true that militarism has been worshipped. But the one has arisen from a deliberate exploitation of the State-idea for the benefit of the dynasty, and the class which is indissolubly linked with it; and the other has been made

possible by the knowledge that eventually there must be a struggle between the principle of State-development and that of democratic development, which, spreading throughout Europe and the world, has created institutions evidently antagonistic to those contemplated by the State-ideal.

The identification of both Kaiserism and militarism with the State-ideal is by no means necessary. That has been accidental to the growth founded on the principle; it is not an essential portion of the conception. The glorification of the State has readily lent itself to glorification of the dynasty as representing the State, and to the glorification of militarism and the military class as the means by which the State-ideal is to overcome the heresies of democracy. But that it can exist and flourish apart from reverence for the dynasty and the glorification of militarism is seen in the growth of socialism in Germany and in the development of socialism into the theory of the socialistic capitalist-state, which Dr. Paul Lensch voices in his recent book, "Three Years of World Revolution." The central idea of the Pan-Germans, and of many varieties of German socialists, has been the overwhelming importance of the State in human development. The good of the State, the progress of the State, are placed above every other consideration, including considerations of merely individual welfare. The subordination of the happiness, the freedom, and the independence of the individual to the prosperity, the power, and the influence of the State is the chief consequence of the application of this principle to national life and institutions. The happiness and prosperity of the individual have their place in this philosophy; but they are important only in so far as they serve the interests of the State.

With the destruction of the absolutism of the dynasty, and of the military machine created to preserve the dynasty under cover of high-sounding talk of safeguarding the State, the State-ideal will not necessarily perish also. Probably it will emerge from the war stronger than before. The errors will have been eliminated from it, and the basic conception will be so much the more clearly discernible. For half a

century, and more, the German peoples have placed first in their thoughts the idea of the Fatherland, or State, as the supreme public consideration. The disappearance of Kaiser and army will not alter that conception. It is far more likely that the State will become more than ever the supreme preoccupation in the German public mind. It will occupy the place in popular esteem hitherto usurped by the Kaiser as Emperor. State-socialism in Germany ought to receive a powerful impetus from the abolition of Kaiserism and militarism. The State-ideal should make great headway and may come into severe conflict with democracy in trade, commerce, and the economic sphere; the military sphere it is scarcely likely to enter after the experiences of the German people in this war.

In Russia the State-ideal also dominates, since the advent to power of the Bolsheviki. They have substituted anarchy for liberty and have made a tyranny of freedom; but, remembering that for them the "state" consists only of the masses—the proletariat, the workmen and soldiers, the common people—it is clear that the individual is being sacrificed to the institution; that the aim is not so much to create the most favourable atmosphere and conditions for the development of the individual as to secure the welfare of the State—that is to say, of the Socialist State. The same tendency to regimentation that is evident in the autocratic German organization is seen in the decrees of the Bolsheviki government, by means of which they endeavour to assert the independence and assume the liberty, hitherto denied, not of the individual worker, but of the workers as a class. When, as the logical outcome of the Bolshevist regime, the other classes should have disappeared from the community, this superiority of class-rights over individual rights would be synonymous with the superiority of the State-ideal over that of individualistic development.

Opposed to this principle of State supremacy, hidden behind the more obvious outgrowths of Kaiserism and militarism in Germany and Bolshevism in Russia, against both

of which the hostility of the Allies has been perforce directed, stands the principle of democracy. That principle is now-a-days but vaguely understood even in so-called democratic countries. It is, in essence, individualistic. It puts the interest of the individual before that of the State. Having defined the rights of the individual, it confers on the State certain powers and functions concerned with the preservation of those rights. In the words of the American Declaration of Independence, the charter of a democracy, all men are born equal and have an unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The right of the individual is unalienable; even the State cannot override it. On the contrary, it must secure the individual in its enjoyment.

In this war the conception of individual freedom has triumphed over the conception of State supremacy. But let there be no mistake; it has triumphed at the expense of sacrifices that, unconsciously and insensibly, have undermined the basic idea of democracy. In defending itself, democracy is in danger of destroying its own foundation. The good of the many has rightly been placed first and foremost in the consideration of each citizen during the period of common effort in antagonism to the dangerous forces which had arisen out of the exploitation of the creed of State supremacy by the dynastic and military classes in Germany and Austria. In every direction the right of the individual to the pursuit of happiness has been abandoned, voluntarily or under legal compulsion, in order that the institutions which had grown up to safeguard democracy might be preserved from the Prussian vandal; in order that "the world might be made safe for democracy." Life and liberty have been surrendered freely, or under conditions imposed by law, for the same beneficent purpose. Now it is time to begin to count the cost, and to prevent the destruction of the basic principle of democracy by the very agencies which have been utilized for its preservation and protection.

The danger is real enough. Comparatively few individuals have ever given much thought to the meaning of

democracy, or to the expedients by which democratic conditions are created and preserved inside the particular country or state. Men and women have accepted the large measure of personal liberty and of freedom in the pursuit of happiness, provided that the rights of others were not injured in that pursuit, which obtained in the past. But they are not in the habit of tracing the application of the democratic principle in everyday institutions. They are apt to leave the defence of their elementary rights to politicians and statesmen. But in the circumstances created by the war the politicians and statesmen and government officials in every country have tasted the sweets of power—of almost unlimited power. The politician knows with what ease the cry of traitor to the State may be utilized to suppress opposition. The temptation to all such to preserve their powers and to perpetuate conditions which give them easy weapons for serving their own interests, or the interests of their classes, will be great.

At this time, therefore, it becomes the duty of the public, as it is also a public duty, to examine anew the meaning of democracy, and to secure that there is the fullest measure of its observance in every direction at the earliest possible moment after the return of peace. Allowance must be made for a period of demobilization, as it were, of the national energies and of readjustment from war conditions to the peace basis which it is hoped to make permanent. But if democracy is to triumph over the conception of the subordination of the individual to the State, which is the guiding principle of certain large classes of socialists, and which fascinates certain types of politicians, the principle of individualism must be reasserted.

The activities of the State must serve the individual; they must secure him justice and safety from undue interference with his actions by officials and State-agencies as well as by other individuals of dishonest or criminal tendencies; they must enable him to be educated—in the wide sense of the word—and to develop his personality and powers; they must secure him in the largest possible opportunities for the pur-

suit of happiness, not as a stereotyped product of State regulation, but in that form in which, as an individual, he conceives it to be embodied, provided that its pursuit does not infringe the equal rights of other individuals. The State, in a word, must be subordinated to the individual. In that manner alone, runs the creed of the true democrat, can the highest development of individual men, as the real units in human society, be attained. The glorification of mankind through the development of each individual member of the human family must rise superior, as an ideal, to that of the glorification of the race and of the State, the narrowing and blighting conception of the State-socialist and the Pan-German.

ARTHUR E. DARBY

WATCHMEN OF THE SEA

WHEN the gale is thundering through the pitch-black night, and the elements batter against the windows, it is then one's thoughts go out not only to the men of the Grand Fleet but also to those of the naval forces who are the watchmen of the seas. Unsupported by the neighbourhood of sister ships, as are the vessels of the heavy squadrons, they and their ships have to face alone every conceivable danger of the elements and of the astute and stupendous machinations of the enemy.

What do the patrols of the seas do? For one thing, they effect very much toward keeping the sea routes open, along which come the tea and coffee and cocoa Britain and other countries drink, also much of the food of the British Isles, and the world exports, too, not to mention the resources streaming across the waters from all parts in support of the achievement of victory. For the Allies and the neutral Powers alike, these watchmen of the seas girdle the oceans on sentry duty.

The vessels of the patrols accomplish a gigantic task as they pass to and fro, each on her appointed beat, and each acting as our ears and eyes. In the North Sea there are 250,000 square miles, in the Atlantic 30,000,000, in the Indian Ocean 30,000,000, and in the Pacific 70,000,000. Yet so rigorously is the work of patrol effected by the vessels of the Allies that in all this immense area there is not a single German ship carrying on business, and only occasionally, and that very occasionally, is the German war-flag shown by some raider that has furtively evaded our North Sea blockade, as often as not to become a prize in some farther part of the ocean.

There is no lonelier or more irksome a life than that on board many of the British patrol ships, which include all sorts of

vessels. Old cruisers and destroyers, armed passenger liners, yachts, ocean cargo-steamers, pleasure boats, tugs, trawlers, pilot-cutters and yawls, smacks, and motor boats, all do their duties as patrols, in waters near and afar. Day and night they comb the sea close and fine. You find the marine patrols stretch from the chilly waters on the edge of the Arctic Circle far into latitudes where it is always summer, and the sun makes the paintwork bubble. The ocean watchmen of Britain, America, Australia, France, Italy, Portugal, and Japan, and Brazil, garrison the great seas of the world against the enemy.

Many a British ship thus engaged comes into port only after five or six months at sea, to refit, or for some all-important repair. Her crew often sight no land in all that time. Fuel, munitions, stores, and mails, are brought by supply vessels, and are transhipped at sea as and when the weather allows. Many days and nights may pass before a sail heaves in sight, or even the faint smur of a steamer's smoke is seen rising far behind the horizon. The same desolate waters, the same faces, the same routine repeat themselves day after day, night after night, for weeks and months, until the monotony, unrelieved by news from home or elsewhere, acts like a jag on the officers and men, and the whole crew's tendency is to be short and snappy. For although there are many patrol vessels that live in almost continuous sparring with submarines, there are many others that do seldom fire a gun save in a warning shot to stop a neutral or other ship for examination, or, again, during firing practice. Yet these, too, keep vigilant against a sudden engagement.

How tedious life becomes with the crews exiled from land and human intercourse is strikingly illustrated in a letter from an "hostilities' A.B."* "Up in the far, very far north here we have a very slow time of it, I can tell you," he writes; "only once in a blue moon do we sight anything at all. For goodness sake, old chap, send me some more parsnips in the next lot of papers, mags., etc. Vegs. of any kind are a real luxury to this 'forgotten' ship. Our mess had been properly up the

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*Enlisted for the period of hostilities.

pole for a day or two before the mail came, and as it was a very small one, with very little in 'Harry Freeman's kit,'[1] my messmates went round like bears with broken heads. Well, I sucked up to the Cookie (galley), and we contrived to have a potato-and-parsnip pie for my mess, that isn't a big one at all. Would you believe it—it acted as a real soother, something from home, like, and so our 'house,'[2] at any rate, got back its good-humour."

On board the motor boats, ex-tugs, small sailing craft, etc., utilized for coastal waters there is an absence of "Navy" and much naval routine that goes far to reconcile these patrolsmen to the hardships of their lot. But with the big vessels, many of them commanded by naval "dugouts"—officers who have left snug firesides and comfortable pensions, to become junior in rank now to those whom they remember as gay and giddy sub-lieutenants and senior midshipmen—the routine is the same as throughout the service, except for a few modifications to suit different stations.

Ordinarily, however, at 4.45 a.m. the boatswain's mates break the stillness of the ship with blasts on their silver whistles and shouts of "All hands lash up, and stow hammocks." At once every one on the mess decks is on the move, a sluggard being promptly heaved out of his "kipsey." From 5 to 5.30 a.m., hammocks are lashed up and stowed away, and hot cocoa is issued; then "hands fall in" to scrub decks, clean boats, etc. While all this is going on, the men of the other watch, who have turned in at 4 a.m., sleep in their hammocks below. But by 6.45 they also are busy, cleaning the mess decks. At 7.35 the bugle sounds "Clean guns," which occupation lasts till 8, when the Colours are hoisted, every person on deck then facing aft and saluting while the Ensign slowly travels up the halliards. Immediately this ceremony is completed, the bugle sounds off "Cooks," and from 8 to 8.45 a.m. there is breakfast, and hands to clean. At 9, "Clear up decks," and at 9.10 the bugle sounds "divisions," when the

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[1] Gratuitous supplies.

[2] Mess.

men fall in on the upper deck, and are inspected by their divisional officers. After "prayers," that follow, there is a short stand-easy. Then the routine of the day goes on. And in the day of the British naval seaman each hour has its own task. He may have his minutes of leisure; he certainly has his hours of work—hard, quick work—no matter on board what vessel he is serving King and Country.

There is no branch of the naval forces arrayed against the Boche and his friends that has so many different duties to perform as the British patrols. They range from keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy, when he puts to sea, to searching for floating mines and exploding them: from examining vessels for contraband, to searching lonely sea wastes for the U-boat's stores and hiding places, and a variety of other tasks.

Many are the queer yarns these watchmen of the sea can tell. For many of these men, most of whom before the war were fishermen, yachtsmen, and merchant seamen, are heroes of the highest type, without realizing that they are heroes at all; and so they accomplish deeds that before the war could not have been conceived even in the most heightened imagination.

A vivid illustration of this matter-of-fact heroism of patrolsmen is that concerning the blinding of a submarine by one of the crew of a trawler returning on patrol.

One afternoon she was pushing along, when she was overhauled by a destroyer. "Seen any submarines?" shouted the t.b.d. officer, as he slowed her down. "There's one reported in this sector."

As the skipper of the patrol-boat, stepping to the side of his stumpy bridge, replied to the hail, his eyes, after the manner of all good mariners, roved along the waters close alongside. Suddenly he jumped back, and yelled "Full steam ahead" to his mate by the engineroom telegraph. "Submarine on our port beam," roared one of his lookouts. With her wheel hard over, the patrol tried to scrap away. The destroyer plunged forward, to circle round to port. It was just then that one of the firemen, who had come on deck, a hammer in his

right hand, sprang to port to get a look at the upward swirl of waters marking the German near at hand.

"Ye blankety fool, what are ye staring at?" yelled the skipper to him. "Jump over, and blind her." For a second or two the fireman stared at the appearing periscopes, then holding still his hammer vaulted over the side, to fall with a splash by the nearer periscope top. To a whack of his hammer the lense of the sighting-tube went crashing to atoms.

The fireman struck out at the other periscope, but missing it fell sideways on to the conning-tower platform that was now awash with the surface. As he sprang to his feet amid the wild cheering of his shipmates and laughter from the destroyer, on board which the officer commanding was purple with exasperation, the upper conning-tower hatch opened, and a blonde, blue-eyed face appeared in the widening aperture. Only for an instant did the German officer stare in amazement at the fireman, for the next second the Britisher struck at him with the hammer, but, hitting the edge of the hatch, jammed it down on the Boche's head. The next moment or two saw the U-boat plunging down at a steep slant, and the fireman struggling in the water. On board the destroyer bomb throwers were almost immediately to end the work he had begun.

In daring, intrepidity, pluck, and the hard grit of endurance the watchmen of the seas reveal full measure and resourcefulness whenever the opportunity occurs. Yet to the general public they remain a section of the naval forces that is but little known.

The sea ever affords adventure to the adventurous, and when the record of the Patrols is published in full details the world will then read of doings and exploits by these maritime watchmen that seem like the realistic conjurings of some war-novelist who has burst into the literary world of to-day.

There is, for instance, the spirited fight between H.M.S. armed boarding steamer "Alcantara," and the German raider "Greif," that thought to repeat the exploits of the notorious "Moewe," and occasion great damage and loss to the Allies'

commerce. An encounter as sharp and severe as many that have gone down with renown in British naval history.

The engagement took place off the north-east passage between Scotland and the Faroes, as the "Greif" essayed to slip into the wide waters of the North Atlantic. It is a frequent occurrence in these northern regions for the patrols to board cargo-vessels, and when the big steamer flying the Norwegian Flag, with the Norwegian colours also painted on her side, Norwegian name and home port, too, in two-yard letters, was seen, the "Alcantara" hoisted the familiar signal, "I am going to board you." At that time the vessels, fairly matched in guns and tonnage, were separated by 800 yards. The "Greif's" answer came, "I am a peaceful merchantman, flying the Norwegian Flag." Captain Wardle of the "Alcantara," however, was determined to investigate, the patrols having been warned of a suspected vessel.

As the British boarding cutter crossed the narrow waters separating the two ships the trick of the "Moewe" was repeated. On board the German, her false sides were suddendy dropped, uncovering the guns, and a shell burst near the boarding party. British gun-crews were at "action stations," with sights set, and breech blocks snicked to, so that the electric needle firing the gun is constantly ready for instant use. The engagement, then, was opened the next second, the ships being so close that it seemed as if there would be a chance of boarding for hand-to-hand fighting. It was broad daylight, the atmosphere clear, and the range so close that it approximated to point-blank firing.

The "Greif" immediately tried to stand off, but the "Alcantara" outmanœuvred her. From stem to stern she raked the enemy, and the German decks were soon a shambles, and on fire aft. In a few minutes the patrol had the prospect of seeing her founder, and of escaping herself with trifling losses.

Never has the gamble in naval warfare been more thrillingly illustrated. The steering of an auxiliary warship is not protected in the same massive way as that of a battleship, and a shell from the "Greif" hit her antagonist's rudder, putting

her out of control. Without a rudder, and the use of twin propellers for direction, the "Alcantara" having a single screw, the British patrol drifted helpless, and became an easy target for a torpedo. One of these the "Greif" discharged, rupturing a large hole in the auxiliary's side.

By now the German was sinking fast, when a British light cruiser that had been attracted by the cannonading opened long-range firing. Her first shell, passing over the "Alcantara," dropped fair and square amidships on the "Greif" with a terrific effect, and the raider heeled over to her doom. The cruiser and destroyers were soon on the scene, and all efforts were made to rescue the crews of both ships irrespective of their nationality.

It is interesting to note that the crew of the "Alcantara" was chiefly made up of naval reservists and naval volunteers—mercantile seamen, landsmen, fishermen, and longshoremen, who before the war peaceably carried on their peaceful calling and pursuits.

Great and all-important is the part taken by the "watchmen of the sea." Some day when the great poet—who is yet to come, alack, of the Navy of Britain and the Empire—breaks silence with his sonorous notes, and immortalizes the great and splendid achievements done in this war by the men of the Mother of Navies, he will hymn the feats and endurance of the Auxiliary Forces also. One would there was a Whitman of "Pioneers, O, Pioneers!" to sing of the Patrols, who watch upon the world-seas.

PATRICK VAUX

PAPERS FROM THE FRONT

(1) THE MYSTERY MAN

Note.—There is evidence to show that for some considerable time after the conclusion of hostilities with Russia, Russian prisoners of war were held in virtual slavery and put to work on German defences in the advanced battle zones. Kept in complete ignorance of the course of events, and abandoned by the Bolsheveist government, these poor wretches have been treated with the most frightful inhumanity. The incident narrated here occurred in 1916, when the Canadians were defending the Ypres Salient.

THE patrol crawled cautiously from one shell hole to another. Enemy flares were rivalling the brilliance of the moon. The gaunt stakes of the wire entanglements showed up like broken teeth. Occasionally a flash, followed by a staccato crack, gave away the position of a nervous sentry. The impatient rat-tat-tat of a machine gun came from far down the line.

With infinite patience the little group of four Canadians worked their way to a gap in the enemy wire. Ears were strained to catch the slightest sound. The enemy might also have scouts out a-hunting.

A low moan, barely more than a sigh, arrested them like a rifle shot. Bombs and weapons were gripped tensely; ready for any emergency the patrol listened with every sense alert. The moan again—to the right, on the other side of the wire. A wounded Hun or perhaps a Britisher? The patrol wriggled through the gap and saw that which made them gasp in surprise. A bundle of rags from which protruded a shaggy, emaciated head, lay on the lip of a shell crater. Moans, hardly breathed, came from between the tightly clenched teeth, from which the lips were drawn away in a fixed, horrifying grin. The eyes rolled upwards until only the whites could be seen stared frightfully at the bright moon. The arms, outstretched in a last effort, were plunged to the wrists in the loose earth. Horrified inaction held the

soldiers spell-bound for a moment: then they lifted the rag-covered bundle of bones that seemed hardly human from the crater, and began the toilsome, dangerous retirement to the Canadian lines.

. . . .

In the company officers' dugout the "Mystery Man" lay on the low, wooden bed, covered with blankets. The battalion doctor was working over him, trying to keep the spark of life alight within the terribly worn body. One bare arm, the bones almost protruding through the tightly drawn skin, moved weakly on the bedclothes. A heart with the names, "Ivan and Olga," could be faintly discerned through the dirt, tattooed on the skinny wrist. No other marks of identity could be found. The "Mystery Man" was a Russian beyond doubt—but how did he get into "No Man's Land?"

The doctor plied restoratives, and a soldier who spoke Russian stood ready to catch the first words of consciousness. The battalion officers stood around in sympathetic silence, awed by the bloodless face, every line on which spoke torture endured—starvation, cruelty, and overwork.

Weak, strangled cries of terror, and the convulsive cowering of the body on the bed, shocked the listeners. The soldier bent eagerly forward and the doctor signed for silence. The "Mystery Man" was struggling back from the shadow—raving in a delirium of fear. "I will work, I will work—but, ah God, a little food!" The words swelled into a scream of agony. The soldier spoke soothingly and the doctor wiped the sweating face. The battalion officers crept from the dugout, sickened with the horror of it all.

For four hours the poor Russian raved, and lived again in delirium through horrors unspeakable. The broken words and cries of the broken man revealed the awful plight of the Russian prisoners of war—the systematic starvation; the brutal punishments inflicted on men too weak to work; the miserable sleeping quarters, where the dead lay with the living amid filth and vermin; the forced labour in the firing

line, where merciful death released many despairing wretches from a fate that seems almost unbelievable.

Pursued to the very brink of eternity by the fiendish cruelty of the Hun, Ivan died with an agonizing cry for mercy on his famished lips. As the doctor composed the poor, starved and maimed body in the calm sleep of death, he vowed that the division should hear the story of the "Mystery Man." They would see to it that just retribution would be meted out to those who have made war a crime against Hell.

(2) A NIGHT AT THE "DUMP"

THE location for the "Dump" was chosen because of its comparatively easy accessibility from both the Brigade trenches and the back areas. It is merely an open space close to the white-washed buildings of the "Brasserie," divided off into boarded sections, each one of which bears a battalion number. Here at nights, with straw-muffled wheels, foregathers the battalion transport, laden with rations for the men in the line—a conglomeration of mule and horse-driven box-limbers that seems hopelessly muddled in the darkness.

And the language of the "Dump," when the disgruntled ration parties from the trenches arrive to make confusion worse confounded, will not bear repetition. Yet, in a surprisingly short time, the mounds of bulging sandbags filled with bread, bully beef, tea, sugar, coke and other necessaries of the firing line, soon disappear upon the shoulders of the sweating infantrymen, who melt away like grousing ghosts into the maze of communication trenches, towards the flare-lighted fighting zone.

But things do not always go as smoothly, especially when a particularly inky night makes the use of flashlights dangerously imperative. The Huns on the high ground in this sector can see the tiny will-o'-the-wisps, and read their meaning correctly. During the next half-hour, things are lively at the "Dump."

Who-o-o-ne-Bang! Their 5.9's are trying to put the tin hat on the evening's session—the work that must be done.

But, as usual, the blighters are shooting rottenly, thank heaven.

"Put out those blankety, blank lights." Hoarse orders from every officer and N.C.O. present, who, unseen to each other, feels called upon to assume command individually—and does, each in his own characteristic fashion.

Who-o-o-ne Bang! Flecks of falling mud and broken stone follow the blinding flash. Uncomfortably near, that one. The horses are quivering and fretting. The mules merely flick their long ears and gaze dreamily into the night. The ration parties have prudently scattered for cover, cursing the Hun and all his works.

Two more 5.9's in the same place, followed by a big one that roars like a train racing through a tunnel, sending shivers up the spine. Cr-r-r-ump! The splash of white flame shows up for an instant the white faces of the drivers hanging on to the heads of the dancing, snorting horses, and the rushing air hits like a blow. The mules, seemingly bored to death, shift wearily on their long legs.

For an instant the burst intensifies the darkness, and then the yards of earth and stone scooped up and sent heavenward by the explosion descend in a dangerous shower upon the huddled groups of men and animals.

Maddened by the unexpected rain of missiles that patter stingingly upon their lean bodies, the mules have at last come to violent life, and are rearing, backing, and plunging with even greater vigour than the terrified, squealing horses. The drivers, cursing and coaxing alternately and with fervour, add their voices to the din of locking wheels, jingling harness, plunging feet, and the suppressed bellowings of the N.C.O's superintending the feverish unloading of the swerving box-limbers. The officers dodging in and out among the jerking wheels implore less noise, which they vow is loud enough to wake up the whole German army—for noise carries strangely far through the darkness of a Flanders night.

Fortunately the German army has not heard, and their gunners, satisfied that five rounds have wiped out the torch-

light procession, have evidently retired to their dugouts. Calmness and order are once more restored at the "Dump." One by one the empty limbers swing out on to the road; and the trench parties, grousing at the Hun for lengthening an unpleasant job, shoulder their burdens and fade away.

The last limber has gone, followed by the mounted transport officer inwardly thanking his lucky stars that a smashed limber or two and a couple of lame horses are the evening's only casualties. Far behind the flares waver into the sky, brilliantly beautiful, marking the fighting line where the tired and hungry infantrymen are waiting for morning and the good things from the "Dump."

J. A. Holland

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S FORESIGHT

THE VENEZUELA MESSAGE

WHEN President Cleveland, on December 17, 1895, submitted to the Congress Mr. Olney's despatch in regard to the British-Guiana Venezuelan boundary dispute, accompanied by a presidential message, the country was startled by the unexpected crisis. The facts disclosed were that Great Britain had refused to submit to arbitrating this question, which since 1841 had been a matter of dispute between the two nations, unless her demand to a portion of the disputed territory should be acknowledged as a condition precedent to her consent to arbitration as to the remainder. Mr. Olney, in his note to Lord Salisbury, declared that the territories acquired by reason of such an attitude "will be as much wrested from her (Venezuela) by the strong hand as if occupied by British troops or covered by British fleets."

