



BRANDES'S "CAESAR"

By Julius Moritzen

FROM the European literary point of view, a book by George Brandes always is an event of no mean importance. The "Gothic" and "Voltaire" by this famous Danish writer, although published while the world was still at war, nevertheless attracted public attention as few volumes issued abroad, apart from those dealing with the gigantic struggle itself. How much more, therefore, might be expected when the announcement comes that Brandes's "Julius Caesar" had been completed, and that the first half of this voluminous work is available to the Scandinavian reading public. Since Plutarch's time some of the world's greatest minds have delved into the character of Caesar, and that the year 1918 should shed any new light on the personality of the Roman Dictator was scarcely to be expected. And while only the first half has been published, the author, with his accustomed regard for the reader's comfort, contributes an introduction so complete that it carries one along as if the whole were placed succinctly before the mind's eye. Here lies the secret of Brandes's craftsmanship: his unquestioned ability to make his canvas complete. Color and close attention to detail never obscure the major theme. The great Caesar stands before us in the full majesty of his office, and if other scholars have endeavored to show that Shakespeare presented a caricature for the benefit of Brutus, Brandes unequivocally pronounces sentence on anything that aims at lowering the standard of him whose services redounded to the advantage of generations to come after. It might suit the purpose of Shakespeare's Marcus Antonius to eulogize Brutus as the "noblest Roman of them all." With Brandes, however, the conspirator possessed, because he lost all claims to consideration after he delivered the fatal thrust which robbed the world of Julius Caesar.

"That murder," writes Brandes, "committed during the forenoon of the 15th of March, 44 B.C., by sixty conspirators, with the aid of twenty-three dagger thrusts, is perhaps the most conspicuous monument that the history of the world contains touching human stupidity in the form of so-called idealism: of human meanness, ingratitude, rapacity, and rawness masquerading as the love of liberty. A band of jealous wretches, lusting for power, lacerated by their long knives the most genial man of Roman antiquity. And it is a crowning disgrace that during the following two thousand years, because of mankind's incomprehensible stupidity, Brutus is placed alongside Caesar, yes, is estimated as even greater and more worthy than he."

It is only two years since Brandes published his "Voltaire." It seems as if his ability to work increases as the years pass. To plan a book like his "Julius Caesar" would appear to have necessitated the labor of many years; yet we see orderliness in recital, an immense, complicated, and eventful world-period made living down to the veriest detail. The present reviewer, long familiar with Brandes's career, has never found the Danish author more interesting, more entitled to stand as a model where literary construction and absolute fearlessness in expression are concerned. Like Froude, Brandes must have drawn freely on Appian, Plutarch, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius. Of course, Caesar's own writings, the speeches and letters of Cicero, the "Commentaries," Hirtius's history of the Alexandrian war, must have furnished many important data. As a Latinist, few European scholars equal Brandes.

The fundamental defect in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" Brandes took pains to point out in his monumental work on the English poet. In that book he fore-shadowed what he now presents in so much detail. He explains why Shakespeare characterized Caesar as he did: "Having so arranged his drama that Brutus should be its tragic hero," he "had to concentrate his art on placing him in the foreground, and making him fill the scene." But he had to be the centre and pivot of everything, and therefore Caesar was diminished and belittled to such a degree, unfortunately, that this matchless genius in war and statesmanship has become a miserable caricature. Brandes cleaves close to his earlier conception of Caesar. "Generation after generation," he now writes, "has been educated to see in Caesar the representative of lust of power, in Brutus the hero of liberty. It was not Pompey who through the course of time rivalled Caesar in the admiration of the nations. That honor fell to the weakest head among those who surrounded Caesar. To the masses Caesar became the tyrant, Brutus the hero of freedom."

In a chapter which is conspicuous for its portraiture Brandes tells with a strain of melancholy about all that Caesar accomplished and what his genius had planned to do. He writes:

He solved a problem that the centuries had failed to solve, the agrarian problem, the greatest question of that time as later, He gave relief to the provinces, staggering

under the burden imposed by Roman money men. He gave independence to entire countries by presenting them with Latin citizenship, sometimes Roman. He decreased the size of the Roman proletariat and fought poverty by creating Roman colonies that became cradles for intelligence and from where civilizing influences could go forth among the barbarians of the period. The conquest of Gaul, as completed by Caesar, is a masterpiece, in accomplishment that can never be forgotten. There is not the slightest doubt that Caesar is the creator of the latter-day French nation. Without him the Gauls would perhaps a second time, have thrown themselves over Italy and destroyed the high civilization of the ancient world. It was Caesar's victory that caused the Gauls to embrace Roman culture. These feckless, inspiring enemies of the Roman Empire, which three centuries and a half before had conquered Rome and humiliated the people of their own free will renounced their religion, their customs, their language, yes, even their names, in order to take on the religion, customs, language, names introduced by Caesar. The civilizing influence bestowed by the conqueror is as great as it is beyond measure.

