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The Mitre
Vol. 57 No. 1
Michaelmas 1949

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A Bishop's Diary - Occy.

The Mitre

GRAHAM KNIGHT

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, “This was a man.”

God’s fingers touch’d him, and he slept.

This summer Bishop’s lost one of her most promising undergraduates when death came to Graham Knight in a tragic motor accident. Graham was not only a first class student — he led the Economics class — but was a keen competitor in athletics, an eloquent, persuasive debater, and an amateur poet and writer of marked talent. When he greeted a fellow in passing he broke out into a broad, warm grin that told of his deep humanistic preoccupation. For, young as he was, “Danny” was a serious thinker, a man hungry for an understanding of the minds of men.

His thirst for knowledge of humanity led him in earlier summers to travel abroad extensively, observing with interest the ways and habits of those he met. But two years at college had made him see that there was much to be learned and gained at home, so he decided to spend this summer quietly with his family. It is satisfying to think that his restless mind has now found the answers to all those problems of eternity which haunted him.

We shall remember Danny variously, as we knew him. Some will think of the eager footballer who never missed a practice and never voiced a complaint — even though he might have sat out most of the previous game. When he played, it was with the whole of his heart. Some will remember the enthusiastic debater who espoused the ideal cause and astounded his colleagues with the facility of his delivery, the ease with which he shifted from his prepared outline, and the way he always flavoured his argument with the apt literary quotation.

If all questions are resolved for Danny, they are not for us. The most perplexing, of course, is ‘why?’ — why should one who, like Hamlet, “was likely had he been put on to have proved most royally” be cut off “in the morn and liquid dew of youth?” What can we say that will comfort those with whom we mourn but whose pain we cannot possibly share?

The sorrowful loss of dear ones has grieved men all through
recorded time. The deepest consideration of the problem leads ever to the same answer:

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie.
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Certain things, at least, we can be sure of: he is in a happier land, and now shares "the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" he is just a little farther on along the road we all must travel.

(All that live must die
Passing through nature to eternity)
for what, after all, is our brief span on earth considered against the sea of time?

The deserving are promised a rich reward in Heaven. Graham, with so much to offer the world, was certainly deserving, and has been taken to an early reward. Perhaps the world was not itself deserving, and his peculiarly gifts were deemed fit only for a larger life. He was so fond of living; we can only be glad that he has entered Life.

As humans we cannot help but feel sorrow, but as Christians we must look beyond the immediate sadness and loss to the divine purpose of a God who "spared not his own son." We remember the comforting words of In Memoriam:

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
and we hear the words of St. Paul assuring us, "If so be that we suffer with him . . . we may be also glorified together."

Danny has left us, but his spirit was so infectious that something of it remains with all who knew him. To his departed soul we say

Good night. Ensured release.
Imperishable peace,
Have these for yours.
While sky and sea and land
And earth's foundations stand
And heaven endures.

M. H. STANLEY
VADE IN PACIS

We learned this fall, having returned to Bishop’s for the last year, of the sudden death of Graham Knight. ‘Danny’ had distinguished himself in virtually every phase of University life. He was an outstanding student who gave his full energies to any task which seemed worthy. He seldom spared himself. He left notes toward an editorial whose place we are required to fill—and our editorial was composed after an assimilation, adequate or inadequate, of those notes.

Travel, said by some to be the only realistic education, brings us to the realization that, irrespective of surroundings, the mind of man varies little, and yet immensly. We strive for recognition — and our ways of doing so are linked in a common method. Travel brings us to seek for the remedies for many of the ills which afflict the mind of man.

We suggest that Love is the sole imperishable in this world. Faith, the supreme goal of the living self is the principal expression of love. Without faith, we lose all—life becomes drudgery, and we cannot know the depths of our being which might be salved in the possession of a trusting faith. This faith, put to strain during the days of our education at Bishop’s must be our principal support through life. The question, ‘What in Faith’, which oppresses the mind, must be answered by the mind in the fullness of the mind’s maturity:

‘Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove’.

Faith, then, lasts beyond all else—and service is concomitant with faith. Service in this life—service to others, and service to the innermost consciousness, is the supreme goal in life. Part of this life consists in meeting people. The principal virtue of the system followed by Bishop’s consists, it is said, in that we are here enabled and forced to expand the range of our association; to meet new people and to absorb what we may of their thoughts and hopes. This process of absorption leads toward an analysis and a synthesis of the workings of our society. Education, surely, was designed for a guide to service for others. Service is not to be interpreted as a mechanical thing, but as a genuine regard for the welfare of others. We find ourselves living in a society: let us throw ourselves into the main business of living to the full in that society, that we may the better serve the faith which rules and protects us all.

Having put these thoughts to you, we have taken the liberty of dedicating this issue to the memory of our predecessor, Graham Knight.

D. M. K.

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SCOUTING

Through various ways and means there has developed in the minds of many Canadians and others, a misconceived idea of the purpose of The Boy Scouts Association. A great many people have interpreted the crafts and skills which are taught to the boys members of this movement, as the prime purpose of Scouting. They have failed to inquire into the matter more fully, in many cases, and the result has been a detriment both to our present generation and the generation yet to come. The system of training boys to be better citizens which was founded by the late Lord Baden-Powell over forty years ago, has received international acclaim from leading educationalists, and, in many instances they have applied techniques which he proved could work. Let us then briefly examine this movement.

It is an acknowledged phenomenon that animals of many kinds band together in numbers with the basic ideas being safety in number and efficiency under leadership. Boys are slightly different in that they are more ingenious and therefore carry this phenomenon into more varied experiences. Under proper leadership these young men can be a source of good not only to their community but to themselves — under a poor type of leadership they tend to be mischievous and often criminal.

Today we are faced with many factors which react unfavourably on boys, due perhaps to the rushing, high wages, lowered standards, and reduced supervision and play facilities which come with War. It is not surprising therefore, to see the papers filled with talk of zoot-suiters and other wayward signs.

Gang mischief can be met and conquered with supervised play and Scouting not only supplies this supervision but incorporates in it the teaching of all the attributes of good citizenship, physical and mental. Scouting is a game, the game of life being taught to boys at their keenest and most impressionable age.

There are many types of groups organized to provide the obvious cure for the dilemma of wayward youth, but nowhere is there a group which offers a programme comparable to Scouting. Here we have leaders devoted to this programme because they feel that it is their duty to give freely of their time and efforts in the interest of growing youth. Here is a programme of fun and study as balanced as a dietitian’s menu. Based
on enjoyment, spiced with competition, an ample seasoning of solid religion, a touch of discipline tempered with understanding, followed by a dessert of comradeship and appreciation of our fellow man.

What exactly is a Scout Troop? What makes it tick? The organization is simple and yet comprehensive. A number of parents of boys band together and form a Group Committee of six to ten. Their task is to procure leadership, arrange for a troop meeting place, and offer their adult knowledge and time to start the ball rolling. The Troop itself is under the Scoutmaster and his assistants. The boys are divided into "gangs" called Patrols, of 6 to 8 boys; each Patrol chooses its most competent boy as Patrol Leader; he in turn chooses a Patrol Second or assistant.

Now let us consider what the average Troop-meeting indoors consists of. There is usually an opening ceremony of raising the flag of our country, followed by the roll call, collection of dues, and inspection. At this point a good active game is introduced to expend the pent-up energy present in all normal boys, and at the same time prepare them for an interesting period of instruction. This instruction may take the form of knotting, first-aid, signalling, and the fundamentals which they will later be required to put into practical use in the great outdoors. The instruction is graduated from the initial Tenderfoot to the highest rank of "King’s Scout". Besides this regular test work there are seventy-five proficiency badges offering a complete variety of subjects from Aro Engineer, Bee Keeper, Miner, to Swimmer, Tailor, and World Friendship. Often the instruction is given by the young Patrol Leader with the design of developing a sense of responsibility in this lad. The meeting continues with one or two games interspersed with Scout crafts and then, with the lowering of the flag and the Scout’s silent prayer wherein he re-affirms his promise to do his Duty to God, the Troop breaks off for the evening. By contrast there is the outdoor meeting which opens with the same simple ceremony and then proceeds to practical demonstration of the crafts and skills which were learned in theory at the indoor meetings. Wide games such as the sport of Orienteering capture the imagination of the boys and at the same time give them a healthy desire to see more of the beauty of their natural surroundings and to feel confident in this element.

Here then is an evening or an afternoon well organized, heartily enjoyed, and under the supervision of sympathetic, God fearing men. What more could parents and society in general ask of a young people’s group? What more benefit and joy could be given our youngsters? Let us realize what we have in this Movement and strive to support it at every turn in the rugged road to Canadian and indeed international citizenship. Let us encourage the boys of our nation and other nations to don the neat Scout uniform and live faithfully by the great tradition which millions of boys have established.

G. N. BEERS

—14—

ODE TO A SUBTERRANEAN DROPLET

Enshrouding shadows shrink; a soft Half-light reveals stalactic beauty And imparts to subterranean pools The crystal magic of an emerald star.

A pendant moisture drop More perfect than a jewel Falls now.............. and now. The metronomic melody Sublimes the soul With purity Profound.

O tuneful tear, Thy tones so clear Are doomed to fall On cavern wall Insensible to sound.

S. W. STEVENSON

—15—
NEW ENGLAND -- PRINCIPLES -- INSTITUTIONS, AND MEN

"Who cares for the growth of New England", declared Rev. E. Frank Howe, on July 4, 1876, at Grafton, Mass., "so long as it can continue to give principles, and institutions, and men, to the nation? Who cares for the growth of New England, if the entire nation becomes New Englandised?"

"The New Englandising of the country was accomplished not only through educational, religious, and political ideas and forms but also through speech, literature, and lore. Wherever Yankees travelled, they carried with them as part of their cultural baggage the folk songs and tales, the beliefs and the customs which linked them with old England, and which became part of the American cultural heritage. In spite of the inevitable changes, additions, and losses suffered in the diffusion process; in spite, even, of New England's loss of cultural leadership, the region has always stood in much the same relation to the rest of the country as England has to America — that of a spiritual homeland."

The theme of this article is to be the tracing of these religious, political, and educational forms in New England's history, and in what manner they have affected the country.

