

# UNDER-SEAS: A SUBMARINE STORY

BY COUNT ALEXIS N. TOLSTOY

## I

FOR two days *Kate* took the waves easily, now riding them and now ducking. Strong and swift, connected with the world by mysterious silent voices, she gladdened Andrey's heart. It seemed to him that she was impregnable, and that she had a higher calling than to sink ships. In daytime he either slept or sat at the wireless apparatus. Leaning back with eyes closed, he listened to fragments of reports about battles in Champagne and at the Divna, on the Austrian frontier and near Constantinople. A man by the name of George was vainly trying to send a kiss to his wife who was sailing for America; she probably was on the steamer which an hour ago had telegraphed that it was sinking. In the evening three Austrian army corps were routed, and in the morning the ocean resounded with the hysterical voices of exchange brokers.

The entire world shrank down to the tic-tac and the clicking of the apparatus. The past was like a dream, the future did not go beyond the mine-field which the submarine was soon to reach. There was neither fear, nor joy, nor regret in Andrey's mind—nothing but the image of this steel box crammed with human beings and the dots and dashes of the wireless.

At sunset the sea was all lilac, and the trace of the boat on the watery knolls sparkled with iridescent red. Later on the moon rose and traced a silvery path on the waves. This hour of twilight filled Andrey's heart with vague uneasiness and anguish. The sunset in its infinite beauty somehow threatened his calmness and self-assurance. In the face of its splendours, seemingly so useless and unimportant for a seaman, he felt himself a miserable

mortal being, a helpless child starting out on its life-career. And standing on his bridge Andrey was indignant and angry, for it seemed to him that this feeling was like a yawning cleft in *Kate's* armoured side.

On the third day in the afternoon, Andrey hurriedly left the telegraph compartment and gave an order to get ready to submerge. Men were placed at the water-pumps, the oxygen containers, air-purifiers and distilling machinery, and all the hatchways were thoroughly examined; the gunners took their place at the torpedo tubes. The order was to move about as little as possible, to keep to the berths when not on duty, not to talk or laugh. Then the watchman left the conning tower and the main hatchway was hermetically closed.

Andrey gave the order to submerge and went over to the navigating compartment. The water rushed into the ballast tanks, the inside of the boat grew heavy and the rolling and pitching ceased: *Kate* sank and ran under-water, steering by the periscope. Andrey pushed a button, the electricity went out, and a cone of pale-blue rays poured from the tube. Then the screen of the periscope grew alive with tiny waves, clouds and a tail of smoke on the skyline. With chin resting on his arm, Andrey scanned the image of the sea which lay before him. Soon the smoke vanished, and on the right appeared the hazy line of land.

At night the boat rose to the surface, taking advantage of the darkness, and sailed without lights. All through the night Andrey stood on the bridge. The seas were placid, the stars were screened by a light mist, and in the south far away the pale blue ray of an enemy searchlight glided through the clouds.

Before the dawn, a flock of wild ducks flew low overhead with a hiss. Then the submarine *N1* telegraphed that it had submerged completely. *Kate* was rapidly approaching the mine field. One after another the submarines disappeared under it, possibly forever.

At dawn when the greenish-orange light was slowly pervading the fleecy clouds, *Kate* began to sink to a great depth at a definitely determined point. Then steering solely by compass and map, *Kate* started picking her way under the mines, compressed by a watery mass of hundreds of thousands of pounds. Yakovlev was in charge of the steering apparatus, while Prince Byelopol'sky calculated the side drift and reported to the chief engineer in charge of the motors. Andrey, leaning over the map, gave sharp orders to the man at the wheel. There was no sensation of movement and it seemed that *Kate* was motionless amid eery darkness. The men were mostly stretched on their backs, taking care to consume as little oxygen as possible. Nevertheless, the air was heavy and thick, and there was a tingling sensation in the ears. Now and then one of the husky peasants would mumble, "Lord! Lord!" and would heave a sigh—perhaps there came into his mind the thought of his little farm on the steppe, his buckwheat field, a neighing colt and the wind in the bushes.

