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And Last

# THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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

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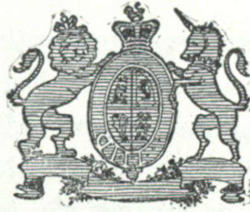

# PALL MALL

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## At the Tea Hour

*Cork Tips and Plain Ends.* 1/3 in London, 30¢ here.

# TO READERS

With this Number the Nineteenth Annual Volume of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begins. For these eighteen years the publication has almost supported itself. The yearly deficit has not averaged more than three hundred dollars, and some years there was a surplus. At one time the circulation had risen to 4,500 copies. During the war it fell off, and the cost of publication has doubled. Except during those years a small honorarium was given to the contributors, but now the practice has been resumed. No subsidy has been received from any source.

To "encourage Canadian literature" has been in every mouth. The only way to "encourage" writers is to read, and pay for, what they write. Neither the Magazine nor its contributors desire charity. All that is asked is that those who have been receiving the Magazine shall pay their accounts; and any other persons who feel qualified to read it will be welcomed as subscribers.

The first thousand copies of the usual size cost for printing alone a thousand dollars. They are sold for less than five hundred dollars. Advertisements and the lessened cost of succeeding thousands help to keep the balance. A thousand new subscribers would now yield seven hundred and fifty dollars, all of which would go to the writers, as the management is gratuitous. There must yet be that many persons of good will in Canada who would risk two dollars in so good a cause; and they would receive as compensation any entertainment they might derive from reading the Magazine.

## WOMEN IN DEMOCRACY

IN the end the burden of the world falls upon the woman. Civilization has been created to protect her. When the system fails she is the first to suffer,—to suffer in her estate, her person, and, worse still, in her own nature. In all revolutions the record of this sudden degradation is the darkest page.

Civilization is merely a series of conventions built up by men; but they, and women too, have an incurable propensity for destroying the fabric by enquiring into the reason and the truth of them. In the best institutions there are evils which excite a bitter indignation when the mind is fixed upon the evil alone; in all things there is an element of absurdity and matter for laughter. When this tide of criticism—for laughter is the most subtle of all criticism—rises to a mad chorus the conventions fail, and humanity is compelled with infinite patience to build them up again. Reason and truth having done their worst, hope revives once more.

Women in democracy will begin the new life without the shelter of the convention, exposed to the fierce glare of material truth, devoid of those illusions which the human heart creates for its own comfort. Indeed, woman herself is a convention, a figment created in the mind of man, anthropomorphic as God is. Democracy is the raw fact and truth of life; all civilization is an attempt to shield us from it.

At a time in the history of the race so early that there were only two persons, a man and a woman in the world, and two personages, this question of truth arose. An injunction was laid upon the man, accompanied by the threat, that if he broke the convention, he would surely die that very day. The minor personage questioned the convention and denied the validity of the threat. Acting under this suggestion the man and the woman assumed the risk. The chief character

in the scene—not to designate him by the holy name—admitted the correctness of the reasoning; but to this speaker of the truth has ever since been ascribed the name of Enemy. The great Apostle must have had a similar suspicion lurking in his mind when he addressed to the Galatians that plaintive enquiry: Am I become the enemy because I speak the truth? With the advent of democracy women will be thrust out of the Garden which was created for them, and they will be compelled to face the naked truth of the world, unshielded by the shelter of the convention.

For civilization, I have said, is merely a series of conventions. It is only those who are well born, that understand them: those who are well bred, that learn them. And they extend to the finest details of life, but always for the protection of the woman, and therefore of the race. Society begins when there are two persons in the world. It is complete when a third person appears upon the scene. With every advance in morality a convention is created to reinforce that inner conscience which has been developed out of human experience, to protect the borderland until habit is transformed into righteousness, and transgression into sin. He who breaks one convention is guilty of all. The man who is late for dinner will lack in reticence towards the woman of the house. The soldier who will not salute the officer is on the road to mutiny; and he who will not make proper observance of the King is *in posse* attaint of treason.

Religion itself in the body of it is a series of closely knit conventional beliefs, any one of which can easily be made the object of a destructive criticism to the peril of the whole. A Church that is wise will go to the stake, and send to the stake, in defence of the furthest outpost, and not wait until the whole fabric is in ruin. In this there is a lesson, for Protestants who have succeeded so well in the task of destruction, and a warning for Catholics who are sore pressed by the spirit of the time. First, religion goes, then the beauty of life; and democracy will find itself without religion, without the art of form and colour, without skill in the use

of letters or perception of the harmony of sounds. Before final dissolution life with us will be brought under the hard, dry hand of the Puritan, untempered by the inner and disinterested spirit of puritanism. The thing arrives by different roads. The end is always the same.

Women in democracy will be ugly women; men will be even more ugly than they are now; worse still, the degradation will not be apparent. Beauty is not a thing of chance: it is the last work of creation. It comes through a long process of selection in which elements that are not too much alike and yet not too different are mated. The choice must be exercised within narrow limits, within the class, caste, or family. This law applies to all animals and explains the beauty of thoroughbreds as constrasted with the ugliness of mongrels. The union of two forms, each beautiful in itself, is not enough. They must have that close affinity which comes from blood relationship.

Beauty can exist only in families which are closed, whether they be of animal, gipsy, or royal blood. To keep the blood pure is a heavy obligation upon the members. They must resist the propensity for falling into indiscriminate love, and this restraint is fortified by many conventions and much carefulness by those who have beauty at heart. This passion for seemliness is the peculiar jest of the romantic novelist who makes his appeal to the multitude of mongrel birth. Amongst the animals the males endeavour to make themselves as beautiful as they can in poise and carriage by efforts which appear to us grotesque; and the female of our own species makes the best of the beauty which she has by devices that are only too easy for a fool to lampoon into the absurd.

The largest aspiration of the race is the desire to achieve the beauty of whiteness; and among the higher races it is held to be an ignoble thing for white to mate with black. The north-western corner of Europe is the subtle shrine in which this alchemy is performed, and thither all races have marched with blind and dogged steps, careless that extinction

is the reward of victory, as Saxon, Celt, and Pict have been extinguished in the moment of their triumph. The blondeness of the Prussians will not suffice. In their fairness the orange-red of the Mongolian shines through. When they were considered in the mass, as they lay dead upon the field, their colour was tawny. This excursion towards the west was the end of an age-long strife towards the convention of whiteness.

A fixed type alone endures, and fixity of type develops with whiteness in colour. The pale Pict in the western Highlands shines through the darker Celt who always lost himself before he attained to his desire. I am not saying that the western Highlanders are the most beautiful people in the world. They overstepped the mark. They became too white, and their type too rigid.

Within the range of colour there is a diversity of type, but the number of types is small. Since the Highland Clans perished these types are best seen in the considerable number of families of pure blood that still remain in England. The origin of these families lay in the perception that a pure breed alone would prevail, and personal predilection was restrained to the common good. It was by a union of these families without a coalescence that England was always saved in the last extremity. But in our own time these families have lost their proud, hard rule, and democracy is upon England too. The individual and not the family is now the unit of the race.

In the beginning the individual cell was the unit. Growth increased by a multitude of similar cells, and the same function was performed by all. In time certain congeries assumed separate functions and modified themselves for the better performance. Organs appeared. Animals arose. A controlling mind became obvious. There was now a Creation; but the principle of the single cell persists, the struggle between the man who walks upright and the serpent who goes upon his belly, the contest between righteousness and sin.

But the single cell is yet undefeated. In the human frame, especially in the female, it leaps upon the organ that has completed its function, destroys its essential structure, and reduces all to the primitive type. The process goes by the name of cancer. Democracy is merely a name for a similar process which strives to destroy the organs and organization of society, which strives to reduce races, nations, and families to an unorganized congeries of individual units.

Democracy is not a form of government. It is a condition out of which some form of government may eventually arise. The man in his cave was the original democrat. Through slow and painful ages he developed a kind of system, striving upwards towards a civilization, resisting as well as he could the unceasing efforts of democrats, liberals, radicals, anarchists, nihilists, to draw him back into his solitary and savage lair. When democracy has accomplished its perfect work we shall begin again the slow and painful Sisyphus task, in which, as in former times, soldiers, brigands, thieves, politicians, saints, and kings will play their part after their kind. In the process we shall again pass through another slow age of darkness. Democracy is merely a vain regret for a past and fabled age of perfection which never had any real existence.

The thing we now name democracy exists at all just because it is living on the past, the United States upon its Constitution, and we upon our Monarchy. The kingship has virtue only as part of the system out of which it arose. When the system fails the king falls, and with him perishes the whole fabric of politics and of society. Few women have any direct interest in politics. All women have a vital interest in society, and the aggregate of society is civilization. Men revert to the cave with incredible ease. For four years millions of men lived in holes in the ground with the utmost of comfort so long as their few primitive wants were supplied. Whilst women were absent the soldiers were not conscious of any lack. The rise from savagery is always governed by the needs of the woman, and the beauty of civilization was created for her display. The woman is innately conservative,

but all her conservatism will be swallowed up in democracy. There is a class of women, of course, who are not conservative, who defy all conventions, but they are such as were evil even in the land of Judæa.

Words to some persons mean something: to most they mean nothing. They will combine two opposites and think they have said something new. When they say "Liberal-Conservative" they have solved the eternal contest between anarchy and order. Catholic and Atheist lie down together in the "Modernist." Democracy, Utopia, and Heaven are interchangeable terms. And yet the world has often looked democracy in the face but will not know it for what it is. In democratic Athens nine men out of ten were frank slaves. In republican Rome there were a million captives. The French Revolution showed democracy in its sheer nakedness. So intelligent a person as a professor in the University of London was filled with glee when democracy in Russia declared itself, for now, he said, "the peasants will have schools."

When Father Simon was asked by the Archbishop of Paris what he was doing to prepare for the higher orders of the priesthood he offered as his qualification, that he was criticizing the Bible. A man in these days acquires political fame according as he succeeds in destroying the customs and institutions under which we live. Nothing is too minute to escape the scrutiny of a mean and jealous mind striving after an equality with those of nobler nature. Any system stands as a system, as a chair stands on four legs, although it may remain for a time upon three in virtue of its old stability. England is acclaimed as a democracy and as proof of its success. England never was a democracy, is not now, and never will be until England is no longer England. England carries on by reason of its old monarchical inertia. All that is good is old.

A few weeks ago a Prince came and walked this earth. Anyone of sensibility recognized him at once for the Bonnie Prince come again, with his ancient Stuart face, and eyes, and hair, and mien. He was the Soldier son returned from

the wars, as his father was the Sailor home from the sea, and Victoria the mother of men. Women who looked upon him had a poignant sense of his youth, his strength, his beauty. And yet this paragon, this progeny of kings from the time of Alfred, with his grace and heart was hailed as a "democrat." A democrat is not like that at all. Confusion of mind and folly of speech could go no further. The real democrat is Lenine with his Mongolian guard, Tammany with his Braves, or Marat at the head of his Sans-culottes.

The first act of democracy is to seize the persons of all who have saved anything towards a reasonable way of life. It exercises a perfect impartiality in respect of men and women. Then it seizes property; but at this point its impartiality fails. Women, who are the peculiar treasure of kings, are put to the basest use, whilst men escape with death alone. Women who are so deluded as to glorify democracy would do well to think upon these things, and turn their eyes to Russia where democracy is now accomplishing its perfect end.

Men will work for women. When Darius was king the man would take his sword and go his way to rob and to steal, to sail upon the sea and upon rivers; and when he had stolen, spoiled, and robbed, he would bring it all to his love. Even yet he will "labour and toil and give and bring all to the woman." But men will not work with women. When women invade a new field of labour they will have it to themselves or not at all. In some fields they succeed: in others they never gain a foot-hold. They have driven clerks from office. For forty years the field of medicine has been open to them on equal terms with men; yet there are not now ten women in Canada, who support themselves by the practice of that art.

Women as workers have nothing to hope from democracy. Every legal disability has already been removed from them. They are free to establish banks, stores, factories, farms of their own; and yet they do not make the adventure. They are well aware that men will not work with them or under their orders. At least white men will not: Mongolians

will—for a time. They are aware of something further, namely, that other women will not work for them either. In democracy the domestic fabric is bound to perish. The servant problem will solve itself. Women will do their own household work, and they will not have much leisure for those activities which now seem so important a part of their lives.

The first question that assails democracy is, Who now will do our work? The problem is not new. It faced the Greeks and Romans. They solved it for a time at least by the employment of slaves. In the Middle Ages it was solved, but again only for a time, by serfs and a vast system of feudalism. In the Russian democracy it is solved by starvation, by the knout, and by murder. In our own houses it is evaded—by Chinamen. The real solution is that every man will do his own work, and every woman hers. This means the end of our industrial system, the abandonment of the machine, the return to such labour as a man can do with his own hands. This condition has already happened on the farm. No farmer is now fool enough to employ a workman who at any moment may be lured away from a week of 88 hours' to a week of 44 hours' work. The farmer can raise enough food for his family with his own hands. His one-time workman and all others are free to follow this course, or starve, which they will, whilst this first lesson in democracy is being learned.

Whilst democracy is starving there is another and more serious problem which will press for solution,—for good democrats will like to starve in peace,—Who will govern us? Not all democrats are good, and all others must be governed whilst they starve. In the past government has been carried on by public servants. The proudest claim a man could make was that he served the public. The great Apostle, himself, always subscribed himself as a servant. But these servants always chose the terms of their employment. The prime condition was that it should be voluntary. Any reward that came from the public was voluntary too. These rewards were diverse and of curious kinds, since the minds of men are diverse and curious.

It is fair to assume that men in democracy will still be men and will be impelled by the old motives. The main motive towards good public conduct has always been the desire to deserve well of the community. This in turn was based upon the love of life, the dislike of death, the passion for immortality. By serving the community well a man continued to live in the mind and heart of the community.

But the community must make some sign of its approbation, however slight. In the Army all discipline is based upon this principle, and men will adventure their lives, not consciously for the reward, but in a certainty that the sign of recognition will come. This sign up to the present has been merely a half-inch of ribbon pinned on the breast; and these bits of ribbon were varied in colour to denote the inequality of the wearer.

In political life there were also certain little perquisites and rewards, an added dignity, the right to precedence, means of bestowing favours from which the pleasant feeling of gratitude might spring. But the dignity of parliament has waned, and the human relation of the member to his constituents has been replaced by the dry and rigid rule of the Commission. Public life is no longer attractive. It might even happen that a civilian man would be called to the attention of his sovereign for meritorious service, and awarded a sign that he had deserved well. If the sign were not justly worn, it would be a continual reminder not of worthiness but of unworthiness, a penalty rather than a reward. This distinction of which Canadians have deprived themselves was slight, but prized;—one might have three letters written before his name rather than three letters at the end. But in democracy no man may signify that he is unequal to any other. Inequality deserves only reprobation, since it is fatal to the principle on which democracy is based. At the same time all know that the principle is false. Not even before God are all men equal; for in God's eyes vile men are despised. The old chivalry—like the old lion in the fable—which was based upon respect for women is dying fast enough. It did not need this kick of the ass to hasten the end.

Democracy having deprived itself of these motives for public service must find some other. A sense of dignity, a liking for a certain ceremonial, the desire to play a part in a large, clean and interesting game, the attainment of consider-tion,—all these will have failed to appeal. Men will not serve voluntarily. They cannot be conscripted. All that remains is the mercenary, and they will serve quick enough, but on their own terms, that is, money; and they will decide the amount for themselves. Politics then will have become a business, and the paid servant a ruthless master.

A man continues after his own personal death to live in his family. The earliest tribal customs were directed to preserve and extend it, and to maintain its purity. Legislation is valid only in so far as it seeks that end. The family was hedged about, then the bounds were slowly enlarged. To found a family was a noble ambition: to preserve and increase its number and power was the incentive by which civilization was built up. Democracy demands that all such enclosures shall be thrown open. It is even held to be an undemocratic thing that children shall be kept free in the family from the contamination of the public school. Even in universities where negroes are admitted authority has been evoked to compel white women to consort with them in the dance. When the universities admitted women within their walls, that was the first surrender to democracy. The women served formal notice that they no longer desired the shelter of the old conventions.

The universities were the first to surrender. They were created for the preservation of learning. They were endowed for that purpose. Each graduate who departs carries with him public or private charity to the amount of a thousand dollars. He filches what learning he thinks may be useful to him, and departs with a seared conscience. The universities scatter the precious seed upon arid minds. What learning do the students leave or bring back? What enrichment has any woman returned to the university which has squandered its treasure upon her? The universities of Canada are now,

as they always were in Russia, the forcing beds of democracy. The Russian universities created that spirit of nihilism which finally turned upon their intelligentsia and destroyed them. The Canadian universities are following the same course, and the women members are a dissolving leaven.

A bad government is better than none at all; but even a bad government cannot carry on unless it has some security of tenure, and people of this generation do not need to be told how permanence is obtained. The device of party alone makes parliamentary institutions possible. The leader of a party leads and guides. He cannot drive, and he will not be followed upon an impossible course. He must know what his party thinks. He can only discover that by their way of voting. But they must all vote. When the voters were few, and the franchise prized, the task was easy. When the franchise was enlarged to include nearly all males the task was not impossible, since men remain of the same mind for a little while at least. Government under these conditions could be carried on.

For a hundred years all forms of government have yielded quietly to the democratic spirit. The fabric was being transformed. But at the critical moment the storm of war broke upon it. Many causes of the outburst have been assigned, and as many more for the resistance that was offered. Ideals were invented by the journalists, and the final solution was found in the formula, that it was a war to end war, and make the world safe for democracy. Even in a world temporarily safe democracy is having some trouble in establishing itself, especially in Russia where it is safest of all, the king and his family having been murdered, and all his loyal subjects brought under a terror.

There was a tumult of voices, and this was the moment chosen for adding to the clamour by extending the franchise to women; not to all women, it is true; but none will escape unless they make an organized resistance. There must be to women something suspicious in the ease with which they received this coveted prize. In those dull days the efforts

they made seemed considerable; but they were in reality very slight,—nothing more than a few scenes, many pamphlets, much noise, some voluntary hunger, and striking the Prime Minister on the face with a dog whip. The main body of women showed little concern, although a large number protested against the ballot being thrust upon them. The truth is men had long since discovered the futility of voting, and were not averse from adding this duty to the other duties of women, much as one would bestow shares in a bankrupt concern, which carried with them an unlimited liability.

For voting is a duty and not alone a privilege. The liability is now upon women equally with men. Several courses are open to them. They may vote with their family as they do in New Zealand, in which case a man with a wife and daughter will have three votes instead of one. Government will still be possible. Or they may vote independently, in which case family life will be impossible, since a house divided against itself cannot stand. It may be a question of a tariff upon which a man thinks his living and the living of his family depends. The woman may think differently, but the task is his; and he will not be too tolerant of an enemy within his walls. Or, what is most likely, women may refrain from voting. In that case government will be impossible because no leader can divine when they may, or how they will, vote. The threat is always there, vague and impalpable but none the less real.

Women with the vote are continually being adjured to "vote right" on moral questions. But all questions are moral questions. A tariff, or the removal of a tariff, upon an article of commerce may so affect the price that the living of a woman is destroyed. Right and wrong in politics are not labeled as they are in an old morality play; good and bad politicians are not so easily separated as sheep from goats. To vote is merely to express an opinion, and a question is not solved when a law is passed.

It is only those who have been engaged in practical politics, that are aware how small a part voting played in

the operation of government. There was an elaborate machinery to prevent an expression of public opinion or to thwart it when it broke out of hand. But the system worked. Even if women were now in possession of a correct theory of government, and were resolved to lay aside all considerations of personal interest for the sake of giving full expression to it, they would yet be face to face with those contrivances which in democracy will more than ever exist for dulling the conscience and paralyzing the public will. Men who are enthusiastic reformers of politics continually encounter the influence of the under-world intriguer, the briber, the organizer of self-interest; and it is entirely probable that in the new order women will be found who will lend themselves for these base purposes, if one can infer from the ease with which even now recruits are obtained for purposes baser still.

Women are mistaken if they suppose that their labour is ended when they pause in the weary round of their domestic duties for so much time as is required to place a dainty ballot in a box. When they adventure into the booth of democracy they plunge into a world of politics and of crime, unaware that their innocent act may be the means of depriving a rich corporation of its booty, a poor man of his food, a worker of the right to live, a woman of her profession, or a criminal of his prey. They must not expect that, upon beholding the spectacle of a woman about to vote, all these forces of self-interest will run backward and fall to the ground as dead men. Many women are sufficiently instructed in cynicism to unmask the most plausible politician; but women of simplicity, having faith, will to their own hurt become unconscious dupes of the wily intriguer or willing victims of the honest reformer who is himself deceived. When they have learned this hard lesson women in democracy will themselves have become hard.

Democracy is helpless unless all the women voters vote. It will be hopeless unless women do their whole duty, and stand for parliament in proportion to their numbers. It will be a new kind of parliament just as a club is a new club or a

university a new university when women are admitted in proportion to their numbers. In the meantime the old will have perished. Any new will be impossible, because the old law will have become operative, that men and women will not work on equal terms. One or other will be driven out, and the logical parliament of democracy is a parliament of women.

God created the world and left it to us to create a civilization. The system did not spring full armed from the head of a god. It is a slow and painful growth with a fatal propensity to perish back to the root. It is an inheritance, and we have squandered it with impious hands. It is guarded by conventions which are hard but brittle, as all hard things are, and we have suffered them to be broken. Most of all, civilization and women have been defended by the convention of sex. We have paltered with them, and women themselves have been the worst offenders.

The life of woman is made up of a thousand little decorums, known in the mass as modesty, of which not the least important is dress. A woman will blush for shame if by chance her ears should become uncovered yet, if we can trust to pictorial art in history, dress never was more immodest than it is to-day, and will be to-night and to-morrow, as fashion decrees what and how much of the secret parts of the person shall be disclosed. In this women are not so helpless as they claim to be.

Reticence is the essential of this convention, and the clamour now is that the truth of it be taught even in schools, and exploited by committees who concern themselves publicly with a class of women who in more decent times were not so much as named amongst us.

The road to democracy is taken. There is no turning back. The descent is fatally easy. Mr. Huxley once engaged a driver in Dublin, and promised him an extra half-crown if he would drive fast. The man set off at a mad speed. "Do you know where you are going?" the passenger cried. "No, your honour, but anyway I am driving fast." We are

driving fast, and it is well that women especially should be told where they are going and what the end will be.

But let not democracy be too sure. Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. The world is never left without a witness, without a remnant, which has not bowed the knee to a false god. Two of our allies have not wavered in their allegiance to the monarchy. In his heart every Frenchman craves a king. The Americans disclosed their instinct in their passionate acclaim of our Prince. We fought not for democracy, but for our King and our institutions as they are. There are two kinds of internationalism. A great Cause is never so dangerous as when it is Lost.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

# A WISH

A cottage on a ridgèd hill,
A little stream that brightly flows,
Fed from wide moors and snowy peaks,
And singing as it goes.

A scattered wood of climbing birch,
Where broken sunbeams lightly fall;
Deep windows, broad and sheltering eaves,
And mosses on the wall.

A little candle shining clear,
To guide me home when shadows creep;
And, when the day is done, the gift,
The golden gift of sleep.

HORATIO WALLACE

# THE RISE IN PRICES

THE great significance to be ascribed to the enormous increase in prices during the last five years, and the relation of this increase to social and industrial conditions, is evident from the wide-spread attention these questions have received. Varying conceptions of the underlying causes have exercised no small influence in determining industrial and political policies, and this is likely to be even more true in the immediate future. The necessity for a clear and accurate understanding of these causes is therefore obvious.

The usual explanation finds the fundamental cause of high prices in the varying relations of demand and supply. Emphasis is usually placed on the decrease in supply. The war called millions of men from productive effort into military service. This decrease in the number of labourers resulted in a corresponding decrease in the number of commodities, a condition greatly aggravated by the limitation of the available sources of supply incident to the submarine campaign. In addition it is frequently pointed out that the war likewise occasioned a noteworthy increase in demand. Thus, in accord with the well known economic law of supply and demand, the experienced increase in prices was inevitable. Viewed in its proper perspective, therefore, the rise in prices, popularly called the "high cost of living," is simply an expression of the reduction in the supply of the things which satisfy our desires resulting from the imperative demands of the war, a part of the price paid for the victory achieved, a price shared in common by all members of the community. The only method by which present conditions can be improved is by hard work and careful living, and patriotism demands this of every citizen.

The first criticism to be made of this reasoning is that it does not trace the variations of supply and demand with

sufficient accuracy or completeness. It postulates a condition for all commodities which was true only for particular commodities. There was a noticeable decrease in the supply of some goods, but not of all. Likewise, if demand be thought of as the intensity of desire for things, there was an increase in the demand for some commodities, but not for all. The fact is that the variations in the general relations of supply and demand incident to the war, showed marked differences for particular commodities. Stated in technical terminology, there was a considerable increase in the marginal utility of some commodities, a decrease in the marginal utility of others, while in many cases, probably the greater number, the change was insignificant. Variations in value, therefore, must range all the way from actual decreases to material increases. Commodities, the market for which was restricted by the conditions of the war, but which are not subject to ready reduction in quantity, will illustrate the former. Canadian apples are a good example. Most war necessaries will illustrate the latter. If prices had simply registered these changes, and had been unaffected by other influences, there would, likewise, have been a decrease in the prices of some commodities, and an increase in the prices of others. The usual statement of causation, therefore, serves only to account for differences in the fluctuation of the values of particular commodities, and affords no adequate explanation of the general rise in prices which has occurred since 1914; this is the phenomenon to be explained.

This suggests a second criticism of the familiar reasoning. The causes therein considered are concerned primarily with values, not with prices; while the real problem is one of prices rather than values. When the prices of some commodities increase, while the prices of others decrease or remain stationary, these price changes may be attributed to changes in values. But when a general rise in prices has occurred, as is true to-day, the explanation must be sought in some factor affecting prices other than fluctuations in values, for by definition a simultaneous increase in the value of all commodities

is impossible. Value, as the term is used in economics, means the exchange relation between commodities. Flour cannot exchange for more of sugar, of meats, of manufactured goods, and at the same time, sugar, or meats, or manufactured goods exchange for more flour. But price is the exchange relation of any commodity in terms of money. A general rise in prices is, therefore, entirely possible, providing there be an increase in the amount of money for which goods may exchange. The conclusion would seem to be irresistible, that the real explanation of high prices is concerned simply with the relation between two objective quantities, the quantity of goods and the quantity of money.

Students of monetary history have frequently pointed out that the relation between the quantity of money and the volume of business is not constant, but is always fluctuating. It is shown that prices have always varied directly with this changing relation. To illustrate; during the decade 1850–60 the industrial expansion of the first half of the century was continued, but one singular difference was manifest. Whereas the earlier years had been characterized by a general decline in price levels, a sudden and sharp rise in prices began about 1850. The explanation is to be found in the great increase in the world's supply of money resulting from the remarkable gold discoveries in Australia and California in 1849. More recently a transition from a period of declining prices to a period of rising prices occurred about 1896. Coincident with this upward tendency, the world's stock of gold and the quantity of the circulating medium based thereon increased at an unprecedented rate. As in the earlier periods, goods were increasing, but the quantity of money was increasing even more rapidly. Prices reflected this changing ratio. From such facts as these economists have deduced the general principle that prices increase or decrease directly with the quantity of money relative to the quantity of goods. Double the quantity of money used, other things remaining the same, and prices will double. The proximate cause of price fluctuations is always to be sought in increases or decreases in the

quantity of money relative to the number of business transactions.

If this economic law be applied to conditions in Canada, it will be clear even to the novice in economic theory that the explanation of price movements during the last five years is to be found in increases in the quantity of money rather than in changes in the supply of goods. During the war there was a deflection of labour on a considerable scale into the production of goods essential for war purposes. Fewer of some things were produced and more of others; there was little or no reduction in the total. The number of business transactions in 1919 was probably as great as in 1914, possibly greater. But the index numbers for these years indicate a rise in prices of about 100 per cent. Clearly the explanation of this increase must be sought on the money side of the price determining equation, not on the goods side.

Ample evidence that the cause of increases in the general range of prices is to be found in increases in the quantity of money is available, for Canada in common with other countries has experienced an enormous inflation of the currency since 1914. The chief constituents of the circulating medium in Canada are gold, Dominion of Canada notes, bank notes, and commercial bank deposits, the latter circulating through the use of cheques. Gold is used almost exclusively as a reserve to protect the issues of government and bank credit instruments, the form of money through which exchanges are directly mediated. The issue of notes is strictly regulated by law. Provision is made for the expansion and contraction to meet the ordinary requirements of business, but issue beyond a fixed limit can ordinarily occur only when notes are guaranteed dollar for dollar with gold. Commercial deposits are subject to no reserve regulation by law, but, since these are redeemable in legal tender money, banks must ordinarily keep a certain amount of such money on hand to provide for the exceptional cases where it shall be demanded. The amount required for this purpose, however, is small, so that every dollar added to cash reserves enables the bank to increase its deposit credit many times that amount.

Currency inflation in Canada has occurred in part through extension of note issue, in part through expansion of deposit currency. It was made possible to some degree by increases in gold reserves, but to an even greater degree by legislation passed by the Dominion Parliament early in the war for the protection of industry, and to aid in financing the war. Without going into details, the substance of the Acts may be summarized. They secured close co-operation between the Dominion Government and the banks. The gold standard was partially abandoned, as the banks were absolved from their obligation to redeem their credit issues in gold, and the issue of Dominion notes based on approved securities was permitted. Under this law some one hundred and fifty million dollars of these notes have been issued on securities which ordinarily would have represented an equal amount of gold. These may be used by the banks as reserves for an immensely greater volume of deposit currency, and in fact were largely so used. In addition, the gold reserves in Canada before the recent exportation to Washington were sixty million dollars in excess of the amount held in 1914, about half of which was in the possession of the banks. The result of all this was to increase enormously the possibilities of note and deposit currency expansion whenever demand should be made for it.

A demand on the banks for increasing their currency arose in the first instance from the policy of financing the war pursued by the government. Money was needed with which to purchase munitions, food supplies, and other necessaries for military purposes, and to provide for the needs of the civil population of Europe. It was much more convenient to secure the required purchasing power by asking the banks to create an addition to the circulating medium, than to exact from the people through taxation the necessary portion of the money already in circulation. Accordingly to the banks the Government turned. Soon business men felt the impetus given to industry by Government purchases and, in their turn, began asking for increased accommodation by the banks.

The extent to which currency inflation has resulted from this coincidence of increased demand for credit, and ability to extend credit, is shown by the statistics regarding note and deposit increases. Dominion and bank notes combined, have increased 125 per cent. since 1914. But far more important is the expansion in that "phantom medium of exchange," commercial bank deposits, the form of money used in nearly all large business transactions in this country. The best index to the amount of increase in deposits is to be found in the records of bank clearings. These show an increase of about 100 per cent. for 1919 as compared with 1914. Do not these statistics furnish an ample explanation of the immediate cause of the general rise in prices in Canada during the last five years?

The social significance of the events just described deserves careful consideration. If the increase in money had been divided among the members of the community in exact proportion to their previous incomes, the change would be a matter of indifference. In general, we would be paying twice as many dollars for each commodity as in 1914, but we would all have twice as many dollars with which to buy. We would simply be using more "counters" in each transaction. But the outstanding fact is that the increase in money has not been distributed in this equitable manner. It is a matter of common knowledge that those living on relatively fixed incomes have received far less than their proportional increase. Among these may be mentioned widows and retired business men, whose income is largely from investments, members of the salaried and professional classes, and the rank and file of the labouring class. Let it be carefully noted, however, that the money of the community as a whole, has increased in proportion with the rise in prices. It follows that the loss of some is counterbalanced by an equal gain on the part of others. Who are these fortunate classes? This is also a matter of common knowledge. The business class in general, and to a lesser degree the farmer. Those into whose possession the increase in funds first flowed have gained most. Those most

remote have gained least. There is abundant evidence to warrant the impression that the business class as a whole has experienced an era of unparalleled prosperity.

This forced redistribution of incomes is the real explanation of social unrest and industrial disturbance in so far as these are to be attributed to the so-called "high cost of living." Neither the mere fact of high prices, nor the sacrifice of personal desires in order to supply sugar, flour, and other necessaries for those fighting our battles in France, or for our allies in Europe, has been an appreciable cause of unrest. But the fact that, by a process little understood either by those who have gained or by those who have lost, millions of dollars have been taken from the incomes of certain classes to be added to the incomes of others, is a direct and a weighty cause of a very serious situation. The obvious injustice is keenly felt even though not clearly understood. Until this injustice is remedied the situation is serious, and unfortunately the remedy is not yet in sight.

This analysis throws light on two much discussed questions of social readjustment. The first relates to profiteering. As that term is popularly used it refers to the abnormal profits reaped by the business class during the period of rising prices. These profits, as we have seen, are in no wise due to peculiar methods of the business man; he has no clear conception of why and how such rich rewards have come to him, nor could he materially alter the situation should he desire to do so. The cause is social, the remedy likewise must be social. It involves deflation of our currency and the re-establishment of our monetary system firmly on a gold basis. To execute such a programme without unduly disturbing industry or causing unnecessary injury to any individual is a difficult task.

The case of the labour group is in some respects strikingly similar. Granting that the motives actuating labour leaders are mixed and their methods devious, and that there is much to be condemned both in motive and method, every open-minded student of the situation must admit that mistrust, unrest, and industrial discord are normal reactions from rapidly

rising prices and huge profits. It is useless to attempt to convince the labourer of the folly of his course by arguing that greater production is the one essential for higher wages. He knows that so long as abnormal profits are realized, it is possible by bringing sufficient pressure to bear to secure a portion of those profits for himself. To any suggestion as to the immorality of his conduct in view of the urgency of present need his reply is "prevent profiteering before preaching to me." To one who appreciates the psychology of the labouring class it is clear that an adjustment of the social injustice arising from the increase of prices is a prerequisite for a return to conditions of normal efficiency.

It will of course be understood that nothing that has been said detracts in the slightest from the seriousness of the situation in respect to the present world-shortage of necessaries or to the depletion of the world's accumulated stock of capital. The repeated calls for hard work and plain living cannot be too highly commended, but the force of such pleas is weakened by a confusion of the problems connected with this shortage with those arising from the "high cost of living." Yet press discussions and the public utterances of prominent statesmen and industrial leaders show how general this confusion is. To discriminate clearly between these entirely distinct though closely inter-related problems is the first requisite for dealing with either in a satisfactory manner.

A. B. Balcom

# NEXT FOR DUTY

WILLINGLY or unwillingly, the nations that have formed the League of Nations must face the fact that, for the present at least, the United States of America are not within its membership. Whether they understand the reasons for the refusal of the United States or not; whether they consider this refusal inevitable, or regard it as the result of a chapter of accidents; whether they regret the loss of a powerful and respectable colleague, or welcome their release from the company of a fastidious and visionary critic, they have to accept a new situation and carry on.

It is proposed to consider a single one of the bewildering problems that confront the League, one in which prompt and decisive action is necessary if only to minimize the evils which have ensued from a delay accepted in the hope that the decision of the United States might have been other than it was.

If the United States refuse to act, or are not qualified to act, as mandatary of the League of Nations in Armenia and in Constantinople, to which member or members of the League of Nations will these mandates be offered, and by whom will they be accepted? Admittedly the League of Nations will be cutting its losses and choosing a second-best as mandatary. Choice has to be made. The first stage of the problem is to determine the qualities that are requisite or highly desirable in a satisfactory mandatary. The following list is meant to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

1. Strength adequate to the task. This includes both man-power and money-power, free from prior charges and encumbrances. The man-power must be suitable; it must include administrators and soldiers, engineers, and traders.

2. Disinterestedness. The mandatary must have no interest which is at variance with his duties. In an absolute degree this is impossible, but broadly speaking the mandatary

must not be a partizan of a particular religion or of a particular race and culture, must not have vital interests at stake in the countries committed to his charge, must be prepared to act with the most scrupulous fairness in matters which affect international trade and commerce.

3. Enterprise. The mandatary must be progressive, ready to take upon himself the responsibility for promoting the economic progress of peoples who have a decided tendency to inertia.

4. Responsibility. There must be a serious recognition of the importance of the burden undertaken and of the duty assumed towards humanity, or must it be said of humanity less the United States and such other countries as decline to join or are not invited to join the League of Nations? There must be a determination not to falter in a task once undertaken, a recognition that internal political dissensions, of whatever local importance they may be, can never excuse a neglect of duty.

5. Idealism. There must be a willingness to make sacrifices for the good of humanity, and this, even if the good be remote and problematical. To demand certainties is to cry for the moon. Action must be freely taken on calculations, which, though the best we can make, are very fallible.

6. Reasonableness. The mandatary must be able to coöperate in a business-like and workman-like manner with the other members of the League. He must not be too idealistic or too good for his fellows. He must be in a position to negotiate with them quickly and decisively, unimpeded by constitutional rules, dominant personalities, or political animosities.

No country, not even the United States of America, possesses all these qualities in perfection. One must take the best one can get. It is worth while examining rapidly how far the United States possess these qualities to measure the extent of the loss of the League in failing to secure its first choice as mandatary in Armenia and in Constantinople.

It is beyond dispute that the United States possess in an incomparable degree the first three of the qualities enumerated. They have great strength, and great wealth, and relatively few burdens. They are disinterested, if we make a possible reservation for the zeal of the missionary. Their enterprise is universally admired.

The quality of responsibility is a little more doubtful. In one sense the United States possess it in a very high degree. There is the fullest sense of the propriety of judging their own acts on the highest plane. Yet can the nations of the League be fairly expectd to leave altogether unchallenged an attitude which gives a relatively low value to obligations undertaken towards outside countries by persons who, to the bulk of the people of those countries, must have appeared the fully accredited representatives of the United States?

Probably no country in the world is as idealistic as the United States; certainly in no country is idealism more articulate. But the idealism of the United States is of a peculiar character. There is always a suggestion that the unpleasant is eliminated from any problem by an optimistic statement of the facts. Whatever the reason, the idealism of the United States is internationally not easy of comprehension, and, while sometimes understood, receives little genuine sympathy.

The last quality on the list—Reasonableness—is rarely attributed to the United States by other countries and would perhaps hardly be claimed for them by their greatest admirers. It is then, in respect of the last three qualities enumerated, Responsibility, Idealism, and Reasonableness, that some compensation may be sought for the loss that must be accepted in respect of the first three.

Where is a suitable mandatary to be found? Two great countries have administered others, not without incurring grave criticism, but with some fair measure of success. One of these at least is more and more ready to recognize that its position in this respect is that of a trustee, to act so that its worst mistakes will be rather bonâ fide errors of judgement than acts of irresponsibility or of oppression.

But both Great Britain and France have undertaken tasks that put more than a fair burden on their shoulders. Their efforts must lose in efficiency if spread over a wider field. In the last resort this would not be an adequate reason for hesitating to accept a mandate. A man cannot leave a foundling to starve because he has already got a large family to look after. If, in his opinion, a richer and less encumbered man refuses the charge it is still unquestionably his duty to shrug his shoulders and accept the burden himself. To criticize is ungenerous; it may be unfair, and it wastes time. Both Great Britain and France are heavily burdened. It is desirable to find new blood if possible.

It is not proposed to run through the members of the League of Nations one by one and make invidious comparisons, but to suggest that one of them, Canada, is eminently suitable for the task. Once more we must refer to our six criteria.

1. As to strength, Canada's man-power and money-power are limited and have been heavily depleted, but not, it is claimed, so severely as to place the task of mandatary in Armenia and in Constantinople beyond the bounds of her strength.

2. Canada is as disinterested as the United States and for much the same reasons. Probably to most Canadians the idea of these mandates would come as an unwelcome surprise.

3. However this may be, want of enterprise will hardly be alleged as an excuse nor, it is submitted, be seriously entertained as an objection. The highly varied character of Canada's share in the efforts of the war would be an instant and complete answer.

4. Irresponsibility, if it existed, would, as in the case of the United States, take the form of refusing the mandate altogether. If the mandate were once accepted it would be carried out diligently. Negligence would be regarded as an omission unworthy of the tradition left by the men who fell in the war—in the first stage of the struggle for a better world.

5. The idealism of Canada is less articulate than that of the United States. It would be an error to suppose that it

does not exist at all. If its expression has been in the main practical, and a matter of actions, this is partly because of a fairly close association with British tradition, an association that has become increasingly intimate during the war. It is a matter of style and taste that idealism should be reserved.

6. Reasonableness. It is suggested that throughout the Peace negotiations Canada has maintained with dignity a rôle of extraordinary difficulty, that she has insisted throughout on taking her fair place among the nations and that she has done so without obstructing or impeding the smooth working of the proceedings, without "letting down" any of her fellow-workers.

Finally, is it objectionable that a mandate in Europe and one in the near East should be given to an American country? The world at large can hardly be expected to share the view sometimes expressed in the United States that American countries should keep out of world affairs. In the United States this may appear a reasonable converse to the Monroe Doctrine and yet it would be humiliating for the United States if the world shared this view.

Canada answers fairly well to the tests that have been proposed. The weakest point is the question of strength—of ability to find the men and the money for the execution of the mandates without neglecting more urgent duties. Admittedly the burden would be heavy, but where is any suitable country that is better able to bear it?

Would Canada undertake these mandates were they offered? The first step in this enquiry is to examine what weight would attach in Canada to the objections raised in the United States to the acceptance by that country of mandates from the League of Nations.

1. Distrust of the League of Nations. We are not concerned to enquire whether this distrust is or is not well founded. The United States have refused to join the League while Canada has joined. What is a legitimate sentiment for the former would be inadmissible for the latter.

2. Dislike of the "occupation" of less advanced countries. In the United States the dislike is genuine, and it may be well founded. Canada is a member of an Empire, which, equally convinced that it is doing right, occupies less advanced countries and assumes the duties of a trustee. Further, Canada is a member of a League that has accepted this duty of occupation and proposes to apportion it among its members.

3. Distrust of foreign entanglements in general. This exists both in the United States and in Canada. In both countries the view has been accepted that there are circumstances in which this distrust must be overcome and outside duties accepted. A question of degree is here of the utmost importance. When must foreign entanglements be accepted? Right and wrong apart, it is natural that Canada should accept these outside duties more readily than the United States. Historically Canada has never been so cut off from the outside world, and so nearly in direct hostility to it. It is an error to consider that Canada has accepted such outside duties solely as an act of devotion to Great Britain. It is fairer to say that these duties come naturally to a nation developing in the British Empire.

4. Disinclination to make sacrifices until it is certain that they are made in a good cause. This is an admirable sentiment and yet one to which effect can be given only under special circumstances—then often at the cost of great hardship to other countries which have not the advantage of those circumstances. It is a luxury of sentiment, often an unfair indulgence. Action to be effective must often be prompt and be based not on certainties but at best on more or less intelligent anticipations. France and Great Britain were obliged so to act in 1914. Canada was in a position to choose, but voluntarily acted in the same way. The United States were in a position to choose, and waited. Once again it is not a question of arguing as to who was right or who wrong, or whether both were right, or both wrong. The point of importance is that the circumstances and the temperament of the two countries are different and that their actions differed accordingly.