The name New England was given to the northeastern portion of what is now the U.S.A., by Captain John Smith, when he explored the region on behalf of the Virginia Company. Mr. Wertenbaker maintains that the existence of the early colonies in this region was due mainly to the need of the English for increased sources of material, and that the existing religious flavour of the early colonial effort was incidental. The fact remains, that the attempt to colonize New England was made through groups which are remembered first of all, because of their religious beliefs — The Pilgrim Fathers, and The Puritans.

It is true that the Virginia Colony was of great importance, but it is readily granted that the New England colonies were of greater moment, and that from New England came the institutions which brought the new nation in America into being. All of these institutions evolved by a process of gradual expansion of the religious covenant established by the Pilgrim Fathers.

The background for the earliest New England colony includes a consideration of the conditions in England which caused the group to come over to America. The development of the Protestant Reformation in England led to the Puritan movement. The purpose of Puritanism was, as its name implies, to further purify the creeds and practices of the Anglican Church as by law established.

An aggressive left-wing developed among the Puritans, and its leaders finally decided to separate, not only from what they held to be errors in the Church, but from the Church itself.

Early in the seventeenth century a group gathered at Scrooby in Northern England, and, later, at Leyden, in Holland in 1608. Led by John Robinson, the group reached the number of three hundred. Economic difficulties in Holland, and weakening of initial fervour through associations with the people in their new settlement, made another move imperative. They could not return to England. So they turned to America.

English merchant adventurers gave the Puritans support, and the stronger part of the congregation left for America, reaching Massachusetts, in November on 1620. Characteristically, they signed a Compact before going ashore — it was an expedient for a time of crisis — to respect God and the wills one of another . . . "We covenant with the Lord and with one another; and do bind ourselves in the presence of God, to walk together in all His ways, according as He is pleased to reveal Himself unto us in His blessed word of truth." The important thing to remember is that this right, and this tenacious comradeship, might be asserted on other theories than the congregational or Christian.

Placed in the frontier environment, the religious framework we have mentioned was to see the colonists bring to fruition political freedom; —by town meetings, by vigorous action at Lexington and Concord, and also economic power, through singleness of purpose.

The other group of colonists who settled around Massachusetts Bay in 1629 and the years following, were not separatists. They were of the Puritans who had been harried out of England by the uncompromising stand of the Church leaders there. These colonists chose a better spot than Plymouth for their settlement. Boston had a good harbour; fishing was close by, and agriculture was possible.

The Bay colony did not intend to be so extreme in views as
The Plymouth group. However, their intention to establish a purer form of the Anglican Church in America never came to fulfilment, for when they did organize churches, they followed the Plymouth pattern. The difference in their beliefs, however, seemed to be wide. Whereas the Plymouth Group was open-minded and tolerant, admitting that more truth and light might be in store, the Puritans of the Bay became more intolerant of other’s beliefs, and were ready to admit none into their company who were not of their faith. This characteristic of intolerance was to be of great influence in all things New England.

Another very important feature of the Bay Colony must not be overlooked — its Charter from the English King was carried over from England to America. Men were in a new country, a new environment, and they carried with them the right to place administrative power in the hand of some of their own number. It was to be but a matter of time until the Englishmen became Americans.

What type of country did these Pilgrims and Puritans face in New England? It was a rugged terrain, unsuited to large plantation farming, or a one-crop economy, as was Virginia. The soil was difficult to cultivate, the summers comparatively short. So, with a restricted agricultural area, stubborn soil, and a harsh climate, the future of the colony depended upon hard work and concentration on the natural resources. These were lumber and fish, for the hills were wooded and the sea teemed with cod. Ship-building grew up in the many inlets and bays to provide means for carrying on trade. Manufacturing came later.

The reaction of the colonists to this New World environment was not one which was the ambition of England for them. The financial backers there had hoped the new colonists would be a source of prosperity to the Empire. But New Englanders, and Virginians too, proceeded to expand beyond the pre-arranged economic system of producing only raw materials for the Mother Country, and of buying her finished products. The colonists were forced to expand economically in order to survive. The colonists were left free to work, partly because a plague had removed most of the nearby Indians ten years before. They were concentrated in the fairly narrow coastal strip, with no navigable gateway to the west for frontier expansion or interior trade. This resulted in the development of a compact economical and social order.

This order was an expression of the Puritan trinity of “Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work.” The early history of New England was one of work. Lowell says, “So much downright work was perhaps never wrought on the earth’s surface in the same space of time as during the first forty years after the settlement.” There were no working hours in early New England. In nearly every family everybody worked from dawn till bedtime at some useful employment. But mind you, they loved the doing of it — for it was but an expression of the determination put forth in the Mayflower Compact.

When the Charter was brought over from England, the man chosen to head the colony, John Winthrop, became a governor of the Company as well as Governor of the Colony. The stockholders became members of a colonial legislature, and the corporation became a commonwealth. About a dozen freemen controlled affairs in the colony. The first General Court Session of October 1630, however, saw demands for more freemen who held governing rights. It was decided that freemen should elect assistants to the Governor, who, in turn, could elect the Governor and his deputy. Only church members could become freemen and the colony was ruled by a theocratic aristocracy.

In 1632 the cry was raised that taxation power was not in the people’s hands — (This was the cloud no larger than a man’s hand) — and thereafter the whole body of freemen elected the Governor and Deputy.

Eventually, the General Court was divided into two bodies. From 1644 the Massachusetts legislature had two houses. The Governor and his assistants, who were magistrates, comprised the upper house; the deputies, the lower. This legislature soon codified the laws of the colony by an act entitled “The Laws and Liberties of Massachusetts”. Thus, government by the people came early to the American colonies through officials vested with power, yet directed by a code or constitution. This system of government by a constitution, subject to the interpretation of the court, foreshadowed the later development of the United States Constitution which is subject to the interpretation of the Supreme Court.

This Massachusetts government was definitely by the best people as defined by New England standards. It was a wealthy and cultured group, dominated by the Puritan clergy. It was honest and efficient, but narrow, intolerant — quite conservative for a frontier settlement.

I want to turn now to the subject of land tenure in colonial New England, and then to the church control over government and society. Each group in the colony acquired land in townships, eight to ten square miles in area. Arable land was obtained by lot in sections, and land
The Mitre

might be held at various points in the township by one individual. Some land was held jointly in reserve for future use. Land not arable was held in common pasture and wood lots. In this way the individual and the communal spirits were developed. Soon larger farms grew through the purchase of adjacent lots, but never to the extent to which large estates grew up in the South.

The village or town was located at the center of the township with small farms clustered around it. This made administration simple. The farms were small because:
1. Agricultural land was limited;
2. Rapid increase in population required land to be held for future holdings;
3. This area was unsuited to the production of one staple crop;
4. Intense cultivation was needed;
5. Farmers were engaged in side-lines: such as, lumbering and fishing;
6. Labourers were scarce; (no slaves as in the South.)

Within these townships the colonists had local administrative methods which were the earliest application of principles still used in the United States. The town or township was the chief unit of administration. Each town was a miniature colony, having an ecclesiastical and a civic organization similar to the colony as a whole. The powers given to the towns by the Legislative Assembly were the right to choose officials, to organize churches, to make by-laws, to punish minor offenses, to make representation to the General Court, to look after town interests generally, to levy and collect taxes, and to organize the militia.

The feature best remembered about early colonial government is the town meeting. It was a primary assembly of all citizens and attendance was compulsory. Its function was to fulfill the rights listed in the preceding paragraph. The meeting could be called on special occasions, but usually it was an annual meeting at which selectmen were chosen — we call them councillors or aldermen to-day. General administration was given into their hands. In practice, however, this system did not favor the lower classes, but it was the fairest system in any colonial area at that time.

All government and administrative bodies of Massachusetts were dominated at that time by the Puritan church. And the church which dominated the New England scene was the Congregational Church. Each town had one; large towns had perhaps more than one. Each church was presided over by a minister, chosen by voters in the town meeting. At first contributions were voluntary. By 1657 the church was supported by taxation. In Massachusetts and Connecticut the church and state were allied till after the Revolution. The Congregational churches were governed in a general way by a loose confederation similar to the union of colonies under the Articles of Confederation.

The meeting-house in the New England town was the popular political, social, and religious center. The colonists were social beings, of course, and joined with their neighbors in other gatherings than the town-meetings and church services. The "meetin'-house bell" was an institution in colonial days. Its tones called the folk to meetings and served to warn of trouble, and also of the need of kindly help. The legend of the "nine o'clock bell" is familiar. It was a custom for callers to leave at that sound. It was a signal for bed-time. The comment was often made, "It is nine o'clock — time for honest men to go home, and for rogues to go about their business."

When the bell rang for church service, it was a real summons. Attendance was a serious matter, absence truly serious. Seating in the service was arranged by the selectmen. At the front sat deacons and elders, the other in pews, according to rank. This interesting anecdote came from the records of Salem, "Its ord'd by ye selectmen yt all ye boys of ye towne are and shall bee appointed to sitt upon ye three paire of staires in ye meeting house on ye Lord's Day: & Wm. Lord is appointed to look to ye boyes yt sitt upon ye Pulpett staires & for ye other staires Ruben Guppy is to look to & order soe many of ye boyes as may be convenient & if any are unruly to present their names as ye law directs: Ruben Guppy is also ordred to to keep ye dogges out of ye meeting-house: & in consideration of yt promise hee is allowed his whole rates for ye year Ensuing."

The sermon was long in colonial days. It pointed out the terrors of the law and the eternal punishment. Colonists who dared to doze came under direct discipline from the pulpit. A Mr. Moody of Maine used to awaken and mortify sleepers. He shouted, "Fire, fire, fire!" and when the startled and blinking men jumped up, calling out, "Where?" he roared back in turn, "In hell, for sleeping sinners." The ladies were able, sometimes, to sleep unobserved. "Ye women may sometimes sleep and none know by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whitting doth..."
pleasantlie say from ye pulpit hee doth seeme to be preaching to stacks of straw with men among them. The length of the discourse might be the reason for the following story. "A man who went to sleep in church suddenly awakened to ask how long the minister had been preaching. When told "thirty or forty years," he remarked, "Well, I guess I'll stay. He must be most through."

The minister was not alone in his efforts to keep the congregation on the straight path. He was assisted by deacons, elders, and tithing-men. These latter looked after groups of families throughout the week. They catechised them — supervised their conduct. The prayer-meetings were ably conducted by laymen. These men prayed on all occasions. They were extremely practical, even quaint in their petitions. This is perhaps an extreme example: "Oh Lord, we need rain bad — send us rain. We don't want a rippin', rarin', tearin' rain that'll harrer up the face of Natur, but a drizzlin', drozzlin', sozzlin' rain — one that'll last all night, and putty much all day."

