

 Library

IAS, Shimla

PH



00015844

down to us.²⁸ The remaining three 'causes' are hardly to be taken seriously. These are (3) *the unity of the Church*, which on another page Gibbon has described as riddled with heresies and internecine strife, and (4) *the morals of the Christians*, whose very 'errors' Gibbon whimsically traces to an 'excess of virtue'! A fifth 'cause' is *the assumption of miraculous powers* on the part of the Christian Church, which grew to a height in the fourth century. Yet the long discontinuance of these powers which Eusebius had covertly suspected Chrysostom had boldly disputed in a passage first quoted by Middleton and well known to Gibbon, to the effect that all miracles ceased probably with the Apostolic age.²⁹ Notwithstanding this testimony of these miraculous powers Gibbon dares to hazard one example (c. xvi.) :

In the days of Irenaeus [he blandly remarks], about the end of the second century, the resurrection of the dead was very far from being esteemed an uncommon event. The miracle was frequently performed on necessary occasions. . . . At such a period . . . faith could boast of . . . many wonderful victories over death.

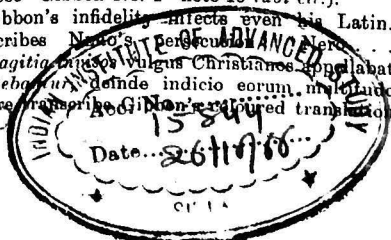
We turn at once to Gibbon's footnotes for his authority for so strange and extravagant a statement; and we find that it depends upon a single and unsupported testimony of Irenaeus and his commentator Dodwell. But even this testimony is immediately demolished by Gibbon himself; for four notes below Gibbon discusses whether in the long series of ecclesiastical history there exists a *single instance* of a saint asserting that he himself possessed the gift of miracles! But more than this. Gibbon professes frequently to cite with pleasure the candour and erudition of Jortin and Middleton. Now what shall we say to Gibbon's own candour when, in order to indulge a sarcasm, he can afford to overlook their judicious palliation of Irenaeus' credulous misstatement? 'It is very strange,' comments Middleton upon this very passage in Irenaeus, 'that from the time of the Apostles there is *not a single instance* of this miracle to be found in the three first centuries.' To this testimony Jortin adds that Irenaeus' words barely imply all that they appear at first sight to express, for when Irenaeus speaks of casual miracles of healing and of exorcism he uses the present tense; but, remarks Jortin, 'when he mentions resurrections he has the caution *always* to use the aorist, mixing those miracles which had been wrought by the Apostles and their immediate successors with those which in his opinion and according to common report still continued in the Church.'³⁰

²⁸ 2 Th. ii. 1 sq.

²⁹ See 'Gibbon No. I' note 10 (*ubi cit.*).
³⁰ Remarks, ii. 206, cp. 201. Gibbon's infidelity affects even his Latin. Tacitus (*Ann.* xv. 44) thus describes Nero's persecutions: *persecutio . . . quaesitissimis poenis affecit quos per flagitia turpiaque vitibus Christianos appellabat . . . Igitur primum correpti qui fitebantur, deinde indicio eorum, multitudino ingens.* Of this passage I cannot here transcribe Gibbon's alleged translation

PH
947 PH
NG22

25/7/18



Such is the accuracy and fidelity of a Gibbon where his conscience has a stake in the issue! We are given, then, to believe on the authority of Gibbon that in the first three centuries, when (according to Gibbon in one mood) 'not a single instance' is attested of any writer assuming such powers for himself, the power of working miracles was one of the five original 'causes' which explain (according to Gibbon in another mood) the propagation of Christianity. Such is the candour of infidelity, such the superstition of scepticism!

Only one conclusion remains. Deny without inquiry the fundamental miracles involved in Christ's life and death and doctrine, and then

Philosophy which lean'd on Heaven before
Sinks to her *second cause* and is no more!

We shall even bear to be told that 'the patience of the primitive Church may as well be ascribed to its *weakness* as to its *virtue*' (c. xx.). From such a standpoint the 'candid but rational enquiry into the progress and establishment of Christianity' with which Gibbon sets out becomes not only un-'essential' (c. xv.) but impossible.

The spleen of Gibbon never ceases to betray him, in consequence, into some interesting self-contradictions. According to the context of his argument he paints the Empire in the darkest or the brightest colours. His favourite historian, Tacitus, tells us that by the time of Tiberius all private liberty was being gradually extinguished.³¹ Gibbon fixes on the Golden Age of Domitian's immediate successors as

that period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most *happy* and prosperous.

Yet in the same breath he informs us that this 'Golden Age' was ushered in by the 'unparalleled vices' of the previous Emperors—'the dark unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the stupid Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid inhuman Domitian. . . . Rome groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny . . . fatal to almost every virtue and every talent.' In fact, the Empire 'had become a safe and dreary prison' for the suspected enemies of the Emperor, until before long 'throughout the Roman world a general cry of indignation was heard imploring vengeance on the common enemy

of the whole, but will only venture to remark that *per flagitia invisos* is not 'branded with well-deserved infamy' (for though this may represent Tacitus' mind it does not represent his text), and *fatebantur* only means 'confessed,' they were Christians (not criminals). Need I cite the authority of Orelli and Furneaux *ad loc.*, or of Lardner's *Credibility*, vi. 629 (London, 1827) and Gwatkin's *Early Church History*, i. 78, 79 (note)?