The second step is to examine whether there are any reasons for rejecting a mandate which are peculiar to Canada and did not exist in the case of the United States.

1. There is the question of whether Canada's strength is equal to the task. This has already been discussed and the question left open.

2. Canada is not a sovereign state. However, Canada is a member of the League of Nations, and other members of the League, similarly situated, have received mandates from the League. The acceptance of such a mandate, were it otherwise unobjectionable, would improve the international status of Canada, and this improvement would not be at the expense of the British Empire. It would be rather an advance towards an apportionment of the burdens within the Empire and an advance involving none of the dangerous questions of pooling taxation or limiting the autonomy of the members of the Empire.

The third step is to examine whether Canada would have for accepting a mandate any reasons which do not apply in the case of the United States, or do not commend themselves to the people of the United States.

1. The question of Canada's international status and of her position in the British Empire has already been mentioned.

2. With all respect to the United States it can be argued that there are very great advantages in avoiding "Isolation." Sympathetic understanding with other peoples is easier for those who share in their burdens. To Canada it may appear an impossible position for a country to adopt, to confine its efforts to the well-being of its citizens and leave them to give a troubled world the benefit of their advice and criticism. These have an undoubted value, but, though they may gain in disinterestedness if they come from observers out of reach of the troubles of a weary world, they lose in persuasiveness from their want of comprehensive sympathy. For a country which honours deeply and sincerely the memory of 60,000 men dead on the battlefields of the world a policy of isolation is unthinkable.

To sum up: Who are those upon whom the burdens, which, it had been hoped, the United States would accept, are to fall? Great Britain and France should, if possible, be spared. It is suggested that if no more suitable mandatary can be found Canada is able to undertake these duties. A request to do so would come as a surprise. It might well be refused on the ground that duties nearer home will absorb all available energies. It might be accepted as a sacred heritage of those who have fallen in the war, for to the living and to the dead it is most honourable if a heritage consist not of privileges and of rights, but of burdens and of duties.

H. F. Angus

# IRREVOCABLE

As a mayflower in the spring,
In its bed of mossy green,
Feels the kiss the sunbeams bring,
Shyly shews its lovely sheen;

As a rose in rarest June,
Nestling where the shadows meet,
Fondled by the wooing moon,
Richly gives its richest sweet;

So didst thou, my flower divine,
Lying fragrant in my arms,
Touched by dewy lips of mine
Softly open all thy charms.

O, that it was not to be,
In the years that were to roll,
As 'twas then 'twixt you and me,
One in body, mind, and soul.

F. S. L. Ford

## LOVE ME FOR EVER

### Fairy Love

Two stars in the grey-blue dusk,
  Three stars or two;
And that will be light enough
  To light me to you.
Silver cedar, golden musk,
  Diamond of the scent of dew;
The little moon is bright enough
  Now the moon is new.

For my dower I bring you these—
  Cobweb diadem,
A wildflower, a moonstone,
  And Star-of-Bethlehem,
Foam that sleeps on sleeping seas,
  Fern that only frost may fret;
Nothing else is white enough,
  Now the moon has set.

*ii*

I have made a beech-nut cover,
  And a fern-frond door:
Room for a ladybird, room for her lover,
  Room for nothing more;
  No one can open the door.

There I'll hide a head of clover,
  And a fern-seed's core,
And there we'll hide till the frosts be over,
  And the warm sap stirs once more;
  No one but summer can open the door.

II

### The Duel

Three steps behind the castle wall
  The grass grows green to the river's brim.
One moment late he stepped aside;—
  So that's the way that dead men sprawl?—
He stood so straight when he swore I lied,
  Sable and scarlet, slim and trim;
And now there's the world for me—to hide—
  And the clasp of the wet green grass for him.

III

### Peace of the Shepherd

There was a shepherd on the hill-side singing;
  None but himself; the brown plains at his feet.
Above the naked rocks the kites go swinging.
  The kites shrill loud; the shepherd sings so sweet.

The long, blue day ebbs slow; the sun goes creeping
  Without a cloud across the quivering sky.
Honey and figs at noon; at night, long sleeping.
  Sweet life to live;—O sweetest death to die!

IV

### The Piping Naiad

Out from the spring, from the whisper of waters I call;
Out from the sobbing of springs, in the dusk, in the dawn:
*Love me for ever.*
Bindweed and bracken and fern and the scent of the dark,
Voice of the stream with the murmur of moorlands behind,
Tendril of bryony, moonbeam-entangled, to hold thee;
See, through my dew-dripping hair, how I bind it and wind it.

Misty-haired legions of rushes that murmur and mourn,
Night-shade to lay on thine eyelids to lull thee, enfold thee;
Hark to my piping, my piping for ever is sweet;
Here will I lead thee, here lure thee, my lover, my all.

Now in the dimness of blue the warm throbbing stars are ahover,
Now the small beasts of the nightfall are rustling and roaming,
Now the dim blossoms of twilight are blown,
Now the white moth seeks the white moth, her lover!

Now gleam the white limbs of dryads out-slipping from cover,
Out from the tangle of brake, out from the shelter of thorn,
Stealing by one and by one, like lilies ashine in the gloaming,
Steal through the sedge to the spring till the Moon-goddess soundeth her horn—
And they slip to their shadows unseen, and I pipe to my piping alone.

I have a kiss for thine eyes and a kiss for thy feet;
Thou shalt grow foolish that once wast so wise,
Thou shalt grow still that now runnest so fleet:

Hark to my piping, my piping for ever is sweet,
Sweet as the song of the slow-singing river,
Bryony bindeth, the woodbine shall bind thee and hide thee;
Hark how the wind sings, "Forgive her, forgive her,
Love and forgive, in her arms thou shalt live, thou shalt sleep, thou shalt die."

*Love me for ever.*

V

## One Singer Less

Was there not merry solace after war
When warm with food and drink about the fire we sat?
Our feet in dirty rushes on the floor,
  But all our hearts in Heaven to sing Magnificat;
For Benoit sang,—now rest his soul, I say,
  I think no shame to pray
For one who sang so clear, Benoit de Sainte More.

They cleaned the spear-heads, gritting stone on steel,
  And Jake was wounded, moaning in the straw;
But Benoit came across, and sat—to feel
  His fingers running like a windy flaw
Over a silent water, up and down the strings.
  There's no one left who sings
As Benoit sang, Benoit de Sainte More.

He's dead. It's stale work now. Look, here I hold
  His harp, that made a rushing like the wake
Of some great ship. Who'd think such leaping gold
  Could come from this? My fingers only make
A sort of creak upon it. Here you, Jake,
  Hang it upon the beam, and kick the fire awake.
  It's over-late, and cold;
The wine is bitter, and, by Christ, there's ashes in the cake.

H. T. V. Burton

## ADAGIO

All days were night before this day's dear prime,
Dust in Time's hand or strewn about his feet,
Ashes of morning, suns and moons outworn.
Now we have back our heritage of time.
Heaven rounds us like a shell, and very sweet
Sea-voices breathe, Beloved, it is morn.

*ii*

The little doves go up and down in showers
Over the spice-bud, underneath the bough,
Till I grow weary, counting little doves
Quick as our thoughts and feathered like our flowers.
Dearest of all, lean nearer, kiss me now;
Heaven has no need of pity on their loves.

*iii*

The loveliest ladies ever felt the wind
Blow on them from the door-sills of delight
Should stoop to me and give me sisterhood,—
She that was queen of Egypt out of mind,
And one world's Rose, and one who led her knight
Weeping about the hollows of the wood.

*iv*

Love, that has raised you higher, casts me down
From my proud places and remembered praise,
Though still a half-hushed worshipper you sit,
Though still you kneel as if I wore a crown.
O Love, I love you most for these great ways
Of worship, while I am unworthy it.

*v*

There was an altar builded in the sun
By shipmen out of Argos, long ago,
Bound with bleak bronze and every stone engraven
With wings and faces, and each face was one,
Helen's. And there they fed a flame, to show
Poor mariners the sea-ways of the haven.

*vi*

O Love, be very silent. Death will hear.
Helen was proud, she laughed her love and glory
When Paris leaned and kissed her on the lips.
She had another lover that was near.
He kissed her, and she changed into a story,
A half-heard song blown out to wandering ships.

*vii*

I am Love's weakest, worthless, lost, unwise.
Cities were taken, kings uncrowned for her.
A thousand blades had blossom on her mouth,
A thousand spears were hid in her great eyes.
Over me too the little grasshopper
Shall chirr against the honey-breathing south.

*viii*

Yea, could I grieve you, could I make you weep,
I that have crowned you, wronged you, cast aside
Most cruelly for your sake my griefs and fears?
If you leaned closer on the kiss of sleep
And saw that in some silence I had died,
Dreaming of you, O, would you give me tears?

*ix*

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away,
My love, my dove, my sister, undefiled."
I rose, I followed, but my friend was fled,
Though once I saw him through the morning's gray,
And the last starshine, where he turned and smiled
With amaranth newly bound upon his head.

*x*

"Woman, behold your child, for it is Grief,
Sword-slender Grief, the world within her hold.
Give her your heart, be true to one another."
The voice endured the dropping of a leaf.
Then for so long I heard as when a gold
Ripe apple falls, "O Grief, behold your mother."

*xi*

O Love, forgive. They know not what they do,
Dealing their little coin of scorn or shame.
I have seen into heaven, and all the floor
White with our thoughts, as fields are white with dew.
Light as young linnets, in a laughing flame,
They beat forever round God's open door.

*xii*

My Love, my Love, hast thou forsaken me?
Hyssop I gave you not, nor scourge, nor scars,
While any rose was left of summer's loss,
While any sail flowered white along the sea.
Now the sea darkens and the angry stars
Born of that bitter water, are a cross.

## ADAGIO

*xiii*

I thirst, I thirst, though many waters hide me,
Drowning in depths where Love will never seek.
There were three waves that broke on me. The first
Was salt as tears, the second rose beside me
In foam of fire, the third against my cheek
Touched like a kiss. My heart aches, and I thirst.

*xiv*

To-day we were with Love in Paradise
A little time, and for that time the shade
Stood waiting, and a-wing the swallow slept.
But angels came with anger of bright eyes
And stoned us from the gardens where Love laid
His homeless head. He followed us, and wept.

*xv*

Yea, it is finished, yea, it is enough.
Time hastens, and the tide is gone so far
The faint horizon scarcely gleams in foam.
The gate is narrow and the path is rough,
But through the cloud one silver shepherd-star
Lingers to lead us. Love, we will go home.

*xvi*

Into thy hands, immortal Love. Not ours
The noonday's triumph, the diviner close,
Or the full flood across these whispering sands.
We bring you withered sheaves and broken flowers,
Rue and wild poppy, thorns, one fading rose.
Love, we are sorry. All is in thy hands.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

## BROOKFIELD

A WELL travelled writer recently expressed the opinion that Nova Scotia was "the real Canada." This writer seemed to feel in the May-flower Province a separate, distinct and congenial type of "culture," which came closer to the ideal of "Canadian" than anywhere else in the Dominion. The population has struck its roots deep into the native soil. Local feeling is strong. Yet the sea has made the Nova Scotians a race of wanderers; and the travel reacts upon those who stay at home and those who return from distant voyages. Provincial "manners" undoubtedly exist.

This fact must be understood if justice is done to Mr. William E. Marshall's volume of poems "Brookfield and other Verse" (John Lovell & Son). His life has been spent quietly and usefully in the picturesque little town of Bridgewater. Another traveller writes: "I shall not easily forget the view that burst upon me as I set foot upon the first span of the La Have River coming from the railway station, the tree-clad banks to right and left, with the verdure fading into the purple grey of the distant clouds, the white sails of the ships shot with sunlight, the broad, clear, swift-flowing stream; and facing me, the colour and brightness of the town itself, three or four streets running parallel to the river, the first containing all the shops, each street rising high above the other, and the last on the sky-line. There was movement, but no hurry. Pretty girls carrying school-books moved along, dissolved in rippling laughter. Wagons drawn by great red oxen coursed leisurely to and fro, directed by cheerful teamsters. And above all the intensely yellow sunlight poured down, making rich heaps of shadow; and the air redolent of the pine groves, pressed southward in warm waves and scented volume, seeking the sea. It was good."

In this environment William Marshall has spent his life. He has filled an important civic office, he has been the local

representative of the things of the spirit, and he has kept his soul alive. He has always cultivated literature. Evidence of wide reading, of educated taste, of attractive qualities of head and heart abounds in this volume of collected verse.

The hero of the threnody, which gives the book its title, was R. R. MacLeod, an original, even in a province which seems to foster the growth of strong distinctive character. He was too fond of the imponderables to become a worldly success. Much of his time, energy, and means went into his "Markland," an encyclopedic work in honour of Nova Scotia. There was some dispute with the printer; and copies of "Markland" are hard to buy. He also wrote a pleasing little book of "Nature Studies." Marshall was his friend and he laments his going with a rare sincerity.

Like so many other poems "Brookfield" opens with the opening of the year, the eternal, inexhaustible theme of Spring. Sorrow for the dead friend is softened by the sweet of the year descending on the haunted ground he made peculiarly his own. "Thy beauty slept until he came To wake thee up to visions." What moves the poet's heart is first, an act of natural piety performed by his dead friend for a dead forgotten local bard of an earlier day, "A wraith of tender, melancholy song," whose grave marked only with a rude stone was trodden by the cattle's feet. MacLeod had the poor remains removed to consecrated ground:

> His warm heart was moved to save
> From utter last neglect a name that gave
> The grace of life in songs now little read.

Another characteristic action was the erection of a monument, a simple shaft of red granite, to the memory of the first settler in the community and making the inauguration of it a village festival. Indeed, it is impossible to pay too much honour to the pioneer:

> This toil-worn ground
> Is holy; here the burning bush flamed high
> One hundred years ago, when faith was crowned
> In the first settler's log hut built near by.

Some men write poetry; others live it. The two deeds of MacLeod, this building the sepulchres of the prophets, are of the essence of poetry. They recall the pilgrimages of Old Mortality among the graves of the martyrs in the dim moorlands of the North.

Another side of MacLeod's personality, his responsiveness to the thousand voices of Nature, is also commemorated. Marshall speaks of his impatience of "the human tide," his yearning towards "the village which he glorified":

> When Spring began to call him to her side
> With robin's song and the arbutus trail
> And all the wistful life of hill and dale.

The "Nature Studies" already mentioned afford satisfactory evidence of MacLeod's powers of observation and his delight in what came under his eye. He "saw the nesting birds," and "little creatures running wild and free, Which know not that they know, yet are of God."

The final mood of the poem is peaceful, even happy, in the poet's sense of spiritual union with his vanished friend, induced subtly by the mere sight of the pleasant scene they once enjoyed together. This mood is finely symbolized in the closing lines:

> The wind upon the hill hath sweetest hush;
> The day is melting into tend'rest flame;
> And from the valley, where the waters rush,
> Comes up the evensong of the lone hermit thrush.

It is easy to see how such a threnody tends to the slow enrichment of the life of the province. A man not too highly regarded in his lifetime finds an interpreter after his death. His deeds leave a visible impress upon a single community; and the sympathetic friend sets them in an ideal light. The poet's version of this character will be accepted as essentially right, and the land gains in its wealth of association and idealism.

A striking feature of this well-printed comely volume is the large number of poems, chiefly sonnets, to the poet's

friends. A man who hath friends must show himself friendly, and this man does so show himself. The tributes to the worth of those named and those indicated by letters are transparently sincere; they show his talent for friendship, and make clear why "Brookfield" is only the highest expression of feelings which are widely diffused, without becoming weakened in the process.

Marshall's distinctive quality is to be found in his poems as a whole. Consistent finish is apparently not his aim, though many of his lines are singularly happy. It is the general spirit pervading them which gives value, and must convince the reader that they are the natural expression of no common soul, loyal, kindly, and sincere.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

# THE FALLACY IN MODERNISM

FROM its earliest days the Christian religion has been exposed without interruption to two main forms of attack. The less serious of the two comes from outside, and represents the effort of avowed non-Christians by means of argument, ridicule, social influence, or physical force, to detach individuals from the Christian body until it shall become so weak as to be negligible. In the writings of St. Paul we find occasional references to this danger, but he does not dwell upon it further than to exhort the individuals affected to stand firm and endure patiently whatever hardships may fall to their lot. The Apostle was in a position to know all about persecution from both sides and could correctly estimate its value; but he nowhere seems to regard it as a danger which in any way menaced the corporate unity or the permanence of the Christian Church.

The graver danger comes, and always has come, from those who attack the faith of the Church while professing her membership and claiming her privileges. The most casual reader of the Epistles can hardly fail to be impressed by the extent to which this peril weighed upon the mind of St. Paul. Over and over again the Apostle returns to the charge against the false apostles, the false teachers, those who pervert the faith and confuse the minds of men with corrupted versions of Christian doctrine. Upon Timothy and Titus he repeatedly impresses the idea of the faith as a treasure committed to their charge, a precious thing which it is their sacred duty to hand on uncorrupted as they have received it. In speaking of those within the Church who attack the doctrine as taught by the Apostles, St. Paul permits himself the use of strong expressions. He realized that the danger to be feared from this source was wholly different from the danger threatened by persecution. External attack could only succeed in detaching individuals from the faith. The success of heresy would

mean the destruction of the faith itself and therefore of the Church which was founded upon that faith. Before proceeding further it should be clearly admitted that in all ages the great majority of the false teachers have probably been perfectly sincere and honest men in the sense that they have entirely believed their own doctrines to be true and beneficial; and most of them have even succeeded in persuading themselves that their beliefs are compatible with the profession of the Christian faith and the exercise of the Christian ministry.

In one form or another these two attacks have been continued down to our own day, and their relative importance in the twentieth century is exactly the same as it was in the time of St. Paul. In spite of a vast amount of loose talk about the supposed "failure of the Church," it still remains true that the only serious danger to the Church lies in the possibility that her divinely given faith may be corrupted by her own priests and people. The present attack upon Christianity, for ultimately it is nothing less, is generally described by its supporters as "modern churchmanship," "modernism," or the "re-statement of Christian doctrine." Let us consider, first the name itself, and then the substance of the teaching which it indicates.

In their choice of titles the opponents of Catholic doctrine proceed upon the following theory. The faith as expressed in the creeds, so they say, may have been good enough for the fourth century, but it will not do for the twentieth. The "modern mind" imperatively demands that the ancient doctrines shall be re-stated in accordance with the ideas of twentieth century thought.

In all this there is a certain plausibility. The forms of language and the methods of exposition do change from time to time, and every teacher of the Christian faith must be prepared to adapt his mode of teaching to the capacities and requirements of his audience. In practice this has always been recognized. Every age has produced its own commentaries and other expositions of the faith, at the same time clearly perceiving that the faith to be expounded must always remain the same.

It is at this point that we part from the modernists. If they contented themselves with stating the ancient doctrines in modern form, we should have no quarrel with them. But before we have read very far in their books we quickly perceive that their main objection is not to the form, but to the substance of the Christian faith as defined in the Catholic creeds. And we notice a very remarkable unanimity in the general lines of their attack. Sooner or later it almost always resolves itself into a criticism of the miraculous element in Christianity, and in particular of the two supreme miracles of the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection of our Blessed Lord. Occasionally these two miracles are explicitly denied. More commonly it is claimed that they are to be regarded as "open questions," so that a man may disbelieve in these miracles as historical facts and still consider himself to be a believer in the Christian religion. Of the many exponents of this view we may briefly notice three who have attracted more than usual publicity. The first is my old friend and late colleague, Mr. J. M. Thompson of Oxford, whose *Miracles in the New Testament* was published in 1911. In this book a general attack was made upon the whole of the miracles recorded in the New Testament, special emphasis being laid on the difficulty of accepting the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection. In 1918 Canon Glazebrook of Ely published *The Faith of a Modern Churchman*, in which he claimed the right to regard the miraculous parts of the creeds "symbolically." That is to say, while regarding the statements of the creed as historically doubtful he claimed that he was justified in declaring his public belief in them on the ground that they were symbolical of the spiritual truths of the purity and eternal life of our Lord. Canadian Churchmen are probably more familiar with the third name, that of Dr. Herbert Symonds, who has lately expounded the modernist position in a series of able sermons from the cathedral pulpit of Montreal.

Mr. Thompson's licence was withdrawn by the Bishop of Winchester, and a newspaper controversy followed, which gradually died down. In Canon Glazebrook's case the

Bishop of Ely might well have taken disciplinary action, but chose the wiser course of meeting the heresy with sound doctrine. In a little book called *Belief and Creed* he has set forth a statement of the Catholic attitude towards the modernist position, which must be studied by everyone who wishes to form a fair judgement on the controversy. Dr. Symonds' sermons are at present only partially available and only in newspaper form, but I understand that there is no complaint on the score of unfair reporting. The most important of these sermons is that of the 23rd November, 1919, in which the preacher maintained that belief in the Virgin Birth was not an essential part of the Christian faith.

One important passage in this sermon has been reported *verbatim*, and deserves the most careful attention. It runs as follows:—"One question which I submit must be an open question is as to the exact method, as well as the exact definition, of the Incarnation. To those who have difficulties and who find those difficulties an obstacle to church membership, let me ask them to consider: Our Lord Himself never referred to the method of His birth: It is nowhere referred to in the early preaching of the Acts of the Apostles, or in the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John: and it is only referred to in two of the Gospels. St. Mark and St. John do not refer to it at all. In the latter case it is the more surprising, as the writer deliberately expounds the doctrine of the Incarnation. Further, it is nowhere—and this is the important point—made a test of a Christian. It is practically universally admitted that the first generation of Christians knew nothing of it. But this does not mean that it is not true. I for one detest negations, and I do not know. My idea is that neither by Christ Himself, nor by any of the Apostles, nor anywhere in the New Testament, is it even in the remotest degree made a test either of a Christian or of a man's salvation." It may be observed here that the argument adopted is common to Mr. Thompson, Canon Glazebrook, and other modernist writers. But Canadian readers will probably prefer to have it in Dr. Symonds' words.

In studying this pronouncement the reader should observe first of all to whom it is addressed. The appeal is made "to those who have difficulties and who find these difficulties an obstacle to church membership." Put into their language it comes to this: "You say that you cannot join the Church because you cannot believe the creed. Very well then, we will allow you to drop such parts of it as you object to. If you do not believe in the Virgin Birth, omit that. The Bible says nothing about it being essential. So if there is any other doctrine that you do not believe, tell us what it is, and we may arrange that it shall be regarded as optional."

I lay stress upon this point because it is evident that this appeal is of the essence of the whole modernist position. Instead of the Catholic theory that men are to be brought to the knowledge of the faith the modernist claims that the faith is to be altered to suit the requirements of men. Since men will not accept the creeds as the Church believes them these creeds are to be amended until they contain nothing that could cause a moment's hesitation to the most sceptical. In the end we will be left with a bare minimum of ill-defined belief to which no one, except possibly a convinced atheist, will be able to refuse his assent. Decidedly this takes us very far from the conception of the precious treasure which was committed to St. Timothy to be guarded faithfully against the corruptions of false doctrine.

For it must be clearly understood that the argument of Dr. Symonds' sermon logically carries him much farther than the single instance of the Virgin Birth. If he really means that we are not bound to accept any incident of our Lord's life unless it is described by all four Evangelists, then we are left with practically nothing but the Passion and the Crucifixion. Even the account of the Last Supper is omitted from St. John's narrative.

So again with the argument that the doctrine of the Virgin Birth is "nowhere made the test of a Christian." Upon these lines it would be easy to destroy the whole of the creed. Every article of our belief rests, so we claim, upon "most certain war-

rants of Holy Scripture;" but in no passage do the sacred writers tell us dogmatically that such and such articles are essential to the Christian faith. This does not mean that the early Church possessed no dogmatic faith. On the contrary the Epistles are full of references to the unity of the faith, and very sharp censure is passed upon those who try to corrupt that unity by the introduction of novel doctrines. A common faith is everywhere assumed, and a general knowledge of its contents is equally assumed, but in no case do the Apostles think it necessary to give their readers a formal definition of the doctrines. The precise definition of the doctrines was made necessary by their subsequent denial.

The truth of course is that the Church and her faith are historically prior to the New Testament. The Church sprang to life at Pentecost and the Apostles at once set themselves to preach the faith as they had received it from the Master. The books of the New Testament were not written until many years later, and the canon of Scripture was not finally settled until some centuries later. The authors of the sacred books assumed in their readers a knowledge of the doctrines which they had been continually preaching for many years. Their books are the evidences and illustrations of the faith, but not the ultimate authority for its truth. That authority can only be the Church herself, to whom the guardianship of the faith had been for ever committed by God. So the Canadian Church asserts in her Articles that "the Church hath authority in controversies of faith," and her priests at their ordination pledge themselves solemnly to uphold that faith "as this Church and realm hath received the same."

That brings us to the consideration of another question of a different kind. The problem cannot be shirked. Is the common sense and good judgement of the Canadian Church prepared to hold that the public profession of such theories as we have been examining is really consistent with the ordination vows taken by her priests? By the wise arrangement of our Liturgy the sermon immediately follows the Nicene Creed, thus showing that the function of the preacher is to expound the faith which the people have just professed. Is

it really tolerable for a priest, after declaring before Christ's altar that he believes Him to have been "incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary," then to mount the pulpit and say that he does "not know" whether such a thing ever happened or not?

Upon this grave question I prefer to quote the Bishop of Ely's words: "Truthfulness is the condition of healthy church life. Of late we have seen on a gigantic scale the evil of disregarding the sacredness of words. In the Church we must with unsleeping vigilance watch against the first inroads of this contamination. In this 'claim' to interpret symbolically the historical clauses of the Creed I can only see (however unintentional we may desire to think it) the application to the confession of our Christian faith of the claim made in a line famous in Greek literature: ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος: 'My tongue hath sworn, but my mind is unsworn.'[1] In the deliberate dissociation of the words of the mouth from the intention of the mind history, I believe, shows that there lies a danger to our Christianity and our civilization than which none is greater. In these days, disciplined by the long and bitter trial of the war, we are learning in a new way to long after reality in religion. It would be clean contrary to the best spirit of the time to admit the 'claim' that men may assent to a Creed which is quite different from their belief."

From this distasteful topic I gladly pass to consider what is meant by the claim that the Virgin Birth, or any other doctrine of the creed, should be regarded as an "open question." In this connexion the duty of any public speaker seems to be too clear for argument. If he really desires his hearers to regard any question as "open," he is bound to lay before them both sides of the case with the most absolute impartiality of which he is capable. Now there is a great weight of reasoning, doctrinal, critical, and historical, in favour of the Catholic teaching on the Virgin Birth. The limits of an article do not permit me even to summarize these arguments, and those who desire to pursue the subject will find the case set forth

[1] Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 612.

with overwhelming cogency in Dr. Chase's little book. But what I am bound to point out is this, that in asking his audience to regard this doctrine as an "open question" the preacher has chosen to lay before them only the arguments against believing in the Virgin Birth. This seems to me a very serious omission. The ordinary congregation has usually neither the time nor the inclination to make a critical study of the arguments on each side of a question such as this. They cannot help relying very largely upon the word of an eloquent preacher whom they presume to have made an adequate study of the subject. What is likely to be the effect upon their minds when they are told all the reasons against believing in a particular doctrine without a hint that there is anything to be said on the other side? Is this method of controversy likely to produce in them what we call an "open mind" upon the subject under discussion?

Unhappily the matter does not rest here. After the arguments against the Catholic doctrine have been summarized we come to those astounding words: "It is practically universally admitted that the first generation of Christians knew nothing of it." Does anyone for a moment imagine that Catholics "admit" a theory which would make nonsense of their whole position? We believe that the accounts which we possess of the Virgin Birth were written by St. Matthew and St. Luke, and that they were so written as part of the essential belief of the whole Christian community. Or is it alleged that these Evangelists did not belong to "the first generation of Christians?" Upon this it is needless to speak further. But again it is necessary to point out that when an ordinary congregation is told such things upon the authority of a distinguished preacher they will naturally go home with the impression that even orthodox scholars admit the doctrine of the Virgin Birth to have been unknown to the early Church.

I have dealt in this article chiefly with Dr. Symonds' sermon, not from any desire to single him out for individual attack, but because his name is well known to Canadian Churchmen, and because the sermon in question is a very able

and representative statement of the modernist position. What I have said applies in general to other writers of the same school, and I may now conclude with a few words upon the broader aspects of the question.

The essential fallacy of modernism lies in the fact that it is an attempt to effect an impossible compromise between belief and unbelief. The modernist hopes that by sacrificing certain articles of the faith which relate to physical miracles he may induce unbelievers to assent to some kind of reduced Christianity presented to them in a vaguely defined shape. This hope is based partly on a misunderstanding of the nature of the faith, and partly on a misunderstanding of men.

It is based upon a misunderstanding of the faith, because the modernist acts as if the creed were an assortment of unconnected doctrines out of which he can select those that appeal to his fancy and reject those which do not. The truth of course is that the Christian faith is a single body of doctrine resting upon a single authority, and one cannot attack any article of the creed except by undermining the authority which supports the whole. Historically the misunderstanding of this very simple truth is due to the disastrous attempt which was made by the Protestant bodies at the Reformation to substitute the authority of the Bible for the authority of the Church speaking through the Bible. The subsequent progress of criticism has made it apparent that the Bible cannot by itself be taken as a literal guide upon all questions. It was never intended to be so taken, and in any case the text admits of countless diversities of private interpretation. The last century has therefore witnessed a rapid dissolution of definite Christian belief among all sections of Protestantism, and this process has been carried to its extreme logical conclusion in Germany. Some years ago the Prussian State Church was faced with the question whether a minister could be permitted to deny the existence of a personal God. A majority—but only a majority—of the ecclesiastical court decided that this was going a little too far, and this decision was vehemently denounced in German intellectual circles as reactionary and

intolerant. From its own standpoint German intellectual opinion was justified in this criticism. Our belief in God the Father rests upon precisely the same ground as our belief in the Incarnation of the Eternal Son, and you cannot logically permit a man to deny the one without also permitting him to deny the other.

In the second place modernism rests upon a misunderstanding of men. This can be verified by any one from his own experience. I have discussed this question with many agnostic friends, and without exception they have told me that if they could make up their minds to accept Christianity at all they would accept it as a single body of undivided faith upon the authority of the Catholic Church. I am glad to add that I have also in mind cases of agnostics who have thus, in the providence of God, been brought to a knowledge of His truth, and no men are stronger in their faith than these. But I have never met or even heard of a single instance of an unbeliever who has been induced to accept any kind of Christianity by being told that there is no need for him to believe this, that, or the other article of the creed. Every intelligent agnostic knows perfectly well that no individual priest has any authority whatever to admit him on "reduced terms" by requiring his assent only to a mutilated creed. An honest and serious inquirer naturally wishes to know what is the mind of the Church and has no desire to deal with individuals who are obviously exceeding the limits of their authority. So far as unbelievers are concerned, the effort made to propitiate them by watering down the faith is wasted.

On the other hand it is unfortunately true that modernist propaganda is not entirely without result, though the results are not at all those which its authors desire or intend. Most of us can probably think of men who have been tempted to start upon this attractive path, and have then followed it by easy and logical stages until they have arrived at a complete denial of all Christian belief. In this connexion I would draw attention to a little book in the "Home University Library," called the *History of Freedom of Thought,* written by Dr. J. B. Bury,

the Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Professor Bury is probably the ablest atheist of the present day, and his book is the severest attack upon Christianity that I know. What I wish to emphasize is his analysis of the working of the new principles introduced by the Protestant sects at the Reformation. He shows by the strictest reasoning how those principles could not be halted at the point of the repudiation of Church authority, but led by necessary and inevitable logic to the complete denial of religious belief. As a matter of history we know this to be true, and it is not confined to Germany. So far as Christian belief has been retained in the various Protestant bodies of to-day, it has been retained at the expense of logic.

From this disastrous venture the Anglican Church was narrowly preserved, and she emerged from the storms of the Reformation period with an unshaken hold upon the creed, the sacraments, the ministry, and the Scriptures of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. But for the last three hundred years a party within her borders has continually urged upon her to cast away some portion of the treasure committed to her charge. In the eighteenth century this party became dominant and its leaders filled all the high places of the Church. During this period the purity of the Catholic tradition was preserved mainly by a few obscure parish priests and faithful laity, who waited quietly for the dawn of a better day. Then came the stirring of the waters, and the great Catholic revival of the nineteenth century carried to the ends of the earth the power of a Church that seemed as if it had risen from the dead. The fruits of that revival are part of the heritage which we in Canada share with Anglicans—and indeed with all Catholics—throughout the world. Let us pray that no temptation may induce us to relax the watch which we are bound to keep over the treasure of the King.

HERBERT A. SMITH

# THEORIES OF THE COMIC

SINCE the old Greek thinkers distinguished one of themselves as the laughing philosopher and another as the weeping philosopher the problem of "the ridiculous" has more or less intermittently reappeared. Whether *Jean qui pleure* or *Jean qui rit* is better justified continues to divide the optimists from the pessimists. Aristotle actually gave a place in his list of virtues, side by side with temperance, and justice and courage, to that endowment by which a man makes himself entertaining in social intercourse. He demands that trait which will be a middle stage between "buffoonery"—the characteristic of the boresome practical joker—on the one side, and "sullenness"—the characteristic of what the Scotch call a "dour body"—on the other. Rabelais, that boisterous champion of the flesh against all kinds of asceticism, dislikes very much the *agelast*, or the man who will not laugh. George Meredith would stigmatize equally the *hypergelast*, or the man who laughs too much. And although Dante consigns to the third circle of his Inferno the souls of those who had been wrathful and gloomy in the "sweet air made gladsome by the sun," yet both in Christian and in pagan times there has often been an undercurrent of feeling that to laugh at all means a certain compromise of human dignity. It is said of Cassius in *Julius Caesar:*

> Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
> As if he mocked himself, and scorn'd his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything.

Sterne speaks of men affecting a grave strut to compensate for their real lack of intelligence, and defines gravity as "a mysterious carriage of the body, to conceal defects of the mind."[1] Lord Chesterfield declared that a man of parts and fashion is only seen to smile, never heard to laugh.[2] Pascal writes "*diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère.*"[3] And we have

[1] *Tristram Shandy*, chap. xi. [2] *Letters*, cxxxiv. [3] *Pensèes*, vi.

still some austere Puritans who love to quote the Scripture about the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Yet the mirthful habit is so widespread that man has been called by way of distinction not only the rational animal, and the tool-using animal, but also the laughing animal. Milton held that

> smiles from reason flow
> To brute denied.[1]

Minute zoologists, indeed, sometimes hazard a doubt as to whether the privilege is exclusively human, and remind us of many a prank from the monkey house which suggests a perception of the absurd even among our simian kindred. But the ground there is very precarious. What often happens is that the outward acts of a monkey are interpreted through the mental process which such acts would betoken in ourselves, and this process is forthwith ascribed to the animal. Inference about such a matter as the consciousness of a collie dog when his lips curl and his eyes glisten like a laughing human face must take for granted a great deal that we cannot begin to verify. It is specially unsafe where the connexion of inner thought and outer sign is so far from uniform.

Now, to begin with, the laugh has many varieties. There is the baby's smile of healthy contentment. There is the hysterical, uncontrollable giggle of the schoolgirl. There is the beatific radiance of the clergyman described as a "good visitor" as he goes his rounds. There is the conventional simper, hardly more significant than the conventional kiss, with which ladies disguise their dislike of one another. George Eliot claimed a special place for "that slow, gradual enjoyment of a laugh which is only seen in fat people," and distinguished sharply between "the bright smile which, beaming from the habitual gravity of the face, seems a revelation," and that "continual smile which discredits all expression."

Darwinians have taught us to look for the clue to such things at their earliest discoverable point. What is it that

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[1] *Paradise Lost*, Book ix.

makes the baby laugh? What is it that makes the savage laugh? We know the exultation arising from superior prowess, as when the chief has killed his enemy and sits down to crow upon the corpse. In the same way a modern tradesman, when he has been outwitted by a rival, threatens that next time the laugh will be on the other side. Primitive folk are much amused by the sight of novelty, by the strange dress, strange gestures, strange language of a visitor. They laugh, not so much because these things are new to them, as because they seem poor attempts at what the tribe can do far better. What sets the savage roaring most obstreperously is that a stranger should show himself in a *rôle* that he can look down upon, perpetrate what tribal etiquette calls awkward, try to speak the native tongue and speak it badly, fail in some manual feat which the aborigines can do with ease.

This makes it clear that to define the ridiculous as "simply the incongruous" is to conclude hastily. Long ago Maria Edgeworth pointed out that, if the funny were just the surprising, we should be amused by any and every piece of unexpected rudeness in speech or in manner.[1] It is not mere incongruity which makes the Red Indian laugh over his rival's prostrate form, any more than it is incongruity which makes the infant smile when dandled in one's arms. But, although not the whole truth, this theory about "contrarieties" is part of the truth.[2] We laugh, for instance, when the lecturer on memory training forgets his umbrella at the close of his discourse, or when soldiers at a full dress review march out of step, or when the dignity of a duchess at a ceremonial is marred by the slipping aside of her wig, or when the trouble that a dandy has taken with his figure for the golf course has resulted in making his legs bulge at the wrong place. The most infallible provocative occurs when apparent distinction is exposed as a pretence, such as the juggler's promise of an unexampled mystery which breaks down in a very unmysteri-

[1] *Castle Rackrent*, p. 198.

[2] There is something undoubtedly funny in Ibsen's suggestion of a fish that had hydrophobia and an owl that was afraid in the dark.—*Brand*, Act I.

ous fashion. There is a spice of malice in all this, a touch of what Byron called

> that desire which ever sways
> Mankind the rather to condemn than praise.[1]

Although we may not feel ourselves superior, we like to think that someone who looked like being superior to us has been reduced to our own level. Pride has had a fall. We by our vigilance and observation have seen through somebody, and self-consciousness is distinctly raised.

Perhaps the clearest example of fun from the incongruous is in the so-called Irish bull. Sydnéy Smith, competent beyond most men for such an analysis, wrote about this in a forgotten article of the *Edinburgh Review*.[2] For him an essential condition of the ludicrous is the excitement of surprise, but the special surprise of the bull is the reverse of that which appeals to us in the witticism. In the latter we detect with pleased astonishment that two things, apparently dissimilar, are really alike. In the former apparent similars turn out to be really unrelated. Smith quotes as an instance of wit the famous retort by an Irish colonel to Louis XIV. Reiterated applications for advancement had been met by the king with the testy remark, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service." "Sire," said the colonel, "Your Majesty's enemies say precisely the same." Here at first sight the soldier was corroborating the king's judgement and minimizing his own claim. He was really supporting his application in the most cogent style. It was a case of wit, that is, of identity in *prima facie* dissimilars. Dickens has many like it: his comparison, for example, of a lady's nose to an autumnal evening because both were a little frosty at the end;[3] or of that elderly spinster, Miss Dartle, whose appearance was rather dilapidated, with a house, dingy from having been so long to let; or his remark in *David Copperfield* about the pigeon pie which reminded one of a head very disappointing to phrenologists, for its crust was full of lumps

[1] *Lara*, ii., 7.
[2] The article was entitled *Edgeworth on Bulls*. [3] *Bleak House*, chap. 10.

and bumps, with nothing particular underneath.[1] To illustrate a bull Smith tells of the Irishman who so far forgot himself as to look over the shoulder of someone writing a letter at his club. The writer, without showing any sign that he had noticed, closed with the words, "I would say more, but a d——d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I put down." "You lie, you scoundrel," said the voice behind him. The speaker who seems to be defending himself is really confessing. We have dissimilarity in *prima facie* similars, and hence a bull.

It is worth noting that Smith took both his examples from the same country, the land that has so long been understood to be a special home of the comic. One is reminded of George Meredith's remark that the burlesque Irishman is safe from caricature, for Nature strained herself to produce him, and all that art can do is to copy.[2] Edgeworth, however, resented as a sort of calumny upon his compatriots the common idea that the bull is distinctively Irish. No doubt he was right. I wonder if a very copious collection might not be made from the table talk of English Jacobite squires, the men who used to mask their seditious toasts during the Commonwealth by drinking to the king "over the water," invoked the Most High against the Protectorate by praying that Providence would "put this crumb well down," and signified their disgust with William III by viciously squeezing the orange.[3] Perhaps this should rather be called wit, but some were capable of a perfect bull. Addison's Tory Freeholder is immortal. "I am for passive obedience and non-resistance," he said, " and I will oppose any Ministry or any King that will not maintain this doctrine." Not even Mr. Dooley could improve on that, and if ever Sydney Smith's test was answered, it is there. One need scarcely add that the cream of the joke would be spoiled if the perpetrator were not blissfully unconscious of the situation, so that the hearer has the sweet joy of pity, a further evidence of augmented self-feeling in the laugh.

[1] *David Copperfield*, xxviii. [2] *Diana of the Crossways*, iii.
[3] *cf.* Scott, *The Antiquary*, I, 5.

There is a recognized limit to the incongruities which can be thus relished. The playful mood is one in which we skim the surface of things, and, if the deeper feelings are touched, all mirth is at once inhibited. The jest is frozen upon our lips if a scene, however absurd, reveals a background of tragedy. So too the keen perception of an unexpected resemblance may in one set of circumstances appeal to us as wit, while in another it may have that touch of sublimity by which all thought of wit is excluded. George Eliot compares the joy of recalling a forgotten name, after an effort that has tantalized us though the name was unimportant, with the relief of a completed sneeze.[1] Thackeray speaks of a stout, elderly countess, painted, wrinkled, rouged, with diamonds sparkling in her wig, on the way home from a Queen's Drawing-Room at five o'clock in the afternoon. Such a vision, he says, should appear only by night, for during the day it is like a street illumination as seen at early dawn, "when half the lamps are out and the others are blinking wanly."[2] These are examples of sheer wit. But who thinks of wit in Shelley's comparison of the stimulus which freedom gives to active thought?

> As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken
> As stars from night's loose hair are shaken.[3]

Or in Shakespeare's perfect simile of a face where sorrow is mixed with gladness and a sky where sunshine struggles with the shower? Yet in all alike there is the detection of identity in difference, and, if this alone excited laughter, we should laugh each time. Plainly where laughter is inhibited it is because a higher emotional state has displaced it.

Again, we are agreed that no one with proper feeling can be amused by a physical deformity as he will by an uncouth affectation, although the elements of the incongruous are equally present. There was a rude time when this distinction was poorly observed. When we read in Homer that the limping of the lame Hephaestus was watched with peals of

[1] *Middlemarch*, chap. liii. [2] *Vanity Fair*, xlviii.
[3] *Masque of Anarchy*. [4] *An Essay on Laughter*, p. 6.

merriment by the assembled gods, we judge that Olympus needed a lesson both in good manners and in charity. Perhaps we are ourselves a little inconsistent when we poke fun at our neighbour because he is unusually stout or unusually small. But this exception is of the kind that proves the rule. For if we find that the object of our jest is really sensitive about his stoutness or his smallness we are careful to stop. A millionaire's loss of his purse in the street car is funny, just because the disaster is slight, but if a poor man lost ten dollars any such impulse to laugh would be extinguished in sympathy.