Sabbath regulations were very strict. The Puritan ideal that the individual was naturally beset continually by the Evil One led to the blue laws. The Puritan Sabbath was a day of rest and religious worship that began at six o'clock on Saturday evening and lasted until sunset on Sunday. A luckless Puritan rode out on horseback one Sunday evening, thinking the sun had gone to rest, and then a ray of light struck him through a rift in the clouds. The next day he was hailed into court and fined for his ungodly conduct. The ruthless persecution of persons accused of witchcraft in 1692 in Massachusetts, resulted in eighteen handings, one being pressed to death, and some deaths while being held in jails.

The Puritan ideal, however, promoted faith, purity, frugality, and self-control. The Puritan religion has done a great deal to stiffen the moral fibre of the American people down to the present day. We may be amused by these anecdotes, or we may be horrified at the results of what we call fanaticism, but we should respect the sincerity with which they attacked their religious problems. Leaders of the Federal Council of Churches in the United States are presently reviving some of the old Puritan practices. They are embarking on a United Evangelistic Advance which is to last through 1950. Modern tithing-men, laymen, — two million of them — are to go out, two-by-two in a house-to-house canvass to reach and convert unchurched masses.

The establishment of other New England colonies which became separate states was due to the intolerance of the Massachusetts clergy. These Puritans harried out of their land those who refused to bow to the dictates of a church, even as they had been harried themselves. Roger Williams was banished for trying to break the bonds of church and state. He, with five companions, left to found the colony of Rhode Island in 1636. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson joined that colony after religious controversy in Massachusetts. Roger Williams established in 1663 the first law of religious toleration in America. A colony was set up in New Hampshire also through the desire for greater freedom of worship.

Near the end of the seventeenth century the atmosphere of restriction finally caused a reaction among the people. Many believed they could not conscientiously be church members, and the church began to readjust itself to the developing colonial life. By the Half-Way Covenant the church accepted, in 1700, those who held only the status of adherents. The Charter of Massachusetts Bay Co. was annulled by Charles II in 1689 with a view to breaking the Puritan monopoly and gaining the vote for Anglicans in Massachusetts. This end was gained, with property qualifications, for all religious denominations, but the Congregational Church remained "established", and the people paid taxes to support it.

In the 1730's came the 'Great Awakening', a revival in religion. A series of these revivals swept the colonies after Jonathan Edwards touched them off in Northampton, Mass., in 1734. This native of Windsor, Conn., was an ardent divine, philosopher, and a very formidable preacher. His work on 'Freedom of the Will' caused Boswell to remark "The only relief I had was to forget it." He was conservative in his theology, but had the power to arouse the terrors of the old Puritan theology in his hearers. George Whitefield came out from England to preach to great out-of-doors crowds. He attacked as unsound those who attacked their religious problems. Leaders of the Federal Council of Churches in the United States are presently reviving some of the old Puritan practices. They are embarking on a United Evangelistic Advance which is to last through 1950. Modern tithing-men, laymen, — two million of them — are to go out, two-by-two in a house-to-house canvass to reach and convert unchurched masses.

The New England colleges of Dartmouth and Brown were founded as a result of the Great Awakening. Intolerance reared its head once more, but the balances weighed favourably in the net result. The revival of religion was due, or it would not have come. "Edwards," Messrs. Morison and Commager state, "faced, as few modern men have dared or cared to face, the problem of evil and the problem of free will." The great result of the 'Awakening' was a breaking of local prejudices — "It
The Mitre was the first great and spontaneous movement in the history of the American people,” wrote Osgood.

The cause of higher learning, and of lower as well, had profited from religious motives in New England. Harvard was founded in 1636, and Yale in 1701, primarily as training schools for ‘learned and Godly ministers’ for the Puritan churches of New England. (Dartmouth we have mentioned already.) Yale was essentially a conservative foil to Harvard. Massachusetts was very young when compulsory training in the Scriptures was enforced. This led to the establishment of schools for general instruction. New England set the standard for America. In 1647 every fifty families were supposed to have a school, publicly supported by taxation, and free to the children. Texts were of English types. The close, compact nature of the settlements favoured early schools. As Connecticut led in civil liberty, and Rhode Island in religious liberty, Massachusetts led in freedom of educational opportunity.

The story of New England economy is bound with the struggle for political freedom to the time of the Revolution. The determination of the Puritan to prosper and to be independent proved a spring-board for the work of the radical element under Sam Adams on the eve of the Revolution.

As previously stated, the New England colony grew to unexpected economic strength. The trade with England, the West Indies, and southern Europe, in bottoms built in New England shipyards, brought problems which were never resolved until a new nation was born. Tariff walls in England forced the colony to seek export markets elsewhere. Restrictions against this, and the manufacturing itself, engendered high resentment, and brought opposing forces to grips. The colony had prospered under Sir Robert Walpole’s policy of “Let sleeping dogs lie”. King George III and his ministers Grenville and Townshend introduced various acts designed to reduce the English national debt, calling for heavy contributions from the American colonists in the form of taxes and duties. The names of these statutes are steps on the road to revolution — Restrictions on Paper Money — the Sugar Act — the Stamp Act — the Quartering Act. Beard says — “The dragnet was closely knit, for scarcely anything escaped taxation.” The English ministry said, “We have the power to tax them — and we will tax them.”

The cloud had grown much larger than a man’s hand, and taxation with no representation caused Patrick Henry’s famous ‘Caesar had his Brutus’ speech. Massachusetts led in calling the Stamp Act Congress together in New York. Relief was granted but it was a brief respite. The Townshend Acts (1767) laid new taxes — the Tea Act crowned the lot, for it caused a monopoly. The writs of Assistance put teeth in the laws. Against these James Otis of Massachusetts levelled his fire and John Adams called his speech ‘the opening gun of the Revolution.’ “Then and there,” wrote Adams, “the child Independence was born.” The story moved through the now-familiar events — the Massachusetts Circulars — the Boston Massacre — the Intolerable Acts. With the passage of these acts, the cause of Massachusetts became the cause of all the American colonies. Samuel Adams called the Continental Congress. Massachusetts was declared in rebellion in March 1775.

Added to these causes there was within New England a cause for the Revolution. “There was class struggle, and, on a larger scale, sectional struggle. Both on the frontier and in the tidewater section there was resentment on the part of the poor and the lower middle classes against political disfranchisement, land laws, and entail, which maintained an aristocratic class, favoured wealthy speculators, and a social and economic system which everywhere pressed against them.” * There was a strong desire to diminish the power of the local aristocrat as well as the British Government. * As one historian has aptly put it “The Revolution was not merely a question of home rule, it was also a question who should rule at home.” This would not be the last time the spirit of freedom expressed by the founding fathers would be used to settle affairs within the house itself.

New England’s part then, in the Revolution was to define the issue and to precipitate hostilities, which centred around Boston. John Adams was one of five men who drew up the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, on July Fourth 1776 — “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” Also “Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.” The Pilgrim Fathers had pledged thus — “We covenant with the Lord and one with another; and do bind ourselves in the presence of God, to walk together—”

New England within the United States of America, and under the United States Constitution, yet remained definitely herself. The
sections of the new nation retained definite characteristics. The individualized type for New England was the fore-runner of the Yankee — as Messrs. Morison and Commager term him — "The American Scot, for New England was an eighteenth century Scotland without the Lairds."

We shall not consider New England's economic or political history from the Revolution to the Civil War, nor from the latter to the present day as fully as we have presented the pre-Revolutionary period.

New England had passed through disorganization and hardship after the Revolution, but she recovered and prospered by 1800. Then the War of 1812 found New England thinking of seceding, but yet she supplied men and money, and fitted out privateers. Manufacturing was taking precedence in New England economy. The wool industry grew apace, protection came with the tariff of 1816. Population shifted from farm to town and city. New England was opposed to Western expansion and cheap public lands. She feared to lose her labour.

Those were busy days — New Englanders went the world over, although they resented frontier development in the West. Josh Billings, live Yankee would "never get sick at the stummick in a furrin' land, or grow sentimental: the duty ov a river tew him iz itz capacity for a steam-bote; its sloping banks checker into bildin' lots, and its pretty waters might do the drudgery ov a cotton mill."

New England continued her leadership in education as the nineteenth century unfolded. Only there was the primary public school system free, and open to all. It was being continually revised. The reforming determination of Horace Mann, who toured Europe for new ideas, began to give the elementary schools the efficient German methods. Free public high schools were first established in New England. The first training school for teachers opened at Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1839. Another battle was being won in America, that of academic freedom. For that we must turn our attention to the colleges.

A great number of small denominational colleges grew up all over the country at this time. New England had her share. Amherst, Dartmouth, and Mount Holyoke being examples. Many of them were endowed directly by the Church and, because of their high reputations, most northerners attended them. We at Bishop's are pleased to contemplate the opinion expressed about them by Morison and Commager: "... for an integral education, one that cultivates manliness and makes gentlemen as well as scholars, one that disciplines the social affections and trains young men to faith in God, consideration for his fellow man, and respect for learning. America has never had the equal of her little hilltop colleges."

New England's Harvard was in the van of progress among the older colleges. Four men, Ticknor, Everett, Cogswell, and Bancroft, went to Europe and on returning took up professorships at Harvard. These men were the inspiration of the new spirit of freedom from religious pressure in the colleges. Higher scholarship resulted from the German example. Men such as Emerson, Thoreau, and James Russel Lowell studied under these teachers. This new idea was essentially an attempt to provide an education so that those "whom nature hath endowed with genius and virtue, should be ... able to guard the ... rights and liberties of their fellow citizens ... " The educational awakening, however, extended to the operation of night schools and vocational schools for those not able to pay for the higher professional and liberal education.

The revolutionary spirit always lurked near the surface in New England. Turning to New England's philosophers and writers, we are told that "in 1836, when Emerson, at Concord, published his Essay on Nature," the year "may be taken as the focus of a period in American thought corresponding to 1776 in American politics." This belief in the divinity of human nature — transcendentalism — affected men in different ways. It was an idealism tinged with scepticism. Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Salem, author of The Scarlet Letter, was a moralist, and the new spirit appeared in him as his perception of both the beautiful and the tragic in life. Thoreau, of Concord, an ascetic who lived alone in a hut which cost him $28.12½, rebelled against the Puritanism of New England. Longfellow, of Portland, settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was moved to write poems on slavery, and his numerous works speak to-day to millions the world over. Whittier was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and became one of America's favourite poets. His deepest fire burned against slavery. In these men New England had matured intellectually.

