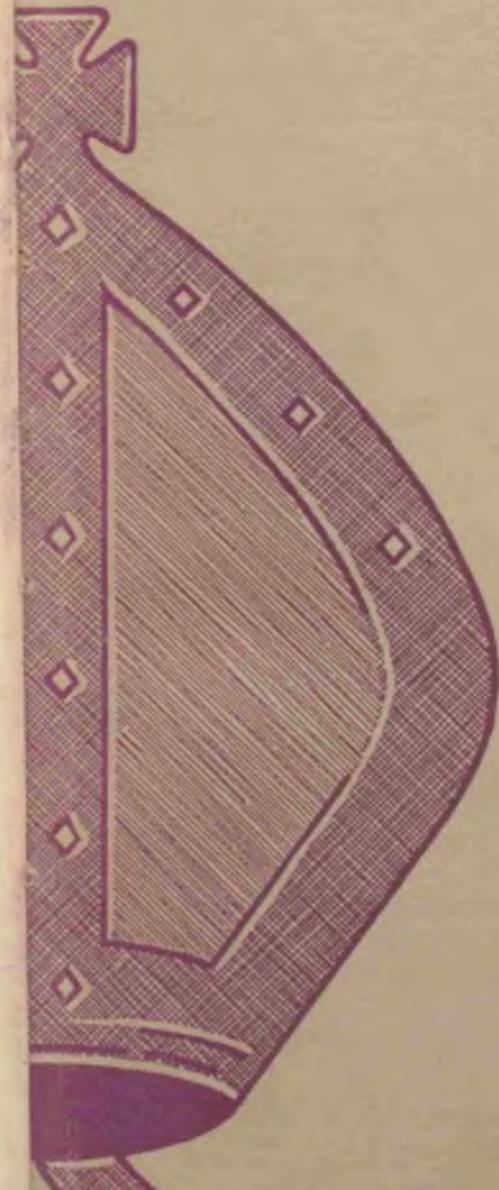


# The M I T R E



## We're Always On The Job

Of course we believe in vacations . . . everyone here takes them, but business at our office goes on fifty-two weeks a year.

When your favorite Trust Officer is away — someone else equally capable and familiar with Estate problems, is always here to help you.

Continuity of service is one of the many important reasons why you should name this Company Executor of your Estate rather than an individual.

We invite you to call on us for consultations or advise — any time.

**SHERBROOKE  
TRUST  
COMPANY**

FOUNDED 1843



ROYAL CHARTER 1853

## Bishop's University Lennoxville, Quebec

A residential University for men and women  
Faculties of Arts and Science, and Divinity.

*Courses extending over a period of three years are provided for the following degrees:*

Bachelor of Arts - B.A.

Bachelor of Science - B.Sc.

Honours Courses in Arts and Science extend over a period of four years from the School Leaving Certificate (Grade XI).

Theological students may qualify for the title of L.S.T. in three years, and for the degree of B.A. in Theology in four years

*Post-graduate work is provided for the degrees of*

Master of Arts - M.A.

Master of Education - M.Ed.

High School Teachers Certificate

A Summer School for Teachers, of six weeks' duration, is held during July and August.

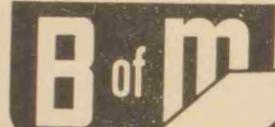
Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions, including four scholarships given by Sir James Dunn of the value of \$550.00 each, tenable for three years on condition that a satisfactory standard is maintained in undergraduate work. The Sir Edward Beatty Scholarship: The winner will receive \$200.00 annually for three years on condition that he maintain a satisfactory standard in undergraduate work.

*For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements, courses and fees, apply:*

THE REGISTRAR, Lennoxville, Que.

"MY BANK"

TO A MILLION CANADIANS



CANADA'S  
FIRST BANK

## BANK OF MONTREAL

### Sherbrooke Branches

Main Office, 59 Wellington Street: GILBERT A. RHEAUME, Manager.  
Belvidere and King Sts. Branch: ARMAND LABERGE, Manager.  
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

## INDUSTRIAL PLATING

Chromium Nickel Copper  
Cadmium Tin

## CASTINGS

Bronze — Brass — Aluminum  
Rough Cast or Machined

"Blue Seal" Semi-Machined Bronze Bushings  
All popular sizes carried in stock.

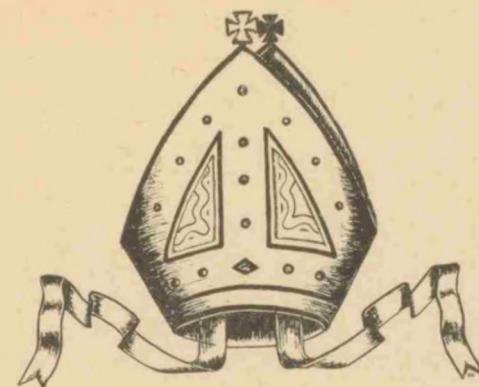
## Union Screen Plate Company of Canada Ltd.

Head office  
Lennoxville, Que.

Plants  
Lennoxville and Montreal

MICHAELMAS 1951

T  
h  
e  
  
M  
I  
T  
R  
E



E  
s  
t  
a  
b  
l  
i  
s  
h  
e  
d  
1893

Hon. President — DR. W. O. RAYMOND

Hon. Vice-President  
PROF. J. GRAY

Hon. Vice-President  
DR. D. C. MASTERS

President of Publications  
JOHN LAWRENCE

Exchanges Editor  
MISS MARY BERDEY

Editor-in-Chief  
B. G. SINYARD

Secretary-Treasurer  
MISS ANN MARCH

Assistant Editor  
S. W. STEVENSON

Circulation Manager  
BILL PROUTY

Art Editor  
MISS ROSEMARY DOBBIN

Advertising Manager  
GEORGE SPICE

## LITERARY BOARD

B. G. SINYARD, Chairman. DR. W. O. RAYMOND, PROF. J. GRAY,  
DR. D. C. MASTERS, S. W. STEVENSON, MISS M. BERDEY,  
MISS A. DODDS, C. ABRAHAM, D. CONLIFFE, MISS R. DOBBIN.

## A Student Publication

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the contributors only and do not represent either the views of the Students' Association or those of the University. Material may be reprinted without permission if proper source is acknowledged. Advertising and subscription rates will be sent on request.

Vol. 59 — No. 1

Michaelmas 1951

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	B. G. S.	5
-----------	----------	---

DEDICATION		9
------------	--	---

ROYAL VISIT TO TRINITY CHURCH - The Rev. G. Basil Jones		10
---	--	----

## ARTICLES

<i>Two Weeks in Palestine 1951</i>	Canon F. K. Moffatt	15
<i>Scepticism and Tragedy</i>	Charles Ripley	20
<i>Influence of the English Race on Canada</i>	Reed Scowen	26
<i>Jonathan Swift</i>	B. G. Sinyard	34
<i>Duel with the King's Son</i>	Edgar Andrew Collard	41

## POETRY

<i>L'Etoile</i>	L. A. Myers	38
<i>Contrast</i>	Jane Quintin	38
<i>The River</i>	Jane Quintin	39
<i>A Query</i>	Jane Quintin	39
<i>The Lonely Furrow</i>	B. G. S.	40

## SHORT STORIES

<i>Crash by Night</i>	Rosemary Dobbin	45
<i>Present for Frank</i>	John Cox	48

## EXCHANGES

<i>Swap Shop Talk</i>	Mary Berdey	52
-----------------------	-------------	----

<i>BISHOP'S DIARY</i>	Enos	55
-----------------------	------	----

*Nothing To Say*

**A**gain we have survived the literary apathy of the student body and have won an interim victory against the increasing cost of production. We have *survived*. Your editor cannot feel otherwise than gravely concerned over the future of this magazine if our university continues to be a desert of literary unproductivity. We are a university with nothing to say. This is a serious statement as it amounts to a contradiction in terms.

What is a university? It may be good both for the Freshman class as well as those who will graduate this year, into a world facing the most serious crisis in its history, to review the purpose of a university and the great privilege and responsibility incumbent upon each university student.

A university is not a grown up high school. Neither is it merely a necessary interim period between the high school graduation dance and the security of a professional career. It is not a place where the arts and sciences are piped to us through the medium of faculty professors, to be received passively and uncritically and retained, if possible, until the necessary evil of examinations tests our ability to return the same, lest we be disappointed with our returns from the bursar's office. A university is not a factory for producing degree bearing individuals. It is not what comes out of the bursar's office that counts, nor the graduation, nor even the security of the professional career that may be the result of a successful final examination. What really counts is the person that leaves this campus

for the citizenry of the world beyond. This university will be judged, as it's product is judged, in terms of his contribution as a citizen of the World. Here he will not be judged in terms of his ability to cram for examinations, on his ability as a sportsman, or any of these things but in terms of what he has to say and what contribution he is prepared to make, and what leadership he can offer. What will we have to say then, if now in these momentous times, in the intellectual atmosphere of university life, we have nothing to say?

A university is not then a place of passive acceptance of facts that will meet necessary requirements while our excess energy is poured off in the gymnasium and our exuberance is poured in at other places. A university is a place of serious business. I am not advocating long sour faces, nor prohibition, nor turning the gymnasium into a Platonic Academy, although I would advocate elimination of examinations (if that were possible). What I am advocating is a matter of rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, a matter of putting first things first and getting all into a proper perspective, — a matter of directing our main energies into the more important channels.

If I may be permitted to comment on a late edition of our contemporary "The Campus". Here we find three pages out of eight covering sport. Subtract a three column coverage of a recent play together with another article on dramatics and the advertisements and we have nothing left but a commentary on incidentals in this college world, with no reference to the outside. We are living in a world of our own despite the fact that we call that world a university. Sport is important in college activities but is not three-eights of the university's purpose. Let us put first things first.

What then is a university? I have proceeded in a Platonic fashion of telling you what it is not before I attempt to define it.

A university is a community. We share the communal life in our studies, by living in residence and by our sharing of the privileges of the college Chapel, by eating together (although this aspect of our communal life is somewhat shattered by the modern necessity of cafeteria). But there must be a purpose to this community. It is a community with much to say and more to learn. It is a vital community, not a group who passively accepts facts served to them on a platter. It is a dynamic community which has something to contribute. The one valid reason why a university exists is to enable its scholars not only to acquire knowledge but to express it. We may have the aptitude to acquire but we lack either the ability or the energy to

express it. We are a university with nothing to say. We as a university are fulfilling only half its purpose.

The daily round of university life consists in an interchange of ideas. Here we rub shoulders with the great characters of history, here we learn of man's achievements in the arts and the sciences, we learn of his failures and his problems. Here we get a broadening of character and should get a broadening outlook. Here we should get rid of our narrow provincialisms and become citizens of the world. Here too we should get glimpses of distant horizons and ideals to which to strive. Has all this so little effect on us that we have nothing to say? Dull must we be indeed to live in such an intellectual atmosphere in this year of grace nineteen hundred and fifty one, with nothing to say. Are we still so narrow in outlook that what goes on outside our college world, or even outside our individual aims holds no importance for us? Does it matter that men die in Korea or that the world faces an atomic cataclysm? Amid all the scepticism and critical atmosphere of the day we can still sit tight with nothing to say.

Let us wake up to the fact that the purpose of a university is the expression of knowledge as well as the acquisition of it.

We are a privileged few. Look back to your high school days and see how many are attending university. If we are a privileged few we have a great responsibility. We are to be the leaders in our day and generation. Think of it. In this intellectual environment we are apathetic to the things of importance, what will we have to say when we leave? Or will we still have no world outlook and be still engrossed in our own welfare, our own social ladder and our own security? If so, our university education has been a failure. We have a responsibility. We must be prepared to make our contribution to the world, if not, let us have the moral courage to give up our university privileges to someone else who will better fulfill the responsibilities of a university student, who will not be a passive receiver of facts, who will not be solely interested in the certificate from the Bursar, who will have something to say, and something to contribute and who will carry a contribution from this university to the world rather than use the privileges of this place for his own selfish ends.

I look to the day when the sole admittance card to a university will be ability and aptitude for university work. I care not how universities are to be maintained, whether by popular subscription or by the State. "Socialism" someone says. It is probable that this will eventually evolve from our present socialized elementary school

## The MITRE

system. There are too many fine minds lost in obscurity who have something of value to contribute if the costs of university education did not prevent them. Our privileges are mostly inherited, few are earned. Let us not waste them in our own selfish pursuits, much less in apathy. I look to the day when the privilege of a university career will not be an inherited thing, but will be bestowed on those who deserve it, and will use it.

Meanwhile this privilege is ours. Let us rise up from the slough of our apathy, let us be creative, let us have something to say in these great days. Let us remember at times the seriousness of the business that surrounds us.

"The Mitre" has been offering to the students of this university for over a half a century an outlet for the literary talents. Many university magazines have long since gone by the board. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get material for publication. Must "The Mitre" too, go the way of all flesh?