It is plain, too, that the element of surprise has much to do with it. We see this from the simple fact that a pathetic book, like *Les Miserables*, will stir pitiful emotion again and again, but that it is by no means easy to laugh often at the same joke. *Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Tom Jones, Pickwick,* and a few others are perennial fountains, but the less potent book of humour soon grows stale. Professor Sully has called special notice to the work of a philosophic German whose treatment of wit is itself among the most absurd things we can contemplate, and who has taught us to lay the whole emphasis on surprise. Schopenhauer held that the type of all fun can be seen—in the diagram of a tangent meeting a circle! We expect the curve to be continuous, when lo! it seems to develop into a straight line. Schoolboys, who so far have found this diagram anything but ludicrous, ought to get a new zest when Euclid reveals such unsuspected diversions. But there is real point in the insistence on surprise, though a clumsy-minded *Gelehrter* has so burlesqued it. Take this from *Little Dorrit:*[1]—"The paternal Gowan, originally attached to a legation abroad, had been pensioned off as a Commissioner of nothing particular, and had died at his post, with his drawn salary in his hand, nobly defending it to the last extremity." Or this from *Pickwick:*[2]—"Ven you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it is worth goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end o' the

[1] Chap. 17. [2] Chap. xxvii.

alphabet, is a matter o' taste." Or the remark of Mr. Silas Wegg in *Our Mutual Friend*,[1] when Mr. Boffin asked him if he would charge more for reading poetry aloud than for reading prose:—"It would come dearer; for when a person comes to grind out poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on the mind."

We may not be entertained by seeing a circle tail off into a straight line, but we enjoy these passages, in part at least, for their quaint disappointment of expectation. It is not the word "salary" that we look for after the word "drawn" in the first extract; if any occupation in the world is amply productive, it is surely learning one's alphabet; and mental weakening is not anticipated, except by an experimental scientist, from the perusal of poetry.

Thus, both the view that we laugh when we feel ourselves superior, and the view that we laugh when we perceive an incongruity, had some plausible evidence of soundness. Critics however have often pointed out that snow in June or a fly in ointment would be incongruous but not very laughable, and that the mocking of one's inferiors, either in strength or skill, belongs to a somewhat barbaric age. For a long time neither hypothesis showed any sign of coming to terms with the other, so that the scientific quest for a unified law was not met. No single quality had been isolated as the ludicrous, the common principle, as Plato would have said, in all ludicrous things by reason of which they possess this character.

It was reserved for Professor Henri Bergson, who approaches no subject without casting upon it a fresh and piercing light, to add to the work of previous theorists a new and a most ingenious supplement. In his famous monograph, *Le Rire*, he has taken up the two alternative suggestions which formerly held the field, and has shown how both are at once right and wrong. For each is exhibited as a special form of a truth that is deeper than either.

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[1] I, v.

Professor Bergson's hypothesis may be summarized thus: Man has been called by way of distinction the laughing animal. He might with equal propriety be distinguished as the animal that is laughed at. A landscape cannot be funny, unless we see in it some whimsical resemblance to man, for instance a mountain peak that oddly suggests the shape of a head. An animal is never funny, except in so far as its behaviour, that of a monkey or an elephant for instance, shows some human or quasi-human trait. And the human foible at which we laugh is always one and the same. It is neither a simple incongruity nor a simple failure. The ridiculous person must be incongruous and he must fail in a quite specific way. He must show a *want of elasticity*, an inability to suit himself to changing environment, a monotonous sticking to some old habit when the occasion demands something new. For life is in essence adaptation, while mechanism is in essence blind repetition. Where we expect the former, and find the latter, where—in short—life appears as mechanized, there we have the comic. Now the only sort of proof of which such a theory is susceptible must be its power to explain the actual cases, and Professor Bergson has presented us with a rich collection, drawn from many different fields of the absurd, which fall in the most striking way under the bold formula which he has hazarded. The examples are such as these:

Why does the onlooker laugh when someone slips on the ice? Because he has stupidly stepped on a slippery surface just in the old careless way in which he stepped on the rough ground, forgetting to adapt himself. Why do we laugh with special heartiness if the person who fell was not sedulously picking his steps, but striding along with an air of complete confidence? Because this is a particularly gross instance of disregard for the need of constant adaptation. What is there so funny about absence of mind?—about Newton holding the egg in his hand while his watch was boiling in the saucepan?—about the Oxford don who at the railway station handed fifty cents to his wife and kissed the black porter?—

about the conversationalist whose remarks always apply to a point in the conversation that has been passed some minutes ago?—about the speaker whose gestures are a monotonous swaying of the arms, quite irrespective of what he may be saying?—about the eloquent peroration which is spoiled at its climax by a sneeze? The feature common to all these is the impression we get of a machine that acts automatically, rather than of a living person that acts intelligently. It is the commonest of stage artifices to introduce a clown who is for ever interposing some remark that is irrelevant, breaking in at an important point to complain that his shoes are too small, or his belt is too tight. His mind is embarrassed by his body; the mechanical is obtruding itself.

Professor Bergson sees the same principle exemplified in odder cases of the comic. For example, everyone finds something absurd in a perfect resemblance between two faces—in a child that reproduces in miniature its father's features, point for point, or in twins that are indistinguishable. We laugh just because we feel that a human being should have individuality, and because we seem here to have two copies set in a single mould, two impressions of the same seal, in a word the uniform result of a manufacturing process rather than the variety of life. Perhaps the subtlest analysis by which the argument is illustrated is that of the mirthfulness in caricature. A face is comic if it wears a permanent grin or a smile that won't come off. Why? It makes no difference whether the expression is pleasant or unpleasant; it is enough that it should be *rigid*. There is a persisting set, where we demand mobility. And it is upon this circumstance that the caricaturist relies. What he gives us is not funny because it is exaggeration, for not all exaggerations will amuse, and there are many such amusing effects which are scarcely exaggerations at all. What this sort of artist looks for is some hardly detectable and yet quite real trace of a rigidity in the countenance, some leaning towards an habitual bias that is independent of altering environment. There is no face, however perfect, that has not some such lurking

mechanical quality about it, and what the caricaturist does is to make this visible to everyone by slightly magnifying it. If there is a hint of austerity he deepens this into gloom; if there is just a suggestion of fixed meditativeness, he makes it an unquestionable stare. Thus "he makes his models grimace as they would do themselves, if they went to the end of their tether."

Our philosopher, I think, would be interested, and would find his own speculation very strikingly confirmed, in Mr. Frederic Harrison's reproach against Dickens. We are told that the instrument of Dickens's humour is his trick of distorting, seizing some point of personal temperament that he can magnify out of proportion and "beyond nature." "Thus Sam Weller never speaks without his anecdote, Uriah is always 'umble, Barkis is always willin', Mark Tapley is always jolly, Dombey is always solemn, and Toots is invariably idiotic."[1] Mr. Harrison will allow the Raven to be persistent in asking for tea, because that bird had a limited vocabulary, but he cannot see why "articulate and sane persons" like Captain Cuttle, Pecksniff, and Micawber should repeat themselves so much, and passes judgement on these deathless figures as not above the level of farce.

Carlyle has an unpleasant remark about little critics triumphing over great authors, but it would be unfair to apply it to so excellent a critic as Mr. Harrison has proved himself in countless essays. Here, however, Professor Bergson, if he knows his Dickens, would certainly offer a ready defence. For we do not laugh at Sam Weller, Uriah, and the rest because they are exaggerated. We laugh because the exaggeration enables us to see what is present in many persons who pass for normal and natural—some senseless mannerism that makes one a bore to those who would be puzzled to say what it is that bores them, some habit of vapid phrase-making that does duty for intelligent thought, some reliance upon a baseless fixed idea that leads men, otherwise sensible, to play the fool in a crisis. What is absurd in almost every

[1] *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*, p. 136.

case which Mr. Harrison quotes is just the element of mechanism in characters, and no one but our French psychologist has guided us to the secret. Perhaps Dickens himself has come nearest to interpreting his own art, in a passage which suggests precisely this theory of caricature. Speaking in *Bleak House* about the likeness of Mr. Guppy that hung in his mother's room, he says: "There was a portrait of her son which, I had almost written here, was more like than life; it insisted upon him with such obstinacy, and was so determined not to let him off."[1]

A further confirmation of the same hypothesis is found in the well known fact that laughter is much more hearty when persons are assembled together in a crowd than when the same amusing object presents itself to the mind of one person at a time. Jokes in a music hall, which set the audience in a roar of merriment, would often fail to provoke a smile if we read them in solitude out of a newspaper. No doubt part of the explanation lies in the infectiousness of strong feeling. If one animal in a herd becomes frightened, the rest are apt to catch the panic. A jolly company makes each individual in it feel jollier. But this does not seem to be the whole reason. Why is it that the sense of the absurd is so different in different nations? Why are jokes so seldom translatable? Professor Bergson replies that any word, any thought, any piece of behaviour, is ridiculous if it fails to conform with a ready adaptation to what the agent may be supposed to intend. Now in every country each one is supposed to intend a general coincidence with social usage. If he fails to exhibit this, he is assumed to be a blunderer, to be inelastic, to be mechanical in his action. Thus the social utility of laughter becomes obvious, and the evolutionists have a point that is just to their mind. When we laugh we enforce the conduct which we judge appropriate. It is our means of checking rudeness, inconsiderateness, the eccentricity that offends. For by this is meant that sort of action which ignores the rights, the sensibilities, even the presence of another. What is

[1] *Bleak House*, p. 118.

absurd in company need not be absurd in solitude. Breach of etiquette results from one's assuming that he is alone, and can go his own way just as he pleases. Thus, if etiquette varies, the laughable must vary with it.

The author whom a French psychologist of laughter was certain to quote is, of course, Molière. But the literature of every country might be invoked to corroborate Professor Bergson's view. He mentions, for example, a funeral speech in which the deceased was said to have been "virtuous and plump," pointing out that the comic effect comes from just that interference by the bodily with the spiritual which makes us laugh when one of Labiche's characters has to stop in an eloquent flight to complain of his toothache. We might suggest a parallel in Mr. Chadband of *Bleak House*,[1] who glowed with humility and train oil, or the drawing-room preacher, mentioned by George Sand, who stood under the chandelier displaying his religious opinions and his muddy boots, or Lord Buckhurst in *Coningsby* who came back from France with his mind very much opened and his trousers cut in quite a new style.[2] A final consideration may be noted by which, at least as clearly as by any other, the hypothesis before us is borne out. All the jesters in the world agree to be amused at a man's inability to appreciate jests. It was Horace Walpole, I think, who coined and it was Dr. Johnson who put into circulation, that horrid libel about Scotsmen and jokes. The true Scot may congratulate himself that in *Le Rire* so curious a point of national psychology is not cited, for the first metaphysician of our time must know a good deal about the most metaphysically minded race in the whole British family. But it is true that there are those, whether Scotsmen or others, upon whom a joke, unless of the broadest kind, is sure to be lost, and bystanders who see it laugh more at their neighbour's obtuse condition than even at the *bon mot* itself. There are few more mirth-provoking sights in the world than that of the grave gentleman leaning

[1] p. 316.

[2] *cf.* Sydney Smith's remark about Hallam at a dinner party that his mouth was full of cabbage and contradiction. (Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*, I.)

across a dinner table and imploring enlightenment about the point of the last "quip." Why is this? In part, no doubt, from the pleasurable sense of superiority. But is not the special stimulus just that clumsiness, that woodenness of mind, which cannot change the point of view quick enough to catch the *double entendre*, the subtle revealing of an unexpected similarity, the contradiction in words of what the speaker has intended in thought? And what is such prosaic literalness but the mark of the mechanized rather than the elastic intellect?

How must this account be supplemented when we deal not with wit but humour? Everyone agrees that there is a difference, but the acknowledgment is in the main theoretical. In practice we often find the terms used interchangeably, or we find writers contenting themselves with a vague implication that humour is on a higher plane what wit is on a lower, and with a preference for the more dignified word when they have to deal with more dignified people. A sharp line can profitably be drawn, and the qualities it separates differ in kind rather than in degree.

Even common usage seems to assume that the contrast is a moral one. We blame a man for having no sense of humour, but we should not naturally blame him for having no appreciation of wit. For instance, one does not think it a defect of character to take no interest in political cartoons, any more than to be without taste for billiards or bridge. It is not wit but humour that has been accounted a saving grace, and we constantly speak of it as we should never speak of wit. We think that it is a great prophylactic against objectionable traits, that it preserves a man from conceit, from being a bore, from exaggeration and lack of perspective in his pet ideas, that it gives him human sympathy, power of entering into another's standpoint, feeling of indulgence towards another's prejudices, in a word, that it makes one "fit to live with." No doubt Theodore Hook or Mark Twain must have been very companionable, as each must have been very amusing to those who were close to him.

But most of us, I suspect, would rather have been listeners while these men addressed themselves to someone else. We should have been afraid of that keen faculty for seeing the ridiculous in everyone, that creativeness in *bons mots* which could hit off the absurd in a man with such exact fidelity. Shelley in very familiar lines has told us that

> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught.

He intended by this, I suppose, that the kind of merriment which is most worthy of mankind is never sheer merriment, but always acts within the limits of a larger thoughtfulness, always perceives a background upon which the ludicrous incident rests as in a setting. The same idea is brought out when we reflect that one often speaks of merciless wit, but not of merciless humour.

Carlyle had a very sure insight into this field, and he sums up in a few terse phrases of his essay on Jean Paul the very best things that have been said about it. Mere irony or caricature, he says, is to humour what the body is to the soul. The former proceeds from the head, the latter quite as much from the heart. The essence of the one is contempt, the essence of the other is love. As it is the function of sublimity to draw down into our affections what is above us, so in that "inverse sublimity" which we call humour the artist exalts into our affections what is below us. It is the hand of a humorist that has drawn Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, above all Don Quixote, while even the most ludicrous figures in Voltaire are executed by a mere caricaturist.

It has been well said that a difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections. And we have all been present when a jest that someone strongly resented was stigmatized as having "no real fun in it." Sir Jasper Sitwell in *Janet's Repentance* could hardly be expected to enjoy the point of being told that he should have heard Mr. Tryan's sermon, "because it was addressed to those void of understanding," nor could the poor irresolute in *Silas Marner* be blamed for seeing no fun in the comment that he scarcely knew his own

mind enough to make both his legs walk one way.[1] This was cruel fun, but it was fun; it was like the jokes of his fellow-boarders at the expense of père Goriot, about which Balzac says that they sometimes hit him as lightly as the butt-end of a musket. And a witticism which rouses our anger, because it makes sport of what we hold sacred, may be none the less a genuine witticism. We are often forced to laugh at the inhuman performances of the practical joker and we feel ashamed of ourselves for being amused.[2] What we ought to say is that such a joker is abusing a good gift of God, for the thing in which he fails is humour.

It follows from this that the humorous mood arises on a plane relatively high, both intellectually and morally. As Professor Sully has pointed out, it cannot belong either to the youth of the individual or to the youth of the world. For it implies that we take the scene before us, not at its face value, but as painted upon a setting which we reconstruct in thought. Wit notes contrariety upon the surface and explodes at its detection. Humour penetrates below the surface, realizing, as has been well said, that qualities inconsistent with each other need not be inconsistent with that human nature in which they both reside. It gets its deepest relish from perceiving the surprises that the soul may have in store for itself. As it does so the spirit of humour must tend to kindliness and to charity.[3] The critic puts himself in the place of the person criticized, and it is needless to add that this will immensely reduce his own sense of superiority, or that his quiet chuckle will be against himself no less than against others. It is a sound proverb which tells us that he who cannot do this is no fit companion, especially on a journey.

There is a quaint remark by a character in one of Mr. H. G. Wells's novels, that much social good would result if humour could be organized, if all the humorists in the world

[1] *Silas Marner*, ix.

[2] *cf.* George Meredith's remark about the hero in *Beauchamp's Career* (p. 219), that he was "angry with himself for being pleased." It sounds paradoxical, but expresses a quite possible state of feeling.

[3] In this sense, e.g., there is no wit but abundance of humour in Montaigne.

could be induced to laugh simultaneously at the same thing. The systematization of so elusive a gift does not look like a promising enterprise. A factory for jokes, a training in the art of producing them, an exposition in some text-book, under headings and in chapters, of the way to turn out fun at so much a column and to apply it for this or that social purpose! Imagine "organizing" Mr. Wells or Mr. G. K. Chesterton! If a pressman would be good enough to interview our chief humorist, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, on the feasibility of such an attempt, the literature of the comic would acquire on the spot an imperishable accession. Why does this idea of an organized humour seem itself so exquisitely absurd? Is it not because the mechanizing of that which lives by poking fun at the mechanical is so perfect a contradiction? It reminds one of those German birds in Professor Leacock's merry tale, that sit on trees in neatly defined rows of four, and trill their morning music with a regimented exactness like that of the goose-step, under penalties for an individual initiative that is *verboten*. Machinery again! And is it not significant that among the German efforts at humorous literature there is so little of which we are not forced to say in the words of old Peter Quince's playbill, "Very tragical mirth"? And does not this still further corroborate the Bergsonian hypothesis?

HERBERT L. STEWART

## THE CURÉ'S APPLE TREE

THE Curé's apple tree did not resemble the Tree of Knowledge with great ball-like fruit hanging from its branches, such as one sees in old woodcuts, nor yet a tree in which birds of ill-omen croaked, and loathsome serpents crawled among the roots, while evil faces leered from behind the great trunk to frighten evil-doers.

The tree in M'sieu le Curé's garden was a native Canadian apple and no one knew just how it had come to grow. There were hundreds of fruit trees in the parish in orderly orchards, but the best landscape gardener could not have planned such a perfect background for the blossoms as was made by the grey stone of the church with its adjoining sacristy and the presbytère set at right angles, while the waters of the St. Lawrence almost lapped the garden palings, divided only by the narrow thread of the King's highway as the road followed the shore between Quebec and Montreal.

For many years the tree bloomed and bore fruit; then, elusive at first as the scent of its own flowers, an idea was whispered abroad by the village folk, that the tree in the shadow of the church was endowed with some strange power to attract people for their own good. Possibly the much detested motorists who in spite of their mad speed never failed to stop to admire the view were the first to make the people of the parish appreciate the beauty they had always looked at with unseeing eyes.

Marie, the priest's housekeeper, was old and nearly toothless; raw apples and Eves were equally scorned by her. The tree was a nuisance, and she had quite enough to protect the Curé from being imposed upon by some of his own parishioners without having to keep watch on the road for those brazen strangers who forced themselves into the garden with their kodaks. Marie had to be busy indeed when the click

of the gate could not bring her the first on the scene. Once and for all time the Curé had forbidden her to lock the gate for fear some one should turn away and pass on, unshriven of soul.

On Sunday afternoon and moonlight evenings village lovers had taken to walking up and down in front of the Curé's garden, much to the scandal of certain folks at such a parade of earthly love before a priest who had renounced it all by his vows. But the gossips, not the lovers, were rebuked by the Curé. Did he not marry them at the end of their courting, and were not the children of their marriage brought to him for holy baptism?

Before closing his blinds at night the Curé sometimes watched the young men and girls, strolling back and forth in the flood of moonlight that the waters of the St. Lawrence seemed to carry to their feet with silvery splashes. It was incomprehensible to him why they must need cling so closely to each other's hands, and after a hard day's work to waste precious hours of sleep in such foolish walking. Perhaps a faint breeze would stir, and the perfume of the Curé's garden would be wafted up to him; the wide river gave a sense of space that would fill him with a vague loneliness, but a sound from the darkened cottages clustered around the church brought him back to the consciousness of the lives in his care, and a confused memory of many confessions made him turn from his window to his own cell-like room, murmuring, "What troubles, what sorrows, in store for those poor children."

In the full blossom of the tree one warm dusty holiday, when M'sieu le Curé was in the garden, his attention was attracted by the sudden stop of a queer looking waggon drawn by a thin horse whose drooping head belied the festive air he was supposed to carry with his bridle gaily bedecked with flowers. On the front seat of the conveyance sat a man in threadbare clothes, but his shabby hat was encircled with posies. A woman in rusty black was beside him, while behind them a bower of slender maple branches half hid an

old arm chair, in which supported by pillows a little girl leaned back wearily. The driver got down, opened the gate, and approached M'sieu le Curé, hat in hand.

"Would it annoy M'sieu if we remain in front of the presbytère to eat our meal? The poor little one fancies the place."

The father as he spoke cast anxious looks at the strange outfit and at the Curé who assured him the roadway was for the public. Then touched by something pathetic in the man's face the priest followed him to the fence. The woman bowed respectfully while the child's look was one large-eyed appeal. "You must be tired, *ma petite*. Instead of sitting there come into my garden for a rest, and your father can tie the horse in the stable-yard."

"Vagabonds! Gypsies! What next?" exclaimed Marie to herself, as she came out fairly bristling at this fresh invasion, but even her sharp face softened at the sight of the weak little creature being lifted out of the old chair.

"See you, Marie," the Curé said in conciliatory tones. "The little invalid craves to rest an hour or two under my apple tree. A jug of fresh milk and some of your good bread and butter might strengthen her."

Lying back on the garden bench with eyes closed from sheer enjoyment, the child heard her father tell the Curé the story of the mother's death, the life in the three dark city rooms kept by the aunt who made every cent go as far as possible, of the gradual failing of the little girl for whom the expense of boarding in the country could not be thought of, and of this oft-dreamed-of treat made possible by the good grocer in their street. "I will not be long," added the father, looking toward his daughter, whom he thought asleep.

"I could get well, I know I could get well, *mon père*, if I could sit under this tree every day."

"It is too far to come every day," answered the poor father dully.

"Perhaps—*mais, mais;*" the Curé stopped to think, and then said: "I know a kind woman who might be able to take

your little girl into her home; I will arrange something, never fear."

A wonderful packing up took place for the homeward drive. Again the chair was made comfortable, the present of vegetables stowed away under the front seat, the bottle of cream put where it would not shake into golden butter like the wonderful pound arranged by Marie between cool green leaves, while an armful of flowers were to brighten those city rooms. "I will see you very soon," announced the Curé in farewell.

When the apples were ripe on the tree, a faint tinge of pink was in the cheeks of the child, whose recovery was spoken of as almost a miracle. "*Pensez-donc,*" exclaimed the neighbours; "but for the sight of the Curé's apple tree, the little one would now be dead," and the fact was repeated reverently.

One year when the tree was just in bud, a stranger, an American artist he called himself, came to the village, and his odd ways were duly reported by Madame Bruneau, with whom he boarded. At the first the dark bearded man seemed morose and restless; from early to late he was to be met with many miles around the parish, but as week after week went by he began to return the greetings of the people as if really conscious of the human beings whose lives were going on so close to him, and to respond to the shy overtures of the pretty brown-eyed children.

The arrival of a letter one day for "M'sieu" appeared to give the answer to one of the many questions Madame Bruneau had not dared to ask. M'sieu must be married, for he was taking a room for "Madame," who would soon come from the States. The announcement seemed to break down the barrier of reserve.

"Had M'sieu any children? No? Ah! What a pity!"

Nothing in the little bedroom seemed good enough for "Madame." "Would Madame Bruneau object if some other pieces of furniture were bought without any expense to herself? Assuredly the thrifty housewife did not object. "Les

Americains must all be millionaires," she said when telling her friends of M'sieu's mission to town, and they all watched for his passing from the evening train followed by old Narcisse Bruneau with a wagon-load of provokingly wrapped up shapes.

"*Crée-yée!*" exclaimed fat old Bonnefemme Doré as she fairly blocked the door of the transformed room. "To think of the things being taken away again."

Madame Bruneau's face fell at hearing her fears voiced, but next day she contributed a home-made bracket holding a statue of a saint before which was placed a small vase of flowers.

"Now if Madame were only of our belief, who knows what might happen?" Of course for herself there had been no need for the burning of votive candles for the nine little Bruneaus who had blessed her union. The good woman babbled on without noticing the queer look on her lodger's face.

"Madame" was always to come "next week," and on the walls of the empty room each night some study of the French-Canadian scenes of the old river parish was pinned up by the artist, who also asked Monsieur le Curé's permission to sit in the garden to paint the apple tree against the church wall.

Between his many daily duties the Curé would stop for a chat. They talked of many things and of the Rome the priest longed to see, but the conversation always came around to the Province of Quebec, its people, laws, and customs.

"Did not M'sieu, coming from the States, find us a happy contented folk? So law abiding and so obedient to their Church? Monsignor the Bishop was coming soon and the first communicants were being given their last instruction. The parish would be *en fête* for the beautiful ceremony. No doubt "Madame" would be interested in the little girls.

The Curé would soon be called away for some consultation, and the artist would sit with idle brushes in his hand watching those who came and went from the never empty

church,—tiny tots in white veils, mere baby girls in years, but already instilled with the knowledge of the womanly duties of their religion. Sweet-faced mothers of large families found time to pray to the Virgin Mother of mothers. Men in the fulness of life would enter the church for a few moments on their way to work; and old couples whose days were numbered sat for quiet hours with beads slipping through their knarled fingers petitioning the Saints already in Paradise. Two by two, the nuns of the village convent school would pass in silence to attend to the decoration of the church.

The Angelus would ring out over the waters at sunset and a faint gleam of altar lights show through the windows and the murmur of many voices repeating the evening *chapelet* would reach the artist before he closed up his easel for the return to Madame Bruneau's cottage.

Then rainy days kept M'sieu in the house, but he was busy writing, writing. His food was hardly tasted, and long after every one in the village was asleep he paced up and down the *galerie* of the Bruneau *pension*.

"A telegram for you, M'sieu," announced Madame Bruneau excitedly, and waited to hear when *la belle chambre* was to be given its last touches for "madame."

"I am leaving on the late train to-night," said the artist.

"But the things you bought for the room; I must have time to pack them up," gasped Madame Bruneau.

"I want none of them. Let them remain as they are."

It was with mixed feelings that Madame Bruneau gave out the information of M'sieu's sudden departure, and the fact that the *magnifique* furniture was to be hers. Madame Doré shrugged her fat shoulders and expressed her opinion that there was something queer about the whole business, and that perhaps Madame Bruneau would yet regret having kept the things.

It was almost dark when the Curé, while out smoking his bed-time pipe, was surprised to see the American enter the garden gate.

"I have come to say good-bye to you, father, as I have decided to go to Quebec, and from there sail to Europe."

"But Madame, your wife?" queried the Curé.

"I am going alone," answered his visitor.

"Ah?" A world of polite surprise was in the priest's voice.

There was a deep silence for a few moments and M'sieu le Curé continued to stroll back and forth puffing at his pipe. He could just see that the figure in the chair was bent over, and stopping in the middle of his walk he laid a kind hand on the stranger's shoulder, asking: "Are you in any trouble, M'sieu?"

A groan escaped from the artist's lips as he stood up. "Nothing real, father, as thank God it was not too late to draw back. I have been saved from committing a great sin against another."

The Curé recoiled a few steps, and as if in answer to his host's unspoken fears the American quickly added: "Neither murder nor burglary of your church valuables, M'sieu le Curé. You live amidst such simple conditions here that you cannot realize what our lives are in a great city. For myself of course, as a man, nothing matters very much, but for a woman, well, it has been brought home to me what it does mean, and as I sat under your apple tree and heard the children's voices in the Church, and saw how your sweet-faced women accept their wifehood and motherhood as part of their religious duties I could not accept another woman's sacrifice, even though she is so unhappy as some one else's wife, and let her join me before we sailed for Europe."

The Curé was accustomed to many probings of hearts, yet it was with real emotion that he said: "All will be well with you, *mon pauvre garçon*. Go in peace." And although he could not see, the man felt that the priest's hand was raised in benediction.

For the last time the tree was in bloom when a large touring car stopped before the church, and the white-haired Curé who was just coming out was besieged by the chattering

crowd who wished to photograph him standing in the arched door and under his apple tree in the garden of the presbytère. They all flitted here and there looking down into their kodaks except one of the party who was strangely quiet, and had an expression in her eyes as if trying to recall some long forgotten place.

"You are an American also?" asked the priest.

"Yes, and no," answered the woman. "I was born in Quebec, but my father was an American. My poor mother who died when I was a little child was a French-Canadian. She had no people but an old aunt and uncle, so my father put me in the care of the Ursuline nuns. I was about eight years old when my father died and his only sister came from the States and took me back with her to a small New England town. This is my first visit to Quebec since then."

"But you were brought up a Catholic?" demanded the Curé.

"No indeed, I must have seemed a queer foreign little object to my new relations, but child-like I soon forgot my old life and all the nuns had taught me."

"Dreadful! dreadful!" murmured the priest in a pained voice.

"Now I am alone in the world again," she continued. "I don't understand what it means, but I seem to be haunted since we left Montreal by a strange feeling that I have known everything before. The road beside the St. Lawrence is like a string from my heart pulling me along, and as we passed through the villages with their church bells ringing out, faces and scenes I haven't thought of for thirty years have suddenly flashed across my mind, and I seemed to hear the nuns singing in the chapel, or snatches of French airs sung in play with other convent children, and every revolution of the motor wheels sounds like the muttering of long forgotten responses, *Ora Pro Nobis, Ora Pro Nobis.* My heart feels full and the tears near my eyes since I have been in my mother's country."

"It is the leaven of the *Bon Dieu* working in your heart," said the priest with conviction. "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic. You will come back to us. I will pray for it every day before the altar."

"Hurry! Hurry up! or we will be late for dinner at the Chateau," the others already seated in the motor called out in high-pitched voices.

"Why! what's the matter?" they asked, as their companion came near the car. "You look as if you had seen a ghost. We thought you were going to drop down on your knees before the old man in the gown."

In the autumn an envelope bearing a strange postmark puzzled the Curé, who turned it over several times. Even on opening the letter the signature conveyed nothing to him, and he slowly translated the English writing. "Marie!" he called out. "Think of this news! A convert! My prayers have been answered, for someone who stopped to see my blossoms and told me her history has come back to the Church, as I told her she would."

The wonderful fact was given out by M'sieu le Curé from the pulpit, and the congregation stood about in little groups in front of the garden after mass, discussing the tree's latest miracle.

A November sleet had been falling all day, and the St. Lawrence was a mass of lead-coloured waves that dashed over the very roadway itself at high tide. With nightfall the storm increased in violence, and lights were kept burning by frightened women until at daybreak they could learn the meaning of the noises that could be heard above the roaring of the wind. In the morning a white blanket of snow hid the ground and covered the fallen trunk of the Curé's apple tree. The *bedeau* going to ring the bell for early Mass was the first to notice the loss, and knocked at the presbytère to report. Soon the snow was tracked with footprints of people who came to view the calamity that had overtaken the parish. The Curé was visibly disturbed, and kept away from the window of his study looking out upon the garden. What would it

look like in the spring with no tree? He could not bear to think of it.

Marie came to ask if the *bedeau* was to cut up the wood, and the Curé ordered his horse to be harnessed for a drive to the next parish, so that he would not hear the sound of the chopping. Far and near it was soon known that the Curé's tree was gone; and boxes and baskets of apples were sent in as consolation.

"Put them aside," said the good man, "they will do for the children who come to the presbytère." When people condoled with him he folded his plump hands over the sash of his soutane and answered: "Ah, well! it was the will of the *Bon Dieu*. Perhaps people will now lift up their eyes to the cross on the spire."

QUEENIE FAIRCHILD

## RELIGION AND LIFE

WITHIN recent years the old controversy between science and religion has entered upon a new phase. The tables have been turned, and in most dramatic fashion. Science, as represented by some of its most prominent exponents, is to-day rebuking religion for her scepticism as to the spiritual world. Not only do these men of science now affirm the existence of a spiritual world, but they also offer what they call scientific proof of their assertion that communication with it may be, and indeed has been, established.

Sir William Osler, in a lecture on "Science and Immortality" affirms: Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of things we see; now the things which are seen are temporal; of the things which are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything. But here is Sir Oliver Lodge, another authority, declaring in his latest book that the domain of science has annexed a new province, and contending that science must now concern itself with the spiritual world as well as the natural.

Whatever value we may attach to the results of psychical research, this fact is significant, that science as well as religion is now affirming the existence of the spiritual world. But the most significant feature in the present situation is this—that science is actually attacking religion because of her scepticism in her own peculiar sphere; because of her unwillingness to recognize the full implications of her belief in a spiritual world. And Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has even gone the length of threatening organized religion, that if she will not recognize and endorse the discoveries of spiritualism, the spiritualists will be driven to set up a church of their own.

This much, at least, religion may be said to have gained at the hands of this uncanny ally. The spiritual world has

been made to obtrude itself to a remarkable degree upon the attention of our materialistic generation. And this is well. For in these days, when the social gospel makes so insistent a claim on our attention, and when attempts are still being made to establish a religion of humanity without any place in it for God and the soul, it is well to be reminded that the spiritual world is peculiarly the sphere of religion. Religion, as such, cannot exist except on that foundation. For the two postulates of religion are God and the human soul. With these two as a point of departure, religion has advanced step by step in its interpretation of human life, its origin, its purpose, and its destiny.

Man was made to breathe in two elements, to live simultaneously in two worlds, the one of the body and the other of the soul. While religion reacts on the bodily life of man, it is primarily concerned with his soul life. For religion, in its essence, is the *Life of God in the soul of man.* Man is an animal; but he is a religious animal.

The history of religion, as even John Stuart Mill is obliged to confess in his essay on "The Utility of Religion," testifies that religion has been the dominating factor in the life of even the most remote and savage races. He advances the theory that in organized society other great passions such as the love of country or even the love of the race as a whole might prove as powerful an influence in the life of humanity. But whatever this hypothetical religion of humanity might be able to accomplish under given favourable conditions, the great fact remains unchallenged, that religion, whether rudimentary, unenlightened, and even degrading; or inspired, ethical, and inspiring, has been the determining factor in the life of man from the earliest times to our own day. It is only in the advanced stages of civilization whether pagan, Hebrew, or Christian, that the sceptical spirit develops, for scepticism needs religion to serve as a background. It is religion that has gone to the making of man for good or for evil. And everywhere traces are to be found in the religious history of mankind of these three elementary ideas, Deity,

the non-bodily life of man, and a projection of that life beyond death.

Religion is the Life of God in the soul. The life of God is at once the vital breath of the soul and the element from which it is drawn. Christ fans that spark of life into full blaze of light and power. As the revealer of God, He has enriched our conception of the spiritual world, present and future. He has opened the eyes of the soul so that its vision need be no longer dim and uncertain. The definition of faith given in the Epistle to the Hebrews is also the definition of the sphere of religion as it is in Christ—the spiritual world as made real to the soul by faith. Faith is *the assurance of things hoped for.* Faith gives substance to these things, the idea being that of a title-deed. And faith is *a conviction of things not seen;* a proof, possibly a persuasion.

Through faith the soul enters now into the spiritual world and receives now the title-deed of immortality. The life of the soul that is from God and in God is—in the nature of things—eternal life. It means infinitely more than mere persistence through death, and it means something other than mere absorption in the Father of all life. It is a life that is personal here and hereafter; it is full and rich and joyous. It is the only real thing in a world of shadows. It carries its own "evidence," and the proof it gives is sufficient for the soul. "The rest may reason, and welcome;" but the soul that consciously attaches itself to God can confidently declare that it knows.

But how sadly has the religion of Christ fared at the hands of men. Often it has been difficult to discern His pure spirit of love through the muddy vesture of decay in which it has been clothed. The history of the Christian religion is at once the most glorious and the most tragic record in all our human story. In the name of Christ and the Church there has been Christlike service rendered and Christlike suffering endured and Christlike character exemplified—but under the very shadow of the Church there have been lived evil lives. The pure garments of the Church have often cloaked hearts

as loathsome as the contents of whited sepulchres. His name has been borne by many who have denied His power. Religion has only too often been a name to curse, as well as a name to bless. But with all allowances duly made—and great allowances must be made because of the faulty material with which it has had to work—the religion of Christ has ever been lifting men up to higher and purer levels. New light has come, and it will keep coming as men are made ready to receive and use it. The shadow of the body is over the soul and the veil of flesh darkens its vision; but still the light keeps breaking through; and one day it will burst forth in all its glorious fulness, and the shadows will flee away.

The Church of to-day is writing another chapter of the story of the soul's long struggle toward the light. We are still set to the task of appraising what religion has done for our race, and also of discovering what it may still do, and how it is to be done. As we look back we are given to realize something of what religion has accomplished. Our history for twenty centuries is but the story of religion in every aspect of human life. Its determining influence may be felt in language and literature, in art and architecture, in science and philosophy, in law and government. To reconstruct life without the religion of Christ would be a task infinitely beyond the power of scientists, philosophers, and statesmen, because it would have to be undertaken in the face of the insistent demands of the soul which remains constant through all the changing centuries in its nature, in its needs and aspirations.

The history of religion is not alone the story of the great leaders, the seers, and prophets. It includes the story of the slow-witted, crass-minded followers rebelling against the light and leading offered them. Religion makes its way slowly because the soul of man has not only wings of light but also feet of clay. And even the saints of old at their best saw through a glass darkly until the fuller light was revealed in Christ. Revelation came in broken lights, in sundry manners and in divers portions until the full-orbed light was revealed in the Incarnate Word.

If the history of religion is considered in terms of the Church, it divides itself into three great periods: I, The Church Catholic; II, The Church Divided; III, The Period of Reconstruction.

In the first period, religion is practically identified with the Church: it is the peculiar prerogative of the Church. The Church interposes between the soul and God; it is universally recognized as having authority to admit to, or bar from, salvation. The second period is the age of inquiry, when private judgement begins to question any earthly authority that is external to the soul. The soul is then held free to deal directly with God. The infallible standard is not the Church, but the Book. Finally there is the period of compromise. The attempt is even now being made to harmonize or at least to compound opposing views, to find a basis of agreement between the authority of the Church and the authority of the conscience; to recognize the value of a Church that has preserved so many of the vital doctrines of the faith and to accept them in so far as they appeal to the sense of right and truth. Recognizing the fact that, in spite of differences, many things are held in common, it is increasingly felt that common cause must be made by all who love Christ and seek His kingdom against the spirit of worldliness that would fain destroy not the Church alone but religion as well.

This spirit is abroad to-day. The present age has been characterized by its many movements in the direction of church union. The spirit of union is in the air in the old world and in the new. There have been attempts made, and many of them successful attempts, at union within denominations and between different denominations. In the face of this so general a spirit of unity, questions of doctrine and of polity have appeared to be of but secondary importance. The movement began with the Free Churches, but its circle has widened, and now episcopal and non-episcopal bodies are looking at one another with lovers' eyes. But an even more significant step has been projected. There are those who are looking for a balm that will heal the last wound in the Body

of Christ, for a basis of union on which Catholic and Protestant can unite, so that the Church again may be one and undivided.

We are compelled to take note of this sign of our times, and to attempt an estimate of the value of such a consummation, were it within the range of possibilities. Surely we must recognize the great service that could be rendered by a visible Church one and undivided, that would present to the world a symbol of the ideal unity and unquestioned authority of religion. We need temporal symbols in order to apprehend spiritual realities; but when we identify, as we are inclined to do, a spiritual ideal with a bodily symbol, we are in danger of weakening the sanction of the ideal, according as the symbol takes on, as it is bound to do, the defects of the human element that is necessarily in it. Religion then is blamed for the sins and faults of a worldly-minded ecclesiasticism.

And besides, as a fact of history, we must recognize the advance toward spiritual freedom and truth that was made when the soul looked past the Church to God. To turn again to an embodied ideal of religion might be to risk the loss of that freedom. Humanity was born again when the bondmen of the Church were made the freemen of God. But even so, we must confess that evil use was made of that freedom. The way was opened wide that led to rationalism, agnosticism, and infidelity. The soul is in danger either way.

The temper of compromise is a sorry thing in itself. Religion in the nature of things is a matter of conviction. If a man surrenders his convictions, he vitiates for himself the truth as it appeals to him. And yet, there is a spirit of compromise that is worthy. It is altogether praiseworthy when the new desire to compromise is based on a wider outlook, is inspired by a new understanding of things formerly misunderstood, when it is due to a newly awakened sympathy with those who are found to cherish fundamentally the same moral ideals, and when it becomes one with unselfish desire to help toward a common goal This spirit, not so much of compromise as of *conciliation,* is born from the recognition that religion is many sided, and reveals itself to different minds

from different aspects and in different ways. In spite of bodily divisions, there may be essentially a unity of spirit.

For all the diversity in nature and in humanity there is a measure of uniformity, an underlying unity. And there is a spiritual unity in all the various forms religion may have assumed. Religion is essentially spiritual, and *union* or rather *unity* is to be sought by way of the spirit. When this unity is fully realized, as it is bound one day to be, differences that are secondary may persist or they may disappear. It will not matter. The great end for which religion is working will have been accomplished.

This spirit of unity underlying diversities of form may be felt when we turn to consider various modes of worship and types of Christian character. There is the form of worship that needs for its sympathetic observance stately architecture, elaborate rites, and ceremonies in which all the worshippers have more or less part, music, sweet incense, symbolic garments. The aesthetic sense is appealed to as well as the emotions and the moral nature; and the appeal is successfully made. A highly ornate service makes for order and reverence and tends to induce a passionate love for things held sacred, symbolically represented in a way that touches the aesthetic nature to the depths. The mind and soul grow by what they feed on. The effect of such a service is to make religion, however imperfectly conceived, the supreme concern of life.

Then there is the service that goes to the opposite extreme, that feels itself perfectly at home within bare unlovely walls, because it is itself equally bare and unlovely. The sermon is the great feature. What precedes the sermon is summed up as "the preliminaries," and what follows it is another unconsidered trifle. To the uninitiated it would appear that the only active worshipper is the preacher. The congregation is an audience, rather than a body of worshippers. They are there to *hear* the preacher, to sit in judgement on the sermon—rather than to join with the leader of the service in the worship of God. And yet the leader in this unadorned

form of worship may so discharge his duty as a minister of God as to make effective appeal to mind, and heart, and conscience. And the people for all their seeming stolidity may gain from such a service mental and moral stimulus that will produce lasting effects on character and life.

Then there is the type of service that is purely emotional in its definite purpose. The singing, the praying, and the preaching all aim at that definite mark. The form of it may be crude, the reasoning of the sermon illogical, and the illustrations inapt; and yet the heart be stirred, the will won, and the soul kindled with ambition to follow Christ.

In his "Christmas Eve," Browning contrasts the elaborate ritualism of a service in St. Peter's in Rome with the crude unloveliness of a service in a little London dissenting chapel. While marking the imperfections of each, he recognizes the true spirit of religion in them both; for after all it is not the cup that matters but the draught of living water it may hold.