It was Mr. Olney's claim that "while the United States may not, under existing circumstances at least, take upon itself to say which of the two parties is right and which is wrong, it is certainly within its right to demand that the truth be ascertained. Being entitled to resent and resist any sequestration of Venezuelan soil by Great Britain, it is necessarily entitled to know whether such sequestration has occurred. . . . . It being clear, therefore, that the United States may legitimately insist upon the merits of the boundary question being determined, it is equally clear that there is but one feasible mode of determining them, viz., peaceful arbitration."

Lord Salisbury, in answer, claimed that it was a controversy with which the United States had no practical concern, that the disputed frontier of Venezuela had nothing to do

with any of the questions dealt with by President Monroe, that Great Britain was imposing no "system" upon Venezuela and was not concerning herself in any way with the nature of the political institutions under which the Venezuelans might prefer to live, and that the "only parties who are competent to decide upon a settlement by arbitration are the two parties whose rival contentions are in issue. The claim of a third nation which is unaffected by the controversy to impose this particular procedure on either of the two others cannot be reasonably justified and has no foundation in the law of nations."

"The British Government," he went on to say, "fully concurred with the view which President Monroe apparently entertained, that any disturbance of the existing territorial distribution in the western hemisphere by any fresh acquisitions on the part of any European state would be a highly inexpedient change. But they are not prepared to admit that the recognition of that expediency is clothed with the sanction which belongs to a doctrine of international law. They are not prepared to admit that the interests of the United States are necessarily concerned in any frontier dispute which may arise between any two of the states who possess dominions in the Western Hemisphere; and still less can they accept the doctrine that the United States are entitled to claim that the process of arbitration shall be applied to any demand for the surrender of territory which one of those states may make against another."

Here we find Great Britain and the United States fairly at issue on a very important question involving the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, and it is clear that if the issue had been decided in favour of the contention of Great Britain, the United States would have had the protection of the Monroe Doctrine upon its shoulders alone. But the subsequent events indicate that the issues were thus clearly drawn by the British Government in order to formally establish in the end the Monroe Doctrine before the world.

The President in his message, after stating Lord Salisbury's positions touching the Monroe Doctrine, declared that "the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures." In the language of to-day, it is necessary for the "safety of democracy" in the Western Hemisphere.

It obviously was not a menace to our institutions that Great Britain should have the disputed land rather than Venezuela; nor could Great Britain menace our peace by any such possession, since it already had vast possessions in North America, and had every opportunity to menace our peace if it chose to do so.

President Cleveland clearly did not fear any such threat from Great Britain. But he saw that he must safeguard the Monroe Doctrine in his dealings with the other great European powers, in order that the final acquiescence by Great Britain in the extreme position taken by him in the correspondence should place the two countries side by side to contest any infraction of the Doctrine by the country which by peaceful penetration was then in great force in many of the South American countries; for it was in those countries that Germany was then seeking her place in the sun.

The President, in view of Great Britain's refusal to submit to impartial arbitration, stated that it became necessary for the United States to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what was the true division line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana by a commission to be appointed by him, and when the report of that commission should be made and accepted he said that "it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of

any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

"In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow."

The commission was authorized by Congress and began its work on January 1, 1896. Instead of resenting by warlike measures the ringing words of this message, we find the British authorities at once offering to supply all information in their power to this commission; and in February, 1896, the question of submitting the Venezuelan boundary in dispute to mutual arbitration was again agitated between the United States and Great Britain.

The commission kept on with its work, but on the 10th of November, 1896, Mr. Olney suggested a suspension of this work, saying, "The United States and Great Britain are in entire accord as to the provisions of a proposed treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela. The treaty is so eminently just and fair as respects both parties—so thoroughly protects the rights and claims of Venezuela—that I cannot conceive of its not being approved by the Venezuelan President and Congress. It is thoroughly approved by the counsel of Venezuela here and by the Venezuelan Minister at this capital."

The treaty was signed at Washington by the representatives of the two countries on the 2nd day of February, 1897. No part of the territory in dispute was reserved from the arbitration which it created. The arbitrators began their labours in the city of Paris in January, 1899, and made their award on the 3rd day of October in the same year.

Now this message has had far-reaching results as regards the settlement of disputes, and the establishment of a new friendship between Great Britain and the United States, which was of such service to us in the Spanish War and to Great Britain in the present war. But it had most unfortunate results, so far as the economic condition of the United States

was concerned, in the year 1896. For the threat of war came at a time when the withdrawal of the gold by the constant presenting for redemption of the five hundred million dollars of currency against which the gold reserve of one hundred million stood,—this endless chain of paying notes and immediately issuing them, to supply the needs of the Government, threatened such a depletion in our government's gold reserve as, in the language of President Cleveland, "brought us face to face with the necessity of further action for its protection."

This condition was intensified by the "prevalence in certain quarters of unusual apprehension and timidity in business circles," and to quote President Cleveland's words: "This unusual apprehension and timidity was caused by the Venezuelan message, which seemed to be leading in the end to a war with Great Britain."

It became necessary on the 6th of January, 1896, when the gold reserve had fallen to about sixty-one million dollars, to offer, in order to buy gold, one hundred million dollars of bonds to the people. As a result of this large sale of bonds, the gold reserve, which on the last day of January, 1896, amounted to less than fifty million dollars, was so increased that at the end of February, in spite of withdrawals in the meantime, it stood $124,000,000.

During the period of the withdrawal of gold on account of the apprehension of the Government's ability or willingness to maintain the gold standard, $262,000,000 in bonds were issued in order to provide the gold to pay the amount of notes which were presented at the treasury for redemption, and not cancelled, when paid, but issued over again.

This great expense for maintaining the gold reserve, which was due to the highly artificial and stupid financial laws then in force, gave force and strength to the movement for the free coinage of silver, and the Presidential election of 1896 was fought on that issue. As a result, the conservative Democrats were compelled, in order to preserve the credit of the country, to vote for the Republican candidate, Mr.

McKinley, and these Democrats, for years, were absent from the councils of that great party.

Now, in combination with the economic loss and the destruction of a great party, both of which may fairly be traced to the Venezuelan message, it was a question whether it was worth all it cost, and this question was put to Mr. Olney by the writer at Washington during the last days of the second Cleveland administration. "It was worth all it cost," was the reply of the Secretary of State. "It was sent in order to establish firmly the Monroe Doctrine as between Great Britain and the United States, and therefore against the aggression of other European nations, and to avoid the necessity of the United States maintaining the great armaments which it would be compelled to maintain were a certain power to acquire territory in South America." To show the good results of this message and negotiations, the Secretary produced from his drawer in his desk a document, saying, "Here is a treaty which has been completed between the United States and Great Britain, so far as the State Department can complete it, referring all disputes between the two nations to impartial arbitration." This treaty was, unfortunately, not confirmed by the Senate.

And thus happily was this dispute settled, and its settlement ended not only in the placing of the two great North American powers side by side to protect the Monroe Doctrine against the world, but also in the establishment of a new friendship between Great Britain and the United States.

Great Britain, in 1898, stayed the other European powers from intervention in our war with Spain, and the practical action of Admiral Chichester in Manila Bay, when he placed his ships between the German squadron and Admiral Dewey's, gave the American nation knowledge of this new friendship.

Later, the practical benefit of this to Great Britain was shown by her finding it unnecessary to keep large naval forces in the North Atlantic, thus enabling her to concentrate her naval power in home waters.

And when the great war broke out in 1914, the American people had not forgotten this recent history, although they had forgiven the old acts of aggression of the British Empire. She had in 1877 made such atonement as she could for her infractions of international law during the Civil War, and Americans for the most part were proud of her prompt entrance into the war against the military power which had been preparing for the strife for so many years, and which had broken its word with Belgium in order to gain military advantage. It took two years and a half before this country saw that it was impossible for us to avoid entrance into the great world strife, and the unanimity now shown in this struggle could hardly exist had not the old score of grievances against Great Britain been wiped off the slate by actions since 1895.

We know now that if the United States had kept out of the war and the Teutons had finally prevailed, we would have had to face that power single-handed.

When the question of war or peace was presented to us in the early days of 1917, the words of President Cleveland in his Venezuela message must have been in the mind of President Wilson:—"There is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of self-respect and honour, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness."

JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT

ADAM AND EVE

When the first dark had fallen around them,
And the leaves were weary of praise,
In the clear silence Beauty found them,
And shewed them all her ways.

In the high noon of the heavenly garden,
Where the angels sunned with the birds,
Beauty, before their hearts could harden,
Had taught them heavenly words.

When they fled in the burning weather,
And nothing dawned but a dream,
Beauty fastened their hands together,
And cooled them at her stream.

And when day wearied and night grew stronger,
And they slept as the beautiful must,—
Then she bided a little longer,
And blossomed from their dust.

M. L. C. Pickthall

SHEEP

Like the slow thunder of long seas on the height
Where God has set no sea,
Voices of folded sheep in the quiet of night
Came on the wind to me.

Like the low murmur of full tide on the beach
Where tide shall never roll,
They sent their mournful inarticulate speech
Heavily on my soul.

Past is my sorrow, the night past, and the morn
Bright on her golden sills;
Only the hill-fold voices drowsily scorn
The comfort of the hills.

M. L. C. Pickthall

THE ACTUALITY OF HOMER

THERE are in the main, I think, three reasons why it is desirable, in spite of such high authorities as Mr. Herbert Spencer and Kaiser Wilhelm, to go back to Homer. First, he still remains what Dante called him, and all good judges before and after Dante have found him on the whole to be,—*il sovrano poeta.* He is, by practically unanimous consent of those who know and feel in such things, supreme in poetry, and poetry being the chief consolation is also the most enduring possession of mankind. The second reason is that the texture of our higher civilization is all of one piece. The parts of its seamless robe which seem farthest removed from one another are, nevertheless, quite continuously connected; and it could be shown in some detail, if there were time, that there is scarcely one strand or thread of it which does not run back to Homer if you follow it quite through. Hence the study of him in one way or another is scarcely avoidable by anyone who aspires to be really educated, that is to say alive and awake, with some intelligent and critical grasp of the better forces that are working in himself and in the world about him. And the third reason is this. Real intimacy with any one great and truly immortal spirit is the best protection against the merely ephemeral noises and nuisances, the current idolatries, of any given time. Our own time is beset by swarms of such idols. All our democracies, not least the great American democracy which beats in upon *us* so irresistibly, are vast jellies as it were for the culture and pullulation of such. Little enfeebling vampires and leech-demons, they drain our blood at a moment of mortal crisis for all that makes life worth living when we have need of every drop of it. Against this cloud of spiritual vermin, I believe there is health to be found in Homer as perhaps nowhere else in what people call 'secular literature.' The poet Gray says, in an Ode which ranks high among the

finest pieces of literary criticism in the English language, that our poetry flows from Greece:

> From Helicon's harmonious spring
> A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

Helicon's spring is Homer. We know now, indeed, that he was preceded by many hundred years of a very busy and successful artistic effort which left its visible traces to be dug up in our day from the palaces of Crete and the tombs of Mycenae and Tiryns, and which we may be sure included much now quite silent song-making of all kinds within its scope. But whatever may have gone before him, he is for us the miracle of beginning, the dawn of clear day, the well-head of all our rivers of life. It is still well worth while to retrace our steps from our flats and marshes, rich as they are but full of mire and low fever, to the hills, and drink and bathe in that clear springing fountain among the rocks up there. There never was a time that was in more "bitter need both of the cleansing and the tonic than ours has lately been and still is."

Now there is nothing at all, I think, so well fitted to bring out this tonic quality of Homer as what many of our advanced modern people have found not only shocking but tiresome and utterly obsolete, his treatment of war. But this rock of offence in him is the very key-stone of the poet's spiritual world, the innermost substance of his whole view of life. By it he stands or falls. It is the *articulus stantis aut cadentis Homeri*. And it is my firm belief that on this quite central point he is as absolutely sound as he is astonishingly "actual." He gives us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The charge of blood-thirstiness, so often brought against him, is unjust. The abnormality is not in him but in the weak squeamishness of his critics. He is the greatest of battle painters, but it is not the case that he overworks his theme. For not only is it true that for the Greek people, to whom Homer spoke, war was always the supreme business of life and the last test of manhood—until the day came when they lost their manhood and began to live as pensioners on

their own past. It is also true that in some sense it never ceases to be one of the very greatest realities of all human life—a reality which, without more solid guarantees than the wit and virtue of man show any prospect of being able to command for a long time yet, it is highly unsafe to imagine as not liable to break out at any given moment in the very same primitive form of throat-cutting in which we find it in Homer, or even in much less graceful forms such as have lately been only too familiar to us.

There is quite a vast modern literature of daily increasing volume, the object of which is to show that war is an evil. The doctrine is proclaimed with all the fervour of a new discovery. It is, of course, just as new and not one whit newer than the discovery that effort and pain, famine and pestilence, wounds and death are evils. In spite of his very inferior opportunities as compared with ours, though comparatively speaking the battles of his day were mere football matches and picnics, Homer had long ago made that observation. He does not like war as such at all. What he does like are the great and indeed divine—rightly so named by him—human qualities which only war and other such extreme tensions (in the *Iliad* the bloody strife against other men, in the *Odyssey* the fight against Nature and temptation, and the dead-lift of executing righteous judgment against insolent wrong-doing) are capable of fully calling out. He is paid to sing about war and his audience insists on having it. But he is quite amazingly fertile in expedients for stealing rests and breathing-spaces in the midst of his job. He is constantly taking week-ends off in the country, as it were. Amid the dust of his battles he is always babbling of green fields. He never pules, but in his own grand way he is the first of the pacifists; say, rather, of the peace-makers and peace-lovers. For the other sort, the opposing vicious extreme, proves in fact, as is so often its way, to run into its seeming contrary, to be not the least effective of our war-makers. For which phenomenon Virgil, thinking of other things, has found the word, "Auditisque lupos acuunt balatibus agni"—"the

eloquent lambs whose bleatings whet the teeth of the listening wolves." This irresistibly provocative music, the "peace! peace! where there is no peace" of articulate mutton, is of course never heard from Homer. He sings of the one eternal theme of all poetry under whatever allotropic disguises, of Arms or Tools and Men. And yet the greatest of war poems is full of the scenes of peace. There is scarcely a mood of earth or sea or sky, not any kind of man's quiet kindly work-a-day labour among the furrows or the vineyards or the work-shops, which he does not make a shift to bring in by way of illustrating his warfare, and at the same time of turning our weary eyes away from it for a moment. The excuse of the old rogue to his cock-fighting patrons would, no doubt, have been that a poet cannot be expected to do without his similes or likenesses. But they might have very reasonably found him not a little unscrupulous in exploiting the measure of this poetic privilege of his. In fact, his similes may much more justly be called, as in our older English, "tropes" or "turnings." They are of little use for explaining; the facts are always plain enough, would often indeed be much plainer, without them. And they are constantly overflowing their banks, so to speak, as has indeed been often made a matter of reproach against them. Touches come in that have nothing at all to do with the case in hand, falling utterly, as they do, outside of the frame of the comparison, but which have everything to do with the completeness of the little inset picture when you regard it as an end in itself. One could give no end of examples of this peculiarity which affords so obvious a handle to the parodist. One rather striking example will suffice.* Patroclus, after much slaughter by himself and others, described as usual with conscientious exactitude in anatomical detail, is driving the Trojans back the way they came, over the wall and across the moat of the Greek camp. It is a wild scene of rout and rambling chariots, the immortal steeds of Achilles driven by his friend always in the thickest of it. Patroclus is eager to make a cast at Hector now in headlong flight, but the

*Iliad, Book XVI., 384-393.

Trojan mares are too fleet for him, and bear their master safe away. Instead of merely saying all that is to the point to convey the image of their speed and the noise they make, by flood, likening them to a mountain river coming down in autumn what Homer says is this:—"As when on a day in autumn all the earth is black beneath the heavy scowl of a fierce storm, when Zeus pours out his wildest rush of water—what time his wrath is kindled bitterly against men that violently decree crooked judgments in the seat of justice and banish right, regarding not the vengeance of heaven—all the rivers flow brimful with his rains, and many a bank is eaten by the torrents that stream tumbling head foremost from the hills to the dark sea, roaring loud and wasting the labours of the husbandman; so with loudly labouring breath ran the Trojan mares."

Now surely this is not unlike Falstaff's "three half-penny worth of bread" to a vast deluge of sack. What "an intolerable deal" of it has nothing to do with the case! Yes, if it were a mere lawyer's "case," and if the rule to be applied were bare logic. The poet is carried away by his own "spate." He overflows his banks no less than the freshet does. It becomes to him an end in itself, well worth his brush for its own sake. Somewhere among the mountains of Greece he has seen that "scowl of heaven" with his own eyes, and those roaring tumbling waters; just as Campbell had often seen the like in the West Highlands of Scotland before he wrote "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; and for a moment he shifts his scene away there for refreshing and *concordant* variation. The fact is such similes are not intended as mere illustrations. They are not of much service in shedding light for the understanding. But they are of much in giving air and amplitude, as sky-lights opening into the infinite space outside; of much use in reinforcing and widening imaginative emotion. And perhaps most of all for the purpose we have to do with at present, as a quickening rest and welcome variety. They are, in fact, in respect of their chief function, brilliant little vignettes that lure the eye harmoniously away from the din of battle and the monotony of bloodshed, like glints of sunshine on a day of

storm, to green mossy places in the far distance, to "the sleep that is among the lonely hills."

How skilfully, too, does Homer vary his effects in other ways by means of a wealth of scenes that have very little to do with fighting. Let us look at some of these. Achilles carrying the bitter wound of his wrongs, and his rage as of a young male lion that has had its mate torn from it, down to the everlasting solitude and moaning of the sea, deep and restless for ever as is the short-lived passion of his own angry heart. That and everything else in that matchless first book, great in itself and still greater as the vestibule of the noble structure it opens into and foreshadows. In the second, that prophetic popular assembly with its immortal demagogue Thersites—Thersites, father of all mutinous plumbers, English Jack Cades and Russian Bolsheviki; of them and their "down with war" at once, and with hammers, for ever henceforth, at four o'clock in the afternoon; that peak-headed Achæan Lenine or Ramsay Macdonald eloquent in impudence against his betters and getting—how satisfyingly!—his wages paid him in full, no smallest of small change left out, from Odysseus' stick! In the third Book, Helen in her beauty on the wall by the Scaean gate, surrounded by the admiring grey-beards, like Susanna and the Elders, looking down on the Greek champions among whom she sadly misses her brothers—they are dead but she knows nothing of it, so utterly cut off is she, alas, by her own fault from all her old friends—and telling poor foolish amiable old Priam all about the most formidable of his enemies; Paris skipping like a bright spotted pard before the host, or, where his peculiar gifts have more congenial scope, dallying after his none too glorious feats of arms in his fair lady's bower, or returning again refreshed to the battle like a stalled horse that breaks his halter and gallops back to grass tossing its mane in all the defiant glory of irresponsible swiftness and beauty; or the contrasted scene, so different and of a loveliness so much deeper, where the sober steadfast Hector sees, surely, as the poet meant, for the last time, his wife and child; or Thetis rising from the sea with all her immortal silvery nymphs to

comfort her mortal son in his hour of anguish. Take any one of these scenes, or a hundred others like them. They scarcely owe anything except their foil to the war-spirit, the thrills of boxing-matches, dog-fights, or gladiatorial shows—genuine enough as these are and perennially human so far as they go, and lavishly as they are elsewhere provided by this greatest of battle-artists at their maximum of force and fire. You may be sure no Greek ever complained that there was too much fighting in Homer. The Elizabethans would have had vastly more reason to protest against the heaps of corpses with which our own Shakespeare invariably leaves the stage strewn in his tragedies.

The old poet would have been surprised indeed if anyone had cast up to him the reproach of blood-thirstiness. He would have said, like Warren Hastings, that he had a right to be astonished at his own moderation in this respect. For the whole point about him, the daring and epoch-making originality in his theory and practice of the poet's art, was just this that he breathed a new soul, a really human soul to which nothing that was human was alien, into the dry bones of those "battles of kites and crows" which had, no doubt, been the stock in trade of the minstrels before him. Many a bard, we may be sure, had sung the tale of Troy and celebrated the feats in arms of this chief and of that. What Homer did was to make out of that unpromising material an immortal poem. That is to say, an organic product of that creative faculty of imagination which is man's highest miraculous gift, reflecting in such a complete picture as was achieved, say by Shakespeare and Dante, the whole life of the world the Poet or Maker lived in, and therefore, in essential substance, of human life at all times—a full-orbed picture both moving and harmonious with an immanent melody that is native to it and the innermost expression of its own distinctive being. No less quick and passionately alive in all its parts it is than Shakespeare's or Dante's constructions, but of a music which, if it lacks the absolute magic reached in some of their notes, is yet more consistently crystal clear and simple and more evenly sus-

tained than theirs, of proportions as majestic to the full as theirs, and of materials even more universally significant, beautiful and enduring. Human passion and character, man's free will in that creative wrestle with the opposing necessities which has made man of him, the fruitful sweetness as well as the fruitful strife of his commerce with Nature and his fellows,—these things, the eternal substance of all high poesy, were the true interest and for the purpose of art the discovery of Homer. Aristotle was right, as in his æsthetic judgments he very seldom missed being, in calling him the greatest of the *Tragedians.* And, as I hope we shall see, no mere poet has ever succeeded in rendering with more grandeur or simplicity or clearness the massive and fixed foundation, the bed-rock on which all beauty and sweetness and sublimity and liveliness must ever rest, the law of sacrifice which is the fundamental law of all human and indeed even of all considerable animal life.

Homer does not really like war—he likes it much less than Walter Scott, for instance,—and neither do his heroes. They quite share the point of view of Mr. Norman Angell and so many of his converts, who much prefer the "full dinner pail" and all the other joys of peace. Odysseus had done some fighting in his day, and yet he gives it as his profound conviction that there is no consummation more devoutly to be wished than when "jollity prevails among a whole people and up and down the hall the banqueters sit in rows listening to the minstrel's voice with bread and meat upon the tables by their side, while the cup-bearer draws the strong wine from the mixing bowl and carries it around and pours it in the cups." "To his fancy that seems," he says, "the fairest sight on earth."* But Odysseus is not so simple as not to know that life, unfortunately, cannot be, as the English Tommies say, "all beer and skittles." When Agamemnon, in one of those fits of the blues which alternate in him with martial spirit and overlordliness, proposes to cut his losses and get clear away in the ships from his Dardanelles Expedition, this same Odysseus

*Odyssey IX. sub in.

of the flowing bowls is the one who upbraids him bitterly as "an accursed slacker fit only to be the captain of a crew of slackers, and not general of us to whom Zeus hath given from youth to old age our grim clew of war to wind until every soul of us shall perish." He knows quite well, you see, that War is Hell. But he knows too that sometimes there is no tolerable way for the Son of a Man to escape from descending into that Hell; and no way at all except that dreadful descent of rising again after three days to the right hand of Power. The genially simple suggestion, that we might easily put a stop to war by hanging our sword-smiths, does not seem to have occurred to him. He would probably have thought it—since though we could have hanged Armstrong we couldn't hang Krupp von Bohlen or even Bertha—quite as clever an idea as it would be to propose to abolish fires by drowning the pump and reel makers. Odysseus is aware that the trouble goes a little deeper than that. He sees in it, as he says, the will of God; as we should say, the operation of the fixed laws of this world which cannot change, I fear, till man's heart is changed utterly; perhaps, indeed, not until the wicked are "cast into eternal fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."

Sarpedon knows what Odysseus knows; and draws memorable inferences.—I have said everything worth while runs back to Homer. Here is a clear case, worth marking. One seems to see in it the root of a really great thing which has somewhat conspicuously proved its worth of late in the face of violent contrasts, just when our Anglo-Saxon democracies were beginning to fancy it could be dispensed with, the English Gentleman. He will be allowed to be largely the product of the Public Schools, that Church, as they may be called, built upon the rock of Homer against which the Gates of Hell have once more this time entirely and decisively failed to prevail. Take this of Sarpedon's which follows and the word of Achilles:—"I hate that man as I hate death's doors who speaks one thing with his tongue and hides another in his heart." Put the two together and how much is left out of what has made the majesty of England and built the British Empire? You will

say it came not from him but from our Hebrew Bible? Alas! the colour and tone of it, at least to my ear, seem rather to lie here. Still here, rather than in the Bethlehem Angels' song! —Sarpedon is urging his friend Glaucus to battle. This is his version of "noblesse oblige," his and our nearest effective approximation thus far to the Son of Man who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister:"

"Wherefore Glaucus are we singled out for precedence in seat and portion of meat and brimming bowls in Lycia, where all men gaze on us as upon Gods! And why do we own broad acres along Xanthus' banks, a goodly demesne of orchard and wheat-bearing soil? Now therefore we must stand among the foremost Lycians and breast the brunt of battle, that so someone among the close-corsleted Lycians may say thus of us: *Not inglorious are our princes that rule in Lycia and eat the fat sheep and drink the choice sweet wine. Nay it seems their valour too is princely. They fight in the forefront of Lycia's ranks.*

Sweet friend, could we two be sure that if we escaped safe from this war we should live on for ever free from old age and death, then would I neither fight among the foremost myself, nor would I speed thee on to the field of glory. But as it is, death in any case hangs over our heads in ten thousand shapes of fate which it may not be that mortal man can escape or yet avoid. Let us on then! We will win glory or give it to another![1]

Note that "or give it to another." How that has rung through the ages in cricket fields and Waterloos! An echo rolling down with gathering volume some three thousand years.

Hector too knows the one thing needful. In his augury there is but "one bird," one clear commandment in his Law and Prophets, one signifying of Heaven's will for him that sums up all the Commandments and may reduce all the rest when they seem to contradict it into pestilent babble—and that is "to shield his country's life" with his own.[2] "The day will come when sacred Troy shall perish" he is very well aware.

[1] Iliad, XII., 310-328.
[2] Iliad, XII., 237-243.

All his sorrow and care and bitter hard work and daily grapple with death are in vain to roll back that "stone of Tantalus." How much rather would he stay at home with Andromache and little Astyanax whom he loves so dearly! But there is no choice. He must go out all alone and meet the man-slaughtering hands of Achilles.