³¹ Tac. *Ann.* i. 74: *manebant etiam tum vestigia morientis libertatis.*

of mankind.'³² Such was 'the mild and beneficent spirit of antiquity'—*eo immitior quod toleraverat*—which through six quartos Gibbon tries to contrast with the humble beginnings of Christianity!³³ That this golden era of happiness did not express Gibbon's real feelings about the Roman Empire is clear from a single private letter to his father, in which he says :

I am convinced that there never existed such a nation, and I hope for the happiness of mankind there never, never will again.³⁴

But the affectation is necessary to his argument. He hates Christianity so heartily that he cannot trust himself to be fair. He persecutes it, as Porson says, with all the spite of a personal enemy. He cannot leave it alone. And why? Because it will not leave him alone. In Gibbon's hands the very soil of the Promised Land becomes fruitful or barren to order; and authorities can, it seems, be produced to justify either description.³⁵ The same astonishing inconsistency dogs Gibbon in his Memoirs whenever he treats of the Christian religion. For example, on one page he assures us that at the age of seventeen he 'suspended' his religious inquiries; on another page that it was not till five years later that he made a 'regular trial of the evidences of Christianity.' So gross is his carelessness of statement that he tells us that while he was in church his habit was to revolve during the recital of the Psalms the meaning of the Lessons which come after the Psalms!

But to return to his History. If 'it was not in this world that the primitive Christians were desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful,' yet Gibbon has to admit that 'a generous intercourse of *charity*'—a new word as well as a new thing in the history of the world—'united the most distant provinces,' that Alaric as 'a *Christian* and a soldier . . . understood the laws of war and respected the sanctity of treaties' as well as the families and monuments of Rome during his invasion

³² cc. iii., vii.

³³ I note with pleasure that I have been confirmed in this conjecture by Dr. A. M. Fairbairn (*Studies in Religion and Theology*, Hodder & Stoughton, 1910), who describes Gibbon's golden era of human happiness as a stroke of 'unconscious irony.' But why 'unconscious'? Gibbon well knew what he was about in inventing a millennium which might make Christianity unnecessary. This was all a part of the *mise-en-scène* of the haughty infidel, part of the 'immortal affectation,' of the *ἄσβεστος γέλως*, of the *ἀνθρωπιον γέλασμα* of the scoffing atheist.

³⁴ i. 67, ed. R. E. Prothero. The most casual reader will note, what Gibbon's consummate *prudence* has forced him to overlook, that of all the ferocious barbarians that ever sullied the human name, that 'modest,' 'noble,' 'just and beneficent,' 'sincere' and 'moderate' philosopher and saint, the Emperor MARCUS AURELIUS, may be placed first among the bloodthirsty persecutors of the Christians. Such is heathen virtue at its highest! Such was the religion of the Stoics! *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*

³⁵ See his 'Vindication of my Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters' in *Miscellaneous Works*.

of the city, and that to the island of Britain before it relapsed into barbarism 'the missionaries of Rome restored *the light of science and Christianity*.'³⁶

Even the 'corruption' of the Church, of which Gibbon makes so much, can find on a later page its extenuation.

In the most corrupt state of Christianity the barbarians might learn justice from the Law and mercy from the Gospel. . . . While they studied the divine truth their minds were insensibly enlarged by the distant view of history, of nature, of the arts and of society . . . and while they affected the language, they imperceptibly imbibed the spirit, of genuine Christianity.³⁷

The last inconsistency we shall trace is as pathetic as it is ludicrous. There were two destructions of the Alexandrian library, the first in the year 389, the second in the year 638. The authors of the first conflagration are unknown. Gibbon, of course, imputes it to the 'religious prejudice' of the *Christians*. To do this he confuses two libraries at Alexandria and then the library with the sanctuary of Serapis; and a half-quoted passage of Orosius, which seems to refer only to the Serapeum, is brought forward in support of this mistaken view. In the next conflagration, belonging to the year 638, about which there is a similar confusion among authorities, we know that either the library or the god suffered at the hands of the *Saracens*. On this occasion every plea is exhausted in the interests of Mahometanism³⁸ with a view to extenuating the tragedy. Hear the advocate!

For my own part I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences. . . . Nor can it fairly be presumed that *any* important truth, *any* useful discovery in art or nature, has been snatched away from the curiosity of modern ages.

Such is the candour and impartiality of infidel learning! The truth is that what Gibbon has recorded of Voltaire in his attitude towards Christianity is more true of himself. On this subject he was 'a bigot, an intolerable bigot.'³⁹

It is painfully interesting to trace the gradual corruption of Gibbon's mind. He had not always been at heart the epicurean cynic he affected. Thus, he bitterly assailed, what even Whitefield had defended, 'the abominable slave-trade.'⁴⁰ He proved, as his letters show, a warm and generous brother, son, and friend. And to the endearments of female friendship, notwithstanding the

³⁶ cc. xv., xxx., xxxviii.

³⁷ c. xxxvii.

³⁸ Gibbon's adoption of Mahometan prejudices was no accident. The religion, or rather imposture, of the False Prophet was in some *fifty* instances a deliberate travesty of the Christian religion. Read Mr. S. W. Koelle's learned *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*, Rivingtons, 1889.

³⁹ c. lxvii. 13.

⁴⁰ c. liii. n. 38.

bitter manner of his historical style, he was as susceptible as Johnson himself. Religion was early, he tells us, 'the theme of his infant curiosity'; and he regrets in later life that he early lost the 'indispensable blessing' of a mother. That man was no *âme damnée* who, when bearing all his blushing honours thick upon him, could write:

Every time I have since passed over Putney Common I have always noticed the spot where my mother, as we drove along in the coach, admonished me that I was now going into the world and must learn to think and act for myself.

In an unprinted letter to his aunt, at the age of fifty-one, he acknowledges that religion is the best guide of youth and the best support of old age. Five years before this he had been ready to ascribe to the prayers of that same aunt and to Lady Sheffield his safe crossing to Calais—'for I do believe,' he touchingly adds, 'they both pray.'⁴¹

In his Reading Diary he contemptuously dismisses as 'black-guard buffoonery' an indecent attack upon the Christian faith.⁴² Even in his History he appreciates the force of that 'pure and humble religion' which 'gently insinuated itself into the minds of men' and 'broke the fall' of the empire. The 'pride of conquest,' he elsewhere admits, 'was blended with the humble temper of Christianity'; for 'the mild influence of the Gospel persuades and purifies the heart of a genuine convert.'⁴³ Again, in his Memoirs, in an interesting attack on the mathematics and the exact sciences, he raises a warning voice against 'the habit of rigid demonstration so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence.'