Suddenly the boat's keel hit against something hard and a grating sound broke the stillness.

"Halt! Halt!" called out Andrey, dashing forth from the navigating cabin.

The pinions cracked and the motors ceased to pulsate. Immediately it became hot, as in a Turkish bath. Andrey penetrated into the water-tight conning tower, flooded with diluted, greenish light which came through the ports with which this compartment is provided for scanning the surrounding waters. He peered through the glass-pane. Gradually, vague, blurred forms and shadows became visible in the twilight of the deep. One of the shadows

wavered, glided along the window, and the round tragic eyes of a fish glanced at Andrey. The fish moved aslant, and disappeared deep below the boat. Evidently, *Kate* had not run aground; nor were there any under-sea reefs in that place. Without ceasing his observations, he gave the order to raise the boat several feet. Then numerous shadows leaped aside and scattered, and Andrey plainly saw a jumbled heap of ladders and ropes, among which quietly rocked, feet upward, a human body, half devoured by fishes. It was obvious that *Kate* had blundered into the remnants of a sunken ship.

This halt might prove fatal. The uniform motion of the boat was disturbed, the orientation lost; the inevitable small error of the point where the boat had sunk under water must have increased during the course. *Kate* had lost her way both in space and in time. Andrey drummed nervously against the window-pane. It was impossible to stay under water any longer, but to rise to the surface was equivalent to being noticed and attacked by the enemy warships. Yet this was the only way of determining the exact position of the boat.

He gave the order for the boat to rise slowly and returned to his observation point. The water gradually grew clearer. And suddenly he saw a dark ball move down to meet the boat. "A mine," flashed across Andrey's mind, and overcoming the torpor which oppressed his brain, he ordered the boat to be swerved from its course. The ball moved away, and another one appeared on the right. Another change of direction. But everywhere in the depth of the greenish twilight lay in wait cast-iron shells. *Kate* was in the midst of a mine net. . . .

## II

Seen from a great height sea water is so transparent that one can sight in it even large fish. It is owing to this that *Kate* was espied by two enemy hydroplanes, when she was trying to rise

among the mines to the surface of the bay. But having noticed the aircraft circling over it the boat again dived to a deep level.

Now *Kate* was blindly groping her way forward. The motors worked at their top speed, and the body of the boat trembled. Hundreds of demons called horse-powers fiercely turned the various wheels, pinions and shafts. The air was hot and stuffy, and the men at the engine, stripped to the waist, worked feverishly. An amount of oxygen sufficient to sustain the crew for only one hour remained in the lead cylinders.

Yakovlev was still sitting at the compass, with his elbows on his knees and his hands pressing his head. In the mine cellars, the cabins, the corridors, lounged the men, their faces livid with suffocation. Prince Byelopolsky was still leaning over his logarithmic tables, now become useless. From time to time he wiped his face, as if removing a net of invisible cobwebs; finally he rose to his feet, took a few steps and fainted dead away.

Giving the order to proceed at top speed, Andrey hoped to pass the mine zone, even if some of the men would have to succumb for lack of air. Pale and excited, his hair in disorder and his coat unbuttoned; he seemed omnipresent, and his voice sustained the failing strength of the half-suffocated men. Having noticed the Prince stretched on a berth, he poured a few drops of cognac into his mouth and kissed his childlike, wet forehead. Finally, in making too rapid a movement, lurid flames began to dance before his eyes, and he bent back, striking his neck against a sharp angle of an engine. He felt no pain. "Bad!" thought he and crawled over to the emergency oxygen container. He opened the faucet and inhaled the fragrant stream of gas. His head began to swim and a sweet fire ran through his veins. Then, with an effort, he rose to his feet. The outlines of the objects around him were strangely distinct, and the faces of the men which were imploringly turned to

him—some of them bearded and high-checkboned, others tender and child-like—appeared to him infinitely and poignantly human. . . .

In the corridor Andrey came across one of the men. The latter stood against the wall and gulped the air like a fish. Noticing the commander, he made an effort to cheer up, and mumbled: "Beg pardon, a bit unwell." Andrey leaned over him and looked into his eyes. A film of death was beginning to veil them. Andrey cursed under his breath and, turning sharply toward the telephone tube, gave a command to rise. *Kate* shook and dashed upward. The ascent lasted four minutes and a half. Suddenly, *Kate* stood still, and light fell on the screen of the periscope. The men crawled up to the main hatchway and unscrewed it. Cold, salt air rushed into the boat, swelling the chests of the men and turning their heads. Andrey leaped on the bridge uttering an involuntary cry as he met the strong light. The evening sun was solemnly suspended above vast masses of warm clouds, and the sea was all peace and quiet.

Holding the sextant in his trembling fingers, Andrey began to take observations. Soon a loud buzzing was heard in the sky. It was followed by the measured slight crackling of a machine gun, and from the hull of the boat came a sharp rat-a-tat, as if someone was throwing dry peas on it. A hydroplane was circling above *Kate*.

Andrey bit his lip and kept on working. About him a squad of his men were loading their rifles. The hydroplane almost reached the surface of the sea, then soared with a shrill "F-r-r-r," and flew right over the boat. A young, clean-shaven pilot sat motionless, his hands on the wheel. Below him an observer gazed down, waiting. Suddenly he lifted up an oblong bomb and hurled it into a tube. The shell flashed in the air and plunged into the sea at the very side of the boat. One of the men fired. The observer threw up his leather-covered arms with spread-out

fingers; and slowly circling under the fire of the submarine crew, the aircraft soared upward.

Over the ridge of reddish mountains there appeared another aeroplane, looking like a long thin line. *Kate* picked her way with grace and ease across the orange-coloured waters as if cutting through molten glass. Andrey buttoned his coat, pushed his cap over his eyes, and, walking a few paces on the bridge, said with a grimace, "Well, Yakovlev the mines are behind us, but what are we going to do now?"

"This region, sir, abounds in underwater reefs and sandbanks."

"That is just it, and I would not risk sailing under water. . . . Wait a moment. . . ." He raised his hand.

The sun was already in the clouds and, replete with its orange glow, they lit the waters. A violent whizzing sound came from the west. Training his observation glasses on the sunset Andrey ordered greater speed. A grenade hissed on the right, and a jet of water appeared on the quiet surface. *Kate* tacked sharply toward the darkening mountain ridge, and behind, in her shadowy wake, another bomb burst and blossomed out into a small cloud. *Kate* then turned east again, but now in front of her, on both sides, everywhere, shells burst and sputtered fire. The scouting hydroplane dashed above the submarine like a bat, two pale faces looked down and disappeared. Then right above the stern a grenade burst and the bearded Shubin dropped his rifle, clutched his face, toppled over the railing, and disappeared under the water.

"All hands below, to the devil!" cried Andrey, and watching where the shells fell thickest, began to give his orders. *Kate* circled like a run-down hare. All along the darkening skyline were seen smoking stacks of mine-layers and destroyers, and their ruthless ring was rapidly tightening about her.

Having lost her wireless mast which was shot off by a shell, *Kate* was now dashing toward the rocky shore, run-

ning awash. Six sparks blazed up in the dark below the rocks, and six steel-clad demons hissed above the boat. The oblong shadow of a ship was gliding along the coast. *Kate* shook, and a sharp-nosed, blind torpedo detached itself from her body and glided under water to meet the silhouette of the ship. A moment passed, and a fluffy, mountainous mass of fire and water rose where formerly projected the stacks of the mine layer. Then the mountain sank, and the silhouette disappeared. *Kate* entered into a baylet among the rocks, submerged, and lay down on the sandy sea-bed.

### III

Two weeks *Kate* lay in the sea inlet, completely cut off from the rest of the world. By day she hid in the deep, and only under the cover of night she rose to the surface to get a supply of air. It was necessary to take the greatest precautions, for there was little hope that the enemy believed her to be destroyed by the mine-ships. Here are excerpts from the diary which Andrey kept during those days aboard the submarine:

"The excitement of the battle lasted three or four days, then all the recent events at once became strangely remote. We all live somewhere on the borderland between life and death, beyond the pale of time and space. I begin to understand the flies which in winter doze between the frozen window-panes. Most of the time the men stay in their berths half asleep, half awake. As for myself, I often lie on my couch with my eyes open and without a thought or a simple image in my head. One feeling pervades me with limitless power—that of sheer *being*. I feel *being* not as a tangle of separated episodes and fragmentary pictures, but as an unbroken infinity stretching somewhere above me, beyond the watery wall and beyond the precinct of Time itself. I cannot make it plainer. At times my heart begins to beat faster, as if trembling with the

foreboding of a deeper understanding of what *being* is. It is such a strange and eerie feeling! I envy Yakovlev: he sleeps and dreams of battles and flag-bedecked havens, of stormy seas and women; he leans over his berth which is right on top of mine and recounts to me all this nonsense in detail.

"The Prince is very ill. The absence of sounds has been preying upon his mind all this time. To-day, the eleventh day of our stay here, he became delirious, and fell down from his upper berth. The men bring him extra allowances of food, and I pretend not to notice it. Our food supply will last us for one week if we keep to a starvation diet. My lads have grown lean and have almost stopped all conversation. They are a meek sort and if they once grasped the reason why, they would die without a murmur. May God spare them unjustly suffering. They greatly pity the sick boy.

"Two days later Prince Byelopolsky died. At midnight we rose to the surface with great precautions. Our deceased comrade's body was wrapped in linen, and a shell was tied to his feet. The crew chanted a prayer over him in muffled voices. The first thing I saw when I found myself on the bridge was the stars: huge and thick sown, they shone in the heavens and in the waters of the bay. On the right rose the steep seacoast, the black battlements of its rocks and the dwarfish trees above them looming high into the heavens. From the heights came wafting a strong fragrance of juniper, wormwood and flowers.

"The Prince was taken to the deck of the boat. His sharp profile was noticeable under the linen. The corpse glided overboard and disappeared in the water without a splash. The sailors silently crossed themselves. A bat scurried by.

"Suddenly beyond the mouth of the bay the silhouette of a four-stack ship slid by. 'They' have not yet given us up. From afar off blazed forth a searchlight beam and plunged into a ra-

yine behind us, lighting up crooked twigs, stones and mossy rifts. Then the beam swept the sky and began to search the bay. The birds twittered querulously, and the water sparkled. The beam stopped at a distance of several yards from us. Had the man at the searchlight turned the light but a hair's-breadth to the left, we would have been discovered.

"The bluish light illuminated the water and in the depth a shoal of bewildered fish. Again did a startled bat dart through the air, and night butterflies hovered in the light. Then the beam hesitated for a while, and leapt to the summit of the rock; its jagged edge flared up and the scream of a discontented eagle came down to us. We plunged again into darkness and non-being.

"The Prince is dead.' I repeat this phrase many times without understanding it. To die on the earth is to cease seeing, hearing, feeling. To die is to remain all alone, in absolute solitude, as Jonah was in the whale's belly. Here I am lying motionless, surrounded by velvety darkness and dead silence in a steel box resting on the bottom of the sea. If I grew cold and ceased moving altogether, what would the change amount to? Almost to nothing. Perhaps all the difference would be that my spirit, now still chained to the round of daily duties would become entirely free.

"Eating has become repulsive to me. With great efforts I force myself to swallow a few spoonfuls of thin soup. I barely manage to pick my way to the dining-room and to see to it that all the men are at the table and eat. I have discovered that the feeling of hunger is painful only at first. Later on a crisis occurs, when the body appears to melt away, as it were; all your vital force is transferred into consciousness, and all your perceptions are strangely sharpened. In such a state a full stomach is loathsome.

"This feeling of physical decline has moments of ineffable beatitude. They commence with a light fever and then

the most delicate chill pervades me, and I cease feeling my body. A sensation of freedom and sadness rises in me, and it is as if the whole universe, with the grass stalks and stars, is in me, and I am dissolved in it. I have a feeling of freedom and yet I am sad, as if I have not done my supreme, most important duty. But what is this duty?

"I told all this to Yakovlev. He kept silence awhile and then cried. All day long he lies stretched on the Prince's berth and does not tell me any more of his dreams.

"The days are eventless. The scout ships keep on watching the seacoast. Our food supply is out. The only provisions left are the emergency ration for one day, which we can touch only when *Kate* herself will be in imminent danger. If we succeed in catching some fish, we shall be able to hold out a few more days before attempting to save *Kate* or explode her in case of failure to reach the port N. My men are pining away without a murmur, like children. Yakovlev says he cannot die on his berth; he understands that this is perhaps his supreme duty, but how well would it be to do a little shooting and sinking, and then die from a bullet. The child!"

Here Andrey's diary ends abruptly. For three days the crew fed on the fish which Kuritzyn, one of the men, caught at a great risk. Then Andrey took the decision to leave the bay and make a supreme effort to run the enemy's cordon.

#### IV

At daybreak as *Kate* was nearing the surface of the sea the crew became aware of a powerful muffled cannonade, and when the boat emerged into the white fog, the coast was reverberating with the roar and the crash of a sea-battle. Mighty broadsides and explosions alternated with the crackling of guns. It was as though sea-devils coughed and blew and roared at each other. A bewildered sea-gull dashed over the boat.

"Quick, sir," shouted Yakovlev holding on to the railing, "now we can break through!" His teeth rattled.

The preparations were completed. A strong gale swept the fog and drove its torn masses over the seas, laying bare the rocky shore. Andrey waved his hand and *Kate* dashed out from the bay into the open. The firing was heard from behind and on the right, and the road to the port N. was free. All that the crew went through during the last two weeks was now transformed into one will, which was more impetuous than *Kate* herself who was rushing along, ripping in twain the misty morning waves.

To run the line of the enemy's ships and to bring *Kate* safe to port, to do one's duty, this seemed too little. The burning will demanded something palpable. What now guided these men was not calculations or enthusiasm, but a greediness, a longing to possess, strangely mingled with a yearning for destruction.

"We cannot make our get-away like this—turn back or I will shoot myself!" shouted Yakovlev in Andrey's ear. Yakovlev was completely beside himself and his pale, sallow face was twisted convulsively. . . . Finally, the large ball of the sun arose, and touched the seas rolling beneath the fog into a dull orange. Near at hand invisible ships thundered and chased each other. The gale grew stronger. And suddenly a grey mountainous mass loomed up and emerged from the fog, enveloped in clouds and smoke. Above its turrets, stacks and masts fluttered the flag bearing a black eagle.

Unable to control himself any longer, seeing that the opportunity has finally presented itself, Andrey rushed down the hatchway and, knocking down Yakovlev on his way, he proceeded to load the torpedo tube. *Kate* submerged a little and, sailing awash, headed straight at the enemy's vessel.

The shadow of the hostile ship rocked and glided along the periscope screen, every now and then wrapping itself in

a cloud pierced with fiery needles of shots. *Kate* fired a torpedo, but missed her aim. Leaning over the screen and biting his lips to bleeding, Andrey examined the tiny image of the ship, one shell from which struck its target with the force of twelve hundred million pounds. The distance between *Kate* and the enemy ship kept on decreasing; its image occupied already a half of the screen when it suddenly started tacking. . . .

"Another one!" shouted Andrey.

At that very moment a blow fell on the boat, a loud crash resounded throughout her and the periscope screen grew dark. Andrey ran out from the navigating compartment and shouted:

"The periscope is shot off! Top speed forward!"

The engineer seized the handle of a lever and without turning about, asked: "Which way?"

"Forward, forward, to the devil!"

Andrey went over to the conning-tower. Straight before him foamy streams eddied furiously. Finally, the dark bottom of the ship appeared, screening the light.

"Halt!" ordered Andrey, "Fire another one! Full speed backward." He closed his eyes.

For a moment it seemed to him that the end had come. He was hurled into the corridor, lifted up, then dashed against the wall and dragged down. The outcries of the men and the crash of the hull were drowned by the muffled thud of the inrushing water. The light went out. *Kate* began to rotate and sink.

By the force of the explosion *Kate* was cast far away from the sinking ship and dragged down by the vortex to a great depth. The hull began to leak in several places, and the motors went out of commission. In general, the submarine was now much like a large buoy in the dark inside of which dazed, maimed men were groaning and gasping their last. But she did not stay long in the deep; freed from the weight of two torpedoes, she began slowly to rise,

stopped before reaching the surface and started going down again as the water leaked into her hull.

The first to recover his consciousness was Kuritzyn. With an effort, he rose to his feet and crawled over to the engine-room. By the light of matches he found the engineer and began to rub his ears. As this proved of no avail, he opened the faucet of an oxygen container right over his face. The engineer revived and the first thing he did was to clutch his wounded knee.

"Never mind the knee," said Kuritzyn. "Do you hear the noise of the water? We are sinking. Can you fix the engine?"

"Cannot tell," answered the engineer hoarsely.

Kuritzyn lighted a candle and opened the faucets of all the oxygen bottles. The men began to show signs of life. Andrey was found in a narrow passage. Kuritzyn somehow dressed the captain's wounds, but could not bring him to his senses. Another man tried to revive Yakovlev, but soon saw that the officer was dead. All the available hands worked at the pumps, while the engineer and his two assistants busied themselves with the engine, and everybody listened with anguish to the clanking of the instruments.

*Kate* was somewhere near the surface, but, as the periscope and the indicator were destroyed, it was impossible to tell precisely where she was. On the other hand, to unscrew the hatch and look out would mean to subject *Kate* to the risk of being flooded.

Finally, the engineer reported that it was necessary to replace the cylinder, but that this was hardly possible to do because the supply of candles was giving out. Kuritzyn started cursing the engineer, the candle factories, the motors and their inventor. Then he swooped down on the men at the pumps and ordered them to drop dead, but raise the boat at least one yard. The men kept a grim silence. Finally, the last candle went out. The engineer spat, cursed and threw away his controller. "It's

all over, boys!" said someone, and the pumps stopped. The only sound which now broke the silence was the monotonous, deadly splash of water leaking down on the periscope screen.

"Follow me," said Kuritzyn hoarsely to two of the men. "Let us unscrew the hatches. What's the use of monkeying with it any longer."

Feeling their way, several men followed him into the corridor, and up the spiral staircase in the main hatchway. Reaching the top, they grasped the bolts of the lid. "Here's our finish," said one of the men.

"Shut up, mind your business," answered Kuritzyn sternly.

At that moment the sound of footsteps on the outside of the boat reached their ears. Someone was walking on *Kate's* hull. Kuritzyn said hurriedly, "Down to the ballast tanks! When I fire, blow them out. We are ordered not to surrender the boat."

Then, his revolver between his teeth, he pressed the bolt. The lid yielded, and light and air rushed into the opening. "Hey, who is there?" shouted Kuritzyn.

"Russians, Russians," replied a lazy voice.

"Lord!"

When Andrey had hit his head against the iron wall of the submarine, two sheaves of greenish sparks flashed before his eyes. Then everything grew dark and silent. One spark, however, remained in his eyes and little by little

spread into an even, pale-blue splendour. Andrey contemplated it a long time with a quiet and profound delight. Then a restlessness arose in him: It was caused by the sensation of a foreign body within the light. How well would it be if this body dissolved and disappeared, but it did not. . . . The light did not decrease, but the joy was gone, the foreign body strangely disturbed and distracted him. Andrey concentrated his mind and with surprise, which was speedily followed by fear and anguish, he became aware that the foreign body was himself. Then the mysterious splendour turned into a plain bluish lamp suspended over his berth, and his body began to pain in many places. When he felt the pitching and tossing of the submarine and the noise of the engine, he tried to turn over but could not. He groaned, and soon plunged into the living darkness of natural sleep.

Meanwhile, *Kate* was being towed by a mine-layer. On the orlop-deck a group of sailors was clustered around Kuritzyn. He was sipping rum and telling stories about sea-battles and his own deeds. He tried hard not to swagger or lie, but his efforts were crowned with but little success: the rum was too strong. Besides, only a few hours before the commander of the mine-layer slapped him on the shoulder, mentioned all the devils in addition to both his own and Kuritzyn's nearest relatives and wound up with saying: "Fine fellow! I'll recommend you for a medal!"



# FRANCE IN CANADA

## THE "MIRACLE" OF QUEBEC

(Impressions at first hand)

BY JULES BOIS

THE Dominion of Canada and the United States are in constant touch with each other from an economic standpoint, and the boundary line between the two countries is so extensive that it is very easy to travel to and fro, to interchange interests, to trade, and to cultivate a friendly feeling. I must say that the Canadians possess distinctive characteristics, having customs, laws, aspirations, and a mode of life of their own. They form a national type by themselves, requiring special study, which gives me a new opportunity of instructing the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* regarding the French language, and the French *esprit*. The province of Quebec especially claims our attention, because the inhabitants who are British subjects—and consequently enjoy great freedom—are mostly of French descent, and have conserved the language, the type, the manner of living, and thinking which they get from the land whence they came.

In giving our readers a right idea of the actual condition of the new France of Saint Laurent, another opportunity presents itself of acquainting them with certain attributes of the French race, and of showing them that, near by, they may find a telling example of executive ability, endurance, perseverance, resourcefulness, and of faithfulness to traditions and also to ancestral religion.

For several centuries Quebec has demonstrated that French blood has not lost its characteristics, but on the contrary has fully developed the Gaulic and Norman strain, even when transported to a far distant land, having had,

for many years but occasional and intermittent communication with the mother country. France conserves her ethnical value physically as well as morally, notwithstanding the change of climate and the contact with another race.

Quebec, like all the other provinces, has done its duty toward England, France and the Allies. We may truthfully say that the Canadians of French extraction, while remaining faithful to their forefathers, have long since set an example to France of the cordial relations that France now entertains with England and that this war has made indissoluble. In an article entitled "The Lesson Taught by Canada," Theodore Roosevelt has shown the extent to which the Dominion has proved her alertness, generosity, sacrifice of blood and money, from the beginning of the war. These constitute the virtues "of determined and unshakable patriotism." Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, when in New York, delivering an address before the Lawyer's Club, expressed not only the opinion of his own country, but I imagine that of the United States as well, concerning the relation of the citizen to the country, and of the country to humanity. He says: "Just as the citizen who fails to realise his duty of service to the State has not attained the highest conception of citizenship, so the nation which does not realise and fulfil its duty of service to the world has not reached the highest conception of national life."

I have just made two trips lecturing on "La Culture Française," in this wonderful country, so rich in its land, industries, commerce, and the willing-