Then there is the type of worship and of worshipper that may be found in all communions—and often outside the pale of any Church—the worship that is independent of all formal modes, the mystical type of worshipper who seeks to commune with God in the spirit, who realizes that the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. To them the sensible world is a shadow of the true, and what have they to do with shadows?

Each one of these various types has a peculiar contribution to make to the spiritual ideal of religion. Religion is beauty, and it is truth, and it is emotion, and it is spiritual. But yet, the beauty may be mere paganism, and the wisdom that is offered in the name of religion may lead the soul away from God. Our emotions may drive us to absurd vagaries, and our spirits may be led astray by the false spirits that are gone out into the world. Yet there is a beauty of holiness that ritualistic worship may help us to realize. And the wisdom of God may be revealed to us while we listen to one of His messengers, as without adventitious aids he reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgement—an ambassador of

truth. Our hearts may learn to beat in unison with God, when they are stirred by the emotional appeals of some illiterate, earnest preacher. And in silent rapt communing our spirit may meet with the Father of spirits in holy and blessed fellowship. God reveals Himself in many ways, in various types of character. To understand this is to understand that religion is too large a thing to be contained in any one form, to have its full exemplification in any one type of Christian character.

But a more vital method of arriving at a common ground of mutual understanding and sympathy is by centering our attention on the heart of religion, which is Christ. The effect of religion on our life will ultimately depend on our conception of Christ, what He is, and what He is able to accomplish *for* us and *in* us and *through* us. There are two main sources from which our knowledge of Christ is derived. The first is the Gospel records. Here we have four presentments of Christ, each with its special features, each coloured by the point of view of the writer and the special purpose he had in mind. But at the best we only catch fleeting glimpses of Christ. For it is impossible adequately to represent a life in a picture, in any number of pictures. A striking illustration of this is given by Browning in "The Ring and the Book." There is a bit of landscape he loves, and would fain transfer to canvas. But if he represents it as it appears in winter or summer, that will be to ignore its appearance in spring and in the autumn. The only picture that will be a true presentment is a living picture that will change not only with each change of season but every day and every moment. He is illustrating his purpose in presenting the pitiful story of Pompilia from ten different points of view—he wishes to make it live for his readers—and even then so much must be left untold! The only way to the realization of the whole truth is through the revelation of God.

And so it is that men have misunderstood Christ by shutting themselves up with certain aspects of the living picture in the gospel records. We make at once too little and too

much of that composite picture of Christ. As we see Him moving through the scenes of the Gospel the Man of Galilee was a man indeed. He was strong physically, with a body hardened by toil; able to endure a life of privation in the open; strong to do and strong to suffer. We see a man of great intellectual power, of logical mind, with sure insight into human nature; a man of strong will, of commanding personality, perfectly poised, able to withstand the blandishment of flatterers, and the hostility of foes; immune to pride, to fear, to worldly ambition. He was a hero to command the adoration of all who honour brave men, admire intellectual ability, and reverence purity of heart.

But yet there was in Him tenderness as well as strength. He was kind, considerate, sympathetic. He had the gentle, protective, winsome qualities that are usually associated with the ideal feminine character. Women and children were instinctively drawn to Him. It was not weakness that drew them, for women and children, too, despise weakness in men—but strength—strength mingled with tenderness. And as His gospel has permeated the life of society, especially in our own day, and women have realized more and more the debt they owe to that chivalrous Champion of the weak and downtrodden, they have responded to His charm and have been drawn to His Church. But the result in part has been this, that not only by the man in the street but also by the man in the Church it has come to be generally felt that the religion of Christ is especially a business for women and children. In some quarters a certain odium attaches to a man who takes his church connexion seriously; and the minister himself because of his necessary relationship to all branches of Church work is for that very reason often classed with the women rather than with the men in the minds of so many scornful critics. As women have been admitted more and more into the activities of the Church, men have just as generally been withdrawing themselves from active part. The drift from the Sunday School is largely due to the fact that there are so few men-teachers for boys and young men's Bible classes. In the

nature of things the Church because of this tends to effeminacy. And perhaps some of the reason for this trend of our times may be found in the subject-matter of our preaching. Perhaps too much stress has been laid on the peculiarly feminine qualities in the character of the Man of Galilee to the neglect of the virile, heroic side that is equally to be seen by those who look. We must re-read our gospel; we must re-visualize the virile, heroic Man of Galilee. We must cause the Church to see that the disciples, and teachers, and missionary workers He gathered around Him were men—as well as women—and chiefly men.

The second source of our knowledge of Christ is experience, dating from the resurrection. We are to note that the Christ of the Gospels is the Christ of an age that is past. The Christ we need for our age is a Christ with whom we can enter into fellowship now, and this is not the Christ of the Gospels but the *Christ of the resurrection*, the Christ of *Christian experience.* He told His disciples that they were to be done with Christ in the flesh, that it was a new manifestation of the Divine Word from which they were to draw wisdom, inspiration, and power. Henceforth they were to *see* Him by spiritual vision, and know Him by spiritual experience. The Christ of the Gospels is the Christ of a period that is past. The Christ for our age is not the Man of Galilee in His tabernacle of flesh, but the Son of Man as the glorified Lord of Heaven and Earth. To the four portraits of the Gospels we have to add another, and it is with this revealing of Christ that we have specially to do. Here is the portrait, as contained in Revelations i. 14-16.

"His *head* and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and His *eyes* were as a flame of fire; and His *feet* like unto fine brass, as if it burned in a furnace; and His *voice* as the sound of many waters. And He had in His right hand seven stars; and out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword; and His *countenance* was as the sun shineth in His strength." Here is the portrait of the Christ of our age, the Christ with whom we have to do. The purpose of the book

from which it is taken is very generally misunderstood. It is thought of as a book of mystery—it is really what its name declares, an ἀπο-κάλυψις, an uncovering, a laying bare, a disclosure of truth concerning divine things hitherto unknown, a Revelation. "Throughout, the revelation is of Jesus Christ, with His two-fold purpose of overthrowing the powers of evil and establishing a perfect society upon earth."

The sun's light can be *seen* only by those who have eyes to see. So is it with the Light of the spiritual world; it is spiritually discerned. This revelation of Christ as He is to-day carries its condition of vision; as the writer tells us, "I was in the spirit." This vision of Christ, risen, glorified, conquering, is confessedly *a vision;* but what else could we look for? How else could we see Him? The great matter is this, that there is a *spiritual reality* to correspond to the vision of the awakened soul. If we are in the spirit, we shall see Christ the Lord of the spiritual world.

And we must needs see Him, if we are to be equipped for our task, if we are to be servants of religion in bringing Life fully under its dominance. All other qualifications will not suffice if this be lacking. What we need first and last is the power that is the fruit of spiritual vision. Let us look, then, at this portrait and relate its features to the phases of the task that is set for us by the religion of Christ. "His head and His hairs were white"—the whiteness of absolute purity of character, of holiness. "And His countenance was as the sun;" there is not only the whiteness of purity but the shining radiating whiteness that purifies. The vision is for the pure and the vision purifies. There are the flaming eyes. With unerring vision He sees what is in man, and He sees what man needs. Then there are the feet of brass, not feet of clay that break under the strain. The feet of Christ are tireless for His journeyings through the world of men, and for the long waiting that has been His and must still be His, until His war is over. His voice is as the sound of many waters. All the voices of humanity meet in His. He takes up as our Brother-Man all our petitions, all our needs and aspirations;

and the voice of the wise and tender Son of God has the answer to them all. His Word is a two-edged sword, a weapon of offence that will destroy his enemies, and a weapon of defence that will keep his people safe.

Does our Christian life answer to the needs of men and to the challenge of Christ? Must we not confess that it is obscure in its thinking, weak in its efforts, lacking in inspiration, failing to voice the needs of men and the answer God sends to them? Here is the inspiration that we need, the vision of Christ as He appears in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks! No longer does He walk the earth footsore and weary, veiled in the flesh of mortality; but clothed with power and glory, the strong Son of God is ready to lead His armies forth, conquering and to conquer. It is no weak Master whom we serve. Let us not be weak in faith. Let our hearts kindle to the vision, and the power of Christ will come upon us. His infinite resources of power are ours to draw upon; but we must draw upon them before they can be actually ours. The Vision of Christ as He is to-day is what we need to-day. This is the religion that will lift our country—that will lift the world—up to God. And when we see this vision and go forth to our task in the power of this vision, then and not till then shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ.

J. B. MACLEAN

## LUX IN TENEBRIS

Though there may seem no place for joy or vision
In this stern age that now has come to birth,
Though all the world be turned to toil and striving,
And beauty seem to perish from the earth,
For those with eyes to see and ears to listen
There shall be twilight yet, and break of day,
Bright fields of grain, and clouds, and running water,
Laughter of children, orchard-boughs in May.

If all our dearest hopes should be defeated,
If every prayer and plea of saint or sage
Should fall to earth, and never bring to being
The Brotherhood of Man, the Golden Age;
Should self remain the world's most worshipped idol,
The few, whom bread alone will ne'er suffice,
Shall ever keep alight the fires long kindled,
Of love and pity, service, sacrifice.

And if that glowing faith our fathers lived by,
Should dwindle to a tale, and die at last,
If that eternal life their gaze was fixed on
Fade to a fond tradition of the past;
Though not a creed be left, or priest to chant it,
Though every spire be level with the sod,
Still in their inmost hearts our children's children
Shall build their altars to the Unknown God.

G. W. Guest

# A MILITARY POLICY

THE period of reconstruction is upon us. Reconstruction surely must include a consideration of military preparation and training, and the adoption of a definite military policy, based on careful examination of the facts, and in accord with the needs of the community, with the genius of the British Commonwealth, and with the spirit of the times. One thing can be observed at the very outset: little help is to be obtained from the old state of affairs, when the country maintained a Militia force which was not taken seriously, and was maintained rather because the Militiamen liked it than because there existed among Canadian statesmen any clear purpose or view concerning it. We have learned that Canada can be plunged into war, that war is a serious matter, and that preparation for it, if necessary at all, is a matter of moment. The case is strong for careful consideration, and the formulating of a clear and conscious policy.

At the outset it may be urged that the whole subject should be placed in the hands, either of a Parliamentary Committee or of a Royal Commission, with instructions to work out a policy. This course has repeatedly been followed in Great Britain, conspicuous examples being the Norfolk Commission which surveyed the administrative conduct of the South African War, and the Esher Committee which devised the Army Council System under which the Great War was fought. General policy emphatically is a matter for statesmen, and the military policy of the country should be discussed and decided in the open, after a consideration of the needs and points of view of the whole community; it is not desirable that the duty of designing it should be laid upon a single Minister, or be merely one of the numerous subjects which encumber a hard-pressed Cabinet. Neither is it desirable that a policy should be adopted and begun, only to be paralyzed or reversed as the result of a general election.

Another preliminary observation must be made. Any consideration of military policy must include an examination of the fundamental question whether the Dominion in the new order of things should maintain any armed force at all. This is a question to be settled by the civilian statesman and not by the soldier, and little will be said of it here. Undoubtedly there is abroad a general desire, which has crystallized into the phrase "A League of Nations," so to organize international relations as to render war impossible in the future. Against this aspiration nothing will be said in this paper. With it the soldier as such has nothing to do; his part is, first, not to embarrass the statesman in trying to effect such an organization, and secondly, to give to the statesman a guarantee that if these humane efforts fail, and war does recur, its coming will not find the nation unprepared and ripe for defeat and disaster. The medical profession may afford an analogy. We hope that improvements in sanitary and other science will extinguish epidemics, but while we hope we are bound to keep on foot hospitals and other accommodation sufficient to deal with them if they do come.

Comparatively recent history affords an impressive lesson on the subject. When Waterloo had shattered Napoleon's attempt at empire, Europe was exceedingly exhausted, and there existed a widespread desire to take measures which would render war impossible. The several States concerned, for the most part in all sincerity and with high motives, formed an organization to establish, or restore, the reign of law. In Great Britain this feeling, that an era of peace had set in, took the practical form of a general neglect of military preparations, and in particular of that aspect of military preparation which now is described as the work of the General Staff. The result was unfortunate. So far as the statesmen were concerned, the project proved beyond the political resources of the day; the machinery which was devised was perverted to less worthy aims; the league to ensure the reign of law became infamous as the Holy Alliance; and when Europe recovered from her exhaustion there ensued the series

of wars which issued in the formation of the German Empire. So far as the British Army was concerned, the Crimean War found it with the lessons of the Napoleonic Wars forgotten, and the war was conducted with an inefficiency which caused unnecessary loss and suffering.

Concerning this, all that need be said here is that the writer is convinced that the Government, while seeking to reorganize international relations so as to render war impossible, concurrently should take precautions against a breakdown of these attempts. He further holds that if unfortunately war should break out again, Canada should be able to take part more effectively, and with greater economy of effort, than has been the case in the struggle which has come to an end.

A consideration of critical importance at this stage of the argument is that the circumstances of the present differ widely from those of the decade before the war. In that period the soldiers who were responsible for the military plans of the British Empire were concerned with the German menace; they knew that war threatened, and their first duty was to make military preparations for a struggle which every year became closer. To-day the war is over, and we can plan for a general, as distinguished from a particular and immediate policy; and for a world which may expect at least a certain number of years of abstention from war.

The military system maintained by Canada before 1914 gave only moderately satisfactory results. In its favour can be urged the considerations that it provided a small number of well-trained officers who organized the forces which were raised; that it had organized a staff and administration which did excellent work; that it produced a fair number of lightly trained officers whose education was completed in the field; that it gave a foundation of training to perhaps ten per cent. of the rank and file who served overseas; and that it kept alive in the country a sense that military service might have to be rendered, and that to render it in time of need was the right thing for an honourable man to do.

Valuable as these services are, they fall far short of what a military organization can do if the nation which it serves takes it seriously. One need only cite the cases of France or of Switzerland. The cost of the Canadian Army during the war was unnecessarily high, alike in money and in effort. Perhaps nine-tenths of the officers and men who fought had had no training before the war broke out, and though they learned rapidly, they were handicapped. The case, indeed, can be put still more strikingly. If in the early years of the Twentieth Century the British Empire had organized its military resources on a modification of the Swiss system, if it had had five or six million men armed, equipped, organized, lightly trained, and provided with adequate staff services, the war would have lasted a much shorter time, and would have been far less expensive in blood, in devastation, and in money. Indeed, it is possible, though not altogether probable, that the war would not have occurred at all—that the German Government would have weighed the chances, found them adverse, and abandoned their project of conquest.

With these general observations the writer will proceed to sketch a proposal for a military policy for Canada. The underlying principles are, first, that it shall not hinder any efforts made to improve international organization and to increase goodwill among nations; secondly, that it shall develop the utmost possible strength for a war of defence against aggression, such as that through which we have just passed; thirdly, that its details shall conform to the nature of the British peoples and to the principles of the Government of the British Commonwealth; fourthly, that it shall prove as little of a burden, and as much of a help, to the economic development of the country as is possible.

One experience of the war is the astonishingly short time in which troops can be trained when suitable instructors and formations are provided. A proper organization of training units and fighting units, with efficient officers and non-commissioned officers, especially if there is a fair proportion of veteran privates in the fighting regiments, can turn

recruits into respectably trained men in a number of weeks which the soldiers of the Nineteeth Century would have deemed incredible. If, then, we wish to pursue peaceful courses as long as possible and, when assailed, to array our manhood in arms as quickly as possible, one lesson of the war is to have in readiness a sufficient number of leaders and instructors, together with the arrangements, the organization, which will enable these leaders and instructors rapidly to turn into soldiers the hosts of citizens who would spring to arms. It may be a hard saying, but in considering preparation there is a sense in which the private soldier is the least important factor of the problem. When the time for fighting comes he will come, and if our arrangements are sound he will be fitted for his work quickly and easily.

But this hard saying must not be pushed too far. In mass, the quality of these prospective recruits is of the utmost importance. In 1917 some three million young Americans were called and examined and of these about three-quarters were fit to serve. Assuming that our young men are equally fit, if an improvement in conditions were so to improve the health and bodily strength of the population that 80 per cent. of the men of military age should be fit, a military advantage would be gained. If conditions became worse, if the health and strength of the population declined so that only 60 or 65 per cent. of the men of the country were fit, a military disadvantage would be suffered. And if the general population were brought up in such a manner that four-fifths of the men of the country were strong and active, habituated to the open air, expert with arms, accustomed to working in concert, the work of organization and training would be lightened and a still greater military advantage would occur. In preparation of this sort what interests us about the private soldiers is not their peace-time drill, or whether they wear red coats, but their quality in mass, as prospective recruits when the danger begins.

Bearing in mind these considerations and that other fundamental consideration, that we desire to have as slight

an approach as possible to militarism and to heavy expenditure on purely military matters, it is suggested that the main heads of the system which we need are:—

1. A good General Staff, to ensure the perpetuation of the lessons of the war, and the wisest organization and management of our forces.

2. A large number of trained leaders and instructors, say 5 or 6 per cent. of the total number of men of military age. The vast majority of these must be in civil life.

3. The manhood of the nation of such a physical and moral quality as to be the best possible recruits in an emergency.

4. A certain number of units, sufficient to guarantee stability of Government, deal with small military problems, and afford training schools for our leaders and staff officers.

To the writer of these notes, the key of the whole scheme seems to lie in the third of the foregoing headings, and he accordingly suggests the adoption of a general policy of universal compulsory physical training. This is put forward as a policy for peace, not for war. The war-time policy is not touched upon here. Australia had universal compulsory military training before the war, and did not resort to compulsory war service overseas; Canada did not have universal compulsory military training before the war, and did resort to compulsory war service overseas.

The military power of a State rests upon its citizens; we have learned in this war that it rests upon its men and women, not upon its men alone. The bed-rock of defence must be the possession by the men and women of the State of the utmost stature, the utmost strength, the most perfect health, which wise administration and happy social conditions can ensure. Some of the social conditions which can procure these boons lie quite beyond the purview of the military administrator, but others do not; for instance, it is asserted that the physical training associated with universal service

has, in a couple of generations, appreciably increased the average height of the men of Japan. Accordingly, the proposals herein set forth will reverse the usual procedure in military schemes, and will begin, not with the trained soldier, organized in units ready to march, but with the child whom it is proposed to help to develop into the strong, free and self-reliant citizen.

Briefly the proposals as regards young people are:—

1. Physical training of all children, girls as well as boys, planned to produce general health and development rather than any specialized aptitudes.

2. Training on Boy Scout lines of all young lads up to the age of about 14.

3. Training in shooting and other aspects of personal skill in arms, for lads from 14 to 17.

In these earlier years it is urged that drill should have a minor place—indeed, almost no place at all; and that the object should be almost solely individual development and teaching. The secondary objects to be aimed at, it further is urged, should be comradeship and facility in co-operation—in a word, team-play.

Further objects to be aimed at are:—

4. Light military training for the young men who reach the age of 18 after the training described already. It will be a matter for subsequent and separate decision whether this should be universal and compulsory, as in Australia, or voluntary and partial, as in our old Militia.

5. The provision of training in leadership in the secondary schools and institutions of learning, with the general object of fitting practically all of the educated class to be regimental officers.

6. The maintenance of technical and instructional services proportionate to the number of the citizens trained in the manner just outlined.

7. The provision of arms and stores sufficient to outfit the citizens so trained.

8. The maintenance of an organization, and of a staff, which will ensure the smooth, economical and effective employment of the armed citizenship should this be needed.

Such a policy, carried into effect among men of the British Commonwealth, excludes militarism. By militarism the writer understands, first, a political organization of a country by which a controlling voice in the direction of its general policy is possessed by a class of professional soldiers; and, secondly, the pursuit by a country of a policy in international affairs which is governed by considerations of force and might, instead of fairness, justice and right. To put arms into the hands of free citizens, and to teach them how to use them, is not militarism; the example of Switzerland drives this point home.

Of this policy, the item to which the most importance is attached perhaps will be the last to be realized, and perhaps will be the most difficult as well. But it is the bed-rock of a non-militarist scheme of national preparation for defence. It is of great technical military importance that as large a proportion of the men as possible should be strong and healthy. It also is of technical military importance that the women of the nation should be strong and healthy, not only for the sake of the children of the future, but also because it has been discovered that their actual labour may be of great importance in war time; these are but material reasons, in addition to their right as human beings to the fullest measure of well-being to which they can attain. Surely if the State guarantees to a child, under the name of education, a certain development of its mental and moral powers, so it should guarantee to it, under the same name of education, a certain development of its physical powers and aptitudes.

In Canada, education generally is committed to the care of the Provinces, and this additional task of education should in a general way be under Provincial control. The military service, however, can render exceedingly valuable assistance. One consideration is that the soldiers who have occupied

themselves with physical training have developed methods which should be peculiarly applicable to work of this sort. The older methods of physical training aimed at producing athletes, with unusual powers in some one direction. For one thing, this tended to the neglect of those who were weak, or of mediocre physique—that is to say, those who were the most in need of training; for another thing, the effect of athletic training, in the narrower sense, upon a man's general health in later life is not always desirable. In time there was worked out in the Army a policy of promoting general well-being, health and harmonious development being the objects aimed at. To subject the whole body of children of tender age to athletic, and especially to gymnastic exercises, might do more harm than good. But if every child, on beginning to attend school, were examined by a medical man as carefully as is a recruit, its physical peculiarities noted, and the exercises needed for its individual development prescribed; and if it then, with this prescription furnished, passed under the care of a skilful trainer, working under a physician's orders, the physical gain to the race should be enormous. The whole case depends upon personal, individual attention; it is repeated that more harm than good might result if whole classes, without discrimination, were subjected to uniform exercises. The eyes and the teeth could be watched and many ailments averted. The Army Medical Service, and the Army Gymnastic Staff, afford the nucleus upon which such a system could be built up. It would be a matter of time, and of organization. Special instruction in that side of preventive medicine which concerns itself with physical development would have to be given to the recruits to the medical profession; in fact, this proposal in effect is a demand for an enormous development of preventive medicine. Further, if girls are to be included in this scheme of universal physical training—and the writer contends that they should be—it would be necessary to include a proper proportion of women among the physicians and trainers to whom should be committed the work.

Critics of military preparation sometimes accuse soldiers of advocating physical training with a view to accomplishing military training by a subterfuge. While disclaiming any such purpose in the past, the writer is prepared to accept part of the contention of these people, and to acquiesce in, indeed to advocate, the omission of military training from the physical training of children of tender years. Whatever his views later, at this stage of the child's training the soldier desires nothing but to see him made as strong and as well as his constitution will permit. Formal drill should be dispensed with, except in the rather improbable event of the children themselves desiring to learn how to move about accurately and easily; from the military standpoint there is danger in premature drill of disgusting children, and giving them a distaste for martial exercises.

Put into concrete form the proposal is that the Militia Department, acting with the Provincial Education Departments, and in complete loyalty to the constitutional division of powers, should develop a Physical Training Division of the Medical Service composed of physicians and instructors specially trained in the bodily development of children; and that so far as possible all children, boys and girls, from the beginning to the end of their school life, be under the care of this Division, the object being health and soundness rather than any particular muscular development through the older gymnastic methods.

The second article of the proposed policy is a nation-wide adoption of Boy Scout training for boys of suitable age—that is to say, from about ten to fourteen. The principles of the Boy Scout movement are so well known that it is unnecessary here to do more than to indicate how it is proposed to fit it into the military organization of the country. The ruling principle advocated is that the State should make it possible for every boy in the country who is not an invalid to enjoy this training. The utmost flexibility of organization is desirable; while every boy should be required to undergo the training, full encouragement should be given to the

formation of groups of congenial spirits, the boys associating by churches, by Y.M.C.A. classes, by school groups, and by classes maintained by regiments. The principal functions of the Department would be, first, to insist that every boy, while having a wide range of choice, should join some group or other, and should be permitted to do so by his parents or guardians; and secondly, to provide facilities for camps and patrols. A most desirable development would be for each boy to be guaranteed a month in the woods in the summer-time; the abundant forests of Canada lend themselves to this programme.

Here again it is argued that formal drill should be omitted, except in so far as the boys themselves should desire it. Boys on a patrol or a scout might desire to know how to move in formation; if they did, there would be no reason why they should not be taught the simpler evolutions. Three remarks must be made: first, that each group should be left to make its own choice; secondly, that the impulse should come from the boys themselves; thirdly, that if drill is practised at all it must be done smartly and accurately, not in a slovenly manner.

The fourteen-year old boy who has been trained in the manner advocated will have been under constant and skilled physical care for seven or eight years; his eyes, teeth, digestion, will have been watched and every effort made to keep them in order; he will have learned the invaluable lessons in outdoor life summed up in the word scout-craft, and he will have lived some four or five months in all in the open, by preference in the woods.

In the third stage the adolescent youth should be taught personal skill in arms. His military education proper now will begin; but here again it is proposed to proceed in a manner opposite to the methods of training formerly pursued.

Warfare is a matter of handling and applying weapons. Before the invention of gunpowder, cold steel weapons had been brought to a stage not far short of perfection; the straight cut-and-thrust sword and the lance represent the last word

in hand-weapons. Speaking with some reservations (for occasionally combined tactics were practised, as by the Roman legion, and when the English archers and the dismounted knights with their long lances worked in mutual support), before the invention of firearms the prime requisite of a soldier was personal prowess with his weapon; drill was a secondary matter and in practice little attention was paid to it. The weapons of the present have been brought to something which seems to us not far short of perfection; especially is this the case with the rifle, the queen of hand-weapons. But there intervened a period of about three centuries during which fire-arms were exceedingly imperfect. Their range was short; if a musket was rifled so as to shoot accurately it could be loaded but slowly, if it was a smoothbore and could be loaded quickly, it shot wildly. Fighting was a series of compromises, and in general the infantry elected to shoot rapidly but inaccurately, trusting to volume of fire rather than to straight shooting. Moreover, to load and fire rapidly was a matter of intense practice, for the flintlock musket, loading from the muzzle and needing to be primed, was exceedingly clumsy; it is said that two years of incessant practice were needed to make an infantry soldier really expert.

Further, the range was so short that the infantry always stood in danger of a cavalry charge, and the precaution to be taken against this was a peculiarly exact and rigid drill, each body of infantry forming an integral part of a long and solid line; a mistake in drill which opened a gap in the line might lose a battle by giving a chance for the fatal rush of horsemen. In short, the imperfection of fire-arms necessarily caused an intense cultivation of drill; the "manual of arms" was equivalent to the musketry training of to-day, for it taught the soldier to handle his clumsy firelock rapidly, that is, effectively; the complex drill enabled the battalions to edge across the battlefield without presenting a vulnerable aspect to the agile cavalry. Further, soldiers discovered that the drill developed as a by-product a mental condition of the

soldier, commonly called discipline, highly suited to this complex and artificial fighting. As long as the foot-soldier's weapon was a flint-lock which would take a tyro a full minute to load, drill was the first requisite, and a battalion which could march like a stone wall and fire five or six or even eight volleys a minute was an excellent fighting unit, even though its individual soldiers could not hit a target two hundred yards away, and had a vague idea of bayonet-fencing.

To-day we have the rifle. A recruit can discharge a magazine rifle rapidly, and a skilled soldier can fire fifteen or twenty aimed rounds in a minute. The weapon is capable of deadly accuracy for the greater part of a mile. It is practically impossible to attack a position held by skilled riflemen except by taking special precautions and employing other arms, and these operations usually consume much time. For the old accurate drill we need now simply an ability to move across country rapidly and easily, to assume formations suitable to the various phases of the combat, and to occupy any position speedily. But the perfection of the rifle, and indeed of heavier fire-arms, imposes a peculiar penalty. The range is so great, the accuracy is so extreme, that exact aim and minute knowledge of the range are needed; otherwise the hail of bullets which the line of riflemen emits falls in the wrong place and is wasted. In other words, we have returned in a sense to mediæval conditions, and, now that we have perfect weapons, personal skill in their use assumes a new importance. This fact is at the base of the new proposals.

This aspect of the situation is reinforced by the remarkable variety of weapons now at the disposal of the soldier and the consequent increase in the number of accomplishments which he must acquire. In the days of Napoleon and Wellington it sufficed if a soldier could load and fire his musket six or eight times a minute and could drill well. Battles usually were decided by short fire-fights at close range; while bayonet charges were common, few stand-up bayonet combats took place, the steel usually being employed in slaying a daunted enemy in the act of flight; for such execution little was needed

but a modest proficiency in a few thrusts. To-day we have the magazine rifle, the bayonet, which, owing to the prevalence of trench scuffles, has been much used, the pistol, the bomb, and the machine gun, light and heavy; artillery has displayed an unexpected richness of types; gas warfare has imposed on the soldier a new vigilance and the need of acquiring a new skill; and entrenchment has become a most necessary art.

To be really well-trained, the infantry soldier of the immediate future must be a rapid as well as a deadly shot with the rifle; he must understand the Lewis gun and the heavy machine gun; he must know how to manipulate the rifle grenade and the Stokes mortar; he must be expert in the throwing of the grenade; he must be proficient in bayonet-fencing of a sort which merges into wrestling and rough-and-tumble fighting; he must be able to adjust a gas-mask in an incredibly few seconds; he must know how to erect a wire entanglement and to turn a spattering of shell holes into a fortress in an hour or two. Drill of a simple sort is a matter of secondary routine, though there are special manœuvres to learn, such as working with a barrage, and co-operation with tanks. Discipline still is necessary, for losses are heavy and there is much need for powers of endurance; but it is a discipline of reasoned co-operation, of patriotic self-sacrifice for the common good, rather than of the older type.

It only needs this bewildering catalogue to show us that the old Militia system is impossible. If we are to have soldiers at all able to go into action we either must have regulars of at least two years' training, or we must begin the teaching of these accomplishments at an early age, and make them part of the education of youth. It may be objected that our improvised armies have learned them. The answer is that these developments grew up as the war went on, and the armies taught themselves as they fought, each keeping pace with its opponent. It became a part of routine to teach veteran battalions new methods of fighting, and instances were not lacking of experienced troops who had done magnifi-

cently under earlier conditions failing when suddenly confronted with newer devices or methods. Thus the war was fought amid constant improvisations, and each side was incessantly inventing and learning. But if in peace a standing army were given two or three years of training in all the resources of slaughter which have been enumerated, and it were to be faced by a militia trained, say, to musketry alone, the fate of the latter will not be difficult to divine. Moreover, Canada has no right to expect the Mother Country to carry on a future war single handed, so far as the rest of the Commonwealth is concerned, for six or eight months while the Canadian forces are training. Canada's prowess in this war means that if another war comes her responsibility in it will be greater.

It is proposed to use the years between 14 and 18 to impart some of these accomplishments. The foundation of the foot-soldier's efficiency is rifle-shooting; during the war, while artillery became increasingly important, and one hand-weapon after another had its vogue, the rifle made good its claim to be the queen of battles. A short time before the war it was discovered that the ordinary boy of fourteen or fifteen makes a remarkably good rifle-shot if properly trained. It is proposed to follow up the Boy Scout phase by the Cadet phase; the governing factor probably would be the attainment of size and strength sufficient to use the rifle, and, subject to that condition, the earlier the lad is made acquainted with the weapon the better, for it may be taken for granted that nearly all boys would rejoice in the introduction.

It is proposed, in short, that in the year in which the lad reaches this phase he be given, instead of a month of scout work, a month's musketry camp at a suitable rifle range. Here military conditions as regards general discipline, interior economy, etc., should begin to environ him; but the abstention from formal drill should continue, with the reservation made as regards the Boy Scout period, that a certain amount of instruction might be given in the art of moving over ground. The principle to be observed would

be to teach him rifle shooting; and, given competent instructors and sympathetic management, it may be expected with confidence that the great majority of boys would leave the camp skilled shots; so far as the groundwork is concerned, they would be made infantrymen for life. A month's camp could not be devoted solely to rifle shooting, as there would be risk of tedium, and tedium is fatal when boys are concerned. Secondary lines of instruction could be given by way of relief; what these should be is a matter of detail for experience to decide, but it may be guessed that outpost and reconnaissance work would be useful as a development of Boy Scout work.

In the years which intervene between the boy's first musketry camp and his attaining the age of 18, it is proposed that the principle of a month's training in each year should be observed, each successive camp being devoted to the acquisition of some new military accomplishment. It is hardly necessary to interject that physical training should be continued. In ordering these camps there is scope for wide experiment, and at this stage details cannot be prescribed; experience must decide. When a lad has become a good rifle-shot it will be natural to proceed to instruction in the machine gun; and it will be for the instructors of the future to ascertain to what extent yearly courses can profitably be given in horsemanship, artillery, signalling, aeroplane work, the manipulation of motor cars, and the innumerable other activities which are essential to the working of a modern army. Perhaps a special word may be spoken with reference to aerial work. The possibilities of this new method of mastering Nature are great as regards civil life and industry, and enormous as regards warfare; it is of acute national importance to have as many, and as competent, aviators as possible. Experience seems to show that very young men make excellent airmen, and the organization which is being sketched could lend itself to a policy whereby every boy in the country who is at all suitable in physique and character could be introduced to aircraft, given a chance to learn whether he has aptitude for airmanship and, if he has, given the requisite training.

As this stage of the lad's training is conceived, he would have, once he had qualified in musketry, and perhaps in the use of the machine gun, a considerable choice of courses, so that the bent of his abilities and inclination could be consulted.

We now have the lad brought to the age of 18, fit to be enrolled in what in Australia is termed the Citizen Forces. It may be profitable at this stage to revert to the mediæval soldiery already noticed. Most readers are familiar, through Sir Conan Doyle's "White Company," with those corps of professional soldiers which served in the wars of the Middle Ages. We may conjecture that a youngster presenting himself as a recruit for an English "White Company" would be an unusually strong, active, hardy lad, accustomed to rough games; able to walk long distances and to ride; habituated to outdoor life; of considerable proficiency with the bow and some hand weapon, such as the sword or the bill; and needing but formal drill and some additional practice in his weapons to make him a finished soldier. How different from the British—and Canadian—recruit before the war!

Under the scheme here presented, if the 18-year-old lad were to present himself for enrolment in the Citizen Forces, he would be not unlike the mediæval recruit. He would be stronger and more active than is the rule to-day; he would be accustomed to life in the open, and comparatively skilled in wood-craft and "scout-lore"; he would be able to march, and in some cases to ride; he would be proficient with the infantry weapon; he would be fairly skilled in certain other arts of military value, such as the handling of motor cars, the use of the aeroplane, signalling, wireless telegraphy, etc.; he would have the practical discipline gained by seven or eight years of the team-play inculcated by his earlier activities; he would have some knowledge of the regularity of military life. He would, in short, be a recruit worth having. Assuming that he joins, now let formal drill be applied, so as to fit him, first for platoon, company and battalion work, and then for combined training. Drill—which so preoccupies the civilian in thinking of military life—would lose its great value

as an agency of discipline, though it would retain a secondary value—and would present itself principally as a set of ingenious arrangements whereby large numbers of men can go where they are needed in the shortest possible time. Team-play—to use the sporting equivalent of the military phrase "Combined training"—would become all-important, whether it be the adjusting of riflemen, bayonet-men, Lewis-gunners, rifle-grenadiers and bombers in one platoon, or the working of infantry with tanks, or behind a barrage.

The foregoing is an exceedingly rapid sketch of the general lines upon which the proposed policy is conceived, and as such it is subject to a number of qualifications. One type of such qualifications is the recollection that the sketch is designedly broad, and that the whole project lies in the future; it follows that if it is put in practice innumerable modifications will be natural as well as inevitable as one aspect of the plan after another proves fruitful or unpromising. As an example of these aspects, we may take the question, already noted, of training leaders among the boys and youths whose training hitherto has been considered in the mass; this will render necessary some measure of differentiation in the treatment of individuals. At this stage, the course which commends itself to the writer is to make education the governing principle. Speaking broadly, and making allowance for a proportion of cases in which competence and its opposite will affect the careers of individuals in defiance of their early circumstances, the future leaders of the community are to be found among the lads and youths who are undergoing secondary and higher education. If they are to be leaders in peace, they should be fitted to be leaders in war, and as their education gives them special training and instruction in subjects which will help them in their ordinary careers, so should it include military instruction beyond the average. The Royal Military College affords to Canadians a satisfactory and complete proof that it is possible to devise a scheme of education which will fit young men for civil life and yet train them to be good officers. The general ideal suggested here

is that the normal youth who obtains a secondary education on leaving the High School should be fitted to lead a platoon, and that the normal young man with a university education should include in his qualifications the ability to command a company. Training in the delicate and necessary art of command could be given by using those of these youths who show fitness in posts of subordinate authority in training the younger boys; an example of this in civilian education is the system of prefects or monitors which obtains in many boarding schools.

Another qualification is the consideration that a national army cannot consist of a mass of battalions of infantry; it is a complicated organization of several arms and almost innumerable services, the correct adjustment of proportions being a most important matter, requiring great technical skill. Thus the plan, which looks so simple in the foregoing sketch, in practice would mean the keeping up of numerous diverse units, cavalry, artillery, engineers, infantry, machine guns, not to mention the Air Force, and such services as the very large Army Medical Corps which would be needed for the physical training which has been advocated. All of these would entail administrative problems.

Yet a third qualification is that certain forces would be necessarily extraneous to the general process of training the youth and passing them into the Reserve. The services which have been mentioned in part would necessarily be composed of men senior to the lads in training; it might prove advantageous to recruit them wholly from men who had completed the normal citizen's course. Again, this scheme means large instructional establishments. And further, a Permanent Force of a certain size will be needed, partly for garrison purposes, partly to give the requisite professional keenness to the instructors, and perhaps also to assist in the work of policing certain parts of the Empire, work which before the Great War was done exclusively by the Regular Army of the United Kingdom, but which the Canadian Army helped with during the struggle.

Again, the plan rests upon the provision of sufficient arms, ammunition, stores, etc., for the men so trained. Few will wish to see the British Empire again caught in the predicament of 1914, when proud England had to beseech South American republics to sell her arms, and British regiments drilled with rifles supplied by the courtesy of Japan. If we train the man we should not grudge to have his rifle and his clothing ready, and an adequate number of guns and cartridges. The number of weapons and stores to be provided is a technical matter, but as a popular expression of a general policy we shall not be far astray if we call for a rifle for every Canadian citizen.

At this point we can discuss the question of the lad whose progress we have traced to the age of 18. In Australia he would go, forthwith and compulsorily, to the Citizen Forces; this perhaps is the strictly democratic course. It would be a matter of State policy to decide whether to follow the Australian lead, and establish a compulsory service Citizen Force in which our lads would serve from 18 to 21; or to content ourselves with a voluntary Militia as of old. If we were to adopt the former policy, we probably should be driven to have a voluntary force of some sort, for men are not machines, and a proportion of our youngsters on attaining the age of 21 would wish to continue their amateur soldiering, while some would not. Such volunteer corps might provide the technical and auxiliary units which have been mentioned. The details necessarily are matter for the future, but it is essential in planning a scheme to bear in mind the fact that some such Force must exist, and to keep a place for it in our frame-work.

Lastly, neither this scheme nor any other can prosper without the maintenance of a suitable Headquarters, both Administrative Staff and General Staff. The writer does not attempt to disguise the fact that this proposal is an exceedingly ambitious one; it contemplates nothing less than making physical and military training an integral part of the life of the nation—a more closely related part than ordinary

education is now, though no more than it should be. Any system which is to be an integral part of a thing so complex and various as the life of a modern community must itself be complex, that is, must have careful administration: and must have applied to it exceedingly good brains. Now, the brain of an army is its General Staff. If the avowedly ambitious scheme herein presented is to furnish a vital and valuable feature of Canadian social development, it must be managed with skill and breadth of view; these can be secured only by the maintenance of a good General Staff. An example of the flexibility of mind which is furnished by such an organization is furnished by the well-known fact that a detail in the preparations for the First Battle of the Somme was the provision in advance of the attack of a water-supply sufficient for the needs of the largest Canadian city. Another is the rapidity with which gas warfare, once forced upon our troops, was studied, mastered and turned to advantage.

It remains to consider the effect of such a policy. This paper has considered it from the military point of view. The writer has had in mind the producing of military strength, of the sort which Canada needs. From the broadest standpoint, it is contended that this plan would not interfere with the general peaceful development of the country, nor with the humane projects of international organization to which reference has been made. To accustom the entire population to arms, and to train the entire educated class to leadership, can scarcely be construed into a menace to the liberty of the people, or the exaltation of a narrow professional class to a disproportionate influence in matters of State. The ideal in mind is a nation which shall pursue the policy decided upon by its proper government; which shall be averse from aggression; but which, if the object of attack, can in a reasonably short time exert a power far greater in proportion to its numbers than any which has been wielded in the past. If this policy is decided upon; if it has been carried through by 1925; if it is persevered in; and if by 1950 the population of Canada is some fifteen or sixteen millions: it will not be

very wide of the mark to estimate the number of soldiers—trained, armed and organized—at the disposal of the Government at two millions. So much for the military aspect of the project.

After the frank avowal in the foregoing sentences, one may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon the secondary benefits which may be expected. First, I would place the improvement in the health and strength of the general population. If the project were adopted, and were carried through with wisdom, it may fairly be anticipated that the average stature of the people would be appreciably increased; that strength and health would be more common than is the case to-day; that invalidism and serious physical disability would be lessened; that disease and suffering would be reduced, and certain sorts of them, which now do great injury, would tend to disappear; that certain disabilities, such as those which spring from neglect to the eyes and the teeth, would be greatly reduced. These would be priceless boons to the community—a by-product (to use an industrial term) which, after the manner of some by-products, by itself would furnish an ample return on the cost of the system.

Also, there should be a gain in the habit of joint effort, comradeship and mutual good-will. What is proposed is that the entire male population from its tender years should be carefully, systematically, scientifically trained in team work, in mutual loyalty; and so trained as to render these qualities enviable and their practice agreeable. Any training in joint effort is valuable in some directions; despite the many objectionable features of the German military system, the practice in co-operation which it gave greatly increased German material efficiency and producing power. In like manner the producing power of Canada would be enhanced. Further, in the present juncture of social development, training in good-will is especially valuable, and this proposal aims, at every stage, at inculcating and developing understanding, respect and liking between all elements in the community.

Other benefits will occur to the reader, such as the aid which it will give in assimilating certain foreign elements in the body politic. One good result should be the increase in the joy of living among all classes, especially among those least favoured by fortune; I admit that I take pleasure in the vision of a multitude of boys, many of them now confined the year round to city streets, snatched away for a summer month in each year to a life in the open, in the woods, by lakes and rivers, to enjoy a holiday of the sort now practicable only to the wealthier classes, and to learn how to play so as to build up health, strength and joyous elasticity of spirit. This is an imponderable element in the prescription; but surely of deep and urgent value to the community.

C. F. Hamilton

## AUX CHAMPS DE FLANDRE

[*Translation*]

Aux Champs de Flandre, les pavots,
Parmi les croix, sur nos tombeaux,
Ont fleuri. L'alouette chante
Encor sa chanson enivrante,
Au-dessus des canons, là-haut.