But the innate scepticism of the age was early rooted in that precocious mind. Twice every Sunday, in the years spent at home, he went to church with his family and followed the Lessons, the Gospels and the Epistles for the day in the Septuagint and the Greek Testament, but 'multiplied his doubts' by consulting the learned commentators in his father's library on his return to the house. At sixteen—such was the early seriousness of his disposition—he had, by too much reading of Bossuet and Parsons, 'bewildered himself into the errors of Rome.' His reconversion, effected in the following year by the help of a Swiss divine, made him 'suspend his religious enquiries' and remain in a state of placid indifference to the entire subject.

But he was not indifferent. At the age of twenty-two the celebrated treatise of Grotius, *De veritate Religionis Christianae*, engaged him afresh in what he calls 'a regular trial of the

⁴¹ *Letters*, ii. 73, ed. R. E. P.

⁴² *Misc. Wks.* v. 467, ed. Ld. Sheffield.

⁴³ cc. xv., lxvii., xxxviii.

evidences of Christianity.' But how changed is the spirit in which he approaches that delicate task! Like Hume, he had hardly ever opened the New Testament.⁴⁴ Yet he now assures us that 'by every possible light that reason' (he means *understanding*, as Kant and Coleridge would have discriminated) 'and history'—(but is history a branch of the moral sciences? as Bishop Creighton asked of Lord Acton)—'can afford, I have repeatedly viewed this important subject.' And what is his conclusion? That :

The belief of miracles and mysteries cannot be supported on the brittle basis, the distant report, of human testimony.

Does he mean to imply that we have any other means of obtaining facts than that of 'human testimony'? Or does he wish to insinuate that Christian evidences repose *alone* on the 'brittle basis' of such testimony? Or does he hope, like his deist predecessor, Lord Bolingbroke, to create the impression that facts become less facts and therefore require more evidence through the long lapse of time? But we proceed.

The most accurate philosophers and the most orthodox divines will perhaps agree—[note the sarcasm!]⁴⁵—that . . . the faith, as well as the virtue, of a Christian must be formed and fortified by the inspiration of grace.

Of that grace his own 'virtue' certainly stood in need. He developed into the complete epicurean and indulged to the full the fashionable follies of his day, *vinum et scortum*. His Journal records that even the free society of Lausanne had to eject him for drunkenness; while his History teems with vicious allusions not always left, as he pretended, in the obscurity of a learned language. 'The style of an author should be,' he asserts, 'the image of his mind.' Be it so. Out of his own mouth shall he be judged by his equal in wit, in wickedness, and in learning :

A rage for indecency—wrote the celebrated Porson—pervades the whole work, but especially the last volumes. . . . If the History were anonymous I should guess that these obscenities were written by some debauchee who having from age, accident or excess survived the practices of lust still indulged in the luxury of speculation and exposed the impotent imbecility, after he had lost the vigour, of the passions.

The cruel gibe struck home, though Gibbon alone understood the reference to a mortal malady which his doctors politely pronounced a hydrocele. The moral retribution had at last overtaken him. *Raro antecedentem deseruit pede poena claudo*. At fifty-six, after making seven sketches of his immortal Memoirs,

⁴⁴ See his 'Reading Diary' in *Misc. Wks.* v. 231, 234, 236, 283.

and in prospect of ten years more of life to come, he passed to his account without the shadow of a hope beyond the grave.

Lord Acton used to say that the most salutary effect of historical reading lay in the cultivation of the historical temper. The great value of Gibbon's work lies precisely in this, that he accurately investigates all the original authorities, balances their conflicting claims to credit and tries to strike with singularly happy judgment the middle view, or at least that view which invites or involves the greatest probability. Coleridge has complained⁴⁵ that Gibbon never indulges in any philosophical views. He instances the causes of the fall of Rome, for which Gibbon never really tries to account. Gibbon was wise in his generation. The cause is still unknown. And the numberless and conflicting theories of that subject since put forth go to prove the good sense of Gibbon in not turning his History into a work of philosophical investigation such as would have made it popular at the expense of permanence. Gibbon knew well the value of M. Boileau's advice, *savoir se borner*. He was aware that his limitations were his strength. Hence he brought to his work that first condition of all permanent literary achievement—that it should be read and understood by that large majority of mankind which reads as much for pleasure as instruction. And in this Gibbon has eminently succeeded. 'Gibbon dictates,' writes Mr. Hensley Henson, 'by an indisputable right the general opinion of educated Englishmen.' 'Whatever else is read,' exclaimed the late Mr. Freeman, 'Gibbon will be read too.'⁴⁶

The sheer learning of Gibbon is truly amazing. And Mr. Bury thinks that his scepticism was necessary to the effectiveness of his wit. We do not think so. George Herbert, the brother of the Father of Deism, was a man of equal range of interests, of as fine scholarship, of finer wit, yet of deep piety. And di'Bishop Jeremy Taylor it has been said with but slight extravagance on the part of a contemporary, that he had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint—devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college of *virtuosi*.⁴⁷ It was Gibbon's incurable vanity and the desire to make a figure

⁴⁵ *Table Talk* for 15th of August 1833.

⁴⁶ Henson, *Nat. Ch.*, pp. 173, 174.

⁴⁷ In our own day the all-accomplished Bunsen, on his marriage with a Christian woman, turned so completely Christian that after reading Luther and Augustine he laid out his whole life and learning in the hope of regenerating Germany.

in the world, as Schlösser was acute enough to see, that made him put learning at the expense of piety.