The English reading world, familiar as it is with Brandes's leading works, including his "William Shakespeare," has yet to know his "Goethe" and "Voltaire" in language that it can understand. It is the one drawback to the fullest possible appreciation of this Danish writer that his original audience is narrowed down to those familiar with the languages of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. It is to be hoped that when the complete "Julius Caesar" appears, this if not all of Brandes's writings during the war will be first available to English readers in America.—*The New York Evening Post*.

HYMNS IN CANADIAN FICTION

LITERATURE is a transcription of life, a holding of the mirror up to nature, it is no wonder that hymns have been made use of so largely by some of the world's most popular writers of fiction in developing their stories. Hymns have exercised in a beautiful way a sweet and saving influence over home life, and have been from the very beginning one of the great inspirational forces in all the helpful activities of the Christian Church. Our soldiers at the front, while they sing at times with gusto their nonsense songs, love best of all the grand old hymns, endeared to them by all the happiest associations of home, sweet home.

When we remember how sweetly and satisfyingly hymns have entered into the deepest experiences of human life, we need not wonder that novelists have made a generous use of sacred songs in developing their stories. This is true of our most popular Canadian writers of fiction.

At a critical time in the missionary's fight with the saloons, in Ralph Connor's "Black Rock," it was Mrs. Mavor, the miners' guardian angel, and one of the most beautiful characters in the literature of to-day, who saved the situation by the hymns she sang. As she sang "Jesus, Lover of my soul," her face was lifted up as if some vision of the great Lovers of humans had come to her heart which her gloriously appealing voice was interpreting in such a way as to make the saloons, "which care no more for a man's soul than they do for a sour tin can which is cast into the garbage pail or tossed into the back yard," something to be abhorred.

In "The Sky Pilot," the most popular of Ralph Connor's books, we have a scene, painfully dramatic in which that sweetest little lyric ever sung, the twenty-third psalm, is introduced. As the Sky Pilot and his two companions approached the low log shack in the little poplar bluff of the Canadian foothills, where a young Scotchman who had enjoyed the advantages of a university education and who had loved ones in Scotland who lived for him, lay wounded and wildly delirious from the whiskey he had drunk, they heard a rifle shot and then the sound of the drunken man shouting at the top of his voice:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie—

In pastures green, He leadeth me

The quiet waters by."

"Now and then he would stop to say in an awesome whisper, 'Come out here you little devils!' and bang would go his rifle at the stove pipe, which was riddled with holes." Then once more he would sing in a loud voice a verse of the psalm which he had learned in childhood, and which even in his drunken revels he could not forget.

Norman Duncan, whose facile pen charms us no longer with his artistic and illuminating interpretations of life, is another Canadian writer who has woven into his stories with deft skill the sweetly sacred songs we sing. When the lad Davy Roth, in that exquisite love-idyll, "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," reaches home after a tempestuous trip in Skipper Tommy's little punt, and is being rocked to sleep in his mother's arms, he asks his mother to sing for him, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." In long after years Davy said, "The feeling of harbor—of escape and of shelter and brooding peace—was strong upon me while we sat rocking in the falling light. I have never since made harbor—never since come of

a sudden from the toil and the frothy rage of the sea by night or day, but my heart has felt again the peace of that quiet hour, and I have heard my mother sing:

"Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass come from Thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"

In "The Cruise of the Shining Light," a book in which Norman Duncan let himself go as in none of his other stories, the scene where poor old Nicholas Top, who thinks that he has sinned away his day of grace, but who is so anxious that the boy Dannie, whom he loves more than he loves his own soul, may make a better voyage of life than he himself had done sits on the edge of the boy's bed at night and asks Dannie to repeat his evening prayer:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy little lamb to-night; Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light."

is one which for spiritual insight and literary artistry has few equals in literature. Dannie was no longer a child, but he had not outgrown his need of praying the prayer of this beautiful hymn. Tip-top, in "The Soul of the Soldier," tells how at the close of one of the services at the front he gave out a children's hymn, saying as he did so that it was for the boy within us who never grows up and never dies. It was a touching scene, for as they sang they were all children again and the blessed memories of childhood were fresh upon them.