We boast of a university that still retains an emphasis on the humanities. We have not as yet been overpowered by the cold atmosphere of technology, yet it would have been more honourable for our literary art to have died in that cold atmosphere, than to succumb in its own apathy. Of what use is the privilege of freedom of speech and of the press to those who have nothing to say?

When your editor is button-holing everyone in a Socratic manner, seeking material for the next issue "Will you write something for the Mitre?" Let him never again hear that pitiful phrase "I have nothing to say."

---



(Canada Wide Photo)

This issue of the Mitre is respectfully dedicated to Their Royal Highnesses, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The above photograph shows Their Royal Highnesses being welcomed at Trinity Church, Ste. Agathe des Monts, Quebec, by the Rector, Dr. Basil Jones, former Dean of Divinity of Bishop's University.

# Royal Visit to Trinity Church

Ste. Agathe des Monts, Quebec,

on Sunday, November 4th, 1951.

Text of Address of Welcome and Sermon

Delivered by the Rector,

The Rev. G. Basil Jones, M.A., D.C.L.

May it please your Royal Highnesses:

May I first of all extend to you, on behalf of our Church of England congregation, and indeed of all the people of Ste. Agathe, our warmest welcome and greetings, and say how proud and glad we are that, amidst your manifold and often no doubt exacting engagements, you have still found the time, and the willingness, to come to this church to worship amongst us today.

The arrangements for this Service, which you have graciously approved, were based on our desire to keep it, as far as possible, the simple, normal, congregational Service to which our people are ordinarily accustomed; and our hope is that, when you have returned home and have leisure to sort out the multitudinous impressions of your visit to Canada, there may be some little niche in your memories for a quiet Sunday morning spent in the worship of God in the heart of this lovely Laurentian country, now clad in its first mantle of snow like a landscape in fairyland.

We hope, too, that when you return, you will convey to your gracious father the King the loyal homage of his people of Ste. Agathe, however tiny a unit in his immense family; and our prayers for the speedy and complete restoration to health and vigour of one who is so genuinely loved — whose recent illness has been to us as that of a friend, almost as that of a dear relative, as well as that of our King.

And now, since, as I have said, this is, in its intention and essence, one of our ordinary Services, may I beg your attention for a few minutes, and that of the rest of the congregation assembled here, to

## MICHAELMAS 1951

an ordinary address — based, this time, on some words to be found in the Epistle of St. James, 4:14:

'Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.'

Life, as we say, is full of uncertainties, and never more so than in the present troubled time in which we are living. Usually we affect to deplore this and say we don't know what the world is coming to. But, regarded at any rate in a certain light, would we really have it otherwise? Is it not just this fact which gives interest and zest to existence? Suppose that all our life lay unrolled before us as an opened scroll, and we knew — knew with certainty — that in a year's time or two or five we had to face some great crisis, would not that have a dampening, deadening influence upon us? Might not indeed a kind of paralysis overtake us as we approached ever closer, inevitably, to the appointed hour? I have often thought that the real punishment of the condemned criminal under sentence of death is not simply that he is to die — all men do — but that he knows the hour, the very minute, when he is to be launched from time into eternity. That is the real anguish of his position.

Some of you may remember John Buchan's 'The Gap in the Curtain'. I mean, of course, the late Lord Tweedsmuir, our former Governor General. If you do, you will recall that it concerns a group of people who, in a kind of trance or vision, are given a glimpse of the issue of the 'Times' (the London 'Times') which is to be published exactly a year ahead, and in that newspaper each of them sees some paragraph, some notice, some story, which indicates what is going to be his situation at that future date. The rest of the novel is the skilful working out (it is in my opinion one of the late Governor General's most successful efforts) of the mischievous influence which even this little bit of knowledge had upon the lives of those to whom it was imparted. We may well thank God often that a veil of darkness hides the future from our sight — that there is in fact no gap in the curtain.

Youth would lose much of its romance and idealism, of its eagerness and enthusiasm, if it could not dream of achievements in the years to come, and look forward into a future full of promise. There is an element of adventure in all life just because it presents itself as full of beckoning possibilities; and where there is certainty there cannot be possibilities, or the challenge to full and vivid life which those possibilities bring with them. Not long ago I came across again, the speech which the recently re-elected Prime Minister of Great Britain delivered at Harvard University some years ago — in which he says:

'And here let me say how proud we ought to be, young and old,

to be living in a tremendous, thrilling, and formative epoch of the human story, and how fortunate it was for the world that when these great trials came upon us there was a generation that terror could not conquer and brutal violence could not enslave.' That sentence has the genuine Churchillian ring, and it contains an inspiring truth. This 'tremendous, thrilling, formative epoch' — but could it be any of these things if we knew with certainty what the future would bring forth?

That, then, is one side of the picture. Let us now look briefly at the other. The thought of the uncertainties of life, so far from providing a stimulus to richer and more heroic living, may sometimes, often, fill us with anxiety. This is especially true of many people in middle life and old age, when the current of the blood runs slower and colder, and they have many disillusionments and disappointments to look back upon. But it is by no means confined to these later periods. Youth can experience its anxieties too. People in this state, of whatever age, become the prey of cares and fears. They anticipate trouble, wonder how they are going to cross their bridges long before they come to them, and so live in a state of constant inner unrest. They do not, perhaps they cannot, follow the maxim said to have been prominently displayed in the consulting-room of a famous London physician: 'Don't worry, it may never happen.' The doctor, the psychologist, — and the priest, know how widespread are the ravages, and how baneful the influences, of the anxiety neurosis, and how difficult it is to cure. Usually it is because the sufferer has failed to integrate his life into a unity, to achieve consistency and coherence of character. He is carried to and fro by the conflicting currents of his experience — now lifted high on the crests of the waves, now sinking down into their troughs. And this, in turn, is because the religious foundations of his life are insecure. At any rate, there is nothing like religion — genuine, honest religion, be it understood, of course — to give stability to life, to enable its possessor to confront undaunted all the manifold vicissitudes of his sojourn on earth — to banish from his life alike groundless excitement and undue depression and anxiety.

The portrait of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Gospels shows one who possessed a serenity of soul which gave to His character a perfect poise and balance. We see Him in various, and in the most varied, situations — as a boy of twelve years old in the Temple, assisting at social functions such as the marriage in Cana of Galilee, healing the sick, stilling the fury of the storm, preaching to the crowds, teaching His disciples, exercising His authority over the world of demons — and always, in all circumstances (and it is one of the most remarkable facts about Him) He is supremely master of the situation, of whatever

kind it be, always assured and confident. There is never any hesitation, any fumbling, any doubt in His recorded words and actions. The element of crisis, of uncertainty, was present throughout His public ministry in an intense degree, but He was never perturbed by it, never gave way to anxious fears. The injunction He gave His disciples, 'Be not anxious,' was also the principle by which His own life was regulated.

He was sure of Himself, and of the course He was taking. And He was sure of Himself because He was sure of God. God, to Him, was not merely a name or a symbol, but an ever-present fact of experience. And God was of such a nature that He could be utterly trusted. Consistently, invariably, He thought of God as Father. His first recorded utterance at the age of twelve contains the word 'Father': 'Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?' — and so also does the last of His Seven Sayings from the Cross: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' The beginning and the end and the whole of His life was wrapped up in this absolute conviction of the Fatherhood of God. And by this word 'Father' (the best human analogy for what in its fulness transcends the power of human expression) He meant men to understand that their lives are in the keeping of a Perfect Love and a Perfect Wisdom which, in so far as they are really grasped and appreciated, leave no loophole for the intrusion of anxiety. The background of our lives is not some system of impersonal laws or mechanical forces but a Mind and Will with a loving purpose for each individual. Such a creed cannot indeed be demonstrated, in any ordinary sense of the word demonstration, but it can be lived out as if it were true and then — if the experience of all the Saints whom we remember at this season is any guide — it carries its own verification with it — the best possible kind of verification: verification in life.

There are, then, these two considerations to be borne in mind. First, the uncertainties of life are the very condition of the formation of a strong and stable character. We should not fear them or seek to evade them, for they are God's discipline of our souls. But, secondly, if they are to be met buoyantly and courageously and turned to the best account, we have to look beyond and above them. As we plod along the valley of our earthly pilgrimage, we must lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help.

Finally, if I may say so in all loyalty and reverence, these considerations seem to me certainly not irrelevant to the lives of those whom we delight especially to honour today. In spite of all that they have done hitherto, and are now magnificently doing — which leaves

all Canada in their debt, — their life, with its uncertainties, problems, trials, joys, triumphs, still lies largely before them; and, I am afraid I must add, some of those disappointments and heartaches and sorrows which none of us can succeed altogether in escaping. But they will take heart, they will continue to take heart, because they know, as we all know, or can know, that, in following the strict line of duty through the changes and chances of this mortal life, there is a power and a peace available to us, which the world certainly cannot give, but which, equally, the world cannot take away.



## Two Weeks In Palestine 1951

By Canon E. K. Moffatt

**A**sks for an article on my visit to Israel, I weakly yielded, and now that I sit down to marshal in order my fleeting impressions of Palestine my first feeling is that which the impostor has when he has some conscience left, be it an elastic one. For the word "article" in a college magazine presupposes something of weight or depth. All that I attempt is a description of certain features of Judea and Galilee, of my wanderings there, and of my reactions.

Flying by B.O.A.C. from London to Rome, and again from Rome to Lydda was an experience not soon to be forgotten. It was June, and the weather favorable. The cloudbanks over which we climbed seemed in their contours and in the dazzling purity of their whiteness like irregular temples of sacred snow. Descending in spiral flight over the city of Rome, at an hour when a million twinkling lights reveal that beautiful meeting-ground of ancient medieval and modern stone, was for a tyro like myself a joy that approached ecstasy.

But to be awakened from a doze to behold the sun rising over the Holy Land, to step from a plane upon a soil hallowed in a way that Palestine of all countries in the world is sanctified — that is a soul's delight which I hope my readers will have. When they do I shall not be surprised if their exuberance matches mine or exceeds it.

From Lydda our journey was made by taxi to Jerusalem. The roads are good, though often winding and rather narrow; the Jehus remind one of their brethren in Paris, but I saw only one accident, though using taxi-transport daily.

Arrived in the Holy City — or rather the Israeli part, not the old city which belongs to Trans-Jordan we found the days all too short for the many "explorations" which most of us had to make. My companions were Hebrews, chiefly European and American, and though our viewpoints did not always coincide, we all wished to visit those historic sites which are available to the traveller in Israel. And yet, had I visited none of the buildings or ruins that mean so much to the student of the Bible or of Biblical history, walking in the streets of Jerusalem or on the nearby hills of Judea would itself have provided a memory to refresh the soul in retrospect.

Perhaps the reader will find these notes less disjointed if first he or she is told something of modern Zion. Everywhere one is struck by the efficiency, enthusiasm, and energy of this young country which

is faced with a thousand problems and is meeting them with disciplined courage. The number of immigrants is huge, and the flow from Arab countries in the last three years has presented special tasks to Palestinian patriots. Camps for refugees and displaced persons abound, but there is a system and an order in providing for their needs that elicits the admiration of the visitor. There can be no disguising the fact that among new-comers are many extremely ignorant and irresponsible; indeed, one would imagine that all the trials of social welfare workers in Europe during the years 1945-51 are met here on a smaller scale. But the fervent patriotism of Palestinians is equal to the task. Hadassah services and W.I.Z.O. (Women's International Zionist Organization) are giving eagerly of their best to the thousands of new citizens, especially the infants, children, and young people. Their aim is to train a healthy and intelligent peasantry in farming and crafts, and they realize that such work begins with the babies. To see a few of the camps and talk to the workers, hear the Hebrew truths about life recited in infant schools, to observe the way in which small hospitals are managed, to look on the sturdy youth engaged in farming operations at one of the scores of agricultural centres in the land, is to be assured that Palestine is going the right way in absorbing her thousands of returning families.

Yet these modern (and sometimes ultra-modern) people have the backward look which is absent only from ingrates. They love their land for what it has been and honour the men and women of all ages who have contributed to its glory. To spend a morning at the Headquarters of the Jewish National Fund and see the Louis Hertzl room and the Golden Books gives one a renewed sense of the gratitude Israel shows for those who would not be daunted in their plans to make her a sovereign state.

Before describing visits in Jerusalem, Carmel, Nazareth, and Galilee, and before leaving the subject of the transplantation of the Jewish people "on their own soil" let me express an opinion about the folk with whom I lived. First, there is the almost immaculate cleanliness of the Palestinians and of those who were adopted in past decades from Europe. Then the culture: of the Israeli Symphony Orchestra a half-musical person should not say much; the Bezalel Museum in Jerusalem offers to your gaze an exhibition of Jewish art and craftsmanship that bespeaks an age-long tradition: a conversation in a Tel-Aviv antique store reveals its owner as much better versed in Gibbon's Decline and Fall than the writer of this so-called article. A well-informed, intelligent, artistic people this!