Yet his defiance of the Christian religion has shown how far impiety adorned with the greatest talents, the fairest virtues, the solidest learning can go. We have confuted Gibbon. And Gibbon has largely assisted us to confute himself.

If this is all that anti-Christianity can do against the truth, we have nothing to fear from the future. Dr. Benn, in his *History of English Rationalism*, has assured us that in the nineteenth century every able man has given up faith, and that in the twentieth every sensible man will do likewise. We see no signs of it at present. The myths of Strauss, the hysteric of Renan, have had their day, their little day, and ceased to be. Of the school of Tübingen Baur was the most formidable enemy the New Testament has yet met with since the days of Marcion. But Baur's three capital points of attack are based on three blunders in Greek grammar so gross that one can hardly suppose him to be serious.⁴⁸ Of all the scholars of Göttingen, Ewald is the true founder or at least formulator of the small School of Old Testament criticism. But Ewald's concessions are as formidable to his allies as his methods are arbitrary in the extreme. His hypothetical editors and redactors of the Pentateuch, his admission of the substantial Mosaic authorship of Exodus, his utter inability to explain the Messianic passages of his double Isaiah, his desperate shifts to make the prophet Daniel at Babylon a Palestinian Jew of the Maccabean age, are literary artifices the grossness of which will hardly be realised by those who taste the genius of Ewald⁴⁹ as bottled and decanted for popular consumption by the school of

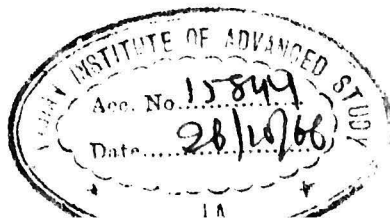
⁴⁸ Mt. iii. 2, *μετανοείτε*; 'look *within*' and find religion there! Gal. ii. 9, 'Ἰάκωβος, Κηφᾶς καὶ Ἰωάννης, οἱ δοκοῦντες στῦλοι εἶναι: 'Who pretended (as if προσποιούμενοι) to be pillars!' 2 Cor. iii. 17, ὁ δὲ Κύριος τὸ Πνεῦμά ἐστιν: 'Now the Lord Jesus is a spirit' and therefore never had a body! (St. Paul writes: 'Now the LORD *Jehovah* of the passage just cited is no less than the Holy Ghost of the New Testament.') Baur's pupil, Harnack, has repeated and multiplied these errors, oblivious of Scaliger's *dictum*: 'All errors in theology flow from errors in philology.' Mr. William Sanday, of Oxford, in his reply to Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentums* ('The Character,' or rather Caricature, 'of Christianity') has overlooked all these material points at issue, and corrects Harnack at every place where Harnack goes right.

⁴⁹ I have endeavoured to fix and ascertain the equal genius and learning of EWALD by a careful and, I hope, complete and sympathetic examination of his *History of the People of Israel*, his *Job*, his *Psalms*, his *Prophets*, and his incomparable *Hebrew Grammar*. After seventeen years my reverence for this master-critic remains unabated. But it is not in human candour to deny, what his own pupils have at last conceded, that, apart from the monumental replies of Hengstenberg and Hävernick, of Pusey and George Rawlinson, the colossal edifice of Ewald's 'higher critical' system has been 'undermined' by the new discoveries in Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt, and by means of a more accurate comparative philology. (See the concessions of the Wellhausen school *apud* Cheyne's *Bible Problems*, p. 139, Williams & Norgate, 1904; and G. A. Smith in the *Quart. Rev.*, January 1907.)

Driver. The modern disciples of Wellhausen, the ablest Arabic pupil Ewald ever had, have turned against their master. They apologise for their 'deplorable retrogression' in demanding a return to a somewhat more orthodox view of the facts of Old Testament history. Meanwhile Harnack, the latest pupil of Baur in the criticism of the New Testament and of ecclesiastical history, has laid down that the traditional dates of the four Gospels must be accepted as well as the authenticity of the two most historical portions of the New Testament, namely the Gospel of St. Luke and the Book of the Acts; while in his standpoint with regard to the Pauline Epistles he seems to be fast turning Augustinian. The extraordinary discoveries made since 1854 and 1862 (when Rawlinson and Oppert and then Hincks first discovered the name of Belshazzar at Mugheir) have largely been the cause of this gradual and general return to orthodoxy. The history of an exploded Deism and of a fast exploding Higher Criticism⁵⁰ lead us to believe that, even with new Gibbons looming in the future, the triumphs of learning and science will be largely accomplished by professors of the Faith.

A. H. T. CLARKE.

⁵⁰ Mr. T. K. Cheyne, of Oxford, admits with startling candour that the 'Higher Criticism' is being 'undermined' by Assyrian studies (*Bible Problems*, p. 139, Williams & Norgate, 1904). Mr. George Adam Smith of Edinburgh regards the higher critical positions as no longer 'assured,' and as requiring revision at the hands of a more orthodox school (*Quart. Rev.*, January 1907). Mr. A. H. Sayce assures us that 'the method of the higher critic . . . is unscientific. . . . The pronouncement of archæology is unmistakable. . . . Archæological facts . . . in no instance have supported the conclusions of the higher critic' (*Homiletic Review*, March 1903. Cp. his *Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies*, R. Tract Society). A very distinguished writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, after a detailed examination of the results of Wellhausen's 'chaotic learning,' sums up: 'The decay of this school, the methods of which have become somewhat out of date, is clearly marked in the recent utterances of Wellhausen and Renan,' who 'have brought into the controversy nothing that is very new either as to method or as to materials' since 'the second' or 'third centuries.' 'That we should now witness the disintegration of what was once the critical theory is no doubt a sign that some method more in accordance with real knowledge is about to arise' (*Ed. Rev.*, July 1892).



