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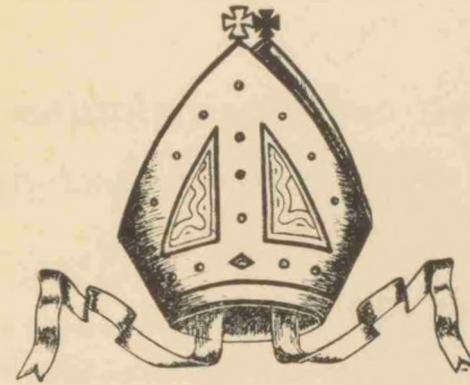
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## A Tribute . . .

The retirement this August of Mr. Stuart Sanders, who for twenty-three years has so ably filled the positions of Bursar of Bishop's University and Secretary of the Corporation will be greatly regretted by students and alumni of the College. Mr. Sanders came to the University in 1929 with a broad background of varied experience, including his professional work as an engineer, and active service with the Canadian overseas forces throughout the first world war in which he attained the rank of Major. During his long tenure of office he has been conspicuously faithful in the discharge of his manifold responsibilities, and the University has been fortunate in having the benefit of his sound judgment and integrity of character. If any period can be singled out in which his work has been most valuable, this would be the past five or six years of transition in the history of Bishop's during which important changes of administration have taken place and the new building programme inaugurated and carried to a successful conclusion. His continuity of executive office enabled him to bring past experience to bear on the needs and problems of the present, and to make a distinct contribution to the progress of the University.

Mr. Sanders' relations with Bishop's undergraduates have never been merely official. For six years he commanded the O. T. C. and in many other ways has taken a keen personal interest in the welfare of students. Like Chaucer's Sergeant of the Lawe, "nowher so busy a man as he ther nas," and yet he was never too busy to give freely of his time when anybody was in need of council or sympathy.

It is a pleasure to know that he will continue to live in Sherbrooke, and thus be still in a measure of touch with the activities of the College. The Mitre echoes the feelings of the entire student body of Bishop's University in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Sanders best wishes for their future happiness and appreciation of what they have contributed to the life of the University.



YOUR former editor will perhaps accuse us of having "nothing to say" upon reading this, and he would be perfectly right, for indeed at this time we have nothing to say. Further, anything we may have thought to say would be, at least on the campus, a matter of the pot calling the kettle black. For this reason we are determined for the nonce to keep our editorial mouth shut.

This last issue of the "MITRE" for 1951-52 contains less material than the previous issue, due mainly to the short time at our disposal in which to publish it, and due also to the queer inhibition shown by the majority of students on the campus to do anything at this time other than study particular courses. Of the articles printed, the greatest number will be found to be humorous. We hereby deny any charges which may be laid against the new editorial board in that its aim is to turn the "MITRE" into an undergraduate funny-book. In this matter it is our contributors rather than ourselves who determine policy.

The poetry selections are serious. Poetry of the intellect seems to be in vogue in these modern times, but in the poetry here presented we find some interesting thoughts. The two poems "Except My Love" and "I Must Go Now" by B. G. S. are very effective, not only in the ideas that they contain, but also in the mood which they create. The poem "The Living Earth" by John McVittie comes to us from Australia under rather mysterious circumstances. It was addressed simply "The Editors, University Magazine, University, Lennoxville." We are wondering how and why. We turn the poems over to your perusal without further comment.

The book review of John St. Vincent Smith's "Insistentism" by Brian Kelley is a rather clever comment on the new Existentialist

philosophy. The author himself calls it a "freeble critique." We shall leave the final judgment to you.

The Mackie Prize Essay is printed with a particular purpose in mind. It was chosen from a number of essays submitted in competition for this prize, and is here presented in order that other contestants and those who might contend in future years can see by what standard the articles submitted are judged.

The article on the contribution of the French to Canada by John Lawrence is the third in a series of papers presented to the History Club and printed in the "MITRE." The author presents a clear, although perhaps not too sympathetic analysis of the contribution made by these people to the progress of our Dominion.

"I, the Brewery" by Rod Mills will take most readers of the "MITRE" by storm and no doubt shock the more conservative. This rather direct parody of a very popular detective story writer is, we feel, more in line with university humor than the "MITRE" has been accustomed to print.

The visit of a Japanese sociologist brings forth the article on "Canadian Higher Education." Dr. Youramoron has presented an interesting account of our universities. We are indeed indebted to Charles Ripley, an ardent student of Japanese and other cultures, for spending his valuable time on the excellent translation of this document here printed.

In regard to the letter from Bill Prouty, we disdain to answer our lowly assistant, and thereby leave this task to some enterprising student.

We are looking for a number of back issues of the "MITRE" which are missing from both the Publications files and the library. A list of these will be found near the back of this issue. If anyone knows anything of the whereabouts of any of these issues we would appreciate their informing us.

In closing we would like to say something about the "MITRE" for next year. 1953 is the Diamond Jubilee of the "MITRE," and plans are now under way for a special issue to be printed in the Lent Term. In conjunction with this special issue we are running a contest for the best effort in each of the literary genres. On looking at the Michaelmas 1951 issue we are struck by the apparent uselessness of the appeal made by the editor a year ago. Despite this we again ask our readers to spend some time during the summer in creative effort useful to the "MITRE."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor,  
The Mitre,  
Bishop's University.

Dear Sir:

In this letter I wish to make an attempt to refute the position upheld in the editorial which appeared in the Michaelmas issue of the "Mitre." In that the writer lamented the fact that we as students have "nothing to say." Such an accusation is neither fair nor truthful in the presentation of the problem as it is manifested in this University. It is true that we say nothing, even though we have wider possibilities of expression than many students in this present age, but it is not because we lack any worthwhile thoughts or sentiments.

I know students—even science students—who, without the benefit of any philosophers ancient or modern, can attack or defend the precepts of our lives in a manner which would bear commendation in any era. Not only are the ideas of these persons clearly formed, but they are in addition a product of their own intellectual questioning. Without the classic decisions of Plato, Darwin, or even such moderns as Whitehead before them, these students can—if pressed into it by necessity—bring forth opinions which bear the weight of both vitality and reason. These thoughts are as original as any thought may be in an age of such great intellectual and spiritual tradition, yet these same persons would undoubtedly be the first to say that "there is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon"; and that their contribution is of superlative worthlessness in a world whose dominating characteristics are superlatives and worthlessness.

These ones affirm that they have little to tell to their contemporaries and their successors, but in unguarded moments they show that there is an immense amount of potential expression beneath the hyper-sophistication of their controlled exteriors.

Why is it that we persist in containing within ourselves that which is of the most worth? Is it because of our natural 'Anglo-Saxon reticence'? Is it this which will not permit us to give free expression

to our thoughts and prove that we are human beings? Is it because we think that there is nothing left to say—that others have left no field in which to speak? Is it because we feel our minds have not the mellow cultivation of years and knowledge to make our thoughts mature?

I have no doubt that many would like to rationalize their present lack of mental activity by one of these three reasons. But I would direct my accusation against something quite different from hidden complexes and destitution of worth—something equally distressing and much more universal—the insufficiency of time.

When a student mutters, "I have nothing to say," he really means that he has not the time to sit down and seriously consider anything remotely connected with ideas or ideals. Our minds, instead of functioning as thinking units, have become marvellous card sorting machines which organize all sorts of things monumental and inconsequential. Movies, essays, 'labs', examinations—each shouts for time; each is a devourer of hours, days, weeks; each is thought of as time taken up, not as learning taken in. In our harried lives, so much emphasis is placed on future things that present time is carelessly wasted.

I do not suggest that we should all take for our model the Elder Pliny, who was at study even while in his bath, but I do suggest that the students of this University consider why they came to Bishop's and what they expect to acquire in their years here. If it is not learning, then I would suggest that they choose another riviera for their vacation. We must all realize what things are important in life, and what things are mere trivia. Perhaps we do have some vague idea of values, but because study and learning are so exhausting must we spend nine-tenths of our time recovering from them?

We have the time if we wish to find it, we have the intelligence, and we have the opportunity to make ourselves felt as a force of literary expression in this country. If we do not use our advantages it is not because we are a University with nothing to say, but because we are a University not caring to say anything and very prone to criticize those who do.

Yours Truly,

BILL PROUTY.

# THE MACKIE PRIZE ESSAY FOR 1952



## *Milton's Views On The Freedom Of Man*

*By Boyd Sinyard*

Any thinker in history can best be understood if we consider both the intellectual climate of the age in which he lived, and his own peculiar temperament. Milton was a product of the Seventeenth Century and his philosophy, including his ideas on freedom, must be viewed in relation to the current thinking of his time. The importance of the Seventeenth Century in the development of philosophical, theological, and political thinking in England cannot be over-estimated.

The history of the thought of Western man may be arbitrarily divided into two great periods, the period of Greek Philosophy, and the centuries following the Renaissance. It was in the Seventeenth Century that modern European thought seems first to have assumed once more, that its appointed task was the discovery and declaration of truth. In a sense, no doubt, the separation of the 'true' from the 'false', the 'real' from the 'illusory' has been the task of all times, but it is in the Seventeenth Century that we meet once again the exhilaration of thought that we had encountered among the ancients, which was extinguished in the Dark Ages

and never found a true expression in Scholasticism. We have then in the thinkers of this century a sense of emancipation from inadequate notions, a freedom and independence of thought, which found its greatest expression, probably, in the works of Milton.

The philosophy of the period was in rebellion against Scholasticism. Scholasticism, which had its origin with Thomas Aquinas was supposed to be a metaphysical system, rigid and complete, and thus discouraged free thinking. It had been the accepted philosophy of the Church for centuries and its rejection opened a new avenue for progressive thought. Again the thinking of the period was influenced by the recent scientific developments and philosophers were turning to empirical methods for ascertaining truth. This raised the old problem of the relationship of man as a free agent in what seemed to be both an ordered and deterministic nature. The effect of the overthrow of Scholasticism on the thinking of the Seventeenth Century may best be seen in a quotation from M. Maritain, who himself is a modern scholastic.

*At the Renaissance 'Philosophy abandoned theology to assert its own claim to be considered the supreme science, and, the mathematical science of the sensible world and its phenomena taking precedence at the same time over metaphysics, the human mind began to profess independence of God and Being.'*

or as Christopher Dawson, another Thomist puts it,

*'Instead of the whole intellectual and social order being subordinated to spiritual principles, every activity has declared its independence, and we see politics, economics, science, and art organising themselves as autonomous.'*

The shattering of this metaphysical system paved the way for a freedom of thought that had not been known since the days of the Greek academies.