The fact that all this intellectual activity occurred within a fifty-mile radius of Boston during one generation seems to indicate that it was a type of declaration of spiritual independence. Yet the Unitarianism which had engendered transcendentalism never took hold of New England fully. The other faiths held the masses. Rationalists and the well-to-do could find satisfaction in the liberal views.
No phase of American life was untouched by the idealists’ views. The humanitarian reform movement which brought the nation to bloodshed was abolition, the cause which aimed at the ending of slavery. On January 1, 1831, William Lloyd Garrison published the first number of his “Liberator” in Boston, and he wrote, “I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population . . . And I Will Be Heard.” By 1836 over five hundred abolitionist societies were created in the Northern States. James Russell Lowell wrote his satirical “Biglow Papers” in support.

Those who opposed abolition drew out the old New England principle of resistance to tyranny. The use of the gag rule to hinder legislation caused ex-President Adams to fight for a hearing in session after session. Charles Summer and Wendell Phillips lectured eloquently at Faneuil Hall in Boston. One of Whittier’s anti-slavery pamphlets caused a friend’s death. No other writer did so much to arouse feeling for abolition, except, perhaps, the author of Uncle Tom’s Cabin.

Harriet Beecher Stowe of Connecticut was a sister of the eminent divine, Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Stowe spent several days on a slave-plantation in Kentucky, and then, at Brunswick, Maine, she wrote her famous book. Besides blocking the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, Uncle Tom’s Cabin did much to hasten the Civil War. The book appeared in more versions than any other publication, except the Bible, being printed in thirty-seven languages. It was “a great folk-picture of an age and a nation.”

“With the Civil War a phase of American culture known as the New England Renaissance came to a head.” The great figures lived on, many of them, to the 1880’s or 1890’s, but the “Growth of the American Republic”, Volume II, begins with an account of James R. Lowell’s words to the Harvard commencement service of 1865, and states that Lowell was delivering the swan-song of New England intellectuals and reformers. “In the generation to come that region would no longer furnish the nation with reformers and men of letters, but with a mongrel breed of politicians, sired by abolition out of profiteering.”

Under this cloud I turn to New England’s position from 1865 up to the present. Influences which were at work even before the Civil War have since been active in an increasingly great degree, modifying agricultural conditions in the Northeast. A century ago New England and the Middle States were agriculturally self-sufficient. To-day, New England imports eighty per cent of her food. Competition from western products, made possible through increased transportation facilities, added to the growth of industrial life and altered radically the nature of New England farming. Raising livestock for wool and meat has given way to dairying, and the growing of vegetables and fruits. The most fertile lands in New England are the rich bottom lands of the Connecticut Valley (largely given over to onions and tobacco), and the Aroostook Valley in Maine (where one-tenth of the potatoes sold in the U.S.A. are raised). In the other areas, where such farming is impossible, the western competition has forced the land out of cultivation. In New England between 1860 end 1910, five million acres, or forty-two per cent of the land was allowed to become fallow. This is the reason we see so many deserted farms in New England. There was a corresponding decline in rural population, while the total population went up one hundred and ten per cent. The greatly increased urban centers used the fruit and dairy produce, and these urban centres came into being because of the Industrial Revolution.

The outstanding feature of American economic life after the Civil War in the fifty years after 1860 was the Industrial Revolution. It has been said that if the population of New England was suddenly wiped out, it would be doubtful if its future would be other than that of a summer resort, its natural advantages for manufacturing as against its disadvantages being so slight. Yet the Northeast from the beginning of our industrial history has been the most important manufacturing region. The value of its products in 1937 were 35.7% of the nation’s total. There must be a reason or reasons for this localization of industry.

The impetus of an early start, added to the concentrated groups of skilled labour, and ready accessibility to markets, with the needed capital also available, gave New England industry a chosen position. The facts show a high output per worker, a large percentage engaged in manufacturing, and a wide variety of enterprises. New England would love to attribute the whole aggressive policy to “Yankee ingenuity”, but the average man has not the courage to be an industrial pioneer. The chance settlement of a shoemaker in Lynn, Massachusetts, created the great shoe industry there. A jeweller also stopped in Providence in much the same manner. New England’s subtle control over far areas in a financial way is perhaps a better illustration of “Yankee ingenuity”. A visitor from the West, stopping in Vermont, held the following conversa-
tion with a native. "I am from Iowa," said the westerner. "That is a wonderful state. You can raise anything. No mountains, no stones, the soil twenty feet thick. I cannot understand how you folks can get a living on these rocky hill-sides." The Vermonter answered with a drawl, "Waal, it is hard. We keep a few chickens, a pig, a hoss, a cow, and maybe a few sheep, and have a garden, and a good many of us have some Iowa six percent mortages, so we get along after a fashion."

The reader has noted, perhaps, that our work has not included the development of the arts or of New England back bay culture, nor yet listings of famous men and women. We have named a few, however whom, we feel, have interpreted the New England folk-mind to the nation.

If New England has not been so fortunate in producing intellectual giants since 1865, there have been many worthy sons and daughters. Van Wyck Brooks believes that in Robert Frost, the poet, the region was born again. He mediated between New England and the mind of the rest of the nation, so sceptical of it, yet so solicitous also, eager for its welfare, willing to believe in it, but not without proofs of its probity, its sanity, its health. He knew how to say, in a way that commanded affection as well as respect, "Yankees are what they always were." New Englanders always were inquiring and aggressive in nature. Their watchword "I want to know", has led them to seek the answers and acquire results. And her philosophers, her poets, her leaders, her people, have remained true in this way to their logical position in "a spiritual homeland."

ALEX. J. MORRISON

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FOR YOU ALONE

"Before thy shrine I kneel, an unknown worshipper,
Chanting strange hymns to thee and sorrowful litanies,
Incense of dirges, prayers that are as holy myrrh."

Breaking the even tenor of my days
you came smiling,
your dark eyes sparkled, and I was no longer alone.

In the confusion of the passing hours,
caught in the rush of jealous time,
we came together, and desire was born.

In golden sunlight, in clear cold water,
and in the quiet freshness of the night,
we were together, and are now apart.

Silent, in the stillness of an empty room,
I long only to be near you and to watch you smile—
perhaps to lift the veil between your eyes and mine.

But snared in a wilderness of troubled thoughts,
fettered by custom and inborn restraint,
fearful of hurting you, I dare not speak.

In the black darkness of the winter sky,
in the radiant flicker of the frosted moon,
there is no consolation, and I am still alone.

Hac est vox clamantes in deserto—

but—

will you understand?

A. W. R.
A year and a half ago, in June of 1948 to be precise, I managed a very superior smirk, as I walked out of my last exam and announced to a somewhat un receptive group of friends that I was going to spend an exciting and unusual year on Northeastern Baffin Island. I also promised to bring back polar bear skins, carved ivory, and a small fortune. The first two I would collect from the simple-minded and unmercenary Eskimo, the latter from a simple and unmercenary government. How well I managed both to exist and collect is the subject of this somewhat brief and biased article about Northeastern Baffin Island in general, and Clyde River in particular.

Just to get locations straightened out, Clyde River, Baffin Island, is one of the settlements located north of the Arctic Circle, on the island, at a latitude of 70°20' N., longitude 68°30' W. The other stations are even farther north, being at Pond Inlet, about 290 miles north and Arctic Bay, about 450 miles northwest. All over the island the country is the same. It is totally barren and almost entirely mountainous. Inland there are great ice-caps, near the coast thousands of lakes and rivers. All over the island game is plentiful — both fishing and hunting are good at all times, in fact that considerably helped out a diet of canned meat and dehydrated potatoes.

The position I held is officially listed with the Civil Service Commission as "Assistant Technician Grade III "Meteorology", which implied at any rate, that I was a radio and radiosonde technician and weather observer. That did not include my unofficial duties as house painter, carpenter, first aid man, engine mechanic, and amateur radio operator. Since we were very isolated, every man had to be or become a jack of all trades, and to a certain extent, we succeeded.

After being accepted for the position, I was sent to Toronto for two weeks to take preliminary training in radiosonde and weather observing and then to Churchill, Manitoba for some practical experience on a radiosonde station. From Churchill, along with three other meteorologists (budding and otherwise), and four radio operators all bound for Clyde River, I was sent by plane to Coral Harbour, Southampton Island, there to await the pleasure of the ice at Clyde River and the RCAF. Eventually, after waiting for six weeks, we were flown into Clyde River in typical bush-country style and started our year of service. (By bush country style, I mean that with 3500 foot mountains surrounding Clyde River and an 800 foot overcast blanketing the station we came into a perfect landing first time.)

For the first two months of our stay at Clyde River, there was nothing but incessant work. The buildings had to be repaired, well over 100 tons of supplies had to hauled up from the beach to the store-houses, new instruments had to be tested and put in service and the weather work had to be done. By the beginning of December, however, life had gradually settled down to a routine. The bulk of the maintenance work had been done, our amateur transmitters were on the air and contact with the outside had been established. Throughout the winter our only contact with the outside world was via amateur radio, which kept us aware of the fact that there was an outside world.

During the entire year, we received mail only twice, once on December 11th and once on the 15th of March. After months of nothing, it certainly looked good to see a plane roaring down bay and the big orange parachutes come floating down.

In the middle of March, our powerhouse burned down, destroying fire-engines, batteries, oil, gasoline and goodness knows what else. Fortunately the radio station had its own powerhouse, and from it we were able to borrow sufficient power for our equipment. However until we started getting twenty-four hours of light, we had to rely on candles for light.

Our recreational facilities were necessarily very limited. Amateur radio, of course, took up a lot of time. So did hiking, hunting and fishing, but otherwise there was very little to do in the spare time we had at our disposal. All the books up there were read and re-read in short order, and magazines from as far back as 1938 went the rounds.