IMPERIALISING HUDSON BAY

THE Governor-General of Canada has completed a journey from Ottawa to Ottawa by way of Winnipeg, the Nelson River, Fort Churchill, Hudson Bay, Hudson Straits, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, and Quebec. The Dominion Government is now deciding whether to build and operate the railway from the Saskatchewan Valley to Hudson Bay or to turn the work over to one of the existing railway systems in the prairie provinces. The Champlain Society of Canada is issuing a new edition of Samuel Hearn's *Journal* of his travels from Fort Churchill to the mouth of the Coppermine River in 1769-72. Here are fortuitous circumstances that almost look like a conspiracy to herald the opening of a new Imperial route, the bringing of the best bread-cupboard of the Imperial household a thousand miles nearer the millions who must be fed from afar, unless the Empire perish.

This article is written on the *Royal Edward*, bound for Bristol from Montreal, with two parties on board, each of which is as significant in its way as the great journey of Lord Grey, of the part which the science of transportation is playing in the development of inter-Imperial relations—a delegation of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, which has toured Canada, and is the first mission of the kind sent to Canada by the chief commercial organisation of a great British city; and a party of journalists, without predecessor, organised for the purpose of interpreting the West of England to the people in that tremendous section of North America who may be induced to approach Europe through the St. Lawrence and the Bristol Channel. And, if another circumstance were desired to pile text on text for this discourse, there is here the band of the Royal Grenadier Guards, which played national pieces, and received wireless acknowledgment therefor, as the *Royal Edward* sped past the lonesome cliffs of Belle Isle, in order that the light keepers and Marconi operators might for once feel the blessed thrill of their partnership in the Imperial city; and the potency of their call upon the King's servants who frequently stand before the King.

Certain among us mourn over what they conceive to be an inappreciation of historical perspective in the younger components of the Empire. There is only a qualified justice in this criticism. As a rule, those who have abundance of perspective make no history. Those who are making history do not bother about perspective. That is especially the case in countries where public policy and private enterprise are largely occupied with developing natural resources and finding occupation for the overcrowded surpluses of ancient communities. The necessity of making both ends meet causes a great deal of history in the making to be unrecognisable to short-seeing eyes.

It is too early for conclusive histories of modern Canada to be written. But it is not too early for the material that is essential to the proper writing of history to be assembled and sorted. The Champlain Society of Canada is doing that in a fashion which may be unfamiliar to many who have entered into the labours of others in fields where historical perspective costs very little.

The Champlain Society is, primarily, the creation of its President, Sir Edmund Walker, of Toronto, whose services to the intellectual life of the Dominion rather than his eminence in finance—he is President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce—were recently recognised by the King. Three hundred members pay ten dollars per annum each, and are entitled yearly to receive two volumes of historical importance. So far the Society has published translations of French works that are of vital interest to the historian of Canadian early days. The first English work—Hearne's *Journal*—is now awaiting publication. As I have seen the last page proofs, and know that the work, printed in Scotland for reasons that are eminently satisfactory to the Scotch, will be a perfect example of printing and bookbinding, it is proper to write of its association with the impending inclusion of Hudson Bay among the premier routes that guarantee sustenance to the heart of the Empire. For Samuel Hearne's *Journal* shows how far we have come since the end of the first century of the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay.

Lord Grey, on a rock at Churchill Harbour, saw the chiselled autograph, 'Samuel Hearne,' cut there a hundred and forty years ago, which seems likely to endure till long after Churchill has become a great *entrepôt* for all kinds of trade of which the early adventurers never dreamed. Hearne was the Governor of Fort Churchill who meekly surrendered to La Perouse. But his fame belongs to the time when, at twenty-four, twenty-five, and twenty-six years of age, he travelled over unknown country from Fort Churchill on the west coast of Hudson Bay, to the mouth of the Coppermine River, on the Arctic Ocean, in search of the copper which the Indians said was there in prodigious quantities.

Hearne twice returned to Churchill, defeated. The first time his Indians left him. The second time he went back because his quadrant was broken. The third time he was successful, because he was guided by Matonabee, a born leader, on whose advice women were included in the expedition, for, said he :

When all the men are heavy laden they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance ; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour ? Women were made for labour ; one of them can carry, or haul, twice as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, mend our clothing, keep us warm at night, and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country without their assistance. Women, though they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense, for, as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers, in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence.

I am not concerned with the fascinating story of Hearne's lessons in transportation, which are now somewhat out of date, as much as with the valuable contribution to historical perspective which the repetition of it by the Champlain Society makes at this particular epoch in the history of Hearne's base, which was then gateway to an unranked territory whose future in the British hegemony no one was able to foresee. Hearne's *Journal* has been edited by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, one of two brothers, who are the only white men who have been scientifically over the ground covered by Hearne in the two unsuccessful, as well as the successful, portions of his journey. Mr. Tyrrell led two exploratory parties in canoes from the little-known regions of the Churchill River northward to Chesterfield Inlet and the Ferguson River, and then southward to Fort Churchill along the west coast of Hudson Bay, walking each time on snowshoes from Churchill to Winnipeg, the first time by the beaten way of York Factory and Norway House, taken last month by canoe in the other direction by Lord Grey, and the second time walking from Churchill across country to Split Lake (against the protests of the factor at Churchill because no white man had ever attempted it), and thence to Norway House.

Mr. Tyrrell has identified several places named by Hearne, such as favourite river crossings of deer. He is also able, from his own experience, to show how the red man has vanished from the treeless lands where Hearne and Matonabee frequently met parties of Indians. Altogether, Mr. Tyrrell's Notes, as well as his Introduction and sketch of Hearne's life and character, exhibit a spirit of historical accuracy which, if it could be applied to many fields of Canadian research, would produce a fine harvest of illuminating lore.