Scientific developments had another influence which was even more direct than its influence through philosophy. It tended to make man the measure of all things and sought to emancipate human life from its dependence on the supernatural. Man's discoveries and inventions brought about a new dignity and a new evaluation of man. Man was seen to be the sovereign in what seemed to be a somewhat less deterministic universe. With the new dignity of man came also a greater sense of freedom. Science at any rate was endeavouring

to free him from the fear of the unknown, and even from the fear of the gods.

Theologically too there was a reluctance to accept the old dogmas. The Reformation had succeeded in overthrowing authority as the final judgment in things theological and ecclesiastical and to place more and more value on the right of the individual to think freely of these matters as well as in other fields. For centuries free-thinking in the field of theology was not only discouraged but was often dangerous. The Protestant trend of thought tended to emphasize the freedom of the individual to decide for himself his position on religious matters.

This was the climate in which Milton lived. It was an age which was concerned with freedom both in the abstract and in the practical sense; in fact both are connected. One cannot talk about the political freedom of man without presupposing some idea of equality, which in turn presupposes some idea of the nature of man himself. Again one cannot talk of the rights of man without presupposing some knowledge of man as a free moral agent, for without freedom of choice there is no such thing as morality, and therefore no such thing as right or wrong.

I wish to show now that Milton himself was a free thinker in accord with the climate of his age and as such was a believer in the right of the individual to think freely for himself. Freedom of thought is an essential freedom in any society which postulates any belief whatever in religious or political freedom.

Milton believed firmly in the right and ability of each man, by the use of his gift of reason, to think for himself and to base his actions upon his own decisions. He himself accepted no dogma either ecclesiastical or philosophical; what beliefs he held as a Puritan or as a Christian he accepted, not on the grounds of outside authority, but on the grounds of what appealed to his own reason. The deification of reason in the Seventeenth Century, no doubt, had its influence, and to Milton it meant some sort of indwelling guiding power given by God to man.

I would go so far as to say that in many respects Milton was a radical in his thinking. He was a Puritan, but far from being orthodox; he was a Christian yet died an Arian. He departed from current Protestant orthodoxy in many important respects which shows evidence of his independent way of thinking. Not only in his radical views on divorce but in some capital points of the faith he showed an intrepid independence of mind. He abandoned at will the Calvin-

istic doctrine of predestination; he refused the Son equal status with the Father (Arianism); he asserted God created the world not out of 'nothing', but out of Himself, and that matter was therefore a divine principle. To this materialism he added the belief that God endowed matter with the principle of life and thought, and that body and soul are one, not two. The corollary of this belief, which Milton adhered to in company with Hobbes, was 'mortalism' that is a doctrine that at death all of man shall die to be revived again only at the Last Judgement. Even in his interpretation of Scripture, which in the strict Protestant tradition he was expected to accept literally, he showed his independence of thought. Scripture itself could be an hindanrec if it were allowed to tyrannize over the free choice of a free and responsible moral agent. What Milton sought in scriptural study was truth, the same truth that was the lodestone of the thinkers of his century, but for him it was a truth that would make men free; free firstly from the bondage of sin, and secondly from external tyrannies. The moral sense of right reason in man is the final tribunal, even above scripture, for Milton.

The above comments on his religious beliefs and his treatment of scripture are sufficient to show Milton's independence of mind, but what I wish to emphasize here, even more than these startling heterodoxies, which are evidences of his free thinking, is the humanism of Milton. This humanism reflects the scientific thinking of the age and the resultant new dignity afforded to man, and humanism links him on the one hand with the Renaissance, and on the other with the Cambridge Platonists. By humanism I mean a belief in the natural dignity and virtue of man as a free moral agent. This humanistic conception of man is shown especially in *Paradise Lost* where Milton stands somewhat half-way between those who, like Blake, hold the utter depravity of the natural man, and those who, like Rousseau, believe unreservedly in his goodness. Upon Milton's idea of man is based, not only his beliefs as to man's rights and equality in society, but also his belief in man as a free moral agent and the resultant beliefs concerning man's political and religious freedoms. I think it will be necessary to discuss Milton's concept of the nature of man, especially his free will and its relation to the omnipotence of God, before we can discuss his ideas of political liberty. That Milton believed in the right of the individual to think freely we have shown.

Milton's Idea of man is found in *Paradise Lost*. Why Milton should choose such a subject for an heroic poem in a scientific age is an interesting study in itself. Milton conceived both nature and human nature as having been made out of God's own substance, and thus necessarily good; but man, in virtue of his reason has the unique

responsibility of moral choice (Reason is also choice, P.L. III, 108), which means that man is good only when Reason is in command of the passions. The impulses, though naturally good, are in practice good only when controlled by reason.

*'Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyed,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart passions catch the government  
From reason'*

P.L. xii 86

Here lies the radical or 'original' sinfulness of man as well as his prerogative. Milton believed in the fall of man but he also believed in the power and freedom of the human will to stand firm, or to recover itself after a lapse. His view of the Fall is of course humanistic, that is, he did not attach great importance to the doctrine of 'original sin' but did find a parallel in the human radical tendency to err. Original sin perverts man's will and thus curbs his freedom of choice, but the Miltonic, humanistic, interpretation leaves man with somewhat more freedom after the fall than an orthodox Christian view. The fall was the surrender of Reason to upstart passions and its effect was spiritual death or the partial loss of will's freedom to choose rightly.

In the *De Doctrina Christiana* when he writes of 'spiritual death' as the punishment of sin he says,

*"It consists in that deprivation of righteousness and liberty to do good, and in that slavish submission to sin and the devil, which constitutes, as it were, the death of the will" (p. 265)*

It was also characteristic of Milton's doctrine on this point that this loss of inward liberty was inevitably accompanied by, and punished by, loss of political liberty. True liberty dwells ever with right reason, but fallen man is deservedly subject to tyranny. Redemption thus comes to mean a process, possible by God's grace, by which the will recovered once again its liberty to do good.

Virtue, for Milton, then consists in the free-will doing what is right in the full knowledge of the issues. (Tillyard p. 54) Thus in the famous passage about the knowledge of good and evil in the *Areopagitica*, Milton has no praise for the 'cloistered virtue.'

We must now consider what Milton means by freedom of choice and this can best be seen by looking at his conception of the freedom

of man before the fall, in comparison to the freedom he enjoyed after it.

Adam remarks to Eve in *Paradise Lost* (ix. 351),

*'But God left free the will, for what obeys reason, is free, and reason he made right.'*

According to this view, 'freedom' is only attained when 'constraint' is absolute, constraint, however, by the law of reason. Meaning is also found within this view, for the negative sense; it becomes 'freedom from' the solicitations of unreason. I think that it is this 'freedom' in the negative sense that Milton wishes to claim for Adam before his fall. This was necessary in order to exonerate God from the charge of unjust behaviour, and might serve all right in pictorial thinking but difficulty arises when we remember that it is from God that Adam has this 'freedom', and his freedom becomes a freedom to lose freedom, a freedom to become enslaved; for real freedom in Milton consists of a submission to God (right reason). Adam is free when he is most God-constrained, and directly he exercises his right of choice he departs from God and ceases to be free.

Again, Adam before his fall, had not the full spiritual liberty which consists in the voluntary submission of a rational being to the law of reason. Prelapsarian man was God-constrained in the same sense as animals and the rest of nature, he could not but will what was right until having disobeyed he became capable of sin. Only a being capable of sin could know the meaning which Milton really attached to the notion of spiritual freedom. It may be said that Adam and Eve were capable of moral choice, and hence of sin, before they ate the fruit, otherwise they would not have chosen to disobey God's express command; and Milton, in his endeavour to make his epic narrative humanly convincing, certainly has to attribute to them some of the frailties of fallen humanity, in order to make their behaviour possible. But this limited freedom of choice, which man enjoyed before the fall, did not constitute the full 'liberty' of Milton's own ripest thought. A man must know good and evil much more intimately than prelapsarian Adam before he can submit with his whole being to the control of that divine law in whose service Milton saw a perfect freedom.

Milton is forced to represent unfallen man as perfect, made in the image of God; and he is forced too, to represent the fall as a calamity engineered by the devil, and yet it is the very act of the fall that represented the liberation of man from the beneficent determinism of Jehovah, and the birth of his capacity for true liberty.

*'Repentant man will at length bring forth  
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n  
From innocence' P.L. xi. 26*

There are two senses in which man is said to be free according to Milton; one sense is that of being not constrained, and the other is the sense of living in accord with reason.

Milton justified God's action entirely on the basis that Adam fell of his own free will.

*'So without least impulse or shadow of fate . . .  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain  
Till they enthrall themselves.' P.L. iii 120*

Free here means not constrained, exempt from the rigour of the divine decrees which otherwise bound nature fast in fate. It has the negative sense of freedom from external coercion. But Milton's profounder use of the word freedom is that it is the service of reason.

*'Since thy original lapse, true Liberty  
Is lost, which always with Right Reason dwells  
Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
And upstart passions catch the government  
From reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man, till then free' P.L. xii 83*

This conception of freedom as the service of reason, or the submission to the will of God is the climax of Milton's thought on the Subject. The influence of the Cambridge Platonists led him to exalt reason to the position of being the equivalent of the will of God; in fact Christ might be for Milton as He was for John Smith, a 'type', a 'principle' representing right reason.

How can we then justify this idea of man being free and yet bound by reason or to rephrase it in the Christian terminology how can we say that freedom reaches its highest peak in service to God? Is not this servitude to the beneficent omnipotence of God?

The popular idea of freedom is that it means that I am equally able to do either of two opposite actions. The logical conclusion of this position is that the more undecided one is the *more free* one is, but this is obviously false. Man is not really free when he is a state of wickedness and indecision. Man is so created of God that he can only achieve his fullest stature in unity with God. Thus sin which

separates man from God impairs his personality, and the more impaired his personality becomes the less free man is. True freedom for the Christian and for Milton is mastery over oneself which he terms living in accordance with reason. It is obvious that freedom is not to be attained by the acquiring of power to do any kind of actions, but only right actions; we are really free when we have built up habits of acting in accordance with the will of God (or as Milton would say in accordance with right reason), which is equally the law of our own nature. Thus the saint is the freest man on earth, not because he can do good or bad at will, but because he has fixed his will in harmony with the will of God, and is realizing the purpose of God for his life. This is the orthodox Christian attitude to the problem of freedom of the will of man and I think Milton's freedom in terms of right reason amounts to the same idea. Man is free when he is able to do that in which he alone can find true satisfaction. Milton would I think agree whole-heartedly with this statement.

We have mainly discussed Milton's conception of freedom in terms of his doctrine of man. This is essential I believe. One cannot postulate a belief in freedom without having some underlying assumption concerning the nature of man. Milton found in Christianity, despite his humanistic and sometimes unorthodox interpretation, a doctrine of man upon which he could base his belief that man was a free moral agent, was capable of making his own judgments and therefore entitled to a freedom of thought, a freedom of religion, and a political freedom in society.