It may sound obvious, or even impertinent, to praise Zion for its high morality and its temperance of body, and yet here in Canada it

may be worth recording that Dr. Yemini, director of education in Haifa, said, when the newspapers were "playing up" the scandal of New York's youth being tainted with drug addiction, "It does not happen here." Argumentative and stubborn and often hypercritical, the average Jew that I met may indeed be; not always fair, in any judgement, to the foreigners he opposes sometimes with an ambition that appears wordly; but nearly always possessed of vision, a love of the beautiful, a readiness to help the underdog; and always observing a high moral and ethical standard.

In Jerusalem the Y.M.C.A. has space, comfort, and beauty; those lovely shade-trees that are a feature of the city as well as the countryside; and a Jesus-tower of white marble, which purports to be a sermon in stone. This tower from top to bottom is meant to make one more conscious of our Lord's ministry in Judea and when the summit is reached (by elevator) there is a view of the city and environs that is unsurpassed. More than this, you direct your gaze North, South, East, and West and see clearly in the brilliant June light the hills of Maob, and the Dead Sea, Judea, and the land of Ephraim, besides the holy places of the old city, Bethlehem, and Ain Kerem, the birth place of St. John the Baptist. From this vantage point you can dream, can forget the present and visualize the past, and fulfill for half an hour in your own being the purpose for which this tower was erected.

Those who have seen photographs of the Hadassah Hospital and Hebrew University on Mount Scopus will deplore the senselessness of war or the present feud, that denies these glorious buildings to those who would use them — the finest medical centre and the best library are forbidden ground not merely to the traveller but to anyone else. However, in and around the city, and particularly on Mount Zion, are ancient sites e.g. that of the Coenaculum, or David's grave, or the ward where Caiaphas is said to have put his prisoners. For the lover of Scripture the Judean hills demand so much more than a cursory inspection that it is not easy to recall the experiences of a few days. Bethshemesh, Lachish, Beth Jibrin, Modein — the very names remind one of the history, local and national, of some three thousand years, cause one to reflect upon the story of the chosen people as that story is mingled inextricably with Egypt, Philistia, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome, Byzantium; with Saracen and Crusader, with Turk and Briton.

The whole coastal plain to Haifa and Carmel seemed to me a conflict of enthusiasms — one could muse of the sixteen consecutive years (3500 years ago) when a warrior Pharaoh led his legions North by this route and across Esdraelon, and admire the manner in which Israeli of 1951 A.D. is making this another garden of Eden. No doubt the Bible Student is "conditioned" by his interests, yet he would

surely be a clod who did not enthuse over the vineyards and the olive, fig, and citrus groves, and the shade-trees that often surround them.

For some days I lived on upper Carmel, and was fortunate in securing a room with a veranda, from which the sunrise over Haifa Bay filled my heart with a delight that is vivid as I jot down these memories. To see that "ancient river Kishon" in July is disappointing, unless your imagination is strong and you can watch with the mind's eye the hapless Sisera running beside the swollen torrential rush of water. Can this wady be the same? But on Carmel the personage who is most remembered today (as the city of Haifa bears witness) is, of course, Elijah; and the gaunt rugged severe upper slopes fit into the picture of that admirable, if stern, man of God.

Acre, an easy taxi-ride from Carmel suggests that the "loyal" Arab and the Jew can co-operate successfully in the new state, for the population is mixed but lives harmoniously. This new town, a fortress when the Tel-el-Amarna letters were written, is a fort and a port in the mind of the history-lover; like Megiddo, it is stamped with the die of sieges and battles; and it still looks formidable, even in a relic like the castle of Richard Coeur de Lion. There are other remains, like that of the Church of St. John to assure us that even pugnacity and cruelty and war were tempered in the twelfth century by compassion, and modern admirers of the Red Cross who go there are reminded that here was the centre of the Order. I did not notice many mosques in Israel, but the Mosque of Acre is (externally) as fine a piece of architecture as the town boasts.

The journey from Carmel to Safed and Tiberias enables you to see Upper and Lower Galilee, to cross the valley of Jezied and to reach Nazareth that Mecca of Christian pilgrims. For the student of Jewish history the former towns are eloquent of the immense erudition and devotion to the sacred studies which produced the Mishna and the Talmud and the writings of the Kabbala. But Nazareth which, they say, has altered little since the days of the Crusaders, is not an academic curiosity but holy to us in a way no unbeliever comprehends. It matters not to me if the actual site of a holy place be a little uncertain, or if Gabriel stood just on this spot where the pillar marks the place of the Annunciation, or if Constantine built the Church over St. Joseph's home because he received accurate information about its locality, or if the synagogue is the very same in which Jesus worshipped, or St. Mary's Fountain the well she actually used. This is Nazareth — this is the (still) quaint little town that was His home-town, the human training-ground of Him who is Christ the King. It is simple, as He was on earth, as Galilee is simple. Yet all around the lake are sites of towns and villages where world-shaking doctrines were first promul-

gated, and so there hovers an aura of mystery over the simplicity.

The Western shore of the lake can be almost too hot for a visitor in early July, but here as in the rest of Israel the welcome trees which afford relief should be mentioned with thanksgiving. Everywhere trees, groves, gardens testify to the love of trees, a love that is no less intense for being in part a cupboard-love. Breath-taking schemes for the planting of forests are under way, tree-nurseries abound, the palm, the cypress and the pine are seldom out of sight.

We spoke just now of simplicity, and certainly the homes and tables of the majority of the modern Israelites are simple. Plain is the fare, plain but becoming the dress, simple are all the directions for the traveller and the means of transport. Plain and straightforward were the speeches made in the Knesset (Parliament) which I heard from the gallery. Simple and direct (and yet most gracious) was the manner of Dr. E. L. Sukenik, president of the Hebrew University, and a leading authority on Synagogue sites and the recently acquired scrolls. But plainness here means nothing like commonplaceness. This small country has a high percentage of men and women with whom, I judge, plain living and high thinking are accepted as normal. At present shortages may be acute, the larder lean, neighbours unfriendly, life strenuous, but pass through Rishon-le Zion, Sharon, Degania and see how in Moshav (small holding settlement) and Kibbutz (communal co-operative centre) the plain-living, hard-working youth are working for a future when "this good land" will be, *mutatis mutandis*, what the Deuteronomist described it.

# Scepticism and Tragedy

By Charles Ripley

**I**T has been said that the Christian Church finds two groups in particular exceptionally difficult to reach: industrial labourers, and university students. Of the resistance of the majority of the latter to religion, this writer is exceptionally well aware, since he was numbered, for a period of years, among the vast and nameless horde of semi-educated sceptics. The existence of this widespread attitude is an obvious fact which needs no proving; mute testimony to it (for those who were there) was the consistently empty appearance of our chapel, in all the services of the week, until "compulsory chapel" was instituted. Nowadays more seats are filled as the unbelieving and the apathetic faithfully but reluctantly fulfil the minimum requirements. Many new faces are seen among the old and familiar ones. But the owners of these faces, although present in body, are absent in spirit. Why?

Most fundamentally, this anti-religious attitude must be attributed to "the spirit of the age". These young people of today are the unwitting pawns of a vast movement of history, which can be traced back to the Renaissance and beyond. To describe this process is beyond the scope of this article: suffice it to say that the interplay of spiritual forces of the past few centuries has given rise to the "Great Divorce" of the modern period, the wide gulf that has come to exist between the secular and the sacred, the profane and the holy.

In former ages these two realms were regarded as co-extensive: the whole of life, standing under the rule of the divine will, was regarded as holy. The spiritual and the material, in the life of man, were regarded as two inseparable aspects of the same reality. Not so today. The two are split asunder, God being regarded as belonging to the "spiritual" side of life and having nothing to do with the everyday world. As such He is unreal, or, at best, irrelevant.

To most people today, the real is the concrete and tangible: that which can be seen and heard and touched. Or, more fundamentally, the real is the useful — that which can be employed to one's own advantage. To such a climate of opinion Christianity fails to appeal in any vital way. A religion which exhorts men to believe in an unseen God as more real than all the things which present

themselves so forcibly to the five senses, and which seeks to enforce upon men taboos which seem to limit severely the possibilities of enjoying life, of "being a success" (which denotes the amassing of money, power and prestige), has little appeal to this prevailing mood of materialism and pragmatism. That one should be expected to surrender one's life to the will of this invisible Being, to consecrate oneself to His loving service amid an unheeding and ungrateful world, to suffer on His behalf, is an unreal idea, a piece of ridiculous fanaticism. Modern man does not overtly oppose the Church; he merely ignores it, since it cuts no ice with him. It deals with the shadowy and irrelevant realm of the "spiritual," which he covertly conceives as gradually fading away, along with all other superstitions of the past, before the piercing rays of the searchlight of modern science.

This attitude, as I have implied, is unfortunately held for the most part either unconsciously or in secret. The tradition of the sacrosanct character of things holy renders many people afraid to admit, even to themselves, any doubt of the reality of God, despite the fact that their lives show clearly that they have ceased to believe in Him. In the second place, it is a curse of the Church in the contemporary world that it is regarded as "respectable." A large group of church members attend Sunday worship as a prop to respectability, despite their inward disbelief in all that goes on; for it is a mark of virtue, in our culture, to be devoted to the cause of organized religion so long as one does not take it too seriously. A more honest company of former church members, having lost faith in the relevance of Christianity, have ceased to attend services. But they did so quietly. Few possessed sufficient honesty to go to their respective ministers and exclaim, "Look here! I can't quite swallow all this stuff that you're handing us!" Would that they had. But even in their unbelief they retained the shadow of the sacrosanctness of religious questions, of the superstition that it is sinful to doubt.

Not only has the secularism of our age drawn people away from the Church: the Church itself has become secularized. Candidates for the ministry, reared in an environment dominated by the creeds of materialism and pragmatism, carry its influence into their teaching and preaching; the basic "worldly" attitudes of the congregation all too often rebound to them, in a "spiritualized" form, from the pulpit. Christian doctrine is presented, in an abstract way, as "spiritual" truth: moral teaching fits conventional standards into a pseudo-Christian framework. This state of affairs is encouraged by the lay "pillars" of the church, who are all too often those who use religion to promote their own respectability. One must not take one's faith too seriously; if the minister

shows signs of doing so, his temerity is dealt with promptly and ruthlessly. Hence the ministry is led, by forces both within and outside of itself, to preserve in its preaching and teaching the Great Divorce between the sacred and the secular. The result is a perversion of the Christian faith, so great as to be scarcely recognizable, which can be seen in the incredibly strange ideas of the cardinal doctrines of the faith which float about vaguely in the minds of most persons today, both church-going and non-church-going. If this were Christianity, one would do well to reject it! Fortunately it is not. But few people take the trouble to look into the question and discover the fantastic breadth of the gulf between the Christian faith as it is and the collection of old wives' tales that they imagine it to be. For religion is an irrelevancy.

Such is the spirit of the world in which were reared the university students of today. Few can boast of coming from a home genuinely and unashamedly devoted to Christ; none can look back to a community so devoted. In most homes, Christianity is either a dead issue or a formal ritual which one goes through on Sunday but ignores the rest of the week. In the latter case one attends church and is touched at the tender ideals there expressed; one regrets both their inapplicability to the world of reality and the admixture of superstition with which they are presented. In the former case, one looks down upon those who still attend, either pitying their naivete or scorning their hypocrisy. This picture, although not universally true, is too generally so to be comfortable for the professing Christian. It is the issue, as has been said, of a process of centuries: the rise of materialism and the perversion and "watering down" of Christian teaching have gone hand in hand, contributing to one another all the way. The attitude of the Sunday churchgoer, described above, is partly due to the secular or "anti-spiritual" bent of his own mind, by which Christian truth must inevitably be distorted in reception and thus appear as ridiculous; but it is also attributable to the fact that some degree of empty and abstract idealism, sentimentality and superstition is indeed present in the sermon.

The same two factors were at work in Sunday School, which, no doubt, many of our students attended faithfully throughout their childhood. The appalling ignorance and misconception of the Christian faith manifested by the majority of contemporary Sunday School graduates provides the best evidence of the lack of efficacy in what they learned there. On the one hand the teachers were not too comfortable in dealing with matters "spiritual": the children were fed upon platitudes and vague, "spiritual" generalities about God; they learned Bible stories, but were not shown how these applied in any vital way to their lives. On the other hand, the pupils, as children

of a materialistic age, were predisposed to reject the whole business. Sunday School belonged to an unreal world — a Sunday, dressed-up, goody-goody sort of world. It had little contact with everyday work and play.

Thus has history given rise to the spirit of the homes and churches of contemporary Canada, and thus have these homes and churches produced a generation of university students which is, on the whole, rejecting the Christian faith. These young people are honest realists; having been led to identify Christianity with the respectable sham of "Sunday religion," they reject it. Their learning conflicts with their conceptions of the doctrines of the faith; instead of the world having been created in six days through a divine fiat, for example, they find that it has evolved to its present state through the process of countless ages. The natural bent of the modern mind away from things "spiritual" prevents their thinking from being straightened out through consultation with members of the divinity faculty, or other competent ministers. They are predisposed to cast aside the ancient restrictions and superstitions of religion; hence they do so, and rejoice, with their fellow semi-educated sceptics, at their emancipation from the influence of the Dark Ages. Or is it a remnant of superstition that prevents them from expressing their "shameful" disbelief?