In the chapter, "The Old Precentor's New Song," in Robert E. Knowles' "St. Cuthbert's," we have a good illustration of how psalms and hymns can be worked up into literature in a most interesting way. The Old Precentor was very ill. He began to realize as he lay dying that he had been "over hard on human hymns." Perhaps after all they were inspired in some way as well as David's Psalms. He suggested that "Jesus, Lover of my soul," might be sung at his funeral, although he was sure some people would think it strange.

At the funeral of that great lovable man of God, Principal Pollok, of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, a distinguished soloist sang the other day, "The Land of the Living." In the early days of Dr. Pollok's ministry he would probably himself have thought this a strange selection for a funeral, but the old order changeth, giving place to new, lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

In "The Web of Time" Mr. Knowles gives us a tenderly touching scene, which his great sympathetic soul was capable of conceiving in a beautiful way. The old man David and the young man Harvey, both deeply moved by the mingled memories of the past, and by the wonderful love divine which would not let them go, sat side by side and enjoyed the vision of love which came to them as they partook of the precious symbols at the Holy Communion. The closing hymn was, "The sands of time are sinking," from which this book gets its name. It was when they came to the soul's great boast—

"With mercy and with judgment My web of time He wove."

That Harvey turned his eyes towards David, and his heart melted as he saw the tears rolling down the withered cheeks. David's head was bowed, for it hurt him sore that men should see. But there had come about him such a tide of feeling—all his chequered life rising before him—that his soul dissolved in gratitude to the Hand that guided and the Heart that planned through all the labyrinth of years.

In "Duncan Polite" Marion Keith, who enjoys the distinction of having created in the hero of this story one of the most unforgettable characters in Canadian fiction, tells us much about Glenora Presbyterian Church, which was beautiful for situation, but severely plain and unattractive in every other way, where the village blacksmith, who had a powerful voice, used to raise the tunes. After listening to a boisterous anthem in one of the large Toronto churches a gentleman present who has not yet developed a love for church music of this kind said to his companion, "Is God deaf?" None, but a totally deaf person could fail to hear the blacksmith as he led the praise service of Glenora Church, as he shouted out:

"Ye gates lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye, Be lifted up, that so the King Of glory enter may."

In Marion Keith's "Lisbeth of the Dale" we have a Sunday school scene to which the author has given an innocent touch of humor—the introduction of one of the hymns sung, Noah Clegg, the superintendent, a good little man, with a round, cheery face, and squeaky Sunday boots, and cockney accent, having sent Wully Johnstone's Johnny to look up, and down the road to see if there was anyone coming, and Johnny having returned and reported that there was no one but Silas Pratt's bridle-neck, began the service by reading the first two lines of the hymn, "There is a Appy Land, Far away."

"Now, boys and girls, an' grown-ups, too," cried the superintendent, "sing up fine and 'earry. This is a jolly day we live in and we're goin' to a 'ppier one; and this is a 'ppy day, and I hope the good Lord'll give us 'appy 'earts." Then the

school burst into song.

There are few scenes in literature more amusing than that which James DeMille who is the Admirable Crichton of Canadian literature, one of the most versatile geniuses that Canada has produced, gives us in "The Dodge Club," where an American senator who is travelling in Europe teaches an Italian countess a verse from one of Watts' hymns. The countess in the course of their conversation asked the senator the name of his favorite poet. This was a most embarrassing question, for the senator knew little of poetry, but in a happy or rather unhappy moment he thought of Isaac Watts. The countess was amazed that she had never heard of this great English poet, whom the senator assured her was more popular than Shakespeare or Milton or Byron. She asked him to quote some beautiful lines from his favorite author. The only thing he could think of was this verse:

"My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing herself away To everlasting bliss."

"Stop one moment," said the countess. "I wish to learn it from you," and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

"Ma willina sol wood sta—"

"In such a frame as this," prompted the senator.

"Een socha frames zees." Wait—Ma willina sol wood sta in socha frames zees." Ah, appropriate! but could I hope that you were true to those lines, my senator? Well?