Finally at long last, the annual supply boat arrived to take us back to civilization. By the time it arrived, the crew at the radio station had already been relieved by aircraft, and so the rest of us were really anxious to leave. Only one fly spoiled the ointment of relief. Just before we left Clyde River by boat we received word that the aircraft which took the radio-operators back to civilization had crashed north of Winnipeg, and all were killed. The affair cast rather a pall of gloom over the station when we thought that four of our very small group never arrived home.

At any rate we left Clyde River on August 28 and travelled north with the supply boat to Pond Inlet, Arctic Bay and Dundas
Harbour (Devon Island). Then we turned south again and raced gales and ice all down the coast of the Island until we reached Frobisher Bay. On our way south we stopped in at Pangnirtung, where we picked up the doctor and his family who were coming out after three years there. From Frobisher Bay we flew to Goose Bay and then to Dorval. From Clyde River to Frobisher Bay took three weeks. From Frobisher Bay to Dorval took twenty-two hours. So, on September 18, after 15 months in the North, I finally arrived at Bishop's, to start in where I left off.

Oh yes! about the skins, ivory, and fortune. The small fortune came quite easily, everything considered. The ivory, well it just couldn't be obtained that far north, and as for the skins, they are still being deodorized.

C. Wright

TO M. B.

She came to me with her silent hair bent back by the light, in this oval of leaves under gaunt trees walking a red-brown prism with her autumnal feet.

I saw her when the daisies and tall wind-weeping grass brushed her ankles to sudden awareness, with energy conserved from the winter womb.

Stooping to pick a flower of daffodil, her hair most soft and brown fell across her mouth to hide the shy fragrance of her smile.

B. K.
paralyzed and remained so for years until she was helped by a psychiatrist.

These are true and vivid examples, but there are a thousand chronic complainers to one of these striking cases. Our duty is to deal with the more common type; as the medical profession has in developing what is called Psycho-matic medicine. That Mrs. Q., whom we have all met—who continually has something aching and must run to the doctor for some more pink pills—is this type of patient. We are too quick to laugh at these unfortunate people. We as priests and pastors must ask "why are people this way?" They honestly do not know what causes the pain, but it certainly is there. One of the most common reasons for this is "Rejection". These are usually people who, if married, have not inwardly had a good adjustment to their mate. Or maybe that they are jealous of the other's achievements or happiness, and so by being sick and at times being confined to bed they keep the other person from advancing as quickly as he might. There is the element that the world passes by without noticing all that "I" do. If I am sick I will have to be waited on and sympathy will have to be offered. I, then, will be the object of attention. And so these "hypochondriacs" are really more serious by sick than the person with the broken leg. One of the causes of ulcers is this same condition.

Medical men have met the challenge of the influence of the mind over body, and have dealt with it in the best way that they know of. But medicine, and this department, Psychiatry, is a science. We, as ministers of the One who created both the mind and body, should be able to go beyond what medicine had discovered, because we believe in prayer. Believe me, there are times when, in healing these people, nothing will have any therapeutic value except prayer. The honest analyst is the first to admit this, in all stages of the disease. I will pass a judgement now and say that the Church of England is not meeting her responsibility. When I think of the priests that I have observed in action, I feel that a priest who is well developed doctrinally and liturgically, but who does not understand his people, is not doing fully the work of God. I think we are called to tend sheep in such a way that the lives of these sheep depend on us and we are responsible for their failings to a great degree. Can you be a "Father" to a child you do not know? Can you really know a person until you have sought to find the deepest, blackest part of their soul? Personally, I answer this negatively. Because of this answer the priest's role in this life becomes one which involves counselling of the deepest nature.

Socrates, many years before the birth of our Lord, laid the basis for psycho-analysis when he said, "Know thyself," and Shakespeare in following this, uttered another profound statement, "To thine ownself be true and it must follow as the night, the day thou canst not then be false to any man." The first thing we must look at is ourselves. Let us realize that we have "inhibitions" and personal deficiencies. Why is it that we do not always derive the same satisfaction from our devotional periods? Why do some men drive themselves to pray, even if there is no emotional desire, or even when the emotional element is hostile, and other men, who are equally devout, say it will be of no benefit and therefore forego their devotions for that period. So then, let us take time out of our day and ask ourselves, after certain actions or statements, "Why did I do this? Why did I say what I just said to him?" Could Christ have meant just this for us when he said, "How canst thou say to thy brother, 'Brother, let me cast out the mote that is in thine eye,' when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Then Christ says, "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." No one, even after analysis, will ever fully know himself, but we can try to know ourselves better.

Once done, we are then ready to tend our sheep in the best way we know. This is a job, and for every job there are specific tools. What are the priest's tools for therapeutic counselling?

1—Few of us will ever become analysts, I presume, and so will not understand fully all the intricacies of what is told us, but the first thing is to be a patient, sympathetic listener. To make no judgement or pronounce no condemnations, but rather to turn the patient's question back into him. He knows the answer but is afraid to give it. We might have to pass two or three interviews with one parishioner on a completely superficial level. But remember that no one is going to divulge their life until they have tested and proven you. Through this process of your listening and the patient's testing, rapport will be created. It is not until rapport is created that any highly charged material will be presented: If your time is limited, guide the interview to a close carefully. Make it so that the patient says, "Well I really must go; I never meant to stay this long." Immediately then, record verbatimly all that you can remember.
File this away as guidance for future interviews.

2—If a person is sick enough to have come to you for help, he or she is literally looking for an outstretched hand or shoulder to cry on. Be as supportive as your personality will allow you to be. It has been truthfully said that every patient falls in love with her analysist, and it has been pointed out to the students of this faculty that we must guard against being scandalized by having interviews with certain designing parishioners. I feel that if the priest is not able to tell the sick and the truly needy from those who come to him only for courtship, then he has not first analysed himself, and is in much danger of scandal. But if you make a decision and feel that a person is sick and needs you, then put your patient’s therapy before your own position. In every parish, country or city, the priest who is awake to his people’s needs, will have the opportunity to deal with young girls in pubertal maladjustment, young unmarried mothers and older women with involutional neurosis. These people need our help, can we refuse it because of our position?

3—We must make for ourselves some type of conclusion and from this deduce a therapeutic analysis. This might mean that we recommend the person for hospitalization or for medical treatment. But if we feel that the problem is within our own capabilities we must remember, it is of no value, to the mentally ill, (and in this category I place all those who have a disturbance varying from a complex, or an obsession to a full-blown psychosis), to tell them what is their trouble. That is why they are ill. They know it intellectually but not EMOTIONALLY. It is this emotional acceptance which we must help the patient to grasp for himself. Doubtless we will be able to see the trouble, and even its roots, weeks, months or even years before they are able to.

I feel that these three points are valid in personal counselling within the parish and within the hospital as well. Some may some day have the occasion to call in a mental hospital, but we all will have general hospital work to enjoy. Do not feel that all the chaplaincy work in a general hospital is dealing with the physical. How about the fellow who has the ulcers? Why has he got ulcers? What is the mental condition of a mother going into the operating room. The man in Ward H who is going to have his leg amputated. What is his adjustment to society going to be afterwards? Will he give up everything and say that the world owes him a living or will he be sufficiently mentally rehabilitated to go back and enjoy life as he did before? These will be your parishioners in the years to come. They will need you as a priest of God more then, perhaps than at any other moment in their lives.

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THE PIANIST

Human hand flew
Over white ivory keys
And clear from the sound of falling waters,
Came the music.

Rich, mellow notes —
Tumbling, bubbling over each other.
Clear staccato notes —
Tinkling, plinking among yellow sunbeams.

His fingers were sources
Of sparkling mountain streams,
Whose bubbling happy paths
Were down flat white keys.

Fresh was the sound —
As of a mountain breeze ruffling
And lifting the music from the streams
To rustle it through cool halls of wind.

His hand made this —
And more.

Quiet — quiet.
A soft silence coming from moving keys.
Muted, soft notes welling
From an unknown source of peace.

Peace — as of a warm night
With warm gold moonlight drenching
And embalming the hard cover of the earth,
And laying a shimmering path o’er still, deep waters.

Peace — as of liquid moonbeams
Spilling on high leaves of the big willow on the riverbank,
And of the soft darkness in the willow’s shadow
And the soft grass near the water.

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The Mitre

Silence — of the summer day
At noon and no shadows.
And the fields and mountains and sky
Humming - purring in the sun.

Human hands caressed white keys,
And the strings vibrated, dispelling music
Of peace, silence, and quiet into restless hearts,
And souls drank of the rich, mellow notes.

The pianist created this music —
And more.
Deep, pithy chords entoned
Heavy, slow music full of pain.
Slow, plodding chords like slow, burning tears,
Welling from misery, brimming over with pain.

Hardly music — a monotonous, moaning dirge
Of one sad tune,
Played by hands lying long on the lays
Forcing out the pain — draining the source of misery.

A few chords of sadness
Was all he played and then sat silent for a moment.
Then smiling, light-hearted he turned
And faced his audience —

He had given us his happy memories
And drowned our painful thoughts
In a bubbling mountain stream, and dried
The tears of our mind with a fresh breeze of music.

He bathed our tired and weary selves
In moon and sun-drenched peace
And gave our souls to sleep awhile
Under a willow near a river one still, moonlit night.

And among waving grasses
On a warm humming earth
With sun-drenched blue above
And a purring, happy world one moon in summer.

But these were his memories making us free
From our thoughts and troubles,
And like us, he too was burdened with sorrow,
And he relieved himself in his music.

Draining the source of his sorrow
He poured it into his music
And gave it to us with the joy and peace he had also given us
And willingly we took it from him, and happy, saw him at peace.

Thus we proved our thanks
For his miracle of peace.

Joyce Holden

"THE UNEXAGGERATED FACT" or
"WHOPPER" JACK'S SIMPLE ACCOUNT

Oh "Whopper" Jack was a sailor crack, a seaman bold was he.
For scores of years, unknown to fears, he'd sailed the deep-blue sea.
From Trinidad to Trondheim Bay his fame spread far and wide
For "Whopper" Jack the simple truth could never, never hide.

So Heave-Ho, Lash and Sow, and Pipe the Bo’sun's Mate,
For "Whopper" Jack and his wonderful knack of telling a story straight!