The strange influence of the Dark Ages is personified in the minister and the divinity student, both of whom are viewed basically as "queers," incomprehensible creatures who live (or are supposed to live) according to archaic principles. In their presence one cannot be fully comfortable, but must apply a veneer of ersatz "goodness"; for they are men from another world, one of moralistic taboos. They are expected to be bundles of disapproval, whose lives are unnaturally removed from reality. This attitude frequently receives forceful and accurate expression in the novels of that brilliant interpreter of the spirit of modern American culture, Thorne Smith. He tells us, for example, how inconceivable it is that clergymen should propagate their species in the usual, "sinful" manner. Their decency is preserved only if they are imagined as cleanly splitting, like cells; for the "spiritual" is separated from, and is opposed to, the material realities of life.

This viewpoint, of course, has reacted to the detriment of the ministry. Clergymen are all too often uneasy and self-conscious about their orders: feeling the separation, they all too often seek to overcome it through an uncritical effort to prove that they are really good fellows despite the fact that they happen to be ordained. Thus they sell out, without discrimination, to their environment. Although it is

an essential truth that ministers are not really strange "things apart," but are basically like anyone else, this principle cannot be established through a complete surrender to the world. Onlookers are merely disgusted by the hypocrisy which is manifested in the act. Furthermore, the belief that all ministers are "queers" has resulted in a significant increase in the proportion of psychologically maladjusted persons in the ministry. But despite these occasional foibles of the clergy, the existence of which it would be silly to deny, it must be insisted that the student of today, owing to the conditioning of his social background, thoroughly misunderstands the nature, principles and purposes of the Church of Christ and its officers. He looks at them through materialistic spectacles, which he has worn all his life. The magic transformation which they effect renders all clergy strange and unapproachable beings, men who are certain not to "know the score."

The resulting separation of youth from the Church is a tragedy, particularly in view of the fact that this divinely ordained institution is now beginning to undergo a renaissance of real Christianity. The Gospel, rather than "spiritualized" materialism, is coming more and more to be preached; hence the Church possesses the facilities to be of vital assistance to the searchings of the young people of today. For the university student is always an idealist, seeking a star to which to hitch his wagon. Today he is basically insecure, as no such star appears amid the darkness of the demonic forces which apparently control our world, threatening to destroy our civilization in atomic cataclysm and thus to render meaningless all that for which we have lived, hoped and worked. He is plagued by gnawing fears and doubts. But he cannot admit it (except, perhaps, through the indirect medium of stories submitted to his college magazine); for the only straw remaining to his grasp, in a world which presents nothing firm for him to hold, is the consciousness of his own, personal power, ability, and cleverness. Thus our student covers his insecurity with a veneer of flippant toughness, of pseudo-sophistication. He frantically seeks to convince us that he doesn't give a damn, thus covering his tragic inability to find anything worth giving a damn about. He seeks consolation in pursuit of the pleasures of alcohol and sex; after graduation he may try to lose himself in the task of amassing wealth. But it is all useless and empty: permanent security consistently eludes him.

The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that in a world threatened by destruction as is ours, meaningfulness of life is impossible apart from God. In less critical ages, when no terrible sword of Damocles hung by a thread above the head of the world, men could indulge in the illusion of their own self-sufficiency. They could, and did, live without fear a life of subjective coherence and meaning, in

devotion to one of the many comfortable, secular idols which it is possible for rebellious man to substitute for God. Today, for the thinking person, such idolatry is impossible. The magnitude of the crisis exhibits the impotence of the idol: what will the wealth of the great financier do for him when the atomic bomb falls? In God alone is there certainty. This eternal truth is dramatically manifest today.

Yet, over against this truth, we have the corresponding one that the youth of today are conditioned in such a way as to be constitutionally unable to accept the only salvation that exists. The pawns of history, their spirits are doomed to perish. Their search for meaning can never find fulfillment.

Or can it? Man is a free being, despite his common refusal to accept and act upon the fact of his freedom. It is possible for the young person of today, in the consciousness that his anti-Christian attitude is really not his own, but something formed in his unresisting organism for forces external to it, to indulge in rational criticism of the lack-of-faith of his fathers, to see its basic irrationality, and to seek to test for himself, at first-hand, the validity of the claims of the Church of Christ. The road to life is open to such an effort, but few, I fear, will be those who will bother to find it. Most will take the road of the line of least resistance. It is the broad, conventional, socially acceptable road. But its end is destruction.



# The Influence Of The English Race On Canada

By Reed Scowen

**O**f all the races which have assembled themselves in this country to make up our Canada none has had greater influence for good or evil than the English. Their touch can be detected in our way of life in matters as great as our constitution and as small as the way we spend our Sundays. Yet no race has had its influence so highly ignored as these same English. Literally scores of books have been written on our way of life as affected by the French or the Irish or Scots or the Americans. But traits which cannot be traced to these sources are ignored as if they existed merely because the people who possess them exist.

Fully twenty five percent of our population is of English extraction. To no other country do we have comparable ties of loyalty and sympathy. England's capital is, in theory at least, our capital and her king is most certainly our king. Yet we are consistently unwilling to recognize her influence on us.

The reason for this lies partly in England herself. The term "England" is a confusing one to many Canadians. It is often employed to include the Scotch and Welsh as well and not infrequently it is used to denote the entire British Isles. As a result Scotch and Irish characteristics become confused with the English and no clear picture is possible.

This situation is heightened by a lack of colour which seems to be an inheritance of the English race. The Scots, the Irish and to a lesser extent the Welch all have peculiar characteristics which humourists the world over have been quick to take advantage of. But the Englishman would give up his life before he would be seen in a kilt and a bad temper is as alien to him as red hair. He has no great eccentricity which would set his race apart from the rest. On St. Patrick's Day all the world wears green and a pseudo-Irish accent. St. George's Day is forgotten by all but the staunchest beef-eater. Consequently, the only characteristic of the Englishmen seems to be dullness and they come to be regarded, as an American novelist puts it as "just people."

The English further illustrate their lack of clan consciousness in

their invasion of the New World. While the French, Scots and other minority groups tended to huddle together in one district the Englishman quickly adjusted himself to North America and spread over the continent adapting himself to new ways. He felt that the country was his and saw no reason to restrict himself while other races felt the need to stay by themselves for their own preservation. The only real English colony in Canada today is to be found on Vancouver Island.

Before entering into the body of this discussion it will be interesting to note briefly the influence of this small colony and of the few other aristocratic English families in the country. While the English are not clan conscious they do have an element of class consciousness. They are the only race which have brought this element to the new world, where everyone was supposed to be made equal by the frontier. Today the families in Canada which come closest to an aristocracy, the Masseys, Molsons, Prices are of English origin. They are generally keen on the military side of life and, to quote Mr. Lower, "They have added a certain tinge of aristocracy to the upper areas of Canadian life and have constituted a powerful cement for the British connection."

However our greatest debt to England comes not from this small group but from the race as a group and the institutions they have developed. They have had a direct and permanent influence on this country which can be traced in many fields.

Our greatest debt to England manifests itself in our constitution, our form of government and our common law. These are the institutions of which the Englishman is proudest. The fact that we were able to incorporate them into the framework of our nation has been the most significant factor in our development. It has meant that our people have developed a way of life and a way of thinking very close to that of the English. The English system is suitable only to Englishmen or those who think as they do. It would not work for instance in Germany or Japan for these are not countries where freedom can slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent. The fact that it does work in Canada indicates that we do have a good deal in common with England.

The mechanical details of government we need not discuss here. They include government by parliament cabinet control, the party system, the jury system and other features so well known to us that we have taken them for granted. The Englishman, let it be said, does not, for he knows how much Englishman blood has been shed to gain and keep them. The courts are available to all men and he uses them when justice is threatened. Terence Rattigan's play "The Winslow Boy" is but one example of this unbounded faith in the common law.

When a Canadian threatens to "take it to court" it is one aspect of the English influence revealing itself.

More important than the details is the foundation of the English-system. Above all other things they are responsible for our double love of freedom and justice which is the basis of our political and legal system and our way of life. We take these for granted now and assume that they are common to all peoples but it is from England that they stem. They take second place neither to our religion nor to the welfare of our state. It was an Englishmen, Lord Acton, who said, "Liberty is the highest political end and if it applies to politics it applies in every field of living."

Freedom and justice are taken for granted in Canada. In normal times speeches are not made about them and the press seldom deals with them unless they have some particular grievance in their own field. When freedom is threatened, as it is today, we hear more about it. It is the most fundamental factor in our make-up. There have been no witch hunts in Canada. A socialist can still get a job in our universities, with possibly one exception, and a communist party card is not a ticket to the nearest jail.

Two important fields must be discussed as having some connection with our belief in liberty and freedom.

It has already been mentioned that the Englishman puts freedom ahead of religion. His established church is a world affirming one which wisely permits a good deal of leeway in its members' personal lives. The Roman Catholic Church offers a strong comparison.

In Canada, fifteen per cent of the population belong to the Church of England and twenty per cent to the United Church which is made up mostly of Methodists. Both churches have English roots and both played an important part in developing the nation.

The Church of England is one of compromise. It was formed as a compromise between the Romans and the extreme Protestants. It reflects a trait of Englishmen, their ability to find a happy medium, to avert showdowns, to avoid principles. The state of religion in Canada is highly dependent on this compromising ability for here we must deal with a Roman Catholicism which is a way of life existing side by side with the most fundamental Protestant groups. Successful government is no less dependent on this factor, for a party or personality must be able to please Western farmers, Eastern industry and impoverished Maritimes all at the same time if they are to

succeed. This is no country for rash Scots or Irishmen whose only interest is "the principle of the thing."

The second result of our love of freedom is an attendant lack of efficiency. In an organized society, freedom and efficiency are incompatible, and as one is increased, the other must be sacrificed. The English always have had a boundless belief in progress but it has been a progress achieved by many men pursuing different courses and arriving eventually at some sort of agreement. As a result, they have a reputation for "muddling through". A French general, speaking of the capture of Quebec, said, "Anyone but the English would have done the job in half the time."

Canada has inherited this lack of efficiency, though perhaps not to the point of eccentricity to which the English have carried it. One of the reasons she progresses more slowly than the United States is that she has not acquired that determined, relentless efficiency which is characteristic of our neighbour. American government is noted for its confusion and red tape because of its unwieldy structure, but its individuals and its businesses are regarded as the most efficient in the world. A Canadian writer has called America at war "the most efficient, ruthless, relentless machine in existence" and the description applies only slightly less in peace time.

In other more general fields, the English touch can be detected quite frequently.

Their influence on our industry and finance is a hard one to pin down. Canadians are mostly primary producers and England is a manufacturing country. But Englishmen have a good deal of capital invested in this country and it is safe to say that their financial condition is an important factor in our economy. England is an important market for us, and we are discovering today that, when she suffers, we suffer too. The trade union had its origin in England and its underlying philosophy is an English one although its organization, here, is largely American.

The Canadian banking system is another of our institutions which is closely modelled on the English.

In the field of arts, it is safe to say that, at least until recently, the English influence has been greater than it should have been. Until forty years ago, we had produced relatively little art, literature or music of our own. We were content to accept the works of the English and European masters while we settled our country and organized our society. Any attempts at art, were, in the main, poor copies of English or French style. One need only glance at the works

## The MITRE

of poets Charles Sangster, Archibald Lampman, I. V. Crawford and artists Jacobi, Kreighoff and Kane to verify this.

More recently, a native Canadian culture has been developing. The Group of Seven and the Mendelssohn Choir are two examples of a national art which have achieved recognition. Choral singing has proved particularly popular to Canadians with their English inherited love of amateurism.

But the rise of the United States to world power resulted in a new sphere of influence on our culture just as this new development began. This grows greater daily and it seems now that the counter-balancing English influence is doing a good deal to prevent our Americanization.

Our greatest contribution to architecture, perhaps our only one of note, has been the development of magnificent hotels across the country, especially by our two railways. Although they have an originality which cannot be denied, it is noteworthy that they are modelled and fitted on a style which has much in common with English buildings and tastes.

The system of higher education in Canada is based on that of England. The college-university connection of Oxford and Cambridge has been employed successfully in the founding of the University of Toronto and more recently in the western provincial universities. The system of weeding the talented from the average by means of an honour system has been widely used. Above all, despite strong influences from across the border, Canada has maintained the English tradition of the liberal arts course, refusing to subordinate it to specialization and the sciences and insisting on a broad education for all those who go to university.

One further point might be noted. Ever since higher education began in this country, the majority of the teaching staff has been educated in England. A degree from Oxford or Cambridge has been an important factor in winning important teaching positions. This has meant that educational policy has rested largely in English hands and the ecclesiastical affiliations of many of our colleges are a result of this.

The Canadian press has been modelled after that of England, at least until recently. Our newspapers have been characterized by conservative opinion, an absence of the sensational and a fair degree of dullness, all part of our English inheritance. We have also been blessed with a good many small town papers of high quality.