C'est nous les Morts, mis au repos,
Aimés et amoureux, si tôt
Fauchés en javelles sanglantes,
Aux champs de Flandre.

Nous vous confions le flambeau,
Sûrs que vous le maintiendrez haut.
Mais, si vous trompiez notre attente,
Jamais nos prunelles brûlantes
Ne dormiraient, sous les pavots,
Aux champs de Flandre.

Max Ingres

and last

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# THE PEACE AND ITS CONSEQUENCE

THINGS have their consequences. The consequence of the war was a peace; but no two persons are agreed in their estimate of the consequence which will follow the Treaty by which peace was proclaimed. Those who are guided by history prophesy war. Those who are governed by their feelings and animated by their desires testify to a perpetual harmony. Not one of the Allies is satisfied; and of the enemy those who take the Treaty seriously are outspoken in condemnation. The Turks alone are in a tolerant mood, and they have signified their willingness to arrange for the assassination of the minor members of their Cabinet as a token of their good faith in carrying out any terms.

Upon these pages, in December, M. René du Roure became sincerely passionate as he gave voice to French opinion. The victorious peace, he admitted, had realized some of the most cherished hopes of France; but it fell far short of complete satisfaction. The return of Alsace and Lorraine, the resources of the Saar valley, a considerable indemnity, a defensive alliance with the two most powerful nations in the world—what more do they want, he asks, and answers, the left bank of the Rhine. Not as a programme of Imperialism, he protests, not by annexation, but by occupation and neutralization; not by the desire of conquest but to realize the most important of the ends of the war: security.

This security, which is denied by the treaty, M. du Roure declares with true Gallic spirit will be obtained by self reliance, by military service, by a war budget, by munitions and armaments, which, he adds significantly, are after all the best guarantees; and, one may suggest, the only guarantees of any value. The ancient Hebrew method of dealing with a conquered enemy is no longer available. With the best of will the Turks employed that method against the Armenians,

and failed in spite of a skill acquired by a long experience, as the more amateur Germans more egregiously failed in Belgium.

The former President of France, M. Raymond Poincaré, now complains in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the English are not content with this Treaty, feeble and emasculated as he considers it, but want it revised—in the interests of the enemy. That is too much. For his authority he quotes Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Asquith, as being anxious to reduce the indemnity due to France even before the amount is fixed. That will do very well for the English, who have not seen their provinces *occupés, dévastés, ruinés*. More ominous still, this statesman notes that an entire literature has begun to flourish in England upon the injustice of the Treaty, not towards France but towards Germany and Austria. The observation of M. Poincaré is correct. There is such a literature, and it is a very powerful one.

Few persons in Canada are aware that books are yet being written in England, that they are read, and exercise a most profound effect upon the public mind and upon public policy. Such books rarely come to Canada. The difficulties of transit are so great that the desire passes before the book arrives, and only a hardy reader will repeat the experiment. With the utmost of effort and the best of luck it requires ten days for a book to be procured from New York. For a person above the middle age of life ordering a book from England is a doubtful transaction—the pains, and perils, and delays of the post and customs are so alarming.

But the need of books is not greatly felt. Excellent periodicals come in from the United States. They are free of duty and arrive even before they are published. Books are sent "on sale," which means that unsold copies may be returned at the publisher's expense. The book stalls are heaped high, and people always buy from the biggest pile. They take what they are given. The "jackets" charm. A sombre cover is shamed out of countenance. The largest distributing agency in Canada which controls news stands

from the Atlantic to the Pacific takes eight copies of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE—and sells them all.

In some obscure way it became known that an important book had been published in England. The English reviews were excited. *Mr. Punch* made rhymes about it. Private letters made mention of the book as of a thing that everyone must know. The cables referred to a question in the House of Commons, which touched upon the publication. The daily press had wrenched from the context certain passages in which President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau were characterized with swift strokes of brilliant raillery and ingenious malice. But no one had seen the book. The edition was said to be exhausted, or an edition was being printed in New York for the supply of the Canadian market in due season. The Professor of Political Economy in Toronto was reputed to have a copy. There was certainly one in the library of Queen's University, a library which is managed by a person, and not by a series of cards arranged in drawers shut up in a bureau. At length the existence of such a book became known to the head of a financial institution large enough to be in constant communication with London. It was ordered by cable, and the present comment is based upon that copy.

At first reading the book was a disappointment. It was no revelation from heaven. It was the plainest statement of fact. Upon further reading it was easy to see why M. Poincaré was disturbed. It is a disturbing book. Persons who are learned in forgotten controversies will revive for it the epithet "devilish," as having the definitive value the term possessed when it was applied to the writings of Gibbon, Darwin, Huxley, and Matthew Arnold. This book, like theirs, instils doubt. The author suggests, though he refrains from saying so in specific terms, that the Germans, and especially the Austrians, are human beings. Men who spent many years in the trenches acquired the same suspicion. At battalion headquarters they admitted that the enemy "endured the winter's cold as well as we." At

Brigade they abstained from comment. At Division they were critical; at Corps denunciatory; and on leave they "hated" like any civilian.

In Canada a college connotes nothing as to a man's outlook on life. The students at McGill are not all Jews; at Queen's they are not all ill-mannered radicals; at Toronto they are not all women; and at Dalhousie not all are philosophers with a taste for classics and letters. But in England a University is of one mind. Oxford has a passion for ease and beauty. Cambridge is the home of intellect untouched by illusion. Life at Cambridge is a problem in mathematics, proceeding from a gratuitous assumption to a calculated conclusion. In further detail, when one knows a man's college in England one knows what manner of man he is. Therefore one would expect that this book had emanated from King's College, where men live and write in the abstract, untouched by emotion, unmoved by clamour. For the stark truth one seeks at King's, and is never disappointed—if one likes that sort of thing.

This author has other qualifications for demanding attention. His book is not an emanation from the philosophic void. He was attached to the British Treasury during the war. He was their official representative at the Paris Peace Conference up to June 7th, 1919. He sat as deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council. He resigned from these positions, moved by his objection to the whole policy of the Conference towards the economic problems of Europe. But resignation is not always final proof. Perversity may appear under the guise of conscientious objection, and public policy be mistaken for private pique. The grounds for his resignation are set forth in the book. It bears the title, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." The author is John Maynard Keynes, C.B. The book is published by the Macmillans, and the preface bears the date of November, 1919. There is said to be an American edition as well. From another source it is easily learned that Mr. Keynes is Secretary of the Royal Economic

Society, editor of the *Economic Journal,* author of "Indian Currency and Finance," and was created C.B. in 1917. This is a formidable equipment. Mr. Keynes is not a mere writer or journalist.

The theme is very simple. The leadership of the allied armies was entrusted to Marshal Foch. The Treaty was entrusted to M. Clemenceau, and it exists to-day as it left his hand. Canadians had something to do with the war. They have an equal interest in the peace, since the consequences will fall upon them in common with the rest of the world. They cannot afford to neglect the judgement of one who was present at its making "in that hot, dry room in the President's house, where the Four fulfilled their destinies in empty and arid intrigue . . . A sense of impending catastrophe overhung the frivolous scene; the futility and smallness of man before the great events confronting him; the mingled significance and unreality of the decisions; levity, blindness, insolence, confused cries from without—all the elements of ancient tragedy were there . . . One could wonder if the extraordinary visages of Wilson and of Clemenceau were really faces at all and not the tragic-comic masks of some strange drama or puppet-show, where all was a matter of life and death, of starvation and existence, of the fearful convulsions of a dying civilisation."

Mr. Keynes describes the Treaty as an intellectual idea, the idea of France and of Clemenceau. The French took the lead. They put forward extreme proposals only to abate them, and so gain credit for moderation. They had a fixed policy to fall back upon, and it never was allowed to suffer.

Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, "had thought out nothing. When it came to practice, his ideas were nebulous and incomplete. He had no plan, no scheme, no constructive ideas. He not only had no proposals in detail, but he was in many respects, perhaps inevitably, ill-informed as to European conditions. His mind was slow and unadaptable. There can seldom have been a statesman of the first rank more incompetent in the agilities of the council chamber. He

was far too slow-minded and bewildered. He did not remedy these defects by seeking aid from the collective wisdom of his lieutenants. He allowed himself to be closeted, unsupported, unadvised, and alone, with men much sharper than himself, in situations of supreme difficulty, where he needed for success every description of resource, fertility, and knowledge. As the President had thought nothing out, the Council was generally working on the basis of a French or British draft. He had to take up, therefore, a persistent attitude of obstruction, criticism, and negation. At the crisis of his fortunes the President was a lonely man. He stood in great need of sympathy, of moral support, of the enthusiasm of masses. But buried in the Conference, stifled in the hot and poisoned atmosphere of Paris, no echo reached him from the outer world, and no throb of passion, sympathy, or encouragement from his silent constituents in all countries."

Look now upon the picture of M. Clemenceau. He alone could understand all that was said. He was the only one who spoke English and French. Orlando spoke Italian and French but no English. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George knew only English. There sat Clemenceau in the midst of this inarticulate group on his square brocaded chair facing the fireplace, "with his square-tailed coat of very good, thick black broadcloth, and on his hands, which were never uncovered, grey suède gloves; his boots of thick black leather, very good, but of a country style. He carried no papers, no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary. He spoke seldom; he closed his eyes often and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment. A short sentence, decisive or cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified abandonment of his Ministers, or a display of obstinancy reinforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered English. But speech and passion were not lacking when they were wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of deep coughing from the chest, produced their impression rather by force and surprise than by persuasion."

But M. Clemenceau knew what he wanted. He wanted guarantees. The Fourteen Points of the President would serve as a point of departure. The League of Nations came after the guarantees. To secure them there was no objection to "some measure of lip service to the 'ideals' of foolish Americans and hypocritical Englishmen." He had made up his mind about the Germans. He was convinced that the German "understands and can understand nothing but intimidation, that he is without generosity or remorse in negotiation, that there is no advantage he will not take, no extent to which he will not demean himself for profit, that he is without honour, pride, or mercy." Mr. Keynes adds, however, that it was doubtful how far M. Clemenceau thought these characteristics peculiar to Germany, or whether his candid view of some other nations was fundamentally different. "He had one illusion—France; and one disillusion—mankind, including Frenchmen, and his colleagues not least."

The final attitude of Mr. Wilson towards his colleagues is described in these words: "I want to meet you as far as I can; I see your difficulties, but I can do nothing that is not just and right." "Then began the weaving of that web of sophistry that was finally to clothe with insincerity the language and substance of the whole Treaty. The subtlest sophisters and most hypocritical draftsmen were set to work, and produced many ingenious exercises which might have deceived for more than an hour a cleverer man than the President." Of this the author furnishes several instances, "in which the honest and intelligible purpose of French policy, to limit the population of Germany and weaken her economic system, was clothed in the august language of freedom and international equality."

In one paragraph possibly tinged by temper Mr. Keynes describes the *milieu* in which the Treaty was brought forth: "Not infrequently Mr. Lloyd George, after delivering a speech in English, would, during the period of its interpretation into French, cross the hearthrug to the President

to reinforce his case by some *ad hominem* argument in private conversation, or to survey the ground for a compromise—and this would sometimes be the signal for a general upheaval and disorder. The President's advisers would press round him, a moment later the British experts would dribble across to learn the result or see that all was well, and next the French would be there, a little suspicious lest the others were arranging something behind them, until all the room were on their feet and conversation was general in both languages. My last and most vivid impression is of such a scene—the President and the Prime Minister as the centre of a surging mob and a babel of sound, a welter of eager, impromptu compromises and counter-compromises, all sound and fury signifying nothing, on what was an unreal question anyhow, the great issues of the morning's meeting forgotten and neglected; and Clemenceau, silent and aloof on the outskirts —for nothing which touched the security of France was forward—throned, in his grey gloves, on the brocade chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air; and when at last silence was restored and the company had returned to their places, it was discovered that he had disappeared."

From this confusion Mr. Keynes departed and eased his mind by writing a book upon the Treaty which he describes as a "Carthagenian Peace, not practically right or possible." Wrong and impossible are deadly qualities, but the author proceeds to his thesis with grave deliberation. He begins with a consideration of the "legerdemain" by which this treaty was substituted for the Fourteen Points, as enlarged in subsequent addresses. This he demonstrates as the "wrong" of the Treaty. The Allied and Associated Powers entered the Conference bound not alone by the Armistice terms but also by the Fourteen Points and additions, which were summarized in those terms and formed the basis of them. The nature of the Contract between Germany and the Allies was plain and unequivocal. The circumstances of the Contract were of an unusually solemn and binding character;

for one of the conditions of it was that Germany should agree to Armistice Terms which were to be such as would leave her helpless. Germany having rendered herself helpless in reliance on the Contract, the honour of the Allies was peculiarly involved in fulfilling their part, and, if there were ambiguities, in not using their position to take advantage of them (page 55).

The author specifies that his main concern is with the wisdom of the Treaty and with its consequences, not with the justice of it,—neither with the demand for penal justice against the enemy, nor with the obligation of contractual justice on the victor. This theme he is willing to leave to other writers. It is precisely the theme that interests us in Canada, since we are rather detached from the economic consequences of the peace, but cannot detach ourselves from the consequences of a wrong—if wrong there be—which was done in our name, and we stood by consenting.

Mr. Keynes sets forth with scrupulous exactness an account of Mr. Wilson's correspondence with the Germans from October 5th, 1918, when peace negotiations were asked for, and November 5th, 1918, when he transmitted to the Germans the reply he had received from the Governments associated with him. In this reply the Allied Governments, "subject to the qualifications which follow, declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's Address to Congress of January 8th, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent Addresses." These qualifications concerned the Freedom of the Seas, and Reparation. They were accepted by the enemy. An armistice was concluded upon these terms which were to form the only basis of the Treaty.

Persons who are well aware that the Treaty and the Fourteen Points do not correspond comfort themselves that the Addresses explain the discrepancy. These were four in number,—before Congress, February 11th; at Baltimore, April 6th; at Mount Vernon, July 4th; and at New York, September 27th. To complete his indictment, Mr. Keynes

sets forth both series, omitting only those parts which have no relevance, and that point which deals with the "Freedom of the Seas," as the Allies had rejected it:

*The Fourteen Points.*—(3) "The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among *all* the nations consenting to the Peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." (4) "Adequate guarantees *given and taken* that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." (5) "A free, open minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims," regard being had to the interests of the population concerned. (6), (7), (8), and (11). The evacuation and "restoration" of all invaded territory, especially of Belgium. To this must be added the rider of the Allies, claiming compensation for all damage done to civilians and their property by land, by sea, and from the air. (8) The righting of "the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine." (13) An independent Poland, including "the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations" and "assured a free and secure access to the sea." (14) The League of Nations.

*Before the Congress, February 11.*—"There shall be no annexations, *no contributions, no punitive damages....* self determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril.... Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival States."

New York, September 27.—(1) "The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just." (2) "No special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all." (3) "There can be no leagues

or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations." (4) "There can be no special selfish economic combinations within the League and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion, except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control." (5) "All international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world."

This programme, Mr. Keynes insists, had passed on November 5th, 1918, beyond the region of idealism and aspiration, and had become part of a solemn contract to which all the Great Powers of the world had put their signature. But it was lost, he continues, "in the morass of Paris;—the spirit of it altogether, the letter in parts ignored and in other parts distorted."

After reciting the Fourteen Points and the subject matter of the Addresses, and referring to those passages which deal with "spirit, purpose, and intention," the author is content, and "every man must judge for himself whether in view of them, deception or hypocrisy has been practised."

And yet there is no mistaking the judgement which Mr. Keynes has formed. The quality, he says, which chiefly distinguishes this transaction from all others is its insincerity. The German commentators, he declares, "had little difficulty in showing that the draft Treaty constituted a breach of engagements and of international morality comparable with their own offence in the invasion of Belgium."

Mr. Keynes has gone too far, and yet not far enough. He has not told us the cause of this "insincerity," although it was understood in the humblest café in France even before the Armistice was signed. The only person in the transaction who was entirely sincere was President Wilson himself, as sincere as the young man from "Hickville," who comes to Wall Street with the model of an invention for producing perpetual motion, sincere as the madman who paces the

corridor, believing and proclaiming that he is the saviour of the world. Such a situation is the stuff of all the comic books. An old lady is welcomed into the house of her cynical relations so long as she is believed to be rich and willing to relieve them of their obligations contracted it may be on her account. They will tolerate her fourteen bundles or as many more as she may choose to impede herself with. When they discover that she is concerned only with the safe bestowal of her impedimenta; and, worse still, when they suspect that her riches are merely in the form of an annuity which expires in a year or two, they are apt to become "insincere," and lose all further interest in her and her fourteen bundles.

That was the situation of Mr. Wilson. The war was over when his fourteen points and addresses came into view. The Germans were beaten. They knew it themselves. The Army knew it. The French considered that they had much to do with the result. They had lost all but victory. Their young men were slain, their country ruined, their savings dissipated, their future pledged—America their chief creditor. It was their fixed belief that Mr. Wilson, who aspired to take the chief part in arranging for the new world he dreamed of, should place the Americans on an equal footing by thanking the French for their fidelity in expending the millions that had been placed in their hands for a common purpose. They looked for a gesture of generosity cancelling all debts. They soon found that Mr. Wilson had a much more ideal design. He did not mention money. He had no authority either in finance or in peace. All that remained was for the French to "interpret" the terms as well as they could. They had no further interest in Mr. Wilson. They never had any real interest in his solemn leagues and covenants. Europe was self-deceived, and self-deception leaves a bitter remorse. Uncle Sam would do well not to be caught coming around a European corner with a bag of salt on his back.

And the United States Senate is the only legislative body that was sincere—to continue to employ Mr. Keynes' term—in the discussion of the Treaty. They proceeded

to examine very thoroughly this strange gift horse, and especially the teeth. Canada called a session of Parliament at the cost of a million dollars, and signed the Treaty without knowing what it meant, without considering its implications, without the slightest intention of carrying out its terms. Any of those newly fabricated "nations" which believes that Canada will send a single division into the Polish corridor for the "freedom" of Danzig is imagining a vain thing. Let any Canadian figure this adventure to himself. The United States Senate considered and reserved; it has been scrupulous to let the world know where it stands. Canada achieved a certain "status" by signing, as another young man from the country achieves financial status when he puts his name on the back of a note already drawn up for the convenience of his signature.

Persons who have no knowledge of military operations have often professed the belief that "it would have been better" if Germany had "surrendered unconditionally." Doubtless it would; for even unopposed, the Canadian Corps experienced the greatest difficulty in proceeding to the Rhine. At one point the troops were 93 miles from railhead, and the interval was covered by motor-trucks, which was the extreme range of their operation. The Corps was at a stand-still in the Ardennes, where a snowfall of nine inches would have created disaster. The "wrong" Mr. Keynes finds is that the enemy was treated as if they had surrendered unconditionally instead of ceasing fire under an Armistice of which the conditions had been guaranteed in advance.

When Mr. Keynes ventures upon prophecy we must leave him. He declares that the spokesmen of the French and British people have run the risk of completing the ruin of Europe which Germany began, and he shows in detail how this ruin will be accomplished. Nor need we follow him as he propounds the remedy—a revision of the Treaty, a cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness, an international loan, the reform of the currency, a proper relation between

Central Europe and Russia. If the case is so hopeless as Mr. Keynes pronounces it to be, any remedy is too feeble and too late, but final sanction is given to the old judgement, that things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be.

Canada awoke one morning and found herself at war. She fought her way to peace. Another morning Canada may awake and find herself beyond the pale of Empire, her ancient heritage of loyalty to her King, veneration for the past, and love for the land from which she is sprung, all filched away and exchanged for a "status," a word of which none knows the import or implication, least of all those who have been mewing and muttering "nation," and "nationhood," whilst soldiers fought. If this is to be the end; if Canada has been manoeuvred into a status such as is enjoyed by Bolivia or Peru, for the sake of a vote in a hypothetical debating society, then of the dead it may well be confessed that they have died in vain. Those who are forward in this play of words are victims of their own short sight and vain imaginings. When they have accomplished their perfect work it too will have its consequence. When the Imperial thread is broken these provinces will fall into that original chaos from which they were rescued by Confederation. Every province will then be a "sovereign nation," a little soviet, and there will be nice political work in the legislatures. Canada in a memorable debate was once likened to "a ripe apple ready to fall from the tree." What happens to a ripe apple when it falls to the ground is a matter of common knowledge.

THE EDITOR

# THE IMMIGRANT

THERE is a point where optimism passes over into folly. That point has long since been reached, and exceeded, in the economic history of Canada. Ever since Confederation we have lived by advertisement; but there is a great gulf fixed between the truth of a thing and the statements that are advertised concerning it. The intention of all this flamboyancy was to interest, and attract, immigrants. We ourselves ended by accepting it as fact. That is ever the danger of propaganda. It leads to self deception. In the army there was an intelligence department for the purpose of deceiving the enemy. Quite as often it deceived ourselves, and even the authors of it did not long remain immune.

Without a certain measure of illusion the affairs of the world, or even of the heart, cannot be carried on. In the secrecy of the Cabinet policies gain strength. Business demands continual hope, and great enterprises thrive on a confidence which has in it certain elements of the fictitious. A confidence which is excessively stimulated does lead to bankruptcy and may lead to worse. But a wise man will at least once a year summon an accountant for a reckoning. Otherwise his creditors will perform that good office for him, and he himself may receive a summons of a more insistent kind with definite penalties attached. This accounting is of a different nature from the attraction of customers and the borrowing of money, although there may be such a thing as a balance sheet which is an unconscious delusion or wilfully false.

At times the greatest enemy is he who speaks the truth. He may cause despondency at a moment when blind courage and complete ignorance are required to avert disaster. In the economic history of Canada that moment is past. There is no more money to be borrowed, and immigrants who are

likely to be attracted by advertisement are not those who are the most desirable. Even if immigrants are deterred, that evil will be more than atoned for by the good which the truth will do to ourselves.

And yet, we in our time have not been sinners above all men in the matter of advertisement for immigrants. Travellers' tales are always believed. The report that a metal was found in Virginia, which "bowed easily," was enough to send the first adventurers to the James's River, and the lure of "fools' gold" is common. The exodus from Scotland in the early years of last century was stimulated by the calculated story of an Irishman, that in Canada was a tree yielding a sap which could be converted into whisky, and that tea grew wild in the swamps.

It may indeed be that the ear of the immigrant is deaf to any further blandishment, and that the tide is turned from these American shores. In January the United States for the first time in history suffered a loss of population. Last year the total gain was only 21,000 persons, and that largely from Mexico. For the first fourteen years of this century the influx of immigrants amounted to a million a year, and for the century ending with 1919 over thirty-three million persons entered. With depreciation in numbers there has been loss in quality. Great Britain having sent out more than eight millions has long since had none to send. From Germany emigration ceased nearly twenty years ago. The lesser breeds supplied the numbers, and the quality has so deteriorated that from Canada alone twenty thousand were turned away last year.

Canada presents the curious anomaly of being a country which has been sending out emigrants at a time when immigrants were being sought. Last year 57,000 native born Canadians entered the United States with the declared intention of making their homes in that country, and increased the number to nearly a million. Of all Canadians born in Canada one out of five lives in the United States, and this country is now their main source of supply. It is quite

true that a considerable number of Americans have come northward, but an interchange of population is not greatly to the good of either country. One Province has declined by thirty per cent of natives, and the loss has not been made good by immigrants, even if that were desirable.

A favourite subject of speculation with politicians, and even with ministers of cabinet rank, is the status of Canada when its population will have surpassed that of the British Island. They profess the fear that the political status of Canada cannot be changed quickly enough to meet the contingency. They found the words "nation" and "nationhood" in the dictionary, and discovered in them regeneration and beatitude. A leader of the newly enfranchised voters has contributed as her political wisdom a calculation that "when Canada is as thickly settled as Belgium," this country will contain twenty-five hundred million people, that is, twenty-five times the present population of the United States. That is what is meant by saying that there is a point where optimism passes over into folly.

In contrast with this ecstasy a study of the distribution of population in America is a cheerless task. Winnipeg is the geographical centre of the North American Island. Here intersect the lines of latitude and longitude which divide the area into four equal quarters, namely: eastern and western Canada; eastern and western States. Of every thousand persons living on this continent 759 are in the south-eastern quarter, and the remaining 241 are variously distributed over all the other quadrants. In the last forty years the population of Canada has increased by 95 per cent.; the United States by 136; but whilst eastern Canada has increased by 52, the eastern United States have increased by 108 per cent. This relative growth of population would appear to indicate that the eastern States have certain natural and permanent advantages as well as the temporary advantage conferred by historical priority of settlement. These advantages are various. There is access to the world by open harbours; ease of inland navigation; the presence of lumber, coal, oil,

and iron; a regular and ample rainfall equal to the precipitation in the triangle indicated by Niagara, North Bay, Ottawa, which is the area in Canada most abundantly supplied. Unto the place that hath shall be given. It is a vain dream that hydro-electric power and irrigation shall compensate for lack of rain, a lack that becomes more serious as the forests disappear, since rain is the source of this power and irrigation.

The movement of population is the profoundest phenomenon in history: it is history. The causes are much more complex than those which create the tides of the sea. They are rather comparable with those which occasion the winds and storms of the air. The winds do not blow as they list. Men move as they are driven and migrate like the animals of the plain. They are governed by the forces of life itself, and the conflict of these forces is manifest in the phenomenon known as war. Immigration is war,—war by the new comers upon those already in possession. The English alone understand this profound truth. For two thousand years they have been striving to keep immigrants out of their country, at times by force of arms, and in peace by telling them incessantly how bad the climate is and how incompetent the government. The habit is so ingrained that they will not have an immigrant from another county. If the adventurer persists, survives, and produces children, they may accept those born in their precincts, and in virtue of them alone exercise some tolerance towards the parents. In the more civilized parts of Canada also one may have lived in a settlement for forty years, and yet be described as a foreigner, or as an imported man.

This practice is profoundly wise. There are breeds of men as there are strains of animals and classes of plants. They have their own affinities and their own repulsions. Unless a proper heredity governs, environment and education yield nothing but disaster. When all immigrants are equal before the law, and have the same power over government through the instrument of the vote; when mental attainments and physical courage count for naught, the lower breeds will

prevail. The white man will not contend in the sweat shop. The slum and the ghetto he cannot endure. He demands open air for his sustenance. The American could not compete with the negro in work with his hands. The attempt always ended in personal degradation and in extinction of the race, for the white man, when hard pressed, will not or cannot reproduce his kind.

The lower races, of course, deny the validity of this law. Without a country, without a flag or language, without even surnames save such as they assume for themselves, they are the great apostles of the brotherhood of man, and sentimentalists among ourselves encourage the delusion in the belief that they are giving assent to Christian doctrine. We have seen what the theory of the "melting pot" has done in Mexico. The Americans have sent their negroes to school and to church, and left them negroes. The white race imposed their Aryan language upon the Orientals, and left them Indians, or worse, by the slight infusion of alien blood.

Emigration for the parent race is the road to suicide. It is the shedding of blood. Blood shed enriches the fresh earth, but none can say what the new growth shall be. In any event the old race is destroyed. There may be, indeed must be, a judicious casting out of the more adventurous and turbulent spirits who will prey upon the new land and bring home the spoil or perish on a foreign shore, like hardy and courageous men. From such England has always had enrichment. If they remain and marry with the children of the earth, the earth swallows them. Isolated families fare no better. In three generations they disappear. There are no trees on the prairies because there are no trees. Families, like trees, require shelter and company. A tree is more easily transplanted than a man. A good seed may be planted in a new soil, but it may develop into a pest or a disease.

Migration in mass fares little better. Colonial history is full of such adventures. The Dutch in South Africa became Boers; the Puritans became Americans, and fought to

the death with their fellow Virginians. Wolfe's Highlanders have disappeared in Quebec as completely as the Aryans in India. But this phenomenon is the commonplace of history; it is the history of the world. As war loomed up to the experienced European eye emigration was discouraged by every possible means. Human life had a fresh value. Emigrants to foreign lands were lost, as the Germans were soon to discover. Even the value of concrete colonies came under debate. Happily the British Dominions and Colonies stood the test, since the fate of all was inextricable from the fate of the mother country; loyalty to the King and love for the old land was yet unimpaired. But the attitude and action of colonies has always been the most perplexing problem in history. The Greek colonies turned upon the mother country, and the conduct of the American colonies is only too well known.

Migration is effective only when it is governed by the laws of growth, when it proceeds slowly from a parent stand, developing after its kind, and pushing all before it like the encroachment of a forest; or like waters long pent up, which burst their bounds and overwhelm. The Germans were not quite ready for such an invasion. They broke their dams too soon, and the volume was insufficient for victory. The earth swallowed them.

The French in Canada are unconsciously following this method of steady pressure, and the pressure is kept steady by a counter pressure from without. Their race and religion is just sufficiently persecuted to keep their force intact. Ontario sees to that. A French Canadian family will not emigrate to Ontario where its language is under the ban. It stays at home and gathers force for the slow invasion that is now in progress. If Ontario were much more genial, much less serious, just a trifle cynical and tolerant; if it would forget Regulation Seventeen in the Education Act and allow others to forget it, the French invasion might be dispersed. It would be ascribing an excess of subtlety to the Catholic Church to assume that its opposition to this clause is merely

feigned, but certainly its purpose of keeping its people at home is well served by this bar to indiscriminate migration into Ontario. The ultimate source of immigration is the cradle, and the Canadian cradle rocks incessantly in Quebec.

This problem of immigration and its bearing upon the future of Canada presented itself to Guy Carleton when he was Governor. The solution was quite clear in his mind. It must be admitted that up to the present his prognostications have not been fulfilled to the letter, but ample length of time is a predicate of all prophecy. In a letter from Carleton to Shelburne dated at Quebec, 25th November, 1769, he sends a return, showing that there were in the country King's forces amounting to 1627 men with about 500 of his old subjects. The new subjects, that is, the French, could send into the field about 18000 men "well able to carry arms; of which number about one half have already served, with as much valour, with more zeal and more military knowledge than the regular troops of France that were joined with them . . . Having arrayed the strength of His Majesty's old and new subjects, and shown the great superiority of the latter, it may not be amiss to observe there is not the least probability this present superiority should ever diminish; on the contrary it is more than probable it will increase and strengthen daily. The Europeans who migrate never will prefer the long unhospitable winters of Canada to the more cheerful climates and more fruitful soil of His Majesty's southern provinces . . . But while this severe climate and the poverty of the country discourages all but the natives, its healthfulness is such that these multiply daily, so that barring a catastrophe shocking to think of this country must to the end of time be peopled by the Canadian race who have already taken such firm root and got to so great a height that any new stock transfused will be totally hid and imperceptible amongst them except in the towns of Quebec and Montreal."

It is now permissible to admit that the winter in Canada is cold. Any one who made that admission during the past

thirty years was proclaimed an enemy of his country. Mr. Kipling in his noble verse at least implied that snow fell in Canada, and he was assailed with a chorus of protest. The Canadian winter was the great secret. It may now be declared that the winter can be enjoyed. Thirty years ago it was so enjoyed. "Palaces" were built of ice; they were illuminated with coloured fire; the streets were filled with snowshoers in blanket, sash, and tuque. Skates rang on the ice and bells on the sleighs. The hillsides were alive with swift toboggans, and the young people had a chance to view the stars in the huge and silent night. But this was bad advertisement. Immigrants would be scared away. Better to insist that Orillia was in the same latitude as Cape Finisterre, and Winnipeg as far south as Havre, Mainz, or Prague. It could not be denied that Winnipeg was cold. The argument was met by saying that, "if it was cold you did not feel it," and that any way it was hot in summer.

The authority of climate will in the long run assert itself since the main concern of the race is to keep itself warm. By a temporate climate is meant one in which men will not perish of cold or by heat. It is the extremes that count. A lowering of five degrees below the normal would destroy the inhabitants of India. The climate of England is the best in the world because it is the most temperate. The mean for the winter is 40 degrees, for the summer sixty, for the whole year fifty. If the weather should remain below freezing for three consecutive days, the conditions are described as "arctic." The mean annual temperature of Manitoba is just at the point of freezing; the mean for winter is seven degrees above zero, while the range for the year extends from 43 degrees below zero to 98 above. And yet Canadians require for comfort an indoor temperature twenty degrees higher than is considered ample in England.

The consumption of fuel involved in these conditions is serious. In England the heat engendered in the process of cooking the food is held to be sufficient to warm the house. In Canada every room must be warmed to an equable tem-

perature. For their very existence Canadians are dependent upon coal, and the country produces only a quarter of the amount consumed. Worse still, the deposits lie at the extreme edges of the continent, or rather beyond its confines, for both in Nova Scotia and British Columbia the main seams are now in the ocean bed, and every year more difficult of access. The quantity raised last year in Nova Scotia fell short of the normal by the million tons. The main dependence is upon the United States, and that supply is precarious. Last year Canada was restricted to 77 per cent of the usual supply; 65 per cent to Winnipeg, 50 per cent to the remainder of Manitoba; but none was allowed to proceed further west. For the past twenty years the price in the United States has advanced by one per cent a year; and ninety years is now set as the period of final exhaustion, by which time both countries will have become involved in a common calamity.

Contrary to the common belief the further north one lives the less open air one breathes. The dweller in the tropics breathes only fresh air: the Esquimaux breathe none. Temperature is only one factor in climate. Elevation and aridity are even more important. The race from which we are sprung demands an equable temperature and a humid air. In the high central plains the women especially "go to pieces," and it is upon them the permanency of any immigration depends. Even from Montreal the summer exodus to the sea shore, the mountains, and river is the normal, and all persons who can afford the journey arrange to escape for a part of the winter at least. From the West relief is difficult on account of the immense distances, and California must remain to most persons as an unfulfilled desire. Permanence of residence is the essential of immigration since migrants sometimes forget to return.

Most foolish of all is the practice of establishing colonies, and protecting the colonists from the results of their own folly, mistakes, or idleness at the public expense. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat, that is a doctrine which must be continually enforced. And yet we are repeating this folly by

assembling returned soldiers in the northern wilderness. The men know that for a time at least they will not be allowed to starve, and they prefer to sit in their comfortable, warm, and well lighted buildings, eating "canned stuff," and waiting for the daily mail, rather than extract their living from the niggardly soil. All incentive to labour is destroyed by the assurance of public sustenance.

The situation of immigrants in areas which are subject to periodical failure of crops is only a little less deplorable. In more rational times they were warned by famine to avoid the desert. Now they are taught that they will be relieved by public charity, and they have come to demand public charity as an inalienable right. In Alberta there is a vast semiarid region which extends 200 miles north of the American border and from the Rocky Mountains to the Cypress Hills, where the settlers must be succoured at regular intervals. They are a charge upon the public and a drain upon the fertile lands. They will not evacuate the region so long as they are assured of public support.

Human endeavour, even in the matter of immigration, must be confined within the limits proper to it. Banking must be conducted according to its own laws and not by the vagaries of finance. The one thing a government cannot do is to engage in business. The law of business is that the loss must fall upon him who makes it. The business minister is immune. He may launch a ship in December, and all the resources of the country are at his disposal to retrieve the disaster, and no charge made. No private person can compete in an enterprise of that kind. The government must do all or none, and that is the end of industry.

It is the common boast that Canada is a business concern, the most perfect product of the business man. The natural resources were "capitalized." Money was borrowed. Railways were built far in excess of natural needs. Immigrants were to repay the expenditure as prospective guests would justify the erection of an hotel. Out of this process arose a

jargon, a series of formulæ, in which the word "potential" always had a place. The most popular reading was—*to convert potentiality into actuality.* Mr. Clyde Leavitt puts the formula in more elaborate form—*to transmute possibilities into permanent actualities demands a long viewpoint.* The formula is only a statement not a solution of the problem.

Canada, like any country, has natural resources, but no resources are of any value apart from the human labour bestowed upon them. Wild fruits, an edible animal caught in a trap, or a fish taken from the water may sustain a wandering prospector, but these resources go a short way towards the life of an organized community. Indeed no organization is possible so long as these chance resources lie ready at the hand, and it is only after they have disappeared that efforts are made to conserve them. The important Conservation Commission devotes the most of its labour to an enquiry which resembles a coroner's inquest or a *post mortem* examination. Their reports make dismal reading, but they suggest that the time has come to cease talking of natural resources, and give some attention to natural laws.

The only unit of wealth is a day's ration of food for a grown man. The dollar, gold or paper, is an illusion, or at best a symbol. The world is coming to the thing itself and can obtain it only by direct barter. All else but food has merely a contingent value. The value of clothing even is contingent upon climate and acquired habit. In the tropics it is almost worthless. Natural resources fall into the same category. They may have a contingent value, but at any moment that value may be destroyed. Commerce and trade depend entirely upon this contingency of value. For many years mines near Ottawa yielded a handsome profit from sulphate of lime. A new and easier source was discovered in the Appalachians, and the Canadian enterprise perished. On the other hand the discovery of gypsum in Canada destroyed the mines in Florida.

There are certain commodities of no value at the moment, which may rise into importance when a general

scarcity causes a fresh demand, or the exhaustion of related supplies compels a substitution. It is conceivable that a time may come when pulp wood will have become so rare that an aeroplane may be sent to Ungava to fetch home a log, or food become so scarce that an aviator may be sent on an expedition to the Arctic to catch a musk ox. But the contingency is remote, and the enterprise highly speculative. Before resorting to these extreme devices people will probably prefer to read less newspaper and eat more bread. When the forests were cut a pine tree would be left on some difficult hill top. At the time there was no warrant for expending human labour upon it, and it was allowed to remain until less opulent days. Tin mines have been opened up in England, which had lain idle since the fall of Phœnicia, and the charcoal burner's smoke was seen in Surrey, the first since Puck left Pook's hill. This is the romance and tragedy of trade.

When the level beds of sandstone across the border are exhausted, we shall begin to build in Canadian stone. Our cities are imported, the stone from Ohio, the doors from Wisconsin, the floors from the Carolinas. Winnipeg with its imposing streets and noble buildings is a mirage on the prairie. It does not belong in the scene. It is imported. With the exception of the sand for the mortar, which is only an indifferent sand after all, every stone and stick is carried for five hundred miles although good stone lies at its gates.

These observations are peculiarly applicable to Canada. The bituminous coal of Alberta may replace the anthracite of Ohio under cover of an American embargo: but the industry will be endangered when the embargo is lifted. That is the fallacy in all trade that depends upon tariffs, subsidy, and convention. The conditions are not permanent. They are subject to gusts of popular passion.

Persons who are clever at figures are fond of calculating the force of the water that falls in Canadian rivers. With a touch of hyperbole they invent new terms, and think they have created a new thing. They describe these foaming

waters as "white coal," or they think of racing rivers as horses which may be "harnessed." They even dream of satisfying the universal desire for heat from electricity, quite unaware that a water power expressed as the continuous labour of twenty horses day and night for a month is, for heating purposes, only the equivalent of one ton of coal. Niagara Falls if completely "harnessed" would involve an outlay of 240 million dollars, and then would yield for heating only the equivalent of 150 thousand tons of coal a month. The cost of transmission would even then remain to be added. Ontario would do well to think upon these things.

Having built our railways for the convenience of "potential" immigrants, the end is not yet. Railways must be operated, at what a cost we are only beginning to discover. Reference has been made to the winter. Climate manifests itself at every turn of the wheels. Frost condenses steam into futile water and lays its own laws upon construction, replacements, and repairs. The problem now is: these railways having been built, how long must we continue to operate them until the immigrants arrive to relieve us of this burden of fifty million dollars a year? Railways are so familiar that we have come to look upon them as a natural means of transportation like the winds upon the ocean. They have never received the full cost of operation. Part of their revenue is derived from land which was previously worthless. They were built free of charge at the expense of the investors who lost their capital in every case save one. The Canadian Pacific is the only large railway in America that ever made honest return to the original shareholders. If the national railways had been acquired free of cost, operation might be possible until these potential immigrants arrived. If the present rate of increase is not exceeded, the question of the abandonment of the two northerly railways is bound to arise. The truth is all railway rates are only about one-half of what the service costs. That accounts for the deficit of a thousand million dollars on the American roads. The contest now is between those who pretend that the loss in operation shall

be distributed over all the people and those who protest that they who use the railways shall pay for the service.

The manager of the National Railways declares that they may be made a source of enormous revenue if only enough goods be carried and enough people be induced to travel. One who watches two trains at Kingston Junction, headed in opposite directions, is led to suspect that the passengers would be better employed if they stayed at home. A commercial traveller is going to Toronto and another coming to Montreal to sell the same goods; two professors pass each other on their way to a lecture, when each would do better to lecture at home, or even to keep quiet. Some goods increase in value when they are moved. From this arises the inference that nothing has any value until it is put in a freight car. Transportation is the most precarious business in which men can engage. Suburban railways gave place to tramways; these in turn to motor-trucks, as investors have learned to their cost. Railways may be an asset; they may be a liability also. Their success lies within narrow limits. When people choose to remain where food is produced. and eat it there, the era of the railway will have passed.

It is not the intention to write the economic history of Canada in these few pages, but the condition of the forests may be taken as an illustration of our progress in the destruction of those natural resources upon which our future was based. They have disappeared in the lifetime of those now living, and a forest once destroyed is never replaced. A pine forest is the finest product of geological time, its flowering and final achievement. The world has a recorded history of four thousand years, and never in that time has a forest been renewed. In old settled countries under dire necessity patches of land have been planted with trees; but the land must first have been thoroughly cleared and labour available at nominal rates. Destruction and replanting have never gone together since it is more profitable to destroy, and the cost of replanting takes away the profit from the "development." It costs

twenty dollars to replant an acre of pulp wood and no returns are in sight for seventy years.

In the artificial forests of Europe the trees are cut by a process of selection. The ripe and dying timber is selected. In Canada also the principle of selection prevails, but with this distinction: we cut the good trees and allow the dead and dying to remain. In Europe where the forests are in settled areas, within reach of cheap labour, and every twig carried away for use, that method is practicable. With us it is a vain hope. Our business is to salvage what we can. The forest tree is a wild thing. It will not live in the presence of man. The forest is an unsafe place for a tree. Fire and disease are the enemy. It is a law of life that disease fastens upon the old and feeble. In Canada all the balsam is dead or dying, and in 1918 the spruce "showed incipient stages of similar trouble." The hardwoods are too heavy and poor to bear the cost of logging, and the slash develops disease like garbage in an army.

The growth of trees in northern regions is incredibly slow: it requires 150 years to produce one of four inches in diameter. In Quebec the yield is one six-inch tree per acre per year. If this perishes by fire or disease, there is no increase. All the facts are now known. The various governments have in their employ men of sincere minds and scientific accuracy. Their reports are based upon precise experiment and assiduous labour. There is no longer need for guesswork. Estimates of a thousand million cords have shrunk to 85 millions; and 25 millions to one hundredth of that quantity. As one observer puts it, 16 acres to a cord is in areas once burned a nearer estimate than 16 cords to the acre.