"And sit and sing herself away," said the senator in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

Before the countess had succeeded in committing these words to memory the senator began to fear that he, with a wife at home, had been somewhat indiscreet in quoting such words to an impressionable Italian countess. The whole scene is inimitable, irresistible, and cannot easily be surpassed for the richness of its humor. No wonder Mrs. Scott-Siddons selected this passage for her recitals during one of her Canadian tours.

Some exception may be taken to the use of hymns for humorous effects, but Marion Keith and Professor De Mille have done so without shocking in any way the most sensitive of souls.—Rev. A. Wylie Mahon, in *Onward*.

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ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME

PHASES OF THE MOON

PHASES OF THE MOON	
January	MOON'S PHASES
Moon, 2nd	4h. 24
Quarter, 9th	6h. 55
Moon, 16th	4h. 44
Quarter, 24th	0h. 22
Moon, 31st	7h. 7

Day of Month	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	H. Water a.m.	H. Water p.m.	L. Water a.m.	L. Water p.m.
Dec. 29	Sun	8:12	4:48	6:50	9:19	2:46	3:22
30	Mon	8:12	4:49	9:36	10:04	3:38	4:11
31	Tue	8:12	4:50	10:20	10:48	4:27	4:57
Jan. 1	Wed	8:12	4:51	11:02	11:31	5:11	5:39
2	Thur	8:12	4:52	11:43	12:08	5:52	6:19
3	Fri	8:12	4:53	0:14	12:23	6:32	6:58
4	Sat	8:12	4:54	0:56	1:04	7:13	7:38

The Tide Tables given above are for the Port of St. Andrews. For the following places the time of tides can be found by applying the correction indicated, which is to be subtracted in each case:

	H.W.	L.W.
Grand Harbor, G. M.	18 min.	
Seal Cove	30 min.	
Fish Head	11 min.	
Welshpool, Campo.	8 min.	8 min.
Eastport, Me.	8 min.	10 min.
L'Etang Harbor	7 min.	13 min.
Lepreau Bay	9 min.	15 min.

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D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer
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Saturdays, 9 to 1

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W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector
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Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector
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GRAND HARBOR.
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SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Arrived Foreign

Dec. 19 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.

"Mt. Schr. Eldorado, Price, Eastport.

"Edith T., Sutherland, Eastport.

21 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.

24 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.

Cleared Foreign

19 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.

"Mt. Schr. Eldorado, Price, Eastport.

20 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.

21 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.

Arrived Coastwise

Dec. 20 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen.

21 Schr. Seth W. Smith, Keay, St. John.

23 Schr. Nellie, Jenks, Parrsboro.

"Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, Lord's Cove.

Cleared Coastwise

Dec. 16 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen.

23 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, St. George.

24 Schr. Nellie, Jenks, Parrsboro.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.
George F. Hibbard, Registrar
Office hours 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Daily.
Sundays and Holidays excepted.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF
Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—
Circuit Court: Second Tuesday in May and October.
County Court: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year.
Judge Carleton

Following the removal of the ban against public gatherings by the Provincial Health Department, classes will be resumed at the

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Fredericton, N. B.
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We trust that all our old students will be able to return on that date.
Information regarding our courses of study will be furnished on request.

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Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a.m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a.m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings Cove, and St. Andrews. Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a.m., returning 1:30 p.m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, and Cummings Cove.

Atlantic Daylight Time.
SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (7:30 p.m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2:30 p.m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7:30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 12:00 p.m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7:30.

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A. Pastor. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8:00 a.m. 1st Sunday at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a.m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7:30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7:30. Service at Rayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

The Parish Library in All Saints' Sunday school Room open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

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VOL. X

SLEEP on, sleep on, The grass is In dews greenness From you hath Peace hath with Where tears

Sleep on, sleep on, Life's ever-b Nor scorn that se And blanch the lo 'Tis like the bed Which waves

Sleep on, sleep on, Upon your m Yea, and your pe Is all with sweet And over each ear The hand of h

At rest withi The World's false The arrows it dot On him whose

(Born January 7,

THE HE

BY KENN

I T was a bland medieval May the most typical of the little town of assembled, as was in the picturesque Hotel de Ville, for usual municipal date was early members of this possessed considerable those of similar as tenth, eighteenth, nineteenth centuries, in any characteristic ing hopeless insig offered as such, room, indeed, seen in the girl who erect, yet at her e in general and Mr a delicate-handed, eighteen summer figure was well set tasteful mourning

"Well, gentleme ing," this little bu er—quite in order, me to—er—review aware that the tow misfortune to lo gentleman who, I duties