In the past few years there have appeared a number of the more rabid, sensational tendencies previously found mainly in the American

## MICHAELMAS 1951

press. The McCullagh papers in Toronto are extreme examples of this.

Our sports and recreations are not particularly English. Indeed we seem to be quite opposite to them in this respect. They have 100,000 spectators at a soccer or cricket game while most of us, perhaps, regard these sports as dull even to play. Canada has never seriously taken up lawn bowls or chess. But we do have two qualities which are often connected with sports and are in the essence of every Englishman, sportsmanship and a love of amateurism. The two go together in politics as well as in sport. The best English soccer player gets \$50 per week. When he plays poorly no-one throws a bottle at him. Englishmen take up politics as a sideline; at least this was true until recently. They are not dependent on it for their income as a rule. They are amateurs and they keep their politics on a higher level than Americans do. Although our southern neighbours exercise considerable influence on us we still retain a good deal of the English attitude towards sport, politics and fair play in general.

An important, if obvious feature of Canadian life is her language. The English dialect is the predominant one in this country and this is a vital factor influencing our future. A historian has said that the most important fact of the 20th century is that the inhabitants of North America speak the English language. It is especially important for Canadians because it seems to be the only means by which the English and French in this country can be united.

Although some observers, especially French speaking ones, would disagree, it seems only reasonable that we would be better off if we combined the best features of our French and English cultures. We would then have a way of life which could be called Canadian and nothing else. The French are a minority insistent on their rights and it is doubtful if we can ever break through their social and religious ties. Their language is the one field where they seem to be weakening. Nearly all French Canadians can speak English while few Englishmen, even in Quebec, are fluent in French. If we can arrive at a common language, English, the rest will not be impossible.

Finally we must generalize even more and try to distinguish those features of the English personality which have had the greatest influence on the Canadian citizen.

This problem is complicated as we have already mentioned, by the Englishman's lack of a clan spirit and his rapid adjustment to the New World.

It is probably safe to say that the English influence is the sobering one in this country. Neither the French, nor the Scottish, nor the

Irish is alien to the type of energetic, self-confident and rather loud existence we find in the United States. But the English nature is. The Englishman believes in progress but in a slower, less organized kind of progress which is none the less just as certain and often more real than the first type. He is a more down-to-earth type of person. He is often duller, more phlegmatic. He becomes excited and discouraged less quickly. The English in us has been a sobering influence on our youthful pioneer enthusiasm and it is now acting as a valuable defence against our Americanization.

The English race seems to have an ability to compromise and a corresponding love for it. It may well stem from dislike of the sensation and excitement which would be bound to accompany a race which lived by rigid principles. At any rate it appears in the Canadian citizen and has been a valuable factor in solving the problem of having two families under one roof. The great political leaders of Canada, Macdonald, Laurier and King have all been adept at this art. The fact that none of them were of English origin does not detract from the fact that love of compromise is basically an English quality. There have been four Prime Ministers of English origin—Borden, Tupper, Abbott and Bennett, and none but the last was rigidly bound by principles. Another trait of the English is their adherence to the voluntary habit. This manifests itself not only in the queues outside shops and theatres but in the extraordinary fact that the British constitution does not exist as such, but is merely a set of precedents which the Englishman respects and seldom disturbs. The development of the party system of government and of charitable money-raising organizations can be noted in Canada as manifestations of this phenomenon. Only eighty years ago John Stuart Mill wrote that "in England nine-tenths of the internal business which in other countries rests on the government is transacted by agencies independent of it." This applies nearly as strongly to Canada today.

Two other features must be noted briefly. First of all, Englishmen as a rule are gentlemen and the largest part of what we Canadians call good manners can be attributed to them. Sir Ernest Barker says that the two qualities of a gentleman are good form and reserve. To have the latter is merely the habit of understatement which we do possess, certainly in contrast with our southern neighbours. Good form is the adherence to a code of conduct, the not doing of things which are not done. This peculiar quality seems to be dying out with the pressure of a new philosophy from the United States but it is still an important factor in our way of life.

Finally we must give notice to the Englishman's love of his country. It is attended by little flag waving and demonstration but it is

very real none the less. It is the reason for our continued connection with the British Empire for neither the Scots nor the Irish have sufficient interest to keep up the old ties.

In closing it might be well to attempt a summary. The English way of life is the basis of our way of life. That is the vital and determining factor. Other races have an influence on us but from England comes the root of it all.

Our French citizens have adapted themselves, as have other races, to a government founded in England. For the most part they speak English and their philosophy is at least as much English as it is anything else.

In the years to come we will come under strong influences from the United States and there will be changes in our way of life. But we will not become Americans. This will not be because we have a large French minority or because our Scots or Irish are rugged individualists who defy subjunction. We will not become Americans because our foundations are English and the English race cannot live under any other way of life except its own.

# *Jonathan Swift*

By B. G. Sinyard

A storm of criticism has centered for centuries on the mind of Jonathan Swift, the Irish Dean, and it is only recently that any attempts have been made to approach the problem from the psychological view-point. To an age of Psycho-analysis falls the lot of attempting to rescue Swift from an age which really never understood him and never made any great attempt to do so. The man in the street, or rather the boy in school knows Swift as the author of '*Gulliver's Travels*'. Those of the Victorian Age saw him only as a writer of fantasies.

The mind behind *Gulliver* has always intrigued me. The Victorian Age, I think, missed, and the Modern Age has not yet found the man who lay underneath all this political invective and human hostility. It is only in the *Journal to Stella* that we can see him as a man of flesh and blood. Here we see the sensitive mind and tortured spirit that were Swift's.

We must not be too severe in our condemnation of the Victorians for a rather superficial view of Swift in an age of very limited psychological knowledge. He has not been the only genius misunderstood by his own and later generations.

In a superficial view of his life we can easily find elements that could possibly explain the depths of bitterness he sometimes possessed. He was born in poverty and squalor in an age when social position was well marked. Few people would have benefitted more from a cultured environment than Swift. In those years of frustration we find his passion gathering like a snow ball, the best of which bore fruition in his maturity. Some men have risen above the environment of their youth, however humble, and have shown no trace of bitterness in their later life. Lincoln is a well known example. Swift never forgot his youth and his sense of inferiority seems to have cast a shadow over his life.

In '*Gulliver*' I think the secret of his mind is hidden — the same '*Gulliver*' that is displayed side by side with *Rip Van Winkle* and *Pilgrim's Progress* in the average school library, classing Swift with Aesop, de la Mare, Kipling and Hawthorne. He would be more at home on a shelf with Martial and Aldous Huxley. We can well imagine the school library adorned with these eminent satirists. Swift,

no doubt, has an appeal to the young, but it is not intentional — it is a psychological accident.

Carl van Doren says of Swift: "Jonathan Swift aimed at mankind the most venomous arrow that scorn has ever let loose. Mankind, bland abstraction, caught his arrow, laughed at it and turned it over to its children to play with. Children inoculated with '*Gulliver*' at an age when it cannot harm them are thereafter innocently immune. If they hear of Swift they recollect their toy, unaware that it was intended to be deadly, or that it has still lost little of its furious poison. Mankind, by a stroke so bold that it must have been indifferent, has protected itself. Swift remains a show, the story of his wild assault fades from the record. Touch the pages of the record however, and it blazes, a story of fire in a language of ice."

Carl van Doren is right.

The '*Journal to Stella*' reveals a Swift we find nowhere else in his works. Here we have a warm sensibility, a flesh and blood reality. Swift's love for Stella, although it may not have been on a par with Dante's love for Beatrice, was nevertheless a great spiritual experience. It was a veritable oasis in a life of bitterness and frustration. Much has been said, and much has been written of Swift's actual relationship with Stella, but this is not the place to discuss it. The clergy of his day, with all their faults were not prone to immorality in the conventional sense of that word, though it was an age of flagrant immorality among the laity. The flippant society beyond the Deanery where he lived, among whom he moved, may be excused for judging him by their own standards and supposing it to have been a liaison.

It is not strange that a man like Swift should be loved by women. He possessed a vivid, stormy, and unstable temperament, and many men have been loved for their instability as much as for their wealth. As Freud would probably say, they attract the maternal instinct in women more than they do the mate. However I think the relationship of Swift and Stella was far above either a psychological maladjustment or a natural liaison. If Stella, too, had been a writer, she would probably have left us a much kinder picture of Swift than we seem to have, but it would not have been the Swift of '*Gulliver*'.

Whatever hope we have of finding the mind of Swift lies in '*Gulliver*'. No work of English Literature is so full of psychological possibilities. Is it possible that in the intricacies of that great canvas Swift has left us a picture of his inner self? Could the welling up of

his genius in the living pages of his art also reveal the unconscious loves, fears, yearnings, and petty ambitions hidden within him?

It is not in all the symbolism of 'Gulliver's Travels' that I think we can find Swift, but in the hero himself. Few may agree with this, claiming we are reading too much into 'Gulliver'. Be that as it may, I think that here is an obvious case of bloated inferiority—a case in which all the frustrations and phobias of the unconscious are revealed. Looking at it from the view-point of Twentieth Century psychology, I can see Swift striding among the Lilliputians as a colossus creating havoc among them and instilling fear in their timid souls, — an attitude which he adopted throughout his life among the bourgeois of his day. Always conscious of inferiority in the face of his opponents, he could now see himself in his own mind, in one glorious, compensatory fantasy. A thorough analysis of 'Gulliver' by a competent psychologist would shed great light on the mind of Swift.

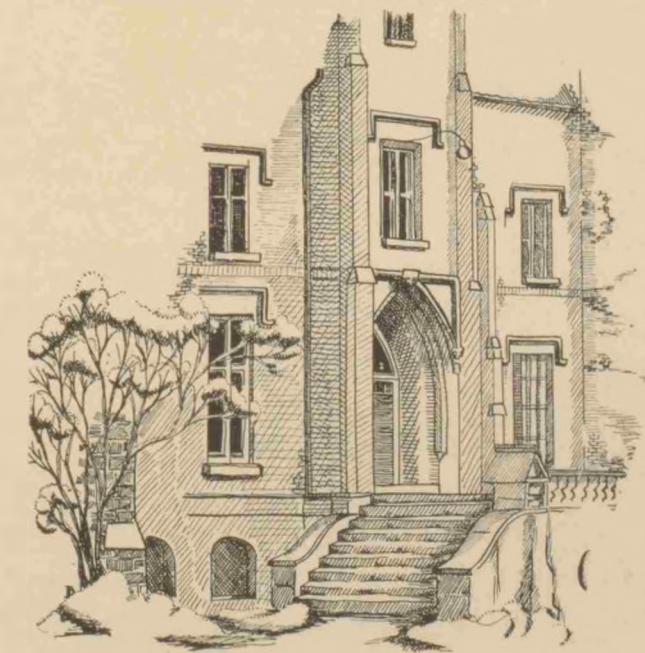
Some students of Swift feel that, because of his temperament, he would have been more at home in the Roman Catholic Church of his day than in the Anglican. The Church of his time, no doubt entrenched in the established order, had little scope to offer for the expression of mystical experience. I am not being original in posing the possibility that in Swift a great mystic had been lost to the Church. Swift was a great hater. Nothing he did was in half-tones. He did it with the utmost that was in him. Carl van Doren says that hate was as natural to him as love was to St. Francis of Assissi. All great haters have been capable of love to an intense degree as well. Some of the world's great mystics are examples of this infinite capacity for sublimating love. As a Roman Catholic he probably would have been more at home, but he would have lived out his years no doubt in some rural area without even the hope of a spectacular martyrdom. A revolutionary Anglican prelate's career was the course he chose.

It is usual that great haters spend their force against something that attracted them, or against those allegiances which could have brought out the best in them. In the light of this we can understand that from Swift we get, as one writer puts it, 'some of the ugliest invective that was ever spilt by mortal ink over the Pope, the Counter-Reformation, Transubstantiation, and the Confessional.'

So too in his social life. Born in squalor and poverty, he enjoyed the high society with which he mingled in later life, with all the hunger of one denied a natural food. Swift never forgot his humble beginnings and was always severely critical of the middle-class society of his day. We are left to conjecture what attraction the Marxist

camp would have held for this revolutionary, had he lived at a later period in history.

The mind of Swift has proved very evasive to those who would probe it. He will remain one of the most fascinating writers of history — this man of such humble beginnings, of such infinite capacities for hate as well as love, this great creative genius. He was a revolutionary in the full sense of the word, changing his political creed so often as to be always on the unpopular side. He raged away his life in Ireland though remaining a friend of Addison and Pope whom he always praised or blamed when all outside conversely praised or blamed. Swift was more than a writer of children's stories though few know him outside that sphere; he was more than a revolutionary or he would have not survived his day. Mere revolutionaries evaporate in the generation in which they lived. He was an artist of great creative genius, and yet we know so little of that peculiar mind that gave birth to such satire, invective, hostility and fantasy. Is it possible that, in this world of fantasy which he has created with such skill, we shall yet discover that unique mind of Swift, which has so far eluded the probings of the curious?