This quiet man is one of the kind whom only a new country can

produce, and who are eminently worth watching by all who think anything of Imperial growth. He spent fifteen years in Western Canada for the Geological Survey. His work ranged from the Kootenay to Chesterfield Inlet and from the solitudes east of Lake Winnipeg to the remotest gold-bearing regions of the Klondike. His reports and maps of Northern Manitoba, for instance, have passed into current geography. The names he has given to rivers and other topographical features of the country will remain as long as there are prosperous farmers in those aforetime solitudes.

The point I want to make is that there is abundant history-making going on around Hudson Bay, and that the men who are making it are just as important to the Empire as those who are highly celebrated in song and story, partly because they belonged to more violent times than these. For the greater salvation of the Empire is being partially worked out with the aid of petrol-ploughing outfits and refrigerator cars, by men who say nothing about Imperial views but do essentially Imperial things.

We are travelling in a more excellent way than our fathers knew. At Churchill, fronting Hudson Bay, are the remains of Fort Prince of Wales, with its walls twenty-four feet thick and the forty cannon that have never spoken with hostile intent—the immovable record of a period when neither English nor French appreciated the real impotence of ordnance as a coloniser. Hearne was started out of Fort Churchill with salutes of cannon. There is no record that gunpowder was spent when the Governor-General of Canada, one of the highest of the King's servants in the Kindred States, sailed into the Bay from Churchill. Lord Grey and his party went down the Nelson in canoes; found a steamer lying in deep water off York Factory; steamed up to Churchill in weather that made superfluities of their overcoats; sailed through Hudson Strait and coasted Ungava and Labrador on seas that caused them to call Hudson Bay the Mediterranean of Canada, and to tell the Canadians that in the whole of the trip through waters that the enemies and little-faiths of northern grain routes have incontinently described as the most dangerous of all America, there was not enough ice to cool a glass of champagne.

The Governor-General, the papers told us, was joined on the way from Cape Breton to Quebec by Mr. H. W. Just, Secretary of the Imperial Conference, whose next meeting will take place in 1911 in London. Mr. Just, setting something of an example for the Colonial Office, has been touring Canada, so that the most delicate department of inter-Imperial administration may really know something of the dominions by which alone it can thrive. It is permissible to assume that the worth of free intellectual exchange is being recognised in even the most dignified abodes of dignity.

Of course, it is too much to hope that Whitehall will give sign of recognition that Lord Grey's Hudson Bay journey marks a

blessed stage in the evolution of the utility of Governors-General as a class, as well as a rarely significant period in the development of Canada. Lord Grey is an exception, though he ought not to be. We are about to imperialise Hudson Bay. Lord Grey is a working Imperialist. He has been described as the best Press agent Canada has ever had. The distinction is as honourable to the Earl as it is unique among vicegerents. He went to see for himself what every other viceroy regarded as beyond his activity, even if it were within his purview. What may look, from the meridian of the Man in the Street, like a singular excursion, was a real affair of State to scores of thousands of farmers and businessmen on the plains that stretch from the boundary of Ontario even unto the Rocky Mountains. For business expansion—that is the State to these men. And where business expansion is, there is the sure ground of our hope for a waxing Empire.

Eastern Canada scarcely appreciates the intensity of the Western demand 'Open the Bay!' That is not remarkable; for the East is geographically far removed from the West, and has not fully recovered from the pessimism that so long pervaded the popular notions about the North Country. The statesman is alive who prophesied that if a railway were ever built around Lake Superior it would not earn money enough to buy axle-grease. Another, who now adorns the Senate, and prefers to think in the future tense, told his friends that he would not risk his life in winter on a train north of Lake Superior. When I first crossed to Canada in 1885 I heard an Ontario man warning emigrants against going as far west as Winnipeg.

Though all that has been changed there are still powerful interests which war against the creation of commerce in what Canada, as a whole, recognises as its predestined channels. The successors of the Gentlemen Adventurers for centuries translated into practice the view that trade in fur was the only fore-ordained traffic for the Hudson Bay basin. They were not always nice in their methods of impressing their inclinations on inquisitive people who wanted to spread modernity northward. The Western Canadians know that, in the field of public policy at least, nothing fearful is now to be apprehended from 'the Company.' But they reckon on the unfriendliness of another interest which, being the mightiest negation of the old-time opponents of North-Western enterprise, has become fat and flourishing on the passing eastward and westward of vast streams of personal and commodity traffic; and does not take a severely philanthropic view of competitive enterprises.

Though certain Eastern interests are against the competition of the Hudson Bay route to Europe, the Eastern people give no indication of tangible hostility to it. They know that, primarily,

their own expansion during the twentieth century is the direct product of the immigration to the West which at one time they dreaded. The Eastern manufacturer sends half his product to the West. A large proportion of his sales in the East are for the customers whose own livelihood comes directly from the West. It is not the latter-day development of the Province of Quebec that has increased the population of Montreal faster, proportionately, than that of any other port within the Empire. The Manufacturers' Association of Canada is at this moment touring Western Canada in two special trains, because it knows that where its customers are there must its visible presence sometimes be. The East cannot afford to put itself in antagonism to the West when the enlargement of communications is in order. For one thing, the increase of Eastern business that the increase of Western cultivation must bring would prevent any narrow conduct towards the legitimate aspirations of the cultivators.

You might as well argue with an Archbishop against the recognition of the Church by the State as try to convince a farmer-publicist in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or Alberta that there is any just impediment to the imperialisation of Hudson Bay. It is probably true that the publicist-farmer is more concerned for a six cents per bushel saving on the carriage of his wheat from the Saskatchewan Valley to Bristol and London than he is about improving the safety of the Britishers' food supply. His six cents a bushel is an Imperial asset, nevertheless; which he will recognise more and more the closer it comes to him—partly because it will come through the investment of British capital in opening the Bay.