Achilles himself knows it. His poor old lonely father, grown unlovely now to his goddess-wife who will not live any more in the same house with him, and holding in a very feeble grasp his kingly sceptre at which the greedy ambition of the strong young princes round him cast covetous eyes—old Peleus needs him sorely at home; a happy life and a serene old age await him there in Phthia. This terrible young "tiger burning bright" on the banks of Simois plays the lyre sweetly. The tenderest image in all the poetry of Homer is put into his mouth. "Why, Patroclus, art thou all tear-sodden (*Scottice* "*begrutten*") like a baby-girl, that runs by her mother's side and bids her pick her up, plucking at her skirts and hindering her haste, and looks through her tears at her until she lifts her in her arms." You can see how he loves his friend. Of his mistress, too, he is so gentle and steadfast a lover that with a certain dear naïveté, as of a generous boy who thinks all other people must be like himself, he cannot conceive of anything else than that "all men love their wives." He makes it a heavy reproach against the sons of Atreus—who are not exactly patterns of domestic felicity, either of them—that in their insolence they forget that other people are not different from them in this respect. How richly endowed for life is this most glorious creature of any poet's brain! Methuselah's length of days would leave the fire of youth in him still blazing. No wonder he hates death, or that the last word we hear from him when Odysseus meets him in Sheol is still an execration of death. "I had rather swink for day's wages for a lackland wight of a master than rule as king among the dead and done for." This vital flame knows full surely that if he goes on fighting he must die. Dust and ashes on that long bright lock of yellow hair! Native Spercheios shall never have it, though

it was his by vow. Hades shall have it in Patroclus' tomb. The dank mould must fetter the swift dread limbs before ever they have begun to fail. There shall soon be a flitting shade with squeaking voice like a bat's in place of that "tall fellow of his hands," whose roar can rout an army. And yet he goes on fighting all the same, and proves the old old story that life is not worth a beggar's rags or curse except to those who have found in it things that make it worth their while to die for.

The fact is, all those fighting men are quite surprisingly like our own Tommies with their "long long road to Tipperary and the sweetest girl they know," or like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," who

> Though he be endowed as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to quiet scenes.

They do not fight either for pudding or for praise or because they like it. They fight because they have to; because it is God's clear will. Death and wounds and mud and dust, rats and flies and army-plagues are horrors. There is little pleasure in ripping up a fellow-man even though he be a Trojan or a Boche. He is after all a brother. Any true contact, at the least little distance below the surface, soon shows that. But, bad as these things are, there are much worse. Shame and slavery are worse, shame for every man that wears a beard who will take intolerable wrongs, to himself or any others, lying down; and slavery and outrages to which death is a gentle kindness for those weak little ones whom the warrior loves, and whom a hen would face a lion and peck at his blazing eyes to protect. And so, though it is most true, as our English-speaking people have thought this long time past, and as even the Germans themselves have reason to think now, that "war does not pay," circumstances are liable to arise, and may very well go on arising for several centuries yet, in which there is nothing for it but Hector's word:—

"Come! *fight by the ships*, all together. And if by cast of spear or stroke of steel, one of you shall fall on death and doom,

dead let him be. 'Tis no foul grave he fills who dies defending his country. He shall leave his wife and dear ones safe behind him, his house and fields inviolate, *if so be the foe will go back to his own home.*"

How little did we think six years ago that such words had any application whatever to ourselves! Mr. Herbert Spencer in his billiard room at peaceful Putney thought them infantine and infinitely remote. Alas, it is he not they, he and his brand new Synthetic Philosophy, but yesterday the last shining birth of time, that are now already far far away, quite dead and done for. Mr. Norman Angell, too, as he sat like the King in his chamber counting up the proceeds of his beautiful demonstrations that "war did not pay"—what was Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? Even Mr. Gilbert Murray vastly preferred Euripides to Homer, and is now very tardily and reluctantly surprised to discover the considerably superior "actuality" of the older and simpler and vastly greater bard. And my ingenious friend, Professor Leacock, failing for all his lucidity to foresee our glorious young flier Bishop and his chance to soar like an eagle, was inclined to think that the poetical Canadian version of Achilles and his tossing helm was the shapely billycock hat, and dazzling onion-white in the stand-up collar, of "Mr. Macnicoll of the C.P.R." as he marched to valiant assault upon his Troy, the Montreal Stock Exchange. Whereas, in point of fact, it is the Montreal Stock Exchange, in the persons, for instance among many other examples, of all three young McCuaigs—and that with little violence for McCuaig is simply Gaelic for Aeacides*—that has with conspicuous lustre translated itself back again into terms of Homer, and marched not vainly on the Troy of our latter day violators. Under all the ashes of our most modern Economics the old fires were burning with a glow we little suspected—happily for us and the world. How little did any of us poor blind mortals think in those days that now seem far away behind the Flood—

*The Patronymic Aiak-ides is obviously what the Gaels would call McAeak, which is just McCuaig, as Atrides is just MacArthur, and MacPhail is just Pelides—is it not? Scratch a Montrealer and you find a Homeric Greek! So great is the "actuality of Homer."

we had all come like Frederick's objurgated soldiers to take it unconsciously for granted that we and ours had a right as it were "to live for ever"; the Everlasting Cross had faded from our eyes, even when it had not grown to be an offence to us!—how very far we were from dreaming for a moment that by scarcely the alteration of one word, Homer and the first millennium before Christ would ever come home so poignantly to our business and bosoms, or that we were destined to need his consolations not least as our thoughts travel back to that identical spot where his Greeks and Trojans fought their tiny fight, the spot soaked by so much of our best blood, the tide of Dardanus where Achilles wept, the racing Dardanelles.

We have found it still true then after all, as was hidden from our wise and prudent but revealed to babes like Homer and Lord Roberts, that if we do not like war we must still sometimes lump it. But the old poet has a little more comfort for us than that. So mysteriously mingled in our mystic frame are the most glaring contradictions to the eye, it is just out of such intensest strain of effort and of suffering that the keenest joy man knows comes to the light. Straightway the soul "forgets her sorrow for joy that" in this dread travail "a man is born into the world." What do you think is Homer's characteristic word for battle, one of his fairly common words for it? It is χάρμη, that is to say "joy," from χαίρω, "I rejoice." In spite of his eloquent abuse of war, which the whole literature of pacifism from Æschylus and Euripides down to Thomas Carlyle and Andrew Carnegie has not bettered, he seems to see that man's specific pleasure is in action not in absorption, in the football field and the study not in the tuck-shop or in the wise Odysseus' and the angelic Norman's "full dinner pail"; that the highest and keenest satisfaction can only be come by at the very top of the tree, by dint of climbing,—in the uttermost strain of war, the supreme business of life. In short "it is more blessed to give than to receive." And, surely, instead of bemoaning the fact that there are individuals here and there so constituted that they actually enjoy fighting, we should rather, like him, thank

Heaven for this extreme case of the great blessed divine law—*the worst that must be done and should be done can be done, and the doing of it may be an opening up of an undreamt fulness of life.* As the German Kant says:—"I ought, therefore, I can."

Or shall we go as far as people like St. Paul do, and Julian Grenfell, that younger brother of Achilles, lyre and all? Grenfell's view is, as it is in substance Paul's, that there is no fine thing for anyone except the fighter who holds himself always ready to enter into his own six feet of permanent possession in this fair earth of ours. No one has ever lived at all, he thinks, who has found nothing for which he would be glad to die. But all things are his who is not afraid of the dark. The light, the colour, and the music, all the "joy in widest commonalty spread" of all the strong and keen and happy creatures that move in the sweet sunshine. His heart is so full of them that it goes down warmed through and through even into the cold grave, and makes even that a glowing altar-hearth for ever. Well, he did the thing he spoke of, and earned his right to sing for himself and his great company his swan-song, by a life that was a fairer poem even than the song. He is one of those who died to save us all.

> The naked earth is warm with spring,
>   And with green grass and bursting trees
> Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
>   And quivers in the sunny breeze.
> And life is colour and warmth and light
>   And a striving evermore for these,
> And he is dead who will not fight,
>   *And who dies fighting wins increase.*

Have they not indeed "*won increase*," our dead? *Except a corn of wheat fall to the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*

John Macnaughton

THE BOOK OF JONAH

A LAY SERMON

IN treating of the story we are to consider, it is not proposed to say anything amusing. He who would try to do so in the matter of Jonah and the whale at this time of day would show himself no better than a nuisance or, as we say, a bore, at the outset, and he who in seriousness succeeded in bringing up anything in that regard that we have not heard already to exhaustion would in truth be a wonder.

Yet it is here intended to look into the matter or some aspects of it from a point of view not so commonly heard or emphasized in the pulpit; for the book of Jonah should be of interest to all conditions of men, second only to that of the more powerful problem play of Job, an interest which would long since have been more widely felt but for this same unlucky incident or story of the whale which, with the unreflecting, throws a ludicrous or sinister shadow over the whole.

Job's history contains nothing in itself impossible or even very unlikely, but here, in that of Jonah, we have unfortunately at the outset a most tempting opportunity for the pseudo-scientist who, by the time he has demolished the whale to his satisfaction, will have little time or intelligence left for the treatment of the book in its more didactic and serious aspect.

Well, let it be granted that there are no whales in the Mediterranean sea, also that the gullet of a whale will not admit the body of a man, and that a human being, even if he had by some process been taken into a whale's stomach, could not have lived there for three days. Furthermore that Joppa, where the story starts, was a centre of maritime interest and head quarters for the worship of Dagon the Philistine fish-god. It is also not to be denied that we

have a number of ancient fables of men or demigods swallowed by marine monsters and afterwards vomited up alive, so that the idea would not have seemed particularly new or strange to the Palestinian seeker after moral truth, and would only appear as the pith and kernel of the story or parable to such in our own day as might be inclined to regard the shrivelled husks of Hindi myth as of greater import than the flaming heart of man.

The book belongs to that class of literature of which we have a number of ancient examples, wherein the author sets out to consider the age-long problem of the origin and existence of evil, usually attempting by more or less roundabout methods to "justify the ways of God to men," like John Milton in later days. But Milton, it may be remarked, was no happier in his interpretation of the problem than his ancient predecessors, being obliged, like Dante and others, Jews or Christians, to create a number of characters and situations to piece out those he found in the sacred writings or took from his own experience; nor have any of the early writers themselves been more successful, as they usually acknowledge, in dealing with this question of all time—"How did evil first come into being and why is it suffered to exist ?"

Such investigations were nothing new in Jonah's time, but tended to increase in seriousness as the extinction of the Hebrew commonwealth could plainly be seen approaching.

In the book of Habakkuk the writer perplexes himself to know why Israel should be vanquished and destroyed politically by a nation worse than itself, arriving, as he admits, at no logical explanation.

The subject is handled somewhat more critically in Ecclesiastes, the cynical writer being unhampered by the trammels of orthodoxy or the more potent and troublesome shackles of unbelief, but finding eventually that one event comes to the good and the wicked alike, a catastrophe—

. . . . which is viewed
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued,
With naught perchance to grieve.

And in several of the psalms the same question is looked into from widely varying view-points but with equally unsatisfactory conclusions. In what appear to be the earlier ones it is taken for granted that the wicked always come to misfortune. Their crops or cattle are destroyed by the tempest and hail storm, their mulberry trees by frost, but yet even here there is a lurking suspicion that such retribution is not of certain occurrence nor confined to those who deserve it. In the later documents the authors come by degrees to grapple with facts as they see and know them and not in accordance with preconceived theories. "The righteous perish and no man taketh it to heart"—while the wicked "are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men," and thus the latest of the prophets are driven to grope after a shadowy hereafter wherein "many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to life and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

The book of Job, so ably treated by Froude, that fascinating master of pure English, is the largest and most widely known of these argumentative documents; and here we are struck, as indeed throughout Hebrew literature in general, by a straightforwardness and absence of convention which the writer both practises himself and makes it a point to impart to his nobler characters, a fearlessness viewed as impious by our modern teachers for long enough but which, it would be well to note, is not found displeasing to Jehovah.

Job is a good man. He says so himself and his claim in this regard is admitted from on high. He falls before a series of calamities which he did not deserve and will not admit to be explained by conventional assumptions. In the end, though no clear explanation of the difficulty is reached, he maintains his assertion of integrity and his maker accepts it as just.

The book of Jonah, at least as regards its major part, deals with the problem conversely. Here the question we are brought up against is not why good people should suffer unrighteously but why the wicked are allowed to go unpun-

ished. The enquiry as we have seen, albeit well-nigh desperate of comprehension, was nothing new in itself.—"When I sought to know this," exclaims the psalmist, "it was too painful for me." We have it here treated in parable.

Nineveh is a city of three days' journey. That is to say, the author conceives of it, with oriental exuberance, as extending a distance commensurate with that from Montreal to Three Rivers. Jonah betakes himself there without difficulty though it is many miles from the sea coast, where he has been cast up in wretchedness and rags, and a stranger to the language and habits of those he is going to preach to. But such considerations of probability are rightly regarded as of no moment from the literary point of view. What concerns the author and his audience at this initial stage is that Nineveh is a city understood to be given over to every sort of vice, and that no ill result follows.

It might here be asked why Jonah should find it necessary to go so far afield to find an example of successful rascality on a large scale. Other writers of the period are certainly not tender to the sins of Jerusalem and Samaria. It is probably some tendency in human nature to criticize what lies a long way off, and perhaps to increase its proportions and vices the farther one gets. It may be recalled that when Mr. Stead in our own day found himself charged with a similar general message he had to take it from London across several thousand miles of sea to Chicago. Be this as it may, the story in brief is cast into an easy and convenient form for the discussion of a most perplexing, a well-nigh overpowering problem.

It is altogether likely that there was a character in real life corresponding to Jonah, just as there was likely to have been a real Job. We come upon Jonah in several of the "writings," and in the book of Kings he is shown, with some particularity, as prophesying in the days of Jeroboam II. He may even have had adventures not unlike some of those ascribed to him, for his story certainly excited a great deal of interest and stands out somewhat prominently in both the

Old and New Testaments. It is also worthy of notice that in these references he is spoken of with unfailing respect, whereas in the book bearing his name it is his faults only that are brought into notice; from which last circumstance it is possible to infer that the story in its original form was written by the man himself, repentant and conscious at length of his failings, and was expanded with miraculous embellishments by a later editor and moralist.

At any rate this son of Amittai feels the inward call to go and preach against the vices of Nineveh but, like Jeremiah, like Moses, like all great prophets or denouncers of evil, he is at first unwilling to respond and, fiercely struggling against the impulse, takes ship for the distant Tarshish, as Moses before him had made his escape into the desert.

He comes before the reader as a person of means and pays the passage money asked of him without demur. It is altogether possible—there is nothing in the record to contradict it—that Jonah may have embarked here upon some commercial enterprise, no doubt an excellent receipt then as now for stifling the voice of conscience. Next follows an account of the tempest which overtook him, exceedingly graphic and well written. Here we observe that Jonah, though fleeing before the voice of his God, was in other respects no coward. Unlike Asaph and so many of the psalm writers, he is not at all what we would call in these days a nervous person, and throughout the hurly-burly of the tempest, the terror and confusion, he is asleep. Being at length awakened and identified as the cause of the disaster, he calmly advises the mariners to throw him overboard, explaining at the same time in his prophetical character that if this be done the tempest will cease. And here first comes upon our notice one of the principal characteristics, perhaps the keynote, of the whole story or poem, its tone of remarkable humanity. Everyone in the book, from Jehovah himself down to the poor rugged seamen, is good-natured, everyone, that is, except one sombre but commanding figure; and the contrast is no doubt emphasized by the clever writer or editor of the tale, with intention.

The character of the shipmaster and his followers is also well brought out. Simple, well-meaning, and superstitious, they are much like the sailors of our own or any other time. At first they refuse point blank to throw the prophet into the sea even at his own request, and when they have finally to consent, they offer prayers and sacrifice at the same time that there may be no punishment for the shedding of innocent blood. Jonah then, being cast into the sea, is swallowed by the fish and after three days thrown up again alive.

The writer here, for the working out of his problem, makes use of a legend or legendary basis not uncommon in southern and eastern lands. Several Brahmin and other myths, as before mentioned, tell of Krishna and other heroes as swallowed by marine monsters and coming forth again still living; but there is a wide difference between Hebrew teaching, even at its crudest, and theology like that of Hindustan.

The tale of Jonah has an ethical meaning throughout, and the object of this incident, it is impossible to doubt, is to illustrate the omnipresence of the Deity, an idea not prominently brought forward in the earlier books where, for instance, we have Jacob astonished to find Jehovah, his father's tutelary divinity, whom he left at home at Beersheba, located also at Bethel, twenty or thirty miles off. But Jonah, from his utterances, must have been well acquainted with the later Scriptures, for he reproduces their language in several places as his own, though their more developed cast of thought he does not at first quite chime in with; and this detail in the story might well have been suggested by some of the more comprehensive of the psalms or by the very similar suggestions of Amos:—"Though they dig into the abyss, thence shall my hand take them. Though they climb up into heaven thence will I bring them down, and though they be hid from my sight in the depth of the sea thence will I command the serpent and he shall bite them."

Jonah, with all his faults, is a straightforward person. There is nothing shifty about him and when his prayer for deliverance has been granted he gives up all further opposition

and prepares to go and preach at Nineveh as at first instructed. He does nothing by halves. He puts his whole energy into the business. He goes into the city, a day's journey, say twenty odd miles, and there opens his mission with such success that the men of Nineveh are converted and reformed, and the Almighty, seeing this result, decides not to carry out his intended program of destruction.

"But it displeased Jonah exceedingly and he was very angry." Here we have a touch of real human nature. His own sin has been forgiven upon repentance, which seems to him right enough and quite natural, but when it comes to forgiving other people and they strangers at a distance, when his reputation as a prophet is at stake, he is bitterly opposed to any such moderation, nor does he stop to pick his words. "Was not this my saying while I was yet in my country? Therefore I hasted to flee unto Tarshish, for I knew that thou art a gracious God and full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy and repentest thee of the evil;" and his Maker makes rejoinder in briefest phrase—"Doest thou well to be angry?"

We have now the incident of the gourd whose untimely fading away forces upon the unwilling prophet a measure of reflection followed by doubt and mental disturbance, till at length the sentiment of pity is called into being though as yet only for a plant. Hitherto we have seen him fighting against the impulse of humanity which may nevertheless have lain at the bottom of his character unknown to himself, have lingered in spite of his logic, and finally have impelled him to write the book in which it is made to well up so distinctly in everyone but the chief character.

Among the final echoing clauses of the tale or argument comes a note sounding to our ears almost modern. "Thou hast had pity upon the gourd—which came up in a night and perished in a night, and should not I have pity on Nineveh that great city wherein are more than six score thousand young children *and also much cattle*?"

Some centuries later we find Saul of Tarsus (perhaps the same "Tarshish" to which Jonah had sought to flee), though a teacher of Christianity, harking back to the old mean view he should have left far behind and asking of his converts "Doth God care for oxen?" Why no, of course not, being the implied answer. But a wider Christianity, an ethos more in keeping with the teaching of Saul's master or even of this dim Old Testament record, might have shown him that, though it lies not with us to fathom the divine actions or purpose, yet would Jehovah be held Father and Lord, not alone of Israel but of mankind, not only of humanity but of the poor over-driven ox and of the perishing gourd, of the rainbow, the sunset, and the star.

The book ends abruptly leaving this last question unanswered, and fitly enough so, if its object is to get people to think and not to dogmatize. Yet we have hardly reached to its central core even in this our own day, let alone provided a solution.

"Doest thou well to be angry?" "I do well to be angry," says Jonah, "even unto death." No hypocrisy here, no conventional cant. What Jonah thinks he says, and his bluntness gives no offence because he is in earnest; but when the still small voice repeats the question, when reflection, borne and branded by acutest physical suffering upon an undisciplined but fearless and not ungenerous mind, has had time to work, only one answer is possible. His reputation has not now to be maintained at the expense of justice. The faults of Nineveh no longer hold him to the exclusion of his own, and in such temper we may imagine him as thinking out the various teachings of the story to their ultimate conclusion. In his earlier strain of exile the poet could only long for the courts of the holy temple—at Jerusalem, but now he comes to wish for a house not made with hands, for a continuing city whose builder and maker is God, and might be thought of as summing up his conclusions, helped by his familiarity with the Psalms, in some such language as the following halting strain:

What shall I answer, how reply
Or lift my voice to thee—
Whose presence filleth earth and sky
The waste, abyss and sea?

Should I the ocean caverns sound,
The wings of morning bear,
Creator, Spirit passing bound,
Thy presence still were there.

The ocean mirrors wide thy face,
Thy altar walls the sky,
Each blade of grass thy dwelling place,
Thy care each sentient cry.

Thy breath goes forth—the forest thrills
And all the glens rejoice;
And glad, upon a thousand hills
The wild ox knows thy voice.

Then, if thou bid'st me seek thy face,
Though faint my faith and weak,
No longer would I flout thy grace,
But inly hear thee speak.

Thus, though I wither far from home,
I bow beneath thy rod,
And humbly answer—"Lo, I come
To do thy will, O God!"

HENRY CARTER

THE LOST ANGELS

Into what light or dark have fled,
And are they quick or are they dead,
Those three great angels earth once knew,
Though of their deeds remembering few ?

Little beside their names we tell
Of Raphael, Michael, Gabriel:
Archangels tall but friends of men,
The strength of each the strength of ten.

And where, too, is that star-led host
That came to earth when needed most,
But never brought to us again
Its midnight music for our pain ?

Have they to utter silence gone
Who filled that night with sudden dawn,
While all the kings were fast asleep,
But shepherds watched the stars and sheep ?

Have we grown blind who could not see
E'en yester-year the shining Three ?
Have we grown deaf and cannot hear
The carol plain to shepherd's ear ?

Or have those three tall angels sped
Elsewhere their benisons to shed?
And has that heavenly host gone hence
On other far beneficence ?

Do other souls, once sad, now know
Our visitants of long ago—
Souls in those stars mysterious, seven,
Known to St. John who saw new Heaven—

Were they assuaged of a distress
Like our own bitter loneliness;
Hearing with joy, as sung to them,
What shepherds heard near Bethlehem ?

ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

THE CANADIAN ANTI-SLAVERY GROUP

BEFORE the opening of the Civil War, the majority of Canadians were vociferous abolitionists. Great Britain had abolished slavery throughout her dominions in 1833, a fact which inclined many Canadians to assume something of a smug righteousness in the presence of the evil still existing in their neighbour's country. It was a common taunt thrown at Yankees that they were slaveholders or accomplices in slavery, and, curious though it may seem, this attitude was more pronounced against Northerners than against those Southerners who occasionally sojourned in Canada. There was, however, a certain element of the Canadian people who measured the slavery issue aright, saw their own relation and that of their country to the evil, and proceeded to do what they could to end its existence. And this group rendered service to the abolition cause quite out of proportion to their mere numbers. Leaders of the movement in the United States have left on record their appreciation of the work that was done in Canada at a time when too many in the North were apathetic if not hostile.

The Canadian abolitionists might be conveniently divided into three main classes according to the character of their contribution to the cause, though the actual services of any one of them might, and often did, fall into more than one such class. There were, first of all, those daring adventurous spirits, of whom Dr. Alexander M. Ross would be an example, who, regarding their lives as of small account, went right into the heart of the slave territory and brought out or assisted to freedom those negro slaves with whom they could get in touch. More risky work on behalf of freedom was never done in America. In the second class might be placed the work of those men, white and black, who, like Rev. William

King, Josiah Henson, Rev. Hiram Wilson, Rev. Isaac J. Rice and Henry Bibb, devoted their lives to the uplift and betterment of the refugees from southern slavery in Canada, and by showing what the black man could do in freedom, struck mightily at the shallow arguments regarding the benefits to the black man of a state of servitude.

The third class would include those who worked to create public sentiment against slavery and to promote public interest in the victims of the system who came to Canada, poor, ignorant, and dependent, but finding in British freedom that which compensated them for all the dangers and difficulties of the flight north. In this class would come the names of Rev. Dr. Willis, principal of Knox College, Toronto; Thos. Henning, Toronto, for long the secretary of the Anti-slavery Society of Canada, as Dr. Willis was likewise its president; Hon. George Brown, editor of the *Toronto Globe*; Gordon Brown, his brother, and associated with him in the editorial management of *The Globe*; Rev. Wm. McClure and John Fraser, of London; Principal McCullum of the Hamilton High School, and others, including all who were associated with the work of the Canadian Anti-slavery Society.

Abduction of slaves from the south was a deadly blow to slavery because it unsettled the whole property system of that part of the republic. That was the particular effect of the Harper's Ferry raid led by John Brown. He who went into the slave states for the purpose of bringing out slaves knew full well that detection would probably mean lynching. Yet into the south these abductors went, none braver in this respect than the escaped slaves who, better than anyone else, knew the dangers. There are plenty of cases on record where escaped black men went south after wives and children, sometimes having to make repeated trips. Redpath, in his "Public Life of Capt. John Brown," makes the statement that as many as 500 persons went from Canada each year into the south to bring out others. Josiah Henson, himself a refugee, claims to have assisted no fewer than 118 people to freedom, while a woman, the famous Harriet Tubman, is

credited with bringing more than 300 slaves to freedom, making nineteen trips for that purpose into the south. Dr. Alexander M. Ross, famous as a naturalist, likewise went repeatedly into the south before the Civil War and spread everywhere he went the news of the land of freedom to the north. His memoirs speak definitely of thirty-one slaves whom he aided in escaping. Fifteen of these he met in various negro settlements in Canada in the course of a tour made in 1860. The plan followed by Dr. Ross in his work was to go to a town, pose as a naturalist hunting birds, and then, as he roamed over the plantations, get in touch with discreet slaves who could carry his tidings to their fellows. The risk he ran in this can be imagined, and on more than one occasion it was almost a toss-up for his life. His last southern journey, made early in 1860, resulted in bringing a man and woman from Kentucky to Canada. The indirect influence of his work must have been very great. Though he was able to bring out but a few of those he talked with, the news of Canada was carried far and wide and probably started many others on the long journey north.