For every tree that is cut by the ax twenty-one perish by fire, and of two trees that escape the flames one dies of disease. A railway burns more timber than it hauls out, and as the forests recede from the streams logging becomes at first difficult, then impossible. The business will cease automatically. It has come almost to that point in the

United States, and as a result news-print has reached the price of ten cents a pound. In Canada the end also is in sight. In 1904 the Forestry Department of Quebec estimated that the supply of pulp would last 334 years. The three hundred years have since been abandoned, and it is now a question what part of the 34 years is a valid estimate.

But every cord of pulpwood secured is a cord saved. The operation of the mills is sheer gain. Their only fault is that they do not operate fast enough to overtake the ruin. The country is under a heavy obligation to the men of enterprise and courage who have undertaken to salvage the forests which were doomed to destruction even before they arrived upon the scene. The Minister of Lands and Forests in 1918 testified that the manufacturers were earnest and enterprising men who strove to get value from their material, to utilize waste, and turn all by-products to profitable account. They conceal nothing. They have their own scientific experts whose reports are open to the world. Mr. Ellwood Wilson, chairman of a committee of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association to confer upon means "essential to the preservation and perpetuation of the forests," sent to the persons concerned a letter remarkable for its breadth and sincerity, in which after reciting every possible alternative and considering every counsel of perfection he arrives at the ominous conclusion, "it almost seems as if there were no solution." Deplore it as we may we are face to face with a phenomenon of nature which will not be gainsaid.

More than half the population of Canada lives in the city. The ratio is increasing. All are agreed that the urban population is large enough, and that no further addition by immigration is desired. Life in a city has already become too complicated, too precarious, subject to sudden interruption, at the mercy of any tyrant in his moment of passion or of pique. At the hour when the present year began the inhabitants of Montreal were without warning deprived of water. Winnipeg was quite recently placed in a state of siege. The threat is constant everywhere. One who lives in a city has

given hostages because civic life has grown so vast and intricate. Each inhabitant in Montreal uses on an average every day 150 gallons of water which must be raised by imported coal; his daily life is bound up with telephones, trams, delivery services of all kinds. He is too easily struck at. The situation too closely resembles slavery or civil war.

Canadian cities present few attractions for the immigrant. The slum, which is twin sister to the factory, is not sufficiently developed. They are without well established ghettos such as exist in New York and Chicago. It is difficult to keep warm. There are persons who believe that a town can be "planned." They set the houses far apart. They think only of air, and forget that the air must be heated. The suburban idea was delectable when trollies were in their prime. It was soon discovered that a certain density of population was necessary if streets were to be maintained and tram lines operated. One fifth of all tramways in America are now bankrupt. Even in New York the interborough service is under a ninety-day threat of public ownership.

The city has broken down. The salvation of Canada lies in the land. The migration that will save is a flow of population from the town to the farm. But it is important to have clear ideas about farming also. Pictures of waving wheatfields with sixteen "binders" operating *en echelon* are not enough.

Farming is a way of life. It is that and nothing else. It is not a business. If a man does not find his life's pleasure in his daily work, in the contact of his fields and the companionship of his animals; if he does not enjoy his labour in woods, by stream and sea; if he thinks less of his daily bread, of the provision for a serene and contented old age, and more of the profit he draws, he would be well advised to seek some other vocation. And yet the farmer is being recommended by all and sundry to convert himself into a "business man," that is, to cease from work and think only of the profit which may be had from other hands.

Most surely is the farmer doomed when he depends upon a government to extricate him from the difficulties into which he has fallen or which have fallen upon him. An unknown correspondent has furnished me with a plea, that the farmers of northern Alberta engaged in raising pigs should have their industry "stabilized" since their neighbours in the south were supplied free of charge with fodder to keep their sheep and cattle alive during the famine of last winter. This farmer demands that the government guarantee a minimum price for pork of twenty cents a pound. He demonstrates that a pound of pork requires five pounds of grain which with overhead charges costs just that amount, and that there were 58,000 fewer pigs handled in the stockyards than during the previous year. If a man must buy grain for his pig, he would do much better to eat the grain himself. He would save all bother with the pig.

The farmer has been sophisticated into an untenable position by those who have taken upon themselves the gratuituous task of his education. They think in terms of the city. A farm to them is a factory and a farmer is "labour." He must be persuaded, cajoled, "educated" to increase production, to lower prices, so that factories may run at a profit and let labour riot in the cities.

Everything a government does for the farmer is wrong. All it can do is to leave him alone, to keep the burden of taxation as light as possible, to refrain from laying upon him the incubus of speculative industries. He can spend his money to better advantage than any government can spend it for him. It creates a market for him at his own expense, and he has little to sell. It provides him with a post-box at his gate, and his isolation is complete. He is deprived of the pretext of going to the village for his newspaper. He is given a telephone, and all excuse for visiting a neighbour is at an end. The very newspaper merely disturbs his mind. He is compelled by law to immure his children within a school, where they spend ten precious years memorizing a series of unrelated statements and acquire a well rooted

belief that they are too intelligent to work with their hands. The school is the open door through which they escape to the city over the "good roads" that are now the fashion.

The manager of a factory does not care to what height wages rise. He merely asks his employes how much they want, and he distributes the payment among the consumers of his product. He will no longer assume a contract at a fixed price. He will not tender. He will make a "proposal," but he will assume no risk. He is quite willing that all the risk shall lie with the farmer who produces his raw material, and cannot pass the risk into other hands. The common cry is that all will be well if only production is increased. No account is made of the utility of the thing produced. The truth is that much of the product of "labour" is quite useless. It is worse than useless since most of it could be made in the homes in the spare time of the family, and made much better. If labour only knew how well it could be spared, its leaders would walk more humbly. When the manufacture of alcohol was prohibited in breweries and distilleries the industry quietly passed into the family where it once belonged, and is now being performed with ease and economy. The trouble with all strikes is that they end too soon.

On the farm nothing "pays" in itself. Each thing is a by-product of something else. The enthusiastic young man or woman, fresh from the Agricultural College, who engages in chicken "farming," soon discovers that the enterprise dies when the original capital is done. Hens do not pay for their board. They grow fat and lazy, too lazy to lay eggs, but not fat enough for profit. They, too, must work for a living. A hen has a certain curiosity about life and a physique for gratifying it. Peering and pecking she lives, thrives, and creates out of nothing or out of worse than nothing, and turns to good the pests of the land. If some Burbank would invent a hen with a taste for the *decemlineatae* which infest the potato, that would be the final achievement of "science." The farmer does not feed his hens. He conceals a modest ration so carefully as to arouse in their breasts a continual hope. In

their search they discover choice morsels. They feed themselves, and cost their owner nothing. For this reason, and for this alone, he is able to sell his chickens and eggs in the city for the present moderate price which he demands. If it were not so, if he were obliged to purchase feed, he alone would be rich enough to eat eggs, but not more than two, once a year on Easter morning.

There is, therefore, a rigid balance on the farm. A certain number of animals can be kept without loss, and that is all the farmer asks. In this lies the meaning of Browning's phrase—a little more, and how much it is. A hen additional to the proper complement means a loss upon the whole flock. A horse too many will destroy the profit of a year, and a surplus cow in the byre is more destructive than a student in a class already filled. On the farm there is an absolute limit to production. When that point is passed the success of the whole enterprise is imperilled. There is no surplus product. There is no product at all.

It costs a farmer as much to keep a horse or a cow on his farm as it would cost a "business man" to keep the same animal in the city. Any city dweller who complains that he pays too much for his eggs, butter, and bacon is quite free to keep a hen, a cow, or a pig of his own. He will succeed perfectly, if he tends the animals in his spare time, and presses into the service his children and his womenkind. All three might be the better for the occupation; but they would then be farmers, and would find it more convenient to exercise their craft in the country.

The bricklayer actually does require a dollar an hour to support his wife in the vacuity of a little house, and his children in the idleness of the school. When he has paid on their account for the spectacle of the street and the entertainment of the pictures not much is left of his meager wage. But if his wife were to carry the bricks to his hand, and his children were to mix the mortar, and he were left free by his Union to exert his full force, he could produce a house as cheaply as a farmer supplies food. In the city most women

and all children are withdrawn from useful production and are borne as a burden by the man alone. On the farm the whole force of the family is directed towards a common end.

By this principle of "spare time" the work of the world is carried down. The wage-earner alone indulges in idleness. The physician, when his day's work is over, devotes the remaining hours to the hospital and laboratory. The engineer spends nights upon his plans, and even the lawyer pores over his cases. The craftsman in the country always has a piece of land as a recreation from his work and as a means of subsistence. The farmer above all others is the exponent of this principle of spare time. His time is given free. He works for nothing. By this means alone Canada was settled and the first immigrants lived. When they finished the day's work upon their crops, they went to the hillside and quarried stone. They cut and squared the blocks; they fetched lime from the kiln, sand from the shore, water from the stream. They excavated the soil, and laid up the walls of a cellar. Trees were felled and hewn into timber or sawn into lumber at the mill, where a part was left to recompense the miller for his service. In the slow years material was accumulated, and in the long winters it was dressed to a point where a more skilled hand must be employed. The achievement of a house was the work of a lifetime, and it was done only once.

Excepting Quebec, no part of Canada is more than three generations old. The first generation lived like soldiers in such shelter as they could contrive. The second generation built the house. The third generation entered into the inheritance. The house is after fifty years now about to perish. It was built merely at the cost of human labour given freely. To replace it in these mercenary times would require an expenditure of three thousand dollars. It cannot be replaced, for the material is no longer available. The wood is gone. The little mills have disappeared; the dams are broken, and the streams run unimpeded to the sea, laughing at man's short attempt to restrain them.

Worse still, craftsmanship has disappeared. In those days men learned trades by exercising their hands. One man acquired a gift in stone; another in wood; another in iron. They exchanged their gifts in the time spared from the production of food. Women inherited skill in wool, in flax, in dyestuffs, with the needle, with fire and soap. Children from the age of four were self supporting. Money which was once a medium, employed only at rare intervals, is now become an end in itself. These farmers of the third generation sit down and count the cost. They reckon their time in terms of money, and soon discover that it "costs" as much to take a board from the woods as to buy it at the railway. In their own words, they "give their time for nothing." They have lost the principle of spare time, and, like the factory worker, have not discovered that there is no profit for anyone in idleness.

The farmer has become infected with the false economy and the false ideals of the town. He reads a daily newspaper which, being a product of the town, is a compendium of false economy and false ideals. He fails to understand why a bricklayer should receive a dollar an hour for work that is no more arduous and much less skilled than his own. But he does not require to go to the newspaper for knowledge. It comes to him in the price of every article he buys. It is he who pays the inflated wages of which he reads. It is he who pays for the silk shirts which city labourers wear, who provides entertainment for their families, and supports them in idleness for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In Canada the season for planting is short and every moment precious. One day last June, shortly after midday, a farmer who had been at work since five o'clock in the morning went to the railway station for a few bags of fertilizer upon which a certain crop for the coming year was absolutely dependent. He arrived at the station at four o'clock. The agent was locking the door. He had a fishing basket over his shoulder and a rod in his hand, for the tide was right and the sea-trout running. He had been at work sitting in

his chair and smoking his pipe for eight hours, and his day was done. He claimed it was five o'clock "railway time;" The sun told the farmer that "the clock was a liar." Some heat developed, and the farmer drove home, leaving the fertilizer locked in the car, where it still remains in so far as he afterwards concerned himself with it.

Unfortunately this farmer was a frightfully rich man. He had worked for sixty years and had saved a hundred dollars each year. There was six thousand dollars at his credit in the savings bank. His farm was worth as much more, and his equipment an equal amount. On that slow and fruitless journey he meditated much. The railway was owned by the Government. The employees were servants of the Government. The business was run at a loss of fifty million dollars a year. He bore his share of that loss. To pay it and support men who worked only eight hours he had that day already worked twelve hours, and the end was not yet. Every one who touched that fertilizer had worked only eight hours—all but himself. By the time he arrived at his own gate he had also arrived at another conclusion, namely, that he was a fool. Next day he took measures to sell his farm and all that it contained. The place is now available for some immigrant.

The farmer has a moral sense that is extremely just and discerning. It is offended by persons who will not do the work they are engaged to do. He may in his own experience have known a man who promised to work and failed at the last moment. It is not probable that he ever saw a man lay down his tools in the midst of his job to the loss of his employer. Such an act would be too infamous. And yet he reads in his newspaper that the custom of the city is for men to shirk their toil, to seize a critical moment for making fresh demands, to contrive against those who are faithful, and intimidate those who would fill a deserted place. He suspects that the trouble lies much deeper. He believes that labour unions break their contracts with the design of breaking down society and government, that, in short, labour is an enemy

to the state; its policy deliberate and political, controlled through the United States as part of a European conspiracy against civilization. Labour is feared and pampered by the government. According to its own confession labour exists in virtue of a tariff which the country imposes upon itself. The farmer has his cold eye upon this tariff and upon its resultant, labour. He never did pamper it; he does not now fear it. He has the old weapon in his hand—starvation. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.

The farmer is himself caught in the web of circumstance. He does not strive against his fate. He accepts it. He will not employ labour after he finds it troublesome or uncertain. He will restrict his operations within the compass of his own hands. He will deliver himself over to no hired man. Let the labourer seek the city if he will. Let him have his dollar an hour, sell his product to himself,—and starve in the end. The situation now is precisely that which existed in the Middle Ages. Men would not remain on the land. Laws were enacted to restrict their wandering. It was all useless. They may now be as prodigal as they like. They will come back in the end, but there will be no fatted calf for their reception. This is now the actual situation in Russia. The well-to-do peasant is classed with the bourgeoisie as the enemy of the proletariat. But there is this important distinction: the Canadian farmer is not a Russian peasant.

The truth is the city has always been the enemy of the country, draining away its life and destroying it. In the time of Elizabeth an Order-in-Council was passed, directing that no new houses should be erected within ten miles of the metropolis, and that all new buildings in the city should be pulled down. In the next reign all persons having houses in the country were ordered to repair to their homes, and give to their neighbours an example of good housekeeping.

One day in the spring of 1918—the day the long gun was first fired—three French soldiers entered an *estaminet* in a small town in northern France. One picked up a paper, and began to read. "What is the news," his comrades asked.

"The news is good," he answered with complacency; "the shells are falling in Paris." This soldier expressed the ancient and innate hostility that has always existed between the city and the land. It was not for nothing that the prophets always pointed their prophecy against the cities. A city justifies itself as a centre of intellectual and moral stimulus; but who ever heard of any intelligence proceeding from Toronto or morality emanating from Montreal?

Farming is an art. It cannot be dissociated from the soil. The soil must be learned as an artist learns his materials. It cannot be learned in one generation. The knowledge must be inherited. An immigrant who is a good farmer in one locality will fail on an unknown soil. Therefore the migration from the city to the land is not so hopeful a remedy as it appeared at first sight. Few remedies are.

The situation in eastern Canada now is that a farmer will not plant more crop than he can harvest with his own actual two hands. He can no longer depend upon hired labour. His help may leave him at a critical moment. Last summer a farmer, returned from the war, had laid out an elaborate plan for the cultivation of three hundred acres. He secured four young men at a wage satisfactory to both parties. One evening the newspaper announced that a railway passage to Winnipeg might be had for fourteen dollars instead of the usual hundred. The young men disappeared, and this eastern farm is deserted although it is capable of yielding fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. These cheap railway fares have demoralized farming in the East. It will not recover until the West is filled up or evacuated.

Next, the "business man" reprehends the farmer for his indisposition to purchase machines. Machinery is fatal to good farming. Worse still, it makes bad farming possible. The average yield of wheat in Canada last year was less than ten bushels to the acre, less than eight if next year's seed be reserved. Machinery alone made it possible to secure so meagre a crop. Machinery is the cause of the meagreness. If a man reaps his harvest with his own hand, he will concen-

trate his efforts. His field will be small and his crop heavy. The land will support more people. They will live close and develop a society. In England, according to Mr. Vanderlip, the land carries forty-six farmers to the hundred acres; in America a farm of a hundred acres carries less than three. The remainder are in factories making machines for making more machines instead of applying their labour direct to the land. It is only within very narrow limits that machinery saves labour on a farm, and nothing is more piteous than a farmer tinkering with a mechanical contraption which he does not understand.

The gasoline engine was hailed as the saviour of society from famine. Every farmer bought one—once, and no farm is now complete without the wreckage on the junk pile. By the time the good roads are completed, which promise to do so much for the farmer, there will be no motor cars to run upon them. He can buy a car out of his capital; he cannot operate it on his revenue. This passion for gasoline only increases the foreign dependence of the country, for Canada produces only four hundredths of one per cent of the world's petroleum, and even this is barely half of what we produced ten years ago.

The industrial life of America was built up by the immigrants, of whom 32 millions came in during the century. In the earlier days this labour was frankly slave. In later years it was variously disguised. Now it is at an end. Democracy will not work. It would not work in Rome. It will not now work in Russia. Europe is drained dry of the migrating class, and the remnant has reverted to barbarism. Their intention is not to work but to destroy. The industrial life of America must have immigrants or it will cease to be. The only reservoir of such labour is China. It is a hard choice. The coolie has now a firm foothold in the home, doing women's work which women will not do for themselves. How long will it be before he gains control in the factory? Industry fighting for its life will resort to any extreme. Rome at its height imported a million slaves. Shall we be any wiser?

Immigrants we must have if the present system is to endure. We make the tentative reserve that they must be "desirable." Desirable for what? The quantity of desirable of any kind in the world is not unlimited; and those who need cannot be too fastidious in their choice. The desirable immigrant will scrutinize us as closely as we scrutinize him. In times gone by the immigrant was driven from his own land by hunger, by taxes, by the desire to escape military service, by his dislike of government, by the love of adventure. He was welcomed into these new and fat lands. All those conditions are changed. Hunger is here. Taxes are to be paid. We know something of military service, and we have more government than any country in Europe. These lands are no longer new and fat; and any one who loves adventure can gratify his taste without leaving home.

A European who takes the trouble to read our "Immigration Act and Regulations" of 1919, and discovers that his entry is subject to the "climatic, industrial, social, educational, labour, or other conditions or requirements of Canada," will not proceed very far upon the journey. This Act brings immigration to an end. The deportation of twenty thousand persons last year is the proof.

But if a desirable immigrant should persist, his first enquiry would be directed towards the financial obligations he was about to assume with his new citizenship. If he were married, had four children, and was capable and certain of earning five thousand dollars a year, he would fall into the desirable category, if "labour conditions" did not bar him out. He would naturally choose Ottawa as the basis of enquiry, where his obligations would work out as follows: Canada, per capita debt in dollars, 366.30; Ontario, 30.02; Ottawa, 163.57; total, 563.89; total capital indebtedness for six persons, 3,383.34. Annual interest, 174.60. Ottawa taxes: upon a house costing twelve thousand dollars, 289.80; income tax, 120.75; water tax, 29.40; total, 439.95. Recapitulation: Canada tax for budget, 212.52; Ontario, 45.90; Ottawa, 439.95; income, 84.00; total, 782.37.

It is quite true that this fastidious immigrant would have acquired an equity in "Assets," as set forth in four lines on page 2130 of the *Canada Gazette*. The terms—sinking funds, other investments, province accounts, miscellaneous and banking accounts—are too vague for any estimate of the value which that equity might possess. If such assets as the Hudson Bay Railway and the Quebec bridge are taken in at cost, the position would appear to be somewhat speculative or "potential," as the saying is.

The catastrophes of history, and of private life as well, are all due to one cause—the cessation of conditions that were temporary but believed to be permanent. That was the cause of the present war. America was discovered in 1870. Immigration flowed in. There was more food in the world than the people in the world could consume. They began to manufacture things. The steam engine and the power loom helped. A coolie in China could command what was once the peculiar treasure of kings. Ships went to the ends of the earth and brought home guano, the accumulated fertilizer of ages, and nitrates deposited in the slow process of geological time. In thirty years the world was plundered. Early in this century the price of food began to approach the normal again. America exported wheat only in years of unusual abundance. The world fell into a panic and war came. It always does.

From the Arctic regions Mr. Stefansson has just brought back a nice reading of history, which is well worth the half million dollars the expedition cost, if only it be fully apprehended. Since the beginning of time drift wood has been piling up on those shores. The Esquimaux used it for making sledges. Now they have imported iron stoves. They are burning the wood. They will have no material for sledges. They will have become so luxurious that the moderate oil lamp will not longer suffice, and when this "natural resource" is exhausted they will have forgotten the old art by which oil was obtained. Their society will have been destroyed, and they must migrate or perish. This in effect is what is happening to the whole modern world.

Nitrogen governs human life. It has been stored in the soil with infinite slowness. When it showed signs of exhaustion mankind began to move. There never was much, and humanity lives close to starvation. The Medes discovered the plant which still bears their name, *medicago sativa,* now known as alfalfa, a plant with the capacity of fixing nitrogen obtained from the air, and so postponed their downfall for a time. Egypt still endures because the river brings down nitrogen from tropic regions inaccessible to destruction by human agency. In our desperation we are striving to postpone disaster by extracting nitrogen from the air by the medium of electricity as the Germans did under duress of war. It demands enormous power and is attended with a certain success just as the irrigation of the arid parts of Alberta results in fertility. The cost of both is very great and they are a last resort, like the herding of caribou and musk oxen by aeroplane which imaginative persons suggest. It is easy to be imaginative so long as public money endures.

It may be surmised by any one who has read thus far that the present writer entertains the idea that a great epoch has, as usual, ended in disaster, and that the first business of this generation is to observe the wreckage disappear. That surmise is correct. Those who talk of reconstruction of former things talk like fools. As well might they talk of the reconstruction of Humpty-Dumpty who once sat so confidently upon his wall. But we shall witness the distress of our fellow human beings in their vain attempt to escape the industrial overthrow, especially of the female of our kind who so gaily has declared her industrial self-sufficiency, her independence of the conventions so laboriously built up for her protection. There are at the moment in America, as they boast, eleven millions of women engaged in uncongenial toil, in unproductive occupations, writing illiterate letters on machines, who are about to face the facts of life, for whom the possession of a vote will be but a stony recompense for the reality they abandoned.

There are pessimists amongst us who affect to believe that the correction of hunger will be long delayed. I am not of the number. It is coming soon, is here already,—that is the measure of my optimism. It is from inflation of the mind that the world is suffering, from the idea that life is inevitably easeful; that there is some magic against work; some political witchery against idleness, vice, sickness, old age. Domestic animals suffer from the same delusion, and they are the more certain of continual comfort as they approach their obese end. Our mastery of the material world has left us content. When this vanity has passed away we may turn for comfort to higher and better things.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

# WHEN I AM DUST

When I am dust I wonder if the flowers
Shall bloom, and know the charm of summer's hours;
I wonder shall the tender little grass
Low-whisper when the winds of morning pass;
And shall the stars smile at the large gray sea,
While filmy waves croon sweetest melody.
Shall little children's eyes, like heaven's blue
With wonder-light look, oh, so long at you.
Shall trailing clouds, touched by the steadfast sun
Creep o'er the far-off hills when day is done;
Shall eyes that dearly loved me leap to flame
And weave fond recollections round my name.
When I am dust, shall sunset's tapers burn
And shall Love's heart to me in memory turn:
Why muse I thus? It matters not: away
My soul shall drifted be to Perfect Day.

AILEEN WARD

## THE ECONOMIC POSITION

AN attempt to differentiate between cause and effect is always beset with difficulty. In the minds of most of us a phenomenon that is clearly grasped and is definite in form is certain to be accepted as cause as against a vague or vaguely understood condition. It is not unusual, to take a familiar example, to find the invention of the steam engine treated as the cause of modern industrial development, however obvious it may be that this is entirely untrue, merely because this definite point in history appeals more forcibly to the mind of the casual thinker than any general and indefinite description of the economic conditions of European, or rather English, civilization in the late eighteenth century.

It is undoubtedly in accordance with this general law that the mind of the average man fastens on some single detail of present day economic circumstances, and attributes to it the undeserved importance of being the cause of what is now generally admitted to be an economic crisis unparalleled in modern history. The special circumstances in Canadian conditions that have made our industrial growth so rapid in recent years, the ease with which men of very ordinary intelligence could amass fortunes, and the accompanying, if undue, importance accruing to men of merely technical rather than intellectual ability, render Canada an especially happy hunting ground for the seeker after a royal road to reconstruction.

It is extremely easy for any advocate of some definite and strictly limited remedy for our troubles, such as the abolition by law of profiteers or radical agitators, increased exports, or a decrease in imports from the United States, to obtain a hearing, and correspondingly difficult to induce any general consideration of the real causes of, or the possible remedies for, present economic evils.

In this lies danger. Not that it is possible for any student, however well versed in economic history, to formulate a course of action calculated to completely avert the inevitable consequences of past errors, but that it is extremely desirable that men should generally appreciate even those limited measures that can be taken, if only that the immediate distress of the moment should not shake our faith in the future and accentuate the difficulties that we face.

Six months ago such a statement would have been generally regarded as evidence of the deepest pessimism. Even to-day there will be many to deny not only any tendency to an exaggeration of our dangers, but their very existence. Enough has occurred this winter to make it certain that great numbers regard our economic future in very gloomy wise. Canada, up to the declaration of war, except for the comparatively small amount accomplished by the rural population of the East, was built, not on a solid foundation of present production, but on a basis of belief in future production. This statement may be challenged, and as the entire argument of this article is based upon it, it may be well to verify it.

At the end of 1913 the population of Canada exhibited a preponderance of urban over rural elements comparable to the condition of England, of Belgium, or of the eastern United States, but with this difference, that while these other communities were admittedly not self-sustaining in the matter of the production of food and raw materials, and earned their livelihood by the manufacture of goods to be bartered with the non-manufacturing world, Canada was an exporter almost exclusively of food and raw or, as in the case of paper, only partly manufactured materials, and was not even self sustaining in the matter of manufactures.

As the productive power of the Canadian cannot be assumed to be sufficiently greater than that of other farmers, miners, and lumbermen by enough to account for this condition, on what resources was maintained our excess of urban population over the number actually required to perform the necessary functions of transportation, exchange and such

manufacture of articles for the use of primary producers as existed? There had not been either sufficient time or the requisite conditions to produce any considerable class of landowners living on rents, nor yet a class of investors in foreign securities, on a scale sufficient to account for the number of rich or well-to-do. Actually these were the promoters, the engineers, the staff of a great number of corporations engaged in railways and other enterprises intended, at some future time, to serve areas as yet almost wholly undeveloped, while in addition to these, the employing classes officered an army of manual workers which it is equally impossible to consider as in any way supported by Canadian agriculture or other form of primary production.

As a matter of fact, it is obvious that the entire earnings and expenditures of this great element were not in any sense to be considered as a result of Canadian production, but entirely as the outcome of huge borrowings abroad, of capital that was intended to construct machinery for the handling of future production, and that, in short, Canada was provided with an urban population for whose maintenance in addition to that of the actual producers, there would be required an increase in production on an enormous scale, whenever an end came to the obtaining of capital abroad for construction.

This, then, was the situation at the opening of the war, and a check, temporary or otherwise, was already felt. Not only were the hundreds who had existed on the proceeds of wild speculation such as the great "boom" in suburban real estate feeling the pinch, but even among the construction trades and industries depression was common.

The immediate effect of the war was to accentuate this depression, but this was soon overcome by the limitless demand for material of war, which soon reached such proportions as to absorb the entire surplus of labour and indeed of the employing and clerical classes, the brokers and dealers as well. How much of the apparent increase in the national wealth was genuine, and due to actual sales of material abroad, is not yet certain, and this is so inextricably involved

with the wholly illusory wealth created by the issue of fiat money to meet our own war expenses that an intelligent opinion is difficult to arrive at. It is unfortunately certain that a great proportion of what we did earn was used to finance further plant, much of which, constructed in the late days of the war, did not prove a good investment. Further dissipation of earnings has been very marked during the wave of hedonism that naturally succeeded the strain of the war, and a not inconsiderable amount has been locked up, for an indefinite period, by the many attempts to stimulate an export trade with the rather nebulous states of the new Europe.

In general, however, in view of the known fact that our total holdings of gold and of foreign securities whose early redemption in gold or commodities may be expected has not increased to the point where it wipes out our foreign obligations, pre-war and war, and as we have assumed certain necessary obligations such as the support of those who lost their bread-winners or were themselves disabled by the war, and as our increase in inventories is almost entirely due, if it exists at all, to the creation of new factories rather than of new farms or mines, it may be safely said that the result of the war has not been to create a reserve of wealth capable of supporting any considerable proportion of our population, nor have we increased our means of primary production, nor yet the production itself, to a degree where it will support many more, as dealers, transportation employes than before the war.

An analysis of the population of Canada discloses five main groups:—(a) the almost self contained group of men engaged in mixed farming; (b) the specialized primary producers, as wheat growers, miners, lumbermen and employes of paper and pulp mills; (c) the manual workers, skilled and unskilled, in urban industries; (d) the transportation workers; (e) the so-called brain workers, ranging from factory time-keepers to men who own and control great industrial plants.

As a class, those in group (a) alone possess an economic initiative. Their production in excess of their own needs,

which are very modest, amounts to a very considerable factor in any increase in the national wealth. On the other hand the present uncertainty and difficulty in foreign trade is fast operating to cause the same lessening of their output that has caused the Soviet government in Russia its chief difficulty. That is, unless the farmer is reasonably sure that the milking of an extra cow actually means an extra item of comfort or luxury, he slaughters the animal. It is useless to threaten him with shortage of clothing, as it is always possible for him to create textiles, as he already does food and fuel. In short, where he owns his property, he is independent. On him, and on his satisfaction, or otherwise, with economic conditions, depends the actual existence of an organized commonwealth. This very independence makes it certain that we cannot look to him to employ additional labour nor yet to consent to any arrangement which involves his providing food for the urban communities except in return for useful commodities or money in the continued value of which he has assured faith. Let us, however, in order to err on the conservative side, assume continued production on the existing scale.

Now, the groups (b) and (d), dependent on others for all or most of their food and other necessaries of life, and on export trade almost wholly for their earnings, are more exposed to danger from disturbed world conditions. It may well be that the inability of Europe to finance purchases may cause a great shrinkage in export of the product of group (b) and therefore in the earnings of group (d). It is certain that exports to the United States, which are almost self contained, cannot greatly increase at present, nor yet can the amount sold to South America and other countries not yet considered, who are small consumers of wheat, paper, or ores. At the worst, these groups may enter the unemployed class. At the best they cannot be expected to absorb the surplus of other groups.

Groups (c) and (e), comprising the population of our cities, remain. To-day, as ever, a very small proportion of these are engaged in industries directly dependent on the

production or consumption of group (a), and groups (b) and (d). A great many are dependent on capital stored up during the now closed periods of our era of construction on borrowed capital, and the war. This class includes practically all producers of, and dealers in, luxuries, many of those engaged in the production and distribution of necessities, and the greater part of those who deal in securities and urban real estate.

Now, even assuming continued production by all classes of primary producers, there approaches, and that very soon, a period when the exhaustion of the stored profits of the past will deprive those dependent on them of their means of livelihood. In fact, the continued depreciation of our currency values, affecting as it does wage earner and capitalist alike, is symptomatic of this, as is the slowly increasing unemployment. A fairly definite attempt is being made to stimulate the production of articles for sale to primary producers, and this is assisted by the condition of monetary exchange with the United States. It is probable, however, that this will be counteracted by the fact that Europe must by any means arrange to purchase certain of our primary products, thus being able, because obliged, to sell us manufactured goods at prices based on urgent need. Thus, unless our urban population is willing to accept a standard of living equivalent to that of Europe in times of want, we may expect rather a diminution than an increase in the percentage of goods for Canadian consumption made in Canada. The invocation of an increased protective tariff to correct this condition, while apparently doing this, would merely, by limiting our imports, limit our exports of primary products, thus merely in the end accentuating rather than alleviating the condition. The same considerations may be safely expected to operate with added force to prevent any absorption of surplus labour in industries producing manufactures for export.

To sum up, it may be accepted as logically certain that we may expect a severe economic pressure in the direction of

emptying our swollen cities into the countryside, and as Canada is capable of supporting an agricultural population of many times the present number, a clear appreciation of this fact by the men to whom our modern system of credit commits the economic direction of the country would enable the transfer to be made with a minimum of suffering. This, however, seems beyond hope, until the dissipation of our existing capital on the creation of luxuries, or in wild attempts at the perpetuation of the present system, when it will be too late. In this case, we must face a wholesale reversion to very primitive conditions, and a slow process of reconstruction of our economic system on sounder foundations than in the past. It is also not improbable that these difficulties will be greatly accentuated by a failure of Europe to continue the assumed purchase of our primary products, due to the increasing difficulties of exchange.

It is a remarkable fact that those classes of the community who base their expectation of survival in their present state of comfort on the possession of paper wealth should utterly fail to realize that this is wholly dependent for its ultimate value on the existence of an economic commonwealth founded on primary production. It is equally remarkable that men able to see, in the past, the possibilities of gain to be derived from the organization of transportation and manufacturing should be totally unable to realize the equal need of capital and organizing ability in agriculture, and the equal opportunity. It is remarkable that it is impossible to bring home to so many of our leaders the fact that land and factories differ to the extent that land merely requires the application of labour to enable it to produce wealth and sustain life, while the factory requires an immediate market for its product as well. These are, however, facts, and facts which bid fair to cause much suffering to these and to thousands of other men and women.

No mention has yet been made of the increasing danger of the manual workers of the city attempting to correct our economic difficulties by wild efforts at communism, as these

attempts, purely political, and of no economic importance are, *ipso facto*, foredoomed to failure. This movement may, however, operate very powerfully to hasten to a dangerous degree our economic revolution.

Nor has any importance been attached to actual or possible attempts at governmental correction, as governments are no less than the individuals who compose them subject to the incidence of the fundamental economic law that man shall earn his bread in the sweat of his face.

P. C. Armstrong

# A JEANNE D'ARC

### Par un Anglais

Jeune fille aux yeux doux, qui jadis, enflammant
La bravoure et la foi du soldat défaillant,
Rallumiez les beaux feux de la sainte espérance,
Et chassiez l'ennemi hors du terrain de France,
Céleste inspiratrice, ange fidèle et pur,
Vous ne mourrez jamais, mais là-haut dans l'azur
Des rêves immortels de la patrie aimante
Toujours vous planerez indomptable et vivante.

Nous relisons l'histoire et nous voyons l'éclat
D'un courage hardi dans vos sanglants combats;
Mais la tendresse aussi de votre cœur de femme
Accompagnait toujours la brillante oriflamme.
La guerre d'autrefois nous semble maintenant
Un songe monstrueux, un cauchemar navrant.
L'ambition sans borne est indigne et honteuse
Et la liberté seule est grande et glorieuse.
Nous ne regrettons plus vos triomphes si beaux,
Car l'âme de la France était sous vos drapeaux.

Mais nous nous étonnons que la haine et la rage
Puissent changer un peuple en un monstre sauvage,
Que la pureté même et vos si grands malheurs
Ne vous aient pas valu l'appui des braves cœurs,
Et que soldat, civil, avocat, prêtre et juge
S'unissent pour nier tout asile ou refuge.

Oh, tristes et honteux, nous demandons pardon
D'avoir pris notre part dans cette trahison,
Et, mus par l'orgueil seul et la soif de vengeance,
D'avoir tout oublié, jusqu'à votre innocence.
Mais les temps sont changés: toute la haine a fui:
Les ennemis d'antan sont frères aujourd'hui.
Votre cause est la nôtre: à maints champs de bataille,
Où grondait le canon, où pleuvait la mitraille,
Nos régiments ensemble et rang suivi de rang
Dans la mort glorieuse ont confondu leur sang.
Oh n'avons-nous donc pas par notre sacrifice
Racheté le pardon, satisfait la justice ?
Autrefois vous disiez, cœur doux et généreux,
"J'aime bien les Anglais quand ils restent chez eux."
Mais depuis que nos fils, une armée innombrable,
Ont fait preuve pour vous d'une ardeur indomptable,
Et qu'ils ont su mourir en fidèles amis,
N'est-ce pas votre voix que j'entends et qui dit
"Je vous aime partout, après tant de souffrance,
Et je chéris vos morts qui reposent en France ?"

CHARLES E. SAUNDERS

# THE MEANING OF MODERNISM

"IN the mind of the public at large," says George Tyrrell in 'Christianity at the Cross-Roads,' "Modernism means what it sounds—modernity in religious thought; detachment from tradition; a new religion; a new theology, a new everything."

Even a large proportion of its sympathisers understand it in this loose sense, while to the defenders of tradition it is that and something more. Modernists are believers in modernity. The last word is the truest word. The dictum of the newest scientist or of the most advanced critic is to this age the word of God.

How far Tyrrell's own definition of Modernism—belief in the possibility of a synthesis between the essential truth of the Christian religion and the essential truth of modernity—is satisfactory to all Modernists need not detain us; it is enough to understand by a Modernist one who holds his belief about God in much the same way as he holds his belief about the world and man—open to the light of new knowledge. That the new and the old will always be found to be in essential agreement may be said to be of the faith of Modernism, but to the Modernist nothing is true merely because it is old; it is true only if it is true to knowledge, or, if you will, true to a faith that is true to knowledge.

We are all, of course, Modernists up to a point. In the light of the theory of evolution we have revised more than one religious belief that was once held to be an essential part of Christian doctrine. However we may try to interpret the six days of creation and the "fall" of the originally perfect man, we know that it is only a reading of our modern ideas into an old form, and that in reality there is not the slightest correspondence between the old and the new. What this means to the traditional doctrines of the Church on sin and

salvation need not be pointed out. And it means no less to the traditional thought of God and of man.

As in the case of evolution so also in astronomy. No longer able to think in terms of a flat earth, with an arching sky above our heads, we know neither "up" nor "down," and accordingly have spiritualized locations and physical experiences which earlier generations had held *de fide*. The descent of Christ into hell, His ascension into heaven, His sitting at the right hand of God, His personal return, visible to every eye, in mid-heaven, are instances of this process. Whatever we may mean by these doctrines now (and all Christians hold them in some form or another) we do not mean precisely what the early Christians meant by them, or what was understood by them before the time of Galileo. We have changed them. Our newer knowledge has compelled us. We have modernized traditional belief. Now the question at issue between those who are Modernist up to this point (and those who are not Modernist up to this point need not be seriously considered) and Modernists proper is: How far can you go on modernizing your beliefs, or even shedding your beliefs, without losing the right to claim the title Christian for what you retain? To put the question more acutely: Is there a point at which enquiry must cease or at which loyalty to modern knowledge becomes disloyalty to the Church?

1. The case for tradition might be stated in this way:—Christianity is essentially a supernatural religion. It was born not of man, nor of the will of man, but of God. Growing out of a divine revelation covering many hundreds of years, it is itself the supreme and final revelation for all time. Jesus was the uttered thought of God, and all that He said, and did, and was, is to be taken as God's highest word and will for humankind. Nor is less to be said for the complete body of Christian doctrine which, though not easily seen in the recorded words of Jesus, nevertheless grew quite naturally out of His teaching. For the truth is, He handed on to His chosen Apostles seeds which needed time to ripen, and could only become explicit at the right moment. These

seeds of doctrine it was that the Apostle spoke of as "the deposit," and the full fruit of which we see to-day in the Creeds of the undivided Church. Being, therefore, what it is, Christianity is not properly subject to the tests we apply to other branches of knowledge. For it is not, strictly speaking, knowledge at all, but faith. As such it is above reason and beyond the sphere of science. It rests where human thought cannot touch it, and certainly cannot change it. Once for all given, it remains forever as it came.

It was inevitable, however, since the revelation must needs be made through the medium of human minds, that there should be certain temporal elements in the faith subject to change. But these are easily distinguishable from the faith itself. They are really no more than the envelope in which the essential Christian idea is carried, and while bearing the stamp of the time to which they belong, yet do preserve the idea intact from age to age. We may, therefore, find it quite necessary, and in the true interests of Christianity, to re-express from time to time the ancient faith. Words may need explaining, figures-of-speech interpreting, and ideas re-clothing. But re-statement can never mean more than that. It can never mean substituting one idea for another, or "toning down" here, and cutting away there. So far as the idea itself is concerned that is fixed and final. There is nothing to test it by, no rational court of appeal before which it can be called. It came by revelation, and its validity is neither of reason nor of knowledge but of faith.

2. Now Modernism may be said to begin with the acceptance of two propositions—(a) that truth is one, and (b) that reason is our only means of arriving at truth, or deciding what experiences are true. It immediately follows that nothing, not even religion or the idea of the supernatural, can be left outside the sphere of enquiry or considered to be beyond the province of reason. Certainly both the idea and content of revelation must be open to investigation, since, once established, it becomes the most direct and certain standard of truth. In a measure, even Traditionalists will

follow us here. For outside Christianity (and its antecedent, Judaism) they are quite ready to investigate revelation in content and idea, and exercise their reason most vigorously in order to discover the inferiority of all other religious systems to Christianity. But to Modernists there can be no arbitrary line drawn beyond which the critical examination of revelation and religion shall not go. For Christianity, however true it may be proved to be, or be believed to be, is still in the long line of religious development, and has its roots lying deep in earlier religious ideas. If it had suddenly appeared, clean separate from the past, we should not have hesitated to examine its credentials. The fact that it is connected with the past is no less a reason for maintaining that its dogmas should not be closed against enquiry.

Acting, then, upon the two principles to which reference has been made, Modernists (to quote Father Tyrrell once again) have attempted to look both science and religion full in the face, and see how much of each they would have to admit if they cared nothing about the other.

And the result has been (not to mention the effect on science) that they have been driven to see that there are certain facts in science for which religion must find room. And by science we understand, of course, not only natural and physical science, but every department of knowledge where the scientific method is employed, and especially historical criticism and the study of religious ideas.

There is no need to deal at any length here with the universally accepted facts of the two chief sciences, and we have already noted their effect, in part, on Christian doctrine. Willy-nilly, all religions must take count of them, and adapt their heritage of beliefs accordingly. To do otherwise would be to make a breach between faith and knowledge, which could only have one result. Faith would become ignorance, if not self-blindness, and religion be degraded to a superstition.

To believe a religious doctrine from the past at the expense of denying an established scientific fact of the present not only involves intellectual suicide, but leads to a philosophy

of life that ends in chaos. Truth is truth, whether it is "natural" or "revealed," and it is false loyalty to reject the truth of science out of reverence for religion.

It is when we pass to the results of the comparative study of religion and of historical criticism that we reach the real dividing line between Modernists and the defenders of Tradition. The issue is not, of course, by any means, where it was a few years ago. Certain results have been almost universally accepted, and the Old Testament is no longer under discussion. And with a better knowledge of its composition and the history of its ideas has come an entirely new conception of its inspiration and authority. The idea of infallibility has gone, and the legendary and unhistorical character of many parts of it is recognized. To Modernist and Traditionalist alike the broad results of Old Testament criticism are assured. The real issue centres round the New Testament and the two or three centuries after the time of the Apostles. "Here," says the Traditionalist, "investigation must cease. Or, at least, if criticism produces results at variance with the faith of the Apostles or of the undivided Church, the results are wrong and cannot be held consistently with essential Christianity."