One day off southern Mexico where hot air often blows
Old Jack was helping us 'swing the lead' beneath the Buff'er's nose,
But a far-away look he suddenly took as he felt the wind behind
And in deference to his red stripes two, we asked him to speak his mind.
"Well, lads," says old Jack Tar to us, "I'm not for spinning dips
Although I've sailed through storm and gale on fifty-seven ships.
I've cruised the Seven Seas, me boys, been cast on a desert isle
Where I learnt to feed on sand and weed just to pass away the while.
There are anchors I've weighed to a delicate grade — while I've seen a
sailor Scotch

Who was so small he'd often fall asleep upon his watch —
And twice I've been marooned alone, and thrice I've lost an arm,
Yet cruising on the bounding main it hasn't done me harm.

So Rise and Shine, The morning's fine, and Man the Capstan Bar.
In honesty with other men old Jack's ahead by far!

But seeing it's true you've nothing to do I can tell you a story soon
Of a windy trip on a wayward ship which we called the "Flying Spoon".
"Why, Jack," we said, "go right ahead; we long to hear your tale."
"You've talked me into it, lads," said he. I'll tell you it in detail.

We'd sailed from the Thursday Isles, me boys, in a jolly cutter bold
With bird-seed and bologna stored as cargo in our hold.
The wind was strong and we sailed along; the crew had stowed the kegs,
And the watch aloft in the Crow's Nest box had found the cook some
eggs.

For fourteen days we kept our course, the breeze was in our sails.
The only view of the watching crew was porpoises and whales.
The wind was from the East, me lads, and we smartly sailed along,
When strange to say upon our way we met the West wind strong."

So Midship's Wheel, and Steady the Keel in a rough and stormy sea.
The man to back is "Whopper" Jack with his plain veracity.

"Well, tie me up and tar me, lads, 'tis true as the green in me eyes.
The winds converged across the surge, and lifted us to the skies.
The breeze was gay as we flew away amongst the scudding clouds
And, shiver me timbers, sailor-boys, it played a tune on the shrouds.

We swept along on the wings of song, while sixty feet below
The wide-eyed whales with awesome 'tales' looked sad to see us go.
The Captain on the bridge abeam peered out with much surprise —
"It seems," he said, "some yeast aboard has made the ship to rise."

Well, two days passed in flying fast at this uncommon pace.
The boat was steered by sails we cleared to give the birds a race.
But finally, though, the wind blew low, and we hit a squall of rain
And once again, need I explain, we bounced on the briny main.

Well, black my eyes and feed me flies, it astonished us the more
To find ourselves but fourteen miles from Persia's sun-beat shore.
So we raised our sails and cleared the rails, and reached our port by noon,
Where the waiting crowd cheered long and loud for the gallant
"Flying Spoon".

"Aye, Jack," said we, "all quite agree with what you did relate,
Though some might doubt 'till they found out your honesty was great.
But tell us last, had the wind such blast, that the ship from off the sea
Should quickly rise toward the skies, and lightly air-borne be?

"Oh blow me down and fry me brown, it quite my mind did slip
To tell you lads the reason why we flew in an ocean ship.
Our food ran low at sea and so we ate with hunger bold
The bird-seed and bologna carried under in our hold —
The bird-seed thinned us out like pins, and the ship we flew along —
While bologna (with fish) is my favorite dish to give me stories strong."

So a Ten-Gun Salute, Three Cheers to boot, and Heed the Bo'sun's Call
For "Whopper" Jack, the sailor crack, the plainest of them all!

J. Pearce
TINKLING CYMBALS

"The honoured dead who gave their lives."
Marble monuments on rather listless days,
The prickly wreath,
The odd salute,
A few doffed hats,
A poppy on the businessman's lapel
Recalls the dutiful phrase,
The punctual praise.
"They gave their lives" (a card on the butler's silver salver);
Dying is not voluntary —
It is the same honour
For those in the silent flaming tanks,
And those on leave
Crawling drunk and dying from the twisted automobile.

The glorious victory
Will be celebrated by wasted cheeding on a windswept street.

And while they were yet a great way off
They saw the dump heap on a hot day
Where scrawny boys threw stones at rats;
And the sight moved them to compassion.
In the wasted chapel
The victors paused and listened—
"For this my son was found and is lost,
Was alive and is dead."

There were some who did not speak the marble praise
But whispered now and then
"Those poor dead bastards;"
In that there was humanity.
And loss.

D. H. Wilson

TRAVELS WITH A BICYCLE

(Part 4)

Last Easter the 'Mitre' obligingly printed the third of my series, "Travels with a Bicycle", about a European trip in the summer of 1947. After flinging myself through Holland, England and Scotland, at the end of the third installment I had crossed to France and had just finished a description of the wild babble and animation of that fantastic dream world, Montmartre, abode of all the pleasures and all the sins of all ages, a place of frantic gaiety and vice where, if you have money enough, you can quite literally see anything, hear anything, do anything, and have anything.

It is not my intention to write a lengthy description of Paris. It is too well known as a glittering city alive with statues, a beautiful city whose volatile people are intensely proud of the magnificence of its historic buildings, an artistic city thronged with painters, professional and amateur, always in evidence trying to catch the loveliness of some of the bridges soaring across the Seine, and a planned city laced with broad, tree-lined boulevards along which reckless Parisian traffic speeds and on the sidewalks of which the "flaneurs" saunter. It is also a very vital city which pulses with life at all hours of the day and night; perhaps best known of all it is a very naughty city where the strangest adventures can befall you, and often do. But I could not properly appreciate the finer aspects of Paris that sweltering summer of 1947, quite the hottest in seventy years. The few nights I was there the thermometer never dropped below ninety and in the daytime rose as high as a sickening 110. In the sun the tarred roads were soft as gum, and the pavements and cobblestones were like hot coals. Under these conditions feelings for one's fellow creatures suffered; in my own case I felt perpetually irritated. I also felt I had to see and do as much as possible, and undertook such excursions as bicycling the forty miles from Paris to glamorous Versailles and back in desert-like heat. At night I couldn't sleep and in the daytime I couldn't stay still, the sensible course was therefore to quit steamy Paris and head for cool Switzerland perched high on the shoulders of Europe. Accordingly, I made plans to take the night train and, on the way, to stop off to see a couple of McGill friends studying French that summer at Grenoble. With the shrewd foresight of an experienced traveller I ascertained beforehand that to get a seat on the train it was necessary to board it at least
an hour before departure. The train for Grenoble was to leave that night at 10.00 and arrive at 7.00. The evening found me strenuously bicycling through the speedy Parisian traffic with a large packsack on the handlebars and two more bulging packs slung over the carrier.

By eight I had arrived, after much adroit manœuvreuring, at the Gare du Lyons. As it proved, even two hours was scant margin for getting a seat on French trains. There had first to be endured the tedious preliminary of checking the bicycle which meant standing in line behind harassed mothers with prams, old women with wheelchairs, and perspiring men like myself, tired and dishevelled, with bicycles. When my turn came I was informed that the bicycle could not be accepted with its packsacks, these would have to be taken off, and while I was doing that I would have to go to the end of the line again. Only my inadequacy in French prevented me giving proper vent to my feelings! It was nine o’clock before the machine had been weighed in and checked, and my chances of getting a seat were obviously becoming smaller every second. Hurrying along with three packsacks I now joined in the platform rush with spirit and elbowed my way up and down the length of the train with the best of them, until at last I saw a possible space mostly concealed by the girth of a particularly plump woman. Thinned by the heat and violent exertions of the past few days I was a mere sprite beside her bulk, and after some firm persuasion managed not uncomfortably to wedge myself in between her and a huge-nosed villainous looking man greedily clutching a bottle of vin rouge. Meanwhile the train was rapidly filling, and I was thanking my good fortune in having got a seat when a withered old crone of a type common enough in the Paris of French Revolutionary days limped into the compartment, looking for all the world as though she were about to expire on the spot, and prepared patiently to stand the crush of damp bodies it becomes a real test of one’s resources. I was simply a place to stand, and I had no little difficulty in persuading them to leave and fit themselves into the mass outside. For a civilized people the French are remarkably backward in their sanitary arrangements. This miserable washroom, in no way untypical, was supposed to served everybody in the car. To describe its conditions would only cause offense; it may suffice to say that even barbarians would not willingly have used it, and yet on my hasty departure I noticed incredulously that the three women rather than submit to the pressure outside again took up their station within.

Standing all night on a French train is exacting at the best of times, but when you have also to contend with heat, soot, and stench, and the crush of damp bodies it becomes a real test of one’s resources. I was infinitely glad when next morning, only thirty minutes late, we squeaked into Grenoble station. Despite the early hour it seemed just as hot as in Paris, the reason doubtless being the encircling mountains of the Haute Savoie which cradle Grenoble. Desperately tired now I pedalled to my friends’ boarding house expecting a warm greeting. I had instead to rouse the landlady from her bed and after finally convincing her that I was no tramp, found they had moved and were now at the other end through, an object of filth and weariness, and standing crumpled in the crowded passageway began sourly to contemplate the long night which lay ahead. It was a revelation to see how many people a train could hold. By ten o’clock it was as crammed as an Indian train during the mass migration of Hindus and Moslems except that those scores who should have been clinging to the outside had miraculously managed to get inside. The resulting general discomfort was worse than even the most crowded of Montreal streetcars with passengers clutching parcels on Christmas Eve. We were wedged so tightly that it was quite impossible to sit down. Never have I spent a more promiscuous or generally so unpleasant a night, what with being continually bespattered with soot, having somebody’s elbows in one’s back, one’s feet being stepped on, breathing garlic-tainted air, having a child cry for hours in one’s ear — I thought with approval of the British expression: “Stiff upper, old man!”. Going to the washroom was an expedition not lightly to be undertaken; it required the utmost perseverance and at least ten minutes of constant exhortations followed by resolute pushing and squeezing. The climax came when after having at length reached this abode of filth and flies and stench I found three wretched women standing inside. For them it was simply a place to stand, and I had no little difficulty in persuading them to leave and fit themselves into the mass outside. For a civilized people the French are remarkably backward in their sanitary arrangements. This miserable washroom, in no way untypical, was supposed to served everybody in the car. To describe its conditions would only cause offense; it may suffice to say that even barbarians would not willingly have used it, and yet on my hasty departure I noticed incredulously that the three women rather than submit to the pressure outside again took up their station within.
wards discovered she believed me a madman, and it was only after repeated
bangings on the door and much bell ringing that I persuaded her to admit
me. Because of fatigue my French that morning, unknown to me, was
abominable, and to her my words which I believed articulated in the
purest French were apparently incomprehensible. Only after the greatest
difficulty and by dint of violent gesticulating did I at last succeed in
making her understand; meantime, I became more and more exasperated,
hence less and less comprehensible. In fact it took me fully half an hour
before I gathered that my friends, deserting their studies, had gone off
to frolic on the Riviera. Leaving them a melancholy message I gathered
what wits were left me and, ravenous, departed for the traditionally meagre
French breakfast of rolls and coffee.