*L'Etoile*

L. A. Myers

*Je vous ai vue, Etoile, à l'heure de prière  
 Monter au trône céleste,  
 Vêtue de bleu saphique, comme une reine fière,  
 Suprême jusqu'à l'Aube Funeste.*

*Mais, si les rayons dorés du soleil  
 Vous flétrissent en passant,  
 N'importe; car vous avez de leur sommeil  
 Mené des rois à l'Enfant.*

*Soyez heureuse, Maîtresse des Cieux brumeux!  
 Après que la vaine Aurore  
 Se perdra parmi les nuages fumeux.  
 Vous y règnerez encore.*

---

*Contrast*

Jane Quintin

*A flashing ball of brilliance  
 Sweeps the sky with fiery hues;  
 Day.  
 A silver crescent, calm with coolness,  
 Creeps with stealth, alone, through black;  
 Night.*

*The River*

Jane Quintin

*A river, unknown  
 Until it has been travelled,  
 It's name, unimportant,  
 It's character eternally changing  
 Dependent upon it's brooklets.  
 I see first the cool transparency of the delicate ripples on the pool.  
 Protected and caressed by the surrounding foliage.*

An outlet

*The ripples enlarge, fighting to be freed,  
 Further and further they hurry from their sheltered nook  
 Tumbling playfully and flirting with sullen grey rocks.  
 Other outlets to the growing stream,  
 All ripples intermingle, unthinking, reckless,  
 Faster, faster they flow,  
 Some are left . . . slapped violently onto remote shores.  
 Time flies.*

*Wider, wider swirls the stream,  
 Rushing to the river.  
 Bewildered, battered, the ripples no longer play.  
 It is a fight . . . to survive,  
 Tossed, torn, twirled,  
 Cruelly shattered,  
 Hated.  
 Yet left unscarred.  
 Is it possible, in this river  
 To be given such unbounding strength?*

---

*A Query*

Jane Quintin

*The child asked, "Why do you sigh?"  
 Gazing at the leaf in my hand  
 I replied,  
 "It was not a sigh, my child, only wonder."*

## The Lonely Furrow

By B. G. S.

*The farmer toiled behind the plow  
All day,  
Turning the lonely furrow,  
In such a great wide field.  
And then the day was gone.  
'So little done' he thought 'So little done.'  
Sadly he wandered home.*

*The preacher preached to vacant pews, deaf ears,  
And idle hands  
A life-time,  
Turning the lonely furrow  
In such a vineyard wide.  
And then his day was gone.  
'So little done' he said 'So little done.'  
Disheartened he went home.*

*Another farmer took the plow  
And carried on,  
Turning the lonely furrow.  
And in the spring the warm winds came  
And rain.  
With life anew, the seed,  
It grew.  
The farmer, he was glad; the preacher too.*

## The Duel With The King's Son

By Edgar Andrew Collard

**E**arly on the morning of May 26,, 1789, as dawn was breaking over Wimbledon Common near London, two duellists took up their positions at twelve paces. It was the custom for the one who had sent the challenge to fire first. As he took his aim, he knew well that he was firing a dangerous pistol. For if he killed his adversary, he would be killing the King's son. And ever afterwards he would have to live in exile from the King's realm and possessions.

Anyone who visits the Anglican Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Quebec will see the grave of this audacious duellist. It is marked by a brass plate before the altar rails. It is the grave of Charles Gordon Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond. He died in Canada in 1819, while serving as Governor-General.

When the Duke of Richmond "called out" the son of George III, he was then only Lt.Col. Charles Lennox, a young officer in the Coldstream Guards. Perhaps his lack of awe for the royal family arose from the way his own family was curiously involved with royalty. The first Duke of Richmond (the grandfather of Charles Lennox) was an illegitimate son of Charles II. More than this, Lady Sarah Lennox, an aunt of young Charles Lennox, had once been engaged to marry George III.

The King had been very much in love. Once, at a court ball he had edged his chair nearer and nearer to Lady Sarah Lennox. He became so engrossed in talking to her that the ball went on and on. He forgot to dismiss the dancers, and without Royal dismissal they could not leave.

But the romance ended. Reasons of state prevailed. George III was married to Charlotte, princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The lovely Sarah Lennox, who was to have been the bride, became the bridesmaid.

Perhaps some lingering fondness for Lady Sarah Lennox prompted George III in March, 1789, to give her young nephew an extraordinary military appointment. The commanding officer of the Coldstream Guards was the Duke of York, the King's favorite son. But at

the King's command, young Capt. Lennox, then only 25 years of age, was leapfrogged over the rank of major, and made lieutenant-colonel

For the Duke of York it was a public humiliation. The appointment was the talk of the town. Lady Duncannon wrote in her diary: "All London is in an uproar at their having made C. Lennox pass over the rank of Major in giving him a company of the D. of Y.'s regiment without consulting or acquainting him with it. The Duke is furious."

The Duke of York did little to conceal his indignation. He was at Daubigny's Club, telling a group of friends about his grievance. Young Lennox came in. The Duke turned to him and said: "I am not sorry for the advantage you may reap from it, but I am hurt at what I take as a personal insult to me." Lennox, who had heard only rumors about his appointment, said, "I am then appointed." The Duke answered, "The King has consented, but I have not."

\* \* \*

But there was really nothing the Duke could do about it. The resentment spread, and was shared by his royal brother, the Prince Regent (later George IV). Exactly what followed is not clear, as accounts differ. It seems, however, that the Prince Regent denounced the impudent young Lennox before a group in Daubigny's Club. And the Duke of York said that Lennox would be no gentleman if he put up with this condemnation.

On May 15, 1789, the Coldstream Guards were giving a field-day. Just before the review commenced, Lennox went up to the Duke of York. He demanded to know whether he had said "that he (Lennox) had put up with language unfit for any gentleman to bear." The Duke made no answer. He ordered Lennox to his post.

As soon as the field-day was over, the Duke of York requested the attendance of all officers in the orderly room. When all were present he called upon Lt. Col. Lennox to state his complaint. Lennox repeated his question. The Duke admitted that he had heard the language, but he refused to repeat the precise words. Lennox then asked him who had used such language. The Duke again refused.

The Prince Regent could not engage in duels, but his brother might. So the Duke of York made the Prince Regent's cause his own by saying that "Col. Lennox might consider him as an officer of the regiment, and call upon him whenever he pleased." Another version gives his words a more picturesque turn: "When I am not on duty I

wear a brown coat and I am ready to give you satisfaction whenever you please."

The duel was arranged. But the Duke of York said not a word to anyone, except his second. On the appointed morning he crept out of Carleton House, where he lived with the Prince. That no one might suspect he was gone, he left his own sugar-loaf hat, and took the hat of a servant. He drove to Wimbledon Common in a hired post chaise.

The ground was duly measured. Lennox took his position, aimed and fired. His ball missed the Duke's head so nearly that it carried away one of his curls. The Duke declined to return the fire. He had given Lennox "satisfaction," but he did not wish to give him any reputation for bravery.

An account of the affair was in the newspapers the next morning. The country was astounded. And the King, always trembling on the verge of madness, showed an alarming agitation when the news reached him.

The officers of the Coldstream Guards held a military convention in the orderly room. They discussed the duel for two days. Then they announced their judgment: "It is the opinion of the regiment that . . . Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Lennox has behaved with courage; but, from the peculiarity of the circumstances, not with judgment."

\* \* \*

The duel, far from causing Lennox to withdraw from public attention, seemed to give him a new buoyancy. On the 4th of June, the King's birthday, he presented himself at court. A country dance was begun, and he stood up with Lady Catherine Barnard.

The Prince Regent had not noticed that Lennox was present until he and his partner, the Princess Royal, came to Lennox's place in the dance. Astonished and angry, he took the hand of the Princess, just as she was about to be turned by Lennox, and led her to the bottom of the dance.

Other members of the Royal Family were dancing. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta came next. They accepted Lennox "without the least particularity or exception." Then came the Duke of Clarence (later William IV) and Princess Elizabeth. The Duke of Clarence was much annoyed, took Princess Elizabeth by the hand and also led her to the foot of the dance.

The dance continued, however. Those who had gone to the bottom gradually came up again. For the second time the Prince Regent

and the Princess Royal found themselves confronted by the untroubled Lennox. This time the Prince took the Princess Royal out of the dance and led her to the chair where Queen Charlotte sat.

"You seem very heated, sir, and tired," remarked the Queen.

"I am heated and tired, madam," the Prince replied, "not with the dance, but tired of dancing in such company."

"Then, sir," said the Queen, "it will be better for me to withdraw, and to put an end to the ball."

And the Prince said: "It certainly will be so, for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others."

At the end of the dance, accordingly, Her Majesty and the Princess withdrew. And with this single country dance, ended the ball at St. James' on His Majesty's birthday in 1789.

\* \* \*

But memories of the morning duel on Wimbledon Common and of the evening ball in St. James' Palace must have seemed as far-off things to Lennox, nearly 30 years later, when he came to Quebec as the Duke of Richmond and the King's representative. In the intervening years he had been a member of the House of Commons, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and one of Wellington's officers at Waterloo. And in Brussels the Duchess of Richmond, on the eve of the great battle, had given the historic ball celebrated by Byron, where there "was a sound of revelry by night," and "the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

After the dangers of the duelling-ground and the battlefield, death came to the Duke of Richmond in Canada from the bite of a tame fox. The man who had duelled with the King's son, now had the right of the King's representative, and was buried in the Anglican Cathedral of Quebec (as a later Governor-General, Lord Sydenham, was to be buried on the Anglican Cathedral at Kingston.)

But Charles Gordon Lennox, the fourth Duke of Richmond, has other memorials in Canada besides his tomb. His memory lives on in the place-names of Richmond and Lennoxville.

## *Crash By Night*

By Rosemary Dobbin

**T**here was a feeling of tension in the air that night in September 1944. The wind drove the cold rain against the metallic side of the plane in sheet after sheet of cutting dampness. The dampness seemed to seep right through the sides of the plane, through the heavy flight suits of the crew and into their bones.

The engineer sat waiting in his little cabin in the hull of the Catalina. He shivered and hunched his back trying to draw warmth from the contact of his body with the heavy material of his clothes. He sat and listened to the rain beating over his head and thought of nothing. Mechanically his eyes and brain checked the maze of instruments around him. He checked and re-checked, then lapsed back into his thoughts, shivering and once again conscious of the rain and cold.

The "skipper's" voice came through the inter-com.

"Contact"

"Contact, sir."

Automatically his hands moved over the controls.

The huge engines turned over, coughed then roared. Minutes passed and then the big flying-boat started to move. She taxied from her mooring and out into the open waters of the take off strip.

He could hear the "skipper" talking up front. As the boat gained momentum he could hear the waves slapping against her sides.

"Flaps IO."

"Flaps IO, sir."

Slowly her heavy bulk began to rise. The "Cat" did not want to go, she was hanging back as if held by an invisible thread protesting her overload. He could hear the engines roar as the throttle was opened. Slowly she began to climb, then as if tired by her effort, she hung for a minute, and with a soul-shaking crash she hit the waves at 90 knots.

He woke up with the cold water seeping through his boots, and fifty thousand devils dancing in his head. Panic choked his throat but he fought it back. Once he moved, the physical action drove the panic

## The MITRE

back into his stomach. His hands felt the door of the cock-pit but it was locked. He stumbled to the other door — a steel bar jammed it. Frantically his hands ran over the walls.

He was trapped. Waves of terror swept over him. He dropped exhausted into his seat and put his hands to his head. He pulled them away in horror and stared at them. They were sticky red.

"Oh God!" he thought, it was prayer, not profanity.

The water was coming in faster now. It was icy cold against his skin.

"Oh God how much longer will it be. I can't go on like this. I can't. I can't."

The terror made him feel sick and weak.

"I wish I were dead," he thought and suddenly he saw the irony of that wish. This was one time his wish was going to come true. He laughed hysterically, sobs choking his throat.

He thought he might as well get it over with. He stood up, the water swirling around his knees, and stepped out to the only space in the cramped quarters where he could drown himself. He stumbled and threw his hands out to save himself but he kept falling. Picking himself up he gingerly felt the hole in the wall. Was it big enough to crawl through? Yes, just.

He took a deep breath and plunged into the icy water. The pressure pushed against him. He fought. His waist was out now. He struggled. His flight boot caught on something. He pulled and it came free, and with one kick his face broke surface..

Looking into the dark he saw a partly submerged wing which had been torn free. He swam towards it. A man was struggling near him. He swam over to him. He was perfectly calm now. Catching the man's collar he towed him to the wing. He caught hold of the wing and pulled himself up with one hand then turned and eased the other man up behind him.

There was a thin coating of ice on the wing and the process of climbing on was painfully slow. Once up he felt the dreadful, icy wind and rain cutting at his face and hands. But in a minute another figure came into sight thrashing helplessly at the water. Panic gone, he dived in after him, pushed him up on the wing and climbed up after him.