There is not space in this essay to deal at length with Milton's ideas of political freedom as expressed in his tracts; or even to say much about his ideas of religious freedom besides what has already been said in an attempt to show that in this field he exercised an independence of thought which presupposes his belief in the universal right of freedom of thought.

His famous and often quoted passage in the *Areopagitica* in favour of unrestricted reading is, of course, familiar, and is applicable even in our own day, when some authorities assume the right to dictate to others what they should read. He says,

*'"To the pure all things are pure"; not only meats and drinks but all kinds of knowledge, whether of good or evil: the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled' Areop.*

In his *Tractate on Education* he expresses the same idea. He asserts that there is a godlike principle in man and that this principle

is to be found in the Reason or understanding, and therefore whatever procures true knowledge is of the highest value.

Much has been written on his political views, but I think the greatness of his prose works, especially in this field, is not to be measured by their success in effecting specific changes in the law of the land. His political career was a triumph not of practical achievement, but of character and of intellect. How vital his thought was is evidenced by the fact that many of the ideas that have played the most important roles in modern history are to be clearly found enunciated in his writings. His contempt for authority as such, his distrust of institutions, priests and kings, his insistence on the separation of church and state, his unqualified faith in the essential goodness of human nature, his belief in individualism, we meet again in the minds of men determining the character of the French Revolution and the English Romantic Movement.

'Liberty is a word which we immediately associate with Milton's speculations on human life, and rightly so.' He is the great idealist and individualist with a perfect faith in the capacity of human nature to accomplish its own salvation if it is not restricted by meddling prohibitions. Milton's faith in his country was unbounded, but it is a faith which could be justified only if individual character were allowed to develop spontaneously and unhampered by bonds of authority, custom or regulation. His idea of the freedom of man in an organised society is illustrated in the following; 'The intention of laws is to check vice; but liberty is the best school of virtue and affords the strongest encouragements to the practice.'

There is no doubt that Milton was the great apostle of liberty in the Seventeenth Century, but his views of freedom can only be understood in relation to the climate of his age, his own particular temperament, and above all in relation to his concept of man.

## The Living Earth

HERE is the sea and the wind blows oblique  
And the sea is pushed back by the wind  
And over the sea are clouds, but these are weak  
And hover where sharp cliffs rise to a peak  
Out of the blue expanse;

On the crest of a grass-slope beside the beach  
From an old red truck with engine purring  
A man with strong arms, no muscles demurring  
Shovels loosely a load of clay, and each  
Sliding spadeful falls where wind is spurring  
The high—the grey-green grasses;

Gulls wheel in circles overhead—  
Screech high as the caw of hungry crows where  
In an outback paddock a sheep lies dead.  
—But here the smell of fresh turn'd earth  
I live as the spademan with the sun's soothing warmth  
On his lithe brown body.

—John McVittie.

## I Must Go Now

I must go now.  
For I smell through all the city smoke  
A tang of salt.  
Through all the noise of traffic and of crowds  
I hear the rattle of an anchor chain  
The screaming of the blocks  
And wind  
That plays a music on the cables taut  
And rocks tired men in hammocks hung.  
I smell the oakum in the spring,  
And tar,  
And hear the caulkers' hammer.

I must go now—  
For I have seen the screaming jets,  
And ridden the shiny diesels  
On an artificial road.  
I have heard the factory whistles  
And have seen them swallow and spew forth  
Their shifts of automatons.  
The noise of trams is in my brain  
And honking horns.

I must hurry now.  
For I see her by the quay  
Low settled in the water.  
The stevedores are battening down the hatches—  
The tide is on the fall.

I must hurry  
For above the noise I hear  
A bos'un's whistle  
And I think he's waiting.  
Waiting  
To pipe me back aboard.

—B. G. S.

## "I, The Brewery"

By Rodney Mills

I strolled leisurely along East 42nd Street, a cigarette hanging from one corner of my mouth, and my most vicious sneer fixed on my handsome map. Ruggedness is my middle name; the other handle I go by is Paul Piledriver, and believe you me, I'm a Rough Boy from the word "go." I extracted another butt from my deck, deftly lit a safety match off the folder with one hand while combing my hair with the other, took two deep drags and flipped it into the street, like Alan Ladd does in the movies.

It was then that I first laid eyes on her. What a *dish!* I go for tall women, and this one came near to hitting six feet. But that isn't all that I liked about her. She had gorgeous dirty blonde hair, eyes like cesspools and a mouth like a well-excavation. As for frame, she was all there and a mile wide. I ambled over to where she was bending over picking cigar butts out of the gutter, winked at her, and before you could say "Kiss me, Schnoogie", she was in my arms.

I kissed her passionately, and she clung to me like flies to fly-paper. But I had no time to waste. I pushed her away roughly, and she collapsed in a heap at my feet. "Let 'em know who's boss, I always say" I muttered, and took off slowly down West Fifty-fourth. I came across a dive and stayed there, thinking and drinking, for two hours. As I polished off my fourteenth quart, I decided it was time for me, Paul Piledriver, to burst into action. Slipping the bartender a grand for his trouble, I shifted my carcass out into the street again. I had just lighted up another butt when a limousine approached from North Fifty-third Street, and two sub-machine guns in the back windows each pumped four rounds of slugs at me. Having been born with quick reflexes, I found little trouble in dodging the lead they threw, and brushing off my four-hundred dollar topcoat I reflected, "Must be somebody in town who doesn't like my style." Being a Rough Boy, I didn't worry about it.

Suddenly my head was filled with a symphony of hate, and I heard mad music ringing in my cauliflower ears. I thought of Big Fred Fong, head of all the rackets in town. I hurried to a public telephone, spat in the slot because I had no nickels, and dialed my office. It was 4:35 A.M. by Hilda, my faithful secretary, who was on the job as usual. Her greeting was bright and cheery, and I realized that someday I would marry Hilda; probably as soon as she got her

face lifted. I asked her where Fred Fong was holing up, and she told me.

"Please be careful, darling," she murmured into the mouthpiece in her sexiest Southern drawl.

"Still love me, baby?" I asked.

"Yes . . ." she sighed.

"You and hundreds of others," I observed, and signed off. I clambered into my heap, rammed the gas pedal to the floor, throttled the choke, and turn on the ignition. Coasting along at sixty-five on Broadway, I lit up another weed, dragged a couple of times, and threw the butt at a passing flatfoot. The way I felt tonight, I pitied anyone who got in my way.

I arrived at Big Fred's hang-out, The Cocoa Club, locked up the heap and went in. I had to toss four dazzling blondes off my muscular frame before I could check my cap and windbreaker. I said Hello to the hat-check girl, and she barely managed to hang up my lid before she swooned. I'm no Farley Granger, but I do something to women. It's always been the same, and I just try to grin and bear it.

I located Big Fred, a three-hundred pound Chinese who measured seven feet in his stocking feet, in his private office. But Fred was a dwarf between his two heavies, who each held a gat pointed at my stomach. I foiled them by a simple ruse.

"Say Fred, do you usually keep that elephant hanging from the ceiling?" I asked glibly. They fell for it like a ton of bricks. While their bloodshot eyes were fixed on the ceiling, I relieved them of their artillery, and poured itching-powder, which I always carry for similar emergencies, down the thugs' necks. They staggered away, scratching and giggling hysterically.

"Now I've got you where I want you!" I said roughly to Fred. I poked my index finger into his belt and he doubled up with pain. I clipped him twice across the forehead with my knotted handkerchief, and, lashing his legs together with a noodle, dragged his exhausted hulk into the back alley. As a parting thought I went back and wrote "I told you so" thirty-six times all over his white shirt.

"Guess that'll teach you to fool around with me!" I muttered, climbing back into my heap and lighting another butt as I slammed the door.

Moral: Never fool around with Paul Piledriver unless you're a Rough Boy yourself.

## The French and Their Contribution To Canada

By John Lawrence

A glance at the vast Dominion of Canada cannot fail to impress even the most disinterested individual the great influence which the French-speaking minority has on it. This minority, whose roots are imbedded even more firmly in Canada than those of their compatriots, has been, and still is, a great strength to the country. The French Canadian way of life is as old as civilization in Canada and, still existing most dominantly, it exerts an influence on the Dominion which no one can deny is both great and lasting.

The contribution of French Canada to Canada as a whole is integrally bound up with that way of life. Consequently, to estimate the importance of this contribution, it is necessary to have, at the outset, some acquaintance with the background and the evolution of the French Canadian in Canada. Their way of life was not acquired in a moment. It is the product of living in close contact with the stark realities of a harsh environment; and it has given the French Canadians a stolid determination to preserve their way of living in spite of all obstacles.

Before the beginning of what was to turn into a rather slight colonization effort, if compared to the British colonies to the south of New France, a most important step was taken by the French government. It was decided that the new colony was to be settled solely by Roman Catholics. In this decision, the future of New France was determined. By barring French Protestants from its colony, France shut the door on any chance of internal religious dissension which might have flared up and wrought havoc in the colony even as it had in France during the latter part of the fourteenth century. The Roman Catholic Church became, as it is even to this day, the greatest pillar of French Canadianism. From the first it has been the great stabilizing and centralizing strength of French Canada and around it has grown up the most distinctive French Canadian way of life.

To begin with, the Church in New France was largely con-

cerned with the converting of the Indians who were to be found in great abundance and differing temperaments throughout the country. However, because of an almost insurmountable barrier which existed between the intellects of the savage and uncivilized Indians on the one hand, and the highly educated and intelligent Roman Catholic missionaries on the other, this phase of the Church's work in New France encountered great difficulties. Added to this, the almost continual state of war which existed between the tribes of Canada must have provided another very discouraging and equally insoluble problem to the missionaries. Yet no one can possibly condemn the heroic efforts of these stout-hearted men. One of the most glorious and heartening pages in all history was to be written by them before they had ended their work in Canada; and, if their endeavours, as judged by strictly materialistic progress, must be termed a failure, their courageous spiritual contribution cannot be too highly commended.

It was with the beginning of serious colonization in Canada that the Church began to assert its strong position in the colony. In 1658, Francois de Laval was appointed Bishop of Quebec and, under him, the Church became the centre of life throughout the colony.

That the Church gained such a dominant position in New France can be attributed to several reasons. Primarily, the men of the Church were unquestionably superior intellectually to the *habitant*, and the latter quite naturally looked to them for leadership. Added to this, the early priests of Canada set an example for the *habitants* by their ability to adapt themselves to the most difficult of situations. The clergy of that day did not live in the most beautiful or the best-constructed house in the district. They lived as the ordinary peasants and took care, not only of their own needs, but advised and aided the peasants in theirs. The early inhabitants conceived not only a respect and admiration, but a love for the unselfish and enterprising men of the Church. In the days when every man and woman had to undertake Herculean tasks and faced dangers unimaginable today, the clergy of New France stood out from their flocks, and led them. This speaks highly of their ability.