The second group of the Canadian abolitionists included men and women of noble character who gave up much to serve their fellows. They performed, too, a most important service as "receiving agents" in Canada for the "passengers" who came in by the Underground Railroad. Rev. Hiram Wilson and Rev. Isaac J. Rice, both graduates of Hamilton College, were associated for some time in the conduct of a mission for refugees at Amherstburg, then the most important point of entry for the fugitives. Wilson was later associated with Josiah Henson in the educational work for negroes conducted at the Dawn settlement under the name of The British and American Institute, and still later he is found residing in St. Catharines, Ont., giving his whole time to receiving fugitives and looking after them. In a pathetic letter,*

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*Addressed to Wm. Still and quoted in his "Underground Railroad," Phila., 1872, page 42.

written in July, 1855, after speaking of the safe arrival of some fugitives and of the efforts made on their behalf, he says:

> My means of support are so scanty, that I am obliged to write without paying postage, or not write at all. I hope you are not moneyless, as I am. In attending to the wants of numerous strangers, I am much of the time perplexed from lack of means; but send on as many as you can and I will divide with them to the last crumb.

In Levi Coffin's Reminiscences there is a reference to Rev. Isaac Rice which throws some light on his character. Coffin, during his trip to Canada in 1844 to see the condition of the fugitives so many of whom he had assisted at Cincinnati, visited Amherstburg and stopped at the Rice mission school for coloured children. Speaking of the man who was directing this work he says:

> He had labored here among the colored people, mostly fugitives, for six years. He was a devoted self-denying worker, had received little pecuniary help and had suffered many privations. He was well situated in Ohio, as pastor of a Presbyterian church, and had fine prospects before him but believed that the Lord called him to this field of missionary labor among the fugitive slaves who came here by hundreds and by thousands, poor, destitute, ignorant, suffering from all the evil influences of slavery. We entered into deep sympathy with him in his labors, realizing the great need there was here for just such an institution as he had established. He had sheltered at this missionary home many hundreds of fugitives till other homes for them could be found. This was the great landing place, the principal terminus of the Underground Railroad of the West.

Of another type was the work of Rev. William King. By marriage in Louisiana he came into possession of a number of slaves, and desiring to free them he brought them to Canada. Feeling that his duty towards them was not fully performed by the act of manumission, he proceeded to provide opportunity for them to become independent and self-sustaining. Under a charter from the Canadian Government he established what was known as the Buxton settlement, located in Kent county not far from the shore of Lake Erie. This was by far the most successful attempt at founding a distinctly negro colony in Canada, and Buxton even to-day retains this character. King remained with his black people until 1880

and died in 1895. The original settlement, sometimes known also as the Elgin settlement, was divided into plots of fifty acres which were sold to the refugees at a low price and on annual payments. The colony made progress from the start, and its schools for the coloured youth became known in the United States as well as in Canada. The moral conditions surrounding the settlement were of the best, the absence of crime being most marked.

Henry Bibb, who also made attempts at colonization, was a refugee who reached the Detroit River region at an early date. From 1842 to 1844 he lectured throughout Michigan under the auspices of the Liberty Association which was promoting the election of anti-slavery candidates. In 1850 he advocated the formation of a society which should purchase 30,000 acres of Canadian government land and locate negro refugees upon it. Such an association was formed two years later and bought about 2,000 acres of land in Essex county not far from Windsor. This was divided into 25-acre plots and forty of these plots were taken up in the first year. Difficulties arose, however, regarding the terms under which the land was sold to the negroes and the Refugees' Home, as the settlement was called, gradually waned. In addition to his other activities Bibb also conducted a newspaper, *The Voice of the Fugitive*, which chronicled the activities and set forth the views of the coloured people. Bibb died in the early fifties, and after his death his wife conducted a school for negro children at Windsor for some time.

The third class of the Canadian abolitionists includes those who were chiefly distinguished as propagandists, though it must be remembered that these men were in most cases equally interested in improving the condition of the refugees then in Canada. They did much to arouse the interest of their fellow-citizens in this opportunity right at hand to lift up the fallen and help the poor and distressed. They helped to create in Canada that sense of moral responsibility for the slavery evil in the United States which was emphasized by the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850. The organization of the Anti-

slavery Society of Canada came at Toronto in Feb., 1851. Its objects were declared to be "to aid in the extinction of slavery all over the world by means exclusively lawful and peaceable, moral and religious." Rev. Dr. Willis was the first president; Rev. William McClure, corresponding secretary; Capt. Charles Stuart, secretary; and Andrew Hamilton, treasurer. An active campaign was begun, branches being established in other cities and towns, a ladies' association organized to relieve distress, and prominent abolitionists, George Thompson and Frederick Douglas among others, were brought to Canada. The society continued active right into the Civil War years and did not end its activities until emancipation had realized its aims. Typical of the extent of its work is the report presented at the annual meeting held April 9, 1857, when it was stated that in the past two years there had been expended £444 7s. 7d., between 400 and 500 refugees having been assisted.

Hon. George Brown, editor of *The Toronto Globe*, was one of Canada's strong apostles of abolition. He had spent several years of his early manhood in New York and had seen something of the domination exercised in United States affairs by the pro-slavery element. Coming back to Canada he was at once interested in the fugitives, and besides many acts of personal kindness made *The Globe* a medium for pleading their cause. At the 1852 meeting of the Anti-slavery Society Brown spoke very plainly on Canada's duty in relation to the slavery issue.* It was a question of humanity, of Christianity and of liberty, he said. Canada could not escape the contamination of a system existing so near her borders.

> "We, too, are Americans," he said. "On us, as well as on them, rests the responsibility of preserving the honor of the continent. On us, as on them, rests the noble trust of shielding free institutions."

Though less in the public eye than his brother, Gordon Brown is credited with having exercised considerable influence in determining *The Globe's* attitude to slavery, and its later

* *Toronto Globe*, March 27, 1852.

attitude to the North during the Civil War. George Brown had, of course, been an abolitionist orator for years before the war and might have been expected to stand whole-heartedly behind the North. But as Canadian sympathies, following the example of the "classes" in Great Britain, tended during the war to be alienated from the North, George Brown was somewhat inclined to hedge. It was at this stage that Gordon Brown, more of an idealist, threatened to resign and leave *The Globe* unless he were given a free hand regarding the slavery issue. The stand taken by Gordon Brown was so well known that after the close of the war American citizens residing in Toronto joined in presenting him with a gold watch, suitably inscribed. "Gordon Brown was the heart, soul, courage, inspirer and real maker of *The Globe* in so far as it was an honourable and consistent anti-slavery paper throughout the war," is the statement of a former editorial colleague of both the Browns on *The Globe*.

Rev. Dr. Willis, the president of the Anti-slavery Society all through its existence, was a fine type of Presbyterian clergyman, scholarly, cultured, a strong platform speaker and influential in his community. Dr. Willis never had smooth words to varnish the stains of slavery and more than once he was called upon to rebuke the attitude of those who, calling themselves Christian, condoned the great sin of the times. The Canadian churches, with the exception of the Presbyterian church, were inclined to regard slavery as something outside their domain. At the 1857 meeting of the Anti-slavery Society, Dr. Willis declared that it was the duty of the Canadian churches to remonstrate on the matter. He thought that a day might well be set aside at all synods and conferences for prayer and humiliation over the fact of slavery existing so nearby. There were some churches strong on missions but strangely silent on slavery.

At this same meeting Rev. Dr. Dick said that the churches were the "bulwark" of the slavery system. Churches in Canada were fraternizing with those in the United States that patronized slavery. Another speaker, James Lesslie,

held that if the churches would do their duty, slavery would not exist a single day.

Occasionally there was a spirit worse than apathy shown. *The Church*, a denominational paper published at Toronto, held that Canadians were not under any obligation to denounce "compulsory labour," it was quite enough to stand by and welcome the slave when he came to Canada. *The Globe*, after ridiculing the citation of scripture to back up this view, remarked: "It is truly melancholy to find men in the 19th century teaching doctrines which are fit only for the darkest ages."

There were many others besides those mentioned who rendered good service to the abolition cause, though there was no reward to any save the knowledge of deeds well done. The cause was not always popular and sometimes there was harsh criticism, yet this band of men and women worked on year after year, doing what they could and witnessing by their example their belief in the brotherhood of man. Most of them have been long forgotten, not even the names are remembered, the records of their deeds were never written, or if written have perished; but in the making free of a great people their part was not small. They made real and living the proud boast of Englishmen everywhere that bondsmen cannot breathe their air and remain slaves, and in doing so they were soldiers in the great fight, still going on, that aims to make all the world free and men everywhere brothers.

FRED LANDON

RIGHTEOUSNESS

THE experience of the world during the last few years is giving us reason to believe the saying of Solomon that "righteousness exalteth a nation;" for we are being shown clearly that unrighteousness does not.

There is, therefore, an inclination just now to treat righteousness with respect, as being, at the lowest estimate, a good national policy. It is likely that if, in the manner of the late Mikado's decree which made Japan a Christian nation, we had to settle by referendum our choice of righteousness or the reverse, for our national line of conduct, righteousness would be adopted by a large majority.

The trouble, however, is that no nation can become Christian unless the people are individually Christians, and no nation can become righteous unless the people are individually righteous.

It would be well to examine what righteousness is.

If ever there was a nation who thought they were devoted to righteousness, it was the Jews, in the time of our Lord. They possessed the distinction over all other nations that they were selected by God to be a peculiar people. Their life, both public and private, was essentially a religious life. Its regulations, founded upon a Law which they believed to be given from God himself, were intended to carry the observance of that Law into the life of the people. Yet we have been told, on the best authority, that except our righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees—the particular product of the Jewish effort after righteousness—we cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Righteousness, then, is not to be accomplished by the most devout attention to religious observances for their own sake. It is the result produced in the man which is righteousness. Righteousness is, in fact, inseparable from character.

It seems, therefore, clear enough, at first sight, that we must give our attention to what is called "character building." The cultivation of virtue must be the aim of our schools, and ethics must be a principal subject of study. But what hope can there be in going back to heathenism? The study and cultivation of virtue has been tried as it can never be tried again. We have not the mental powers of the Greeks in this direction; and, knowing how they failed to produce any permanent result in themselves, we could have no hope in resuming their effort.

The effort to produce virtues is, in fact, futile. Virtues can rise no higher than their source, the nature of man. For any individual, perfection of virtue is attainable only in those virtues with which he was born. They are powers of mind; and limited, like other powers of mind, to the mould in which the man is cast. Anybody can, by hard labour, learn to read music, to draw, to address an audience; but the height of attainment in any of these arts is open only to those to whom perception of the kind of beauty the art aims at producing is intuitive. It is the same with the virtues. The naturally timid may become courageous by hard practice; but such a flight of daring as enabled Private O'Leary to capture a German position single-handed is possible only to those who are born brave, and are apt to be seized by a passion of courage.

This consideration opens up another prospect of failure in the development of virtue as an end. The perfectly attained virtue is a poise upon the apex of a height. To go back is failure; but to go further is failure too, for it is to descend again. The defect of the quality then makes its appearance. The brave becomes foolhardy; the dignified, proud; the prudent, over cautious; the humble—but does any one who aims at virtue ever aim at humility? It is not a favourite virtue with the character builder. If he does aim at this virtue, does he ever attain to it? Can any human being attain by effort to the true humility? We have it on the authority of one philosopher that he could see the pride of

another philosopher through the holes in the garment which formed the outward demonstration of the humility he professed. Yet humility is a great quality. The Bible, to which we must come sooner or later if we want to study righteousness, lays no such stress on any other virtue. "To this man will I look," saith the Lord, "even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word:" or "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." There is no commendation expressed anywhere in the Bible for the strong, except those who are strong in faith. The greatest man in the Old Testament is commended to us for his meekness: "The man Moses was very meek."

All this is the antithesis of attention to one's own development. The cultivation of virtue is the cultivation of one's self. It may involve all sorts of self-denial, but it has obviously nothing to do with that denial of self which is given to us by Jesus Christ as the fundamental condition of a true life.

Here then is a third type of life to examine in the search for the source of righteousness.

Righteousness in such lives is a result which appears to proceed from a negation, and is indeed full of negatives; for the qualities proclaimed as blessed in the Sermon on the Mount are all of a non-positive nature. To be poor in spirit, to mourn, to be meek, merciful, a peacemaker, is not to conform in appearance very well to that "aggressiveness" of which the religious discourse of the present day has so much to say. To hunger and thirst after righteousness is but to be empty. Persecution for righteousness' sake does not seem to be a very strong position. It is the same with St. Paul's account of the cardinal grace of love; it is a succession of negatives.

This does not commend, it should be said, the "negative Christian" of whom our generation is, or used to be, so much afraid. The negative Christian is one who lives according to rules of action which it is his aim not to break. Like the Pharisees, he sets up law in place of life, and values himself upon what he is not, instead of upon what he is.

The negativeness of the Christian life has nothing to do with him. It is a negativeness that somehow makes a positive and advancing life. It is, like everything else connected with the Christian life, a paradox; that is to say it is beyond the thought of the natural man, who "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The paradox here is that negativeness towards self is the road to positiveness in a way that is beyond self. It is this that is the distinctive peculiarity of the life of faith. It leads a man beyond himself. Every one who sets out upon such a life is like Abraham who, at the call of God, "went out, not knowing whither he went." He is said to have given the first exhibition of righteousness; to have given it in this very act of obeying the call of God to leave his own people and go forth into a new country promised him by God. We may deduce from his example that righteousness is simply obeying the call of God.

It is obvious then that a man must deny *himself*, and look not inwards but outwards. It is not a case of philosophy, of "know thyself." It is a case of turning one's back on the known, and facing an adventure. Socrates was nearest to it, who had no philosophy and was obedient to the voice of a δαιμόνιον, who chiefly told him what not do to. That is the characteristic attitude of faith; to find all the ways blocked that the natural man would follow; blocked because they are the ways of the natural man. To follow them, when they seem to be so blocked, opens up a desolate prospect with nothing in it but self; no God and no hope in the world. This is the negativeness which makes so large an appearance in the general prospect of righteousness. The negativeness has a general character and bears upon all Christians. The positiveness is always a particular case. It is for the individual; it is the way in which he must go; lying ready to his hand, perhaps, all the time,—like the ram caught in the thicket ready for Abraham's sacrifice, which Abraham only saw when he had obeyed the command not to sacrifice his son. The way

thus opened up, when the way of the natural man is an offence to faith, is thus only discoverable as a product of faith. It is beyond the sphere of the natural man and in following it he goes beyond himself. This is righteousness. It is higher than virtue; it is in another plane. It is possible to the ignorant, the weak, and the unwise, because it comes to us from without. In treating of it we must at last drop the language of science and adopt the language of faith—that much ill-used word.

The critics of what they call Christianity speak of faith as the act of gulping down certain tenets which supposed priestly guardians of what is called religion uphold as a condition of admission. The tenets, so spoken of, are in reality but the efforts of generations to put into words, and formulate as a help to right guidance in life, the facts which are at the back of faith. Acceptance of them—that is to say agreement that they are rightly stated— is *belief*. *Faith* is different. Faith is a part of life. It is, like consciousness and volition, a condition of living.

Here is to be found an explanation of the function of the churches; the reason why church-going is so intimately associated with religion. To the really religious, church-going is necessary as a source of strength. Undoubtedly the proceedings in church are often lame and disappointing, but the bottom fact is there—the worship of God. It is in worship—the act of remembrance of God and of our relation to God—that the life of faith gets its strength; and it is to be remembered that the one direction the church has received from its Founder, as to what to do when its members meet together, is the symbolical partaking of bread and wine, as He said, "in remembrance of Me." It is this remembrance that is the essence of the Lord's Supper, whether there be much meaning read into it or little. If we were to regard its Institutor as merely human, the injunction upon his followers of this simple act would be regarded as the greatest stroke of genius ever conceived by man; and, whether its performance be held to involve a great mystery or not, whether it is sur-

rounded by much ceremony or little, the result is still the same, to keep His followers in remembrance of Him. To remember Him and be conscious that He is, is the essential act of faith; and we should expect the faithful to frequent the assemblies where they can realize, however imperfectly, a fulfilment of the promise "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

We speak much of prayer, and the Scriptures justify the word; but prayer is, to the faithful, more than that asking for benefits,—which is the popular conception of it; as if God were a familiar spirit who exists to do our will. The truth is the reverse of this; we exist to do the will of God. It is the recognition of this that is the *humiliation* spoken of as the accompaniment of right prayer. The true end of prayer is to make straight paths for our feet to fulfil the will of God.

This fulfilment is righteousness, which may be defined as the will of God in the life of man.

W. A. Langton

THE LARGER MORAL VIEW OF WAR

OPINIONS as to the relations of war and Christianity are so diverse as to range from the conviction of the man who believes war to be absolutely unchristian, to the equally strong persuasion of the preacher who urges its energetic prosecution as the supremely Christian duty of the age.

Is it possible that there is a point of view which, while embracing these widely differing conceptions within its scope, can reveal a fundamental relationship between them at present hidden by reason of faulty perspective? On first thoughts this seems almost incredible, and yet, as this is above all things an age of wider vision, it may be that the quest for such a vantage-ground is not altogether hopeless. The first step is to find some point at which these apparently opposite ideas are in contact. Fortunately there is such a point, because the advocate of each view emphatically declares that he believes himself to be giving his support to that policy which is best for humanity *as a whole.* That is to say, both conscientious objector and war advocate recognize that the present state of affairs is a serious menace to the well-being of humanity as a whole, and calls urgently for remedial treatment.

So far there is complete agreement; the diverse tendencies appear immediately attention is directed to the remedy, and though we sometimes fail to recognize it, the true point of divergence is not the efficacy of war as a remedy, but its morality. Presumably if a true moral sanction can be found for the use of arms in this present crisis the chief difficulty of the really conscientious objector will be removed, and he will be enabled to give his whole-hearted support to the energetic prosecution of the war, while still at liberty to deprecate the necessity for such extreme measures as far below the ideal standard.

By common consent the ultimate court of appeal for such moral sanction is the teaching of Jesus Christ. Already many proof texts have been quoted in support of both contentions, though little seems to have been attempted by way of correlating these extreme opinions in one broad comprehensive vision. It may be that the term of fundamental agreement, *humanity as a whole*, gives some clue to the view-point we seek. As the war has gone on the whole world has been affected in greater or less degree, and in consequence it has become increasingly clear that it is the concern not only of the warring nations, but of humanity at large. Coincident with the rise of this view there has been a growing recognition of the idea of the relation of the individual to humanity, even though such relationship be mediated through state or race. There seems to be no good reason for doubting that this relationship does in fact exist, or that it exerts some influence on both state and individual. If we can view the whole from this standpoint, it may be that both state and individual will be seen in truer perspective as parts of the whole, and that the relative value of each will be more clearly revealed. This way of viewing the matter is equivalent to thinking of mankind as one organic whole, the body politic of the world, in which states assume the relative positions of limbs, whilst individuals can be compared to the particles of flesh which go to compose the limbs.

This aspect of the case very readily suggests a scriptural metaphor which seems to have a direct bearing upon our problem: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." This figure obviously refers to the welfare of the body as a whole, and few would question the soundness and sanity of the course suggested; neither would any doubt arise as to the morality of the proposed operation, even though it be admitted that the use of the knife is not the ideal procedure. If it is possible to apply this Bible metaphor to the body politic, presumably the same analogy will still

hold true. If humanity really does constitute one body, it is obvious that the whole will be affected by the sufferings of any one part, and we can then readily understand the sympathetic thrill throughout the whole world when the excruciating pangs of Belgium first became known. But stay ! one of the limbs of this huge body did not throb in sympathy, and that one the limb which was inflicting the agony upon its neighbour. Can it be that that limb was itself so thoroughly in the grip of disease that it regarded the extension of the malady as natural and inevitable despite the resistance of the healthy member ? If that is the case the parallel is very clear; we are dealing with a body threatened as a whole by the disease operating in one part, and it becomes necessary to use such drastic treatment as may be required under such circumstances.

Now there is nothing in the Bible story which suggests that God will intervene; indeed such a supposition seems to be deliberately excluded. The man is evidently thought capable of rightly diagnosing his own condition, and of exercising the moral courage necessary to meet the situation. Presumably this holds true in the case of the larger body also, for God seems to have made no sign: there has been no evident interference either to hinder Germany or to help her foes, and that despite the fact that the welfare of all humanity is imperilled. In the meantime, however, the deliberate decision of mankind has been made. Slowly, but perhaps the more accurately for that very reason, the diagnosis has been completed, and the verdict of the world at large is to the effect that Germany is thoroughly infected by the dread disease of inhumanity.

So far there is no difficulty about agreement, but, as has already been pointed out, the morality of the suggested remedy is the point of divergence. The militarist has no hesitation in saying that war is the only cure, and the moral issue is frequently evaded on the ground of necessity, despite the butchery involved. The pacifist on the other hand is horrified at the slaughter of fellow men, and feels that his position is thoroughly misunderstood when his opponent tells him that it is a case of kill or be killed. He claims that the practice of war is incom-

patible with true Christian profession, and has much to support his contention which the militarist readily allows. The main trouble seems to be lack of perspective; the conscientious objector centres his attention on the individual and neglects to relate him to the larger background: the war advocate generally expresses himself in terms of states, and seems to the other to dismiss altogether too lightly such direct Biblical commands as "Thou shalt not kill." A much clearer idea of proportion can be obtained when the matter is viewed from the standpoint of the whole. Obviously it is far more serious for nation to rise against nation than for individual to kill individual, and evidently a still worse error to subordinate the welfare of the whole to any one part. In the case of the individual this latter principle is thoroughly well recognized, but it does not seem to have been applied to the condition of the larger body politic now under consideration. Where an operation on an individual is decided upon the question of its morality never arises. The existing conditions are considered a sufficient warrant for the employment of means which, though admittedly below the ideal, are nevertheless the best possible under the circumstances. This is allowing in practice, if not in theory, for the application of what is known as an "interim ethic," that is a standard of morality which is lower than, and apparently even opposed to, the ideal course: but this ethic is really true to the ideal, and is the nearest possible approximation to it under the existing circumstances. If we are justified in applying an "interim ethic" in one case, and Jesus Christ apparently openly advised this, why not in the other?

Admitting quite frankly that war is a horrible business, and a long way removed from ideally Christian procedure, there yet remains the fact that it is nothing other than the ethic of the operating room applied to the body politic. It is well also to remember that in both cases the "interim ethic" is applied because we know of no other adequate remedy. Practical experience has taught us that there are cases of disease where faith and prayer must be supplemented by

surgical skill. For a man to admit this, and to act accordingly, is considered to cast no reflection upon his Christianity. In the larger sphere we seem driven to take a similar view as the result of the practical experience of the last four years. The spectacle of praying Parisians killed by long range German guns, the ruthless slaughter of Christian Armenians by infidel Turks, and the abominable German atrocities in every subject region have very effectively dissipated the pious belief to the contrary. We *know* now as never before that in this case also faith and prayer must be supplemented by stronger measures if the ravages of the disease are to be checked. Why should such an admission in the larger sphere be regarded as unchristian any more than in the smaller?

The actual work of the operating room is not exactly pleasant, and viewed as an isolated act it is destructive rather than constructive. There it is never viewed out of its proper setting, and in consequence we have no difficulty in regarding an operation on an individual as a moral necessity. In the theatre of war the work of the operation is grim and terrible beyond all description, but the larger view recognizes its necessity unless the German poison is to be allowed to work its will. We know of no other effective means of checking the disease, and therefore seem obliged to use weapons of war as a moral necessity in the interests of the whole body. The whole argument turns upon the fact that when a man's life is threatened by a deadly disease it is not only impossible, but positively immoral to treat him as if he were well; treatment which would be immoral in health may be the only moral course in sickness. This is the strongest argument for the "interim ethic," and it is backed by explicit prescription in the New Testament.

There is a rather morbid tendency to concentrate attention on the actual operation, though it is not to be wondered at that the awful contrast between the ideal and the actual makes a profound impression; it could scarcely be otherwise because of the ghastly inhumanity of war. Only the larger outlook can avail, the strong, clear, focussed vision that

deliberately looks beyond the operation to the result to be attained. War is horrible and revolting, and it is not strange that in the midst of all the carnage and bloodshed, which are its inevitable accompaniments, men are irresistibly led to exclaim "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." It is this aspect of the case which seems to strengthen the position of the man who believes war to be essentially unchristian. But in the full consideration of the whole question a distinction appears which it is well to emphasize more thoroughly, namely the difference between offensive and defensive warfare. The former cannot be justified on any moral grounds, and is totally opposed to the spirit of the Gospel. The will to make war for selfish reasons is simply the germ of the disease of inhumanity, and the nation thus affected may be rightly compared to the offending member of the Scripture. Defensive warfare on the other hand has its counterpart in the operation, a terrible and drastic necessity, but something which may be justified because of its purpose of defending the whole against the encroachment of the fatal malady by which the part is infected.

It would seem then that the larger view-point does allow of a correlation of the two extreme views with which we were faced at the beginning of our quest, and shows an underlying harmony. The pacifist is quite right in saying that war as such is quite contrary to the spirit of Christianity, because Christianity has for its object the preservation of the whole body. The point the pacifist misses is that the body is already infected by a disease which threatens the dissolution of the whole, that the condition of health and wholeness has already gone, so that the only alternative to destruction is to enter into life halt or maimed. The militarist is equally right in saying that war is the only cure under the circumstances, but often fails to justify his contention, not on the grounds of necessity only, but because of the actual immorality of allowing the whole body to be overcome by the militaristic disease of inhumanity in an aggravated form.

If our reasoning thus far has been correct, it only now remains to draw the inevitable conclusion, which is, that an "interim ethic" is allowable on the grounds of practical common sense, and appears to have the *sanction of the highest moral authority*.

R. J. SHIRES

MARCHING

What solace has thy scapeless march, O Soul,
From the unchosen to the unknown goal?
What—though thy star beyond the road's end hides
Still, still, until grim faith alone abides—
What keeps thee sure, though visions fail the earth?
What makes thee right, though wither every worth?
This, this alone—let thy proud answer go:—
I trust my good because I will it so!
Let God and all His first and best be lies,
Less than His best I in myself despise!
Still let Him hide, year upon broadening year:
The harder He for capture, the more near
My pride shall match Him, till His power take shape
In my pursuing more than His escape!
Till, strengthening so, I see through my dark hours
His own vast glooms; and matched, not with His powers,
But, prouder, with His patience and His pain,
I march the scapeless road again, again,
Till I no longer seek Him, nay, nor find!
But He in triumph sees, who of old was blind.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

PROFESSOR J. CLARK MURRAY

WITH the death of Dr. John Clark Murray about a year ago, there passed away from McGill University and the community of Montreal, a well-known figure and greatly esteemed personality, and one of the last of the band of devoted men whom Sir William Dawson had gathered around him in the Faculty of Arts in the sixties and seventies of last century. None, with the possible exception of Sir William himself, laboured more disinterestedly for the advancement of the University; and it is doubtful that any was more beloved by his students than was Dr. Murray. Fortunately for the students in Arts and for higher education in Canada, philosophy was then a subject in the ordinary course for the degree, and thus hundreds of men and women shared in the elevating influence of his lectures. It may, perhaps, be said that no other teacher in the Faculty of Arts had a greater part in influencing the mental and moral outlook of its students. His high intellectual attainments, his extensive and solid learning, his fine character, and cordial manner attracted the admiration and commanded the respect of both students and colleagues. From him proceeded a rare ethical influence. He had a very lofty conception of the function of a university and the aims of higher education; far removed above the shop-fabric idea of both which appears of late years to have been gaining ground in Canada, and which, with a crude practicalism, strikes at the basis of a Faculty of Arts. A university was for him a place for the training of free and elevated minds, a place of independent outlook on all the great problems of thought and conduct; not an academy for the training of people in the duties of citizenship and obedience to the State, the injunctions of which he held it might, under certain circumstances, be a duty to disobey.

Dr. Murray came in his thirty-seventh year to McGill from Queen's University, which was his first appointment after leaving Scotland, and occupied the Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, as it was then designated according to ancient usage, for thirty-one years. In his lectures he covered the provinces of Psychology, Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, and the History of Philosophy. The writer heard him on all these subjects except Logic, which in the nineties and for some years previously had been taken over by an able assistant.

For many years Dr. Murray carried on the work of the department alone. Only a healthy constitution, kept in order by regular habits, pedestrian exercise, and cycling, enabled him to cope with the exacting labour, which entailed eighteen to twenty hours of lectures a week, besides the correction of innumerable exercises and essays. During this period, he was busy as a writer, and as a lecturer and preacher outside the university, for he had been trained in theology, a circumstance that was not wholly fortunate for his synthesis in philosophy. As a popular lecturer he was in much demand, owing not only to a literary bent and wide reading, especially in poetry and particularly in Scottish poetry, as shown in his "Ballads and Songs of Scotland in view of their influence on the Character of the People," 1874, but also to a lucid and facile manner of exposition.

Of his university courses, his lectures on the History of Philosophy were the least satisfactory, owing to the fact that he had not time or energy left over from his other work either to cope with the mass of rapidly accumulating fresh material or even to do justice to his own wide reading in Greek and Medieval Philosophy. Like most thinkers of the idealistic school, he overrated Berkeley. He did not recognize the importance of Locke and Hume, partly owing to a distaste of empiricism and partly on account of the influence of those German historians who followed the Hegelian construction. He was at his best in his lectures on Elementary Psychology and on Ethics, in which spheres most of his own

work was done. His "Handbook of Psychology," 1884, which was rewritten as an "Introduction to Psychology" twenty years later, was a much used treatise until William James and his disciples on this continent brought about a more experimental and less exclusively analytical treatment of the subject. With Dr. Murray, as with some still living philosophers, psychology had not freed itself from metaphysical influences, some of which had in his case their source in the not very illuminating doctrines of Sir William Hamilton. Thus he used the soul, that miraculous "all in the whole, and the whole in every part," as a means of resolving difficulties, which could be otherwise better explained; and he took too slight account of cerebral physiology. The lectures on Ethics as given in the nineties were the most finished of his courses, usually delivered, without any manuscript, in clear, vigorous, thought-compelling style, and at times even with fire, as when the speaker examined doctrines from which he dissented, like Determinism and Hedonism. Yet he always endeavoured and for the most part succeeded in presenting the standpoint of opponents adequately and fairly. Indeed, throughout his courses he represented the spirit of criticism, which was then sadly lacking in most branches of teaching in the Faculty of Arts. His classroom was one of the few places of free discussion and bracing intellectual activity in which one felt, in sharp contrast to the deadening atmosphere of others, that everything was not once and forever fixed and settled in the world. One of his colleagues who desiccated most subjects he touched, and represented a type of rigid and pedantic scientific orthodoxy, tried to make you believe that the atomic theory was part of the constitution of the world. Clark Murray led you to see the difference between a hypothesis and an axiom, and to inquire whether there were axioms at all. He thus performed what must always be one of the chief functions of a stimulator to Philosophy, the arousal of individuals from their dogmatic slumbers as a preparatory step to freeing them from what Kant well terms their "*selbstverschuldeten Unmündigkeit.*"

Dr. Murray followed with keen interest every new scientific discovery which had even the remotest bearing on problems of psychology and metaphysics. A good grounding in the elements of physical science, due to an excellent Scottish training, and further helped by studies in Germany, enabled him to follow without difficulty the main developments of physics and physiology; and at Göttingen and Heidelberg, where he enjoyed the simple student life in the days before the commercial development of the Empire, he came into contact with some of the leaders of modern Biblical criticism, the results of whose work nowadays appear to be quite tame. Their influence, combined with his philosophical studies, showed him clearly that with regard to Christian origins, long-received views had to be deeply modified. From the great criticist who shook the intellectual world, he had learnt the necessity for a free discussion of all religious values; and through his psychological work, he was led to perceive the importance of anthropology and comparative mythology in the study of the origins of religions. Although he did not agree with a distinguished Scottish theologian and scholar that "there is probably not a single moral precept in the Christian Scriptures which is not substantially also in the Chinese classics," few of those with whom he had frequent intercourse seemed to realize how far he had traversed the road of "heterodoxy." This was partly due to a natural sensitiveness of disposition which prevented him saying in a distinct way what might offend the weaker brethren, for whom he showed rather undue consideration; and partly to a philosophical mode of expression which unintentionally misled the many who, in order to see the bearings of statements, require to have them expressed in the baldest terms and garbed in unmistakable instances. He regarded the Bible, as must all who are receptive to the application of historical method, as a fallible product, in which high ethical doctrine is expressed in a very popular form, as it always is, and has to be, in religious manuals. He was greatly amused by Mr. Gladstone's performance in his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," and wondered how

any thinker (?) could take up such a position. It was a constant source of surprise to him that a man so authoritative regarding the facts of natural science as Sir William Dawson was, could spend his energies in the attempt to construct a cosmology in which the Books of Genesis and Daniel figured importantly. The Principal did not regard the professor of philosophy, notwithstanding his theological training, as a wholly safe man. He feared the unsettling effect on the students' minds of the Honours Course in that subject, and on one occasion observed that it involved too much reading and made very heavy demands on a student's capacity. On the professor's asking what books he thought might profitably be omitted, Sir William mentioned "Spinoza's Ethic" and "Spencer's First Principles," which he considered for other reasons also were undesirable. Dr. Murray at once perceived the Principal's aim, combated the suggestion, and retained the Ethic in the Honours Course during his professorship. Aristotle, Spinoza, and Kant were authors whom he obliged all advanced students to read at first hand.

Clark Murray preserved an unusual and admirable detachment from material things, without being unpractical or visionary. In worldly affairs he was guileless; but on occasion he could show an indignation which may be designated philosophical anger. In the midst of a dulling environment, he kept steadfast to the highest interests of the things of the mind. No selfish or petty idea of the universe, no feverish attitude towards life beclouded his vision. With Socrates he held that there were many things which one required neither to have nor to know. Although intensely interested in, he was not easily disturbed by the events of the day. For a time indeed he was bewildered by the war and the atrocious conduct of it by our enemies. But his cheerful faith in mankind again asserted itself, and he inclined to the view that Germany was passing through a phase which would disappear from the "Flatland of Europe" as it had from other countries. He refused to read any more war

literature, which concerned itself with the mad dance of the world of sense, and wisely absorbed himself again in the great classics of philosophy which move in the liberating sphere of eternal things. Almost to the end he was mentally active.[1] In the summer of 1916 he remarked that he had lived longer than Kant, was in better health, and felt far from singing a *nunc dimittis*. Serene and calm, he proceeded through life, confident, after a thoughtful survey, that the course of human affairs ultimately tended to the good.

The teachers shall shine as the stars in the firmament.

W. H.

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[1]Witness, among other indications, his freshly written article on Pragmatism in this Magazine, 1914.

AN HONEST GERMAN

I.—THE UNITY OF MANKIND

WE have before us a really great book, Professor Dr. med. G. F. Nicolai's *Die Biologie des Krieges* (1917); one of the few good things produced in Germany since the war began. There are ideas in it that are not valid, and there are two omissions which may be held to spoil its plan. But it is a book that everyone should read, and that most people will be the better for reading—despite the fact that the author is (or was) Professor of Physiology at Berlin. We may recall the circumstances in which it took shape. The author is a man of wide learning, he is a distinguished physician and heart specialist, has attended members of the imperial house, has travelled largely, and is an authority on Neo-Kantianism. This learning is reflected in his book, which covers almost the whole field of the scientific, philosophic, and social-political questions raised by the first two years of the war, and works the entirety into one connected argument. The book was called out by the famous manifesto of 93 German intellectuals. Nicolai, in conjunction with Professors Einstein and Förster, drafted a counter-manifesto, but could not get signatures. He then prepared a series of lectures on the subject; these were not delivered, as he was called up and transferred to Graudenz. He then decided that he must write a book, whatever the consequences. It was completed in the summer of 1916; internal evidence suggests that it was finished before the Belgian deportation order of 3rd October, 1916. There was great difficulty and delay in finding a publisher; ultimately it was published in Switzerland. The immediate consequence to Nicolai was five months imprisonment.

To attempt to summarize the work would be grossly unfair. What we shall do is to try to present the author's standpoint and aim, and summarize one or two special points.

Nicolai is not a pacifist. He writes as a German patriot, but claims to give his own definition of patriotism; the patriot serves his country to the full of his ability, but, while he loves and supports the good in her, he hates and fights against the bad. He writes primarily for Germans, though they are the last who will read him. When other countries sin, he says, that is their business; but if Germany sins, all Germans are answerable. His objection to war is deep-seated; but it is entirely a *scientific* objection. Though he shows plenty of moral indignation over certain definite acts, he has apparently no moral horror of war itself; this is one of the great omissions we have referred to. The other is that, as regards the origin of this particular war, he takes up the pacifist standpoint; he declines to discuss causes and responsibilities; his view is that every individual in every country shares the blame. Usually we call this standpoint intellectual cowardice; it is so hard honestly to investigate evidences, so easy to slide off along the line of least resistance and condemn everyone impartially. But it is not, of course, intellectual cowardice in Nicolai; we believe that, in his view, he honestly does not think it matters where the initial responsibility rests. Quite unconsciously, may be, the German has overcome the man. It is the chief blot on his work.

His main thesis is the brotherhood of man. As the Germans of 1870 sought to unify Germany, so all Europeans must now seek to unify Europe, as a preliminary, we gather, to unifying mankind. In this he holds himself to be in the line of descent, not only of the great Germans before 1870, but of many of the nobler minds of every nation since the early Christians. Man must be a citizen of the world. He admits that this view is entirely opposed to the course of ideas in Germany to-day; and indeed everyone knows how absolutely modern German literature reprobates what it calls "cosmopolitanism." To the modern German the "cosmopolite" is *Vaterlandlos,* unpatriotic; whereas Nicolai's argument is that you must so love your country as not to fail to love the

greater unity, mankind, of which your country is a part, and that only as you fulfil this demand is your patriotism pure.

The unity of humanity he founds on two things. All civilization is one, and cannot be divided into national civilizations; that is one basis. The other is physical; all men are corporeally connected by virtue of the continuity of the germ-plasm. Each man to-day contains a bit of the substance of all men of 1,000 years ago; all men to-day contain a bit of the substance of each man of 1,000 years ago; in each the whole race has part, not merely spiritually, but corporeally; no man can do or suffer anything without affecting humanity; we are literally "members one of another." It is probably not true as he puts it; it could only be true if the intermarriage of all mankind at all times had been the rule; but we may treat that as immaterial, for the real unity must be found in spirit. However, Nicolai carries his germ-plasm idea yet further. He has the courage to say that the unity of mankind can only take place on a moral basis, which is freedom (he instances the United States and Britain as the countries in which can be seen the beginnings of the process), and that morality can only be founded in altruism; and he represents egoism as expressing the self-consciousness of the body, but altruism that of the germ-plasm; it is the germ-plasm which enables the foundation of all morality, love; it is literally, "the spirit that giveth life." Consequently (for his thought is neither Christian nor Theist, but definitely Positivist), he reaches as his goal not only the unity of humanity but the religion of humanity. For morality cannot exist without religion, that is, belief in the superhuman; but there is only one superhuman reality, the continuity of all human beings; to realize this is religion, is to love your neighbour.

Across the unity of humanity cuts war. What then is war, and what its place in the world?

II.—WAR

War, to Nicolai, is a transition phenomenon. His view is that it is not natural, or part of nature; for no animal makes

war on its own species. It came in with man; but it is not native to man in his horde state; it was a consequence of the introduction of possessions, as all war must be war for something.

He thus agrees with those German panegyrists of war, like Scheler, who also hold that war is not animal. But whereas the panegyrists draw the deduction that war must therefore be spiritual and noble, Nicolai concludes that it is an instinct, once useful, the utility of which is past. Doubtless this is true; the fighting instinct though too strong now, was once only just strong enough to pull *homo sapiens* through against the mammoth and the sabre-tooth, while *homo neandertalensis* actually succumbed. The change came, in Nicolai's view, when man reinforced his naked hand with a pointed stone. That which took up the sword can and must lay it down. For since those ancient days evolution has been of brain, and the true struggle has been of brain. The spiritual war became more important than the physical war; civilization is the "living weapon," the sword the "dead weapon." Physical war is now merely the refuge of the weak and foolish. "If the German people," he says, possess the physical and psychical qualities necessary to give them dominion over the world, they will achieve it without war; if they do not possess them, no success in war will make good the want." We may note, though Nicolai does not, that Germany has unconsciously subscribed to the truth of this; she has fought with persuasion (propaganda) no less vehemently than with arms, a new thing in warfare.

He has no difficulty in showing that war does not build up intelligence, does not create, is not a "struggle for life" but "against life," is not a tonic medicine for humanity, and does not lead to the "survival of the fittest" but of the least fit. Of the Germanic theory of "right" war, war for power, he is contemptuous. Power must be power over some one or something; that condemns the *theory*. But we think he would agree that the "will to power" enshrines a true aim; only it must be power, not over your neighbour, but over yourself

and nature. In *practice*, Germany's allies, with German aid, are waging what Germans call low forms of war—Austria dynastic, Turkey religious. But Germany herself is actually no better, whatever her theories. "Does any one believe," he asks, "that the great mass of hatred and contempt with which the majority of men at present regard Germany would not greatly increase if Germany succeeded in bringing still more foreign territory under German rule?"

We cannot follow here the chapters on the ideas bred of war; militarism, which is a state of mind trying to shape the (necessary) organization of the world by misguided means, force; the history of the evolution of the Landwehr from a home defence force to an instrument of aggression; mass-suggestion; German Chauvinism, the exposition of which completes that of Professor Nippold, whose damning book, written in 1913, Nicolai does not seem to know. In Nicolai's eyes, Germany has gone off the rails since 1870, and must be brought back. But how hard it will be for Germans to get on to the rails again can be seen in Nicolai himself. We said that he writes as a German patriot. Now and again he writes purely as a German. He objects to war because it is unscientific, and impedes his ideal, the unity of Europe; but for its misery he has no feeling. He, as it were, simply shrugs his shoulders over that, and comments that it only increases the peace death rate 7%. That is, of course, an error and gives no account of the lost years of human life. To natures not German, it is astounding to find a man of gifts believing that, if war were justifiable on other grounds, no one need trouble about the heaps of corpses, and philosophising that a certain cruelty is necessary. If Nicolai can write this, what hope is there that the present educated classes in Germany can ever change their beliefs, this side of the grave?

Yet one quotation he gives, or rather two quotations in conjunction, set one thinking. He points out that the Neitzsche who wrote, "The good war sanctifies every cause" (was this bitter irony?), also hoped for the "breaking of the sword," and wrote: "Better to perish than to hate and fear;

better twice over to perish than to make oneself hated and feared."

III.—THE CRIMES OF GERMANY

The most permanently valuable part of Nicolai's book is probably his study of the misuse of Kant in Germany, too important to summarize briefly. But of most immediate interest to-day is his plain speaking about German crimes and follies, though some of the worst were yet to come when he wrote. He brings out with great clearness the gulf between German thought (rather perhaps the expression of that thought) and German actions; he steadily denies the claim that there is one law for Germany and another for her opponents; if you agree to rules, you must keep them. He takes the ground that Germans, by their actions, show that they no longer respect the worth of men, and have thus lost the basis of their own morality; that is, their acts damage themselves. He quotes Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria's order forbidding his troops to give quarter to the British, and calls it "without any doubt the gravest injury which can be inflicted on the worth of humanity." Of Professor Eucken's saying, that the English were Pharisees and that he apologized to the Pharisees for the comparison, he says: "He who reads the German professors must think we are at war with beasts." Yet Eucken is milk and water compared with many Lutheran pastors. He says of the campaign of hatred and lying waged unrebuked in the German press that, while the world calls the Germans barbarians, "It must be admitted that in the last two years we have at least become much more barbarian-like." Of the particular form of vilification which consisted in always referring to the German troops as heroes and their opponents as cowards, he takes the view which was (we believe) finally forced on the authorities by the German troops themselves; these people "did not reflect that in belittling the enemy they belittled their own victories, and turned their own defeat, should it happen, into a disgrace." With Lissauer he would deal very faithfully; "the old Germans," he says, "used to tear out such men's tongues, saying, 'Now

the snake will cease to hiss.' " We ourselves prefer the way of the British soldiers, who made Lissauer a laughing-stock and killed the Hymn of Hate with ridicule by singing it themselves to the Germans at every opportunity.

Nicolai is equally severe on German Chauvinism. The friends of war, he declares, the agrarians and iron magnates, are descendants of Cain, the first murderer, and the Bible says so! (Genesis iv. 20, 22.) He destroys H. S. Chamberlain's amateur ethnology once again, and points out how ridiculous in practice much of the German race-talk is, seeing that the same men who preach the extension of Germany over the world are afraid even to unify the German race; instead they are fighting for political purposes, to bolster up the chaos which calls itself Austria. Men care only for the dynasty, not for the German nation. "So let us be honest," he says, "and say, not that such and such a thing is good German, but that it is good Hohenzollernish."

He has rescued from oblivion an article on York by Paul Ernst. "York," runs the argument, "was a moral German, based on Kant's ethics; but moral Germans only perform moral acts; therefore York's treason was a moral act." Nicolai quotes this glorious sophistical syllogism as an instance of the abdication of the German intellect; another instance is the fact, now revealed we believe for the first time, that some of the 93 never even read their precious manifesto, but performed the "moral act" of signing it unread in response to a telegraphic request from Erzberger, then in that stage of his evolution in which he desired to rain fire from heaven upon London.

Nicolai relates that a "highly-cultivated soldier" asked him if it would not be possible to throw bombs filled with cholera germs or plague bacilli behind the enemy front. "When I replied that this seemed neither a profitable nor a very humane proceeding, he replied 'What have we to do with humanity in this war? Germany has a right to do whatever she pleases.'" Similarly a Staff-Surgeon at Graudenz told him that he had often wondered whether he could not make his way into Russia and inoculate the Russians with

living bacteria, stating that against such a pack everything was permissible.

"Such men," says Nicolai, "regard their fellowmen as beasts because they have become beasts themselves." And he points out that race after race of beasts has perished from growing too big; will not the same fate overtake the swollen German militarism? "Along the endless field-gray front runs a warning shadow that presages the coming *Götterdämmerung*." And he quotes Dostoievski's saying that Germany, when she has destroyed everything against which for centuries she has protested, will then die spiritually herself, having nothing more to protest against.

But what of protesting against *herself*? Nicolai has done his best; and we may conclude with a passage in proof of this. Had he known all that we know to-day, he might have made it stronger; just as he would have strengthened his honourable contention that if you undertake to treat your prisoners in a certain way you must so treat them, though it be to your hindrance. However, the passage suffices as it stands. He takes three treaties. The Belgian neutrality treaty of 1839 created as against Germans "an insurmountable wall, based on their own word." By the Declaration of Paris (1856) the nations placed a prohibition on the secret sinking of ships. By the Hague Convention (1899) they voluntarily deprived themselves of the use of suffocating or poisonous gases. "Whatever," he continues, "one may think of the value and significance of such conventions, after they are once concluded all discussion of them must cease; for henceforth any breach of them not only damages the enemy, but inflicts irreparable injury on one's own honour. Therefore there has been nothing so melancholy in this war as the violation of Belgian neutrality, the U-boat campaign, and the use of suffocating gases. For these things are fatal, not only to human life, but to human honour." For once a German has spoken out like an honest man; and, as we have seen, he has had his reward: five months' imprisonment. For a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country.

COMBATANT

INTERNATIONALISM V. NATIONALISM IN MUSIC

ALTHOUGH there must be frank recognition of the fact that music in its highest forms acknowledges no geographical limitations, that it is international rather than national, since musical language is intelligible to and appreciated by all nations alike whatever the differences which separate them,—differences attributable either to topographical or to ethnological reasons or else to differing conditions of daily life and modes of thought,—there must be equal recognition that these same differences are responsible for corresponding differences of detail in the mode adopted by each nation of expressing itself in music. It is an undeniable fact that various nations have varied tastes in music. The English, as a whole, are of an imperturbable nature; their restraint as regards emotion makes it evident that if music is, as is universally acknowledged, a mirror in which the life of the nation can be seen, that music which expresses them best is the non-sensational, the non-eccentric. The French, on the other hand, more gay and vivacious and less self-restrained as to the expression of emotion, find self-expression in more sprightly and more sensuous music. The German nation has found satisfaction in a more carefully planned and more complicated style of music, and even in the lighter forms of composition demands a certain amount of seriousness. The general character of the music of a northern nation like Norway or Finland, whether folk-music or art-music or a combination of both, is of a simple rugged character which distinguishes it from the more polished, more sensuous products of a southern nation such as Italy. The idiosyncracies and characteristics of other nations and how they are reflected in the music of each, might suitably be

reviewed here, but it is not necessary to press the point any further.

At the same time, in speaking of any nation as a whole, we have to bear in mind the almost cosmopolitan make-up of the nation. To take one example, Russia, with upwards of one hundred and fifty millions of people, is made up of various nationalities through the amalgamation of Slav with various Ural-Altaic races, embracing Turko-Mongols, Turko-Tartars, and Caucasians. Speaking of European Russia only, we have the following divisions at the present time, Great Russians, Little Russians and White Russians. These again have been brought in contact with and have absorbed other distinct nationalities, the Great Russians, Finnish elements; Little Russians, Turkish elements; and White Russians, Lithuanian elements. Again, the Great Russians are sub-divided into Central Russians and Novgorodians. A Russian writer of the present day says that between Great and Little Russia there are profound differences of language, colour, costume, traditions, popular songs and dances, etc., due to ethnographical peculiarities and historical conditions. How are we to expect a similarity of tastes and a musical self-expression in common? Yet all Russian music seems to have certain characteristics in common, and these are barbaric primitiveness, a melodic and rythmic charm, combined with warmth and colour truly oriental.

Again, take the British Isles; here we find the Celt, the Norseman, the Saxon, the Norman-French, all contributing in past centuries to the general make-up, while the last two centuries have witnessed a steady stream of people from almost every European country flocking to the British Isles and taking up their permanent abode in different parts (mostly, of course, in the towns). All this makes it more difficult to generalize; and when we examine the folk-music and the popular music of all kinds, when we also review representative compositions of the more prominent musicians living and working in the British Isles from the 16th century to the present day, it is somewhat hard to arrive at a satisfactory

verdict as to the kind of music which best expresses the nation as a whole.

The task would be infinitely more difficult if we were asked to show conclusive proof of the music truly representing the British Empire, the unification and consolidation of which during recent years has been the aim of all its great political leaders in whatever part of the empire they may be domiciled. It must necessarily be so when we consider the differences between the various constituent parts of the empire as regards geographical position, as well as racial, climatic, and linguistic characteristics, inducing varied modes of life and of thought and therefore of self-expression in every one of the many parts of the empire; however, if each of these various sections of the empire is earnestly desiring a unification which shall not be merely for the selfish reason of protecting its own interests, it is evident that there must be some means of expressing that desire common to all parts of the empire, and here is where music is required to help. To return for a moment to the British Isles, we find, as regards music, no chauvinistic spirit there at any rate; in fact they have been, up to a few years ago, *too* busy welcoming outside influences, turning *too* willing an ear to those who have been during the last two centuries endeavouring to convince them that they are an utterly unmusical people, so steeped in commercialism and utilitarianism as to be incapable of emotional self-expression in music, and that the only satisfactory conclusion to be arrived at is that they have been too busy trying to gain the whole world and losing their own souls. The answer to this has been the efforts lately of native musicians, both amateur and professional, to show that there is a wealth of indigenous folk-music in every quarter of the British Isles. There has been a growing interest on the part of the great public in hearing this folk-music, a growing activity among the rising young composers to use it as a basis for composition—so much so, indeed, as to bring a charge against them in some quarters that they are incapable of originality in thematic work. As a very

capable critic of the present day has remarked, "Musicians are generally driven to nationalism as a revolt against foreign influence." This certainly has been the case in Russia during the last century, and especially so since the emancipation of the serfs there in 1860; and the example of Russia undoubtedly inspired similar efforts in England.