We have already seen why this sudden halt has been called to critical enquiry. It is precisely the reason that was given in the last century against criticism of the Old Testament. The Old Testament was infallibly inspired, in its science no less than in its morality and its idea of God. It was a supernatural book, and as such above the questioning mind of man. But criticism continued, nevertheless, and it is criticism that has given us truth.

Now, apart from the fact that the supernatural character of a book, or even of a person, can only properly be established by investigation, and cannot reasonably be given as a reason for making no enquiries about it (as we have pointed out, Traditionalists themselves would not allow this anywhere else), the articles of belief that have come down to us from the New Testament and the first four centuries are of such a

nature that Reason demands not only the right of enquiry, but liberty to determine the extent of their authority over present knowledge and the "inner light" of conscience and of the moral law written in the human heart. It is not that Modernists are not ready to believe in the supernatural. On the contrary, their sense of the supernatural is often greater than that of many Traditionalists. But they cannot believe that they are not to exercise their highest faculty in the discovery of truth, or that the truth of their own time and nature is to be surrendered for what appeared to be the truth nineteen hundred years ago.

But this is, after all, a belated plea for the right of New Testament criticism, for its results are already common knowledge. What the Modernist is claiming now is the liberty to apply those results to the beliefs of the Church. The doctrines of the Church grew, it is scarcely necessary to point out, for the most part, out of (generally uncritical) appeals, in the first place to the Old Testament, and, in the second place, to the writings of the Apostles. How much is due to the direct teaching of Our Lord is doubtful, but the most ardent Traditionalist would have a difficulty in finding all the seeds of the later dogmas in the Synoptic Gospels. Not that this is a sufficient reason for rejecting the dogmas. The Modernist has no quarrel with the development of doctrine. Indeed, the progressive revelation of the Holy Spirit is a very important article of his faith. But he does at least claim the right of rejecting the development if it conflicts, on the one hand, with knowledge and the highest dictates of the human conscience, and, on the other, with the mind of Christ.

The meaning, therefore, of applying the results of criticism to the doctrines of the Church is that the doctrines are no longer necessarily true because they come from the Fathers or the Apostles. The evidence for them must be more than a simple appeal to those sources. The sources themselves must satisfy critical enquiry, and where a belief rests on an uncertain foundation its acceptance should not be made a

test of orthodoxy. There is no denial here of any particular Christian doctrine. We are stating a method and not indicating results. It is the method Modernism is concerned with, and its only concern with results is that they shall be true to all the facts.

If it be said that Modernism is impossible in religion because the heart of religion is faith, the reply to that is that faith, truly so called, is not an ignoring of evidence, still less a flying in the face of evidence, but the acceptance, where evidence fails, of the noblest hypothesis. In this, Modernism feels that it is true to the mind of Jesus, and it is to Him, in the last resort, that we go for what is essential in Christianity.

F. J. Moore

# CLEF D'OR

I

COR CORDIS

The shepherd is the wise man, the soldier is the true man,
The soul of the priest is a subtle tale to spell;
Yet an angel finds it out, for he looketh through and through man,
But the singer—the singer—who can tell?
For his eyes are as the seas that change and change unbidden,
And his laughter as the winds that sweep from heaven unto hell;
Then none but God may know where his love lies hidden;
But his love lies deep—and God loves love well.

II

MINSTREL SONGS

Only the wild-fowl, only the spray,
Only the icy-feathered wing
Of winter storms when the world is gray
Taught me to sing.
Night comes soon on the heels of day;
Still is the Harper, snapped the string;
What of the Lay—of the Heroes' play?
What of the spring?

Night has covered the hilted sword,
Rusts the blade, once so battle-keen,
Under the shadow thane and Lord
Pass, and fade as they had not been.
I, alone, on my exile-way,
Bear in my heart the speechless sting;
Only the wild-fowl, only the spray,
Taught me to sing.

*ii*

When the death-black north wind shrieks
First when winter falls,
When the bitter wood-smoke reeks
Through the gusty halls,
Bitter days no sunshine bring,
Bitter nights are long,
Let us make a spring
Out of minstrel song.

Who would learn the owlet's note?
Harsh the dog-wolf bays,
Let the minstrel tune his throat
Still to fairy lays.
Grows the world less grey and cold
If our hearts agree?
Flaunt in flame and gold
Dreams of springs to be.

At thy gates a starving horde
Hungry lives and dies.
In thy halls the black old Lord
Hounds thee with his eyes.
Will our grief their woes disperse
Or thy tears his ire?
Laughter heeds no curse,
Love's the warmest fire.

Let us make a world all green,
Rose-flushed and warm,
Till the cold's forgotten clean
And the whistling storm.
Put you on your purple gown,
I in red will go.
*Will the old Lord frown?*
*Nay he will not know.*

### III

### THE FEAST

Arise, my Lady, let us sup,
Ungird me this my hilted sword,
*On thee alone my love is set,*
*Thy love my banquet, dear my Lord.*
In splendid wise the guests are met,
The trumpets sound in sweet accord,
The time is come; then rise thou up,
And thou and I will head the board.

Arise, my Lady, let us sup,
This day for me is life's reward;
This day is crowned a deathless pride,
My name and glory kings applaud;
My skill has won a prince's bride,
With foemen's spoil my house is stored;
*Had'st thou put poison in the cup*
*Thou had'st been kinder, dear my Lord.*

### IV

### THE PAGE ALONE

By the dark mere
In the lonely places,
Tread I in fear
By the dark mere.
Through the flood clear
Shine elfin faces,
When you look near
In the lonely places.

On the wide stair,
Where the gallants swagger,—
Life's debonnaire
On the wide stair,—

Plume in my hair,
Hand on my dagger,
Death would I dare
Where the gallants swagger.

V

VIAGE DE SOLDAT

From first to last it was a day,
Twelve hours, half blue, half purple-black;
White roses on the tangle spray
Across the forest track.
A thought, a sigh, the silent play
Of summer lightning, love; no lack
Of whispered laughter, elfin-gay;
And then my soldier rode away,
And never once looked back.

VI

CLEF D'OR

Woulds't thou go in at the Door of Longing,
Lady, lady, *Coeur de ma vie?*
The wide ways are burning, white noontide reigneth,
*Here is the key.*
There lies the goal that one only attaineth,
One and alone—do you see—do you see
Souls on the highroad, striving and thronging?
*Here is the key.*

Long have I sought it, heavy, all-golden,
Lady, lady, *douce et ma vie.*
Sought it in weeping, sought it in waking,
*Here is the key.*
Goes it so stiffly, fingers half breaking?
Mine are the hands that must set your soul free,
Your little hands, and then mine over-folden;
*Here is the key.*

Wide stands the gate; enter swift—so 'tis better,
 Lady, lady, *Coeur de ma vie*.
Swift! For the high-road's too hard for thy going;
 *Here is the key.*
Now shall I say, when the grey wind is blowing,
(Sweet, do not cry, for I won it for thee)
"Sing! For she reigns on the throne where you set her."
 *Here is the key.*

H. T. V. Burton

## A FUNERAL PASSING

E.M.

A mist stole in from the sea,
From the sea gray and cold,
Shrouding and hiding the ships,
Bringing the salt to our lips,
While the sad bell tolled.

Tolled and tolled on, saying, "He
The dear master and friend,
Companioned by all he loved best,
Passing away to his rest,
Draws near to the end.

The end—the end. He is free."
From the sea cold and gray,
Hiding and shrouding the town,
Slowly the mist drives down,
He has gone his way.

Mary E. Fletcher

# RABINDRANATH TAGORE

"THERE is no more welcome gift to man than a new symbol." Tagore has created many such; his poetry is a garden of fresh and beautiful symbolism. To writers who deal with the superficial, contradictory aspects of reality he leaves the epigram, the pungent memorable phrase, the cryptic paradox, while he expends his best literary effort in the invention of mystic imagery. Visible things to him are suggestions of the infinite. The common man looks at objective reality and sees only its sign-board quality of fact; but Tagore disdains the apparent finality of things and accepts them as a language of the spirit. His verse he has filled with delicate, suggestive images: the illegible letter, the beggar, the bride and bridegroom, the unknown man in his little boat playing upon his lute. Even in writing prose he is never content until his meaning has been caught in a vivid figure. His fertility of symbolic invention seems unlimited.

The symbols of Tagore's poetry are not crude indices pointing to the truth, but are intimate notes directed to the heart. In them we hear the voices of the spirit. Words in their ordinary usage scarcely touch the realm of the soul; they are designed to deal with practical and visible things in the world of the external. For the obvious, powerful emotions, it is true, names are listed, love, hate, avarice, but for those deeper movements of the soul which pass through all our lives and come to light in moments of peculiar exaltation we have no words. To bring these hidden spiritual phenomena within the range of understanding we must invite the aid of such suggestive imagery as is used by Tagore.

Many of our religious metaphors, beautiful as they were in the beginning, have become through usage trite and unmeaning. Battered about by sects, cried aloud by fanatics, hurled forth Sunday after Sunday from the pulpits with hyper-

bolic fervor, they have acquired other associations than they had in the beginning. When for instance we hear the zealous clergyman compare Our Lord to a shepherd with his flock there is apt to come to our minds not the thought of the quiet, pastoral scene which delighted the psalmist, but the memory of that blatantly sentimental hymn of the "ninety-and-nine that safely lay." Some of our religious images are of eternal beauty that will never fade and have been wound about by associations that make them doubly solemn, but many of them have lost their freshness of appeal.

In Tagore's poetry the deeper experiences of the soul are prefigured in images that are novel and striking. Some of them may have been borrowed from the sacred writings of his people, but many of them are his own, and most of them are new to us. Like strange airs upon a flute they entice us into the realm of unseen, beautiful things.

Tagore finds his poetic inspiration in the secret places of the heart. He has there his mystic garden where wishes flit about like birds, and desires spring up like poppies. Intently as if harkening to the sounds of evening he gives heed to the voices of his soul. Even as a boy, so he tells us in his "Reminiscences," he would creep into his father's vacant room and lying motionless on the couch pass the afternoon in day-dreams, and we hear of him as a man spending hours in silent meditation. Those things which for the average person lie hid in the darker recesses of the heart, to be brought to light only at sound of a child's laugh or the sight of the wind moving the grass on a grave, are his every-day possession. What is it that brings him such profound beatitude? Is it an incommunicable feeling of divine peace, a sense of unity with all things, the contemplation of ineffable beauty, or the knowledge of concord with God? It is hard to name; but in its absence he is desolate, and when it enters quietly into his being he is filled with rapture.

"The beggar in me lifted his lean hands to the starless sky and cried into night's ear with his hungry voice . . .

"But when morning dropped anchor at the rim of the East, the beggar in me leapt and cried:

"'Blessed am I that the deaf night denied me—that his coffer was empty.'

"He cried, 'O Life, O Light, you are precious, and precious is the joy that at last has known you.'"

Despite the fact that the intention of Tagore's poetry is occult, it is amazingly direct and simple in quality. It flows like translucent water in a stream where every pebble and waving tendril is visible. So much of modern verse which purports to transcend the normal man's sensibilities appears strained and deliberately obscure that a cautious reader is inclined to approach Tagore with suspicion; but he need have no fear, this seer is as open and frank as a child. His simplicity is no less striking than his depth.

This simplicity of effect is partly the result of his style, at least of his style as it appears in English. We read his poems in the form of prose translations from the original Bengali verse, and it is to be expected that they should show something of the *naïveté* of translations: the rhythmic movement of verse is gone, while the heightening effect of prose rhetoric is not added. Those little formalities of style which we affect in writing prose, possibly as a boon inherited from the pompous stylists of Dr. Johnson's age, are as a rule absent: the balancing of phrases and clauses, the precise pairing of epithets, the periodic involution of sentences. A few simple devices, besides the profuse sequence of images, keep his style from utter plainness. Alliteration is used—sometimes rather crudely; and the repetition of tonal phrases—as it were a rhyming of ideas—gives a haunting insistence to certain thoughts:

"You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door.

"I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door . . ."

There is in his translated verse the concreteness of poetry with the loose construction of prose—a combination almost childlike in appeal. Whatever may have been the intricacies of his versification and style in the original, little conscious artistry appears in English. Judged strictly according to acknowledged criteria, it must be admitted, the style is faulty. One is disconcerted for instance to come on this lilting rhythm in a plain piece of prose: "I touch by the edge of the far spreading wing of my song thy feet . . ." Worse than that he is given in the exuberance of his imaginative invention to the mixing of metaphors: "The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky." We are doubtful again whether to charge the awkwardness of translating an idiom of one language into another, or the poet's lack of expressional power with such infelicities as this: "When the morning came I saw you standing upon the emptiness that was spread over my house."

In the choice of words as a rule he has observed Wordsworth's dictum, that poetry should use "the real language of men," with the result that his diction is not strained or bookish. It is usually apt, frequently even inspired. There is besides in Tagore's style, loose and peccant as it is in English, the charm of unaffected directness. What he wishes to say is set down in a delightfully straightforward manner: "I know that at the dim end of some day the sun will bid me its farewell; shepherds will play their pipes beneath the banyan tree, and cattle graze on the slope by the river, while my days will pass into the dark; this is my prayer, that I may know before I leave why the earth called me to her arms . . ."

Behind the directness and simplicity of Tagore's style we are conscious of a spirit admirably united with itself and untroubled by affectation or the turmoil of conflicting emotions. As we read his poetry the distracting complexities of modern thought drop from our minds; we forget the desires, the fears, the perplexities of present day existence, and our minds go back to the time when life was young and

wise men were credulous and worshipful enough to follow the guidance of a star. Since that time many centuries have gone by, much has been learned and much accomplished; civilization has developed greatly in the western world and our primitive crudeness has been lost; but we have lost as well the freshness, the eagerness of men in the early ages, and something of their intimate touch with the primitive, simple things of life. The world is very old and very complex. Life is so vast and intricate, the passions of the modern world so conflicting and tumultuous, and the business of producing and vending the things of life so insistent that our minds are apt to lose sight of the quiescent joys of which Tagore sings. He, living in conservative India, is still under the influence of the ancient, devout culture preserved in its sacred books. It is to a large extent this difference between him and us that makes us feel that he is inviting us into a new world, a world in which we become as little children.

Most of all do we feel at home with this Eastern sage when we find him echoing thoughts that are at the basis of our own notions of things—thoughts with the wholesome worth of common sense:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with the doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground, and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down on the dusty soil!"

Such passages make us feel that we have discovered traces of a kindred mind. Here at any rate his thoughts have touched ours. This healthy expression of sentiment would lead us to believe that he is no mere aesthetic, no esoteric dreamer. When we find him taking delight in the universal sources of human joy—in love, the glories of nature, and the fresh sweetness of children—we feel that our feet are approaching

solid ground. With renewed confidence we permit him to lead us further into his world of beauty.

There had need to be this broad appeal in Tagore, this simplicity of style and heart, for the Western mind finds in him much that is strange: his spirit is that of a simple devotee, but his thoughts move in forms that are the result of theologic and philosophic traditions unfamiliar to us. Eastern modes of thought are always puzzling to the Western mind, and as we read Tagore it is the difficulty of comprehending the background of his mind which we find disconcerting. His complete meaning seems to elude us all too frequently. Until we bring ourselves to understand something of his Oriental attitude towards life and his conceptual presentation of the universe we are incapable of fully interpreting his poetic thought.

The essence of all Tagore's strangeness is his conception of Deity. "There at the fording in his little boat the unknown man plays upon his lute." This, we are told, is a symbol of God. How foreign it seems to our ways of thought! Many symbols have we used to represent God, but never one so strange and intimate as this. What does it mean? It recalls the days of the Iliad and Odyssey when men caught glimpses of the gods amongst the forms of men. Their gods were very close; their magnitude had not been exalted beyond thought by unlimiting epithets—omnipotent, omniscient, infinite, and eternal . . . Whatever is greatest in the experience of man, that is God. His nature as seen through the eyes of various sects and races is the embodiment of multiple human experiences of that which is terrifying, high, inflexible, worthy of love and admiration. Sometimes men have believed that He was manifested in the inexorable forces of nature, in a morbid ecstasy of mind, in reason, in vast destruction, or in the healing power of love. When we discover where a person seeks God we understand the fabric of his mind. Where then for Tagore, we ask, does God reveal Himself? Most of all, I think, in the sweet, elusive power of beauty.

When the vexations of life—the strivings, enmities, disappointments, petty lusts—melt away from his mind, and he is lifted up with the joy of contemplating loveliness, Tagore feels that he is touching the feet of God. To see, to hear, to feel the beauty in all created things—that to him is the supreme rapture. Searching for beauty constantly he passes his days. In all things he sees its signal; it beckons to him everywhere, drawing him away from sordid, earthly interests. Sometimes, to be sure, his obtuse senses are dull and torpid, and he is slow to respond to the signal; but shortly there is wont to come a mood of disquietude, of restlessness, of yearning: "Alas, I cannot stay in the house, and home has become no home to me, for the eternal Stranger calls, he is going along the road." Some of his most haunting lyrics express this feeling of expectancy, this ominous sense of an approaching revelation: "The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water. Ah, it calls me out into the dusk. In the lonely lane there is no passer-by; the wind is up; the ripples are rampant in the river." Not long at any time, however, does his spirit remain imprisoned by the hebetude of sense; its trammels are broken and he is free to go forth where his soul can feel with poignant fullness the beauty of the world.

His highest wisdom teaches him how to induce this blissful mood. The self-assertion of pride he knows is antagonistic to it; he delights to feel that he is himself humble and withdrawn from the eyes of men. Pedantry, the complex ways of a crowded life, the lust of hoarded treasures, the vanity of adornment—all these must be put aside if it is to be attained. No doubt the great and mighty of the world will deem him foolish, will perhaps despise him for his simplicity. He makes no attempt to proselytize them. Let them go their ways. For himself he knows the road to blessedness.

In quiet contemplation he finds his pearl of great price—and in the joy of creation. Like a bird carolling from the limb of a tree in blossom, his spirit thrills with the pleasure of creating beauty; the joy of life in all living things mounts

in his heart; his voice is lost in the universal symphony; he is the voice of the living world singing to its maker:

"When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.

"All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony, and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea."

Most of all does he delight in the beauty of the inner life, in that harmony which exists when all hate, and lust, and self-conceit are lost, and the soul flows out to the whole world in an ebullition of love. All thought of imperfection and ugliness is banished from the mind; all distracting passions are wiped out from the heart. Only God in his unity is contemplated; only love is felt. This is the secret of those hours of placid ecstasy in which the poet delights.

The basis of thought underlying such an attitude of mind can best be described in terms borrowed from metaphysic. To the lover of poetry an attempt to explain a poet's soul with logic may seem as vain as an attempt to catch a bubble on a pin; but my task at the present moment is to make clear what appears to be Tagore's strange conception of God; and in doing so I am driven willy-nilly into the realm of metaphysic. When his conception of God has been translated into the language of pure thought it has been reduced, as it were, to its lowest terms, and I can then use it conveniently for contrast and criticism.

The august and ancient Greek philosopher, Parmenides, has given me the word for my purpose. In keeping with the philosophic and theologic traditions of his race Tagore looks on the supreme truth and essence of things as contained in the concept of Being. Being is immutable, one with itself, all embracing, perfect and complete. In all things yet untrammeled by the conditions of finite existence it is the one and only truth forever.

In the contemplation of God in his unity, of God as Being, of God as the one truth and beauty, Tagore attains his profoundest satisfaction. To be blessed, he believes, man must

bring himself into harmony with the oneness of the infinite. All antithesis must be struck from the mind, all antagonism from the heart; the thoughts must pass out over all things and return with the assurance of complete unity and perfection. Therein lies the fullest realization of self, the deepest peace.

How exotic this all seems to us! Something like it we have heard from our saints and mystics, but we have not fully understood. Another concept we apply to the interpretation of things; the supreme reality is not conceivable to us as static, empty Being; to think of it as such would, we think, stultify and negate our efforts in life. Bergson is our prophet, and we accept his more comprehensive doctrine: reality is in Evolution.

All things are explained by us in terms of Evolution: the progress of nations and the origin of species, the formation of the stars, and the developments of versification. Our watchwords are activity, progress, victory. We cannot wholly abide the self-depreciation of the Eastern devotee; we will go so far with Nietsche as to admit that a man cannot play his part in the process of Evolution without the will to assert himself. To accomplish our salvation we enlist our energies whole-heartedly with the marching armies of Evolution, and fight there, not only for what is, but for what is to be. The imperfection of things strikes at our minds poignantly; much is wrong, many tasks are to be accomplished; our God is afar off; we reach out our hands to Him in faith—faith "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

With us religion is a bitter struggle against wickedness; with Tagore religion is a song. He is of the East, a mystic dreamer; we are of the West, "progressive, practical." He can never be the prophet of our souls, but he can remind us of what we in the fervor of our activity are liable to forget—the ineffable beauty of creation, the closeness of God, and the sweetness of inner peace and harmony.

ADRIAN MACDONALD

# MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

THERE is much to be said for the habit of deferring all general estimates of a great literary figure until the person to be judged has passed away. The old Greek adage that no one should be counted happy until the end suggests that no writer can receive a true appraisal until critics are in a position to survey the absolutely finished work. This warning has such obvious force that he who sets it at defiance ought to be very cautious indeed, slow to venture upon the extremes either of praise or of depreciation, ready to content himself with saying somewhat less than he may feel to be the truth, just because he knows that in judging too soon he is more liable to the over-statement that may long mislead than to the under-statement which time is sure to correct.

On the other hand, it seems scarcely fair to the reading public that a reviewer should reserve the most important things he has to say until they must appear under the kindly restraint of obituaries. Nor is it fair to a writer that criticism should have to limit itself to each separate book as it comes out, and that no attempt should be made at estimating the total significance of a career until the person chiefly concerned has gone beyond the reach of either gratitude or blame. These reflections have occurred to me in regard to the brilliant woman novelist who for almost thirty years has been so laborious and so successful a worker in that literary field in which women so often excelled. We still hoped for many another book, rich in description, in character-drawing, and in profound suggestiveness from Mrs. Humphry Ward. But now, upon this day, March 24th, Mrs. Ward, alas, is dead.

In issuing—one was tempted to say, before its time—*A Writer's Recollections* she seems to have herself invited a general survey of her life's activities. The present article will take up the challenge, offering I trust a dispassionate

view of the social studies she has so far given us, and omitting only those five novels whose chief interest is not social but theological. These five are indeed in some respects her very best work, and I shall have to point out in general terms how very similar is the attitude of mind which is shown in all her books alike. But her theological aspect would call for a separate treatment. There are at least sixteen other novels which it is convenient to group together, and something must first be said about the important autobiographic volumes which she has so recently issued.

The publication of her *Recollections* has much increased our indebtedness to Mrs. Ward. It has often been noticed that in the special field of Memoirs and Reminiscences the French have been as productive as the English have been negligent. This may be due either to that modest reticence which forbids the obtrusion of one's self, which our countrymen claim among their characteristic virtues, or to a deep-seated pride which refuses so intimate a self-disclosure before the world, which foreign judgement tends to count among an Englishman's characteristic vices. Whatever the cause, the loss to literature and to history has been considerable. Data of such immense value to those who come after should not be so sparingly provided, and one notices with pleasure that the generation now drawing to its close has been more generous in this respect than some of those which have preceded. Lord Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison have set an excellent pattern. To the delight of his many admirers Mr. Thomas Hardy is reported to be at present engaged upon work of the same sort. These three veterans have reached that venerable age at which little more can be looked for than such summaries of their own past. But Mrs. Ward was still, as authors go, in the freshness of creative power, and one had reason to hope that her Recollections would need to be expanded in the light of much experience yet in store for her.

To write good Memoirs is no easy task. It calls for an unusual endowment of both head and heart. The mere autobiography is a simple undertaking, unique indeed just in

this, that transparent candour ensures success, and none but the over-cunning know how to fail. Richter prefaced his autobiography by reminding us that the subject was one on which he was better informed than any other man in the world, and Carlyle humorously named him "professor of his own life." Miss Martineau's book about herself has achieved its exact aim, for it has made us acquainted with Harriet Martineau as we could never have known her without that astonishing medley of sound sense and trivial gossip, of public spirit and monstrous egotism, which she has packed into her two irritating but most revealing volumes. The merit of Memoirs, however, is different. Great events have to be recorded for their own sake, and the effect is spoiled by that recurring parenthesis, *quorum pars magna fui*, which—whether it be explicitly added or dexterously suggested—makes autobiography gain so much in vividness even where it loses in charm. Those who write as witnesses to the future of the things they have seen and the changes through which they have lived must keep in the record just enough of themselves to give it a personal authority, but as little as will secure it against personal bias, and the "line" as usual is hard to draw. What part of the vast stores in an acute observer's memory is important enough to be transferred to paper, what part was of interest to one's self at the time but can have no significance for those who come after, how the perspective shall be arranged and the proportions fixed,—these are among the problems of this sort of writing if it is to be of any permanent value. One of those who have most recently attempted it has felt driven to say that memory itself would defeat such an enterprise, for it is like a canvas upon which pictures are painted by an artist who takes in and leaves out according to his taste, making many a big thing small and many a small thing big. Hence, argues Sir Rabindranath Tagore, we must abandon all thought of an historical sketch, and definitely give, for whatever it may be worth, the features of a single life. It is at least clear that those who aim at more than this have very complex difficulties

to baffle them, conditions which few of the reminiscent even set themselves to fulfil, or have the self-control and the balance of mind to fulfil if they tried. Mere memoirs, as Carlyle well said, require much sifting before they can be "reduced to history."

One cannot indeed pretend that in this matter Mrs. Ward has risen victorious over the temptations by which her class is beset. For her perhaps they have had even an unusual subtlety. She comes of a stock that in the person of several of its members has been conspicuous in literature, and she would be a little more than human if she did not invest her grandfather and her uncle with an abiding distinction that surprises those who now think about both Thomas Arnold and Matthew Arnold perhaps less frequently and less reverently than they should. She gives a place, quite intelligible as a part of her own psychology, but quite too high to be justified by objective criticism, to those French men of letters, and British men of affairs whom she has had the good fortune to know. Thus many a reviewer who has treated her *Recollections* in an unkindly spirit had some ground for his complaint. The book should have been called "autobiography," and, judged so, it is a fascinating personal portrait of one who shines as an example of English intellectual womanhood.

This portraiture is all the more important because it is not only by what she has written but just as much by the impressiveness of her own quite unusual personality that she has contributed to the instruction of her age. In the record of literary women we must go back for parallels to such as George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë, for Mrs. Ward was brought up before the idea of university education for both sexes alike had taken any firm hold, and her own early teaching was, as she complains, on a meagre scale. From the age of sixteen she lived with her father at Oxford, and, without being systematically taught by anyone, she caught up as by contagion the spirit of the place. How perfectly she absorbed this, and with what affectionate remembrance she still cherishes it, can be seen in such a book as *Lady Connie*.

Alas, even in Oxford exposure to the contagion of learning does not by any means imply being infected. But if ever a girl of sixteen did become infected with the zeal of knowledge, and pursue it almost unaided to the most notable results, it was surely Mrs. Ward.

The learning in which she became immersed was itself of a surprising kind. It was not just literature; neither was it art; it was the great movement of thought in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, that had to do with evolution, with social science, with history, with the Higher Criticism of the Bible, with belief in the miraculous, with the future of Christianity in a world of deepening and broadening insight. The circle of scholars in which she moved was full of concern for these matters, and, half child as she was, she had a sensitive ear for the notes of controversy, appreciated the tremendous issues at stake, read volume after volume for herself that she might discover just how the land lay. I suppose no one could have helped being made aware in a general sense of a difficulty about creeds, a discord between schools and parties in the English Church, a movement by some back to Rome and by others forward to rationalism. But Mrs. Ward was living at the centre where these forms of strife were hottest, and she insisted on knowing all about it. She became conscious too of a certain artistic gift for imaginative writing, and she resolved to break new ground with the novel. She would present in a work of fiction the surging tides of religious change, and she would draw characters of each school from the learned models so well known to her in Oxford society.

Yet another circumstance of her early surroundings must have imparted to Mrs. Ward a breadth and catholicity of vision which are the lot of few. Her family was divided in the most curious and suggestive way among three very different religious schools. Thomas Arnold, senior, was one of the founders of the Broad Church, a leader among those who aimed to soften and assuage the bitternesses which separated the Establishment from Nonconformity, a forerunner of all such as seek to temper the sharpness of old creeds, to accom-

modate ancient formulæ to new knowledge, and if possible to reunite the warring sects of Christendom by mutual compromise or mutual understanding. Matthew Arnold was drawn far indeed from the evangelical spirit of his father, and became in turn a representative of the party to which all dogma is obsolete, a herald of that new-born agnosticism which separates itself from all the churches alike. Thomas Arnold, junior, the most strangely vacillating of the three, began life as a liberal Anglican, seceded afterwards to the Church of Rome, connected himself a few years later with the sceptics, and later still made his submission afresh to the Roman See, under which for the last fifteen years of his life he remained, and under it he died. It would be remarkable indeed if one who had been in such close and intimate relation with these three types of thought, and eventually struck out for herself a line different from any of them, did not display a width of knowledge and an all-embracing sympathy for the varying forms of faith such as is seldom found in those whose experience has been more stable and more uniform.

The interest of Mrs. Ward's novels does not lie in their complicated plots, though in such a book as *The Testing of Diana Mallory* she has shown an abundant imaginative power. She can work out a love mystery too, or describe the ways and doings of high life, or avail herself with great success when she tries of almost any artifice by which fiction is at present made to sell. But these are the features which Mrs. Ward shares with a host of others; they are the almost indispensable technique of the novelist who wants to be read; they are not the distinctive characteristic which makes this writer's work quite different from that of a hundred others one might name. Underlying not all indeed, but the greater number, of Mrs. Ward's novels there is a type of problem which few have either asked in her way or met with her solution.

That problem belongs to three different fields of thought, and amid differences it is essentially the same in each. It is commonly spoken of as the controversy of the conventional

as against the reforming, of tradition as against progress, of the spirit of the past as against the spirit of the future. Mrs. Ward is a very English Englishwoman, and as she looks out upon her world she sees that within her own time England has been changing immensely; the order of social classes has altered, the prestige of family and birth has been enormously weakened, the claims of labour and the advance of socialism and the destruction of an hereditary governing rank are tendencies that have been vastly strengthened. As our writer considers the transformation she sees that it has been partly for good and partly for evil; she cannot persuade herself that in the rooting up of tares the goodly wheat has not suffered too; and she has set herself in one group of her novels to depict the reverse side of our radical improvements. Many and many a pen have been engaged in burlesquing the sleepy old days of convention. Mrs. Ward is among the very few who are still recalling us to consider how much of good there was in the conventional, and how dangerous are some of our experiments which ignore it. The novels to which I specially refer under this heading are such as *Marcella, Sir George Tressady*, and *The Coryston Family*.

A second group has had to do with the movement generally known as "feminism," and that in two aspects; the struggle for women's franchise which she had watched and studied in England, and the claim for easy divorce which, it is said, she made a special journey to the United States to investigate. Here again the issue lies between old usage and alluring change. The mid-Victorians or early Victorians —sometimes called the "anti-macassar ladies," had no desire to vote, and less desire for divorces on the ground of incompatibility of temperament. Popular novels have recommended the former innovation, and a good many of them seem to live by agitating for the latter. Mrs. Ward boldly takes her stand on the older practice, and in a series of most vivid sketches presents feminism as destroying what is far more valuable than all that it can construct. To this group belong

the books called *Daphne, The Marriage of William Ashe, Eltham House, Delia Blanchflower,* and *Helena.*

But Mrs. Ward sees yet a third sphere of contemporary conflict. The break-up extends beyond social habits, and political relations, and the conventions of domestic life. The stirrings of a rebellious spirit are at work too in religion, and, curiously enough, it is here that our novelist is so much in sympathy with the rebels as to be spoken of as herself a herald of revolt. She would alter the Church in a far more fundamental way than either the state or the family. Here belong her five so-called theological novels, *Robert Elsmere, The History of David Grieve, Eleanor, Helbeck of Bannisdale,* and *The Case of Richard Meynell.*

In her social pictures one sees that what Mrs. Ward believes in is the England of the past, improved—even transfigured—by a deeper national conscientiousness, but with its great structural outlines unchanged. Though very liberal in matters of theology she is conservative to the core in her attitude to politics. It is obvious that she by no means believes in the natural equality of all mankind, but rather in mankind's natural and hence irremoveable inequalities. Differences of temperament, differences of capacity, differences of surroundings, differences even of birth or descent are to her important things, not to be smoothed away or conjured out of existence by forcing everyone to associate with everyone else and to live the same kind of life. The so-called "ultra-democratic" are, she thinks, just pretending that all are alike; but this will never make them alike. It will rather suppress and vulgarize the special gifts of the few without conferring any notable advantage upon the many. Like her own Sir George Tressady, she has a world-scheme which rests upon "ideas of the greatness of England and the infinity of England's mission, on the rights of ability to govern as contrasted with the squalid possibilities of democracy, on the natural kingship of the higher races, and on a profound personal admiration for the virtues of the administrator and the soldier."

Why, it may be asked, has she been so uncompromising an opponent of women's suffrage? It is a circumstance worth the attention of our feminists that the two most notable women writers within living memory, George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward, have both been against them. It can scarcely be said that either of these was too dull-witted to grasp the feminist case, too narrow in her interests to realize the great intellectual possibilities of her sex, or too hidebound by old prejudice to contemplate a daring step forward. If Mrs. Pankhurst was right and Mrs. Ward wrong, this was not because Mrs. Pankhurst is the more clever, the better informed, or the more original. It was no doubt in part because, moved by the same thought which inspired Tennyson's *Princess*, our anti-suffragette differed from the strenuous propagandist of feminism in the forecast she made of the effect of political activity upon woman's character. But, if the less intelligent judged differently from the more intelligent, we must seek for some explanation in the differing social creeds which the two unconsciously assumed. We shall easily find this in the contrast between a believer in convention and a believer in resolute progress. Mrs. Ward, one may suspect, would withhold votes from women from the same sort of cause that makes her distrustful of radicals, devoted to old institutions, shy about trying new experiments, not sanguine that we can change for the better but very sure that we might change for the worse. She knows quite well that an hereditary House of Lords is likely to be less sagacious that an elected House of Commons. But it is also likely, just on that account, to adhere with more firmness to the ways of England's past, and it is England's past which Mrs. Ward adores. So too she knows that the admission of women to Parliament might bring in many, like herself, far more subtle in mind than those at present in the House. But it seems to be this very subtlety that she dreads. Under it the risk would be greatly increased for the old decorums of social and political order. Hence her two books in burlesque of the "new woman." In *Delia Blanchflower* and *Helena* we have

a series of men like Carlyle's heroes, ludicrously misunderstood by those whose best interests they are serving, while the activities of the new women show us how fools may destroy in a day what the wise can scarcely rebuild in a lifetime.

She draws her characters with a dexterous hand, and produces with undeniable success the effect at which she aims. *Marcella*, for example, gives us the picture of an English girl of fine intelligence and generous impulses, born to the social inheritance of the ruling class, but weaned from her own order into a fierce democratic enthusiasm, inflamed by the injustices of the poor, defiant and scornful of the conservative tradition, and thrilled by the gospel of a new communistic state. She is made to learn in the school of experience how much the aristocratic temperament has been maligned, how precious are the values which the feudal scheme of life has preserved, how raw and crude are the new-fangled remedies for popular distress, how dishonest are the agitators who would deceive mankind into a class war. *The Coryston Family* brings before us a schism in a noble house, where one member turns his back upon the ideals in which he has been brought up, plays the *rôle* of democratic champion, identifies himself with the bitter resentment of the lower orders against their natural guides, and is found in the end to have distressed all but benefited none. It would, indeed, be unfair to Mrs. Ward to suggest that she is just an apologist for the old system of British caste. The nobility and gentry that she idealizes are distinguished with great sharpness from the so-called "idle rich." They are men and women with keen human sympathies, ready for hard self-denying work, bearing the burden of a very real responsibility, and always alive to the motto *noblesse oblige*. Such books as *Sir George Tressady* are full of mordant satire upon those who find in exalted rank no more than a chance for asserting personal privilege. Those like *Missing*, or *Delia Blanchflower*, or *Helena*, are winsome and impressive sketches of the high patriotic spirit, the delicate social sensitiveness, the concern for the beautiful as contrasted with vulgar ostentation, which one thinks of as among the

hereditary qualities of the British noble. But underlying the whole treatment is the assumption that our public is to be divided into the culturally superior with a right to rule and the culturally inferior with the privilege no less than the duty to be ruled.

In her books dealing with divorce and with the marriage law we have a very welcome relief from the tone that fiction on these subjects has increasingly acquired in our own time. One is very familiar with the *motif* of which the sex novelist as a rule makes use. Somebody is always desirous of escaping from "conventions," declaring in favour of an "elective affinity," impressed with the difference between living and merely existing, or resolved on some disreputable elopement as the best way of asserting independence. It was bad enough even in George Sand, with her flimsy doctrine that marriage is just the formal sanction of love, and that where love has ceased marriage should be automatically dissolved. Within the last few years we have yawned over such stuff in Mr. Galsworthy's *Beyond* and *The Saint's Progress*. And hardly a publishing season passes without its quota of still feebler specimens of the pornographic art. What they all ignore is the enormous and—to any sane judgement—indispensable value of conventions, if a civilized order is not to give place to moral anarchy. Mrs. Ward's work in this province is like a breath of fresh air in a noisome and fetid atmosphere. Her satires on the emancipated folk are deep and sure. How disastrous their policy turns out, how painfully the offenders learn to appreciate the wisdom of *les convenances*, what folly they learn to find in their clamorous declamations about freedom, has seldom been better depicted than in *Eltham House* or *Marriage à la Mode*.

There are probably some to whom Mrs. Ward will be endeared most of all for the books she has written about the war. Nearly four years ago, when the insidious propaganda of our enemies had sown doubt in some American minds about the good faith and even the reality of British exertion, when a few here and there were suggesting that it was France

or Belgium or Russia that had been left to carry a quite disproportionate share of the burden of the Allies, it was deemed desirable to enlist the services of a brilliant writer who would present for American enlightenment the vivid story of what Great Britain had actually done, and of the increasing strain which she was bracing herself to bear. The person chosen for this work was Mrs. Ward, and the choice was well justified by what she produced. She was given access to all sorts of confidential knowledge, conducted over the battle fronts, the munition factories, the naval squadrons in the North Sea. The outcome of her inquiry was presented in that notable volume called *England's Effort*, which had to be republished again and again within a very few months, and went very far indeed to silence the cavils of slander, to allay the misgivings of those who had been misled, and to reassure the confidence of the friendly.

The literary critics of Mrs. Ward have commonly directed their attack against the propagandist spirit which they find in her work. They accuse her of being no artist, because she writes that most inartistic thing—the "novel with a purpose." Mr. T. W. H. Crosland has remarked about *Robert Elsmere* that for those in the mood for that sort of writing Butler's *Analogy* is still good enough. A much better authority on such matters, Professor W. L. Phelps, has recently told us that *David Grieve* is the only approach to a genuine novel in Mrs. Ward's whole series, and that from even that one he was himself glad to escape, plunging for refreshment into the pages of *Treasure Island*.

Now, it would be easy to dwell upon the enormous loss which literature would sustain if all fiction that serves propaganda had to be thus condemned. Cervantes, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Dickens are among those who have written novels with a deliberate purpose. Mrs. Ward need not fear a censure which her books must share with *Don Quixote*, *Consuelo*, *Les Misérables*, and *Bleak House*. There are many persons, of course, who are insufferably bored with a tale that presents a problem, just as a Scottish friend once told

me that he objected to learning chess because it made one "think too much in one's head." But problems are a part of our human experience, and the person engaged in thinking them out is at least as deserving of psychological portraiture as the person engaged in social intrigue, or victimized by domestic infelicities, whom most of our novelists spend their time in sketching. We have still to remember the warning of Coleridge against that view of fiction which makes it a mere agent to "charm away the dusky Gnome of Ennui," and his insistence that before we pronounce upon a literary dish we shall examine the value of the ingredients out of which it is made up.

It is not where she has dealt with profound problems, it is much rather in the books which have no problem, but tout for the approval of popular taste, that our authoress falls from the distinction which is her own into the commonplace in which she has many a successful competitor. The psychological exactness of these novels must, indeed, often appeal even to those whom Mrs. Ward's teaching on social ethics leaves unconvinced and sometimes irritated. Yet the question may be raised whether it was worth her while to be quite so exact and detailed in some of the scenes she has drawn. It is but natural that one who assumes what she assumes should from time to time become absorbed in depicting the less important traits of the upper social class, just as a special interest belongs to every little oddity of men of genius. But it is here that to many of us her writing grows tiresome. How Cabinet Ministers become embarrassed by the freakish rivalries of women, how business of state is disturbed by feminine quarrels at a country house, the ways and doings at a fashionable rout during the London season, the patronizing of an artist in the *beau monde* while the artist's wife is snubbed or left out, even wretched details about competition in dress or jewellery—these are among the things upon which Mrs. Ward too often wastes her power and her time. Anyone who is unable to keep patience with such fooleries should not take up a book like *Lady Rose's Daughter*, or *Fenwick's Career*, or *A Great Success*. The skill with which these situations have

been presented is, of course, striking, but the subject is extremely trivial, and perhaps the chief advantage of making ourselves acquainted with it is to discredit the moral which the writer elsewhere tries to enforce. One cannot imagine any person preserving quite so much respect for an hereditary ruling class when the objects by which that class is occupied, the motives by which it is influenced, the proportion in which it fixes its values are seen as Mrs. Ward has here shown them.

This fault perhaps arises from her curious deficiency in the saving grace of humour. It does not, for example, seem to occur to Mrs. Ward that the scraps of undergraduate slang bulk too large in her university stories, that the cant phrases and boyish aphorisms which old Oxford men can remember as among the humbugs of their youth are not worth enshrining as she has enshrined them, and that *England's Effort* tells us too often about such events as a dinner party in some admiral's cabin where the authoress was a guest. There is a very different sort of objection, too, which some readers have urged against her books. She does from time to time harrow one's feelings needlessly with the details of a horror. She does this with immense effect, as in her description in *Marcella* of the poacher's cottage on the night before its occupant was hanged, or in the death-bed scene of the latter part of *David Grieve*. She makes us see that cottage, and see that dying woman, with a clearness that one does not easily forget. It is the same sort of power that holds and thrills and terrifies in such a book as Zola's *Germinal*. But it is open to the blame that Aristotle casts upon a tragedy that gives us what is simply μιαρόν. Without any prudish dislike of "realism" one might remind those literary artists who paint the tragic experiences of mankind that there is much still to be learned from the old maxim of Horace, *ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet*.