The thought of further train rides had momentarily become
anathema, and so I determined on a comfortable night in Grenoble. With
this intention I booked a room and deposited my packsacks before begin­
ing a tour of the city. I was first attracted by a funicular which swung
itself high up one of the Savoy mountains bordering Grenoble. Un­
fortunately the heat was already so excessive that the whole valley and
landscape was drifted over with such a thick haze that one had to be
content with simply imagining what the beauty of the place must normally
have been like. Descending again, and spurred on with insatiable curiosity
I bicycled through almost the whole of Grenoble during the generous two
hour lunch interval when the highly civilized French loiter over carefully
chosen meals and entertain each other with witty conversation. Even in
the shade the heat was appalling, and in the sun, cruel as flame. As I
bicycled along the deserted streets I noticed that the shutters on all the
houses were prudently closed to prevent the rooms being turned into ovens.
During those two hours, dazed perhaps by the heat and lack of sleep, I
conceived a most irrational but nonetheless intense hatred for Grenoble,
and resolved to be off on the first train even if it meant forfeiting a night's
lodging, even if it meant standing another ten hours, anything to escape
this inferno. The first train for Switzerland left only at four that after­
noon, and so I spent the time to advantage writing letters and plying
myself with food and drink. When one is really tired the effect of eating
is magical, and most of us who lead comfortable lives would do well
occasionally to go hungry for a time, even if only to appreciate the bless­
edness of food and drink carefully chosen and well prepared.

Again the fuss of checking the bicycle, again the hot, clanking
train, the leather seats scratchy with soot. This time it was mercifully
empty, and I was fortunate to have opposite me an animated French girl,
a student at the Ecole de Science Politique in Paris. I was supposed
to change trains some sixty miles from the Swiss border, but I confess
this girl so bewitched me that talking furiously I was carried twenty-five
miles beyond my change before I realized it. My only regret was to
have to say goodbye. Waving, I watched her until the train disappeared
from sight. It was after nine before I had begun to retrace my route,
and by the time I got near the border it was far too late to think of going
through. But it was cool, we were high in the mountains, and I could
smell the scent of pines and was glad of it. Entering the border town
of Annemasse at 2.30 that morning I found a brightly lit cafe; which
took in guests, filled with carousing merrymakers still whooping it up.
In fact the hectic music, interspersed with joyous screams and shouts, lasted
till well past three. The French are an unashamedly gay people, and
personally I have only admiration for the gusto with which they go about
achieving 'joie de vivre'.

It is, I know, always risky to shed generalizations, but this much
at least can be said, that France that summer of 1947 was obviously in
a desperate state, physically much worse off than England. The Marshall
Plan had still to be announced, the future was uncertain to a degree, and
yet mentally the mercurial French were much less disturbed about it than
the more practical, down-to-earth English who, clearly worried, were
afflicted through all layers of society by a contagious mood of deep gloom.
But to the pleasure-loving French with their 'eat, drink and be merry'
philosophy, the course of individual action was as simple as saying that
life, no matter how difficult and uncertain, had to go on. and so in spite
of the corruption, poverty, and wreckage of their country, they seemed as
animated and carefree as ever.

Going through the Swiss Customs next morning I was immediately
struck by the difference between the two countries. Put in modern terms
it would be comparing an old, battered refrigerator with a gleaming, new
frigidaire. Mind, to set about making any serious comparison between
the dirty, tattered Franch of 1947 and bright, prosperous Switzerland,
ever invaded since the days of Napoleon, would be an absurdity, but
the difference was so startling that no traveller could help noticing it.
Essentially, it was the tragic difference between war and peace. At the border it seemed to be summed up by the Customs. The inefficient French officials were often unshaven, their uniforms did not match and were baggy at the knees, and they worked in a building which resembled a sagging, unkept barn, filthy both inside and out, with most of its yellow paint flecked off. The modern Swiss building was a dazzling white and staffed by officials as efficient and neatly turned out as a drill regiment. This first impression held good for the whole of Switzerland.

Having to make shift in a little country right at the centre of Europe with no natural resources except water power, beauty, and the character of the people themselves, the Swiss to get where they are have had to be unusually diligent and practical. As a people they are hard working, polite, splendidly honest, and ended with an efficient watchmaker’s passion for precision and cleanliness. In Switzerland if you are unwise enough to throw away some wrapper without bothering to put it in the vicinity who happens to observe your action will almost certainly approach and politely ask you to pick it up and place it in the bin. Perhaps in consequence of all these admirable characteristics the precise Swiss are said to be as passionless as their watches and interested only in themselves. But the facts belie it. For my part I would say they are the most civilized people in Europe. The cultural facilities and the clean, orderly appearance of their cities would put any comparable Canadian city to shame. Toiling with the unremitting zeal of ants the Swiss have made their country a model for the rest of the world to emulate, and their achievements are not all in the material sphere by any means. Even their detractors will admit they have achieved a remarkable act of statesmanship by welding into one compact nation of four and a half million, four distinct races, the German, the French, the Italian, and the Roman-esch, who form Switzerland’s original inhabitants.

Making fullest use of their few natural resources the efficient Swiss cultivate every possible foot of ground, have electrified their railways and industries, have developed the world’s greatest watchmaking industry, possess the controlling interest in several international chocolate and cheese-making concerns, operate a significant metallurgical industry, and cater to tourists on a scale which account it an industry providing more than a fifth of the national income. There are over five thousand hotels and pensions in Switzerland, so that no matter where you are accommodation is always within easy reach. You can even, as I have done, take a train to the highest station in Europe (11,400 feet) and count on finding there a typically Swiss hotel, comfortable, clean, and offering excellent food.

You will also find a typical integrity of the sort that ranks honesty and politeness as cardinal Swiss virtues. It is, for example, quite unnecessary to lock bicycles or cars, and it is not in the least unreasonable to expect that if by accident you leave your purse on a park bench it will still be there untouched on your return. Even more widespread is the legendary Swiss virtue of politeness, though here again cynical detractors say it is merely put on to encourage the tourist trade. One of their most attractive habits is always to thank you and say goodbye on leaving one of their shops whether you have bought anything or not. If this, as scoffers suggest, is merely another instance of national hypocrisy, then I, for one, am certainly in favour of more such hypocrisy. Politeness and honesty are marks of a great people, and in the last resort the finest natural resource a country can have will always be the character of its people. Though some say the Swiss are exceedingly dull, no one has even attempted to scout their zest for work. Undoubtedly they are the hardest working people in Europe. Everybody from the merest schoolchild up learns that Switzerland is by nature a poor country and that the only remedy is to work harder and more efficiently than people in other countries, or else be reconciled to a very low standard of living. Choosing the thorny path of hard work has meant that late on summer evenings men and women are still to be seen toiling in the fields after having put in a full day’s work. Shops stay open ten to twelve hours a day, and when workers go home they do not as in England retire to the nearest pub, they pitch in to any work that has to be done around the home, and then attend to their vegetable gardens, or else help their neighbours with various chores. All in all, they are a thoroughly practical, mechanically-minded people who have developed their country so shrewdly that today it has the highest standard of living in Europe, and, as a medium of exchange, a franc which is as good as the exalted American dollar.

So much then for a brief introduction to the Switzerland through which I was trundling aboard the streetcar taking me from the French border to Geneva station where I was to pick up the bicycle. Arriving at the station, I encountered one of those adventurous hostelling teams.
The Mitre

The Mitre doing its best to see Europe in a summer. This one was American, and surprisingly enough led by a vivacious girl whose special claim to authority was, I gather, her remarkable linguistic and financial talents, both invaluable assets to a hostelling group. Attracted by her lively ways I struck up a conversation, and was soon committed to going with them that very afternoon to Lausanne, about forty miles down the lake from Geneva.

There happened to be some travelling musicians on board who, encouraged by jingling coins, fiddled up some lively Swiss polkas to the spanking rhythm of the paddle wheels. We arrived at Lausanne at five that afternoon, and with all the sagacity of experienced hostellers at once set about finding accommodation. It was not easy for this was August 1st, anniversary of the confederation of the first three cantons in 1248, the Swiss Fourth of July. In Lausanne, triumphant parades were already choking the streets, and accommodation of any sort was at a premium. After much eloquent pleading it was finally arranged that the hostel would accept the seven girls in the party providing we five males were prepared to shift for ourselves. After much hunting we considered ourselves lucky to get floor space, and prepared to spend the night the hard way, by no means an uncommon experience for rough and ready hostellers.

We were right at the top of the hill on which Lausanne hangs, and in the gathering darkness we could see scattered over the lake far below the firefly lights of little boats each with lantern burning at the bow. Rebelling against the herd instincts of all good hostellers, "let's stick together, gang!", this Amazon of a girl leader and I sped away unobserved down to the lake front determined to join in the city's gaiety as individuals. Boats and water have always held a fascination for me, and when we came joyfully to the water's edge I thought somehow of Wordsworth's lines:

"One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rock's cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore."

The night sky over Lausanne was tortured by blazing rocket trails and the lurid glare of Roman candles, and the city itself seemed almost on fire with the effect of coloured smoke drifting skywards, shot through with fierce light. Seen from the middle of the lake the city resembled Dante's Inferno. The lake surface caught and reflected the riotous sky, and in the slight ripple of the water brilliant colours writhed and twisted like thousands of Coleridge's phosphorescent water snakes:

"They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

No wonder my mind turned to poetry; it was one of those magically beautiful nights with a large moon looking ominous behind scudding clouds. For us such a night was not only to be gazed at, it was also to be lived. We had to participate as well as observe. The answer was a glorious midnight swim, and so right out in the middle of Lac Leman we leapt overboard and gleefully splashed and thrashed like those imaginary water snakes. Rarely have I known such fierce and intense joy in the mere act of existing. Life could hardly have been more perfect; we cried out at the estasy of it. Moments like those brand themselves on the mind. Later, we rejoined our respective sexes, she to the hostel, and I to the comforts of the floor.