Secondly, the church was the centre of the community. Every Sunday, in all weather and at all times of the year, the *habitants* made their way to the church for Mass. Thus, the local church became the natural meeting place of the colony. Again, and of high importance, the church exercised complete control over education. Under Laval, the Seminary of Quebec, which now bears his name, was founded.

This seat of education enabled yet another ecclesiastical ele-

ment to grow up in Canada—a solely Canadian clergy. The early priests had received their education in France. Although their adaptability enabled them to enter fully into the life of the new colony, they were hindered in that they did not have an in-born and first-hand knowledge of the problems facing the habitants. Although the new Canadian clergy lacked an education as broad as that of their fellow priests, they brought to their work an ingrained sense of the life of the peasants. In time, a distinctive French Canadian culture manifested itself. That it did so is attributable in no small measure to the Canadian-born priests.

Gradually, under the guiding hand of Laval, the Roman Catholic Church in New France took on the distinctive features which characterizes it even today. Those characteristics are epitomized in the figure of Laval: an extreme moral strictness, a very definite conformity to the Church and an equally definite idea that the state should be secondary to the Church—upon these grew up the faith of New France. If at any time the Church lost its hold over the more business-minded and self-seeking adventurers of the colony, it always retained the loyalty of the *habitants*: the hard-working back-bone of French Canada. To this day it retains the loyal adherence of the vast majority of French Canadians.

It remains to evaluate the influence of the Church in New France. In the early days of colonization, and, in fact right down to the time of the British conquest, the greatest need in New France was not for highly intellectual people, but for good, honest hard workers. The need was for a strongly centralized colony, not for a group of people who, highly educated, might go about bickering over problems of religion, philosophy, mathematics or the like. "Make land" was all the early peasant needed to know. If he knew the rudiments of arithmetic and how to write his name, so much the better. If not, he could still wield a plough and contribute to the life and growth of his community by tillage of the soil and raising of a family—neither requires a thorough education in philosophy.

Under these circumstances, the simple and elevating religion which the Church provided for the habitant was not only sound, it was the best thing. With the change in the mode of living which the French Canadians experienced after the British Conquest, the religion of the people remained for them a necessity and a tremendous unifying force. Religion has been a source of misunderstanding in Canada. The French find it difficult to understand highly individualistic Protestantism while the English Canadian cannot compre-

hend the emphasis by French Catholics upon the welfare and unity of the group.

The basic story of the French Canadian is that of a people, bound together through necessity, into an extremely tight-knit community. Their survival in Canada was dependent upon their banding together into a unified and solid group. Here we have a very small number of people—50,000 at the time of the British influx—striving to make a new life for themselves in a vast and terrible country. The climate of Canada is bleak and uninviting with its numbingly cold winters and desperately hot summers. Added to this, and to the small numbers of the habitants, was the Indian menace, ever-near, ever-threatening. In time, the English settlers to the south of the little colony constituted a threat of equal seriousness with the Indian element. These problems were of the very first importance, and their best solution lay in centralization, in compactness. The strength of the colony rested upon the close harmony of its people; it bound them into a very strong society which not even conquest and years of predominant English rule could break down.

The Roman Catholic Church provided the leadership for this compactness and centralization. But it was not the sole leader or the sole cause of it. The secondary force behind the French Canadian way of life was the feudal system as it was established in the colony. The system which developed was not strictly feudal, and is known as the seigneurial system. That this was so is the result of the vast difference between France and her colony. The system, as it evolved in the colony, was a most integrating one. In keeping the people closely knit together, the system exhibited both a strength and a weakness. In that it prevented the opening of the interior, and in that it tended to hold the peasant to one plot of land, it displayed a weakness. The exploratory work of the sons of New France must be commended, but French Canadian settlement in the interior of the North American continent was slight.

Yet, the need in New France was not for expansion. Given more settlers, this might have been so. Indeed, it would have become imperative that there be expansion. But Canada was, as she still is, a huge country, and consolidation of the land was then a most necessary object. It may be argued that the New England colonies were just as well consolidated and that there is no valid reason, beyond the seigneurial system, why New France did not expand in the same manner. In this connection, two most important facts must be kept in mind. First, the population of the New England colonies was always greater than that of New France. Second, the conditions

of climate were vastly different. Whereas land could be cleared nearly all year in Virginia; in New France, only under half the year was suitable for cultivation of the soil.

The seigneurial system in New France was, second to the Church, the greatest binding power in the colony. Although the system of river frontage became cumbersome and the system as a whole tended to destroy the self-reliance of the *habitant*, it was nonetheless the best solution for the economic problems of the time.

The result of these two dominant influences on the French Canadians must now be given some consideration. They moulded a way of life which has produced a culture that is unique even as its people are unique. This way of life produced in the French Canadian a stubborn determination to preserve his way of living regardless of all obstacles. And yet, there were really only two alternatives which faced the French Canadians in 1763. One was to allow themselves to be assimilated into the English pattern of life, thus losing all identity of their own—an alternative which they could never countenance by virtue of their background. The other alternative was to maintain their individuality as a people; accepting passively, as they must, their English conquerors and yet preserving their culture and their way of life. The latter of these was the natural step for them to take. Years of living in their compact society had made its impression on them, and the thought of change was both abhorrent and impossible for them. To maintain their individuality as a people, they had to have a strong force to unite them and, just as the Church had provided that strong unifying force in the years gone by, so it continued to do so.

Today, the French Canadian still maintains and cherishes the culture and the way of life which had its origins in the early days of New France. His influence in all phases of Canadian life is tremendous, and we must remember that the French Canadian is, as he has been for many years, numerically inferior to his English countrymen. This must speak well for his way of life; for it is rarely that a minority in a country exerts such an influence. If we assume that the ultimate test of the validity and strength of a way of life lies in its ability to endure even after years of at least nominal domination by another way of life, then we must conclude that the French Canadian way of life is among the strongest and most enduring in the history of mankind.

This way of life is the greatest contribution that the French Canadians have made to Canada. The fact that this is obvious makes it no less true or important; for this way of life plays a dominant

role in the life of Canada, in both a positive and a negative sense. Contributions in all other fields are the direct consequence of the innate character of the French Canadian. They stem from his education and from his economic and social background. Although French Canadians are not limited solely to the province of Quebec, it is here that their contribution shows forth to best advantage. That this is so may be attributed to the fact that in no other province do they hold a numerical superiority over their compatriots. Again, Quebec has been, from earliest times, the centre and the stronghold of the French Canadians. Here, their contribution is completely dominant, and it is here that we find the French Canadians in their element.

If the contributions of the French Canadians is the result of their way of life, it is equally true that the maintenance of that way of life today is in large part the consequence of their education which is dominantly classical in its essence. Concentration is laid, not upon economics and other studies calculated to enhance ability in a business world, but upon history, religion, and the arts. This has produced an individual who finds it difficult to compete with any degree of success with the Protestant English whose very religion inculcates the principles of individual enterprise, thus enhancing their chances of prospering in a capitalistic business world.

The day is perhaps approaching when the French Canadians will occupy a place of equal importance in business with the English, but that day has not yet arrived. Today, a glance at the lists of Canadian corporations will show that an almost negligible minority of French Canadians occupy posts of importance in the business of the country. If this situation is to be altered, the French Canadians must achieve a sounder knowledge of economic principles and must acquire an individual enterprise which, at present, only a small minority exhibit.

In agriculture the French Canadian has never contributed greatly to the Dominion as a whole. His main desire is to raise enough for himself and his family and he exists mainly on what we would term subsistence agriculture. Added to this, the French Canadian, as a general rule, succeeds better in the rural districts than in the cities. Since he may trace his family's ownership of his farm back over several generations, and because the French Canadian is intensely loyal to his past, the desire to leave the farm of his birth is not great. If he does, he will probably be most unhappy and soon return to it.

There are other reasons why the French Canadian should choose to remain on his farm. G. E. Cartier once stated that "If we would

assure our national existence, we must stick to the soil attachment to the soil is the secret of the future greatness of French Canadians " French Canadians have not forgotten this, and there is constant agitation among them today for a return to the soil. They may never add greatly to Canada in agriculture, but they will benefit immeasurably themselves.

The literature of French Canada is as distinctive as its quaint rural towns. And it is from these towns that much of the poetry of French Canada has drawn its inspiration. This poetry is full of sentiment and the joy of living. These same two qualities typify their songs and their music. Here we may discover one of the finest characteristics which the French Canadians possess. They have an abounding ability to enjoy and delight in life. They are an intensely happy people. This is perhaps the result of two main causes. Primarily, it is their belief, and it is a very real belief, in the goodness and the love of 'le bon Dieu.' The French Canadian has a very simple and unpretentious faith in God and in His infinite goodness to those who follow His will. His innate love of life springs from knowing that he is under the guidance and care of God. Secondly, the French Canadian is happy in his environment. Unlike his Protestant countrymen, who strive throughout their lives for progress and a better status in life, the French Canadian is perfectly content with what he has and has an unshakeable belief in the goodness of the status quo. These two elements combine to make him, if very conservative, at least abidingly happy. There is today a growing body of French Canadians who are moving into the cities in an effort to improve their lot. The body is, however, in the minority and the trend which this activity will take is at present not distinct enough to define adequately.

This happiness and pleasure in life permeates their culture and is its most impressive feature.

The French Canadians have made a very definite contribution in the field of civil service. The number of French living in Ottawa and working for the government is adequate proof of this fact. Again, in politics, the French Canadians have played a very definite role in the conduct of their country.

The French Canadian has an intense admiration for a good speaker. A naturally loquacious people, they delight in the art of rhetoric and logic. They have contributed such great Canadian statesmen as A. A. Dorion, G. E. Cartier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the present prime minister, the Rt. Hon. L. S. St. Laurent. Perhaps the most

obvious reason why the French Canadians should have contributed so much in this field is their interest in politics. This interest stems from necessity. The French Canadian believes that he must keep his eye on the federal legislature to ensure that his best interests are served. Moreover, Quebec, with its large number of seats in the federal Parliament has held the balance of power in not a few of the Canadian elections. This power of control over Parliament, although not in evidence at all times, the French Canadians greatly cherish, and their interest in politics is the result, in no small measure, of it.

Thus, through individuals, and through their general attitude, the French Canadians have contributed much to Canadian politics. In their own province of Quebec, they have repeatedly shown an inclination towards autonomy, and they have, in the main, succeeded in safeguarding the authority of the provincial government. The Abbé Groulx, who is the leader of the separatist group in Quebec, has said that the French Canadians desire a central, not a centralizing government at Ottawa. They do not want a superstate whose principal care is to demolish the provincial states. For this principal, the French have fought and are still fighting. It appears that they succeed.

Although the Abbé Groulx may express a more radical view than that held by the average French Canadian, his opinion is nonetheless of great popularity and demonstrates a definite truism in the political thinking of French Canada. And although autonomy, or a form of it, is certainly of no value to Canada as a whole, it is necessary to the French Canadians as a people. They feel, and quite naturally, that to maintain their way of life in the face of an English majority, many of whom might be quite willing to take away whatever rights they enjoy, they must isolate their way of life and their rights and consolidate them in government. This is the way in which they hope to retain their nationality within Canada.

It is a difficult task to give a final estimate of the contribution of a group such as the French Canadians, to their country. It is particularly difficult when the individual endeavouring to make that estimate belongs to one of the two major linguistic peoples involved. To be completely impartial is well-nigh impossible and the conclusion reached must therefore be somewhat coloured.

The French Canadians have contributed to Canada in the educational, religious and political life of the country; but whatever contributions they have made have been prompted by the primary in-

tention of maintaining and securing their national identity.

One hears much talk of the French Canadian problem. The French refer to this, and with far from truth, as the French Canadian fact. The French Canadians are a fact in Canada, and they have been for much longer than any other linguistic group in this country. That there is any problem is due quite as much to the English as to the French. There is, as any thinking French Canadian will tell you (and there are a great many thinking French Canadians), a group of English Canadians who accept the French on an equal footing, and respect him as a fellow countryman. But there is a great number of English Canadians who are the victims of what Mr. Mason Wade calls Anglophobia, or an innate and disproportionate love and belief in English customs and traditions, who, through their arrogance and their pride would exclude the French Canadians from the rights and privileges they themselves enjoy as Canadians. These people cause untold harm by their inability to see the French Canadian viewpoint in any matter. They drive the French Canadian even deeper within himself, for the French are an intensely stubborn people. And if the French can be accused of subordinating the interests of Canada to their own, these people may as truthfully be accused of the same thing.

The fate of the French and the English is indissolubly linked, and they must subordinate their own interests to those of their country as a whole. They must attain to a greater understanding of one another. Professor Lower has pleaded the case most adequately: "May not the English learn a little tolerance, the French gain a little breadth? May the English, through suffering, perhaps, lose a little of their arrogance, the French a little of their touchy vanity? May the extreme commercialism of the English not be modified, the more obvious blatanancies of their civilization overcome, their acquisitive ethic toned down? May not French not come forward and take their place in running the modern state, finding constructive ideas to contribute, getting a little further away from mediaevalism, from a philosophy that sacrifices nearly everything to survival value? May the deep fear which afflicts both sides—the fear of the French of losing their identity and the fear of the English of being outnumbered—not be dissipated in a common loyalty to a common country?"

If this end is to be consummated, the peoples of both races must be ready to contribute far more than they have so far given to their country. They must sacrifice and modify their individual prejudices

and modes of living for the common weal. In this end lies Canada's maturity and her greatness.

The French Canadian way of life is not only unique in Canada, it is unique in the world, and it is among the greatest in the history of mankind. Their contributions to Canada as a whole may be negative as a consequence of their dominating determination to remain a strikingly individualistic people, but their contribution to the history of man is great; for the French Canadians have demonstrated for the eyes of all men to behold, that it is possible for people to maintain their own faith, their own culture and their own way of living in the face of conquest and domination by another people. That the French Canadians were able to do so is a tribute to their way of life. It is a tribute to the tenacity and moral fibre of a great people.



## Erio

"Twixt mind and page taut threads of thought we spin.  
Outside the high, close room a blizzard smites,  
Sealing the warmth within a benison  
For us who snatch an hour with cantos sweet,  
Letting the rich language raise pageants of the past.

The ailing child is bored and on a thought  
Leaves paints and dolls to labour out her tune,  
A nursery rhyme: the notes come thudding hard  
And quick! the captains and the kings depart.  
Yet we, her elders, have no heart to jibe.

In time the flogged brain can bear no more.  
Numbed by the strident chords, the mind strays to  
The May-green wall, where stand three sconces, wrought in curving iron.  
What meaning here? The song should speak of mice and men.  
More, in my life sconces have always come in pairs,  
At either side of board or choir.

My whirling thoughts revolve to seek the link  
Between the objects and the sound: strange trick.  
Oft have I stared at figures on a rug  
To limn the cadence of a symphony  
Or build the progress of a master's Thought.  
The patterns grow upon the plastic floor.

Why three? Speak they of vistas new  
These graceful swirls of black? I know not.  
Life should be odd and fresh, unplotted.  
But, whether meaning come or no,  
I'll hold the magic of those sconces three.

—Charles Abraham.

## Insistentism

By Brian Kelley

A new Canadian philosophy by John St. Vincent Smith, The Drierson Press—\$3.50.

It is nearly two years since the reviewer has seen a new book by this eminent Canadian author. Since then THE NARROW HALL has become a standard book of poetry in all Canadian homes. St. Vincent has taken philosophy seemingly quite by storm. His new book on Insistentism is being talked about in all intellectual circles and in the universities. But such lines as,

"Existentialism has no meaning  
When from a Cadillac window leaning

in THE NARROW HALL should have been a signal to the more discerning critics that St. Vincent one day would turn to philosophy. One might say that the conjunction of poetry and philosophy is no more of a symbiosis than that of man and wife.

John St. Vincent Smith was born in the sweet-urchined hamlet of Wenlock, deep-rooted in the bosom of the Eastern Townships, on February 7th, 1891. From this idyllic pastoral atmosphere St. Vincent was transplanted briefly into the modern world of Montreal. Needless to say he could little bear the harshness and meaninglessness of this world. Fortunately, he returned to the University and this was when his brief worldly experience combined with scholastic discipline produced a noteworthy Canadian poet. One should contrast these earlier lines from his second book, BLADES OF LEAVES,

"Death! Death! Death! O!  
Funeral procession slow;  
Tremblay et Freres, hearse-o;  
Moth-balled suits, green-aged go;  
Why Death? Cogito ergo victus sum I know;  
Canada-made coffin — rusty nails glow  
And twenty sheep with Wenlock breath do blow."

with his later, more certain

why	who	what
	AM I	
	where	

why why why? — because.  
 where where where? — longitude 42' latitude 48' (Wenlock).  
 who who who? — male, neurotic, static.  
 what what what? — E-mC2."

THE NARROW HALL certainly gives an answer to all modern philosophy. From an earlier metaphysical preoccupation with death St. Vincent at last reveals his essentially simple, pastoral philosophy. Indeed it is so simple one wonders whether it could be contained within the constructions and vagaries of a philosophy. But in ample proof that he is no ivory-towerist St. Vincent has come down to the rabble-common arena, perhaps not without a little effort. He has constructed a philosophy that can cross logics and apologetics with best of philosophies.

St. Vincent begins his book with

*"I think that there shall never be  
 A course as dull as Philosophy Three"*

which he feels will epitomize the sentiments of a great number of college students. He also publishes these lines to show that at one juncture he did not appreciate, or was not too intellectually aware of philosophy until blinded by Insistentism on the 'Damascus road.'

"The trouble with past philosophies," says St. Vincent, "is their one-sidedness. It is surprising that no attempt has been made to select the fragmentary truths of all great philosophies and fuse them into one great mongrel truth."

Perhaps the reason St. Vincent kept away from the word "Common Sense" as a name for his philosophy was that a Scottish school existed under that name. St. Vincent would seem to be a little jealous in his lack of notice of their philosophy.

"A thing is real not because of its existence but by reason of its insistence." This is the starting point for Insistentism. We are because we insist hideously, or as another Canadian poet, Irving Layton, has phrased it in a poem,

"I stink  
 You stink  
 We all stink."

which shows the naked persistence of man. Man insists on appearing from the womb 'sans habilles'. History in judging man always sees the dog beneath the skin and proves that man will always be a sickening fool. St. Vincent has expressed it in these moving lines:

*"Insistentism has a meaning  
 When from a porthole leaning"*

in which one gets the rhythmical swaying motion in the poetry as well as the fundamental horror which is the major premise of Insistentism.

"I know because I insist. I insist because I think. Therefore I think because I know. And if I know I do not need to think. If I do not think I must not insist. But the pin prick tells me so. Therefore I insist."

Such is the beginning of St. Vincent's lucid and transparent ideational philosophy. How the incisive workings of his mind transport us over space and time to the active, dusty and dirty beginnings of the earth. The St. Vincentian proof that we insist has superseded the need for a faith.

St. Vincent's book of idyllic pastoral philosophy (or Insistentism) is divided into seventeen brilliant, analytic, synthetic, perjuristic chapters. He begins his book with a chapter on *Epistemology*.

"Knowledge is relative to mind," he says, "and mind is relative to the conditions of knowing. But, and this is the large BUT, can the condition of knowing be said to be relative or relevant to independent reality? Yes! says Insistentism, because knowledge and independent reality have insisted and anything that insists can be connoted with everything else that insists."

St. Vincent insists that there shall be no official metaphysics, for to have a metaphysic one must deal with insistence objectively. "Who, after all," he asks sarcastically, "is interested in the science of being, especially when expressed as a supposedly valid universal." Metaphysics insists subjectively, and in this study we are both the professor and the student. St. Vincent does not fear that this limitation of the pasture of metaphysics will stop metaphysicians from becoming Insistentists.

"The logical is real" according to Insistentism because to insist over a vast number of adverse years as reality has done it must have had a very logical reason for so doing. (Or perhaps nobody has really bothered to ask reality why it insists?) However, "to arrive at a logical answer, reality must have been characterized by a logical structure." St. Vincent makes this quite pastorally plain.

"Logical—real  
 Real—phenomenal"

Logical—phenomenal  
but  
Phenomenal—irrational  
Logical—irrational.”

This is really quite clear as St. Vincent points out. For the desire of reality to “insist during the millions of adverse years as stated previously, against the countless attacks and manhandlings of philosophers, mystics, scientists and theologians, and to ‘bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely’ can only indicate that reality’s insistence is purely irrational.” But this is a good thing thinks St. Vincent. “It is better to insist for irrational reasons, for the rational intellect imposes a pattern and falsifies. Moreover, logically, nobody has to know what you are about, for you are not required to give sensible answers. Your beliefs do not have to be defended for they can never be discovered.” St. Vincent thinks that this will be a great boon to all mankind, and especially the weak-minded.

He sees in irrationalism the hope of Man. The modern demand for scientific rationalization has destroyed one of man’s most vital humours—his imagination. This scientific obsession creates a demand for meaning and easy solutions to problems that should remain unanswerable upon this terrestrial sphere. This brings forth its “progeny of shallow solutions, sophists, sciolists, charlatans, solecists, chauvinists and independent socialists.”

Knowledge “shall not be reached “by a Kantian discursive process. It shall be intuitive and given to those who are still, meditative and know how to make nirvana while leisure shines.”

St. Vincent tells us that he was struck by Insistentism while on the Damascus road of Knowledge, and that his sense of idyllis decorum remained inoperative for several days until he decided to embark upon this course of philosophy. Such personal flashes make St. Vincent’s philosophy a living issue and sets our souls ringing.

Knowledge then must be as sudden as a wish, as unpremeditated as a kiss, a fulfillment, an idyllic pastoral completion. One cannot become at all objective about Insistentism. St. Vincent begins with the subjective and ends with the subject which is ‘The Way Of All Flesh’ in the beginning and in the ending.

What are St. Vincent’s views on *Ethicology*? Returning to THE NARROW HALL one can find these lines to the well-known poem,

*In society is there no propriety,  
“There is no determining “Dice”  
to say what is “nice”,  
or what is not—  
or is too (how should one say at at*

*at all  
all?*

*begot—  
ten was the Adam  
in bee, ashamed not  
of secularity ”*

There can be no *a priori* notion of good without an infinite mind to think it. Both atheist and theist Insistentist will be in agreement about this. In both cases the good is really the same, since good is best for the insistence of Insistentists. So you see how little it really matters. Each Insistentist must decide for himself what his own particular good is. St. Vincent has not as yet formulated any categories whereby an Insistentist would find his type of good (perhaps much the same as colour charts to aid women in finding the proper tone of lipstick).

Ethics will be relative then, for ethics (like knowledge you will remember) is relative to conscience and conscience is relative to our psychological-physiological makeup as well as to our environmental and hereditary influences. “We must all build up our private code of ethics. Life,” continues St. Vincent seriously, “is so much more interesting, unpredictable and unborable that way.” Perhaps this is the simple St. Vincent Smith solution to that peculiar disease of the west, “ennui.” How St. Vincent can charm us with his facile solutions to problems that have vexed the soul of philosophers in all ages. What a gargantua of the intellect do we see here!

“Truth,” points out St. Vincent, “is extremely complicated. It is better to be long-winded about it in the hope that your listeners will lose the thread of the argument. In which case a false conclusion will be as equally convincing as a true one.” Or as others have suggested it is better to be right for wrong reasons than wrong for right reasons. Truth to the Insistentist is what insists beyond duration, and we can usually recognize its insistence by its strong blue arm, plastic whistle and high-calibre firearm, especially when firing in the stomach of the starving robber.

In the next chapter St. Vincent discusses *Humanology*. better known as Humanism.

*"What's the use of being Humanist*

*When you can hit twice as hard with your clenched fist?"*

are lines from a recent poem by St. Vincent and it characterizes his position towards this expression of life. Insistentism despises the Renaissance humanism for the false pattern it imposed upon man. "It gave him the idea of the frog who tried to blow himself up to equal the size of an ox." Renaissance humanism was never really interested in man, but only in the means of his exploitation and subjugation by society. During the eighteenth and nineteenth century man became completely generalized and society flourished.

"There are two main roads to humanism," thinks St. Vincent, "one via the concept of man as a god, and the other of man as a beast. The former road has two possibilities. First man is magnificent, the measure of all things, the means and ends of society. Or secondly, man is always outside himself, transcendent, transpiring, perspiring, self-surpassing." Although this latter road turns close to Nietzsche, it is the only view tenable by the Insistentist. "For this never takes him to be an end, or even the means as beast humanists do. Man is still to be liberally determined, (but not by determinism) for he is abandoned and must decide for himself. There should be no despair, thinks St. Vincent. After all, man is only continually lost, depraved, decayed and atavistic. But why should we despair? We have death to which we can look forward. There should only be a few brief ringing pastoral moments of idyllic anguish.

*"To be is to labour is to live on moaning  
wheel is to feel the ageless despair  
creep white hair. (Thomas treatments already  
tried) falling under Adam hat to hide  
the pate growing wild-  
er, spread thinly, wipe off with  
clean cloth two cars (insured) supercilious*

sang Canada's leading poet, in THE NARROW HALL.

This brings us to the next chapter on *Manology*. "Man is only what he makes himself and what he is. He is responsible for all men, and his commitments lie the fate of all mankind. When we commit ourselves we preclude the possibility of other commitments. In other words every action we perform makes it impossible to do other things. We are continually limiting ourselves."

Insistentism begins for the individual man when he encounters

with somethingness (just as Extentionalism begins with nothingness) and this somethingness is the insistence of ourselves. Insistence must come before essence. It is not until we have insisted that we can excrete and know our essence.

"Man is left without an excuse, to be hideously free," says St. Vincent. Although man did not create himself, he has liberty to terminate his individual insistence as well as that of others. "But we must remember," says St. Vincent maternally, "that these commitments will have their effect upon the whole of mankind. My suicide will be all men's suicide."

St. Vincent speaks here tragically as he did after the Belfordian tragedy of yore when his feminine ideal was hideously and meaninglessly slain in a motor accident near Belford, Quebec. Those disciples of St. Vincent Smith know what an effect this had upon his poetry. We know then that St. Vincent, as the first Insistentist, has been through those brief ringing pastoral moments of idyllic anguish.

"The future of man is man!" Look at the wonderful things that man has done. On the battlefield he has improved rifles, bombs and traps as well as surgery and blood transfusion. Great skill is evident in the supplying of plastic faces. Rest cures are given to all those suffering from nervous breakdowns, although St. Vincent does find it a little inexplicable that this last mentioned disease is a peculiarly modern symptom.

How do we know that we are men?

*"All men insist.*

*"I insist.*

*I am a man."*

or

*"All men are liars.*

*I lie.*

*I am a man."*

So has St. Vincent Smith striven vigorously for all men's cause. Insistentists then will all be men, except that some will be women who are the floating essential rib of man and naturally subsist as part of the larger category. St. Vincent claims even the poet, Dylan Thomas, to be an Insistentist when he plucks such lines as,

*"If I were tickled by the rub of love,  
A rooking girl who stole me for her side"*

There is no problem about human dignity for man is always a

subject and never an object. Science maintains the dignity of man by conferring Ph.D.'s and other alphabetic letters upon its evolved-from-monkey specimens. Society maintains the dignity of man by imposing starched cuffs, white shirts (which show the slightest trace of dirty instinct), and by maintaining the spinal column unnaturally correct like a telephone pole.

Man is creative, always changing and being cleaned (like Rembrandt) and wearing new clothes. "Modern man has little opportunity to create in society. Although capitalism gives him a chance to express his creativity, look at the little use of which he makes of this gift. Insistentism recognizes psychology as a science in trying to understand man." But St. Vincent thinks that this particular science has brought about the disease of ennui, nervous breakdowns, and that often its advocators are paranoiacs.

We can define man in relation to his commitments, but we cannot judge. Yet life seems to imply a moral judgment. History is continually calling upon man to make judgments. "But history has rightly deceived man who was seeking his own self interest." Insistentists must be guarded and guided by the insistence of feeling and not of the intellect. One can judge the false commitments that science and society exact of their participants.

"We have the failure of history in the past," St. Vincent says, "to distinguish between what insists as human and personal on one side and extra-personal or nonhuman objectivization on the other. History is collective objectivization and therefore doomed to failure."

"Man also is fated to live in two world orders of insistence: one of his own insistence, and the other of the insistence of the outside world." Unidyllically, these two planes keep crossing and clashing with each other. In these clashes is man most free for he is chained to neither world. What we need is more conflict, for this liberates pastoral man." St. Vincent becomes quite impassioned upon this subject.

He goes further and says that these two world orders of insistence are not to be compared with DesCartes "decadent, bourgeois, western humanistic dichotomy between mind and body. O, this rank materialist. Of all the philosophers *he* is most wrong in creating this supposed distinction. If the west really has a Springlerian decline it will be due to *his* horrid notion—unless of course, everybody becomes an Insistentist."

Chapter Five discusses *Deology*. "If God does not insist at least man insists before the definition. The egg is a *priori* to the idea of

an egg." It is up to each individual Insistentist to decide whether he will have God or not. God inserts meaning into the universe. But the universe in either case will be irrational to man. The only difference then between an atheist and the theist Insistentist will be that the theist accepts the insistence of the irrational whereas the atheist does not. "He, poor man, is forced to labour to cover up this chasm. And of course," sympathizes St. Vincent, "he can never succeed. But don't let this stop an Insistentist from being atheistic if he really wants to."

Insistentism's theism recognizes that man is "like the mouse on the elephant's back" unable to understand its deeper-than-skin structure or its gaited movements other than the raising of the trunk (and/or tail). St. Vincent maintains that so far the Insistentists (two in number) have been pretty evenly split. He, of course, is theistic, whereas the other Insistentist, (J. P. Starter), is strongly atheistic.

The greatest cynics would appear to be on the atheistic side, perhaps as a result of their not being able to understand the fundamental structure of the universe. "They develop a bitter complex," noted St. Vincent, "but again, I say, do not let this deter you from being an atheist if you really feel that you have to. You must realize that Insistentism is *purely* disinterested and aims solely at each individual's 'good'." Atheists can take as their motto:

"All ignorance is bliss.

"I am blissful.

"I am——."

The only difference between the atheistic and theistic Insistentist will be in the source of their inspiration. One understands life and the other does not. But this really, as St. Vincent points out, is a negligible difference.

One is inclined to feel, this reviewer would respectfully add, that St. Vincent's God, as with so many other philosophers, is not a living God. He remains essentially impassive. For instance St. Vincent says there are two syllogisms which the Insistentist may adopt, regardless of being theist or atheist.

"If God did not insist everything would be permitted.

Nothing is permitted.

God does insist."

"If God did not insist nothing would be permitted.

"Everything is permitted.

God does insist."

All that the atheist must do is to invert the minor premises and he will arrive at an allowable conclusion. Insistentism does not discriminate between types of human dignity. "But do not think," warns St. Vincent, "that Insistentism accepts without thinking or discrimination. It compels all mankind from the hedges, by-roads and kitchens to attend its great wedding feast." Insistentism is the only philosophy in which man can serve two masters. St. Vincent claims this to be a great pastoral convenience.

These are only a few of the chasms that Insistentism is capable of blasting, melting or subtly explaining away. St. Vincent advocates Monism, although he is rather indefinite as to the extent he would apply this to religion. One wonders how religion would react to some of his Darwinian tenets (as noted by this reviewer in the Trinity MITRE 1950). St. Vincent now makes explicit his tendency in such statements, "Man must never interfere with the sacred law of evolution. For he is getting progressively better. A Monistic form of worship will ensure this trend against change. It is only our enemies who become worse." St. Vincent is still steeped in Darwinianism, and perhaps this may be the downfall of his philosophy the reviewer would respectfully suggest. We humbly hope that St. Vincent will profit by this constructive all-Canadian criticism and go on to make his philosophic wall completely waterproof.

St. Vincent then discusses *Rulerology*. Insistentism we have seen trusts to feeling—that which is in the lower cardinal sac is right, truth and justice. The correct form of government will be that which recognizes this most fully. Government is only a temporary compromise, or an expression of partial willingness by some of the people for the coalition most of the time. "Utopias will have their proper place in the 'New World' (properly speaking) and nowhere or Erewhon else." St. Vincent thinks Utopias are useful only as an outlet for a creative writer's excess spleen. We must confine ourselves to that which we can feel way down in the pit of our stomachs.

St. Vincent has quite often expressed his views about government as he clearly does in the following poem which we take the liberty to quote.

*"White bells of cloud mist hug  
me close, weave thrills  
of thighs about Thurla's skies  
and weep her home to  
Bill.*

*Bill is I the sky that purifies  
water over head  
raining every margin of her umbrella days  
with her rusted locket  
and broken finger nail that couldn't open it.*

*'The King! The King!' Jephthah shouted  
to the sky, 'his hair's on fire and he'll soon be dead.  
Now is the time to write 'My Thirty Years With The  
King As Winepresser'  
by Bill. Hurry, hurry, bald Bill!'*

*Queen Thurla wore her best mauve shoes  
the ones with the new gold breadknives on them.  
Under her guillotine-stately bosom was hid the Red fire ex-  
tinguisher.*

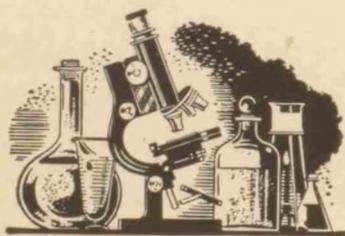
*For she had it well hid at the King's funeral.  
It seemed to get stuck to her under (clothes) and wouldn't  
come off (unless turned upside down).  
Besides rain is much more successful (providing the knives  
won't rust and the hair's gone).  
The Queen remembered a new place to have her best dress  
pressed (for the wedding)  
And I told her (as my mistress) to be sure to sigh like a virgin  
under those golden wedding bells.*

*White bells of cloud mist hug  
me close, weave thrills  
of thighs about Thurla's skies  
and weep her home to  
Bill."*

St. Vincent has noted a tendency in rulerology for the gardener or lawnwaterer to abduct the Queen, and *never* the scullery maid to be abducted by the King. This shows that rulerology proceeds from the intellect and not from the feelings. The Queen in the above poem, we would suggest, was only looking for a new intellectual experience. The King-scullery maid relationship would have been one of feelings.

"Anguish occurs," continues St. Vincent, "when the government, as temporary recipient, imagines itself to be the residuary legati of our souls. But, Insistentists, abandonment must be to our own

feelings only, for only they insist!" We should trust our instinct which is governed by a law, rational or irrational (depending whether you are a theistic or an atheistic insistentalist). In both cases, the law is above man completely, and free of flux, variation or mutation. Man must allow himself in a spirit of quiescence to become law-possessed—the law being of course, his own feelings.



## Thoughts On A Birthday

What pangs of sharp remorse have crossed  
This stormy sea of years!  
What dreadful days and wasted ways  
Have added to its tears!  
Amidst the surge of passion's urge  
What sweated vows are broken  
And O, the truths which mock the tongue  
As soon as they are spoken!

The ship of life is tossed about  
The wind-swept shroudings sigh!  
And O, the crash of weighted waves  
Beneath the bursting sky!  
What foes and fears do stretch and strain,  
What fatal doubts draw near—  
When, speaks a Voice above the storm  
"Be still, for I am here!"

The storm has past; its waves have cast  
Their weight upon the shore.  
The tested craft has come through strife  
And sails in peace once more—  
Through such a blast that beats and breaks  
(One counts it least as loss)  
Man finds the Goal and takes the Gift  
Of Christ upon our Cross.

—Anonymous.

## Canadian Higher Education

By I. C. Yuramoron

*(An event which will not be soon forgotten by students of our university is the visit, this past year, of Dr. I. C. Yuramoron, distinguished Japanese anthropologist. By permission we print the following excerpt from the good doctor's forthcoming book on Canadian culture. Translated by C. Ripley).*

THE Canadians are indeed a curious people. I realized this more and more the better I came to know them. One of the best illustrations of their strange modes of thought and behaviour is that popular institution known as University (or HIGHER) Education. Of this phenomenon I shall give a brief impression.

Higher education consists in remaining some three or four years at a University, with the purpose of gaining the right to inscribe two or three letters after one's name: either B.A. (which, I understand, means "Been Aducaated") or B.Sc. ("Been Schooled"). I was curious to know why such posterior initials should be desirable, and was told that they confer an undefinable something called Social Prestige. To Have Been To College is a fact to be respected, whatever one may have done while there. Employers, moreover, respect bearers of the Letters and are more likely to hire them than their degreeless confreres. The degree indicates a relatively retentive memory (of this, more hereafter), and also that the applicant comes from a Good Family—i.e. one with sufficient spare cash to keep its offspring as a financial liability for three or four years after HIGH School.

The academic aspect really is a lesser factor in Higher Education: but I shall discuss it first, since it comes first in the day. The teaching takes place in periods known as Lectures, an appropriate term derived from the Latin verb *lego*—"I read." The basic pattern of instruction is as follows: the teacher reads from a textbook, written by an Authority. The students copy down the material in their notebooks (great facility in writing is thus developed, a valuable by-product of the system). At the end of the year they are expected to be able to produce it, from memory, and write it down for the edification of the teacher, in a period known as the Final Examination. The degree to which the original words of the Authority are found to have passed

through the various stages without distortion is indicated by a number, which is the student's Mark. The Mark is a vital matter. It is kept in the Registrar's Office, for examination of all and sundry, and serves as the basis for judging the student's capability for anything whatsoever. A noted authority has described it as "the Most Important Thing"—but this opinion, as we shall see, is disputable.

Most of the teachers are known as Lecturers which, you will agree, is a most appropriate term (see above, on "Lecture"). Some are known as Professors; but this term, I am told, is passing out of use, since few profess anything nowadays. Those who do are regarded as unusual cases, and do not fit in well with the System.

It will be noted that this System is based upon a healthy distrust of the Elementary and Secondary School Systems. Although the latter claim to teach the rudiments of the "Three R's" (humorous Canadian abbreviation for Reading, Riting and Rithmetic). The University Fathers take no chances. The Lecture and Examination System allows for inability of the student to read, and assures for him ample practice in Riting. Disability in Reading is repaired through the assignment of Essays. To do these, the student reads carefully his notes on the Lectures, rewrites a part of them on a clean sheet of paper, and hands them in to the Lecturer. Exceptionally able students may go to the library, consult an Authority, and write down what He has to say. I am unable to judge what percentage of the student body do this, but its educational potentialities are obvious. Thus we note, from all of this, that the student is assured of an Education in Reading and Riting, however weak may have been his previous training. I cannot discuss the field of Rithmetic, which lies outside the scope of my research; but I am sure that similar wise provisions are made to correct the student's failings and to lead him to yet Higher Education.

At the Final Examination, the student is expected to be able to reproduce 50% of the material from the Authority, as read to him by his Lecturer. If he is able to do so, he is granted a Pass, and permitted, the next year, to embark upon a yet Higher course. After three or four years, as I have said, the student Graduates, and is permitted to use the coveted Letters.

So much for the academic work, which covers the morning of the University day. After lunch comes what I conceive to be the really important part of College life, those activities broadly designated Extra-Curricular. There are many of these: both informal and formal, both cultural and athletic. I cannot hope to enumerate them. Students may improve their minds at the cinema, or gather around a cafe table

for Intellectual Discussion over a Stimulating Beverage, or wander in pairs through secluded glades, immersed in thoughts of the Finer Things of Life. They may attend meetings of the various clubs, of which there is a varied selection and at which a Paper is read and a Beverage served. Or they may participate in a wide variety of Physical Sports. The University Fathers smile with benevolent approval on this comprehensive round of pleasant and harmless activity which constitutes the Social Life of the University.

It is ensured, however, that activities cease a week or so before Final Examination: the students must have an adequate period in which to digest their Year's Notes in order to be able to regurgitate them when required. The Fathers have great faith in their ability to do so; for when an excessive number are found not to Pass, it is the Lecturer who is brought to Judgment. He is reminded that the business of the University is to give out Letters, and that people expect Value Received.

Thus I shall conclude this birdseye view of the Canadian University, that most curious of Institutions. How different from our Japanese Colleges, in which we seek to foster creative, independent and responsible thought!



## Except My Love

I know a rock  
Set in the North Atlantic's storms.  
No emerald this,  
No jewel in a crystal sea,  
And no one calls it such  
Though many call it home.

A rock  
Hard in its defiance of the storm;  
Hard too its race,  
Made hard in daily contact with the sea—  
All this I know

The sea its challenge threw  
High in the stony cliff,  
And then its evening lure  
Crept in  
On silent swell,  
And lapped the pebbles on the beach  
'Neath where I stood.  
How could I pay no heed?

The sailors on the quay  
Gave me their wander-lust—  
That spirit given them  
By Drake and Raleigh and the Devon breed.

The rock—  
It could not hold me more,  
Nor yet my love;  
I left and wandered too.

The storms crash on,  
The rocks still stands, I know;  
All else I now forget  
Except my love

—B. G. S.



By Allan Meakin

ONE might write of the *Mitre* that its purpose is to lift the literary veil of student and teacher and to reveal some of the hidden beauties and talents of the Bishop's University mind. But our literary appreciation and development would be limited if we did not have the opportunity to explore other University minds and try to cultivate an interest in their methods and traditions.

One of the best ways to become acquainted with the literary circles of other Universities is to read their publications. Bishop's receives many periodicals and magazines from other Colleges in England, South Africa, Australia, the United States and Canada. It is always interesting but sometimes disturbing to compare the literary achievements of English Universities to our own on the North American continent.

Three thought-provoking publications have arrived from England this term: *Stonyhurst Magazine* (Blackburn); *Tamesis* (University of Reading); and *The Gryphon* (University of Leeds).

The magazine from Stonyhurst contains an article which ought to interest the "divines"? It is entitled "The Work of the Russian Mission" and tells the purpose of the Roman Catholic mission at Shanghai just after the war.