Again, there are small points of style upon which an unfriendly critic might fasten, to temper our otherwise high estimate of this novelist's work. She has written very fast, paying the inevitable price for this in not a few quite slovenly sentences, and some provoking slacknesses of expression.

Readers of *Missing* will recall how contemptuous she is of poor Bridget Cookson's zeal in indexing a book on "The New Psychology" while the great war was in progress, and we have proofs apart from this that Mrs. Ward's interest in scientific psychology is slight. Her constant abuse of such words as "instinct" and "instinctive" is enough to exasperate some of us—perhaps pedants—past bearing. She can quote, indeed, the high precedent of George Meredith for being often quite careless of her syntax, and those who think that sentences may fairly be left without finite verbs by writers of unconventional genius will, it may be, see nothing in this to censure.

After all, however, these are only spots on the sun. Mrs. Ward has many claims upon our admiration and gratitude which make us forget or disregard her faults. When she struggles to defend the prestige of a governing order and to check the democratic impulse of her time, we fear that she is the champion of a losing cause and that the flood she has to confront is irresistible. But she fights for her side far better than most of those who try to support it, for she sees the need of timely concession, of abandoning the positions that can no longer be held at all, and of concentrating for a last stand behind ramparts that are still not wholly undermined. Nor is this in her case, as in that of so many others, a mere counsel of tactics. She feels the strength of the plea for liberal improvements, for advance in social reform, and for a rescrutinizing of old institutions. Mrs. Ward has presented in the most forcible and persuasive way those perils to culture and to the high values of civilization which democracy unbridled and uneducated seems to involve. And she would warn the privileged orders to be wise in time, vindicating their right to rule by showing the qualities of generous rulership. For all this, not less than for the copious literary delight which her books have given to us, we must hold her in honour. She is among the "intellectuals," and at a time when this class, almost alone among our social orders, is not judged worthy of artistic presentation she has come magnificently to its help.

HERBERT L. STEWART

## TRISTIS HIEMS

Undique nunc lugbris hiems est. Nubila montes
Frondosos condunt, sed tegmina candida summos
Jam nive vestitos, lucet dum Phœbus, adornant.
Inque freto nubes placido tenebrosa recumbit,
Naviculæ at timidis pergunt ululatibus æquor,
Ingentes rauco clamore pericla minantur
Cymbis et ratibus naves, ne devoret unda
Incautos. Ater cunctam super imminet urbem
Nimbus; at ars superat. Penitus per strata viarum
Saxea lychnorum splendentia lumina fulgent.
Jam queritur pluvias humenti veste viator
Acer et argenti mercator quærit acervum.
Queis properant currus propulsi viribus acres
Procussis chalybis, cui Mulciber invidet arti;
Ars miranda! Quousque tibi fit terminus ævi?
Quo mage progrederis, vir eo magis haurit avarus
Aurum nec remanet dejecta sorte quietus!
Quam mœrent inopes! Quam pacto fœdere faber
Cessat opus! Victus desunt. Heu tempora dura!
Exesi ærumnis heu quanta negotia mundi!
Sæcla ducem rursus Christum defessa precantur,
Tunc ætas iterum renovata erit aurea terra.
Omnia gaudebunt; montes vallesque vigebunt
Agricolis. Tellusque manus expandet amœnas.
Salvator Mundi, reducem Te, Christe saluto.

AGNOSTUS

# PIERRE LOTI

AMONG the many excellent writers who have added lustre to the literature of modern France there are none more widely known or more deservedly admired than Pierre Loti. Even within the golden galaxy of the "Immortels" the brilliance of Loti's work is undimmed by comparison with his illustrious contemporaries. And those very qualities which have led the literary élite of France to admit him to the ranks of the Academicians have served to awaken the appreciation and fire the fancy of the mass of the reading public. The reasons for this popularity are not far to seek. They lie in that marvellous power of description, that lingering note of pathos, and those unique qualities of thought and expression which have won for him the name of the "prose-poet" of France.

Loti's literary career covers some forty years. His latest miscellany of war-essays, under the suggestive title of *Le Hyène Enragé*, proves that the spell of the author is as potent as when he wrote the *Pêcheur d'Islande* and *Ramountcho*. It is true that this miscellany differs from the rest of his works in that it deals directly with so vital a theme as Germany's aggression against his country's liberty and life, and therefore it leads him to blaze forth in the undisguised passion of resentment against everything German. But even in his other work she is scarcely to be regarded as the spokesman of popular feelings. As a rule, he exhibits a marked detachment from the heated concerns of politics, the entanglements of society, and the disputes of philosophy. Yet there is one phase of the national life and thought which has found a fascinating representative in Captain Viaud and is depicted in his work with that personal touch that has increased with advancing years. He illustrates in a remarkable manner the varied aspects of thought and faith within Protestant France—Huguenot France—during the last half century. And we know no

more fascinating task than the attempt to trace this aspect of the great "romancier's" work.

The religious life of France during the past hundred and fifty years has been influenced by many movements in the national life and thought; and its various phases have never lacked literary representatives. The atheism of the Revolution found its advocates and its chroniclers in Voltaire and Rousseau. The subsequent rebound to Catholicism left its impress upon Chateaubriand. The free-thought, which came in the seventies as an after-effect of the Franco-Prussian war and of the influence of Schopenhauer, tinged the entire literature of a generation. Then, in the twentieth century, came the work of Paul Bourget, whose *Disciple* recorded the alarmed admission that free-thought was heading society straight for moral and social anarchy; while at the same tiime René Bazin, in his *Blé qui lève* and *L'Isolée*, has voiced the new loyalty to Rome, which followed upon the disestablishment of religion. And there is a sense in which Loti, too, stands amongst the prophets. Whether consciously or unconsciously, he voices the doubts, the fears and abiding faith of a considerable section of present-day French Protestantism.

Loti has frequently asserted that he is the disciple of no one of the littérateurs of modern France; and we are compelled to believe him. His writings are the unstudied expression of the things he has seen and the experiences he has undergone. Born with the soul of a poet, he has found his medium of expression in a facile, musical prose. His style displays no acquaintance with the customary "ficelles of fiction." In strong, simple language he writes straight on, narrating the results of his personal observations during his world-wide travels under the flag of the French Navy. His pen has all the magic power of Aladdin's famous carpet. He carries his reader to East and West, to North and South, to Iceland seas, Siamese forests, African deserts, Japanese cities, Basque villages, and Turkish harems. As he transports the reader to scene after scene his aim seems to be to make him breathe the atmosphere of his surroundings, rather than to create characters that shall

live in his memory. Alphonse Daudet has said of his *Mon Frère Yves* that it contains no other character than the ocean, no incident than its vast monorony; and such a criticism is typical of what may be said of almost every one of his works. But if Loti appears at his best in the peculiar kind of literary confession, half fact, half fiction, of which he is virtually the creator, he is nowhere seen to better advantage than in the *Pélerin d'Angkor* of 1912—that diary of a brief journey from the sea-coast of Cochin-China to the vast inland ruins of Angkor in the heart of the great forests on the border line of Cambodge and Siam. The story of this hurried pilgrimage during ten days' leave from the warship at Saigon illustrates every feature of the great prose poet's style, revealing the inimitable raconteur on every page.

The volume opens with reminiscences of the author's boyhood and closes with a remarkable chapter of confessions, which breathe an intense mental and spiritual sincerity. "I know not," runs his opening sentence, "whether many men have, like myself, foreseen from their childhood the course of their life. Nothing has ever happened to me that I did not dimly anticipate from my earliest years." Destined by his parents to stay by the old home and take the place of the elder brother, whose life had been given for France in her ill-fated colonies, he would sit at the window of his little room, gazing out over roof and rampart at the broad estuary that led to the Western ocean. "I had at that time," he writes, "the clearest anticipation of a life of voyages and adventures, with glorious hours, almost as fabulous as of some prince of the East, and with hours, too, of infinite misery." Then he would dream of the home-coming with whitened hair and growing honour after many adventures; "and," he continues, "amongst the many phrases, rich in sad and melancholy music, that came to lull my thoughts at the open window, there was one which, I know not why, would remain fixed in my memory: 'In the depths of the Siamese forest I saw the evening star rise over the great ruins of Angkor....'"

Thirty years passed away and at length these dreams of boyhood are fulfilled. Loti visits Angkor. In his work he describes each scene with the vividness of a true impressionist. The reader hears the very hum of the myriad insects, the cry of the gaudy flamingo, the roar of the lion in the Siamese forest, and beholds those "tiara-shaped towers, towers of grey stone, huge, dead towers, outlined against the pale light of the skies. "Ah," exclaims Loti, "at once I know them—the towers of my early dream, the dream that troubled me once, on an April evening in the little museum of my boyhood—Yes! I am in the presence of mystic Angkor!" The main portion of the work follows, consisting of marvellous descriptions of the great Temple of Buddha, descriptions of such cloying richness of detail and such mystic pensiveness, that they lure the reader resistlessly onward to the final page.

It was not until ten years after the visit to Angkor that Loti found leisure from the duties of the quarter-deck to write his memoirs of this pilgrimage. But, having at length completed his poem-diary, he adds a closing chapter of richer interest than anything else in the book. It is full of personal reminiscence; it seems to lay open the very mind and heart of the author. We follow him with deepest interest as he writes phrase after phrase of a genuine confession. "The hour has speedily come, and stealthily—the hour which methinks should never come—the twilight hour of life wherein all earthly things fade dimly into the shadows. After one more glowing summer—perhaps my last—spent in the East, I have this morning found my way back to the family home.... And as it were by chance I am back again in the little room which served as the 'museum' of my boyhood.... Everything about me tends once more to awaken within me the appealing attractiveness of unknown lands whither I may flee in haste.... How childish! Why, all that is a thing of the past, the unknown no more exists for me, who have drained the cup of adventure!....Ah! But to-day has witnessed that melancholy home-coming of which I once had so clear a presentiment, this last home-coming,

with over-wearied soul and hair already white! There is no illusion here, 'tis a present fact and the cycle of my life has run to its close! The sun of late October is sinking over the plain of Aunis, of which I catch a glimpse over the nearer roofs and ramparts. There, on the far horizon are the very woods that join the forest of Limoise, all unchanged still. Far off across the meadows the River Charente winds glittering in its channel—and once, for me, that river represented the gate of the unknown,—that river on whose waters the vessels moved towards those lands exotic,—the colonies; but whither now would it lead me—towards what oceans unexplored?....Oh, God, to have to end it all, when in oneself one feels that naught is changed, and that the same impulse as of old would bear one on the path of adventure, into the unknown, if such there still be! Can it be,—alas! that I have been a child for whom the world lay open—that I have been one who is going to live and not merely one who has lived. Yet, from this brief life, spread over many lands, I ought to have gathered something, some kind of knowledge, which, albeit unsatisfying, even now may bring me a foretaste of serenity. So many buried shrines have I met on my way, each of which stands for some peculiar form of human agony, so many pagodas, mosques, cathedrals, where prayers always the same rise from ever differing hearts! All this has done much more than enabled me to grasp the fact of which the cold philosophy of my youth provided the half-proof—the oft repeated statement of to-day, that proof of the existence of God, deduced from the universality of religion. No! But what is vastly more important, this volume of prayers and burning tears justifies the almost universal confidence that this God could not but be a God of pity."

Loti, then, is no unbeliever—even though his critics may find a certain amount of reason for applying to him that hazy term "a free-thinker." By the evidence of his words, he is rather a profoundly religious man. Yet nowhere does he definitely face spiritual problems. These may be approached with deliberate intent by the author of *L'Isoleé*, or in such a

remarkable romance as *Le Disciple* of Paul Bourget. Loti only touches upon them in passing. Yet he stands as a representative of much of contemporary thought on religion. He is in this respect almost a prose-Tennyson. Let us, as proof of this, take the *Belle-au-Bois Dormant*, and open it at what is probably its most popular paper, the description of his visit to the ancestral home of S. Pierre d'Oleron in the Ile de Rochelle. After long years of absence he is treading the spot where his Huguenot ancestors lived; he is standing in that very garden where their bones were laid to rest in the persecuting days of the great Louis. He tells us, in an aside, that those devout forefathers of his would scarce recognize a son of theirs in the half-sceptic, half-mystic, which he declares himself to be. Then in line after line, he lays bare his heart with all its hesitating belief, its crowding doubts, its "suspended judgement."

In his *Jerusalem* he had gone much further. At the time of its composition, if we are to take his words seriously, he no longer believed in the Christian Revelation and its deathless Evangel. Yet, even there, he is perpetually harking back to the hallowed faith that once was his. The reader will have been struck by the way in which Loti lingers, half regretfully, half pityingly, over the memory of the days when, in the simplicity and austerity of "le Temple"—which, nevertheless, he so favourably contrasts with the elaborate ceremonial of the German Lutheran—he once used to worship his fathers' God "en esprit et en vérité." He will remember, too, how Loti reveals the ineradicable thirst of the soul for some spiritual satisfaction as he described the fevered eagerness with which he sought to re-kindle from the dying embers the fires of his early faith, by making his own pilgrimage to all the hallowed spots of the Jewish metropolis. It is all in vain! The cave of the Nativity, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Via Dolorosa, Calvary itself, all seem to him to stand for blind fanaticism rather than for Christian faith. Not in Jerusalem, with its reliques of the Christ, does he find anything of real happiness. But, he confesses, he is strongly

moved by the Oriental resignation that breathes through the Mohammedan religion. The Mosque, the muezzin, the influence of the Prophet—these all have a certain appeal for him in his unsatisfied quest of spiritual reality. Perhaps that longing will never be satisfied until our great prose-poet finds his way back to the faith of his fathers, and learns in a truly spiritual sense to use the words which he so fondly quotes from many a roadside cross in the land of the Basques: *Ave Crux, Spes Unica!*

In all this we may perhaps say that Loti is both the product and the type of the religious unrest through which his country has passed. France has seen its ancient church cast off by the State—not, however, till France in large measure had forsaken her belief in that church's forms and ceremonies. Yet France is not infidel. With profound spiritual susceptibilities she, dissatisfied with the dim light of the past, is still waiting for the dawn of the day of a pure and satisfying faith; and Loti, in all this, is truly a modern and a Frenchman. But we venture once more to call attention to his *Jerusalem* in this connexion. It is not difficult to estimate the attitude of the Loti of this work. From beginning to end he is anxious to believe. He cannot hide the sincerity of his yearning for the heroic and simple Huguenot faith of his early years. But he has lost it! He is not indifferent to the glory of the Christian Creed; but the faith of his fathers has lost its power over him, even when it has retained its fascination. He has got out of touch with it and it eludes his grasp with the fatuity of a will-o'-the-wisp. There are points in this work where the writer reminds us of an unbeliever who is tempting religion to convert him. He puts himself in the way of religious impulses; he courts religious emotions; but all is in vain. And yet, as we read, the query comes into our mind as to whether it is all personal experience that is here so vividly depicted, or whether, after all, it is not the voice of our restless, hesitating, unsatisfied age that speaks from amongst the scenes where the great Nazarene once taught and died. There is something tantalizingly

indefinite in this; but we have a shrewd suspicion that the personal and the representative elements are both here. Sometimes, it is true, at the very moment when we think we have caught the individual, he slips from our grasp, and we find ourselves left with the incarnation of the spirit of the age; it is not Loti, it is the *Zeitgeist*.

Yet again there are times when we find it hard to believe ourselves deceived as to the real Loti, the pilgrim of the *Jerusalem*. That pilgrim is undoubtedly the ex-Huguenot, upon whose spirit there have breathed, now the influences of the great mystic religions of the Orient, and now the chilling intellectual hesitancy of the West. Our author is truly a modern and a man of many lands. Yet does he not illustrate the fault which the majority of his countrymen almost inevitably commit, the fault of identifying religion too exclusively with the historic and the external? The pilgrim to Jerusalem sometimes seems to know no exponent of religion save Rome. He lingers in these spots which the religious sentiment could be expected to haunt. He fondly imagines that if aught could ever bring back the breath of a spiritual spring to his heart, now chilled by the winter of unbelief, Jerusalem would work the miracle. So he makes his way in eager quest to the land of the Saviour's birth. He lingers long at Calvary; he bares his soul to every influence from the Temple Hill; he makes his vigil in Joseph's Garden; he tarries in the Church of the Sepulchre. All is in vain. No solace is found in venerating the crumbling stones that once beheld the world's supreme tragedy. His last effort is reserved for a visit to Olivet—but equally futile is the effort to re-kindle his faith. He leaves the Holy City, still an unbeliever—haunted solely by the peculiar spirit of resignation and the mysterious fascination which seemed to centre in the vast Mosque of Omar.

But in his *Pélerin d'Angkor*, Pierre Loti speaks with no ambiguous utterance on this theme of supreme importance. "I do not, indeed, pretend to say anything new," he tells us. "I only want to add my own to the witness of millions, because, perchance, certain of my brother-men expect it of me. As the

centuries pile up, those angry deities which human fancy fabricated as it emerged from the early darkness have little by little ceded their place to other conceptions, gentler, less crude, and surely, more exact . . . . . . The sovereign Pity! more and more I am inclined to believe therein and to stretch out my arms thereto—for I have endured so much—'neath every clime, 'midst enchantment and 'midst horror,—I have seen so much endured, so many tears, so many prayers. In spite of the changes and vicissitudes, in spite of the results produced by narrow dogmas and exclusive formulæ, more than ever one feels that the existence of that Pity is universally approved by all those lofty souls which kindle to every clear modern light."

In a footnote Loti admits that the convincing arguments of Bergson and of James all tend to consolidate the ancient hope which our fathers derived from their intuitive religious convictions. "In our own day, indeed," he writes, "there exists the dregs of semi-intelligence, of partial education, which the extant social régime has caused to come to the surface, and which, in the name of Science, rushes thoughtlessly on towards the most imbecile materialism; but, in the progress of evolution, the reign of these poor creatures will do no more than indicate a negligible episode of retrogression. As for the Supreme Pity to whom we stretch out our hands of despair, He must exist, whatever name we give Him; He must be there—capable of hearing, at the moment when death frees the soul, that cry of infinite distress, without which creation, which we can no longer reasonably excuse on the grounds of unconsciousness, would become a cruel thing, a thing utterly inadmissible from its very odiousness and cowardice."

There we have the creed of Loti—brief and positive—and it is sufficient to disprove the charge of infidelity which has so often been brought against the ex-Huguenot. "From my many pilgrimages," he says, in closing the theme, "some vain, some grave, this feeble argument, and by no means new, is all of value that I have ever gleamed."

HARVEY JELLIE

# THE WOOD CARVER'S WIFE

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

JEAN MARCHANT
LOUIS DE LOTBINIERE
SHAGONAS
DORETTE MARCHANT

*The scene is a log-built room; there is a door and a narrow window, both open; outside can be seen fields of ripe corn, a palisade, and the angle of a loop-holed block-house. Beyond is the forest. All is silent and deserted in the sun. The walls of the room are hung with skins, and here and there with things* JEAN *has carved; masks, two crucifixes, pipes, a panel showing a faun dancing to the piping of an Indian girl. There are guns, too, hunting knives, rods and nets, a hoe and a long French spade, and a shelf with a few books. The furniture is very simple. The floor is bare, strewn with fine wood shavings. In high relief on a cedar panel,* JEAN *is carving a Pieta for the new church. Opposite him, facing the door, in a rough chair covered with a wolfskin, is* DORETTE. *She is sitting to him for the face of the Madonna. In the doorway sits* SHAGONAS, *an Indian lad, mending a snare.*

JEAN [*singing*]. Hard in the frost and snow,
The cedar must have known
In his red, deep-fibred heart
A hundred winters ago,
I should love and carve you so.
And the knowledge must have beat
From his root to his height like the mid-March heat,
When the wild geese cry from the cloud and sleet,
And the black-birch buds are grown.

Then, were you then a part
Of the vast slow life of the tree?
Did you rise with the sap of his spring?
Did you stoop like a star to his boughs?
Did you nest in his soul and sing,
A silver thrush in a shadowy house,
As now, beloved, to me?

DORETTE. Not I. I have not sung.

JEAN. The sight of you
Sings to the eyes. . . . A little lower down,
Lean but a little lower that fair head,
The head of Mary o'er her murdered Christ,
The head I kiss in darkness all night long,—
Lord! and the delicate hollow of the cheek
Defeats the tool. There's no blade fine enough,
Unless a strand of cobweb steeled in frost,
Or Time's own graver.

DORETTE. Hush! I'll not grow old.

JEAN. Grow old? I shall grow old along with you.

DORETTE. Together? No. Old age is solitary.
A little stretching out of hands, a little
Breathing on ashes, and even regret is gone.
I tell you, I have seen old people here
As not in Picardy. The milk-dry woman
Crouching above her death-fire in the snow,
The old man biting on a salted skin,
Their patience, and the forest,—O, I fear
Age more than anything.

JEAN. You are yet too young,
Beloved, for my Mary.

DORETTE. What do I want?

JEAN. Why, the cold barren look on nothingness,
The grief that cannot weep, for if it could
It would be less grief. The inconsolable
Dumb apprehension, the doubt that asks for ever
"Is it so?" of love, and hears the answer, "Yea,"
For ever.

I would grieve you if I could
To make my Mary perfect.
DORETTE. You are hard.
You love your cold woods more than loveliness
Of look and touch.
JEAN. Why, only as Lord God
Might love the delicate dust He made you from,
You and great trees, rivers and clouds, the plain
Of ripened grasses running into flowers,
And all that breathes in the world.
There, you have moved.
DORETTE. I only moved a little way to look.
You have carved Our Lady's hair in Indian braids.
JEAN. Why not?
DORETTE. And laid the Lord on cedar boughs,
Wrapping His body in a beaded skin.
JEAN. Why not? He would have walked in our New France
Greatly as there, and died for these as well.
DORETTE. He is half Indian. The Intendant will not like it.
JEAN. The Intendant will not see in the small church.
Old Father Peter has a new lace cope,
And even his dark-skinned servers will go fine.
DORETTE. Ah, the dark people. How I fear them too.
SHAGONAS. The lady should not fear. Their hearts are open,
Even as Shagonas' heart. Shagonas knows
Only the ways of stream and wood a little,
And whence to bring the lady snake-root, whence
White waterlilies, whence sweet sassafras,
And berries in the Moon of Falling Leaves.
DORETTE. Not you, Shagonas. I've no fear of you.
SHAGONAS. The young dog-foxes running in the fern,
The bittern and the arrow-dropping kite,
The tall deer with five summers on his head,
These were Shagonas' brothers. Now he comes
With broidered nut-bags and a little snare
To catch a musk-rat for the lady's sake.
Is it well made?

JEAN. Well made and strong, Shagonas,
You sleek wolf apt to catch the herd-dog's bark.
The musk-rat ate our pansies out of France
And vexed the lady.

SHAGONAS. She must not be vexed.
Shagonas dreamed the lady had two shadows.
If but the following darkness touches her,
Or strikes at her, Shagonas will strike too.
So!

DORETTE. O, the knife, the knife!

JEAN. Put up, Shagonas.
We love it not, the steel in a red hand,
Who have seen too much.
But what did the boy mean?
Beloved, how you cried!

DORETTE. It was the sunlight
On the bare blade. I did not guess he wore it.

JEAN. They always have a claw beneath the pelt.
I know them well.

DORETTE. When do you go to see
The place preparing for your altar-piece?

JEAN. Why, any hour. . . . But I can't leave her yet.
Look, how the long hand grows from grain to flesh.
Here at the throat's the beating of a vein.
Did not the bosom lift? O, if she came
From her imprisoning cold cedar-wood,—
*Gemma decens, rosa recens,*
*Castitatis lilium,*—
You or the Mother of God? I do not know.
I should have two heavenly lilies in my room,
Two queens, two breathing roses, two Dorettes.
O, donum Dei!
And yet—the face, the face.
Beautiful. But there's no despair in her.
That makes despair in me.
Look you, my girl,
Suffer it with her. Think. She only knows

The dead weight of the Saviour on her knees
As it were a little child's. She's wóman. There
Is her dead heaven, her babe, her God, her all,
Unrisen. The grave yet holds Him.
Why, you weep.

DORETTE. I am tired and cold.

JEAN. Well. . . rest you, little heart.
I would not have you greater. Dry your tears.
She has dried hers long ago.

DORETTE. I have sat too long.
Will you go now to the church ?

JEAN. Yes, yes, and see
The shrine prepared to put My Lady in.
You or the Virgin Mother ? You, I think.
They'll see you there between the candle flames
A hundred years. The lads will worship you
And maids with innocent eyes will wonder at you.
Your beauty will lift many souls to God.
Come, boy.

SHAGONAS. The lady must not be afraid
Of any shadow.

JEAN. Fare you well, my rose.

*He kisses her, takes his sword and broad-brimmed hat, and goes out, followed by* SHAGONAS. *Through the open door* DORETTE *watches them as they cross the corn-fields towards the blockhouse. When they are out of sight she rises, shuts the door, and kneels before the unfinished Pieta with her face hidden in her hands.*

DORETTE. If you have lain in the night
And felt the old tears run
In their channels worn on the heart,
Pity me, Mary.

If you have dreaded the light,
And turned from the warmth of the sun
Like a blind child groping apart,
Pity me, Mary.

If you have risen from sleep
To the shadow of death, and the moon
White as one slain for your sake,
Pity me, Mary.

If you have longed for the deep
Close dark in the fulness of noon
When the eyes of the forest awake,
Pity me, Mary.

O, you who went folded in wings
Of Godhead, the maiden of God,
First star of the morning He made,
Pity me, Mary.

No bird of the meadow that sings,
No flower that shines up from the sod,
But pierces me too with its blade.
Pity me, Mary.

Ah, Christ, but will she pity, being pure?
You also, yet You pitied. Have compassion.
You stilled the wild seas at Gennesaret.
Stretch out Your hand and still me. I am torn
With tempest, and the deep goes over me.
He does not stir. He is dead. O, Louis, Louis. . .

*She remains motionless before the Virgin, and does not hear a soft knocking at the door. The door opens noiselessly,* DE LOTBINIERE *enters and closes it behind him. Seeing her he removes his hat, steals across the room, and kneels beside her. Presently she lifts her head.*

DORETTE. Louis!

DE LOTBINIERE. O loveliest, join me to your prayer.

DORETTE. Louis!

DE LOTBINIERE. I too will kneel to Christ, and weep
That anything so beautiful as love
Should have such sorrow on it.

DORETTE. O my dear,
I think I knew. But you are mad to come here,
Here, in broad day.

DE LOTBINIERE. I am growing tired of darkness,—
Dark hours, dark deeds, and little darkling ways,
A dirty smoke across the flame of love.
I had rather meet your Jeannot face to face,
With sunshine and clean air.
Clean hands, clean heart,
They would be his. He's welcome. Does he know?

DORETTE. You have not kissed me yet.

DE LOTBINIERE. Come to my heart.
Now answer me.

DORETTE. The boy Shagonas knows,
Not yet my husband.

DE LOTBINIERE. I almost wish he knew. . .

DORETTE. O, Louis, Louis, if you're in haste for that,
Content you. He will learn it very soon.
The sharp-tongued grasses that I trod toward you
Will whisper him, the winds will tell him, here,
The dews will lie at noontime to betray me,
The dawn come out of time, the dark boughs sigh,
There, there the foul thing passed.

DE LOTBINIERE. O, my Dorette.

DORETTE. That's right. I'll stand and let you kneel to me.
Will you kneel gladly?

DE LOTBINIERE. As I would to her,
God's Mother, looking earthward with your face.

DORETTE. There's not a chisel stroke he used to brand
My likeness there, but casts me farther out
From God's forgiveness.

DE LOTBINIERE. Ah, my pretty dove!
You make me hate myself, my love, my choice
That so hath caged you, for you flew so cheerly
Between the kind leaves and the little clouds.
Gold were your feathers and your wings of silver,
And now you feel the mire?

DORETTE. Nay, you have loosed me
A flight above the stars. God pity us.
We were not made for sin. I love you, Louis.

DE LOTBINIERE. Why, so I came to hear.

DORETTE. You are in haste?

DE LOTBINIERE. So bound to my great cousin the Intendant,
I may not breathe without his lordship's leave,
Nor tie my shoe without a grant for it. . . .
That's right, you smile. You look less angel so,
But match me better. I have so much time
As the old priest here uses for a Pater,
No more, no less.

DORETTE. But that's enough for love.

DE LOTBINIERE. Why, love's timed by the pulse-beat or the slow
Century's half. I have no thought but you,
No care, no pride, no hope, no anything.
I am not myself but you. My very flesh
Has taken your tender likeness on. I see,
Speak, breathe, hear, hunger but as you, Dorette.
Smile on your servant.

DORETTE. I smiled upon you once,
Out in the forest, when you talked to me.
It seemed no sin among the idle leaves.
But here the very windows are sealed up
With watchfulness, the doorsill seems aware
Who lately crossed it. Louis, I cannot smile.
Besides, he may come home within the hour.
I fear for you, beloved. Will you go?

DE LOTBINIERE. Why, go so soon? I have scarcely looked at you,
Nor touched your hair nor lifted your sweet hands.
My chalice has gone drained of you, its wine,
These three days. Love, I cannot leave you yet.
DORETTE. But if he comes. . .
DE LOTBINIERE. When will you to the forest,
My sweet wild dove? I saw red lilies there
Burning in sun-bleached grass, and gentians spread
Beside a little pool, less blue than he,
The great kingfisher poised on the dead bough.
Black squirrels chirred against the quarrelling jays,
There came a flight of emerald humming-birds,
While through the wind-swayed walls of reed and vine
Laced the quick dragonflies. Sweet, will you come?
DORETTE. I am yours, my heart, wherever I may be.
Let it content you.
DE LOTBINIERE. I am not content.

*She leaves him, goes to the Pieta, and standing before it speaks.*

DORETTE. O Mother, tell him I cannot go.
DE LOTBINIERE Dorette.
DORETTE. O Mother, hold me fast against his voice.
DE LOTBINIERE. Dorette.
DORETTE. O Virgin, hide me from his eyes.
Build from your sorrowing hands a little ark
Where that storm-driven bird, my soul, may rest
Till all its heaviness is overpast.
When will that be? In the grave? I think not there.
Though my slight bones had lain for centuries
Bound over with the prisoning forest roots,
And had no other feasting than the rain,
And known no other music than the wind,
I should yet go climbing upward every spring
When the whitethroat came and burgeoning grains put out,
To look for him.

See, Louis, she will not hear me.
She is not Our Lady, for she has my face.
What was that sound?

DE LOTBINIERE. I heard none.

DORETTE. It was like
The twang of a stretched bow this side the river
Beyond the fields. It had a sound of death.

DE LOTBINIERE. Loveliest, what frights you? Life is all for us.
The fulness and fruition of the year
Are on our side, deep rose and darkening grape
Are with us, and the strong bird fledged to fly,
Forgetful of the nest.
In the deep woods
I found white flowers beside a little stream,
Of three waxed petals round a core of gold.
I would have brought them to you, but I thought
To crown you with them there, where balsam boughs
Strain the sweet sun, and every hour is stayed
On silence, and but the stream runs into song.

DORETTE. If you owe me any favour, any grace
Of a promise I once kept, I pray you, go.

DE LOTBINIERE. Are you tired of loving me?

DORETTE. I tired? O Christ!
I would lay my body for your feet to walk on,
And make a carpet of my hair for you,
Be the unsensed wood, the stone, the dust you trod,
So that you trod to safety.

DE LOTBINIERE. Dear, I'll go,
But kiss me first.

DORETTE. Ah, Louis, I will seal you
With a charm of sevenfold kisses against wrong,
Here, here, and here, on hands, cheeks, lips, and head.
When first I saw you, back in Amiens,
Go riding with the great folk past our door,
I thought that head a king's.

DE LOTBINIERE. Sweet, losing you
I should go unkinged for ever, since my kingdom
Rests but in this.

DORETTE. You need not fear to lose me,
Save as the strong tree loses the dead leaf,
Or the full tide one star. Though I should die
Now, and be set behind you like a song
Heard once between the midnight and the dawn
And then forgotten, yet all I was, looked, said,
Should still be yours, warm night be full of me,
And morning come for ever with my face,
Who have given you your first love.

DE LOTBINIERE First love, and last.

DORETTE. And last. And last. . . Go now.
O Christ, too late!

DE LOTBINIERE. Too late?

DORETTE. They are coming upward from the river,
Jean and his Indian boy.

DE LOTBINIERE. So soon returned?

DORETTE. He is walking very fast. I think he knows.

DE LOTBINIERE. Does he, at last?

DORETTE. Perhaps Shagonas told him,
Perhaps the dumb earth lightened into speech,
As oftentimes to flowers, or the blank air
Took colour in our likeness. Why, you wait.
O, I am going mad. Have you no limbs,
No breath, no natural motion? Would you bide
Thus, thus the loosening rock, the falling tree,
Fingering a sword?

DE LOTBINIERE. Is your Jeannot so much?
Let him find me here beside you.

DORETTE. If he does
I shall go mad indeed. Have I no claim?
Have you no pity for me? Is your love
Of such a bitter substance that my tears
Can wring no answer from it, nor my hands
Avail against your pride? See, see, I'll kneel,

Nay, stretch my length before you, in the dust
Darken the hair you praise, with very death
Entreat, beseech you, only that you go.

DE LOTBINIERE. There, lest my heart break. There, poor child, I'll go.

DORETTE. Now? Now?

DE LOTBINIERE. Now, now. Why, you will make me laugh
At these so tender terrors. I will slip
Into the berried elder-brake that throws
Shade on your sill, and wait till he's within
And the door shut.

DORETTE. Go, go!

DE LOTBINIERE *slips from the door, which he leaves open, and hides in the thicket that throws leaf-shadows upon it throughout the afternoon.* DORETTE *again kneels before the Pieta.*

DORETTE. Keep open door,
O Saviour, of Your mercy. Blot him out
In soft leaf-shadows like a little death.
Close Thou his eyes with webs, his breath with buds,
Shadow his life with slumber. Strew Thou me
Quick on the wind to blind them so they see not,
Nor hear. . . Ah!

JEAN *is heard singing as he approaches the house.*

JEAN. Three kings rode to Bethlehem
By the sand and the foam.
Three kings rode to Bethlehem,
Only two rode home.

O, he hath stayed to watch her face
And make his prayer thereto,
And to lay down, for his soul's grace,
The straw beneath her shoe.

O, he hath sold the golden rings
That linked his camel-reins,
And the low song a mother sings
Is all his sorrow gains.

Two rode home by the foam and the sand
Between the night and the day,
But one has stayed in Holy Land
And cast his crown away.

*As his song ends,* JEAN *reaches the door, and stands within it, gazing at* DORETTE, *who remains in front of the Pieta. Then he enters the room.*

JEAN. Do you pray there to yourself?
DORETTE. Rather to God.
JEAN. Why, that's the better prayer.
You should not pray to yourself. You are too tender,
You irised bubble of the clay, to bear
The weight of worship. Prayer must not be made
To the weak dust the wind cards presently
About the world. Why, even your shadow, she,
Madonna of the reddening cedar wood,
Hath but a doubtful momentary power,
A troubled consolation, and a look
As though the air would rend her, or the fire
Eat to swift ash. No comfort there for sinners.
But you're no sinner, need no comforting
Other than mine. As this, and this, and this.
DORETTE. You hurt me.
JEAN. I? What, hurt you with a kiss?
Shall I go kiss her so?
DORETTE. It were a sin.
JEAN. Why, here's too much of sin, and sin, and sin.
Go, get you to that chair.
DORETTE. Why do you look
So strangely on me?
JEAN. Is my look so strange?

DORETTE. Yea, sure, as if you found me dead but now
And saw my face.

JEAN. I see a kind of death there.
Go, sit you in your chair.

DORETTE. Where is Shagonas?

JEAN. Lingering to shoot at crows with his great bow,
More fit for war. He has fleshed an arrow thrice
In carrion hearts, until the feather dripped
Blood, blood, and blood again. You shrink? By blood
Was the world saved, and what's as red as it
Only by blood is turned wool-white again.
What's that to you, white rose? Go, sit you there.
I would make you more Madonna.

DORETTE. O Jean, not now.
I am sick, I am weary.

JEAN. Do you pray to me?
You should not. You're Our Lady. You will taste
The year-long incense and the holy heat
Of candles; they will hail you mystic rose,
Sea-star, and vase of honour. Sit you there.

DORETTE. I cannot.

JEAN. Go.

DORETTE. You are very harsh with me.

JEAN. 'Tis you are hard to please. I kiss, you tremble;
I speak, you are in tears.

DORETTE. Where is Shagonas?

JEAN. Without, without.

DORETTE. I have an errand for him.

JEAN. He will come soon. Fie, what a withered look.
How your heart beats. You are fevered. Sit, Dorette.
Lift your face to the light,—a little forward,—
So, now. And dream you hold across your knees,
What's dearest of your world, and slain for you,
That blood may wash out sin.

DORETTE. Ah, Christ!

JEAN. Of course,
Who else but Christ? That suits me. Hold your peace.

*While they are speaking,* DORETTE *has seated herself once more in the fur-covered chair, facing the open door, upon which the shadows of the lightly-stirred elder leaves come and go.* JEAN *has gone to the Pieta and taken up his tools.*

JEAN. 'Tis a fine blade, this one. Do you remember
I sold its fellow when we were in France
To buy you a ring?

DORETTE. I had forgotten.

JEAN. Turn
Your face this way. Look toward me, not the door.
What see you? There is only sun outside,
Harsh elder-drops, ripe fields and ripening hours,
Soft birth of wings among the woven shadows,
And a southward-crying thrush. Do you remember?
They built and sang what time we built this house.
I left the elder thicket for their sake,
Who also built for love.

DORETTE. Shagonas. . . . Where?

JEAN. What do you say? Are you sick? You speak so low.

DORETTE. O, sick at heart. Jean, Jean, I cannot bear it. . . .

JEAN. If you move more, I will bind you to the chair
As the Indians bind a captive to the stake,
Lest they miss one shuddering nerve, one eyelid's droop
Before the lifting fire. . . .
Your pardon, wife.
Was I too fierce? There's fire in me to-day
Would close a burning grip on the whole world
And break it into ash.
Your face, your face.
That's beautiful. Why, almost here's the look
I crave to lend Our Lady, yet too quick
With life and dread. Will you not mend your eyes
That yet lay hold on love, and teach your lips,

Too eager for that cup, and school your heart,
That yet strains after him the way he went,
That he returns no more?

*O, two rode home,*
*Two rode home by the ford and the sand*
*Between the night and the day,*
*But one has stayed in Holy Land. . . .*

One always stays, one always stays behind
Where the heart makes holy land. This king of song
Was worshipful, just, and holy. His great place
Knew him no more. He cast it all away,—
The pity of it!—so he might serve till death
God's Mother. But she did not wear your face.

DORETTE. This heat. . . I am dying.

JEAN. What is it you say?
If I should gash this sacred brow I smoothe
Would you break blood? If I should pierce your heart,
Would she of the sevenfold sorrows leap and cry?
I cannot part you. O, the grief of it,
That Mary should sit there with you, and you
Climb heaven with her! I am grown sick of grief
In a short hour. To work, to work; your face.

DORETTE. Call. Call Shagonas.

JEAN. Has he the art to heal you?
What do you fear? I would not have you fear.
I would not have you like poor Mary here, who passed
Beyond it, of a Friday.

DORETTE. O, my heart.

JEAN. Broken, like mine? And so you had a heart,
As well as those round limbs, those prosperous lips,
The bloom of bosom and hair?

*O, he hath stayed. . . .*
*O, he hath stayed to watch her face*
*And make his prayer thereto,*
*And to lay down, for her soul's grace*
*His life beneath her shoe. . . .*

Why, I have changed the song. What's come to it?
An ill song for the Mother o' God to hear.
Well, well, your pardon. Keep your face to me.

DORETTE. Pity, O Saviour.

JEAN. I am saving you,
Your soul alive, a brand in a great burning
Here in my breast. I saw where you will sit,
Years in the little forest-scented church,
And lives, like peaceful waves, will break in foam
Of praise before you. Then I turned me home.
I saw. . . I saw. . .
O me, the chisel slipped,
And I have scarred you. I will bind the wound,
Thus, thus. Be still.

DORETTE. Ah, Louis, Louis, Louis!

JEAN. Be still, be still. I am saving you. Now,
Shagonas!

JEAN *has crossed the room, caught her to her feet, and stands holding her so, facing the door. Suddenly the sound of a drawn bowstring is heard outside; something flashes past; there is silence. Then among the shaken shadows of elder leaves on the door is seen for one moment the shadow of a man, erect, with tossed arms, and pierced through with a long arrow. Comes the sound of a fall, of broken branches; then again silence, and the shadows of the leaves are still. After a time,* JEAN *seats* DORETTE *again in the chair, where she remains quite motionless; he goes himself to the Pieta and takes up his tools.*

JEAN. Your face again. Why, now you are fulfilled.
You will make my Mary perfect yet, your eyes
Now, now the empty houses of despair,
Of the passion that is none, of dread that feels
No dread for ever, of love that has no love,
Of death in all but death. O beautiful,

Stretched, stamped and imaged in the mask of death,
The crown of such sweet life! Your looks, your ways,
Your touches, your slow smiles, your delicate mirth,
All leading up to this. . . And his, the high,
Clear laughter on the threshold of renown,
Courage most like an old song on the lips,
Stilled. . . I could almost weep for him and you,
Weep all my wrong away. My queen, my rose,
Rent with strange swords, my woman of light worth,
Behold you have brought forth death.

SHAGONAS *enters carrying* DE LOTBINIERE'S *sword, which, in obedience to a gesture of* JEAN'S, *he lays across* DORETTE'S *knees. She looks down upon it as though blind.*

Your only fruit
Destruction and the severing steel, the heat
Of tears unshed, the ache of day and day
Monotonous in want, inevitable,
The dry-rot of the soul. Have you no words?

DORETTE. He said—he said there were flowers in the forest,
White flowers by a blue pool, Our Lady's colours.
May I go look for them? All white, he said,
White as the Virgin's hands. But you have made her
Out of red wood with a light of fire upon it.
Perhaps the flowers turned red.

SHAGONAS. There is no fear
In the forest shadows now for the fair lady.

JEAN. Fear's slain with that it fed on. To your wilds
You wolf that watched the flock. I will wait here with her,—
Wait, hearing a certain crying from the ground,
The faint innumerable mouthing leaves,
The clamour of the grass, the expectant thunder
Of a berry's fall. Go you, go you. . . but first
Turn me her head a little to the shoulder

So the light takes the cheek. Raise the calm hand
Clasping the hand. Set the door wide, and go.
Now, now my Virgin's perfect! Quick, my tools. . .
O, Mater Dolorosa. O, Dorette.

*All is silent, except for the distant tinkle of a bell ringing to vespers, and a faint sound of chanting.*

*Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiae,*
*Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.*
*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.*

JEAN. Will the light hold until they come for me?

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL