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DEDICATION

The dedication of this issue of "The Mitre" to our late Honorary President, the Rev. Frank Gifford Vial, recalls the fact that his connection with the magazine dates back to its inception, fifty-five years ago. The first issue of "The Mitre," printed in June 1893, lists amongst its "Board of Directors" B. Watson, Arts '94, Editor in Chief and F. G. Vial, Arts '95, Associate Editor. A glance at the opening files reveals how fully Frank Vial entered into the activities of the college in his undergraduate days. In addition to frequent contributions to "The Mitre" he was a prominent member of the Debating Society. Debarred by a physical disability from taking part in athletics, he supported them wholeheartedly, as he continued to do over half a century later when his invalid chair on the sidelines of the football field was a familiar object. At the time he received his B.A. in 1895 he was awarded the Mackie prize for an English essay, and he won the Haensel reading prize in 1897, the year he graduated in Theology.

It is a far cry back to 1892 when Dr. Vial was first enrolled as a student at Bishop's University. From that time on, with the exception of ten years between 1897-1907 during which he served in several parishes in the Diocese of Quebec, his life may be said to have focused at Bishop's.

In 1907 he was appointed Lecturer in Classics, and in 1910 Professor in Pastoral Theology and Warden of Divinity House, a position which he held until his retirement in 1935. In 1926 the degree of Doctor of Civil Law (Honoris Causa) was conferred upon him by his Alma Mater.

Dr. Vial's life was so intimately interwoven with the University of Bishop's College that he seems to be an integral part of its traditions. As undergraduate, as professor, and finally as professor emeritus, he was in close touch with generations of students, and it would be difficult to measure the extent of his influence upon them. He was an able teacher. His sound scholarship, wide reading, and the geniality of his intellectual culture helped to mould the minds of many successive classes of undergraduates. He was singularly free from passion and prejudice, and the objectivity of his presentation of a subject was attractive and winning. His speech and writing were marked by a mastery of clear and graceful English, and his lectures were carefully thought out and well organized.

In 1923 a book of Dr. Vial's, "Three Measures of Meal — A Study in Religion," was published by the Oxford University Press. The title is derived from the parable of the three measures of meal; and the work is a study of early Christianity showing how the great
racial elements of the ancient world entered into, but at the same time were energized and transformed by the leaven of the gospel. The first measure represents the contribution of the Jews; the second that of the Greeks; and the third that of the Romans. The Catholicity of the writer's interpretation, his evolutionary concept of Christianity, may be contrasted with that narrow point of view, concentrated on historical origins, which regards all after development as ecclesiastical accretions rather than a deepening and enrichment of Christian faith. "Three Measures of Meal" attracted considerable attention. Its author received many appreciative letters; and the book was widely and favourably reviewed in leading religious and secular journals in Canada and Great Britain.

Dr. Vial's home was a centre of hospitality. After the death of his beloved wife, Isobel Susan Ready, the hospitable traditions of the household were continued when he was taken care of by his devoted nieces. An afternoon spent at his home passed quickly in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and pleasant social companionship. Students new and old, arts and divinity men, undergraduates and alumni intermingled there; and Dr. Vial's living room seemed a concentration of that warmth and intimacy of personal association which we like to feel represents the best traditions of our residential college life. Occasionally conversation was suspended when Dr. Vial engaged in a game of chess. As the writer of this sketch can testify he was an able as well as enthusiastic player.

One of his opponents at the chess board in later years was the Rev. Benjamin Watson. The careers of these two men were closely linked. They had been fellow undergraduates and co-founders of "The Mitre." It may be noted that Mr. Watson's death took place a few months after Dr. Vial's, and that the two friends were both in their seventy-fifth year. The continuity of tradition and environment which marked their lives seemed to be symbolized by this long and intimate association.

Students of Bishop's who in recent years have only known Dr. Vial as Professor Emeritus, after his enforced retirement, have had a special opportunity to appreciate the influence of his character. The ending of his official relationships with them only accentuated the personal ties that bound them to him. Many a Bishop's man could testify how much he has been indebted to the friendship and wise counsel of Dr. Vial, and the indelible impression made by his character.

A physical affliction finely borne is often more than compensated for by an added grace of the spirit; and, as in this instance, there radiated from the bed of an invalid something of more intrinsic worth than any knowledge imparted in the classroom. As Emerson put it: "Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think." The primary source of Dr. Vial's impress on the students of this University was his generous humanity flowing into rich and fruitful channels, but having its fountain-head in spiritual insight and conviction. He won and held the unwavering affection as well as respect of Bishop's men and women throughout the long years of his association with the University, and this is perhaps his most fitting memorial.
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EDITORIAL
Last year a new club was founded at Bishop's University — The Current Events Club. This year the group is bringing something into our university life that has not been attempted here for a very long time, if ever. They have invited speakers from the major political parties of Canada and have given these speakers an opportunity to express their views before meetings open to all members of the university. Put in a nutshell, they have brought political discussion to the Bishop's campus. To us this seems a most useful and broadminded venture as a better understanding of, and interest in, our country's politics can only make the students of this university better citizens of Canada.

The critics of politics in university life have based their objections on several premises. They have claimed that as soon as politics enter they might bring with them pressure groups and other subversive organizations which hope to control the universities and from there on spread throughout the country. They furthermore argue that politics would cause friction among the students and members of the staff, thus disturbing the smooth running of the institution, and might, in the end, lead to political appointment of teachers and students. We do not deny the validity of these claims, but we nevertheless feel that the advantages to be gained by intelligent political discussion far outweigh the disadvantages. For it is only an intelligent and interested body that can withstand the subtle propaganda of extremist groups while the uneducated and disinterested mass are hoodwinked by their high sounding theories and low practices.

Democracy is supposed to be government by the people, but only a politically nature and educated people can hope to govern itself adequately. If we wish to retain the privileges of democracy we must also be ready to bear its responsibilities. And to do this we must take an active and lively interest, if not active part, in our country's politics. The past few generations of Canadians have, with few exceptions, shown an apathetic lack of interest in their government; we must not do the same lest the democracy that thousands died for slip from our hands. The interest in our government, and therefore in our politics, must be reawakened and what better place is there for this re-awakening than in the colleges and universities of the nation. For even the most cursory glance at the world's history shows us that the greatest steps towards the attainment of personal and political liberty were taken in periods marked by intense political interests and activities.

By the above we are not trying to imply that politics should rule the campus or replace academic work in importance, but merely that a healthy interest in politics should be encouraged, rather than frowned upon, among students. Only such an intelligent examination of the political field will give our nation an active and interested moderate voting public, and it is only such an electorate that can oppose the dangers of political extremists. For these reasons we heartily applaud the steps taken by the Current Events Club, and the university authorities for permitting these steps, at the same time warning the proponents of the idea that an excessive interest in politics can, in the end, be even more dangerous than an excessive lack of interest in the subject.

M. G. B.
IN THIS ISSUE

It is with pleasure that I review the Lenten issue of The Mitre. Both the diversity of the material, and the quality of the work make interesting reading.

The appreciation, on the life of the late Doctor Vial, by Doctor Raymond, is a fitting tribute and will be of interest to all students, past and present, who knew him.

Mary Hall, B.A. '47, has contributed several articles, among them an amusing review of Godey’s Lady’s Book, 1867. Miss Hall is a frequent contributor to The Mitre, whose work shows considerable promise. At present she is teaching at Stanstead College.

Don Wilson, the lucky winner of the short story contest, has contributed several poems as well. Mr. Wilson, who is an English Honour’s Student looks towards a career in journalism, for which profession we believe he is well qualified. Also in the Short Story line is Persuasion, a dialogue of considerably vivacity and humour. This was submitted by Graham Knight, a first year student whose article Har­binger of Peace, drew favourable comment in the Michaelmas issue of the magazine.

In the poetry section I should recommend Eros, by R. Robertson, another freshman, whose activities include skiing and dramatics as well as writing for The Mitre.

Kate Writes A Letter, should be of interest to all Bishop’s people for Doctor Masters has edited and presented some of Bishop Mountain daughter’s letter to her elder sister, Mrs. Jasper Nicolls, wife of U.B.C.’s first principal in 1847.

These letters comprise part of the material gathered by Dr. Masters for his history of the University on which he is working at present.

O. D. Lewis’s Test Paper, should prove a studen’t dream. Mr. Lewis whose humour is well known to the students, is also a competent amateur photographer whose pictures of the University are exceptionally fine.

Those interested in the more serious side of life, should enjoy R. Setlakwe’s article on Trade Union History in Canada, and J. Robinson’s article on Hymn, their history and purpose.

Sandy Mills first installment on his bicycle trip through Europe provides interesting reading. Mr. Mills is lecturing in English at the University while reading for his M.A. in English.

Last but not least are the book reviews by Miss C. Oakley, librarian, who has chosen several current novels and presented a fair criticism of each.

R. N.

KATE WRITES A LETTER

D. C. Masters

The Victorians are sometimes regarded as prim and proper and almost starchily dignified. This impression is belied by a series of letters written by Kate the second daughter of Bishop G. J. Mountain, from Quebec a hundred years ago. Kate’s older sister, Harriet, had been married to Jasper Nicolls, first principal of Bishop’s College in September, 1847. The letters were all written to Harriet at Lennoxville and they are now included in the Nicolls Papers which are in the possession of the University.

Kate Mountain was seventeen when the earliest of the appended letters was written. She was obviously having a very good time and her letters give a racy account of polite society in Quebec: its riding, its formal dinners and balls and its musical evenings. Officers of the British garrison were always in demand. Kate observed that so long as there were interesting officers available the “Quebec boys” were “looked down upon”. Kate had a wicked eye for eccentricity of any sort and specialized in rather malicious character sketches. She shared her father’s Tory political views; as a result, she had no use for the Governor, Lord Elgin who had alienated the Tories by signing the Rebellion Losses Bill.

The following characteristic excerpts have been selected from her letters:

May 27, 1848.

“I believe that I wrote last on Saturday on which I rode out and dined with the C.’s and on Sunday K. staid in town with me on Monday I rode out to the C.’s — and also on Tuesday early so that I might be back in time for the band which plays from three to five upon the Esplanade. On Wednesday the Queen’s birthday it poured as usual — so there was no trooping of the colors — Papa came home — I went in the evening with the C.’s to the artillery shine. I came out in white tarlton with a white sash and my hair was termed up. I danced the second quadrille with Mr. N. who asked me the day before. I danced with him twice and he asked me three times. I danced twice with Mr. Ni—, and he asked me three times and once with Capt. B. of the Engineers who asked me twice and once with John S. — Col. H. Mr. R., Robt. S., Capt. Br., George B... George F. also asked me to dance but I was engaged — and Mr. R. asked me to dance a quardrille and I was not engaged so I said I would and refused several others and said I was engaged to him but the little wretch never came into the room till the quadrille was 1-2 over and THEN it was too late.”

Feb. 10, 1849.

“At the Rifle party I danced (list of partners), nearly all the rooms were thrown open they had wooden passages built and all in fes-
The Mitre

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I had great fun . . . it was such a rush at the Sir Roger de Coverly with which we wound up — for all the ladies were engaged — and the gentleman of whom there were twice as many as ladies ALL wanted to dance too — and some of them wanted to try and make three rows for all the ladies in the middle and two gentlemen to every lady but it could not be managed and so the gentlemen danced together it looked so odd . . . they were kicking each other and quarrelling all the time.”

She walks in beauty
Mary Hall

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that’s best of snake and cat
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

The reptile’s blood is here refined,
Distilled through aeons of evolution
That now it is, as first destined
A potent, poisonous solution.

The feline claws are lacquered, trimmed,
Superbly tamed to do as bidden,
Demure and pink and creamy-rimmed,
More deadly now for being hidden.

That cultured voice, those cold grey eyes,
Were made for predatory nights
And raising to the moon-bright skies
Wild praise of garden-fence delights.

Here ancient, bestial desires
Reach finally their consummation:
Most fierce is flame of small blue fires
Lust strongest in sophistication.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that’s best of snake and cat
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

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Going on board the Holland-American vessel, S.S. Waterman, that sweltering afternoon of June 28th, 1947, I felt rather like one of the 1500 Dutch immigrants the ship had brought out from Europe. Early in the evening we were eased out of the Montreal basin by two fussy little tugs which pushed and pulled us into the current and then whistled goodbye. The voyage downstream that June evening was as lovely as only a soft summer twilight on the St. Lawrence can be. Slowly, as darkness blurred the countryside, lights twinkled silhouetting the shore line. Quebec was passed in the early morning, and before long, having dropped the pilot at Father Point, we were sweeping out into the gulf and beginning to feel the slow, surging lift and fall of the sea. The Atlantic voyage had begun.

As things on shipboard should be, everything was run on a highly systematic basis typical of the methodical Dutch. The S.S. Waterman is a Victory class troopship which the Dutch government had bought from the United States. It was making its first trip with paying passengers, and so proceeding on the basis of extensive peacetime experience, the Holland-American line had wisely protected itself against the possible lawsuits of outraged passengers by refusing to allow anybody on board until he had signed a form stating that he was quite willing to accept "austère conditions". In the case of the S.S. Waterman, by the word "austère" was probably meant the entire lack of recreational facilities, the long, bare, communal meal tables flanked by uncomfortable, equally bare benches, and the troopship-style dormitory. It was called a dormitory, but it was really a hold into which all the male passengers descended at night to clamber into closely-ranked rows of steel bunks, where they lay until morning grunting and restlessly moving like so many cattle in the Chicago stockyards.

The cattle were rudely awakened on the stroke of 6:30 by a harsh, guttural voice booming over the loudspeaker system: "Calling all passengers! Calling all passengers! Goot morgen! Goot morgen!" This affectionate greeting over, the dazed passengers were reminded that breakfast would be served as usual at eight o'clock. Until just before the appointed hour there was merciful peace, when once again the loudspeakers would crackle into action with the Dutch voice pleading for the unwilling sleepers to bestir themselves and get up for breakfast.

Presently, a rustling and moving sweeps through the tiered rows of bunks, grey-blanketed forms writh and twist and then reluctantly thump down to the deck and wearily stagger two decks above to the communal washroom. It was the sort of washroom designed, headless of privacy, to accommodate the largest possible number in the shortest possible time. Ablutions over, sleepy-looking people begin to enter the dining hall in twos and threes. Breakfast, despite the absence of fresh milk, is the finest meal of the day. It is really only at lunch and supper that one overhears the sly remarks of the fastidious. But since the normal day held so little in the way of variety, even drab meals assumed an unwarranted importance, events which one invariably looked forward to, and just as invariably quitted with a glad sense of relief.

The voyage was somewhat livened by the presence of about fifty young people bound for the Communist-directed Youth Conference at Prague. After attending this conference they were off to Yugoslavia, there be shown round Tito's domain on an all-expenses-paid trip. The hitch was that the tour included a compulsory four week stint of unpaid work on a Yugoslavian rail project. Close to half this particular Youth Conference group appeared to be red-hot Communists, many of them from McGill.

Just as it is useless to argue with people whose beliefs have hardened into convictions, so it is at best nothing but an intellectual exercise to argue with convinced Communists. I found their minds as firmly closed to the idea of free enterprise as the Pope's is to atheism. They were always eager for argument, but only with the single idea of making conversions. They seemed to have all the fervour of religious fanatics. In fact, Communism was their religion, and bewhiskered old Marx their prophet.

An undoubted Communist talent is for organizing. I observed it on board the Waterman. Since an important item on the agenda was the maintenance of group enthusiasm and the making of conversions, daily pep talks were held atop the hatch covers. There, like drones around a Queen bee, the Youth Conference members would gather round some impassioned speaker to listen to a Communist harangue under the guise of subjects as 'Youth and Freedom', 'Workers and their Problems', 'The Fight Against Fascism'.

Aside from interminable arguments with tireless Communists and listening to speeches, there was extraordinarily little to do. You could perambulate endlessly round the deck, you could stand on the bow and watch the ship plunge and rise to the motion of the long Atlantic rollers, or you could just sit and mope. It was therefore without feelings of regret that on the morning of the seventh day Bishop's Rock lighthouse was sighted. Thereafter everything assumed a greater interest. Soon the soft and delicately lovely Cornish coast hove into sight, and we knew ourselves to be steaming up the busy Channel.

Dutch Customs officers are not fond of working on Sunday, or we should have disembarked the very next day. But Custom officials being difficult people who have to be humourd, we slowed down to half speed and crawled up the Channel with the idea of now reaching the
mouth of the Maas river off Rotterdam, only on Sunday night. As luck would have it, when we arrived the wind was blowing with near gale velocity making it extremely difficult for the river pilot to board us. His resolute efforts to do so provided the evening's entertainment. The wind had so whipped up the sea that the pilot boat, apparently in fear of being dashed against the side of the heavily rolling Waterman, felt obliged to transfer the luckless pilot to a dinghy. It cast off, oared by two lusties, with the pilot nervously crouching in the sternsheets. It was a wretched little cockleshell of a dinghy so small as to appear ludicrous. The ditty "Rub-a-dub-dub, Three Men in a Tub" kept running through my mind as I watched it violently heaving on top of a wave, and then completely disappearing in the trough. To us it was astonishing how it survived at all. In spite of the thrashing oars the dinghy at first seemed to make no progress against the shrieking wind. Up and down it bobbed and tossed, threatening always if not to capsize at least to fling out the desperate men propelling it so slowly towards the Waterman. Getting alongside in such weather was tricky even for a dinghy, and was accomplished only after much Manoeuvring and one rather unpleasant misfortune. As it was wildly leaping on the waves with the white-faced pilot clinging to the gunwales, the little craft passed directly beneath one of the ship's drains discharging great quantities of sewage. As if drawn under a fatal spell the dinghy, despite the frantic efforts of the men to push it clear, hung under the gushing torrent until it was half swamped. Imbued now with the strength of desperation the pilot made a tremendous leap for the rope ladder while still a good three feet away, somehow caught it, and dragged himself up to the deck.

The excitement over, we went below to prepare ourselves for those inquisitive people, the Customs officials. The loudspeakers woke us at 5:00 the next morning in time to have a look at Holland as we churned slowly up the Maas. The land stretching as far away as the eye could reach was not only flat, but below the level of the river. It consisted of the most carefully cultivated fields I have ever seen. Not an inch seemed to be wasted. The scene that early morning was dramatized by the pathetic wreckage of war still much in evidence even after more than two years of tidying up. Masts of sunken ships sticking grotesquely out of the water, torn houses agape with holes, splintered, bullet-pocked railway cars, bomb craters, huge German anti-aircraft pilons, wicked-looking tank traps, smashed bridges, and the rusted hulks of beached ships. Some of these desolate hulks looked as though they had been pulverized by an atomic bomb; others, more salvageable, had been hoisted to the top of the river bank where they lay incongruous waiting to be scrapped. And yet as we came into the busy harbour of Rotterdam we all got the impression that the Dutch were doing a first rate job in restoring their country, an impression which my subsequent rail journeys to The Hague and the Hook of Holland only tended to confirm.

My first experience with the European post-war Customs was as pleasant as could be desired. I grew a trifle apprehensive when ahead of me I saw a respectable old Frenchman being searched from head to foot. But Canadians, the liberators of Holland, are extremely popular, especially since they have cleared out. Their wild behaviour after the liberation, made the harassed Dutch realize the truth of Shakespeare's expression: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder". And so I probably owe it to the magic word 'Canada' on the passport that my baggage was barely glanced at. Over the inspection table was a large notice declaring in all the major languages that a maximum of two hundred cigarettes could be brought in at one time. Mindful of the chaotic currency situation in France, I had brought no less than six hundred cigarettes. These I thought it prudent to declare, at the same time hastily making it clear that I intended to put them in bond. To my surprise the offer was smilingly waved aside, and I was allowed to bring in the entire six hundred.

Once ashore, and the Customs passed with flying colours, I set out with one of the more attractive Youth Conference girls to give Rotterdam the once over. The whole centre of the city had been blasted out by the Nazi extermination raid in May of 1940, a raid which alone caused 30,000 casualties. The industrious Dutch had methodically cleared away the ruins, and out of devastation had made a green and pleasant park. The people I saw about me were mostly healthy looking blondes who by the thousands, from mere children to shabby oldsters, briskly got about on bicycles. Indeed Rotterdam's traffic problem is caused by bicycles. Cars are a rarity. It was a wonderful pleasure to be able to wander through a great city without smelling the fumes of cars or hearing the roar of traffic. And yet crossing Rotterdam's bicycle-crammed streets was even worse than trying to thread your way through New York. I consider myself lucky to have been hit only twice before I learnt the art of evasive action. Perhaps the most impressive thing about Rotterdam is the old world architecture and the magnificent art galleries. We were shown through one which contained some fine Rembrandts and Rubens.

Wishing to see as much of the country as possible, we took the afternoon train to The Hague, and stood the whole way, the normal thing in post-war Europe. Through the train windows we got a running panorama of typical Dutch countryside bristling with windmills and veined with the innumerable canals which serve as inexpensive arteries of commerce. But once the novelty of these two features had worn away, you began to notice that the flatness and regularity of the landscape made it basically uninteresting. One soon tired of it. And
so during the train ride I resolved to leave for England that very night. Besides, Holland hurt the pocket. Though the black market rate for dollars was as high as six guilders, the innocent tourist received only 2.67 guilders for his dollar, and consequently paid through the nose for everything, as of course anybody with dollars was naturally supposed to do.

It was raining when we arrived, and seeing The Hague in the rain strengthened my determination to be off for England that night. The Hague chiefly stands out in my memory for the extraordinary variety of old and new architecture jumbled together without rhyme or reason, and the unused canals covered with thick green slime which wound their way so gracelessly through the old town.

Before leaving that evening for the Hook of Holland, I wished the Youth Conference girl good luck in her toils on the Yugoslavian rail project. At 11:00 the same evening I took ship for England in company with two English passengers from the Waterman, a Yorkshireman with the most delightful North country burr, and a wooden-legged ex-R.A.F. type. It was his peculiar way to avoid limping downstairs by seizing the bannisters with both hands, and with a single spectacular leap slide swiftly to the bottom. There was quite a sea running that night, and as the ship beat its way across to England at twenty-five knots it was glorious to stand on the bow in the moonlight and feel the stinging spray and the exhilarating lift and fall as we smashed through the waves.

Punctual to the minute, we arrived at Harwich at 7:00 A.M. exactly eight hours after leaving the Hook of Holland. Again there was the Customs to be gone through, and again they were unfailingly obliging, this time even more so than the Dutch. They not only allowed me to bring in duty-free four hundred cigarettes more than the legal limit, but didn't even bother looking at my bags.

Sharp on the dot of 8:00 we were off for London on the L.N.E.R. train. That's one thing I will say about present-day British trains, that even if they seldom arrive on time they are invariably punctual in leaving. From the outside the train looked as shabby and run down as the Harwich railway station, which is like saying that it had the appearance of a suit which has been worn every day for a lifetime. But this disreputable-looking train and equally disreputable-looking railway station were no different from the vast majority of trains and railway stations all over Britain, which have been allowed to deteriorate to such a degree that today they must be classified as among the world's shabbiest.

Going through the peculiarly beautiful English countryside was a delightful experience marred only by the unsightly appearance of immense dumps of rusting barbed wire. Besides these dumps, there were vast quantities of barbed wire entanglements and steel fences, a remin-der of the terrible days of 1940. Two years after the war they were still standing, a now completely useless eyesore. Believing there must be some reason for such apparent wastage, I asked my fellow travellers why those endless miles of steel fences and those enormous dumps of barbed wire were being allowed to oxidize away when the country was in such desperate need of steel. Their vague, disinterested answer was "Oh, I suppose the government has something to do with it." I, on my part, supposed that it was merely an indication of the leisurely philosophy of British life, a philosophy which says 'why make haste unless you have to?' In a few more years they will doubtless start scrapping what's left. As we drew near to London, I grew especially keen to see the amount of progress that had been made in clearing away the bomb damage. Soon we were running through the outskirts of London, those weary miles of ugly, little tenement houses, each one exactly the same, and each with its little two-by-four plot and rusty, sagging Anderson shelter, miles of tottering chimneys and hideous monotony, miles of sheer unimaginative ugliness which form one of the greatest indictments of Britain's industrial age.

After emerging from the smoky filth of London's Paddington Station, my first impression, and first impressions are naturally the strongest, was one of sheer amazement that so little had been done since the war's end. The way badly bombed Rotterdam had been cleaned and patched up by the hard-working Dutch, put poor, bedraggled London to shame. One still encountered whole blocks of bombed and fire-gutted premises, but worse still, possibly because a more subtle indication of the ruin that had descended upon Britain, was the frightful shabbiness. Riding on buses, for example, one noticed that like the railway stations and the train, they had not received a coat of paint in eight years, and looking through their dirty windows, one noticed that the same held true for letter boxes and telephone stations, in fact for at least 90% of London. And yet this depressing, down-at-the-heels look was not everywhere the rule, not quite. The fashionable West End provided the notable exception. True it had suffered its full share of war damage, but the ruined buildings had been bravely tidied up, and those that had been spared glistened with fresh paint.

Walking through the West End I noticed that in spite of the watchful Labour Party it still abounded in laughty chauffeurs, sleek Rolls Royals, superbly dressed people, and swank hotels like the Grosvenor House and Dorchester. Hotels such as these gave the appearance of being completely unaffected by the war.

Entering their gilded portals one got the impression that the redoubtable-looking doormen standing so stiffly at attention were specially put there to repel all and every Socialist who had effrontery enough to try to crash such last ditch strongholds of Capitalism as the Grosvenor
House or the Dorchester. Inside they were so luxurious that you had
to pinch yourself to make sure you were not in New York. All this
simply went to prove the old, old point that so long as you have money
you can live like a prince even in the midst of poverty. This held
especially true in France, and, despite the depredations of the Labour
Government, even in austerity-ridden Britain.

Since this account of the trip which took me through many parts
of England and Scotland as well as France and Switzerland is to be
continued in the issue of the MITRE, I think grimy London is as
good a place as any to let the tale rest until picked up again in the next
and final installment.

ELISE SHALL DIE AT "THE KING'S"

D. H. Wilson

The story was suggested by a reading of the "Laboratory"
by Robert Browning.

The handle of the door was of brass, and as it was turned with
a vicious wrench, a little cracked bell clattered inside the apothecary
shop. Her fingerprints made smudges on the dusty counter. Sunlight
strained through grimy windows and mingled feebly with acrid, un-
pleasant fumes. She coughed sharply. There was silence except for
the ticking of the clock with a cracked face. The pendulum swayed
slowly. It was almost hypnotizing. On the shelf behind the counter
stood dirty bottles of many sizes and their contents were of myriad
colours. There was a bright red; such a lovely colour for a dress;
and there on the left, was a soft and velvety purple; how beautiful and
dreamlike! But there — that one set apart from the rest, was the best
of all, for it seemed to contain a leering secret. It was alive and vi-
cious. The green was like her own eyes — and contained hate, with a
promise of twisting, writhing agony and death — lovely, crinkly death.
It was that bottle she would buy! The green liquid was poison. It
formed danced on the bottle. The green moved slowly and encircled the
shadow. The black form was Elise. She had no eyes or mouth, but the
movements showed agony. The green, lazily, sleepily twisted around
her. It was ghastly. The shadow formed a mouth which began work-
ing. The jaw hung down and eyes were formed. Eyes which mir-
rored surprise — painful and questioning surprise. She was dying!
Elise was dying in agony and could do nothing. Green fingers held her
in a misty, merciless grip. Her tall, slim figure was crushed by the green
fingers. They tore at her beautiful mouth! They clawed her tender
neck and soft breasts. They blinded her eyes; the eyes which had
gazed in adoration at one man — but the wrong man. Elise could never
look at him now. She couldn’t see. Her body would no more feel his
touch. It was crushed and dead. Elise was crushed and dead. Beauti-
ful Elise was dead. She had died by green fingers. Good old green
fingers had killed her.

"Yes?" Spectacles and yellow teeth looked at her over the coun-
ter.

"The green liquid. I want the green liquid".

"It’s poison."

"I want to kill something."

Murmuring voices continued and became a steady monotonous
drone, rising to a crescendo. There was the doorknob again and the
savage bell which jingled incessantly.

The music gently issued from the open windows, but was shat-
tered and dispersed outside by the screeching sign above the door of
"The King’s Inn".

Inside everything was gaiety and laughter. Sparkling teeth and
red lips swung round and round and round to the carefree, easy swing
of Strauss. There was Elise with Terrien who laughed as he swung
her rustling body to the one-two-three, one-two-three of the music. A
pair of green eyes gleamed from the crowd in anticipation. ‘Hate-hate
and around they go — hate-hate and then to-and-fro. The green
eyes fastened upon them. The music stopped after an eternity. Clink-
ing glasses and chatter displaced Johann Strauss. Elise was laughing
with her young man. The wine glasses were beside them. The red
wine looked so quiet in the goblets, although a little disturbed in one of
them by a green companion. It was so easy. The crowd covered every-
thing. Elise picked up one of the goblets and raised it to her lips. The young
man raised his glass to hers. No more would he do that. Now Elise
— drink! Drink the wine Elise! Stop looking at him, damn you, and
drink! The wine matched her lips as the glass was tilted. Suddenly
she stiffened and her eyes mirrored horror. Fall damn you fall! Fall
in agony! But Elise still stood with that look of surprised horror, and
she did not scream with pain. Someone else had fallen and was scream-
ing. Push the crowds aside and fight through! Push through wildly! More — now she was on the edge of the circle. Her eyes opened in hopeless terror. A young man lay twisted in death upon the floor, his upturned face showing bewilderment and frozen agony.

HYMNS

J. Robinson

The aim of this article is to trace the growth of hymns in the English church since the Reformation; secondly to discuss the aims of hymn singing in church worship, and lastly to consider how far these aims are carried out.

In 1544 shortly after Archbishop Cranmer had published the English litany, he wrote a letter to Henry VIII enclosing a translation of Salva festa dies, which said in part:

"I have travailed to make the verses in English . . . I made them only for a proof to see how English would do in song. But by cause my English verses want the grace and facility that I would wish they had, your majesty may cause some other to make them again, that can do the same in more pleasant English and phrase."

This is a remarkable statement from the man who wrote our English litany, and a large part of our Prayer Book. One suspects that such a supreme master of language, and so learned a scholar must have had some reason, other than the one given for not being enthusiastic about his hymns. Indeed there is strong reason for thinking that the Archbishop was merely excusing himself on the hope that the whole matter of Latin hymns would be deferred until he had made up his mind about them. English versions of Latin hymns had already been translated for the King's Primer which was begun in 1539, but by the time the second Primer was issued in 1553 all these translations had been excluded.

It cannot be argued that none could write metrical verse, because the first Primer had contained a number of translations in metrical form. The truth of the matter seems to be that Cranmer was hesitating between the Lutheran and Calvinist view of hymns. Luther was strongly in favour of hymns, and was a composer as well as a writer of them, he loved the hymns of the latin Breviary even the ones that were of human origin. He realized the tremendous importance of hymn singing if the Reformation was to win the people. Calvin on the other hand being much stricter, and stiffer, and also set against music by what he considered the frivolity of the French music of the time, would have nothing to do with hymns that were not considered to be of divine origin. Consequently in Calvinist churches only metrical versions of the psalms were used. That is hymns that were considered to be of divine origin. Cranmer finally came down on the side of the Calvinists, and popular feeling throughout the reign of Elizabeth was on his side. There were no hymns in the Prayer Book of 1559, and the Calvinist feeling increased as time went on.

There was however provision made for the singing of metrical psalms. In the Elizabethan settlement it was laid down in the Injunctions of 1559:

"In the beginning, or in the end of the common prayers, either at morning or evening, there be sung an hymn, or such like song to the praise of Almighty God, in the best sort of melody that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived."

This was begun immediately and a Bishop of the time speaks of 5,000 people singing at St. Paul's Cross. It is also reported that at St. Antholin's in London before Morning Prayer:

"A Psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion, all the congregation men, women and boys, singing together . . . which custom was brought also into St. Paul's."

The fact that only metrical psalms were sung resulted in the exclusion of any of England's great poets from the writing of hymns. The writers of the psalms thought style a minor consideration compared with the necessity of keeping as closely as possible to the almost divinely dictated original. The following is an example of their efforts:

"He hath to thee showed wonders great,"

"Oh Egypt void of vaunts:"

"On Pharaoh thy cursed king,"

"And his severe servants."

And with Pharaoh still the theme: (but the spelling changed)

"But there he wepted then"

"The proud king Pharaoh,"

"With his high host of men,"

"And chariots eke also."

To the people of the villages these were not merely the literal word of Sir David , but, as one maid said in reference to the hymns later introduced, "Sir, as long as ye sung Jesus Christ's psalms, I sung along with ye; but now that you sing psalms of your own invention, ye may sing by yourselves". This attitude indicates why any attempts at producing other books of psalms or hymns failed to win popular approval.

Not until the publication in 1707 of Isaac Watts' Hymns and Spiritual Songs, was there any success in overthrowing the dominance of
the metrical psalms. There had been earlier attempts such as that of Henry Playford, who published a book that included hymns, and was called *The Divine Companion*, or *David's Harp new tun'd*, and Tait and Brady's, but they had met with no approval.

Watts had the courage to say that some parts of the psalter "are almost opposite to the spirit of the Gospel", and to remind the people that David wasn't a Christian. Watts speaks of religious indifference and says:

"I have long been convinced that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs: Many of them are foreign to the State of the New-Testament, and widely differing from the present state of Christians... Thus by keeping too close to David in the House of God, the vail of Moses is thrown over our Hearts."

This required great courage in the age in which he lived, yet certainly the position of the metrical psalms was not to be destroyed by conciliation.

In place of the metrical psalms Watts had a new standard of church song it was to be (1) Evangelical; (2) Freely composed, as against the Reformation principle of keeping as closely as possible to the letter of scripture; (3) Expressing the thoughts of the singers, and not merely "those of David or Asaph". Ultimately Watts' views triumphed, and the eighteenth century became the first age of popular hymns and hymn books.

To this century belong the work of the Wesleys, and Newton and Cowper. Two of Newton's hymns seem to have reached immortality, they are "Glorious Things of thee are Spoken", and "How Sweet the Name".

The nineteenth century due largely to the growth of the Evangelical movement in England saw an unprecedented growth in hymn books. In the Church of England there were 42 new books between 1800 and 1822; and between 1831 and 1840, 40 were published. Among these collections were some that shaped the future of hymnody down to the present time. Among these were Dr. Neal's *Hymnal Noted*, Murray's *Hymnal*, and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This last was helped by the withdrawal and cooperation of Murray and other hymnal owners.

In spite of this hopeful sign an enormous number of hymns and hymn books were published that were no better than the earlier ones. This is probably due to the fact that hymnody came to be monopolized by the religious sects and parties. Hymns were written not to express the spirit of the Gospel, but rather to define it in the particular way the writer believed it should be defined. Even in the great cathedrals of England the standard was very low, as a writer in 1892 said:

"As we turn over the pages of even the best of our popular manuals, with a critical eye to the merits of the compositions gathered into them from far and wide, what a distressing number we meet with to which their lack of spontaneity and fervour, their prosiness, flatness and literary baldness... give the look of being mere rhymed commonplaces and platitudes, written to order, and certainly without any impulse of that "Divine afflatus" which is the life of sacred as of all poetry!"

And in the parish churches the standards were, to be charitable, much simpler. The following is from *Salvation Solos*, about 1890.

*Good Elijah went to Heaven In a chariot of fire, Bright and warm to glory driven, Fiery horses drew him higher Up God's deathless way to glory Where God's holy seraphs burn, Enoch travelled by translation, With no ticket to return.*

Since that time the Church in Canada has had two hymn books, one in 1908, and the other one in use today of 1938. Yet even in our supposedly critical age we find such hymns as 595:

*Into the woods my master went, Clean forspent, forspent.*

The book of 1938 is, comparatively speaking, quite a good book, and as it is this book that is in use today I want to discuss the tunes found in it.

1. Plain-song Melodies. These are the old church melodies, which are written neither in the major or the minor as we know them today. As they were written before the bar line had any metrical significance, their rhythm conforms in general to the accentuation of the words. A well known plain song melody is Veni Creator No. 480, Dykes' tune should never be sung to this hymn if it is humanly possible to avoid doing so.

2. German Chorales, these are the hymns of the German Reformation. Probably the most famous of these is *Ein' feste Burg* written and composed by Luther, although the version in our book is, I believe, an adoption from J. S. Bach. These chorales are "a literature of sacred hymns and tunes which cannot be surpassed for dignity and simple devotional interest." (Grove's Musical Dictionary) And it should be remembered that J. S. Bach used the chorale for some of his best music, consequently giving us some of the very finest music that has ever been written.
3. Next there are the Genevan Psalm Tunes. These are the tunes composed to fit the metrical psalm, and are much better than the words they were tied to. They have lovely melodies, and are rythmetically interesting.

4. Tudor Music. During the reigns of the Tudor monarchs music flourished in England. Indeed England might very well have continued as the leading musical country of Europe had it not been for the Puritans, but because of their bigotry in suppressing music Germany and Italy took her place. Some of the best tunes in our book are of Tudor origin for example No. 2 the famous canon of Tallis, in which the tenor repeats the tune at the octave, five notes after the soprano.

5. Then we have the English tunes written for the metrical psalms. These are not as good as the French ones, but they have a charm of their own, and are certainly valuable.

6. French Church Melodies. These are the plain-song melodies that have gradually assumed time values and bar lines. They came into use during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are very noble rich tunes, an outstanding example is Laus Tibi Christe No. 99 in the hymn book, a hymn which is unfortunately rarely sung.

7. Folk Tunes. These are traditional tunes of England and other countries which were originally sung to secular words. A very fine example of this type is Kingsfold No. 426.

8. The Modern Hymn Tune. Due to the Puritan suppression of art, music fell into neglect until the Restoration. Purcell, Croft, and Jeremiah Clark were the chief composers of the Restoration period, later composers were affected by their work. "These may be described as melody with interesting harmonies, lyrical, and of a popular character." At this period we also have many Welsh tunes which have a sturdy character of their own.

To the Restoration we owe some of our finest hymns: St. Anne, to which we sing Oh God Our Help, Bishopthorpe which is a tune that deserves to be heard more often, and Hanover. Aberystwyth is a fine example of the Welsh tunes.

9. Tunes of the Victorian Revival. We come now to a period about which it is difficult to be calm. The trash that clutters up our book is almost wholly derived from this period. The number of good tunes written at this time can be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

The majority depends on sentimental tunes and harmonies, a fine example of this is Oh Perfect Love by Barnby. As a famous Canadian organist once told me, "It sounds like something a broken down Italian opera singer would sing". The tunes are slow moving and very difficult to keep from dragging. From experience I know that it requires a most determined effort on the organist's part to keep a congregation from dragging them. The hymns don't stand on their feet, they have to be pushed and pulled along. Of course they are often attached to very fine hymns for example 221, And Now Oh Father, but this is a great mistake. (221 should be sung to Gibbons Tune No. 246.) Monk's tune to 221 is particularly prone to dragging, unless the notes are kept quite crisp, and they usually aren't.

Most of the hymns known as "old favorites" were written during this period, and most of them are poor stuff.

10. During this century there has arisen a new school of church musicians, providing us with fine and vigorous melodies. Usually they have been composed for unison singing, with organ accompaniment. One of these is Sine Nomine by Vaughan Williams, to which For All the Saints is set. This is one of the most magnificent hymns ever written, and worthy to be placed with the best of Reformation and Restoration.

11. Lastly there are the so called Evangelical Tunes, about which the less said the better.

Having now given an outline of the different elements of which our hymn book consists, I shall now outline the aims and use of hymns in church worship. Before beginning this I wish to say I have no desire to trespass on the Theologians' field, but some consideration of Religion is necessary in discussing this topic.

A good definition of the end of religion is found in the Westminster Confession: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever". This I think could be agreed to by all Christian people, to be a good Christian one must be able to say, "Not my will, but thine." There is a difference in our wills and the will of God, to try and put them into alignment is the end of religion. Anything that aids religion in this task, I should think, would be accounted of service by the theologian.

The function of church worship is first of all to offer prayer and praise to God, and secondly to receive a revelation of God. The revealed knowledge of God is poles apart from the rational knowledge of God. A Christian's knowledge of God is super - (or if one is very "modern") sub-rational. "Le coeur a ses raisons que l'esprit ne connait pas": said Pascal, and this remains profoundly true.

And this brings us to music in church worship, if faith is not of the reason alone, then it must be conceded that perhaps there is more than one avenue of approach to Reality. Music is another mode of apprehending Reality, because deducing from the Christian statement that God not only is true and beautiful, but is Truth and Beauty, then surely music which is beautiful must to some extent be an expression and a revelation of Beauty "a nature which in the first place is everlasting, not growing and decaying, and waxing and waning; secondly, not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one
place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any other parts of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech and knowledge, or existing in any other being, as for example in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth; but beauty, absolute, separate, single and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change is important to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things." Whether any such beauty is real is another question; and irrelevant. The point here is that Christians say it does, and for the purpose of this article we are accepting the Christian's premises. In other words: because God is beauty, therefore beauty must reveal to us of the nature of God. But one needs practice and sympathy to appreciate this message, just as one needs religious sympathy and practice to understand the Christian religion. ("To the Jews a stumbling block, to the Greeks foolishness.") This then is my contention; that music is a revelation "of things unseen", just as religion is a revelation, and that to use uninspired trashy music in the services of the church, is just as bad as reading a poor novel instead of the Gospel. To show those who by this time are convinced of my insanity, that I am at least in distinguished company consider the following from T. S. Eliot's poem The Dry Salvages:

Men's curiosity searches past and future
And clings to that dimension. But to apprehend
The point of intersection of the timeless
With time, is an occupation for the saint —
No occupation either, but something given
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,
Adour and selflessness and self-surrender.
For most of us, there is only the unattended
Moment, the moment in and out of time,
The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music
While the music lasts. These are only hints and guesses,
Hints followed by guesses; and the rest
Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action.
The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.
Here the impossible union
Of spheres of existence is actual,
Here the past and future
Are conquered and reconciled . . . .

Of course not everyone seems to be capable of this particular form of apprehending Reality, some people seem to be genuinely unaffected by music, and art in general. Yet this does not alter the fact that music does affect most people.

The aim of church music then, is to provide a definite means of contact with God, and to sharpen peoples faculties in the perception of the beautiful, the good and the true. Music is the hand-maid not the slave girl of religion.

When we come to my last point, how far this aim is carried out we are disappointed. The musical standards of churches are generally deplorably low.

The ordinary church goer however, has no use for such "high abstruse" arguments. How often do we hear "I know what I like", one is often tempted to reply "so do the monkeys", but it is a fact that congregations still like to sing the hymns of the Victorian revival. Why change it? Surely it is better to have a congregation singing at the top of their voices The Lord smye shepheerd (to Dykes tune of course), than to have only a few singing some new fangled tune.

This argument is riddled with fallacies. In the first place the "new" tunes can be learned, and when they are learned they will go much better than the efforts of Dykes and Stainer. Look at some of the old tunes St. Anne, what could have a more simple melody? or Salzburg to which At the Lambs High Feast W e Sing is set, a tune which sounds magnificent no matter how badly treated. Or some of the new ones Sine Nomine of Williams to which we sing For All the Saints, congregations can get to learn these hymns, and when they do they will sing them. I heard Salzburg sung in a country church with about twenty people in it.

Secondly, it does matter whether we sing poor music or good music. A priest once said to me, when I changed the tune of an old favorite because I had said it was poor music, that while it wasn't "classical" it was good music and I had no right to say it wasn't. Now this is a fascinating phenomena, how can Priests preach sermons in which they set forth a rigid absolutist code of morals, and when the service is over say in effect that there are no standards in music. They can't have it both ways, either there are standards in morals, and in music, or there are no standards in music, and therefore there aren't any in morals. I do not propose to elaborate, but it will be quite clear to any one who cares to think about it.* There are standards in music, just as there are in morals, but it requires training to judge music, just as one needs to know the standards before conduct can be judged. However as there are standards in music we should have the best music in our services for two reasons.

First of all because we should use and give the best we have to God in the services of the church. We build churches to the honour and glory of God, why shouldn't we give the best in the musical part of it? (Footnote:) If this view is not agreed to THE MITRE will be pleased to print articles setting forth another.
our praise. Secondly, from the point of view of the worshiper church
should be a place where his ability to perceive something else besides
what he can touch and see are developed. A person’s ability to apprehend God is not going to be increased by wallowing in the singing of
some cheap tune set to doggerel. On the contrary the effect may well
be harmful. Consider the words in the preface to the English Hymnal:
“. . . a moral rather than a musical issue. No doubt it requires a cer-
tain effort to tune oneself to the moral attitude implied by a fine melody;
and it is far easier to dwell in the miasma of the languishing and sen-
timental hymn tunes which so often disfigure our services. Such poverty
of heart may not be uncommon, but at least it should not be encouraged
by those who direct the services of the church; it ought no longer to be
true anywhere that the most exalted moments of a church-goer’s week
are associated with music that would not be tolerated in any place of
secular entertainment.”

Or again from the Preface to the Public School Hymnal. “It
cannot be too strongly emphasized that Church music should be the
handmaid of religious teaching and the reverant expression of corporate
worship. Nor must it be forgotten that sincere and noble music has a
very powerful influence on character . . . convinced that Hymn-tunes
have a vital influence on the sense of worship and on the development
of character we have tried to find tunes which will achieve this high aim.
. . . Any tune that savours of weakness or false sentiment has been
rigidly banned.” Or considering the positive side of the picture:
“Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because
rhythm and harmony find their way into the inmost places of the soul,
on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of
him who is rightly educated graceful.” (Plato: Republic Bk. 111).

Good music is a powerful influence for good, and poor music
only dulls a congregation’s faculties for apprehending anything higher
than themselves. Surely then the music we offer to God in our services
should be the best possible. The following words of Rupert Brooke quoted
in the preface to our Hymnal sum up what I have been trying to say.

“And if we consider and ask ourselves what sort of music we
should like to hear on entering a church, we should surely, in describing
our ideal, say first of all that it must be something different from what
is heard elsewhere; that it should be sacred music, devoted to its pur-
pose, a music whose peace should still passion, whose dignity should
strengthen our faith, whose unquestioned beauty should find a home in
our hearts, to cheer us in life and death; a music worthy of the fair
temples in which we meet and the holy words of our liturgy; a music
whose expression of the mystery of things unseen never allowed any
thrilling motive to ruffle the sanctity of its reserve. What power for
good such a music would have.”

TEST PAPER

O. D. Lewis

Based on Sellar’s and Yeatman’s “1066 and All That.”

BISHOP’S UNIVERSITY
Lennoxville, P.D.Q.

Founder 1843
Royal Commission 1853

N. B. — 1. Do not attempt to answer more than one question at a time.
2. Do not on any account attempt to write on both sides of
the paper at once.
3. Candidates should write on at least one side of the paper.

1. a. Has Bishop’s a faculty? If so, what for?
b. Has Bishop’s a faculty for balancing the budget?
2. Why is Bishop’s run on the Oxon and Cowbridge plan (Yoke)?
   (European & American plan on request.)
3. a. Why has Bishop’s a B.Sc. (Economical)? Does it matter?
   If so — why not?
   (or how do you take your physics?)
b. Would you say that collarships have any effect on:
   1. the Shed?
   2. Choler?
   3. Dogma collars?

4. In your opinion what does “B.A.” stand for:
   1. Oil?
   2. Bishop’s Abandonee?
   3. British Academy?
   (Be careful.)
5. Translate: “Recti Cultus Pectora Roborant.”
   (Don’t be vulgar.)
6. Comment on the third degree, bearing in mind
   that many of the
   Professors at Bishop’s have two degrees.
7. Estimate the importance of:
   a. The dining hall.
   b. Gowns.
   c. Letterheads.
8. Which do you consider the most important:
   a. A reading course?
b. The 2nd course?
c. The golf course?
9. How would you deal with:
   a. A venomous bead?
   b. A frothblower?
   c. Veteran's Dances?

10. a. Have you any library books?
    b. Do you know anyone that has more than his share of library books? (Be honest.)

11. Which would you rather be:
   a. Canon in charge of reports?
   b. A graduate?
   c. Somewhere else?

(The stock answer, "What I want to get out of Bishop's is me"; will not be accepted.)

SALTEN HERITANCE

G. Knight

Mon Etranger, observe, our port is busy, vital,
Refuge to a thousand weary hulls, yet home to few;
For such is trade . . . see, past proud Ste. Hêlène,
Beneath our City Father's Shrine, 'neath girder'd, Jacques
Our Cartier in steel; note that 'goelette'? Très 'tle . . .
Her native port is far down Laurent's coast, near Sag'nay
'Gard-ci, two Hollanders, and there, a Greek . . .
Name you, My Friend, but any naval land; these quays
Have surely berthed, in safety and with benefit;
Her briny ships . . .

Ici, en Montréal, French hands did heave, entwine,
'Round now our emblem Maple, an hauser stout . . sans peur,
Three hundred years ago.
Here, guarded by Our Mountain, majestic, lordly, firm
Not' vieux Royal, we built her, our double heritage.
We, cull'd of two fine peoples . . . Fearless . . . Sure,
Two tongues in concord rare . . . We Built our timeless pride,
Look only 'round this priceless 'heritance, 'tis ours,
Le Havre de Montréal.

AN OUTLINE OF TRADE UNION HISTORY IN CANADA

With an Emphasis On The Early Growth of the Labor Movement.

R. C. Setlakwe

With the coming of spring and the consequent rash of labour strikes throughout the world it is important that citizens of this country become aware of the history of trade unions in Canada and the vital role which they play in the economic life of this country. This article must necessarily be brief, and will not attempt to include within its scope any analysis of such vital topics as the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, the War Time Measures Act, the civil liability of trade unions, or collective bargaining.

The early growth of the trade union movement in Canada was influenced by contemporary events in Great Britain and the United States. Associations of workers did exist in Canada around 1800 but any attempt by these workers to better their conditions was arbitrarily suppressed. The Combination Acts of 1789 in England had their effect in Canada and it wasn't until 1827 that we note the growth of Printers' societies in the Province of Quebec and five years later in Toronto. Nova Scotia had already passed an act prohibiting the organization of workmen who "by unlawful meetings and combinations endeavoured to regulate the rates of wages."

Little is known of the men who led these movements and their activities are vague. However, despite the absence of documents, it is known that these men were not Canadian born and that most of them came over from Great Britain with a wealth of knowledge concerning labour conditions. Miss Margaret MacKintosh in "An Outline of Trade Union History in Great Britain, the United States and Canada", cites an interesting example. "It was in 1834," she writes, "that some labourers in the village of Tolpuddle in Dorset, formed the first agricultural labourers' union in protest against the progressive reduction of their wages from 9 to 6 s. a week. Six of the leaders were convicted and transported to Australia for having taken an illegal oath in joining the union. The incident is of peculiar interest to Canadians since after the public outcry had forced the government to pardon them, five of the Tolpuddle Martyrs came to Canada and settled in or near the present city of London."

During the fifties and sixties the trade union movement in Canada grew rapidly and it was at this stage in their development that they became more closely linked with the American labour organizations. Some British Unions maintained their influence through their New York offices, but this influence was quickly superseded by the advantages of economic
and geographical links between Canada and the United States. Also the tendency of workmen in Canada and the United States to move from one country to the other, was a natural one, and the result was to draw the Canadian and American unions in the same trades together. This is accountable by the fact that business traffic in Canada was largely a north and south one and is so even at present. Thus the first steps towards international trade unions were established.

During the railroad boom at the half of the last century, the railroad employees both in Canada and the United States began to organize into four brotherhoods — engineers, firemen, trainmen, and conductors. These Canadian brotherhoods were closely connected with their American counterpart and they probably serve as the best indication of the close international alliance of workers in most industries.

Canadian industrial development at this time was about 30 years behind that of the United States, but despite this fact, there were many American industrial workers coming to Canada because of the panicky conditions in the United States in 1873. It was during this phase of Canadian and American industrial expansion that trade unionism both in Canada and the United States became increasingly important. As evidenced by the rapid growth of railroad arteries throughout the continent, the new industrial and commercial enterprises and their concomitant evils necessitated a mass of labour legislation which could be undertaken only by the continued agitation of organized labour. Consequently, the trade union movement expanded and flourished during the ensuing years.

However, international affiliation was only satisfactory to the Canadian unions and locals up to a point. The unity of interest between the workers was recognized and this form of organization ensured the maximum of solidarity and strength so far as the activities of organized labour were directed to the relations existing between employer and employee. But the Canadian trade unions soon realized that aside from the protection and promotion of their interests, they would also find it necessary to promote their welfare through the medium of legislation. "In the United States the spirit of nationalism could find no ground for protesting against international trades union representatives presenting the demands of the United States workers to the federal or state governments, as the organization so represented had their origin and headquarters in that country and the overwhelming majorities of the members were enrolled in the local union in the States. This fact, however, militated against the successful appeal of Canadian trades union representative to their federal and provincial governments. [1]

The crying need for labour legislation in Canada is indicated by the "criminal conspiracy" charge laid against 24 Toronto printers in 1872 when they struck for a nine-hour day. This charge was valid because the same law applied in Ontario as had been abolished in England fifty years before. This led to the formation of the Canadian Labour Union and the publication of the Ontario Workman which was the first labour paper of its kind in Canada and which demanded that government machinery be set up for the settlement of labour disputes. Its demands were not to be met for a long time but it is remarkable to read of the many members of Parliament who lent a willing ear to their complaints. The fact that there were three Dominion and three Ontario elections in the 70's may have influenced them.

As a result, the Trades and Labour Congress was founded in 1873 by D. J. O'Donoghue realizing that the solution of the problem lay in the establishment of a Canadian organization which could appeal to the federal and provincial governments for the enactment and enforcement of laws beneficial to the workers. Although the Trades and Labour Congress was founded in 1873, no legislative program was formulated until 1883. At first the delegates were all from Ontario, but gradually the movement spread to the other provinces and it took on a national character. Annual conventions have been held in cities across Canada ever since.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century two organizations were formed which, despite their short lifetime, were to contribute immensely to the Trades Union movement. These were the Provincial Workmen's Association, established in 1879, and operating mostly in Nova Scotia, and the Noble Order of the Knights of Labour, originally a secret organization founded in Philadelphia in 1869. The P.W.A. was first a miners' union but it soon developed to include garment workers, retail clerks, boot and shoe workers, and several other trades. The P.W.A. had a very good organization and it wasn't until the attempted incursion of the Knights of Labour in the 90's and of the United Mine Workers in 1907 that it began to lose its influence. By 1917 it had been assimilated by the United Mine Workers of America.

The Knights of Labour formed an international movement which flourished mostly in the 80's. An interesting factor with regard to this organization is the objection which it received from the Roman Catholic Church because of its secrecy. It was exposed by Bishop Taschereau of Quebec in 1884 and because of his protestations, it was condemned by the Pope. The ban was lifted in 1887 because of the support it received from Cardinal Manning in Britain and Cardinal Gibbon in the United States. Its main contribution to the trade union movement was that it realized the value of a central organization as well as the institution of national instead of local craft unions. But the fatal mistake of the Knights of Labour was their increasing idealism which ran counter

soon faded out of the limelight. Consequently, the order in the Canadian industrial scene.

The existence of the Canadian Federation of Labour dates back to 1902 when there was a defection from the Trades and Labour Congress. At first it was called the National Trades and Labour Congress but in 1908 it changed its name to the C. F. of L. This objection was against the international organizations. Throughout the years the federation itself has been faced with numerous defections within its ranks. In 1927 it joined the All-Canadian Congress of Labour but seceded in 1936 along with the One Big Union because of a dispute among the officers of the organization.

In 1918 there originated a western movement which advocated the reorganization of workers on an industrial rather than on a craft basis in the Trades and Labour Congress. The motion was defeated and attempts were made to break with the Congress. The formation of the new body was delayed by the metal trades strike in Winnipeg which ended in a general strike embracing nearly all the larger cities of Western Canada. In the meantime the One Big Union was formed and by the end of 1919 it had an estimated membership of 50,000. However, the wartime opposition to the international unions was overcome and the O. B. U. lost most of its power.

The All-Canadian Congress of Labour was formed in 1927 and was comprised of the Canadian Federation of Labour, the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, the One Big Union, and some smaller organizations. The main object of the All-Canadian Congress of Labour is much like that of the Trades and Labour Congress in that it has made numerous recommendations since its inception regarding Dominion and Provincial legislation. With the expulsion of the C. I. O. unions in 1938 from the Trades and Labour Congress it left the way open for an affiliation between the discarded unions and the All-Canadian Congress of Labour. The revision of the constitution was effected in September 1940, the union was formed, and the name was changed to the Canadian Congress of Labour. Its membership in 1944 was 272,100.

The last group to come under our consideration is the Confederation of Catholic Workers of Canada. This federation is confined mostly to the province of Quebec and its membership includes such varied trades as barbers, longshoremen, and asbestos miners.

Printers' union had existed in Quebec province as far back as 1837 which is one of the earliest recorded union activities in Canada. However, as late as 1900 attempts to organize into unions were still being thwarted by the stronger organization of employers. This can be seen in the case of the boot and shoe workers lockout in Quebec City in 1900. In this case the employers tried to intimidate the workers into forsaking their union membership, and their efforts were only thwarted by the arbitration of Cardinal Bégün upon the request of the employees. Cardinal Bégün's action was motivated by the direction of the celebrated Papal Encyclical, the Rerum Novarum of 1891 in which Pope Leo XIII confirms the rights of labour to form associations for legitimate ends to combat "the greed of unrestrained competition." [13] This encyclical goes on to urge the institution of state legislation to promote social justice. This cannot be accomplished, however, unless the economic powers are given moral guidance by a properly appointed chaplain.

From that time on, trade-unionism or syndicalism as it is called in Quebec, has been strongly influenced by the Church. "L'Action Ca-


"THOLIQUE" was started as a daily with the object of propagating Church opinion and "to implant Catholic unionism among the workers of the city and district of Quebec". Since then the newspaper has undertaken crusades for other than social welfare.

The present federation did not acquire its name until 1921, when following the suggestions of a meeting held the previous year in Chicoutimi, it was decided that Catholic trade unions should join together and draw up a constitution. This was done, and a chaplain was appointed to participate in all meetings, but without the right to vote.

It has often been said that French Canadians are reluctant to strike and that they are not conscious of their rights. This fallacy is easily disproven when one bears in mind the contribution and the encouragement which the trade union movement in Canada has received from the Province of Quebec.

And so we see that the growth of trade unionism in this country has constantly fought for its rights until it has grown into its present form where four distinct groups are vying with each other for recognition by the nation's labourers. If trade union leaders of the future conduct themselves with the spirit of self-sacrifice and toleration so characteristic of their predecessors, we can look forward to a period of relative calm in this country — to a period when both labour and capital conscious of each other rights will be able to settle their disputes by themselves or by the arbitration of properly constituted authorities.

THE ROOM

Bill March

The seductiveness of the burlesque queen on the wall was marred by dust and flyspecks. She no longer had the appeal she probably once had when drawn by some inspired commercial artist, and to Andre she was the object of only a second's glance. The room was bare except for the wooden bench on which he sat, and a rusty radiator on the opposite wall beside the only window. Surrounding the queen, the faded yellow wallpaper had peeled, revealing walls of cracked plaster, and old magazines were scattered on the rough floor literally blanketed with dust. The only door was barred and locked, and the window afforded a view of a forbidding gray granite wall blackened by the smoke from the cannery. It had begun to rain again.

The utter dismalness of the room reflected Andre's inner thoughts. He was confused, despondent, and no longer cared. Even the faded charm of the queen did not interest him for one moment. He had formerly pervaded the room. Andre was overcome with a thought-consuming languor and the hollow silence of the building oppressed him, muffled his thoughts, stifled him. He was tired . . . .

The wharf hummed with activity. Somewhere on the dock a rough voice could be heard issuing orders and the air was filled with gay banter and raucous laughter. The men were loading the fishing schooner "Paulette" with the cook's provisions for the voyage. She was a small three-master; a broad beamed, black hulled two hundred ton smack. Andre, staggering under the weight of a case of tinned goods, entered the galley and deposited his load heavily on the floor. Martin, a Lunenburg Dutchman and ship's cook, abruptly turned around and complained, "Why don't you be more careful, Andre?"

"Sorry Cook," yelled back Andre as he left. "There is one more to come."

Walking on the dock towards a pile of crates, he noticed Claude Poirier coming down the wharf between two mountainous piles of lobster traps with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder.

"Hello, Andre!" he bellowed. His cheerful, ruddy face implied an amiable, easygoing disposition; a boon companion to any who sailed the seas.

"Hullo," replied Andre. "Evidently he too had forgotten the troubles which he and the rest of us had endured at the end of the last trip," he thought. Andre picked up the heavy crate and lugged it to the galley. Martin was standing idly by the stove, smoking his battered pipe.

"I can't understand, Andre," he announced suddenly, "why you continue to go to sea with us when you have a college degree." His pale, round face wore a puzzled expression.

"What! Leave your grub, Cook? Aha, not a chance." Martin did not smile. "Why do you?" he persisted seriously. "You've got the ability and the intelligence to get places on a land job. Why don't you take that post-graduate work they offered you at St. Francois Xavier? You'll never make the decent living you're entitled to at this work and Captain Lebrun and the owner will always continue gypping the crew of their wages at the end of each trip."

"I know, I know," muttered Andre. "I guess you're right. But I like the life and I've been here since I was a kid. Maybe times will change."

"No," said Martin simply. "Lebrun and old man Radcliffe got a strangle hold on us. They'll never let go; they're making too much money."

"You can always work on another schooner," Andre countered hopefully.
The Mitre

"The devil you can," replied Martin. "It's the same everywhere."

"It can't be——" Andre contradicted.

"It darn well is," fumed the cook. "I know that for a fact. Now scram. We're leaving in a few minutes," he added gruffly.

They pushed out to sea and headed for Cape North. Fog closed in and a long sea swell crashed the stubby bow of the "Paulette". She began to pitch and roll. The days passed uneventfully but the catch of mackerel promised to be greater than ever.

They returned to port after four days at sea. The men had been extremely happy in their native element and now looked forward to a short rest at home. The wharf was again the scene of intensive activity as the crew worked feverishly to unload the record catch in order to get home as early as possible in the evening. Claude, working in the hold, looked up at Andre guiding the net of fish lifted by the crane to the wharf.

"Going to the tavern after," he yelled.

"Sure," Andre said.

After the unloading was completed, the crew washed up and packed their gear. Andre, sitting on an empty crate on the dock, saw the squat skipper leave the ship and walk quickly to the warehouse at the end of the street. The mate, Dunc MacKinnon, talking with Andre, turned around and looked at the retreating figure.

"Going to meet the boss, I suppose," he remarked.

"I imagine they're going to take their usual large share," Andre ventured.

"Lebrun wouldn't dare this time," Dunc observed, removing the pipe from his mouth, "I credit him with some brains."

Claude joined us. He was eager to leave for home. Port Elgin, Andre tried to remember.

"I guess we can go and collect our pay in half an hour. Got a match, Dunc?" Claude produced his battered pipe, took the proffered match and lit up.

Martin, Bob Foster, a college friend of Andre's and George MacKay, the engineer joined them. They talked for a while and started slowly for the company's warehouse at the end of the wharf.

The men approached the wicket where, behind the brass bars stood a meek, wing-collared man about forty years of age. A priggish character, Andre thought. The mate went up to the wicket, "MacKinnon," he said quietly.

The thin shoulders of the clerk twitched nervously. He picked up a brown envelope, passed it quickly through the wicket and immediately busied himself with some imagined task. Instant fear swept over Andre. Dunc slowly turned around, fumbling with the envelope. He finally extracted a blue piece of paper — a cheque. He hesitatingly looked at it.

"What the devil," he whispered. His huge brawny shoulders quivered with rage. His face went white. Cursing violently under his breath, he wheeled and slammed his fist down on the sill. The clerk jumped, frightened of the enraged sailor.

"Let me in there, you yellow livered — !" Bob attempted to stop him. The mate pushed him hard and Bob stumbled backwards, a look of surprise on his face.

The clerk stammered, "Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Lebrun aren't here. They——"

"Shut up," screamed the mate. Martin stepped between MacKinnon and the terrified paymaster, took his envelope and walked silently out. Andre suspected that tears were rolling down his face. It was the only life he knew and he was hardly making a living for his wife and daughter living near Weymouth. The others followed suit, quietly filing past the wicket.

"Going to the tavern?" asked Claude.

Andre nodded grim assent and they left the warehouse. It was dark and black clouds were coming out of the sou'west. Dunc caught up with them, cursing eloquently and without restraint. They walked up the hill, crossed the street and entered the Coq D'Or.

After the initial shock of the wage cut had worn off, the seriousness of the situation weighed heavily on their minds. The mate lapsed into silence and was drinking heavily. Glasses of bootleg Black Diamond Rhum from the St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands were laid on the wooden table time after time. On the wall, pictures of famous schooners were lost in a fog of smoke, and the haze hung listlessly in the still, stuffy atmosphere. The occasional draft from the door when it opened and rain swept into the room, lifting the heavy pallor of smoke. The men seemed to sit there for an eternity. Finally the mate lurched to his feet. "So long," he murmured. He pulled up his jacket collar, opened the door and staggered out into the night. A rush of air and rain swept into the room, lifting the heavy pallor of smoke. The annoyed barkeep shut the door and with an irritated look on his face returned to his perennial place behind the bar. MacKinnon disappeared into the graying darkness. Smoke again blanketed the room.
The Mitre

Andre did not know how long he stayed at the Coq D’Or. Slow burning anger consumed him. He began to sweat profusely; the room became more indistinct than ever. Claude spoke thickly, but he couldn’t hear him. As he fell forward on the table, his hand brushed a bottle of rum. He lay very still; the syrupy liquid dripped down his cheek. An abyss of despair engulfed him and the steady patter of rain against the windows sounded like machine gun fire in his ears.

Andre found himself in the damp streets. It was raining harder than ever and Claude had disappeared. His righteous wrath had fermented into a ferocious, drunken hate, and his warped mind sought revenge. He stumbled out into the mud of the street and he stood there in impotent rage, large beads of unhealthy, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. Thick fog swirled around him. Aimlessly he trudged down the road.

Suddenly the murk in front of him was illuminated sharply by a dazzling light; the faint sound of a car engine echoed behind him. A large black automobile rushed out of the darkness and Andre flung himself desperately towards the ditch. A deluge of mud and water drenched his prostrate body; he felt the wake of the car as it brushed past him. Fog swallowed up the speeding monster and then all was silent. Andre picked himself up, utterly beaten; his mind deranged with hate and lust for revenge.

Mind cleared by his soaked body and by the dampness of the night, he now marched with regained purpose. On through the night he plunged; a sharp pain running through his body, spurred him. He continued at an increased pace.

"Radclyffe, kill, kill — house at end of island." Anger and hate seared through his mind. "Andre, house on end of island — kill! Don’t want to work on land, Andre, eh? Poor Martin — kill. That’s it! Then I can go to sea — make a decent living."

He was getting tired. Steps lagged. Mud clung to him, weighing him down. Suddenly a light blinked feebly through the darkness. Andre staggered in its direction, always looking up, always keeping the light in sight. It disappeared. Andre stopped, bewildered, perplexed. The faint light reappeared and he started again in its direction.

Mist swirled round the house as it loomed darkly out of the fog and he could hear the surf pounding dully on the beach below. The light, coming from the second floor, now shone brightly upon him. He broke into a run. Chills ran up and down his back. Reaching the walk, he sprinted up to the porch, walked slowly up the stairs and stood mute before the door. In a burst of renewed hate, he pounded the door with his fists, shouting and screaming.

The door opened. A blinding light enveloped him. He stopped; then hurled himself into the light . . . .

ASBESTOS

S. Vaudry

Asbestos, from the Greek word meaning unconsumable, is older than anything in the animal or vegetable kingdoms. During the period of many centuries rocks have crumbled away, but time has had little or no effect on the asbestos in them.

Scientists and geologists are still bewildered as to what cause the original formation of this fibrous material was due. They do know, however, that it resulted from the action of intense heat.

Asbestos was mined thousands of years ago by the Romans. They wove it into various fabrics and used it as shrouds in cremation. Used in this way, it would prevent the ashes of the corpse from mingling with the wood ashes of the funeral pyre. Table cloths were also made of asbestos. When the table cloth was soiled it was purified by merely being thrown into a fire. Particles of food were burned off, leaving the cloth clean.

The Eskimos of Labrador used a fabric woven from asbestos for lamp wicks.

In 1877 a practical adaptation of asbestos to industrial purposes was recognized. While building the Quebec Central Railroad, the workmen uncovered large deposits of asbestos near and on the present site of Thetford Mines. These workmen, not realizing what the queer white material was, left it for others to discover. In 1879 a farmer had the material analyzed at Ottawa and shortly after asbestos mines began to appear throughout the vicinity. Since that time asbestos has become an article of constantly increasing importance, and ranks as one of the essential materials of modern times.

In mineralogy three minerals are classified under the term "asbestos": (1) The serpentine group; (2) The amphibole group and (3) The anthophillite group. There are many minerals included in the above groups, but only two or three are sought commercially. The most important being chrysotile which has a chemical composition of Hydrated Silicate of Magnesia, of the form 3MgO, 2SiO, 2H2O. Various im-
Asbestos has a great variety of uses. Its short fibre is used for insulating cement for pipe and boiler coverings. Refractory cements, plaster and stucco often have asbestos fibre for strengthening and to resist cracking. Asbestos and Portland cement are combined under special manufacturing process to form fireproof shingles. These shingles are practically indestructible, never requiring paint or other attention. It is used in pipe and boiler coverings, making of asbestos paper, millboards packing, sheathing, fireproof bulkheads for ships, air conditioning ducts and many other important items. The products mentioned above are only a few of the many items manufactured, but they will serve to give you some idea as to the size and future of the asbestos industry.

A few years ago the name "asbestos" meant little or nothing to the average individual. The output was small and confined to a few uses. Today, the mining of asbestos and the manufacture of articles from this material has become one of the great industries of the world. The various articles into which it is made play an important part in our every day life.

"THE SNARE"

R. Robertson

"I hear a sudden cry of pain,
It is a rabbit in a snare,
Little one, O little one,"

It was cold, bitterly cold. The thin wizened birches were starkly silhouetted by the rising moon, their long, drawn-out shadows interlacing on the glistening snow. Myriads of crystalline stars sparkled in the dark immensity of the winter's sky.

A shy doe rabbit lolloped softly through the clearing, a partridge stirred, a frozen tree, yielding at last to the titanic forces strivings within its tortured fibres, split with a sudden thundering crash and, as the dying echoes melted among the distant hills, all was again still—all save for the slim lithe shadow that sped in the doe's tracks. The weasel was gaunt and hungry; had been hungry for many days. What little she managed to procure went to her four sleek kittens, a delayed brood which should have been born in the early summer but which were now lying, still almost helpless, in the snug shelter of an old hollow log. She paused when the hunting yelp of a fox rang through the frosty air and no sooner had she darted ahead once more then the quiet was broken by a shrill terrified squeal from the rabbit. It came again and again, growing weaker as the silence stole softly back and filled the clearing once more. The weasel slunk forward, her beady eyes peering along the doe's tracks to where they came to an abrupt end beneath a
bent and quivering sapling. The rabbit's body, suspended by a narrow copper strand, swung grotesquely to and fro.

The weasel, used to the ways of man, crept nervously towards the snare, and having assured herself that no other immediate dangers lurked in the vicinity, leaped forward and sprang onto the doe's back, her sharp white fangs sinking into the still warm flesh. She bobbed and swayed precariously on her small insecure perch and then, shifting her grip, sliced through the jugular vein and drank her fill of the hot sticky fluid. When her hunger was finally satisfied she raised her head and began gnawing through the rabbit's neck, the heat of her exertions steaming the surrounding air with rime. At last the limp headless carcass dropped into the crimson snow. Grasping a hind leg the weasel set off towards her lair, dragging the lightened and ill-nourished body through the underbrush with little trouble.

She mewed softly at the entrance to the old stump and then, her nostrils flaring, she stiffened in apprehension, picking out for the first time the heavy rank odour that hung around her den. She scrambled rapidly onto the centre of the log and there stared quietly at the remains of her youngest kitten, stark and still in the moonlight.

Far across the fields to the south a fox trotted towards his earth, the taste of warm blood still fresh on his lolling tongue.

**PHANTOMS**

_D. H. Wilson_

A haunting, soft, enfolding sleep stole through the twilight air, and with thin fingers gently closed her eyes, as shadows bare crept groping to her moonlit hand and breathed upon her hair.

**TONE POEM**

_D. H. Wilson_

Along the silent, crimson hills
The faraway echoes come.
And through the whispering forest
Sweeps the owl, while moonbeams run
In silver bars along the vales
to chase the setting sun.

The old bleak building trembles under the strain of the snarling wind. The windows rattle, the dust flies, and yet I sit in the same position. How long have I sat like this? The number of hours are countless. Why? Why, does that clock have to tick? Why must I be subjected to this endless torture? Why can't midnight come and be gone?

My bench, hitherto comfortable, now digs into my almost paralysed back. My eyes strain in the semi-darkness of my cold lifeless cell, to pick out some object of movement in the corridor, or in the ensuing blizzard outside. The clock ticks on and on. For a moment I catch a fleeting glimpse of some human straining his way through the storm. Perhaps...yes, it is quite likely, that will be the last free man I shall ever see. Why should I be placed in this unbearable position? I have deserved it, but yet, on the other hand, another chance might have been granted. Yes, that’s it... those swine... they should have given me that one last chance to prove, that regardless of my past, I have, somewhere in this miserable body of mine, a soul, far greater than man could ever realise.

Ah...at last, a distant light in the corridor... but what comfort is that, without life about me? Must I be shut up alone? To whom do I owe this solitary confinement? Can’t that clock stop its noise? Alone...alone now and forever...and friendless. Wait...I do have one friend, though smaller than I, he too is confined. Above me, by the light, I can now make out the shadowy form of a spider about his work. He is going on to greater things, and I...what am I doomed for? The spider’s web will ever remain in my mind. Something frivolous, but then again, something strong. A new life will be born where another will end. My friend, yes, my last and only friend, is building in his youth, in the way I might have. However I have failed, and now I realize too late just what might have been done.

The clock...can’t it stop, can’t something be done to make it stop ticking? The time...how long must I wait? The hands can’t be seen. Oh have mercy...a noise that kills the mind and yet, the eyes are unable to see. How true...the clock that kills and the web that brings life. Odd...the web catches, the spider conquers, the children eat. Here there is no destruction of man...that is life. Then why must I be placed in the mesh of destruction, never again to enjoy man’s spoils. Oh the answer...what could it be?
The clock ticks on to the end. On and on and on again. These last minutes are suddenly precious. What can I say? Oh yes, how well I remember, no, oh, no, the clock strikes twelve. The far door opens, the priest comes, the chains grate, and then my cell is unlocked. I steal a last glimpse at my only friend and then

"My son," said the priest, "Have you in these last minutes anything to ask for?"

My ears are closed. The pendulum swings on, and my friend builds his web.

A DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

M. Banks

In a recent issue of the "CAMPUS" — Bishop's University newspaper — there were printed the opinions of several students, a member of the faculty, and the Dean of Women on the question "What do you think the status of women students at this University should be?" The "CAMPUS" is to be congratulated on giving space to this important and timely subject, for, while the ideas expressed showed wide variety and were, for the most part, inconclusive, this very fact, I am sure, must have convinced many people of the necessity for a more lengthy discussion on the subject. Being one of the readers who has reached this conclusion, I propose to attempt to define what I believe to be the rights of women at Bishop's University.

The remark of one of the students, "Why ask me what the status of women should be when no one has the courage to tell me what it is?" shows all too clearly the need, before proceeding farther, to endeavour to answer this question. At the outset, Bishop's University was purely a men's college. Many declare that this is the reason for the present low status of women, but it must be remembered that when Bishop's was founded in 1843, the movement for the recognition of the right of women to education equal to that of men was only in its early stages. It was, therefore, not unnatural that Bishop's was, like many other universities, founded for men only. Since 1843, however, the right of women to equal opportunities in education has gained wide recognition, so it is, I fear, necessary to admit that Bishop's has fallen behind in the struggle rather than been backward at the outset.

From being a purely men's college, Bishop's has advanced to the point where, in the words of the University calendar, "women are admitted to lectures and degrees". Since this is, after all, the primary object for attending university, women have therefore gained admission to the most essential part of university training. Furthermore, the statement in the calendar is apt to be somewhat misleading. Actually the status of women at Bishop's is not quite so cut and dried as it indicates. Women are not completely debarred from participation in extra-curricular activities. They are eligible for membership in many of the organizations to which men students belong and they also have their own council to administer their affairs. It is the very existence of this women's executive council, however, which is considered by many to be a sign of women's inferior status, for it implies what is indeed the fact that they are not eligible for election to the students' executive council which is composed entirely of men students. This inferior status is attributed by many to the fact that there is at Bishop's no women's residence either on or off the campus. It would be difficult or impossible, they claim, for women to hold important executive positions since they do not live in residence.

With this opinion I must admit I do not agree. To my mind, there is not, or at any rate need not be, any connection between the facts that women are ineligible for election to the students' executive council and that there is no women's residence at Bishop's. My reason for this belief is that there are many men students who do not live in residence and I have never heard that their status is lower than that of resident students. While it may be more difficult for non-residents to keep in touch with college activities, non-resident men are certainly not ineligible for positions on the council, and if they successfully fill these positions there is no reason why they should be. Why, therefore, cannot this argument be applied to women who are no more non-resident than non-resident men? I am not suggesting that Bishop's should not have a women's residence, but simply that it is unnecessary to wait for its completion to equalize the status of men and women.

Having proved at least to my own satisfaction that women should be eligible for election to the students' executive council, the next problem is to attempt to decide what representation they should have. All the women students whose opinions are quoted in the "CAMPUS" believe that they should have equal representation with men. Their reason is obviously that since there are so few women at Bishop's, then if the principle of representation by population were followed, they would be so badly outnumbered that they would be able to accomplish nothing. There are, I feel, several reasons why this policy should not be adopted. First of all, for the women, who at present are so few, to expect equal representation with the men, regardless of the ability of the individual men and
women in the college, would hardly be just. I am not implying that women's ability is inferior to that of men, but it is only natural that in a college where there are so few women there will be more men than women capable of filling executive positions. It may happen on occasion that there are in the college at one time several women particularly well suited to executive positions, and in that case there is no reason why they should not be permitted to hold them. This, however, is far from inevitable, and to make equal representation the rule of the council might in some cases debar capable men from holding positions. Furthermore, it would be very difficult to decide which positions should be held by men and which by women. It has been suggested that the presidency should be taken by men and women in alternate years. Do the people who propose this want the other positions to alternate in the same way, or do they expect the student body merely to elect an equal number of men and women to the council and for these students to decide among themselves what positions they will hold? I do not feel that either of these policies would work satisfactorily, for, in the first case, the argument just mentioned that capable men might be debarred from office is applicable, and in the second, the electors would not know what office the people for whom they were voting would hold and would therefore not be in as good a position to choose them. A student might believe that the person for whom he voted would be very suitable as a debating representative and then find that he was to be sports representative!

My own suggestion for a more just and satisfactory system is that, as far as possible, every position on the council should be open to both men and women, so that it may be held each year by the person whom the student body as a whole considers best suited to it. In the case of a few positions such as that of sports representative, it might not be possible to follow this procedure. Here it might be advisable to elect two representatives, one a man and the other a woman, since it is necessary to organize some of their sports separately. As both men and women take part in most of the other college activities, there is no reason to have more than one representative to specify whether it should be a man or a woman. In objecting to having positions alternating between men and women I make the presidency no exception. It, like most of the other positions, should be open to both men and women every year.

I realize that many supporters of equal rights for women will consider this system inadequate. They will say that since the student body is still largely composed of men, no women will ever be elected to the council. It is possible, of course, that some men will object to voting for women, but I cannot believe that all, or even the majority, of the men who are university students in this modern age will be sufficiently reactionary to vote against a woman simply because she is a woman. In any democratic system it is necessary to count on the honest attempt of the voter to vote for the candidate who he feels is best suited to fill the office, and just as there are in any organization people who do not "let their conscience be their guide", we cannot expect any exception to this rule, even at Bishop's. At any rate, I still feel that it would be ridiculous for the women, who are so few, to expect equal representation. To demand this would be claiming not equality with men, but superiority over them. We have no desire to claim this, at least not for the present. If the system which I have outlined is given a fair trial and if it is found, contrary to my belief, that the majority of the men consistently refuse to vote for capable women candidates, or that the council, when men are in the majority, work for the good, not of the student body as a whole, but rather for that of the men students, it will then be time to show them that if they will not accept us as equals they will be forced to accept us as superiors. Then, and only then, should a small number of women demand equal representation with a large number of men. We can still hope, however, that the number of women at Bishop's may increase sufficiently to make such a drastic step unnecessary.

In connection with this question of women's part in university life, it is interesting to know that Cambridge University, one of the two great institutions of learning, in imitation of which Bishop's was founded, has recently, in the words of "Time" magazine, "made the women's Girton and Newnham Colleges full kith and kin to the men's colleges". Women students at Cambridge will now be permitted not only to take degrees, but also to vote in university government and hold all but two Cambridge offices, a step which was taken by Oxford twenty-eight years ago. It is true, of course, that at Cambridge there are women's colleges, but the very fact that these existed for many years before the equality of men and women was recognized only makes it more evident that equal rights and residence need not come together. It is hoped that women at Bishop's may soon have both a residence and equal status with men students, but for reasons which have already been expressed, I feel that it is unnecessary to wait for the completion of the former to achieve the latter.

Up to this point I have dealt principally with the means of attaining for women rights equal to those of men. In doing so I have taken it largely for granted that men and women should enjoy equal rights. It might now be well to say a few words to those who do not believe that they should. This group can be subdivided into two smaller groups; those who honestly believe that women are inferior to men, and those who, while loudly asserting that men are superior beings, believe in their hearts that it is the women who are superior and therefore do not wish to grant them equal rights for fear of competition. Although the beliefs of these two groups are quite contradictory, their purpose and therefore their arguments are the same. They say that men up to the present have ably held the highest posts and that this should continue.
The Mitre has been the cry of reactionaries down through the ages — the argument of men who do not wish to progress, who want things to remain the same even though change may bring improvement. I do not go to the other extreme of desiring change for the sake of change, but I do believe that permitting women to hold executive positions would not only be just to them, but would also benefit any university, business, or other organization by increasing the number of capable people eligible for office.

In the preamble to the Charter of the United Nations, it is stated that that body is determined "to reaffirm faith in the equal rights of men and women"; and the fact that a Commission on the Status of Women has been set up and is at present crusading for equal rights indicates that this assertion is to be more than a meaningless phrase. Nor are Canadian leaders unwilling to recognize women's rights. In a recent speech before the Women's Canadian Club in Winnipeg, Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, declared that he would not "feel it dangerous for the ship of state to follow courses charted by our Canadian women". Let us, therefore, show our agreement with this principle of equal rights for men and women by recognizing it at Bishop's University.

LOOKING BACK

E. H. Price

The S. S. Quebec cut through the deep blue waters of the mighty Saguénay River on her way from Tadoussac to Bagotville. All around the towering white boat twilight was setting in, soon to be exchanged for darkness, and the most beautiful part of the day was at hand, enchanting the passengers on A deck. I got off my deck chair where I had been held rapt by the familiar panorama moving slowly before my eyes, and strolled aft to the sternmost part of the ship where I let my mind drift in contemplation, watching the wake of the propellers extending into the gathering dusk.

Directly behind me, the loudspeaker blared forth, announcing L'Anse St. Jean off the port bow, and breaking the continuous, almost monotonous throbbing of the powerful engines three decks below. I turned my head, and sure enough there was the same little town I had known from childhood, nestled away in a break in the surrounding mountains, out of which rushed the swift little St. John River. Five years had gone by since I had seen this village, five long years had passed since I had visited this country of my young summers, but they had left it almost all unchanged. Behind me someone remarked casually, "Just another French-Canadian village", but the good times which I had enjoyed here in previous days gave it a particular significance for me. I looked over at the quaint village, outlined by the dying sun which had framed it in an orange ring, and all these memories flooded back to me.

In actual composition, L'Anse St. Jean was, I realized, like many another French-Canadian village. It had like most, a large grey church in the central part of the village around which all community life centered, unpainted houses ranged awkwardly along the road, and green, rock bordered fields extending on either side of the river right up to the hills. However, the village's particular isolation at the end of the road gave it a serenity peculiar to itself, peacefulness, and apparent seclusion from the bustling world I had just left. Here, primitive French-Canadian customs had been preserved since the time of the early settlers.

Back to my mind came the days when I had fished for salmon in the river's dark swirling pools, the scream of the reel signifying a plunging silver fish at the end of the taunt line, and, as if in contrast, our peaceful, sheltered cottage situated high on the bank overlooking both rivers. I remembered sitting beside the falls watching the shining fish vainly trying to leap and gain the river above, and how some had reached almost to the top, only to be overpowered by the frustrating cascade of water falling relentlessly upon them. As I looked out at the sombre village across the waters, I could almost hear the church bells ringing, bringing to my mind many Sundays spent by the river watching the colourful habitants flocking to church under the friendly tolling of those bells, and, adding to the godliness of the scene, sheep and cattle grazing on the sloping pastures. All this came back to me in fleeting impressions, dulling the reality of my present circumstances.

I awoke suddenly from my reverie on noticing that the boat had moved on and barren purple cliffs had blotted out the peaceful scene. With a sigh of resignation I returned to my deck chair, my thoughts still with the little village tucked away behind the towering and foreboding cliffs which line the Saguénay River.

PERSUASION

G. Knight

"Cash me in".

Hear that, Shiv? He wants to change all these pretty chips into nasty old dollars, kind of dumb, ain't he?

Yuh, kind of stupid.

That's a swell name for him Shiv. Maybe the little woman wouldn't like it if Stupid didn't bring home these pretty chips. That wouldn't be nice, now would it, Stupid?
None of that old guff, you guys lost and you’ll pay up — cash me in.

Listen to him, Shiv, he still wants his money, HIS money. Wouldn’t the little lady be mad when he got home Shiv, wouldn’t she miss them pretty chips?

Unhuh. Sure is dumb tonight. Think he needs convincin’?

Now that depends . . . . want to be convinced by Shiv and me, hunh, Stupid? Would you like that, Stupid?

Just give me the money I sunk in the game. Keep the rest, just give me my own dough, that’s all. That’ll be fine by me, just give me my own dough.

Stupid sure does talk crazy, don’t he, Shiv? He still don’t like them chips, them pretty red an’ white an’ blue ones, Stupid, yu’ know somethin’ . . . you ain’t got no eye for art.

Yuh.

Stupid don’t look too well, does he? Sort o’ pale and sweaty like. Shiv and me wouldn’t hurt ya Stupid, ya know that, we wouldn’t hurt a dumb guy like you. You wouldn’t hurt Stupid, now would yuh Shiv?

Naw. He still needs convincin’?

Shiv wants to know if you want that dirty money for them nice pretty chips. Yuh don’t really want the money, hunh, you just think you do. Stupid sure is dumb, ain’t he Shiv? Think it over Stupid.

No, no, these chips are fine . . . you guys keep the dough, I was only kiddin’ about the money, honest; you guys are right about the chips too, they’re swell . . . unh . . . guess I’ll go. You guys sure are right. Hahahah.

Hear that Shiv, he wants t’ go. Stupid wants tu’ leave . . .

He don’t really want to leave, Shiv, Stupid just thinks he does. Stupid don’t really want to go home, now does he Shiv?

Naw, not yet.

Just look at him sweat, Shiv . . . ain’t that revoltin’. For a dumb guy you’re awful nervous, Stupid, he’s awful nervous and worried lookin’, ain’t he Shiv? Stupid sure is a mess ain’t he Shiv?

Yuh, he sweats somethin’ awful.

Hahahah . . . I am a bit hot . . . you guys are right again. I was dumb about the money, honest, dumb . . . hahah . . . if you want I’ll be glad tuh stay, sure I’ll stay . . . hahahah . . . glad tuh stay.

Ain’t that disgitin’ Shiv? It just don’t seem possible that yuh could be so dumb and so worried at the same time Stupid. Yu’ re wearin’ a swell watch though, Stupid . . . ain’t Stupid got a peachy watch Shiv?

Yuh, you’ve got a swell watch, Stupid.

Hahah . . . you guys, hah, like my watch, hah, take it . . . its yours . . . you guys are right, honest . . . hah . . . here’s a pretty good ring too. . . . take it too . . . honest, I think you guys were right all along . . . sure . . . hahahah.

Now ain’t that kind, Shiv, ain’t it just generous of Stupid to give us his stuff, ain’t that nice Shiv? Stupid picks things up fast . . . yuh know Shiv, maybe Stupid ain’t so dumb after all . . . say goodbye to the nice dumb man Shiv.

Yuh, so long Stupid . . . .

Lenten Ys Come With Love To Towne
(MIDDLE ENGLISH POEM)

Mary Hall

How many springs have come and gone
Since the essence of my life was.
First it was a glorious world of gleaming water
Then a thing of wonder, new life, buds bursting
Then amazingly perennial
So “Lenten Ys come with love to towne”
Now it is a stab in the heart
The springs follow so fast on one another
And an old wound aches with the coming of spring
The old ache and sin in the knowledge flesh
At its coming: sugar sweet, hemlock bitter
At the coming of mellifluous sure-spring swallow-singing
As grown trees tremble towards coition
And creatures ache towards birth.

Last year spring was like a new birth
This year it is sure death:
Dreams down, sorrow-drowned, dust,
To last autumn’s pain
Is all that is born again.
Death is omnipresent
On the hills, under the streams, and in the faces of children
Death in the robin’s throat and in men’s muscle-action.
Death slow but final and inevitable
Stamped there already, re-born as life is re-born
Dogging persistent through innumerable springs
Following our footsteps all through laughter, love and liquor
To the very brink of Dread.
Death is always.
In the bone, the hair and the fingernails a reminder
Here in a summer world of waters striving glazed and candy-sweet
The seeds of life and death lie together in one shell.
In May 1920, the first exhibition of a certain group of Canadian artists was held in the Art Gallery of Toronto. It was entitled “An Exhibition by a Group of Seven Painters”. In a rather lengthy foreword to the catalogue were set forward their views and aims. Criticism was invited. Although not altogether undeserving of criticism, for there admittedly were some unsuccessful experiments in the show, the critics with their usual discernment passed over some of the failures and condemned some of the best work.

With this auspicious start the Group of Seven quickly became the storm center of Canadian art. Since that time it has been both severely criticized and highly acclaimed. We know now however that it was in the work of these seven that the first seed of a truly Canadian manner of painting appeared. The original seven were, of course, A. Y. Jackson, J. E. H. MacDonald, Lawren Harris, Frank Johnston, F. H. Varley, Franklin Carmichael and Arthur Lismer.

It is the purpose here to tell about the original getting together of these men and to trace very briefly the biography of the group.

Before the year 1910, a Canadian art movement inspired by Canadian environment was not thought possible — for the simple reason that Canadian art authorities did not believe our own landscape was art material. Canadian artists and the public looked to the old world, preferring its mistier less rugged landscape. The few who did draw their inspiration from the Canadian scene painted it in the manner of Corot, Constable or the Barbizon school. To reflect their day and environment was thought vulgar! It is true, of course, that several men did try to do just this but they are isolated cases and there were so few of them that they made little impression. Kreighoff, Morrice and Cullen, and perhaps one or two other Canadian painters unfortunately came upon the scene too soon. Along with other young painters returning from Europe they found the art public absorbed in the works of European artists. “Canada was still to herself and her painters little more than an outpost of Europe”.

But slowly there did grow up a sort of nationalism and artists began to realize that there was something in the Canadian landscape that was infinitely more worthwhile painting than the skies of other lands foreign to them. They found in the rugged areas of woodland and small ice covered lakes inspiration for their distinctive canvases. It was this choice of subject that helped to create their distinctive style.

This growing interest in the Canadian landscape as a source of pictorial inspiration, had a profound influence on a small group of commercial artists who worked for the well known Toronto engraving firm of Grip Ltd. As an engraving company it became a large employer of commercial artists who produced fine illustrations and designs. As early as 1905 some of these men employed at Grip Ltd. began to take an interest in landscape painting. Not content with art as a means to make a living they became very interested in landscape painting as a hobby. They soon began making weekend trips for sketching. One or two together would spend their holidays in going off into the Ontario wilds with paint and brushes. A great deal of enthusiasm grew up, and from this group of men there were several who were not only improving their technique as landscape painters but were painting from a very distinctly Canadian point of view.

Jackson has said of this — “We frankly abandoned our attempts at literal painting and treated our subjects with the freedom of a decorative designer in emphasizing colour line and pattern, even if need be at the sacrifice of atmospheric qualities”.

Those at Grip Ltd., later of the group, were MacDonald, Lismer, Carmichael and Johnston: Of these four both MacDonald and Lismer were born in England, though MacDonald had lived in Ontario since his early youth.

Lismer at this time, 1912, revisited his native England and persuaded his old friend Varley to come out to Canada. Varley, an excellent portrait painter, joined the company on his arrival. Jackson, a Montrealer, was not yet in touch with these men. He at that time was traveling and painting in Italy.

About 1912, MacDonald met and became friendly with Lawren Harris. Harris induced MacDonald to leave Grip Ltd. and devote himself to serious painting, something which MacDonald had dreamed of for years. Together, these two happened to see a painting by Jackson entitled, “Edge of a Maple Bush”. This so impressed them that Harris bought it. They quickly got in touch with Jackson.

A year later, Jackson having returned from overseas, came to Toronto from Montreal and made several sketching trips with MacDonald and Harris in Algonquin Park. Jackson was thus encouraged to remain in Canada instead of going to the United States as he had originally planned. In 1914 Harris, wealthier than the rest, and Dr. J. M. McCallum, a firm friend of Canadian art built the Studio Building in Toronto. This was to become the center of their activity for many years. Into it most of the group then moved. “All these artists were now closely united in outlook and habits”. Their work however was still, with the exception of a few canvases, for the most part very straightforward, naturalistic, renderings of nature.

This was soon interrupted, however, by the first War. Harris, younger than the rest, and Jackson, joined up in 1915, and until 1918
the group was scattered. In 1916, MacDonald had exhibited his now famous "Tangled Garden" canvas in the Ontario Society of Artists exhibition. This together with the "Guides Home" of Lismer was the target for particularly fierce ridicule in Canadian newspapers. In the press, the painters were now usually referred to as the Hot Mush School — because of their supposed resemblance to porridge.

MacDonald was informed that his "Tangled Garden" was too large for the canvas, that the colours were very crude and that it was not allied to anything that was then known as art. From that time forward they knew that they could look for little, if any, constructive or intelligent criticism from the press, and that they must follow their own path or "be overwhelmed by a weight of ignorant misapprehension which, if allowed to to impinge deeply would drive them to imitative mediocrity". "Tangled Garden" . . . is but an item in a big idea, the spirit of our nature land. The artists hope to keep on striving to enlarge their own conception of that spirit. "It would seem to be a fact that in a new country like ours, which is practically unexplored artistically, courageous experiment is not only legitimate but vital to the development of a living Canadian Art".

The death of Tom Thomson in 1917, was a blow to all. Just as he seemed to be achieving recognition, he was drowned in Algonquin Park where by this time he spent most of his time. This man, though he never heard the name, Group of Seven, was very close to all of them. He was a peculiar sort of genius. At the insistence of the others this retiring personality joined them. He forsook the city and peaceful countryside and went to the forest and northern wilderness for his inspiration. The impression, not quite so prevalent now, that Thompson himself was founder of the group will be seen to be incorrect. Though his work was a great source of inspiration to them, it is perhaps more correct to say that he himself was a product of the movement, owing in fact more to it than any single member.

With the 1920 Exhibition the group drew closer together in more formal organization, yet because there were never any officers or regulations and since the members did not always agree on all points, it is difficult to think of them as an organization. They were more correctly "a friendly alliance held together by common ideals".

From 1922 onwards, Harris, Lismer, MacDonald and Jackson travelled widely throughout the whole Dominion. With calculated thoroughness to describe every element of Canadian geography, they painted in every section of Canada from the Artic ocean to the Rockies and east to the villages of Nova Scotia.

The resignation of Johnston in 1922 reduced the Group to six members. He was replaced in 1926 by A. J. Casson, a young man at that time best known as a water colourist. Edwin Holgate, another young artist, from Montreal, was the next addition. He became a member in 1931. Finally in 1932, L. L. Fitzgerald of Winnipeg, became the last member bringing the membership to eight. The fact that the group had sometimes six, seven, or eight as indicated by their various catalogues, led critics to exclaim that even they weren't very sure of their own numbers!

The second exhibition of the original seven took place in 1921. Thirty of their canvases were also sent on a tour of various art galleries in the United States, and several exhibitions were held in Toronto and Montreal. In 1924, a cross section of Canadian art was sent to Wembley to the British Empire Exhibition, and there, the very pictures which had been so scored and ridiculed at home dominated the whole show. The London "TIMES" even went so far as to call Thomson's "Jack Pine", the most striking work exhibited.

Yet even after high praise from England and the United States, not everyone at home was able to appreciate the boldness with which some of these artists painted the Canadian scene. The National gallery had early offered encouragement for buying several pictures by members of the group. The controversy which followed this move was even carried to the floor of the House of Commons.

It was not without a struggle that the Group of Seven gained the sympathy of the public.

Before very long however, there was seen to be a slow change in the general attitude of the public. Soon some of the Canadian critics who had been the most free with their abuse began to feel a change in the wind. The status of the group was changing from that of scapegoat to that of sacred cow. In 1925 a very fine portfolio — "Drawings by the Group of Seven" was published. This effort they planned to repeat, but unfortunately this was never done. Time moved more quickly. The appearance in 1926 of F. B. Houssers' book, "A Canadian Art Movement" helped to bring about a much better understanding of their work.

By this time, however, there was a general slowing down process. The wonderful age of discovery and experimentation was drawing to a close. The members of the group were no longer young. Jackson continued to travel all over Canada painting with usual energy, as he still does. MacDonald took up teaching but the strain was too much for him. He became ill and died in November 1932. Lismer became interested in education and is at present educational director for the Montreal Art Association. Carmichael died in 1945.

In 1931, the final exhibit under the old name appeared. In 1933 the Group of Seven came to an end when it merged with the larger Canadian Group which had a membership of over forty.
LAST EXPRESSION

D. H. Wilson

I hurried down the steps of mind
and turned the handle of the door;
I opened it and stepped inside.
To see expression standing there
all cobwebby and dank with age of feeling.
His rheumy eyes sought mine
and then I knew.
In following the smart set
I had locked him in myself.
Nor let him ever out,
Until Moonyean came with her soft smile for me.
I begged him to come out,
and say my thoughts to her.
But his old voice had turned him into dust,
and scattered everywhere,
They choked my soul
And made me turn from her
in depths of shame.
And thus I lost her, to someone
Who knew the worth of life
And how to value feelings;
Who sought the joy of living
And cared not for the smirks
of cocktail crowds.
Who turned their backs
And talked of 'Michelangelo'.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Land And The Well — by Hilda Wernher. (John Day, 1946.)

Just as Pearl Buck gave us an intimate and accurate picture of the life and customs of the poorer classes by entering into the very heart of the mind and spirit of the Chinese peasant; so now has Mrs. Wernher, by her sympathetic understanding of the Indian peasant, produced a rich and absorbing tale from the humble life of a Hindu family.

Although the setting of "The Land and the Well" is small village in one of the Indian states in desert Rajputana, the story is that of the vast majority of the peasants of India whose roots are deep in the earth and who, despite even famine, flood and drought, love the land above everything else.

Mrs. Wernher's story deals with a Jat family whose one ambition is to own a well and to this end no sacrifice is too great. Notwithstanding a constant struggle with the forces of nature and cruel oppression by the tax collector, the family is held to its essential duty — to serve the land that serves all mankind.

"The Land and the Well", however, is more than a day-to-day description of the life of rural India. It is a complete picture of all that goes to make up the life that is India, both materially and culturally. The reader is introduced to ancestral beliefs and customs which have been handed down in regular succession since time immemorial. The elaborate ritual of a Hindu wedding, the intricate operation of local and family government, the ceremonies connected with death — these are but part of that wealth of detail embodied in Mrs. Wernher's book.

The simple dignity of the style, the easy flow of the narrative, together with the author's warm understanding for the individual, combine to make this epic of heroic Jat courage an outstanding and unusual novel.

Kingdom of the Rocks — by Consuelo de St. Exupery. (Random House, 1946.)

In the south of France at the Alpine foothills of Luberon, towering above the deserted village of Oppède, loomed a formidable castle or oppidum from which the hamlet had taken its name. Once the stronghold of Raimond VI, Count of Toulouse, for years the Castle of Oppède had been nothing more than a crumbling and neglected mass of stone and débris.

Here it was, after the capitulation of 1940, that a small group of students expelled from the Beaux Arts prepared for the day when France would again be free and need the talent and vision of youth to plan and rebuild "a brave, new world".

"Kingdom of the rocks" is the story of their struggle with the stone of Oppède — a struggle to bring life to a dead and ruined village and "to create from rubble a human community again". It is a
The Mitre

fascinating and moving story of how an unconventional assortment of young French men and women struggled to keep their dreams alive — of how they sought to rebuild not merely the stones of Oppède but the faith of a people as well.

Consuelo de St. Exupery, an amateur sculptress, was among the first to join the artist colony; and this account of her experiences there is a strange blending of fact with fiction and memories with dreams. At times she even seems to be delving in what Stella Benson has called "the subsoil of fantasy in which real art grows". Madame de St. Exupery (who admits having a tropical imagination) is undoubtedly an excellent storyteller, although now and again she tends to become overdramatic and is literally carried away by her own eloquence. Occasionally, however, one senses that during the interval at Oppède the author was seeking more than material sustenance. A new philosophy — some ray of hope for the the future — an excuse for living? It is hard to say; yet it is on these rare instances when one can read between the lines that "Kingdom of the rocks" becomes more than just another war story. For one realizes then that the widow of the famous French aviator and author has within her too some of that poetic wonder and insight which is the very essence and charm of her husband's work.

Silver Nutmeg — by Norah Lofts. (Michael Joseph, 1947.)

"Silver nutmeg" could have been an excellent novel. It possesses a well-knit plot, plenty of action, good characterization, sustained human interest and a satisfactory (though not happy) ending. It starts out well, and with some toning down — perhaps even elimination in spots — it might have made the grade. As it is, the best that can be said of Mrs. Lofts' latest work is that it will no doubt enjoy brisk circulation at any lending library which caters to popular tastes.

The setting for "Silver nutmeg" is the tiny island of Banda in the Dutch East Indies in the middle of the seventeenth century when the Dutch and English were rivals for the monopoly of the spice trade. At that time the nutmeg was literally silver, for to it the wealthy plantation owners and traders owed even the clothes they wore and the food they ate. The earliest Dutch traders, however, had not been content with taking simply nutmegs from the natives, but were only satisfied when they had their land too and had wiped out every man of the Bandanese blood. The women were sold to the slave markets of Batavia and Bandagor to be brought back later to live as slaves on the very soil they had lived on as the daughters of free men. The children and grand-

ALUMNI NOTES

R. S. Jervis-Read.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Masterson (Kathleen Hall, B.A. '42) on July 29, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond I. Bowes (Olga Reid, B.A. '39) in November, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. J. Davidson (Pat Wiggett, B.A. '39) on the 12th of August, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. Guy Marston (Grade Jackson, B.A. '31) on the 5th of June, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. H. Hurdle (Margaret Brewer, B.A. '29) on Feb. 11, 1948, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. John Groomes (Rosamund Staples, B.A. '39), on Aug. 21, a son.

MARRIAGES

John S. Ewing, B.A. '36 was married on Saturday, November
29, 1947, to Miss Joan Emily Rosencrantz, daughter of Mrs. Richard Rosencrantz, at Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A.

The marriage of Mrs. J. Carr (Barbara Eardley-Wilmot, B.A. '35), to Mr. Geoffrey Constable took place in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, on October 11, 1947. Mr. and Mrs. Constable are living at Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A.

To Mr. Geoffrey Constable (Barbara Eardley-Wilmot, B.A. '35), to Mr. Geoffrey Constable took place in St. Peter's Church, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Constable are living at Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A.

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They have plans to leave in a few months for Pakistan, India, where her husband, who does commercial flying is at present situated.

Miss Lydia Aboud, B.A. '44 — Arvida, Que.

Betty Davidson, B.A. '44, is now working for the Toronto Globe and Mail.

A list of some of the graduate teachers and where they are working, follows:

Miss Lydia Aboud, B.A. '44 — Arvida, Que.

Mrs. Gilbert Bretslaff (Amelia Smart, B.A. '46) — Aylmer, Que.

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assisted by several clergy of the diocese. Burial was in the family plot at Ayer’s Cliff, Quebec.

Major the Rev. William Barton, M.A. ’94, a classmate of both Dr. Vial and the Rev. B. Watson, died at his home in Victoria, B.C. on July 6, 1947. He had been in poor health for a number of years. After his graduation from Bishop’s, Major Barton served many years as a Priest in the Dioceses of Quebec and Columbia, and as a Chaplain with the Canadian Forces in World War I. Being severely shell-shocked during the war, he was forced to retire from active parish work at the close of it. His conquest of this and subsequent physical disabilities won him the respect and admiration of many.

Death recently closed the distinguished careers of two of Bishop’s earliest women graduates, Dr. Grace R. England, M.D. ’94 and Miss Florence Isabelle Drummond, B.A. ’08. Dr. England was one of Canada’s first women physicians, and the first woman to graduate from Bishop’s Medical Faculty. She was also an Alumna of McGill and Queens Universities in Canada and had done post-graduate work at the Universities of Glasgow, Paris and Vienna. After her studies abroad, Dr. England returned to Bishop’s as a demonstrator in anatomy and was also assistant Gynaecologist at the Western Division of the General Hospital in Montreal. Besides being a pioneer Co-ed at Bishop’s, Dr. England held the same distinction with regard to McGill University, where she took her Arts Degree. She was married in 1897 to Dr. F. R. England, who predeceased her some years ago. Dr. Grace R. England was active in international women’s affairs, and in 1914 was one of the delegates representing Canada at the meetings of the International Congress of Women, held in Rome. In 1922 she was official Canadian delegate to the Pan-American Conference of Women at Baltimore. Also active in political fields she was in 1930 chosen by the Liberal Party to contest the Federal election in the Mount Royal Division. Funeral service was held in the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal. Dr. England was in her 81st year.

Florence Isabelle Drummond was one of Bishop’s first women graduates in Arts. A native of Ascot, Miss Drummond devoted her life to the cause of education in the Eastern Townships. During her long teaching career she occupied various important positions, having been Principal at Richmond, Magog and Lennoxville; science teacher at Macdonald College High School and Sherbrooke High School, as well as Principal of Ascot Consolidated School. Also active in women’s work, Miss Drummond was one time County President of the Women’s Institute, and was an official of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers. Miss Drummond retired from active teaching in 1932 and since that time had lived with her brother in the Sherbrooke district. Miss Drummond died November 28, 1947, in her 69th year. Funeral service was from Trinity United Church, Sherbrooke.
about a "best dress" that my grandmother once possessed. It was an object of awe for the children, who used to steal into the clothes-closet and look at it when it was not being worn. This festive regalia was made of a heavy black material, was re-inforced in the bodice with "bones", had large "leg o'mutton sleeves" and was adorned with heavy headwork. This was my grandmother's best dress. She wore it to church and to social gatherings, she wore it at all times and in all temperatures, whether it was 20° below zero or 95° in the shade. My grandmother complains that fashions are no longer sensible.

The fashions of 1867 she would have admired. There were, as far as I can gather from Godey's prints, two types of figure: the hour-glass and the pyramid. I suppose the pyramid was the real; the hour-glass the ideal. Here is a description of a promenade suit, accompanied, in Godey, with the picture of a lady looking through binoculars at a vague something in the distance:

"Shirt of purple cashmere, trimmed with a pointed band of fancy plush cloth. Dress of gray poplin, turned up in front, and fastened in a knot at the back. Half tight-fitting each (that just about describes it) of heavy spotted plush cloth, finished with a chenille fringe." This was rounded out with a "Hat of grey felt trimmed with purple velvet" and "Boots of black and white checked cloth." This is all one costume, presumably for "between-season" wear.

The young lady of 1867 went in for outdoor life in a big way. The July number of the Lady's Book advertises, with illustrations, two bathing dresses:

"Fig 1 — Dress of scarlet flannel trimmed with a plating of black flannel, bound with white braid. The pants are full, and have elastic bands on the edge in order to confine them to the leg. (They exposed the ankle and about three inches of calf.) The dress is made with a yoke, and perfectly loose, being caught into the waist by means of a scarlet belt. The cap is of oiled silk, trimmed with scarlet and black."

Figure 2 was of scarlet and black bathing cloth (striped) and sported a small hat, like a boater, made of black glazed cloth and trimmed with scarlet. Wet, these costumes de bain must have been a terrific weight, enough to discourage all but the most hardy from actual swimming.

Bonnets were in fashion, for example, one "of white velvet, edged with a feather band of scarlet and black; wide white satin strings pass over the top of the bonnet and tie under the chin." Night-caps were also worn, and smoking caps. One can imagine great-grandpapa retiring to his study and putting on his smoking-cap, which daughter Elsie has fashioned with her own little hands, before sitting down to enjoy his evening pipe.

Still the fashions of '67 had something. Petticoats of scarlet cashmere sound utterly delightful.

Besides the fashion Godey's offered, to the domestically inclined, receipts (recipes to this generation). The culinary column for the January number begins with a treatise on "The Art of Frying". Somehow one feels that cookery had a certain dignity then which it has since lost; otherwise why should the treatise be couched in such delicate language. "Frying", says the writer, "is of two kinds, which may be termed the dry and wet process." What contemporary columnist would think of beginning in such a refined philosophic vein? She would come abruptly to the point: "Today I baked an old-fashioned N'O'leans hoe-cake."

The same issue printed a feature article on the preparation of mutton cutlets, and assorted "receipts" for cakes and puddings. A column headed "Miscellaneous" informed our great-grandmother of tried and true methods of polishing shells, cleaning lamp-glasses and curing wasps.

The editor of the department demanded:

"Can any of our subscribers furnish us with a receipt for 'Cabbage in Currie'?' For the sake of the intended victim let us hope none could.

Fancy-work was a popular occupation for ladies old and young in those days. How they found the time for it, with their large families and equally large houses I do not know, but undoubtedly the work of loving female hands was responsible for much of the bric-à-brac that cluttered the Victorian home. In the "Work Department" we find directions for a bead-work chess-table; hanging borders for mantles (in wool, silk and bead-work); designs for fancy scarves; knitted borders for bed-quilts; antimacassars in embroidery and appliquéd over white net; plus a design for working on net with floss silk and directions for making a black velvet trim for an under-petticoat. They seem to have had a mania for beadwork; it crops up again and again.

But Godey's offered more than the purely practical. Now we come to that literature which could be read aloud, to the entertainment and instruction of the whole family circle. The literary section included essays, short stories, serials, and "poetry". A favorite theme was love — young; true; divine; brotherly; platonic; and mother. Religion and piety ran a close second with adventure and intrigue coming in with a poor third. Some much diluted philosophy worked its way into the other themes, but was of little account. Science received cursory notice, usually in the miscellaneous "Armchair" section at the end of each issue.

Here is a quotation from an essay, "The Power of Love", which appeared in the March number:

"Cynics may sneer at it as they will ... yet there is a sublimity
about it — a grandeur and beauty which convert a desert of brambles into a parterre of fragrant flowers and which transform a heart of selfishness into one of feeling and tenderness." There follows an anecdote of how a Swiss mother rescued her child who was carried off by an eagle, scaling almost sheer cliffs to do so. Then:

"The Alps of Switzerland might lift their craggy turrets to the sky, their summits may be crowned with eternal snows, and their sides present a solid wall of almost perpendicular cliffs, yet a mother will scale them to rescue her child." Did they present any difficulty? No. Inspired by love she scaled them, just like that. Nothing to it.

The February number contained two appropriate stories, one of them entitled "Ten Years and Two Hearts." Today the figures might be aptly reversed. I quote from the other tale, "The Two Valentines:

"She nestled close to him, letting her head fall upon his bosom.
"The farm, Gertie," he said softly," was full of oil."
"Oil?"
"Petroleum."

Now there is pure and undiluted romance for you — no, not undiluted; mingled cleverly with a down-to-earth realism.

The same theme (love, not oil) was as popular in poetry (?) as in prose. Here is an excerpt from a poem bearing the obvious title, by F. Emerson Judd. According to him "That tenderest of the passions":

"Lures the ruffian, flushed with rage
In spite of wrath to kiss his child;
And profligates in youth or age.
Are sought by love and home beguiled.

"By it are changed the leopard's spots
And changed the Ethiopian's skin,
It hides the blackness of the blot
And brightens o'er the stains of sin."

After this I say, with the Hebrew girl, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples!" Still I must quote another bit from a piece of verse entitled "Down on the Beach":

"Another brief year slid away
Adown the hillside of the past
And hers became a hand of clay
In mine — at last."

I doubt if the bard really intended it to sound so much like a sigh of relief — "At last!" But he, at least, was not of such a melancholy turn of mind as Neale Bernard, who, in "Winter all the Year" wrote:

"Though I sing in merry measure
All the joy of other souls
Yet for me how little pleasure
All my life controls.
Though my songs gush mellow music
And their echo joy imparts
Still a sorrow seems abiding
In my heart of hearts.

(1.) This is a moot point.

Still other joys there be untasted — for example the serial of the fascinating title "Uncle Moses' Stratagem" which began in the March number. Other titles include "Zillah's Promise" and "The Legend of a Diamond Ring". But the real treasury is in the Literary Notices, for there we learn what America was reading (besides Godey's Lady's Book) in 1867. Each title is accompanied by a brief review:

"'The Lost Beauty'; or the Fatal Error. A Spanish novel . . . Though possessing undeniable merit, we yet believe it is so permeated with foreign style, sentiment and morality, that it will meet with appreciation only among a limited class of readers." That does not say much for Spanish novels or for people who read them.

"'Saratoga' — An Indian Tale of Frontier Life. A true story of 1787. A well-written tale of Indian warfare and adventure will always prove an acceptable offering for the American public . . . it may almost be regarded as historical." Personally I do not think this one says much for the American public. One thing it proves: that the taste for long and cumbrous historical novels of the family of Anthony and Amber was already developing, though I doubt if some of the contemporary efforts could be regarded as even "almost historical". The adventure and warfare are still with us, along with voluptuous quadroon girls and the inevitable psycho-neurotic. At least in the era of Godey no one was being psycho-analyzed, though a book on phrenology is mentioned in the Literary Notices.

Other prospective best-sellers for January were "The National Cook-book", "Dumas' "Corsican Brothers" and "The Great Rebellion"; also:

"All In the Dark" — a novel, and predecessor to innumerable Bantam Books which glut our bookstands today. "In this story (All In the Dark) . . . spiritual manifestations and somnambulism have much to do with the mysterious portions of the plot."

For those of a more serious turn of mind Godey's offered "The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism" — "(This) is more important to Americans than Englishmen, since, by our democratic Constitution the lower or uneducated
classes, among which Methodism is so powerful, have undisputed control in the government." No further comment is necessary.

Others were "Our Artist in Peru", "English Composition and Rhetoric" and "The Omnipotence of Loving-Kindness," plus a pamphlet accompanied by this intriguing note:

"Serpents in the Dove's Nest" by the Rev. John Todd, D.D. — "This little pamphlet is a companion to "What Not?", a book for every Woman," noticed in a former number.

Godey's also had a little offering in the musical field — in every issue the music was given for a song, a march, or a popular Schottische. There were also lists, in the musical column, of the latest and most popular ballads, pretty waltzes, and grand marches. For example: "Forever and Forever" with elegant pictorial title-page. A most beautiful song.

"An Alpine Farewell", elegant nocturne.

In 1867 everything was elegant. Alas! in an atomic era there is no time to be elegant; and adjectives for advertising purposes must have more "punch". Things must be glorious, magnificent, marvellous, stupendous. The calm and gentle era of mere elegance is gone.

Besides the elegant illustrations of current fashions Godey's printed a variety of artistic plates. The general taste ran to plump children, deserted maids, plump cherubs and "the common man" pictured sentimentally in his humble surroundings. I liked the one of a plump but discreet cherub sharpening his arrow on a grindstone beside the village pump while the wondering yokels watched. Children were the favorite theme but dogs, large and small, were also popular.

The Lady's Book, however, was not always concerned with the dictates of Dame Fashion, domestic pursuits, and the worship of the high and noble arts. Occasionally the editor pompously stopped "to perpetrate a pun", but a very few examples of this wit will be sufficient. Most horrible example is:

"It is certainly not a misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better." More digestible was "comfort for young ladies not satisfied with the colour of their hair", to wit:

"Those whom the gods love dye young."

I really liked this one:

"A Lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of spring, said to Douglas Jerrold: 'I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn so gray. I sometimes think it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?'

"I should think, Madam," replied the great dramatist, "that it is the essence of thyme."

The essence of time has dealt relentlessly with the elegant ladies
who perused Godey's book; they are gone forever, leaving behind them an essence, a lingering fragrance, of thyme, of lavender, of rose-leaves and all sweet scents. But the essence of their gentility and their elegance lingers in the yellowed pages of the 1867 edition, giving it, outdated as it is, a certain quaint charm. And there is that in its pages which strikes a grim note, reminding us of the fickleness of fashion, the irony of time, which deal hardly with lesser Helen's and Bertha's, and turn "what was once romantic to burlesque." The snows of yesteryear are becoming the butt of modern humour.

**EROS**

R. Robertson

Silence and sleep, vague stirrings wrapped in warmth. Without — the dawn.

The blackness slowly fades to grey and strange distorted figures peer from out the mists which swirl and rise and fall above the still black waters, ghostly calm while ripples faintly lap against the stones, rise up, suck hungrily, soft slip back and leave them dark and glistening. Low sounds persuade the tired ear: of rustling pines stirred by the wakening breeze; the plaintive laughter of a loon . . . a distant otter's splash and crackling underbrush before the wary deer. Sweet fluting as the smaller birds hop gaily searching through the trees and carol blithly as the risen sun lifts mightily. The last long fingers of the mist reach vainly for the waters and are gone.

The mirror surface of the lake shines brightly, clear. The distant hills are green and radiant — Peace holds the world embalmed.

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