It is almost unnecessary to enumerate here the various specimens of folk-song associated with ordinary daily life, or of popular songs which deal with national events in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Who is not familiar with "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," "The March of the Cameron Men," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Bonnie Dundee," "The Campbells are Coming," "Blue Bonnets are over the Border," etc.? Again, who does not hear at once when the titles are mentioned such Welsh songs as "Land of my Fathers," "March of the Men of Harlech"; and such Irish songs as "Wearin' of the Green," "The Harp that Once," "St. Patrick's Day," "Battle of the Boyne," "The Minstrel Boy," etc.? The folk-music and popular songs of England itself are, comparatively speaking, not so generally known, or at least, if they are known, they are not played and sung with the same frequency, and have until recent years been looked upon as of interest merely from an antiquarian point of view. Folk-music of more remote periods is always difficult to trace to its source because it has been necessarily handed down through succeeding generations orally, naturally getting altered considerably from the original in the process; but in one noteworthy instance, on a parchment at Reading Abbey, which on the reverse side had an ecclesiastical antiphon, was discovered the famous rota or canon, "Sumer is a cumin' in," dating from about 1250. It is a true folk-melody of pastoral character, bright and joyous. The mode or scale employed is the "Ionian" transposed, which imparts to it a softer character than if it had been in the other ecclesiastical modes. It has a "drone" bass and is really meant for six voices, four singing the melody as a round, and two the "drone" bass.

Five hundred years ago was fought the Battle of Agincourt, and the victory was commemorated by special words being fitted to a popular melody of the period, the introductory bars and the final bars, both with Latin words, being probably added by some scholarly composer of that time. Good specimens of the next century (the 16th) are "The Three Ravens," "Light o' Love," and "The Willow Song."

In the early 17th century we have such a ballad as "Green-sleeves," and "Peg o' Ramsey," and the well-known country dance or round called "Sellinger's Round." Another popular tune of the late 16th and early 17th century was "The Carman's Whistle."

The period of the Commonwealth in England interfered considerably with popular song and dance, and we find a style differing considerably from that of the Elizabethan and early Jacobean times, prevailing after the Restoration; such a song as "Here's a Health unto His Majesty" (1667), and also "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Arne, being representative popular songs of the period. The chimes of many country churches in England have been the means of handing down traditional tunes.

Taken as a whole, the folk-music, using the term in the larger sense of the British Isles, equals in quality and quantity that of any other country, and it is just as much the proud heritage of the people of the British Dominions beyond the seas as of the inhabitants of the British Isles themselves. Above all things let us remember that the existence of this folk-music proves that in the past England has been a musical nation; that whatever the fashion of the moment might be in the upper circles of society, the people of England were, like other European nations, century after century laying up a repertoire of music indigenous to the soil, and expressive of the lives and thoughts of its inhabitants. Because the folk-music of a country should influence the compositions of art-workers in music in that country, there is no reason for musicians necessarily to use the idiom prevailing in that country in any one century. This is the danger at the present time

in musical circles where the folk-song enthusiasts would prescribe a particular idiom of Elizabethan or Jacobean times to express the national consciousness. Many say that the art-music of these times, written by Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, Morley and Dowland in the early period, and again by Lawes, Purcell and Arne in the later period, represents the true English school which it is necessary to copy; but different centuries see different tastes in the same nation, and music cannot stand still. Yet, when viewing the productions of the various musical composers of the different European countries, undoubtedly we find the "national note" present to a certain extent in all. Consciously or unconsciously, they have been influenced by the particular taste of the people amongst whom each of them has chiefly dwelt, and their music therefore appeals more powerfully than other music to the feelings of the nation and is more permanently cultivated in that country.

Although the peculiar characteristics of the music of any particular nation are more strongly exhibited in the popular song and dance tunes traditionally preserved by the country people and lower orders of society, who form the great majority of the people and who do not change their tastes so rapidly, yet when viewing the productions of the musical composers of the various European countries, undoubtedly we find nationalism in their music if it was composed in the particular taste of the nation where each dwells. It then appeals more powerfully than other music to the feelings of that nation and is permanently cultivated in that country. Therefore, during the last two centuries, taking into consideration the influence due to environment, Arne, Greene, Boyce, Balfe, Smart, Sterndale-Bennett, Sullivan, Goring Thomas, Cowen, Mackenzie, Parry, Stanford, Elgar may be considered representative of British nationalism in music; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Strauss, Reger, and Karg-Elert may be regarded as representative of German nationalism in music; Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Montemezzi, Wolfe-

Ferrari, and Sinigaglia, of Italian nationalism in music; Auber, Boieldieu, Herold, Couperin, Rameau, Berlioz, Saint Saens, Gounod, Massenet, Debussy, and Ravel, of French nationalism in music; and (during the last century only) Glinka, Tschaikowsky, Ruibnstein, Glazounoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Borodin, Moussorksky, and Rachmaninoff, of Russian nationalism in music. However, the style of all these distinguished composers has also been influenced in great measure by their study of the works of previous and even contemporary masters of countries other than their own; for instance, the English Arne and Greene studied Italian models, as did the German Haydn and Mozart, as well as the German Handel (who was a naturalized Englishman). The later Italian composers from Verdi to Wolf-Ferrari were influenced by German models; the later French by Russian models and ideas; the early Russian composers mentioned above by the compositions of Berlioz, and the later Russians by German works; the later English composers referred to above were influenced by German works, and the present-day English composers by French and Russian works. Thus there is an international note in their music.

In Russia, Glinka, through his own works, began to show his countrymen early in the last century how the vitalizing power of national characteristics could be put to good account in art-music; and, later on, such men as Balakireff, Borodin, Moussorksky and Rimsky-Korsakoff banded themselves together to resist anything which savoured of either Italian or German ideals or methods, and to write Russian music for the Russian people. One of the greatest features of Russian art-music belonging to all schools, is its abundance of simple and easily-grasped melody. Brilliant and striking orchestration and the power of depicting elemental passions and striking situations have also contributed to draw the attention of other countries, especially France and England, to Russian musical works, and these countries have also learned from Russia rhythms differing from their own. This has had an important influence on art progress. In Germany,

folk-music has always been felt by her composers—from the greatest to the least—as a vitalizing influence in their works; and the rise of the Russian school during the last fifty years, with its continuous use of national folk-music as a basis and a pattern, has stimulated a revival of interest in England in its own folk-music. But this insistence on a national note in music has not been confined to England. Liszt, Joachim, and Brahms brought forward Hungarian folk-music; Chopin, the distinctive features of Polish national music; Dvorak, Bohemian folk-music, and, as an object lesson to the United States, negro melodies. Grieg, again, is a conspicuous person in this connection, and certainly infused into all the music he wrote the idiom of native Norwegian folk-music. Sibelius is another outstanding figure as regards the use of Finnish folk-music idiom in all his works.

Those who resist the temptation to be merely national, and deprecate the attempts of others who endeavour to express themselves in music, which by its local idiom prohibits a universal appeal, are undoubtedly sincere in their desire to serve the whole of mankind, to disregard barriers, geographical or political, to develop a mutual understanding and regard between nations speaking different verbal languages. For instance, we cannot but think Hugo Wolf sincere when he said the business of the composer is not to write German music, or Russian music or French music, but simply *good* music. With that idea in view he wrote songs which have more than a local appeal.

One hesitates to quote Nietzsche at the present time because a good many people seem to think that the doctrines which he preached are to some extent responsible for the present war. Nietzsche abhorred nationalism. His constructive ideal was not national but the gradual evolution of the type of man onwards and upwards to the superman. On one occasion he told his fellow countrymen that the great men of old were patriots only in their weaker moments, in old age, or when they rested from themselves. He refused to allow that moral or intellectual qualities could be confined

within frontiers, and scorned a culture which was "merely national," with no voice for the "soul of Europe." A perversion of Nietzsche's doctrines by Bernhardi and other German militarists has led to a somewhat wrong estimate of the philosopher's ideals.

Bach and Beethoven, the greatest of all art-musicians, may be said to be the least conscious of a national note in their own works. Bach made great use of chorales, a feature of Lutheran religious worship, but, outside these, he used no local-idiom as a basis of his art-work. Beethoven's Pastorale Symphony, decidedly a picture of simple country life, has themes of folk-music simplicity, but not consciously of German folk-music more than of any other nation. Who amongst us dares to say that the music of Bach or Beethoven ought not to be played to-day because they were Germans and wrote for German people? Who amongst us does not feel that the message of their music is couched in the music of a universal language which ignores the present conflict and makes us forget racial differences?

The music of any country suffers from too great an insistence on the national note, just as any country is the poorer for the absence of that national note, and for neglect in cultivating it. No country ought to neglect its native-produced music, whether that music belongs to the folk-type or to the art-type. At the same time we know that a vast amount of "trash," posing as patriotic songs and marches, floods our country, and never more so than at the present time. In the case of songs the words are the merest doggerel and are fitly matched with rubbish which cannot honestly be termed music. Attention should be drawn to the fact that, besides the French-Canadian songs sung here, much of which is a heritage from France, Canada should see that the folk-music of the British Isles is employed in instructing the young, and at the same time make use of the "immortals" wherever they may have happened to be born.

H. C. Perrin

QUEBEC: PULP AND PAPER

At a time when the country is weighed down with a huge war debt, an adverse balance of trade, an unfavourable exchange rate and face to face with the necessity of adopting a vigorous readjustment policy, it is of the utmost importance that every possible encouragement be given to industries which are in any way capable of solving our economic problems. Such a one is the pulp and paper industry. While no person will claim that it is a panacea for all our economic ills it undoubtedly possesses many factors making for their solution. We are told by economists that the surest and quickest way of wiping out our adverse balance of trade is by exporting. The value of pulp and paper exported from Canada exceeds that of any other of our manufactured goods with the exception of munitions, and munition-making is now a thing of the past.

Away back some twenty odd years ago a lone Argonaut launched out on the unknown and uncharted sea of export business. It is not recorded who the individual was, where he sent the paper, what difficulties he overcame in finding markets, in surmounting tariff walls, or in financing the project. Although he only exported $122 worth of paper he was the pioneer in a movement which has grown to immense proportions. From the pitifully small $122 worth which he exported twenty-seven years ago our exports of pulp and paper now exceed $96,000,000 and the end is not yet.

The success which has been attained by the pulp and paper industry is not a matter of chance or haphazard effort. For the success of the industry three essentials are required, namely, abundant water power, large available forest resources and a plentiful supply of labour. The province of Quebec possesses these to a remarkable degree. Out of the Dominion's

total water power, amounting to 18,000,000 H.P., Quebec has 6,000,000 or one third, but only a seventh of this power has been tapped by engineers. In addition to that, the rivers and streams of the province nearly all flow to the south which carries the products of forest and factory towards the great markets of the United States. In regard to forest wealth, over one half of the total pulp resources of Eastern Canada, or 300,000,000 cords, are located in this province, while in the matter of labour the French lumberjack is without an equal in the world. Altogether its water power, raw material, labour, shipping facilities, and nearness to a great market, combine to make this province one of the world's great pulp and paper manufacturing centres.

The remarkable growth and expansion of the pulp and paper industry in this province is directly traceable to the far-sighted policy put into force some years ago by the Gouin Government. Legislation was passed a decade ago prohibiting the export of pulp wood cut from Crown Lands, and as a result of this policy American paper manufacturers, who formerly depended on this province for their supply of raw material, were forced to move their plants to Quebec and manufacture the pulp wood into paper on this side of the border. At the same time the Government adopted most progressive measures in regard to conserving the water power of the province and safe-guarding the forests by instituting thorough fire-protective measures. At the cost of many millions of dollars great conservation dams were built on the Upper Ottawa, in the St. Maurice Valley, and in other parts of the province, with the result that the paper manufacturer is now assured of a steady supply of water throughout the year instead of having floods in the spring and droughts in the summer and fall. Stringent laws have been passed for the protection of the forests, in which work the co-operation of the limit owners and paper manufacturers was enlisted. In addition to the above every possible assistance and encouragement is given to those who desire to go in for re-forestation and the scientific cutting of their timber resources,

while the Forest Products Laboratories at McGill continue to do a most useful work of an experimental nature.

To-day, as a result of wise legislation and favourable natural resources, Quebec province has over forty pulp and paper mills located within her borders, or almost half of all those operating throughout the Dominion. While the growth of the industry has been most rapid in the last few years it is by no means of a mushroom nature. It has developed throughout the years until to-day it is almost our most important manufacturing industry. For the year just closed this country exported $96,000,000 worth of pulp and paper products, which is a far cry from the paltry $122 exported a little over a quarter of a century ago. In 1917, we exported $71,000,000 worth; in 1916, $52,000,000; in 1915, $36,000,000; and in 1910, $13,000,000. In that year our exports of newsprint alone to the United States amounted to but $1,000,000, or 15% of their production. Last year our export of newsprint was $35,000,000, or 76% of the American production. To-day Canada is producing 625,000 tons of newsprint per annum, or half the amount produced by our big neighbour to the south; but in addition to that we are producing large quantities of high grade book papers, writing papers, wrapping papers, and other products.

The United States is becoming more and more dependent on Canada for her pulp and paper. Quebec has the largest available supply of pulp wood on the continent, the greatest water power resources, and as the nearest province to the large consuming centres of the Eastern States it must continue as the great source of supply. The provincial authorities and the heads of the great paper mills in the province are fully alive to the situation, and are prepared to "carry on" to a still greater extent. It is not only to the United States that our paper men are looking for markets: they find that there is a great demand for our paper products in South America, South Africa, Australia, and other parts of the world. In order to take care of the export business, the paper manufacturers have formed an Export Association which has for its

object the closest possible co-operation between the manufacturers, thereby securing a standardized product and also greater efficiency in marketing and selling the output.

The pulp and paper industry of the Dominion is one of our great basic industries and is not dependent upon artificial aids for its maintenance. Just as long as the forests of the country are available for cutting over, as long as the streams furnish power and means of communication, and the industry retains its present efficient technical heads, it will maintain its prominence. Within the last few years it has got upon a stable basis largely through the employment of technically trained men in its mills, through the adoption of conservation policies in regard to the care and cutting of its forests, as well as by the use of reforestation, the standardization of its products, and the adoption of progressive measures of manufacturing and marketing, until to-day it is not only our most important *exporting* industry, but is destined to be the most important of *all* our manufacturing industries. The development of the pulp and paper industry in this province is only in its infancy.

J. C. Ross

THE STOOKS UPON THE HILL

Like giants tall, upon the darkened hill
The stooks stand out against the evening sky,
And bid defiance to the bitter wind
Which from the rude north-west goes rushing by.

The early snow from out the driving clouds
Has left upon each brow a wreath of white
Which sparkles, as the fleeting eastern clouds
Unveil the rising splendour of the night.

In solemn, silent strength they stand alone
And look their last upon the land so dear:
To-morrow they will pass beyond the view,
Another night will know they are not here.

J. H. Arnett

KIPLING

[*The substance of this paper was originally read to the English Association, Toronto Branch.*]

IT is by a stroke of the irony of fate that this paper sees the light now when every occasion for it has long passed, or not yet come. Before the war, or again long after the war, it might have been, it might again be, in season.

Five years ago, when we were lapped in pacifism, a mild protest on behalf of Kipling, a suggestion that he knew something of the facts of life, if not so much about its theories, that he knew in particular something more about human nature and the British Empire, if not so much about a ghostly and rather ghastly International Polity, than fanatic Radicals, would have been in season; but now it is all to no purpose surely: you are all converted, you all know that soldiers have their uses and their virtues.

I have been bemoaning the untimeliness of this Kipling paper, yet there are possibly some consolations, and it is not wholly untimely. This is a very academic society, yet not wholly academic; and the non-academic portion may have found Conrad and Henry James, George Meredith and George Bernard Shaw strong meat for babes. At the reading of these papers some of you did not say a word, "nor understood none neither," perhaps. Well, if so, for this portion at least here comes consolation; here at least in Kipling is a writer who writes to be understanded of the people.

Here is a paper on a commonish man, who lives with men and knows men. Who, though he be the best educated, in the narrow sense, of most of the writers we have discussed, is yet the most democratic, in the proper sense of that much abused term, of them all. Not democratic in politics no doubt, no more democratic than Shakespeare or Socrates; but democratic, like Shakespeare and Socrates, in the true sense that he loves mankind, that he plays to its gallery,

more or less honourably, less cheaply than Shakespeare on the whole; less lusciously than Dickens, but always to the gallery, in the sense that he appeals, like Shakespeare and Dickens, to common vulgar emotions and experiences; to the vulgar geniality or genial vulgarity of the ordinary Englishman; to his good nature and sentimentality; to his vulgar patriotism even.

There is no inconsistency, by the way, in saying that Kipling appeals to vulgar patriotism, and yet in protesting that neither he nor the nation to whom he appeals say much of patriotism: do not slobber about it or celebrate flag-days or teach patriotism in the schools. There are appeals and appeals. The appeal he makes to his countrymen, and the appeal his countrymen prefer, is the recital of deeds done and hardships braved; stories of men of action.

Kipling has a genius for friendship, chiefly with the vulgar: with the soldier man and the sailor man, two of the vulgarest of our race; but next with the engineer of every species and kind, nautical, electrical, and railway engineer: especially therefore with the inventive and ingenious American; and next with the professional administrator of the middle classes, the officials of the Indian Civil Service, the officers and doctors of the Indian Army: inexhaustible in his sympathies, and with no prejudices except the prejudices which Dickens shared and which most professors share—one bond at least, if there be but one between Kipling and ourselves—which Shakespeare, it is safe to say, shared also, to the small measure of his experience, the prejudice against politicians and members of parliament, party politics and catch-words, suffrage and suffragists; especially Pagett, M.P., and the men and women who find a panacea for human ills in the equality of voting powers and in the counting of noses, with no account of brains above them or of biceps beneath, least of all of national character beyond, above, below, greater than noses, brains, and biceps. Like his countrymen he takes to his heart without distinction the five great men of action: the soldier, the sailor, the missionary, the explorer, the true statesman (not the politician and circus-rider style

of statesman), and adds a sixth, the product of his own age and modern conditions, the engineer in all his sorts and kinds. And yet, or perhaps I ought to say and therefore, he is somewhat heavily handicapped, I recognize, with an academic audience, especially in his character of poet.

We like our poets to be poetic figures; to be stately, dignified, picturesque. You cannot look at the portrait of Dr. Bridges, prefixed with instinctive symbolism by his publishers to the collection of his poems, without exclaiming at once—a poet or an artist! No other man has quite that quality of clothing and coiffure. We like our poets to retain a certain distance and aloofness from us in their private lives; not to be vulgarized by the publicity with which Mr. Stead and the journalists have damned our age. Tennyson lived in the picturesque seclusion of Aldworth, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," seeing before him only "Green Sussex melting into blue with one grey glimpse of sea." His house also was a setting which matched its owner. The frame suited the picture; even an unobservant stranger would at once have recognized that this man was not a common man, but some sort of character: a person of quality.

But Kipling is a journalist, and a journalist, on the whole, of the school which is distinct from men of letters.

Is he not then heavily handicapped? How can this little newspaper man be a poet? He has no distinction of birth, of University education, of style and language; he has not even the fads and fancies and sensational eccentricities of belief which made Mr. Stead—even though he vulgarized all journalism—seem after all a separate figure and a sort of philosopher, at least of a Christian Science kind.

Kipling has travelled everywhere, talking, listening, observing. His life has been in the open air of action, rather than in the student's library, and his books are the celebration of action, not of thought. The ultimate creed of the Englishman is the good of action and the emptiness of thought and speech. Kipling gives expression to that creed. Ah! but that antithesis, says someone more pensively inclined, is shallow and

will not bear examination, if only because our action itself is continually only the reflex of some lonely thinker's thoughts and speech: if only because Kipling himself only inspires great actions—and he has no doubt inspired many great actions, *e.g.*, the career of Colonel Elkington—by means of his words and writings. "The song that nerves a nation's arm is in itself a deed," says someone, and if so the antithesis disappears. Yes, and quite apart from this, the antithesis between thought and action, between words and deeds, seems vain to the pensive mind, for a different and opposite reason: nature herself has created that antithesis and justified it: nature herself has created one man or even one race to think and talk and not to act, to know themselves and their neighbours and life, but only as bystanders, as onlookers, as spectators, who accomplish nothing practical, who leave neither Empires nor laws; who are thinkers, ineffectual thinkers often, πολλὰ φρονέοντες μηδενὸς κρατέοντες and nothing beyond; and another man or even another race to act and accomplish; to build Empires and laws and stamp their mark on everything, unconscious all the while of their own nature and of human nature; men of action who know nothing. And if this be nature's law so to divide men, how vain is the antithesis and the attempt to exalt either thought or action above the other. It would even seem that the thinkers and the talkers are excused from being anything more, nay, are forbidden to be more: that the writers and preachers of the Word are necessarily not the doers: that the doers are necessarily not the preachers: that the apostle disquieted himself unnecessarily when his sensitive instinct warned him that if he preached much more to others he might himself become a castaway. Why not a castaway if a preacher? What else is a preacher but a breath, a flame that evaporates in hot air, that has no place, no life, except within the pulpit? Has not nature created literary men and literature just to pour out words and thoughts which are sufficient in themselves, which have in themselves their end, their inspiration or otherwise? by their words they are

justified and by their words they are condemned; for there is "nothing to them" but words. What matter then if the outward lives of such men show every inconsistency in action, and range from picturesque eccentricities to common blackguardism? Rousseau and Coleridge and Verlaine were born to express, in words, high thoughts and high emotions; with those expressions their life work is accomplished, they are free to dispose of the balance of the time, the idle hours of relaxation and release, after any fashion that they please, and no man should be so Pharisaic, so Philistine, so prudish, as to challenge their sincerity, just because the life lived, the deeds done, are as worthless as the theories and words were fine and inspiring.

I am playing the *advocatus diaboli*, you perceive, against Kipling's man of action, whose actions endear him and him alone to Kipling. I am pleading for the artistic and literary sinners whom Kipling's standard of judgment, judgment by life, by action, condemns. It is not for nothing that his heart warms to Martha and is cold towards Mary. Personally, of course, being a Professor I am on the side of Mary; but I recognize none the less a certain soundness in the British leaning to Martha. It is better not to scrutinise too closely these laws of nature: not to know too much about them; not to become a sophist of Greece.

It is a healthy instinct which bids the Englishman and every healthy man ignore, avoid, shut his eyes to that law of nature which tends to separate thought and action as incompatible. It is a healthy instinct which seeks to vault over the gulf between thought and action; to vault it, vault it again and continually to vault it, until a man has established in his own life a fair compromise between those rival, opposite, and almost incompatible spirits. I am not saying that Kipling desires that compromise; he is intolerant of thoughts and theories; he is content with wholesome primary instincts and their most wholesome and primary expression, that is, their expression, not in thought and speech, not in meditation and in eloquence, but just in plain silent action.

Anyhow that antithesis, such as it is, and however it be true or untrue, lies at the root of Kipling's books; *of his* poetry alike and of his prose.

In his case there is no occasion to separate the poetry and the prose. Literature is an appeal to the mind of man, to his emotions, imaginations, reason. If it is also an appeal to his senses; if it has a certain music and rhythm which makes a sensuous appeal to his ears as well, it is called poetry. But there is no vital difference between Kipling's prose and poetry: they appeal to the same emotions, imaginations, instincts, and reason, with or without the added sensuous appeal to the ears. The poetry is just as simple, just as much addressed to the man in the street, as the prose; nay, more so, obviously.

The sailing of the "Bolivar" is to fastidious ears, I presume, no less than to fastidious minds, poor stuff. Its appeal is not primarily to the ears, but to a non-fastidious spirit, to the spirit of action, the passion for adventure, the reckless risking of life. A trifle shocking perhaps the "Bolivar," and yet not unworthy of the literature of a nation not interested to create literature primarily but to create men and seamen and to rule the waves.

His journalism handicaps him in another way. I know estimable and gifted University Professors who damn the "Recessional"—as Charles Lamb damned the Baptist Minister —at a venture; just because it is Kipling's and therefore, they are certain, just a piece of copy, just a fragment of journalism written to "feature" a volume needing advertisement with the middle classes: just a picturesque impression of a clever and detached mind, watching the English public; catching on quickly to its religiosity and its profound hypocrisy, and giving expression—for the sake of a cheap popularity —to the hypocritical religion of the English.

Well, it may be that there is a simpler explanation of the "Recessional;" just that the author is himself an Englishman and an instinctive, unconscious Englishman, and therefore also—as the dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in—a

religious hypocrite; neither more nor less sincere or insincere than his countrymen.

But perhaps the French and other critics of English hypocrisy have not quite touched bottom yet in their attempt to plumb that bottomless sea of national characteristics. Hypocrisy as generally understood is acting to deceive the public, but hypocrisy as predicated by Frenchmen of Englishmen is rather a malicious and French synonym for aspiration: the acting, the efforts, the exertions which a man makes to impose upon himself, to make himself better than he has been. If you remove the hypocrisy you destroy the aspiration.

The Englishman with his political instinct is full of Latin *affectatio*, which is variously translated and with equal correctness "aspiration," "affectation;" for the Roman also was an Englishman, full of hypocritical aspiration, of aspiring hypocrisy.

To come down from these generalities to issues more precise, if Kipling had done nothing else he would still have added to English poetry *a note* long waited for, late found—the muse of science: the tenth muse. This is the age of science, and everyone has said that science would some day find her poet who would see her romance, and not repeat after the forlorn fashion of the nobleman in McAndrew's Hymn the ancient lamentations about its banality and its materialism. But no one has realized so well as Kipling this general aspiration, this vague premonition.