While the Governor-General was crossing the Bay, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was criss-crossing the Western Provinces. Many a time he must have wished that he could change places with Lord Grey. While the Governor-General was basking in the sunshine of the Canadian Mediterranean the Premier was wrestling with one deputation after another which demanded that the Government build the railway to the Bay, and build it quick. He had pledged the Government to the railway during the general election of 1908, and some of his interviewers talked to him as though he ought to have been laying steel instead of traversing the prairies in a private car asking for everybody's views upon the management of the country. Sir Wilfrid had with him his capable Minister of Railways, who said that on the day he left Ottawa he had let the contract for the bridge across the Saskatchewan at the Pas Mission, the present terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway nearest to Hudson Bay, and had therefore begun to implement the reports of his surveyors.

In truth, there is no discussion in the West about the Hudson Bay route to Britain. All the talk is as to how the business shall

be handled. The situation has a peculiar interest for the British investor who is nervous about innovations in Governmental finance, because Sir Wilfrid has been urged to build and to operate the road as a Government enterprise.

Government ownership has been preached in Canada by a few zealots during the last decade until in some quarters it has acquired a Mesopotamian charm. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a statesman as well as a winner of votes, and he has lent only a polite ear to the appeal for a Government-built, Government-run railway that has come from one series of farmers' organisations.

There is a Government-owned and Government-run railway in Canada—the Intercolonial. It was built as an inducement to the isolated maritime provinces to come into Confederation with Quebec and Ontario. It has been a political engine for the production of votes and deficits. Mr. Graham, the present Minister of Railways, has quickly changed some of the methods of management. He has declared that under present conditions the Government would never think of repeating the Intercolonial. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has consistently opposed the principle of Government ownership of railways, as he showed when he refused to extend the Intercolonial to Georgian Bay several years ago by purchasing a railway that might have fed it very well. His experience of the cost of building the eastern half of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is called the National Transcontinental, has been disillusionary. An estimated cost of twenty-nine thousand dollars per mile has become an admitted expenditure of seventy thousand dollars per mile, with certain contingencies not yet measurable. Sir Wilfrid is not believed to be enamoured of the railway business, and, unless his past belies him, he will leave those who are expert in such pioneering to find a profitable way from the Saskatchewan to Hudson Bay, and thence through the Strait to Europe.

The Government surveyors' earlier reports favoured the mouth of the Nelson as against the mouth of the Churchill for the port of the Hudson Bay Railway. Lord Grey, it is asserted, favours Churchill, as to which his judgment is in accord with that of nearly all those who have studied both places. A Nelson harbour means a shorter rail haul than Churchill from the prairie provinces. For the purposes of this article the difference between the two harbours is a detail, which, in view of the admitted heavy dredging that will be essential at Nelson, will not affect the ultimate saving on the transportation of the Saskatchewan farmers' grain and stock to the United Kingdom.

Roughly, it is 480 miles from the Pas to Churchill. There are no engineering difficulties worth the name. Once over the slight ridges that divide the Saskatchewan and Churchill Rivers, there is an easy descent to salt water. For at least one-third the

distance the soil and timber will ensure to the railway a fair colonisation traffic. Indeed, the whole hinterland of the Bay has a vegetation that surprises one. Hearne's book gives particulars of berries and fruits which indicate that in summer the whole region is a jam-makers' paradise. Mr. Tyrrell, in the treeless country south of Lake Doobaunt, saw scores of thousands of caribou in vast herds which could only be sustained on reasonably abundant grass.

The winter does not become milder as you journey northward from Lake Winnipeg. From the agricultural point of view that is an almost negligible factor; for things do not grow in winter, anyway. The longer winter nights of the north are compensated for by the longer summer daylights—the very thing that produces the unequalled wheats of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

The Hudson Bay problem is not even a problem of ice in the Bay: Hudson Strait, five hundred miles long, with currents that worry sailing vessels when the winds are not kind, furnishes the only real problem to the navigator. The Canadian Government has demonstrated the feasibility of the Strait for from four and a half to five and a half months for ordinary steamers. Lord Grey has seen conditions for himself, and, behold, they are very good.

The main question, then, resolves itself predominantly into rushing the Western crop to the seaboard during a short season. The saving of an average of a thousand miles of carriage to the grain of a territory as large as the German Empire more than nullifies whatever disadvantages may attach to the brevity of the season. It also has an effect on the railway situation to which the Dominion Government is certainly alive. However admirable the theoretical case for Government construction of railways might be, in practice it would be rather jeopardous to build a line which must depend entirely on other and more powerful railways for its traffic, and must use, during a short shipping season, an equipment out of all proportion to the length of the line and the magnitude of its controlled traffic.

Railways through undeveloped territory in Canada have been constructed on well-defined principles of Governmental support. The Dominion has given subsidies, and sometimes has guaranteed bonds. Several Provincial Governments have also guaranteed bonds. The Canadian Northern, which now handles over 30 per cent. of the grain export from Western Canada, has been guaranteed by the Provincial Governments, the example having been set by Manitoba. No demand has ever been necessary under any of these guarantees, the railway and its branches having earned more than the fixed charges from the commencement. This has been the case because its builders thoroughly knew the country, because they built lines suitable to the traffic conditions that govern all pioneer roads, and because they have

managed them with a courageous carefulness. They have also laid out their Western system with a view to simple adaptation to the requirements of the Hudson Bay route, for they built their first lines under charters that provided for ultimate construction to Hudson Bay, and can, with almost ridiculous ease, connect their main lines and branches for a Hudson Bay service.

It was widely supposed in Canada that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would prefer to arrange for the building and operation of the Hudson Bay Railway by an existing system, with provision for the handling of traffic originating on other lines, under the supervision of the Dominion Railway Commission, which, though it creates a good deal of work for statistical and other secondary departments of railway administration, more than justifies the amount of public confidence that has been given it. To those who regard the situation from the point of view of the general advantage of Canada, and of the service to be rendered the Empire by the creation of a new food route for Britain, it would seem that in a wise application of the plan which combines the advantages of private enterprise with the indubitable advantage of public control the Canadian Government will find the best fulfilment of the task to which it is irrevocably committed.