In the *Tamesis* there are two very good short stories "The Head of the Department", telling the story of a medical doctor who undergoes a dangerous operation; and "Julian", the story of a young man and his disappointment. In their issue too there is a worthwhile review of John Wesley and his conversion. An outstanding contribution to *Tamesis* is a poem, "The Maze", which compares modern civilization to a maze caught fast in its own making. The poem begins with a question and ends on a prayerful note.

"Surely there must be some sort of God—  
 Yet why was man made such a clod?  
 That is not to say every man,  
 But merely the vast majority?  
 And yet behind the average deadpan  
 Of nauseating, humid, horrid humanity  
 There is some undefinable thing .  
 May Jesus once again or some like prophet  
 Arise to lead them out of the horrid maze  
 Of modernistic mystic materialism—  
 Soul destroying deflections of a prism  
 Which denies reflection,  
 And corrodes contemplation."

The *Gryphon* is a publication which tries to give some satisfaction to the enquiring literary mind. It has a number of articles the most interesting of which is perhaps "The Old Order Changeth"—a brief commentary on life in Czechoslovakia.

These English publications reflect the university mind of England; they have a certain profundity which I have not yet noticed in many American and Canadian publications.

I hesitate to write that the *Profile* (University of Cincinnati) is representative of American literary art; if it is, then our brethren to the south are a sorry literary lot. Some of the English composition is rather poor English, although perhaps it is good *American*. I don't know. The attempt to be humorous both in story and in poetry failed to make me even smile. The story "Sunday Matinee" is a doubtful account of how many Americans spend their Sunday afternoons. The so-called humorous implications are not humorous, but reflect only the nature of a spoiled child and an even more spoiled father. The poem "Bopster" is equally odious and an insult to the name poetry. The short story "Allegory in Purple" is, however, more complimentary, for it does stir the feelings and imagination in a constructive manner.

Next in the list of arrivals is the *Trinity University Review* which contains a gratifying selection of poetry and a stimulating essay, "The Principle of Human Equality". The poem "Happiness" is especially sensitive and expresses a beautiful thought:

*"I caught myself the other day being happy for no reason,  
And thought when the surprise had gone that happiness is  
no treason;  
It is no sin to love life once, unable to say whether  
It is because of love, or peace of mind and soul together.*

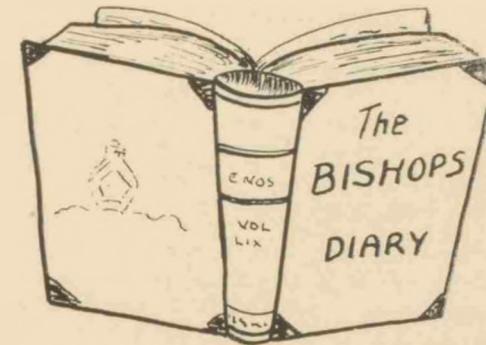
*Love of God is man—  
Peace of mind and soul grown  
Into the body and the body into the soul flown."*

It is hoped that Bishop's students will read some of these literary magazines which will be placed in the lower library. This is an opportunity to penetrate and understand more clearly the literary ideas of our fellow students at University.

## Magazines

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following magazines:

- Q—(University of Belfast, Ireland).
- The Gryphon—(University of Leeds, England).
- Stonyhurst Magazine—(Blackburn, England).
- Tamesis—(University of Reading, England).
- Profile—(University of Cincinnati, U.S.A.).
- The Review—(Trinity College, Toronto).
- Revue de l'Universite d'Ottawa—(Ottawa).



I AM too overcome with grief to keep you, dear diary, this term, so I will merely sketch briefly and say farewell in a more fitting epitaph in verse.

The girls this term have been, as usual, girls. They have produced a shrew—we tamed her; they produced a Campus—we loved it; they produced a dance—we “hommes du monde” took our blasphemous tongues to it and shocked the patrons. However, apart from that they have led an unusually exciting two months—the golf course is once more open for all activities except golf.

The musical world has been very actively musical. To everyone's distress, however, after a magnificently delicate performance at Sawyerville, the “A & P” gave their last concert at Bishop's. Farewell, you two great vocalists and comedians—perhaps with a great deal of persuasion someday they'll take a day off from Broadway and come back. (The Music and Glee Clubs have also had a concert).

The biology exhibition produced some interesting specimens from Macdonald College (and neighbouring schools) and shortly after, mumps hit the college. (Of equal biological interest).

Two publications are flooding the office with tears. Everyone is cursing the Campus, and after two consecutive elections the Graduating Class will not give the Mitre a Golden Mitre. (Who deserves a mitre more than the Mitre?)

A Mock Parliament was held and we mocked the Liberal party so much that they returned to Ottawa to introduce a budget which

only results in our smuggling more as the "smugs" are less valuable.

With Council changing, Campus changing, the executives of the Clubs changing, it is all in the process of life and we cannot be mournful but rather joyful that there is someone to follow in our footsteps. But who will follow in mine? I know it will take tremendous courage. But not even I thought I could out-laugh N. F. Swen, and I have, so let some genius come forward and try.

I would like to end with a few lines of advice and prediction. There is no need for me to make excuses for this poem—I know it is perfect. But if the advice is not good it is only because it had to be that way to rhyme. And if the rhyme was not good, I can only say that I made it this way to fit in with the advice.

FAREWELL

*Here I sit with a tear in my eye  
Saying farewell to you all,  
O that this tear for a moment would dry  
So I can answer this call.*

*This call to honour those who go out  
To honour all those who've been toiling,  
Leaving as water out of a spout  
Water that's all year been boiling.*

*Boiling with athletes, writers and actors,  
Boiling with speakers, musicians and bums.  
Will they preach, will they teach, or will they drive tractors?  
Whatever they do let's hold up our thumbs.*

*Some of the men will win great fame,  
Others will earn lots of money,  
Others will get mived up with a dame  
Let us hope that their bees will make honey.*

*For the women may you forget equal rights  
Forget you sat on committee,  
For make certain you reach matrimonial heights  
Forget "Ever Amber" and "Kitty."*

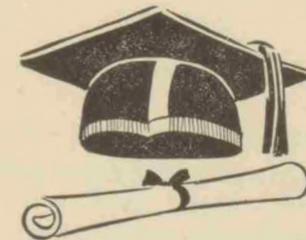
*Don't be the first to give your advice  
But be innocent, coy and appealing,  
If you seem to have brains you'll go over like ice.  
Don't be shy but always revealing.*

*To the men I can only say chins up  
It's tough but you'll have to work,  
You're no longer a playboy, a scholar, a pup,  
You're another graduate jerk.*

*To the women I cannot say any more  
They'll continue as they have done here,  
They'll get what they want cause we've taught them the score,  
No others with them will compare.*

*But if you're feeling down in the dumps,  
If you've got a cold in your nose,  
Whether lumbago, measles or mumps,  
It can always be cured by*

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***Alumni Please Note:***

"The Mitre" files lack a certain number of past issues which are needed to compile next year's jubilee issue. Should any member of the Alumni have any of the following "Mitres" it would be greatly appreciated, if he would send them to the Editor.

- Volume 10; 1910-11
- Volume 23; 1915-16
- Volume 29, No. 1; 1921-22
- Volume 31, No. 1; 1923-24
- Volumes 33-38 incl.; 1926-27 to 1930-31
- Volume 40, No. 3; 1932-33
- Volumes 49-53 incl.; 1941-42 to 1945-46
- Volume 57, No. 3; 1949-50.

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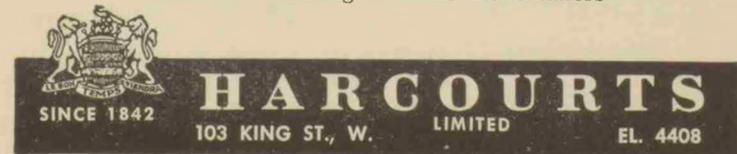
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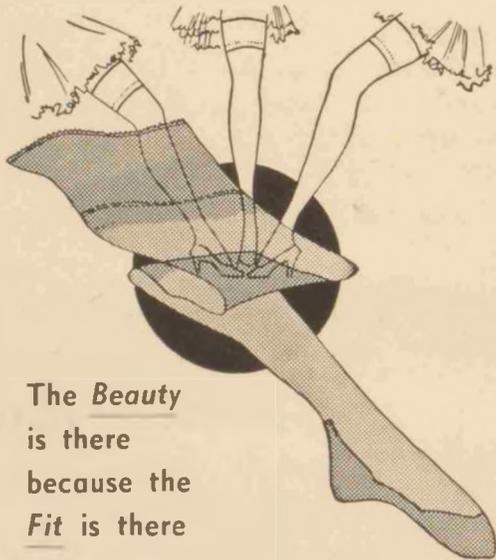
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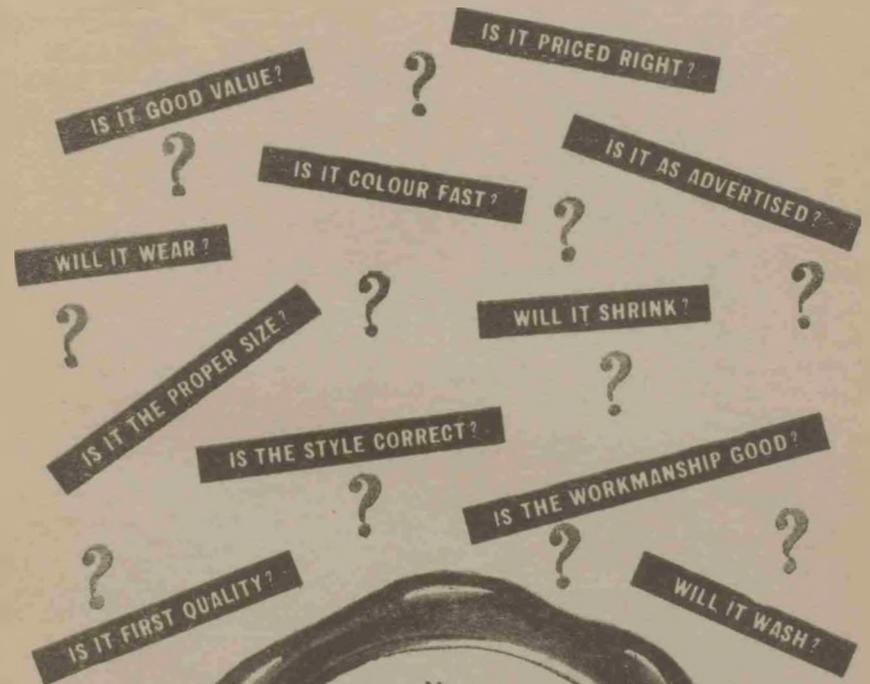
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