McAndrew's Hymn is still the best thing of its kind; there are even persons not unintelligent who consider it the best poem ever written: "The King" and "The Miracles" are in the same vein. There is the tenth muse celebrating mechanical science, as she glorifies the passage of the railway train across a landscape: the beauty of London's smoky atmosphere to the eyes of Japanese artists: the beauty of Sheffield's smoke and Sheffield's chemicals, advertised to the world to-day by common post-cards, as picturesque as they are cheap. Here is a vein of poetry scarcely scratched at present, but it is Kipling who has opened it. Or take again the lighter

side of Kipling's verses: "Departmental Ditties" have been called "banjo songs." "So be it," says an English critic; "but we must go back to Béranger to match them. A banjo song inspired is better than serious poetry that is not." There is the root of the matter. There is the difference between the real poet laureate of Great Britain and the titular laureate: between Kipling and Doctor Bridges.

Every human being not a pedant or a pacifist can read Kipling: can even read him in quantities more than the majority of authors. The taste for Dr. Bridges' poetry is an acquired taste, very slowly, very painfully acquired: acquired, if at all, at Oxford and Cambridge in their honour schools of classics. I shall not be suspected of disliking these Universities and their honour schools of classics; but better a single book of Kipling's, any book almost, than a wilderness of the English Hellenists, Bridges and William Morris and Co. Yes, even (if "Atlanta" be excepted) with Swinburne included. Is this blasphemy for a Professor of Greek? It is not blasphemy; by those who died at Marathon it is not. Whom do *their* ghosts read to-day? if so be that they can read English, as they stretch their feet before the hearth in the taverns by the waters of Acheron, Kipling or Dr. Bridges? Whom does Admiral Phormio prefer, this English poet of the sea and of ships, of "dromond" and "cataphract," of "thranite" and of "thalamite," this celebrator of Greek galleys, or Dr. Bridges? Whom does Æschylus prefer, this English poet of soldiering and sailoring or Dr. Bridges? Whom does Socrates prefer? round whom all gathered to hear him talk, because they knew he was a man who had done so much more than talk: whose sermons were the only serious talk some soldiers would accept, because he had earned the right to use high words by deeds that matched the words. Whom does Plato prefer? Plato who pines through long pages to be a man of action and not of words only, and only gave up the ambition when he had tried his hand at action, had tried to hold down Syracuse, and had failed?

We read and rightly the literature of Greece; but it is of decadent Greece: as literature is naturally a hot-house flower which glows brightest in periods of decadence, when there is nothing more serious than literature to do or think of; in the intervals, I mean, between the greater periods of action; in the *fin-de-siècle* intervals, when a worn-out age is passing on its death bed, and a new age of action is not yet born. Our Greek literature, for the greater part, comes from decadent Greece; but the great Greece of great actions, the Greeks who did what Great Britain seeks to do to-day, rescue the world from the tyranny of ambitious barbarians, these men were not just "damned literary men"; and these men would give short shrift, one may conjecture, to the works of the English Hellenists if they could get a copy of Kipling into their horny hands, before their weather-beaten cheeks and faded eyes. These men were men, if scholars also,—φιλόσοφοι ἄνευ μαλακίας.

Few men—few educated men even—go to poetry for affectations and artificialities—for Patristic literature so to say—but rather for the simple sentiments and naive emotions which are always in danger of perishing by the force of education, sophistication and experience, and by the mere efflux of time; which are in danger of perishing at any rate beneath the crushing materialism of a man's prime and middle age.

Many modern democrats seem to me to misjudge things and exactly to reverse their right relations. Poetry is one thing, politics another. If there be anything wherein the voice of the people, of the mass of us, has a right to be heard, it is in poetry; for poetry is the voice of elemental and elementary feeling and of national character. If there be anything where the demos or the mass of us ought to be humble and follow our betters it is in the science of politics, or at least in many technical departments thereof,—*e.g.*, in foreign politics, or in economics, wherein we have no knowledge and no right of control. Yes, but "Kipling is *so* vulgar," says some intellectual. "That's very vulgar, father," said Sir Walter Scott's more feminine daughter, if I recollect, on

one occasion to her father. "Vulgar, my dear," said the old aristocrat, "do you know what vulgar means? It means common; everything best in the world, the best emotions, the best aspirations, the best instincts are all common. Very vulgar things indeed, my dear; go away and thank God that it is so." I presume that is sound sense, and none the worse from the lips of Sir Walter, who was not a democrat in the narrow sense. There are qualities, he meant, and qualities. There is quality in the sense of some idea or series of ideas, some art which few people reach and few value. It is far fetched: difficult to attain; when attained it is still caviare to the man in the street.

It is quality without quantity, without substance, that is, romance without reality. But there are other qualities, the best in human nature, which being the best are rarely attained and in scant measure; yet they make their appeal universally to all classes and natures: to literate and illiterate. Here also as in the other case, few there be that find them: yes, but none that do not love them and would fain find them. There is no contradiction here between quality and quantity. He who appeals to these qualities has the world to appeal to, for these qualities appeal to the whole world. And yet that does not diminish the quality of his appeal; the quality of his work is best, though he has the largest quantity of readers, because he is appealing to the best qualities in them, the best qualities for all their commonness and vulgarity, for all their universality. The common people hear such a poet gladly, for the high quality of his appeal. Kipling is the unlaureated laureate because he appeals strongly to these elusive yet primary instincts; to vulgar courage, to common loves and sorrows, to the child's heart in all men and to the children who are in all men's hearts: to the infinite admiration of the street, for the five or six great men of action, the soldier, the sailor, the missionary, the explorer, the engineer, and the true statesman.

Well, to resume, Kipling has this vulgar passion for reality, for action and men of action: none the less, all the more

presumably, because he is himself only a man of words, a journalist and story teller. A man's philosophy—says someone—is the obverse, the complement of his character.

I have internal evidence only on which to rely, but between the lines, *e.g.*, of that vigorous dream—since become a reality—called "The Army of a Dream," I think I read the confession that the writer himself would not have succeeded as a man of action, would never have become a first-rate driving force, a great slave driver; would never have speeded up production and energy, as the great soldiers and administrators speed them up: it is rare for the genius of sympathy and friendship to possess such driving power. So also it may be read between the lines of "Stalky and Co." that the writer would have naturally emerged from the training school of Indian officers and officials there described an official or officer himself, had not his talents been so markedly of a different type. In that description of a rather abnormal and strange school the later career of the writer is not obscurely anticipated.

For in Stalky's school there are three classes of boys: the docile "swats" or "smugs" or "grinds" or "cissies," or whatever the present slang be for that small band which has in its time included Demosthenes, Lamb, Coleridge, and Trollope, and the other sufferers of genius who were miserable at school. Second, the young ruffians who play games and little else: but third, also, a curious band of outlaws and vagrants who despise about equally "the flanneled fools and muddied oafs" of the athletic field, and the pale-faced students of Latin verses and conic sections. These curious and abnormal outlaws defy masters alike and boys: cut football for the sake of smoking, but over their illicit pipes read Browning and Ruskin with keen zest, compose satire and topical verses, write and draw caricatures. Obviously here is the budding of all the volumes about India, South Africa, and the Seven Seas: the boy had a gift for expression and for story-telling more than for command. He had the makings of a hero worshipper, rather than of a hero.

And now that I am talking of "Stalky and Co." I had better quote a passage about the flag. Messrs. Gardiner and Massingham and similar fanatics, the arid Radicals and the ingenuous Professors who swallow acid Radicalism as gospel, find a compendium for Kipling in beer, Bible, and flag. I dispute the compendium. I think this is a passage which, in the proper sense of the much abused words, is the exception proving my rule that there is no such compendium in fact.

Read "Stalky and Co.," page 242, and you will see that the compendium is no compendium.

However that be, Kipling solved the problem of a profession in that way and became first and foremost a sort of glorified reporter of India, of her scenery, her sorrows, her superstitions. He talked to her peasants and her priests and her anchorites. He was not like the British officer, a solitary figure on the Indian railway platform, waiting alone for his train: cut off not more by separate colour than by separate waiting room from the cultivators thronging *their* platform with their wives, children, and furniture, and bedding; and camping sometimes for a week before they find room upon the train for their migrations and pilgrimages. He made it his business to know something of these men of action as well as of the officers.

His first serious book—says its introduction—was the fulfilment of a promise made to a one-eyed holy man, who lived on an island in the middle of a river, and fed the fishes with little bread pellets twice a day, and buried the corpses which the freshets stranded there. The holy man advised him to begin a story, bring it to a crisis, leave it there, and then pass round the hat before continuing. This is the Indian story-teller's method. Kipling recognized the method of the serial story, but preferred to publish in one book and at one time "Life's Handicap" or "Stories of My Own People."

Here is a piece of restrained pathos from that book; not mushy pathos like Dickens, but restrained. It is the story of an Englishman who hired a native house and took to it "without benefit of clergy" a little Mahomedan girl.

They were very happy and their baby was happy and completed their happiness; but the heats came and the baby died and the child wife died just as the rains began, and her mother begged all the furniture except the bed, and the Englishman went back beneath the downpour to his official home ("Without benefit of Clergy," "Life's Handicap," p. 157).

I do not know how much is fact and how much fiction in these stories. Kipling, like every story teller, freely enhances and embroiders. One of these stories is a trifle horrible—"The Mark of the Beast." Probably even it is not wholly compact of imagination: the writer bored his friends, as I have noted, with the stock quotation from "Hamlet," "There are more things," etc.; and this philosophy of his, borrowed from Hamlet and from Purun Bhagat, the Hindoo hermit, who "did not believe in miracles because all things were one big miracle, and when a man knows that he has something to go upon; he knows that there is nothing great and nothing little in the world ("2nd Jungle Book," pp. 51-52), and this sense of mystery, reinforced by his sense of reality, his passion for facts, leaves little room for works of pure imagination, sheer invention. More likely the sensitive, sceptical, sympathetic spirit of the author, and of the doctor from whom he gets the story, interprets it as based on some obscure phenomena, still hidden from western science. The same suggestion comes from the story called "The Bisara of Pooree." The Bisara is a little charm fatal to its owner. Kipling represents himself as deliberately and carefully hiding it away, that there may be no owner. The creeds of the East lie heavier on him than on his countrymen.

This is not the place to discuss at length Kipling's Indian politics: he may have been wrong about South Africa: it looks very much like it: very much as if Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was right and the other side wrong. But, after all, the Dutch are not only white men but our own kin. There was nothing needed to restore harmony but a good fight, and now that the good fight has come and gone and cleared the air, and also—incidentally—has given Great

Britain at last a real army and something like a real union with her daughter states, harmony should be possible, even easy. But there is little or no analogy between South Africa and India. India is not a nation but a host of nations, none of them white. Further, its problem is complicated by the same difficulty which Greece presented to Rome.

The cleverest of Indian races, the most capable of rising under present conditions to political power (of succeeding, I mean, in those competitive examinations which we have established for ourselves and which *for us* are not too absurd and impossible), the most literary and intelligent of Indian races, the Bengalese, are also the most worthless morally; timid, dishonest, cunning, and unscrupulous as a decadent Greek. This is the race that takes to politics, that is, to civilized and peaceful quarreling, that talks politics, that demands a political equality which it does not possess by nature and character when compared with the other races, and still less when compared with the governing race. Such a story as "The Head of the District" sets forth the difficulties of the radical solution of the Indian question; of the policy offered by the imaginary Pagett, M.P., and the member for Tooting: offered in actuality by the late Keir Hardie and a score of other British politicians of the same school. It is a tragedy they seem to think, the best thing in life being parliamentary quarreling and verbal jangling, that a great Asiatic peninsula should be governed by a few aliens from Europe who recognize no Indian parliament. Tragedy it often is—for the aliens. The peninsula which under British rule is for the first time at peace, gets what peace can give to its best men, its peasants and farmers; while the soldierly races find employment under the British flag. Peasants, farmers, soldiers are contented: only the Scribes and Pharisees, lawyers, journalists, politicians and agitators of Bengal suffer. But for the aliens, who spend their lives in a climate where they cannot make their home, where their children cannot live after the fifth year; where the white race does not seem to survive after the third generation; whereby it loses its

youth and breaks the hearts of its womenkind by sending away to Europe its children; whereby it spends its old age away from the scene of its manhood and its best labour; in some unknown and unknowing English town, Brighton, Clifton, Cheltenham, Bath, or Bournemouth, which no longer counts as "home," whatever it may once have counted; whence the old man's heart flies far away to "the land of Regrets," the land where he has spent his energies and himself but has not made his abiding stay, ah! tragedy enough here for him and to spare!

The Asiatic doctrine of the unreality of life, so foreign to the British mind, now finds a home from very force of circumstance, by very pressure of experience, it well may be, in the heart of the Anglo-Indian, ex-soldier and ex-magistrate. How can he escape the Indian Doctrine, which his own career in India illustrates? "The shadows come and go, the shadows come and go."

"Life's Handicap," I think, was Kipling's first serious book rather than his first book. The first book was more cynical, naturally. "Departmental Ditties" was written in the twenties when a man's intellect is in its prime and at its best and sees easily through the vanity of life; when the young man, like and unlike his Creator, surveys life confidently and confidently pronounces judgement—"And behold it is all very bad," and the evening and the morning are about his twenty-fifth birthday.

But there is, nevertheless, good humorous stuff in "Departmental Ditties." There is "My Rival," which is as good as Calverley, high praise though that be, and would have pleased Calverley very much; which means by interpretation that it is far better than anything in Sir Alfred Austin or Dr. Bridges, so-called laureates.

I suppose it was on the strength of "Departmental Ditties," and little else, that Mr. Paul Elmer More, one of the few good critics whom the United States have produced, pronounces sentence that there is little sense of mystery, of asceticism, of restraint, of disillusionment, of beauty in

Kipling. He suggests that Kipling and Fitzgerald were the two popular poets of England twenty years ago, because the national taste and temper were badly divided between substances without form and form without substance. He means, I think, that since everyone wants each of these in poetry, the public instinct seized upon these two poets, because the one set forth the philosophy of form with such lucidity, such logic, such happiness of phrase, such melody and even passion, that he made even a poor and threadbare philosophy interesting and fascinating, while the other having for his subject the real passions and aspirations and high instincts of man, the deepest and most inexplicable, and most "inexpressive" things, gave them, beyond other men, an expression, the form of which seemed comparatively adequate and sufficiently passionate.

Fitzgerald charmed because he was so superior to William Morris, Dr. Bridges, and a host of other "idle singers of an empty day," even Swinburne included, while himself belonging to the idle singer school; Kipling because he was the most vocal, the least stammering, the least tongue-tied interpreter of things too deep for words.

As for the lack of mysticism, of the sense of beauty, of the sense of disillusionment, that is a hard saying to anyone who knows "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," or "They," or "Wireless," or "The Brushwood Boy," or "The Children of the Zodiac," or "The Real Romance." Mr. More makes a grudging exception in favour of two lines of this latter poem, but why in favour of two lines only? and what else is "If"? Is there not disillusionment enough in all conscience in "If"? Here is the very spirit of illusion and disillusionment alike: of faith and hope and yet of knowledge and experience, woven, each, into the warp and woof of the poem: here is a poem of action and reflection in equal proportions, a poem of form and substance alike, a poem of vigorous form, even though the form be rough, and packed full of thought and moral exaltation, full of substance; a poem which justifies poetry, for it is the putting of the best thought into a language less

inadequate than prose to stir and master the heart. If a man can "treat those two impostors just the same," is he not sufficiently disillusioned, sufficiently ascetic, sufficiently detached from life and its vanities? There is mannerism no doubt, a double mannerism in the last line, but it has its place and its value; it is the mannerism of the writer and his race: the deliberate temperamental μειώσις or λιτότης, which hates above everything to gush and slop over and exaggerate: μείωσις is the note of all intellectual men, but of one race chiefly, and that a race far from intellectual, the British. It is a moral quality with them, not the result of intellect. And so the end of the poem runs simply "You'll be a man," and then, with another mannerism of the same kind but greater, a deliberate "my son": nothing high flown or high falutin in the peroration; nothing Emersonian or American: and for the best of reasons; high words, tall talk, are an unpardonable luxury, an unforgivable sensuality. Anyone can utter them, except the man who believes in them too deeply so to do. What he feels most he will not say; what he says being from the outer lips he necessarily does not deeply feel: for the passion of high things has one lawful expression and one only, it must express itself in deeds: it was meant to be the steam of life, to drive life's locomotive along long and weary roads, across crazy bridges over roaring floods of dejection and discontent, and at last into the distant unknown goal. To blow off this steam in words, is as though the locomotive should misuse, abuse, its throttle and its safety valve, intended only for the excess of steam and not for its main volume. "You cannot have your emotion and express it also," said the reflective Oxford poet.

In the second place, Kipling is the journalist and the reporter of the common soldier, and finds much more in the common soldier of course than Bible, bottle, and flag.

If he had been nothing more than the reporter of Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney, he would still have earned his fame. These men are real creations and real men: we don't doubt it to-day: we know it only too well. The world

is full of them and of their heroism, and can hardly contain all the books that are being written about them. Mons and Ypres have crowned them: the soldier passes—as Kipling says with his usual vivacity—from one extreme to the other in popular estimation. In the days of peace he is a "brutal and licentious soldiery." (See "Departmental Ditties," pp. 59–62.) The churches will not look at him. The Methodists, whom Learoyd joins, because he is in love with a consumptive Methodist girl, frown upon him: he is a brand barely plucked from the burning: he is the sort of person who will enlist: and when he *does* enlist, they cast him out: all but the dying girl who knows a man when she sees one. ("On Greenlow Hill," pp. 82-83.)

I was speaking of Kipling as technically better educated than some of the other writers we all of us discuss. I meant merely that as a fact he has much more Latin and Greek and more English literature than Mr. Wells, or than the melancholy and more interesting peasant novelist Thomas Hardy. Kipling evidently never learned the classics well enough to appreciate them much: he went to them like other school boys to scoff: he did not remain to pray. A few Greek words like θαλαμίτης and θρανίτης, δρόμων and κατάφρακτον belonging to his beloved art of navigation, a song with a crude beginning from Horace, and a glance at Admiral Phormio, these are the chief relics of his school classics. (See "Traffics and Discoveries," p. 36, "When the robust and brass-bound man," etc.) But the result is that his literary education gives to Kipling's tales a peculiar literary flavour not found in these other writers. It makes his absurd and humorous characters more absurd even than Dickens' characters in a way, though in another way they are much less absurd, because much less extravagant in personality. A literary quotation in Kipling on illiterate lips seems grotesque, but it is only a verbal grotesqueness. In Dickens' delicious extravagances the grotesqueness lies in the murdering and misapplication of some quotation,

which is hardly literary, since it is fetched from the Bible, or from some similar source of household words.

When we get a laughter-loving genius like Dickens who can give us something worth laughing at, the amazing and side-splitting caricatures of Micawber, Pecksniff, Gamp, of course we immortalize him—why not? The British immortalize the man who makes them laugh loudest: and none the less, all the more, if he does not bother them to think: if he gives them not subtle pictures of their own foibles, like Miss Austin or Thackeray or Trollope or Kipling himself often, but just sheer, preposterous, and delicious caricature: a continuous Punch, the better for being continuous. We all love such passages as Mrs. Gamp is always ready to give us. "But I will say," said Mrs. Gamp, "and I would if I was led a Martha to the stakes for it," or this other: "The Ankworks Package," Mrs. Gamp replied, "And I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do."

For such passages we pardon the other caricatures of Dickens, which are rather horrible: the caricatures of pathos: the caricatures which deface—which would spoil, if it could be spoilt—the pathos of a child's death bed.

There is no such uproarious and exquisite nonsense for readers of Kipling. There is only the mild surprise and amusement provoked by hearing a literary and more or less recondite quotation on illiterate lips. Pycroft the sailor quotes Browning ("Mrs. Bathurst," p. 334—T. D.). The cat in the old water mill quotes the same poet twice (pp. 344–350), both of them brilliant quotations,—of the very best of Browning: Kipling never quotes anything but the best.

"Wireless" ("Traffic and Discoveries"), is much more deliberately and avowedly literary. A consumptive druggist is in love with a girl called Fanny Brand. He has never heard of Keats, but he writes verses to *his* Fanny from a similar environment. And so the spirit of Keats, summoned by an adjoining wireless apparatus, appears to assist him. And a stanza from "St. Agnes' Eve" is painfully written out. And then an attempt is made by the druggist to compose

two lines which Kipling remarks are two of the five best lines in English literature: the two famous lines about "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn." Kipling quotes also the three other best lines: they are from Coleridge and his "Kubla Khan," and are no doubt well worth quoting. But this is the extreme case of literary criticism and allusion which I have found in his stories.

At this point, if at all, I ought to say a word of his artistry. Some foreigners have written whole books on this one subject, but to so analyze a poet is rather like peeping and botanizing on a mother's grave; besides, personally, I wholly disbelieve the Stevensonian theory. Stevenson analyzed the passage from Keats' ode to a nightingale just referred to into permutations and combinations of p, v, and f: *credat Judaeus*; let the latest materialistic man of science who belongs to Berlin or Judæa believe it: the charm seems to lie in picturesque images more than in melodious sounds; and Kipling's force seems to derive from the same origins. He has written nothing more characteristic than "The Bolivar," and no lines in it more characteristic than

> Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell,
> Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we,
> Some damned liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;
> Cheered her from the Bolivar, swampin' in the sea.

It is the picture, not the permutations of letters, which fixes the passage in the memory; its verbal artifices are nothing more novel than alliteration—the oldest, easiest, and most obvious of artifices. I think the same may be said of the most effective stanza of "Sussex":

> Here leaps ashore the full sou'west,
> All heavy-winged with brine;
> Here lies above the folded crest
> The Channel's leaden line;
> And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
> And here, each warning each,
> The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
> Along the hidden beach.

The alliteration is clever, but it is to the eye and the memory; it is in the pictures and the associations which the lines evoke that the fascination of "Sussex" lies, not in the permutations of "s" and "b" and "c."

There are many other minor traces of his English reading. "Barrack Room Ballads" has echoes of Swinburne at his best, in "Atalanta," that is to say: ("The Masque of Plenty"). "Sea Warfare," his last book (page 45), has a parody, probably an unconscious memory, of the little known contemporary poet, F. W. Bourdillon: the poem called "The American" in the "Seven Seas" is obviously suggested by Emerson's "Brahma": surely a feat of discrimination, since "Brahma" is the only poem Emerson ever wrote—as the little Sunday-school girl also recognized—which is worth memorizing. No, not quite, Kipling has found and used one other tag from Emerson which is effective (vide the lines prefixed to "The Children of the Zodiac").

"The last department" (in "Departmental Ditties") is a vigorous exercise in the style of Fitzgerald and Omar Khayam, a Mahometan student in the story "On the City Wall" (p. 144) quotes Dickens and "Nicholas Nickleby." "Baa Baa Black Sheep" heads a chapter with four of the best lines of Clough—but they are strangely labelled "The City of Dreadful Night," and are ascribed apparently to James Thomson, who is more correctly quoted in "The Light that Failed." One of the best lines of Matthew Arnold's "The unplumbed salt estranging sea" appears in another story—always the best, that is the point, "choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word. No gaudyware, like Gandolf's second line: Tully, my masters! Ulpian serves *his* need!"

But to return from this long digress on Kipling's literary education to the three soldiers. It is not beer, Bible, and flag which inspires the study of officers and privates called "His Private Honour" ("Many Inventions"), nor "The Courtship of Dinah Shadd" ("Life's Handicap"). This story contains, I suppose, the best piece of rhetoric in Kipling—the drunken Irishwoman's curse when Mulvaney takes Dinah

instead of her dubious daughter; it is just native Irish eloquence, some one may say, and Kipling is merely reporting it —very probably, but at least he has a perfect flair for the best rhetoric, none the less good, all the better, rather, because it falls from illiterate lips and fades away at last into an unwilling and Balaam-like blessing.

But next to the soldier Kipling loves the sea and the sailor; best of all the modern scientific sailor, the engineer. But not him only—the sailor for himself—the common, vulgar, hard-drinking sailor. There is "Captains Courageous," —there is the extraordinarily vivid study of the Eastern seas called "The Disturber of Traffic" (M.I.). In a similar vein are, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" (S.S.); "The Last Chantey" (S.S.); "The Bell Buoy" (F.N.); "The Rhyme of the Three Captains," "The Mary Gloster." About this last ballad I have noted a little article by Mr. Lewis Freeman, the American, in "Land and Water." It is addressed to British Merchant Captains" (L.W., August 17, 1916, p. 16). (See "The Mary Gloster," pp. 135, 136, 137, 138.)

After the common sailor comes the skilled sailor; then mechanical engineers, and engineering in general, and science in general. I have said enough about this already. It is for many people Kipling's title to fame, though I am only ranking it as the fourth of his titles. There are stories and verses too numerous to record properly under this head: "The Ship That Found Herself," ("Day's Work,") etc., and a host of others. The man who wrote these things would have been a competent mechanic if fate had not made him a journalist. No mere craft of journalism could have inspired the verve with which this journalist celebrates the last theme of prose and poetry—the triumph of science.

I come to the next tap; the children's tap. The cry is back to Christianity, but all the world has long ago returned, in the matter of child worship, to the wisdom of Christianity's founder. Kipling is not the first at that shrine—but he worships well; far more agreeably than Dickens. I suppose a third of his work is devoted to children and dear to them;

"Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies" are specially for children, most readable though they be to everyone with a little sanctified common sense and a love of history.

Besides these two books there are isolated stories elsewhere. "They," *e.g.*, the story of the dead children who gather round the beautiful Sussex house (under Chanctonbury Ring), of the maiden lady who is blind and has no other consolation but the sound of their voices and the rustle of their clothes, and who keeps open house and open nursery and play-room for them. They have been excused "from the Father's Face" to visit her because she loved much. "Shall I that have suffered the children to come to me hold them against their will," says the introductory verse. Not much beer and flag about that verse, by the way, though something of the Bible, and none the worse on that account.

These books and stories appear to me to be sound and wholesome and first-rate reading for childhood; though I am aware that they appear light and frothy and sentimental to the more severe taste of Americans. Once upon a time I was sitting on a summer afternoon beneath Cheyenne Mt., in Colorado, and above the sun-flecked prairies, writing my luminous, I beg pardon— my voluminous essay on Herodotus, while my wife discoursed George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" to the children. A visitor was announced, and a member of our common profession with her youthful American daughter of ten years of age. "I am surprised," she said severely, "that you allow these sentimental things to be read to your children—Charlotte here—sit up Charlotte, love—is reading 'Arts and Crafts of the Middle Ages.'" Poor Charlotte! And then we are surprised that American women grow up callous! that even one of the best of them sees nothing more in the most chivalrous and romantic and disinterested war ever waged than just a dog-fight and a mix-up of drunken rowdies; or at the best, arts and crafts of the Middle Ages. The intellectuals have no intelligence—the spring and source of all intelligence is denied them, sympathy; knowledge at one main entrance quite cut off.

The next tap is part of this—a double-jointed tap with two faucets, the cool water of history and the warm water of animal stories; the most popular, I suppose, of all Kipling's taps, and running freely through all his books.

Through the two Jungle Books first and foremost, but through all. Everyone knows the Mowgli stories, based, like everything in Kipling, I presume, on fact. The Romans are not likely to have invented Mowgli, they found him—that is all.

Then there is the story of "Kaa's" hunting—the story of the fascination exercised by the python upon monkeys; upon the Bandarlog. Kipling like the rest of us does not like monkeys—they are painfully suggestive of man's history, whether it be his rise or his fall. His verses, had they been written yesterday, might have been taken as a satire at the expense of the Allies and for the glorification of Germany. The Bandarlog have all the foibles of the Allies before the war—they dream and chatter, and have no law, no order, no settled purpose, no foreign policy—only "brightest transports, choicest prayers which bloom their hour and fade"—nothing but idealism—empty, luxurious, self-indulgent imaginations which are not the seed of action, but begin and end in themselves; and with these also many personal remarks and personal squabbles. Read the "Road Song of the Bandarlog in the Tree Tops" ("1st Jungle Book" or "Songs from Books" pp. 92–93).

Then there is "Rikkitikki, the Mongoose" ("1st Jungle Book"). There is "The Undertakers" ("2nd Jungle Book"); "The Red Dog" ("2nd Jungle Book"); "The Bridge Builders," already quoted in another connection (D.W.); "Oonts" (the Camels), (D.D.); the cat and rat in "Below the Mill Dam" (T. and D.); "The Walking Delegate" (the horse), (D.W.); and "The Maltese Cat" (the polo pony), (D.W.) and "My Lord the Elephant" (M.I.). "Moti Guy, the Mutineer" (L.H.), also an elephant story.

There is also and better perhaps than most of the other animal stories "In the Rukh" (M.I.), a vivid picture of the

Indian forest and its occupants and its German chief forester. Kipling has some appreciation, necessarily, of German efficiency, and his usual sympathy in painting rapidly the high lights of character and conversation. There is little French, by the way, in Kipling's books, only in "The Light that Failed," and yet with his instantaneous comprehension and insight he has, since the war began, caught the spirit of France, and his verses to France (in "France at War") might have been written no better had he spent half a life time reading French history. Read "Broke to Every Known Mischance," p. 1, of "France at War."

Now I turn on the seventh tap—England; especially the Southern counties and of the Southern counties the pleasant county of Sussex—a point of contact between Tennyson and Kipling—the last real laureate and the real present laureate; Sussex runs in the verses of each; Kipling celebrates it in "Puck of Pook's Hill," and in "Rewards and Fairies," and in "The Five Nations," but England generally is the burden of "The Song in Springtime" (D.D.) and of "The Broken Men" (The Five Nations"). Of a different key but belonging to the same organ are the well-known, often quoted verses in "The Seven Seas" ("A Song of the English") and "The English Flag" (in B.B.). I must not quote those household words to this academic audience. I will only remark in passing that here is a vivid statement of the bald fact at which the German rages and scoffs—that our Empire, like the Kingdom of Heaven, came not with observation, that it came not as his with far sight and foresight, through the scheming and lying of his Government for 40 years, nay for 75 years: through its paternal remittances to German traders: through bonuses and bounties: but came just of itself, with no Government's thought or aid, broadly speaking; by the restless energy of the race, the spirit of adventure: these are just good songs of patriotism.

And this tap also may be described as another double tap, for here comes in what some simple souls have fondly imagined to be all that there is in Kipling, and wherefore arid,

acid, acrid souls have intellectually berated him—the Imperial thought—one of his minor thoughts, unless I am mistaken, and only magnified into his chief thought by radical bitterness.

"What should they know of England who only England know?" was Kipling's sufficient answer; but no man with a heart and soul thinks first and foremost of politics, or writes chiefly of such vapid and external trappings.

Imperialism is the opposite of a narrow nationalism and a parochial know-nothing-ism: that is all—so far as I can discover after 35 years—that Imperialism, either here or in Great Britain, means or has ever meant for the quiet people who have accepted that word.

In the South African tales is included "The Captive," and in "The Captive" is a different note; a new note: Kipling's American note. I have mentioned Dickens once or twice; it is impossible to speak of Kipling's American studies without thinking of Dickens; the parallel is in some respects so close. Here are two Englishmen, the idols of their own people, who have taken occasion to visit America and to write of America—not always or at first with cordial appreciation or with unstinted acceptance. Dickens wrote bitter things about American manners, American advertising, and spread-eagle oratory; American dollar-hunting; but the vitality and human nature or democratic spirit of his works so endeared him to America, as a superior, as an infinitely greater Walt Whitman, that it overlooked his scoffs and took him to its broad heart and keeps him there. Similarly with the vitality and human nature of Kipling: no living English author exists—says Mr. Elmer More, the American critic—for a plain American car conductor except Kipling. "I s'pose you've heard that Kipling has been very ill; he ought to be the next poet laureate; he don't follow no beaten track; he cuts a road for himself every time right through, and a mighty good road it is," said the conductor to a visiting Englishman in New York; and so America forgave his scoffs. The resourcefulness of the American; his science, and his

humour, appeal irresistibly to Kipling; and such stories as "The Captive" (the American who invented a machine gun and sold it to the Boers and fought with it against the British in South Africa) are as wholly appreciative of the American captive, and his point of view, as of the British point of view. "The Captive" is very American and very diverting; not least so in his criticisms of his countrywomen.

I have found nine lamps for Kipling; let me find a few more to outshine definitely the seven churches and the lamps of architecture.

There is the tenth lamp of philosophy. I really mean philosophy; good pragmatist philosophy, the only philosophy of value—ethics. Kipling is a moralist, like all his countrymen.

He is a moralist, even if his is not exactly the complete and perfect morality of the New Testament; there is morality for men if not for women, for lay men if not for ecclesiastics, running through all his books side by side with the running beer and waving flag: the stern and masculine morality which consists in courage, honesty, truth-speaking, and hard work. "Never tell a lie and never borrow money" was Richard Burton's compendium for life, to each of his sons, when he called him into his study, at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, before launching him on the world. Kipling has the primary and essential moralities of the earlier dispensation. If his books lack something of the secondary and more exquisite refinements of Christian morality, still even these were intended—we have reason to believe—to supplement, complete, and fulfil, not to destroy and supersede the earlier groundwork: and even in the secondary moralities he does not offend like some of his contemporaries, whom we have been discussing.

I have quoted "If" already, and "The Bolivar" already. I will illustrate Kipling's ethics instead, negatively, by quoting Tomlinson and "The Conversion of Aurelius McGoffin" ("Plain Tales from the Hills," pp. 151, etc.).

This is the sort of stuff which makes Kipling good reading for academic souls, for souls oblivious of an older and wider creed, who have taken in its place Tolstoy or Ibsen or some

other vain babbler. His poems were written for our learning, for us academic persons who have no action, who have words only; whose lives are chronicled by words and dated by theories; in this year the Professor developed that epoch-making theory, etc. (now forgotten), in that year he fired off those epigrams (Paris still keeps those hot chestnuts on sale), in the third he discovered a new philosophy which lasted for two sessions and almost persuaded some young students not to be Christians. We are the people for whom the curious text was written "by your words ye shall be justified and by your words ye shall be condemned": most merciful and also most just of texts: since we have only words whereby we can be judged, whether for acquittal or condemnation. It is salutary, therefore, for us above other men, to read the author who makes light of books and theories and reflection, of everything but action.

The crew of the "Bolivar" were men of action. Tomlinson was perhaps a Professor of Greek. Another Tomlinson by the way—another Professor of Greek—has been quoting lately, apropos of the war, a remark of Lord Melbourne's, "all the damned fools were on one side and all the clever fellows on the other, and by George, Sir, the damned fools were right!" Kipling has generally been among the damned fools who were right; he has much sympathy with damned fools because he knows they are apt to be right in this insoluble world. He has very imperfect sympathy with the clever fellows and the Professors of Greek—they are unintelligent intellectuals and intellectual neutrals; understand everything except human nature. The Germans, as the chief "intellectuals," have the least intelligence, but Miss Jane Addams makes a good second and Mr. Bernard Shaw a bad third.

You can divine from this reference to Mr. Shaw all the limitations of Kipling. I can recollect no examples of irony in Kipling though irony be one of the choicest flowers of literature—again, there is none of that arch-egotism which is also a super-advertisement for its author—there

are no parlour tricks and posturings and intellectual stunts, *pour épater le bourgeois.*

I can find with a little seeking an eleventh lamp—religion. Kipling is like Whittier in this, that he has written a good hymn or two and knows his Isaiah to some purpose ("The Captive"). Unlike Whittier in *this,* that his good hymns are not his only good work, his only contribution to literature.

Well, I said at the beginning that this lecture was unnecessary and belated, and so it is. But after all, the war with all its horrors and its heroism will pass; and all things will settle down again and slumber, and the world will be again somewhat as it was before, all things will be peaceful and people will imagine they have always been so: and Dr. Bridges will chirrup his melodies again, and we shall have new idle singers of new empty days: and then Kipling will be again a good recipe: a reminder that the great days of Canada—though over—were once here: for there is the doctrine ancient, simple, true, which Socrates died expounding. Socrates hated tall talk and poetry and almost all poets except Homer, especially Meletus, an Athenian Richard le Gallienne, perhaps: and he loved grotesque and homely illustrations: so as he sat in prison on his truckle bed, rubbing his legs and restoring the circulation which the chains had arrested; he chose his legs for his parable—"My friends, what a strange thing is pain and pleasure—one cannot well get the one without finding the other also; these my legs were suffering from the chains and now they give me pleasure, etc., etc." But so also in much larger things than those Socratic shanks; war and religion, horrors and heroism, vice and virtue, go and come together: and these that have been the years of horror and despair have been also the great years of Canada: her heroic youth: her youth spent in fighting against the very different youth, the wild-oats youth of Germany.

It is certain now that this war is not to last any longer. War is necessarily a transition, but that does

not prevent it from marking, like other transitions, the culminating point of human virtue, like Pericles' rule in Athens which was the last outburst of great living for Athens: the precursor of a period of decadence: of moral decay and intellectual brilliancy. The horrors of war seem to go hand in hand with the highest standards of conduct which human nature in the mass can reach: it gives us martyrs who are not agitators, and saints who are neither self-willed nor self-seeking: young men who are quite unconscious that they have any affinity with saint or martyr and yet are Canada's martyrs and saints.

And in conclusion, here is a morality, just as a conclusion because after all Kipling is a moralist first and foremost, and didactic beyond everything else. You will find it in "They" (T. and D.), pp. 300–301.

If for an old woman's moralizing Kipling lost his way, we may for Kipling lose, perhaps, for one evening our academic ways: and bear with this vulgar journalist who has redeemed his profession and his class: surely none too soon: sorely they needed redemption: journalism has well-nigh destroyed literature. But in Kipling it has done something at least to replace what it has destroyed. He has magnified the sons of Martha with such passion and aptness of expression that he has pleased the sons of Mary also and deserved well of literature.

MAURICE HUTTON

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

DOCUMENTS OF THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION, 1759-1915.

Selected and edited by W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A., (Department of History, University of Toronto); Author of "Life of Parker," "Studies in Tudor History," etc., etc. Toronto, Oxford University Press, 1918.

This volume of more than 700 closely printed pages contains not merely constitutional documents in the strictest sense of the word—Acts of Parliament, official communications, etc.—but also contemporary speeches, letters, and other material, which may vitalize the State papers and give some glimpses of the spirit and conditions of their time. It is designed primarily for students, to put before them in compendious form a mass of original material as a basis for first-hand opinions on constitutional history, as well as to interest them in the history of their own land. Such materials have already been made available in various publications, those edited by Messrs. Shortt and Doughty, and especially in Mr. William Houston's collection; but the latter volume is small, and the materials afforded by the others cannot lie, as this volume, on the student's desk—easy of reference and, indeed, inviting him to read. No word need be added to demonstrate the advantages of such a book for training students in genuine historical work, as well as for interesting them in the constitutional development of their own country. But there is another aspect of at least equal importance and less obvious—its fitness to stimulate a similar interest in the ordinary intelligent Canadian. One might suppose that nothing could be less attractive than a compilation of formal Acts of Parliament and other dry-as-dust official documents. As a fact, there is a surprising human interest—for Canadians, at least—in this book. The general reader might not unnaturally hesitate to plunge into the systematic reading of such a mass of necessarily more or less discontinuous documents; but, as he turns the pages, he will find himself unexpectedly attracted to dip here and there into Professor Kennedy's illustrative extracts, and thus be led to take an interest in the drier official papers. We might instance Joseph Howe's letters to Lord John Russell, or the speeches selected from the debate on Confederation, as interesting and illuminating from many points of view. A detailed analytical table of contents serves to give the clue to such materials, as well as to enable the reader to follow any particular topic in which he may have a special interest. It is now admitted that our constitutional history is of more than merely local significance, and at a time when there has been awakened a new

sense of the importance of politics, and when there is a call on every Canadian to consider more seriously the problems of our own country, nothing could be more timely than Professor Kennedy's volume.

W. J. A.

ANTHROPOLOGY UP-TO-DATE.

By George Winter Mitchell. The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass.

This is really quite a remarkable little book. The writer, though a Professor, like that other full-blooded humorist, Mr. Stephen Leacock, has a very pretty wit. And the anthropologists are certainly none the worse for having, as Burns says, such a "chiel' amang them takin' notes." There is no humane science, none except the mathematics and its congeners, that deal with the merely quantitative and physical aspects of things (to all of which may be applied the characteristic German catchword: *Die verstehen keinen Spass—no fooling for them, thank you!*), there is no science dealing with man and his distinctive concerns, in which some sense of humour is not an entirely indispensable part in the equipment of the would-be investigator. What a weary deal of the Synthetic Philosophy we should have been spared, for instance, but for the desolating solemnity of its distinguished author! The man was too tightly swathed in his starched and pipe-clayed garment of unwinking earnestness to live almost. It is a miracle he did not die young. If his advice had been taken in the creation of the world, as Alfonso of Castile complained that his had not, the world would have all been constructed in parallelograms. Though none of them soars to the superhuman heights of Mr. Herbert Spencer, it is apt to be so with the other anthropologists. They are, in spite of the fascinatingly quaint nature of the material they work in, an amazingly solemn crew. This is a great part of the reason why they so frequently do not seem to be able to draw distinctions. In that lark's song, as it were, which after all does get struck out of poor humanity at a certain stage of its slow ascent, they are prone to hear nothing but the old familiar buzz of blue-bottles their ears have grown so much used to. They have sniffed with such persevering diligence at the dung at the root of the rose-bush, that they can detect no novelty, calling loudly for a somewhat different order of explanations, in the perfume and colour of the rose. Even the ingenious author of the "Golden Bough," one of the ablest and most diligent of them, would perhaps, had he been a trifle more richly endowed with that genial flexibility of which a certain tincture of humour is the most reassuring guarantee, have spared us some of the diatribes in the first edition of his monumental work. He would then have paid more attention to the great neglected Aristotelian principle that things are explicable only in the light of what they grow to at their point of highest

efflorescence, that you can't explain addled eggs even without a side-long glance at the full-grown hen—and even at the splendour of her Memnon-like rooster, " the crested bird that claps his wings at dawn." There is a sort of " scientist " who finds the twilight or even the night more comfortably reducible to his categories than the dawn.

But Professor Mitchell is not merely a wit and, therefore, a refreshingly ruddy Saul among the woeful crowd of our latest prophets. He is also a very devoted and skilful teacher, with that gift of brevity and of hitting the nail on the head which is among the choicest and rarest gifts of the born teacher. And he is, besides, a serious student of anthropolcgy. His modest work is quite the best brief introduction to that sometimes rather dismal science I have seen. Anyone who conscientiously wishes to be interested in it—and some acquaintance with it is entirely indispensable, for example, to all who would not merely accept what they were told by grandmamma about their religion, but would form for themselves some discriminating estimate of the provenience and relative worth of the elements entering into that—will find no more stimulating impulse or more judicious orientation than are contained in this most readable little book, which is not to be weighed upon a steelyard, but in goldsmiths' scales.

J. M.

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE HOLY LAND.

By P. S. P. Handcock, M.A., illustrated, 10s. 6d. T. Fisher Unwin, 1916.

Among the minor blessings which the successful conclusion of the war is likely to bring, we count the prospect of the opening up of Syria and Palestine and other districts of Western Asia to the explorer. Much work has already been done, but the new conditions can hardly fail to give more scope to the excavator. The present volume is an admirable exposition of the progress made up to a very recent date, and includes the result of Sellin's discoveries at Jericho. Mr. Handcock was formerly an assistant in the department of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum; his book, therefore, is the work of a recognized authority. He reminds us that palaeolithic remains are not unknown in Palestine. The neolithic monuments are still more frequent; the site of Gezer has yielded a good deal of material, but in other cities—for example, Jericho—we can go back to a neolithic period. Thus we get glimpses of a time before the Canaanites, to say nothing of the Hebrews, occupied the land. The later periods, of course, receive equal attention. Every branch of archaeology, including architecture, implements, pottery, burial customs, and religious practices, is represented. It is almost needless to say that sidelights are thrown on the Bible narrative. Mr. Handcock's work is sure to find its way to a wide circle of readers.

S. B. S.

GENSERIC KING OF THE VANDALS AND FIRST PRUSSIAN KAISER.

By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S. Price $1.50 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918.

Among the many changes which the last few years have brought, we note a revival of interest in antiquity. The present book is not the only evidence that the ancient world is no longer a subject for the scholar and academic world only; the journalist and the general reader are claiming their share.

Mr. Bigelow seeks to draw a parallel between the 5th century and our own day. Geiseric—for such is the correct form of his name—and his Vandals are not merely compared to Kaiser William and his Prussians; they are spoken of—as in the title above—as though they were more or less identical. Pulcheria is placed by the side of Queen Victoria, and American Bryanism is a repetition of Roman Pacifism. All this sounds very simple and plausible, but it will hardly stand the test of enquiry. The Vandals belonged to the Eastern branch of the Teutonic family, so that they were further removed from the modern Germans than our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Then again, our author speaks of the Wends of Lusatia as descendants of the Vandals, who still "speak the language of their Vandal ancestors." These Wends, who in any case could not be the descendants of the Vandals, really speak a Slavonic tongue closely akin to that of the Czechs and Slovaks, whose exploits recently have thrilled us all. The Prussians, again, are not Germans, but a Germanized tribe of the Baltic family of nations; their next-of-kin are the Lithuanians and the Letts, who have made themselves so prominent in the Bolshevik movement. The ethnological structure, therefore, falls to pieces at once. Moreover, our author leaves out of account the Alani, who made common cause with the Vandals in the invasion of Africa. These Alani were of quite a different stock from either Slavs or Germans; they came from the country now occupied by the Don Cossacks. Nor has the comparison between the two leaders a better foundation. When Geiseric entered Rome, he devastated, we are told, "*sine ferro et igni,*" which is not the Prussian method. According to Procopius, Geiseric was a great warrior and the cleverest of living men; this will hardly be the verdict of history about the Kaiser. Again, Jornandes informs us that Geiseric was "*sermone rarus*"; we cannot imagine him assembling his munition workers and telling them that there was throughout nature the eternal affirmative and the eternal negative, and the eternal negative meant that the Romans denied the right of the Vandals to exist. This last statement, by the bye, would have been a remarkably accurate description of the sentiments of the Romans. We are, of course, aware that the Vandals were guilty of cruelty and treachery, but we fail to find the precise parallel

which Mr. Bigelow claims. They went to Africa because they were invited there by the governor of the Province of Africa. We cannot say that the Germans were invited into Belgium or the Austrians into Serbia. The story on page 177 is instructive. The Roman general Pharas wrote to Gelimer, the last of the Vandal kings: "Why will you ruin yourself, your family and your nation? Alas, my dearest Gelimer, do you think it a disgrace to be the subject of Justinian?" To this appeal, Gelimer said in his reply: "I can write no more; my grief oppresses me. Send me, I beseech you, my dear Pharas, a harp, a sponge, and a loaf of bread." All this is very different from the correspondence now (Oct. 22) proceeding between the Allies and the Teutonic Powers, and should be a warning to us not to be too fanciful in our interpretation of history. We may add that one principal reason for the downfall of the Vandal kings was their opposition to the Catholic Church, towards which Mr. Bigelow himself exhibits a somewhat hostile attitude.

On page 39 we are told: "Some will possibly revert to the reign of Victoria whilst reading that of Pulcheria—and some may smile at a parallel fifteen centuries apart." We are not among those who smile, but we cannot quite accept the comparison; we do not think it is a fact that it was the complaisance of Queen Victoria in the "rape of Denmark" that "led to the War of 1866 and then that of 1870." Nor do we believe that the Pope of the year 1914 was pro-Prussian—not even pro-German, observe. In another rather obscure sentence on page 74, the author seems to imply that the Pope, along with the "Romish Canadians of Quebec and Montreal," is in sympathy with the Germans. However, we must not take too seriously the statements of a writer who tells us (page 85), that the Council of Nice was occupied with the consideration of the Athanasian Creed, or that the cities of Asia Minor are "familiar to every Sunday School through the Gospel pages."

The book, therefore, does not rise—is not intended, perhaps, to rise—to the dignity of an historical work. Nevertheless, it may be recommended to the general reader, who may be encouraged to proceed further with his historical studies.

S. B. S.

EARLY CHURCH CLASSICS.

1. *Life of St. Macrina by Gregory of Nyssa, edited by W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D., 1s.*
2. *Saint Irenaeus against the Heresies, edited by F. R. M. Hitchcock, M.A., D.D., 2 vols., 2s. each vol. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1916.*

In a recent article in the University Magazine Professor Jordan, of Queen's, pleaded for the recognition of Old Testament history as a regular University subject, not only for theological students, but for others too.

We quite concur with this view, and we may add a suggestion that the literature of the Early Church might well receive more attention than it has received hitherto. The present series of Early Church classics is evidence that scholars are already bestirring themselves in this direction. A number of volumes have already been issued, of convenient size and at reasonable prices. Two of these books lie before us.

The Lives of the Saints have long been a barren and neglected field, but recently scholars have begun to realize that there is a great deal of valuable matter contained in the bulky volumes in which their history is recorded. The surprising development of mythological studies has been one influence at work. The revived interest in Pagan religion and mythology has led to discoveries which throw a new, almost startling, light on many pages of the Lives of the Saints. In St. Pelagia, for example, we recognize the Greek Aphrodite; and the life of St. Agatha has obvious points of contact both with the worship of the Bona Dea and the story of Penelope. Another group of Lives can be made, when critically treated, to yield valuable matter to the student of ancient history. The present narrative, however, belongs to neither of these classes. The life of St. Macrina is like the life of our own Thomas à Becket, a genuine biography. The biographer was her brother, the celebrated theologian Gregory of Nyssa. The record of her quiet and benevolent activities in the comparatively peaceful period of the fourth century cannot fail to interest us in these days when social service has become a watchword.

The second book, the treatise of Irenaeus, is of a different type. Mr. Hitchcock has made selections from this celebrated work and supplied explanatory notes. There are still probably some people to whom it will be news that theology has recently entered upon a fresh lease of life. Many publications in England and America furnish evidence of this; the authors mostly follow meekly in the footsteps of the German theologians Pfleiderer and Harnack, who are mentioned by name on page 113 of the first volume of this work. There has thus arisen a sort of cult of Irenaeus, who is called by Dr. Carpenter, in the lectures which we endeavoured to review lately, the profoundest theologian of his age. We cannot join in this chorus of admiration. We cannot forget that he tells us (I, 39) that the Emperor Claudius honoured Simon Magus with a statue at Rome; a mistake due to a confusion with the Sabine deity, Semo Sancus. Again, when Irenaeus says that the three spies entertained by Rahab prefigured the Trinity, we should feel rather dubious about accepting this view, even if there had really been three spies; as a matter of fact, there were only two. Nor is he more reliable in his scholarship; the Hebrew *abi-ad* (Is. ix, 6), which our revised version incorrectly translates "everlasting father," he renders by "comely of person"; how he arrives at this we cannot even conjecture. Nor do we know what authority he has for

saying that Satan means apostate. These are cases where we have an opportunity of checking his statements; but in his account of the various heresies we are without this resource. Consequently we are left with an uneasy feeling that in this field too his information may not always be reliable. This uneasiness is increased when we find him naively telling us (Vol. II, page 5) that his predecessors were not able to confute the followers of Valentinus because they did not understand their system. Nevertheless, although we do not share Mr. Hitchcock's admiration for his author, we are fully aware that Irenaeus is not a writer whom we can put on one side. He is the first of the Fathers to represent the theological tradition which has continued, with occasional modifications, to the present day. Every serious student, therefore, of the thought of our own time cannot afford to leave Irenaeus out of account.

Mr. Hitchcock adds explanatory notes, which are useful, although they seem to us to be often too controversial in tone.

S. B. S.