Shortly after getting to sleep I was rudely awakened at 3.30 by a violent, rending noise as though somebody had fallen through the roof. It was accompanied by ribald shouts obviously coming from outside. Rushing cat-like to the window I observed that one of the anniversary merrymakers had tottered over the sidewalk railing and fallen at least twenty feet onto a sunken courtyard directly beneath our window. With the devil's own luck he had fallen on top of a large box which, although he had plunged through, had broken his fall. I saw him, encouraged by the laughter and jeers of his friends, pick himself up and on an ever-changing course head off at an uneasy lope down the street, happily singing and hiccupping, apparently none the worse for his little episode. Amazed, I returned to the floor musing over the rare adventures of the past few days, and shortly afterwards fell into a deep, dreamless sleep of the sort which provides an admirable moment to leave 'Mitre' readers who, having got this far, are perhaps in much the same state.

Sandy Mills
A BISHOP'S DIARY

being scattered excerpts of general interest to all

Sept. 12
Shaking off its summer lethargy and creaking a dusty welcome to inmates new and old, Bishop's opens another year. Wide interest is aroused by the holes left by the construction folk, and the Council meets the Frosh.

Sept. 13
Registration continues, and all and sundry partake of refreshments on the lawn.

Sept. 14
The Principal speaks, and we're back in the old rut once more.

Sept. 15
Freshman caps make their appearance (another innovation) and prove a source of minor income for the S.E.C.

Sept. 22
The leaves are golden now and sear. Debating holds its first meeting, and we receive some fatherly advice.

Sept. 27
A get-together banquet (at which Jeff. holds forth on the glories of our Alma Mater) helps us to recover from the first frost.

Sept. 30
The sports day past, the nuts-in-may boys and girls back from a mountain holiday, the Freshman dance is held, and the crowds sway to the pleasant accompaniment of clinking and tinkling mickies.

Oct. 1
Tubby Clayton speaks on the east end, and Bishop's wins her opening football game.

Oct. 4
Night Practices begin, Quiet Hours (something new again) go into effect, and the House Committees function in earnest.

Oct. 5
The Old Arts entertains its freshmen.

Oct. 14
Dramatics holds its first reading-circle, and work begins on the minor plays.

The Mitre

Oct. 16
The steak-and-beer-on-the-beach boys get together for a little fun.

Oct. 19
The Old Lodge entertains (doubtful word, that) their Frosh and the monastic tonsure becomes quite the rage. The first meeting of the History Club is held somewhere around here.

Oct. 22
56-1 . . . ouch!

Oct. 24
The Red Cross manages to collect several pints of the purple fluid despite the efforts of those who were afraid of needles.

Oct. 25
Mr. Tribble gets his tie.

Oct. 26
A small track team goes to town and Roc. does the honours for dear old mammy. And while we're on the subject . . .

Oct. 30
A select group visits the zoo, and Din tucks away eleven pancakes in a single sitting.

Nov. 1-2-3
The Lodge entertains.

Nov. 5
Snow spirals from the darkened sky, and by morning a strange world of muffled grey and white awaits.

Nov. 9
A crest received our attentions and Mr. Francis Howard-Rose rises, pen in hand, to defend the cause of liberty and individual right.

Nov. 19
Bishop's goes to Montreal and the football season closes in swirling snow. Beak becomes man-of-the-hour as we defeat Loyola 6-0. Admittedly, however, it was the shortest 25-yard gallop I've ever seen.

Nov. 22-23
The Minor Plays are held, and we make more money than most Majors in recent years. Oy! Oy! Even as drama they were quite a success.

Nov. 24
Brusilow and Fleisher hold us spell-bound at a concert held at B.C.S.

Nov. 25
The football dance. 'Nuff said?
Nov. 26  Brotherhood binge, but Alex slips away.

Nov. 28  The Froth-blowers souse, and the diary goes to print.

The mid-term tests are over, the water-pistol craze is dying down, and the shadow of the Christmas exams looms nigh. Practices for basketball and hockey have begun, the Literary and Debating Society has had a successful season to date, and meals under the new cook are still a pleasure and occasionally a delight. The construction moves on apace, the new-look for Bishop's is no longer merely a dream, and winter has come to stay. Soon there will be carolling—for now, Good Cheer.

Occy

THE EXCHANGE PAGE

As we go to press it is too early in the season to have received many of this year's exchanges, and those on hand are for the most part summer and graduation issues which arrived here before term opened. They are filled with the usual details of graduation, contain sports records for the past year, etc., but do not run particularly to the literary. We have begun exchanging with several schools and Universities other than those we dealt with last year, and receipt of their publications will be looked forward to with pleasure.

One new exchange which deserves mention is the weekly bulletin of the Service d'information Français. Cleverly and humorously written, it concerns itself with questions of literary and general interest, discusses the place of the arts and humanities, describes different aspects of the French way of life, and is in every way a welcome change from the run-of-the-mill propaganda sheets which most of the embassies in Ottawa turn out. I suggest that any other exchange editors who may read this, and want a change of diet, contact the Service at 42 Sussex Street, Ottawa. They will not regret doing so.

Of our other exchanges, a word of congratulation is due to the new staff of the B.C.S. Magazine. It was completely reorganized last year, and although it missed Christmas publication, the June issue was very well handled despite the fact that the literary section is very small. That cannot be said of the Kings' Hall annual for 1948-1949, for it is a most complete record and contains some fifty pages of stories, poems and articles from students and old-girls alike.

Before closing, a word or two on Acta Riddleiana — a new exchange. I have before me the mid-summer-and-sixtieth-anniversary issue. It is an excellent annual record in every way, copiously adorned with clear photographs, containing ample house and school notes, etc., as well as a brief history of the school and of the retiring Head — Dr. Griffith. The Literary section is one which always interests me in particular. I certainly hope that as a rule they are not as poor as that in this issue. It contains reprints of two prize-winning speeches, two or three very inferior poems (even at school standards) and the key to a crossword puzzle — not a bad idea. All in all it embraces six pages of the more than an hundred in the issue. The junior literary section in comparison reveals remarkable talent, so there may be some hope after all.

We would like to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

NEWSPAPERS:
The McGill Daily, McGill University, Montreal.
The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
The Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia.
Le Carabin, Laval University, Quebec City.
The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, New Brunswick.
The Brunswickian, University of New Brunswick, N.B.
The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
The Ryersonian, Ryerson Institute of Technology, Toronto.

PAMPHLETS:
The "Service d'information Française".
The "Brazilian Gov't Trade Bureau".
The Alcan Ingot & The Aluminum News.
THERE MOPEN

MAGAZINES:
The Cornell Countryman, Cornell U. Col. of Agriculture and Home Eco.
The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale University.
The Cryphon, University of Leeds, England.
The Sphynx, Liverpool University, England.
Codrington College, The Barbadoes.
The College Times, Upper Canada College.
The Ashburian, Ashbury College School.
King's Hall, King's Hall School, Compton.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope.
The B.C.S. Magazine, Bishop's College School.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.
Queen's Review, Kingston, Ont.
Oyez, Oyez, U.N.B. Law School, U.N.B.
The King's College Record, Halifax (including the Dalhousie No.)
The Quebec Diocesan Gazette.
The Algoma Missionary News.
Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.
The Tallow Dip, Netherwood, Rothsey, N.B.

"RECOLLECTION"

Tonight they say I'm dying,
And gaze at me with unknowing eyes.
Ah yes I quickened my consuming fever,
But let me tell you of my own undoing:

Long ago, I saw a peak suspended in the sky
Dangling snowy tentacles over misty haunches
And this I climbed and fell full wearily
With limbs like swarms of plunging drops,
And silence came until my heart beat
Alone, like a camera's tick within a theatre
When voices and music stop.
There called a raven in a valley of tile
And its notes fell like tiny particles
Mingling and ringing in melodic chaos.
But alas those glistening cymbals crashed
And my heart resumed to speak

Tonight, there came a sound from far away
For I think the wind had blown those cymbals in the blue
As they swirled amid white iciness,
Sweeping over stilled galleons of stone
Forever adrift in a silent sea of snow,
And shifting in sprees of wild light
Like a swooping swarm of burnished fishes
And oh, how my heart ached.
For they brushed against each other
And a throbbing wave of music quivered in the air.
Hoarse laughter resounded from my frame
As I staggered to my window
And stretched my bony hand into the roaring wind.

P. Mickles
AUTUMN'S PASSING

Preface—

The trees, robbed of their leaves, formed lazy patterns with graceful branches against the full white moon. It was a very cold night after the day of the first snowfall, and it was as if this was the night of Autumn's passing. As I watched the trees sway in the cold wind, it seemed a spirit in lacy dress was dancing slowly across the huge moon. Then, as the moon rose, and the wind rose, it seemed to me that the moon was drawing away from the inevitable touch of Winter's cold hands, and the face on the moon seemed cold and accusing — accusing the winds of treason against Autumn, since it was they who robbed the trees of their gay leaves of Autumn, and blew Autumn out of Winter's way.

The night that Autumn died, her spirit danced —
A slow and swaying dance of dipping grace.
Her drifting form was sheathed in swirling lace
Of midnight black that veiled the full moon, blanched
And cold, yet desperately lighting the night, enhanced
By this light, drifting spirit with sorrowful face.
Like a last, and aimlessly spiralling leaf in space
She danced — in the dusky, blue-amethyst sky she danced.

The spirit of the season of memories slowly swayed
And beyond the dark horizon she dropped to sleep.
Her dance, as sentimental as the season,
Was ended, sleep was given the spirit maid.
The moon, unveiled, began its climb so steep,
And, high in the sky, accused the cold winds of treason.

JOYCE HOLDEN
The Mitre has been asked to make known the details of award of two prizes of $100 each, one for poetry and one for fiction. These are being awarded by the Editors of NORTHERN REVIEW, 2475 Van Horne Ave., Montreal, Quebec.

The conditions of award are as follows: the award for poetry will be made to the author of the best selection of poetry accepted by the editors of Northern Review, beginning with the issue of October-November, 1949, and ending with the issue of August-September, 1950. The award for fiction covers the same period, and will be awarded to the author of the best fiction selection accepted. Any writer born or domiciled in Canada is eligible.

There are no restrictions on the theme or form of the material submitted.

Poems may be of any length, but fiction must not exceed 6,000 words. The same author is eligible for both awards, but previously-published work will not be considered. Further information may be secured by writing to the above address.

D. M. K.
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