His head throbbed but the blood which had been flowing freely from the gashes in his head had stopped.

The "skipper" came up and swam over but there was not any

## MICHAELMAS 1951

room for him. The engineer held his coat while the "skipper" held on to a rib of the wing with one arm. The other hung useless in the water.

The minutes ticked by like hours. Slowly numbness crept through their bodies. Their soaking clothes clung to them and the rain beat down mercilessly on their frozen figures.

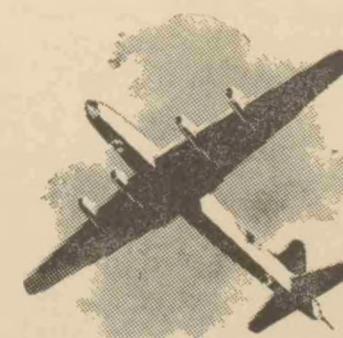
The "skipper" started to slip. His good arm was going numb. He caught at a piece of ripped canvas, on the wing and hung on with his teeth.

It seemed like hours since take off.

The terror was beginning to rise up in his throat again. How long could they hang on, freezing in the bitter wind with the waves spraying over them. The panic subsided because he was too numb to care. He put all his strength and thought into the job of holding the "skipper's" head above water.

The minutes dragged on but the men clung grimly to the wing. The "skipper" was nearly unconscious but his teeth clung mechanically to the canvas. There was a stubbornness in his character which would not let him let go.

The engineer knew that he could not hold on much longer, when out of the night came the throbbing of the crash-boats engines. He hung on till he felt warm hands relieve his aching arms of the "skipper's" weight. Then he lapsed into peaceful unconsciousness.



# "A Present For Frank"

By John Cox

Lorraine Mathewson, pretty, brunette and as efficiently business-like as a seventeen year old sophomore debutante could be at eight forty-five a.m. on Christmas Eve, hurried to work. She pushed and elbowed her way through the streams of office store workers and last minute shoppers till she reached the employees' entrance of Eaton's. Today is going to be some day, she visualized. All my shopping's done except for Frank's present. She had waited until her last paycheck to get his gift. She wanted something special. It was going to cost money. It had to or else there was no reason why she should get one.

She mechanically climbed the stairs, punched time clock 37, and went to her counter, just as she had done every morning Saturdays since November and the past three days of her Christmas vacation. She was still thinking. Thinking why she did all this. She didn't have to. She certainly could afford Christmas, a good Christmas, so her new-found friends said behind her back. Christmas was a wonderful time. Parties, presents and cards for everybody. Finally Father said she was not to spend a cent more. She was going too far. For a while it looked as if the most crucial part of three months of calculated friendships, parties and dates with the right people would all collapse short of Frank.

Here she'd spent and spent hoping that she'd get what she'd wanted. She had always got what she wanted, from everybody. It was a matter of technique, that's all. Her brother said it worked with every girl. So she tried it on boys. It worked every time, every time except for Frank. Frank was a lout. His folks hadn't any money, he was on a bursary, he worked hard and got good marks. But he made the football team; that's what counted in Lorraine's books. He did look cute. And what now annoyed her was that he hadn't responded to *any* treatment. Not even her brother could think of anything and he was his best friend.

Twice she came near to being certain she'd have him for sure. Twice that Cynthia kid showed up. Twice she blew up, but not in front of Frank. That would have wrecked everything. She was sure she couldn't beat that upstart on her own grounds: Colonial Street was not her part of town, nor her way of thinking. But it was home to Frank—and Cynthia. Cynthia had once taken her home to supper, up those winding balconies and along the aged corridor to her

parents' flat. Everything was plain: Cynthia's parents, her mechanic of a brother, the food they ate and the rooms they called home. Lorraine was appalled but only because Frank lived the same way. It was obvious. Cynthia just didn't have the right environment to suit Frank.

Well, if Frank couldn't be had any other way, he'd have to be bought. That was why she was working. Actually it wasn't too bad. Many friends came to see her and the day passed quickly in between customers. And so Christmas Eve passed. She sold plenty of dolls, little furniture and dolls' clothes to eager and doting parents. She had lunch with Frank who worked regularly in the sixth floor stock rooms, and chatted away their lunch hour talking about this and that and the party she was giving tonight. That party was going to be important. She would give him The Present after everyone had left. She'd have Frank then.

Leaving him, she took her slip up to the Pay Office and cashed it. She'd go down to the Silver Department and collect The Present on her relief. She had arranged to take her recess at five, when it would be ready. Paying for it would be as much fun as giving it to him. Money gave her that sort of a feeling.

The afternoon dragged on as the stifling air lingered in her corner of the Department. The flowing mass of overcoated humanity seemed to leave it there as they moved off to the next spectacle of colour. Her feet ached. Her eyes watered. She looked at her watch. Twenty minutes more. This seemed to relieve her somewhat. The expectation was growing.

Bored, she gazed at the throngs drifting idly past her counter. The raucous voice of a nearby novelty vendor, going into his final spiel of the day drew the crowd to his booth. Lorraine's eyes wandered over the dolls' remaining audience. A group of urchins, led by a stoop-shouldered old lady, moved past. They stopped, then craned their necks to take in as much as they could of the never-never land of shining tinsels, lights and Christmassy colours which beckoned customers' eyes to a miniature fairyland of dolls, stuffed teddy bears and puppets. The little houses and plastic furniture glistened in the light of many coloured lamps. An evergreen archway stood as a gateway to all this commercially born splendour. The only barrier to this miniature paradise was a dull brown cash register. The looks of awe melted into expressions of disappointment. They turned and hurried after the old lady. All of them, except one. She lingered, then froze in awe and in unexperienced excitement. She stared in rapt transfixion . . .

Lorraine's disinterested eyes had arrived at the pitiful sight:

a dismal spectacle of a little girl looking up at this heap of junk that she had to stand behind and sell in order to afford Frank's Present. What on earth's the matter with her? She was just about to tell her to catch up with the rest of those brats when she saw the little kid's eyes. They were not like the rest of her appearance: dull, discoloured and dirty clothes bound rather than worn by her. The child's eyes were starry, bright, slightly dewy—or were that her eyes that were blurred? Certainly not, Lorraine hadn't cried for years . . . she never had to. The child centered her gaze on a large, three-foot doll, the Princess doll, the one in a hundred that so many had asked the price of and then had politely but quickly moved on. It's true, that one was sort of nice . . . like the one she'd once got . . . She remembered the fun she had had with hers, and now it was the sole remnant of her childhood, how the movers had lost it and how she had cried over its loss. That was the last time she had cried, she remembered the tears, the longing and the sinking sense of departure in her heart . . . Her eyes welled up a bit at the thought.

Still the child remained entranced at the sight of the Princess. Suddenly, like a flash of a headache, thoughts streaked through Lorraine's mind. The whirring fan behind her buzzed into her ears, drowning out the far-off rumble of Commerce's Christmas. Her eyes, still bolted to those of the child and her miserable Colonial street-like appearance, could not focus. All she saw was a child shrieking with delight as she caught sight of the heavenly Princess under a Christmas tree, of her hugging it, lost in young ecstasy. She saw another Christmas tree, more richly ornated, and a fellow named Frank standing with The Present in his hands smiling at her. There was no choice to make, no reason to compare. It all seemed too illogical to make any other decision. She fumbled awkwardly with the stand that the Princess leaned against . . .

The little girl, who was known as Sheila, rubbed her eyes again. She looked again and again. The spell-binding vision of light, colour, chimes and candy cane dazzled her. The Princess seemed mistress of it all. Her heart ached, ached like it never had before in its constant feeling of yearning. The Princess moved, she was moving, going away. She looked beyond it to see another princess, a life-sized one taking it from her stand. She was looking right at Sheila. Something was the matter with her eyes too. She didn't seem to be able to move very fast. All of a sudden, the princess was holding out the Princess to her. Sheila started back. This fairyland was really real!

Sheila had never experienced such a conflict in all her small life. She wanted to take it. The kind old lady said never take from

strangers. But this was a fairy princess. This must be different. Surely she could take it, she'd tell the kind old lady how the fairy princess gave it to her . . .

"Take it, dear! It's from me. It's all yours." the princess told her.

Sheila couldn't hesitate any longer. She reached out and plucked her from the hands of the princess. She stared up at her in awed, grateful wonder, then whirled around lest the princess take it back, and fled.

Lorraine's eyes followed the little girl until the mass had swallowed her up. Her heart felt heavy as she reached for her purse and counted out fourteen dollars. A long, sharp sensation of sickening grief gripped her as she opened the dull brown cash register and made a sale entry on her order book. With cold numbness she picked up the counter phone and dialed three numbers. She turned around and gazed over the din of last minute buying that came at her from the floor's expanse. All of a sudden something struck her mind, then another thought and another one. These new, unfamiliar ideas seemed to flow into her blood. They reached her heart and she steadied herself. Her pulse quickened, her spirits rose to a new crescendo of elation. She suddenly became aware of many things, things she hadn't seen before, things she hadn't felt about herself and her approach to Frank . . .

The telephone crackled and a voice answered, "Silver Department."





## Swap Shop Talk

By Mary Berdey

**B**efore I ever became involved in the fate of the "Mitre" I admit I seldom read the articles on the exchanges, to say nothing about the various magazines which we have been receiving from other universities. I hope this negligence does not apply to most of the students at Bishop's because some of the magazines are not only fine in literary standards, but are also most entertaining and thought-provoking.

I should like to quote some passages from "The Gryphon", a magazine which always offers something solid to chew on. The following are quoted from the "Presidential Message":

"The whole commerce of a university is the acquisition and expression of knowledge."

\* \* \*

"There is so much to be said, and an undergraduate with nothing to say, by his very silence shrieks failure at the alchemy of academic learning."

In addition, the writer makes an interesting analogy of science and religion:

"It may even be that religion (certainty without proof) will be reconciled with science (proof without certainty)."

A most baffling (at first reading) article in this issue goes under the strange title, "Forensic." Perhaps a sub-title, "Enfant Terrible", could be added. This article would no doubt be of interest to most students (active and passive) of this university. May I just quote a short passage:

"In the acutely poisoned subject the sight and odour of an alcoholic beverage produced reflex nausea, in some cases the

MICHAELMAS 1951

subject developed a split personality; the average duration of this type of malady was 12 hours to 7 days."

"Relief was afforded by cold milk and by aspirin. (0.3 g every 30 min.)"

"The Unicorn", despite its masculine looking cover (a fascinating representation of the fabulous animal; that is, the unicorn), is very much a women's magazine. Nevertheless, the story called "The Exiles" would certainly move even the most adamantine of males. One of the poems in this magazine might be of interest to the students and faculty:

## The Perfect Student

(With apologies to Pope)

Then let me hymn this saint with gilded wings,  
This flawless child of Books, who toils and sings:  
Whose work the lecturer and Don enjoys,  
Whose taste ne'er violates, nor sense annoys.  
By each fresh author lit with fervent fires,  
And so admiring that she all admires.  
Who never causes weary eyes to peer,  
Or Tutors growl, "What has she written here?"  
Her notes in perfect order you will find;  
Her room is kept as tidy as her mind.  
Librarians, worshipping, intone this song:  
"She signs for every book, nor keeps it long!"  
In lecture room, on High, or in the streets,  
She smiles benignly upon all she meets;  
Poised without primness, courteous but not bold,  
An eager listener to each tale thrice-told.  
While Staff and Students awestruck on her gaze,  
And wonder, with a foolish face of praise.  
Who would not know if such a one there be?  
Who does not smirk and murmur. "This is—I?"

H. M. Hewitt.

Now to leave England and browse about some of the bright Canadian pactions. The November issue of "Acta Victoriana" proved to be valuable and delightful reading. English students, especially fans of A. E. Housman, may be interested to know that Professor Fisher, of the English Department, is preparing a final collection of material on the poet. He hopes to complete his work by next spring. It is also of interest to learn that the Library of Congress in

Washington, D.C., has in its collection newly acquired notebooks of Housman which most scholars thought to be destroyed.

Canadians, strangely enough, seem to be more conscious of their southern neighbour than the British. A quotation from a poem called "To America", should clarify the above statement—

*O great America!  
You remember Pearl Harbour.  
Do you remember Babylon,  
A land of too many playthings,  
Broken like an earthen pitcher in one night?  
But you cannot hear for factory machines,  
Pounding nothing into nothing.  
You cannot see for the blinding lights  
That grind their powders into the pupils of your eyes.*

*But America—  
You must be the land of many beautiful things,  
For you have told us so.*

## Magazines

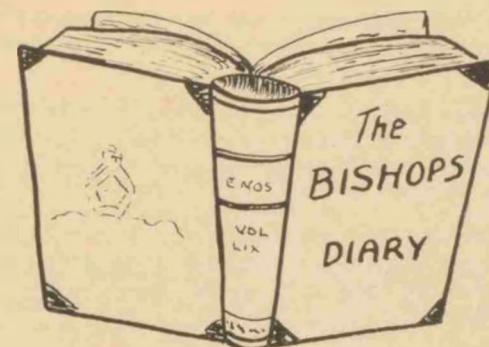
The following were read with much interest:

- Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, Toronto)
- The College Times (Upper Canada College)
- The Gryphon (University of Leeds)
- The Unicorn (Bedford College)
- The Cap and Gown (Memorial U. of Newfoundland)
- The Algoma Missionary News
- Quebec Diocesan Gazette
- Stonyhurst Magazine
- Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa
- Le Vieil Escollier (Laval)
- Hermès (Laval)

## Newspapers

- The Acadia Athenaeum
- The Brunswickian
- Le Carabin (Laval)
- Queen's Journal
- The Manitoban
- McGill Daily

*Magazines are kept in the Lower Library*



In starting this column, may I say how honoured I am to carry on where that great humourist, satirist and author, N. F. Swen left off. I cannot presume to come anywhere close to his perfection or style but I shall do my best to continue his work in my own rather rough and crude manner. One of his greatest admirers, I was deeply hurt when in discussing other great authors in third year English the other day, the Professor compared Mr. Swen to some rather light-headed writers. However, I am sure his reputation was such in this University that I need say no more in appreciation of the great contribution he gave to this magazine.

Sept. 16. The Council has the first look at the new crop as interviews into the past life of the Freshmen and Freshettes are held. Other students continue more personal interviews on their arrival the following day.

Sept. 21. The Introduction Dance is held as the incoming class takes little time in introducing themselves to one another. A dare-devil rider provides entertainment on his motorcycle.

Sept. 22. Bishop's Football season opens and closes in a half-sized game.

Sept. 24. Freshettes are sent ghost-hunting and the most spiritually seductive becomes Senior Freshette one week later. Students finally see golf course in daylight as a new twist to the game brings out the throngs. Martha and Pete get a

The MITRE

prize more in keeping with the old games we used to play there.

Sept. 25. Freshmen accused of subversive activities in high court trial and are seen as hygiene inspectors and playing "ring a round a rosie" to "make the punishment fit the crime".

Sept. 29. Seniors tie soccer game by a shot in the dark. Tea Dance follows at which Herbie outdoes himself, and hot chocolate, hot records, and hot dance floor tactics are bitterly criticized by Campus Puritan.

Oct. 2. A blood party is held at St. Anthony's Hall — Bishop's pouring. Last rites and fluttering hearts live again as youthful doctor has no trouble with volunteers from the Women's Residence getting "under their skin and into their blood."

Oct. 4. Senior Man takes a trip to sample ale and ask or a grant at a popular Bishop's rendez-vous. For a drink, a speech, and a song — well done!

Oct. 5. General exodus to Montreal leaving those that are intellects and those that are broke to beautify the campus.

Oct. 10. Bishop's theatre opens but few can "pickup" the sound. A Bishop graduate ploughs the field in a short. "O how are the mighty fallen!"

Oct. 12. Freshmen Dance sees Women's Residence vacant. The stage desecrated as the saying "there is no higher form of praise than imitation" is put into practice by some faculty admirers.

Oct. 13. New member of Old Arts shows Olympian style to win the track.

Oct. 15. Youthful star takes tennis in grand style. The "Campus" shows little respect for age in its write-ups. Davis Cup spies seen in the crowd as Rochon heads for the south.

Oct. 25. Traditions are upheld for opening debate as in first year we decided against "Going Steady", second year we threw the

MICHAELMAS 1951

"Women out of the Home" and this year we could only debate that "women do more harm than good."

Oct. 30. The Royal Toot arrives at Olivier's before the sun where an expensive breakfast was richly served at cheap rates. Some see royalty six or seven times while others visit burlesque shows. However, after a long day everyone resorted to the same activity on the trip home.

Oct. 31. The Hallowe'en Dance brings the imaginative qualities of all people to the fore as the Klu Klux Klan, an angel, and a nun carry away the snow white prize — a bar of Lux Soap.

Nov. 5. Wild women are held in bounds as nine o'clock leaves are freely given. The cause? Too much plumbing after eleven.

Nov. 7. The Bishop's girls are sound on the floor, as they ground the Radar bashateers. A beautiful game to watch.

Nov. 10. Birds fly as Round Robin attracts many stars. Other athletes attend a celebrity's wedding and celebrate afterwards in a manly way.

Nov. 13. Demand for people to come into the woods by the Biology Club. Not for biological reasons but to beautify the unturned sod.

Nov. 16. Despite cries of "money back" by rabble rousers at its beginning, the Athletics Dance ends up playfully successful in the plaid room, at the drums and under the table.

Any person who is ready to sue for libel after reading this diary may challenge the author to a duel on Christmas eve under the mistletoe on the Normandie Roof. To all others — A Merry Christmas and a fruitful New Year.  
ENOS.

Next Issue —

## CONTEST

Poetry

Short Stories

Articles

Art

Photography

A cash prize will be given for the best contribution  
in each class.

Deadline: February 19th, 1952

MICHAELMAS 1951



*Please*

CANADA'S LEADING CIGARETTE

OUR ADVERTISERS  
MAKE THIS PUBLICATION  
POSSIBLE !

+++

*Please Favour Them  
With YOUR Patronage  
Whenever You Can !*

# PELLETIER

Sherbrooke, Quebec

Furs — Suits — Coats

84 Wellington St. N.

One of the newest and most select  
all year round resorts in the  
Eastern Townships.



NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

- Famous for Meals
- Distinguished Clientele
- All Summer and Winter Sports

Tel. Sherbrooke 3-0180

## Crown Laundry OF SHERBROOKE LIMITED

It's the "Famous for the Finest"  
SANITONE SERVICE

541 King St. W. Tel. 3-2585



R. Lindskow, President  
140 Wellington N. Phone 3-2313  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

of the

## NEW WELLINGTON GRILL SHERBROOKE

## Compliments of E. T. A. A.

### SHERBROOKE ARENA

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Blue's  
IN SHERBROOKE  
for the latest in campus wear  
Blazers — Flannels  
Sports Coats — Slacks  
Also  
University Crests and Buttons

AFTER THE GAME  
DOWN TO

### RENE'S RESTAURANT

Main Street Phone 3-0230  
LENNOXVILLE

## Compliments of OLIVIER'S

The largest cosmetic store  
in the Eastern Townships.

12 Wellington St. N.  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

## LEO LALIBERTE CUSTOM TAILOR

TIP TOP TAILORS CLOTHES

Specialty:  
Blazers — Crests — Slacks

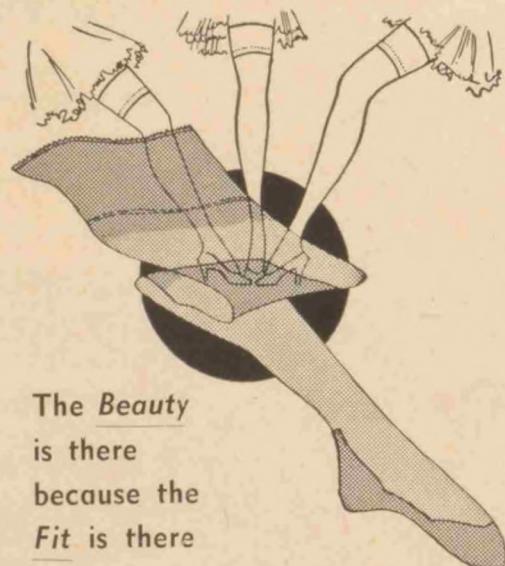
61 Wellington St. North  
SHERBROOKE QUE.

MEATS — GROCERIES



DRY CURED BACON  
STALL FED BEEF

## KAYSER proportioned hosiery



The Beauty  
is there  
because the  
Fit is there

Whether you're short, medium or tall—willowy or amply proportioned—you'll find your fit among KAYSER'S seven hosiery proportions. The smartest new shades in 'dress-up' or everyday sheers all with the 'Straight-On' \*Heel—the magic little pucker that cradles your heel and keeps seams straight and neat.

\* Patented

# KAYSER

HOSIERY — GLOVES — LINGERIE

Head Office & Plants: Sherbrooke, Que.

Branches: Rock Island, Megantic, East Broughton,  
Disraeli.



General Hardware  
Farmers' Supplies  
Paints, Varnishes  
and Wallpaper.  
Tel. 2-7111  
155 Main St. Lennoxville, Que.

## WHARRAM BROS.

Choice Meats and Groceries  
fish, Vegetables, Butter & Eggs

Tels. 2-5311 — 3-2282  
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Live Better  
Live Electrically



Southern Canada Power  
"Owned by Those it Serves"

## Sherbrooke Daily Record

THE ONLY ENGLISH DAILY IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

Designers and Quality Printers

## Custom Tailoring to Your Individual Measure

An Investment in Good Appearance  
"Canada's Leading Clerical Robemakers"



MICHAELMAS 1951

PLEASANT  
NORTHERN  
OPEN ALL YEAR FOR  
Conventions, Lunches,  
John R.

McMichael, O'Gorman &  
Ker O'Donnell  
Advocates Barristers &c.  
360 St. James St. West, Montreal

Compliments of

SHERBROOKE PURE  
MILK CO.

JOHN MILFORD  
and Son Reg'd

FLORISTS

Sherbrooke, Que. Phone 2-3757

H. J. McCONNELL

Optometrist

Tel. 2-0167 — 102 Wellington N.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

FRANK C. BAKER INC.

WHOLESALE LUMBER & COAL

Telephone 2-7233

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

*The Largest and Finest Hardware Store  
in the Eastern Townships*

DISTRIBUTORS FOR:

C. C. M. Skates — Spalding Hockey Equipment  
Bentley Badminton Rackets — B. F. Goodrich Running Shoes  
Daoust Lalonde Ski Boots — Harvey Dodds Skis  
Sunbeam Electric Appliances — Kelvinator Refrigerators  
General Steel Wares Products

ALSO

Electrical Supplies — General Hardware  
Building Supplies — Fine Chinaware — Crockery

COAL • COKE • FUEL OIL

1876 — 1952

Hardware-Electrical Appliances  
**J.S. MITCHELL & CO. LTD.**  
78-80 WELLINGTON N. - SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

## H. C. Wilson and Sons Ltd.

Sherbrooke, Que.

## J. A. PIGEON

SHOE REPAIRING

Badminton & Tennis Rackets  
Repaired  
with Soriano Automatic Stringer  
68 Wellington St. N. Tel. 2-3424  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Planned Life Insurance  
brings Peace of Mind.

**Sun Life**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY  
*of Canada*

MORE THAN ONE AND A HALF  
MILLION POLICIES IN FORCE

Compliments of

## PERKINS PAPER PRODUCTS

424 Guy Street  
MONTREAL 3, QUE.

PREFERRED BY  
PARTICULAR PEOPLE

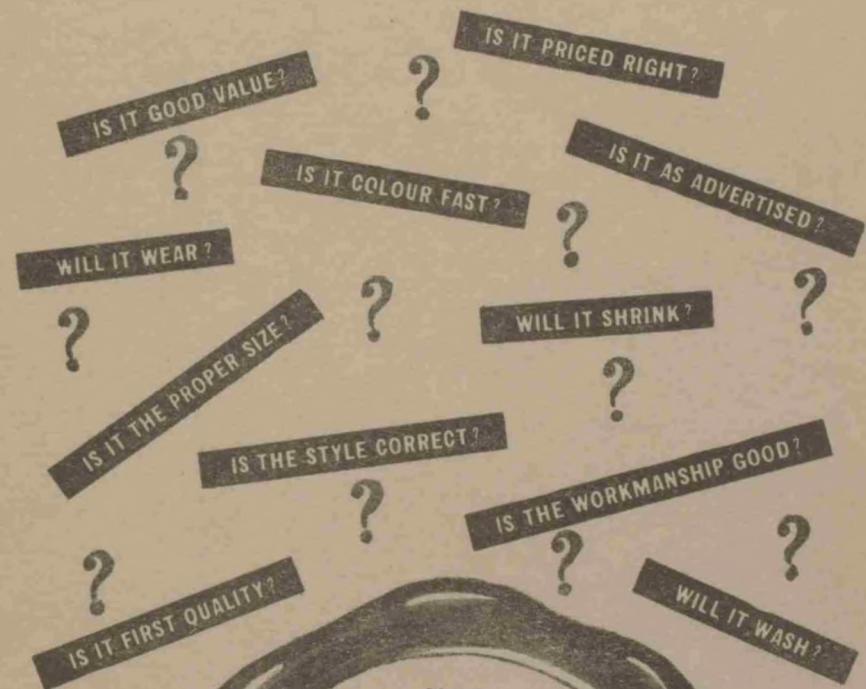
## AUSTIN GLOVE MANUFACTURING CO.

Sherbrooke, Que.  
Makers of Fine Dress Gloves

FURNITURE  
FOR  
• HOME      • OFFICE      • STUDY

## ECHENBERG BROS.

# EATON'S



Your  
unqualified protection  
against the question marks  
of shopping  
is the famous  
**EATON** Guarantee  
"Goods Satisfactory  
or Money Refunded"  
T. EATON CO. LIMITED