Essentially, then, the Hudson Bay Railway may be taken as built. The provision of elevators and harbour facilities, the lighting of the islands and coasts of the Strait are being prepared for. Sanguine politicians, with their eyes on ballot-boxes, will name the year in which summer excursions over the Lord Grey course will be available to unofficial people. But it is early for prophets who know nothing of elections. One may hazard a guess that the directors of the Canadian International Exhibition that is to be held at Winnipeg in 1914 will organise European parties to travel *viâ* the Nelson, Churchill, and Hudson Bay.

The idea of a great food route to Britain through Hudson Strait will probably strike many with the dangerous force of novelty—the kind that is felt by the American who learns, in Canada, that there is as much chance of the United States annexing Canada as there is of the annexation of the moon. But it is no novelty in Western Canada. Like every great movement in politics and in common sense, it has had apostles who were before their time. But, unlike most other apostles, the first preachers of the modern Hudson Bay creed are alive to rejoice in the Government that undertakes the fulfilment of their visions. At Winnipeg the other day two of them were at a luncheon to the Bristol Chamber of Commerce delegates. One of them, Mr. Hugh Sutherland, devoted years to the railway project before it was economically possible. But the work done then is producing great results now. The other is Mr. C. N. Bell, the Secretary of

the Winnipeg Board of Trade, whose report on Hudson Bay and Strait to the Winnipeg Board of Trade in 1884 is a singular aid to the discovery of true historical perspective. For, though the imperialisation of Hudson Bay was sure to come, it is not easy to think of a similar case in which, for business reasons, and perhaps unconsciously, men were organised for the major purpose of jogging the arm of Providence. I was with Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Bell a few weeks ago, when one of them reminded the other of their early days in Winnipeg (then Fort Garry)—only thirty-five years ago—when the Hudson's Bay Company factor posted notices on the church door warning the farmers that the Company would not take more than two bushels of wheat from each grower, and that payment would have to be accepted in trade. You see history—the building of new fabrics of flesh and blood—being made before your eyes, when you break bread with such pioneers, who direct the organisation of an international exhibition on the very spot where the present High Commissioner of Canada nailed his notices when he was himself a grey-bearded veteran.

Winnipeg has become the largest single wheat mart in the world. Not one-tenth of the cultivable land now tributary to Winnipeg has begun to grow wheat. Every discreet observer from Britain who examines Canada thanks Heaven for the wide, invigorating spaces in which the Empire may renew its strength. The Governor-General, heralding the back-door-to-the-cupboard route, bears tidings of more worth than any which could belong to the opening up of regions whose later prosperity must depend upon the toilsome servility of the barbarian; for the widespread plains have a climate that provokes a race of fore-thinking, big-hefted people who inherit the traditions, without the handicaps, of a race that has dwelt for hundreds of years in a confined space.

I do not talk idly when I speak of the Empire renewing its youth. The delegation from the Bristol Chamber of Commerce perfectly illustrates the point. Let me condense the story they have told in Quebec, in Montreal, in Toronto, in Hamilton, in St. Catharines, in Guelph, in Stratford, in London, in Sudbury, in Port Arthur, in Winnipeg, in Prince Albert, in Saskatoon, in Regina, on trains, on steamboats, and in motor cars—wherever they have been received. Bristol, they said, became wealthy and indifferent to the future. She failed to keep pace with modern shipbuilding, until her accommodations were inadequate for nineteenth century necessities. Liverpool passed her, other ports set her painful examples, until she did build modern docks suitable for vessels up to a thousand feet long. Even then there were croakers and expert identifiers of incipient white elephants to whom a one-and-ninepenny rate was an affliction that could never become five per cent. on a far-seeing investment.

Confounding such critics of progress there had come to Bristol a fast line of Canadian steamships—the Royal Line—that had at once appropriated the Atlantic-St. Lawrence record, and, through its intimate association with five thousand miles of railway in the Dominion, was potentially able to justify the expenditure of more than three millions sterling, which was Bristol's bid for trade. In face of such a prospect the Chamber of Commerce sent out twelve apostles to ascertain and to preach the possibilities of vaster trade relations between Canada and the West of England, of which Bristol is the metropolis.

The testimony of the delegation, as given in Montreal on the eve of sailing, and repeated to me as another speed record was being established, is that the chance for the re-creation and extension of Bristol, through Canadian expansion, is infinitely greater than they supposed. As far as one can judge, their principal anxiety is as to whether their venerable city will rise to the opportunities that are within her grasp. They have seen that there must be reciprocity in traffic, and that, in part to redress the balance of an inevitable emigration of West of England people to the Dominion, advantage must be taken of the attractiveness of the West of England to travellers who desire to know the Old World in its loveliest aspects. Wherefore the party of journalistic interpreters who are also on this ship.

No British Chamber of Commerce has ever before sent a special mission to one of the Kindred States. No party of writers has ever come to England under such auspices to inaugurate such a literary campaign. The journeyings of Hearne inland from Hudson Bay, which were published in the Strand in 1795, are being republished in the three-hundredth year after Hudson found the Bay in which he perished, and in the year when a Governor-General, by a unique journey from the prairie to the ocean by way of Hudson Bay, pays homage to the vital quality with which easy transportation endows the State. A great English city marches with a new stride towards a goal which it first clearly sees through the advent in British commerce of a great railway which began as a venture towards Hudson Bay, and in the year that the chief of all the Kindred States begins its heavy expenditures on opening up Hudson Bay. The pens of trained observers are available to put things together for the historian who will have time and distance for his perspective. That historian will note that the imperialisation of Hudson Bay really began in the first year of the Fifth George, who knows all his dominions far better than any one of his subjects can ever hope to do.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

