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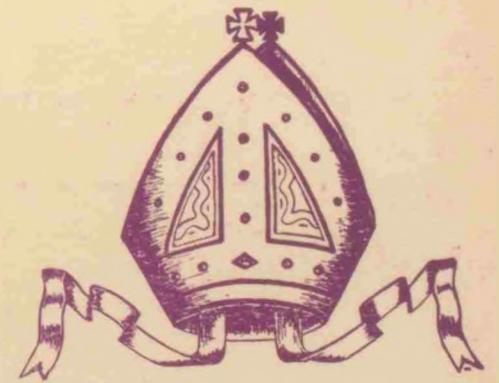
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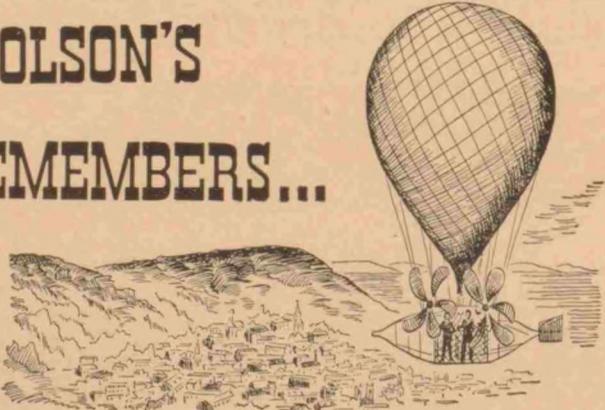
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Vol. 60 — No. 2

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Editorial

Once again **The Mitre** has bound an anniversary to itself and a new staff will perpetrate for another year a publication which has survived sixty years of waxing and waning. Very few university magazines can make such a boast, even in Britain where there is a greater interest in thought and thought forms. How has **The Mitre** continued to exist throughout all these years — years fecund with social and materialistic problems which have turned man's emphasis from artistic exploration and appreciation to a striving for empirical knowledge? How, in a town and an University so small that the percentage of persons who could be expected to have an interest in these things verges upon nullity?

But our real question is not 'how?' but 'why?' Has this **Mitre** any purpose? Does it have any meaning beyond its own weight or words? Its age would indicate some affirmation, but this affirmation cannot be a general one for its primary purpose is to reflect what is being thought, what mental exploration is being done, what integration is being made between past experience as it has been translated into art and present experience in which we are now so confusingly involved. It cannot then be denied that **The Mitre** is dedicated to a limited few — the few who produce literary work through soul-wrenching and a pummelling of the intellect or, in some cases, through a fine, careless rapture. Whenever there is writing to be done, it is accomplished by a small group of people who have the background to produce literature based upon a sensitivity to experience. Those for whom this work will have meaning are those who possess varying degrees of these same qualities. Thus it is for the persons whose names are found in the 'list of contents' that **The Mitre** has meaning and relevance. If, at any time, **The Mitre** provides new verticals and horizontals for others then it will have accomplished something for which it may be justly proud, but it is no part of a university magazine to attempt to provide amusement or relaxation for every possible type of reader, or to give out edification in tablet form.

Fortunately the modern trend seems to be away from democratization in literature. The phase of knowledge-for-everyone-regardless-of-the-price-to-literature appears to be in decline; accompanying it, is a greater concern for humanity and literature of an elevated level — a level which is not designed universally to all men, but to the universality in certain individuals. Perhaps this will be the beginning of a new literary epoch; if it is, we must learn to apprehend more clearly

Peccavi

For twenty-nine years I behaved with decorum. Typesetters worshipped me as the clearest of calligraphers, the deftest of designers, a veritable artist in my field. For twenty-nine solid years I was the Advertising Department of the most venerable Literary Supplement in the world, the blurb-writer's mecca, the Golden Gate of Painless Publicity.

You know the choice marginal columns of the literary magazine with their proud insets, their protean multiformity of type, their lithographic opulence, emblazoning the amazing merits of Bungo's latest Book of Birds or Timkins' Tremendous Thrillers? That is my domain, my baby, my job. Sifter-in-Chief of reviewers' hand-outs, repository of writers' reputations, the pimp of publishers and the new novelist's friend — that's me; or, to be precise, literally and grammatically, that was I. I have just lost my job. A sad story.

The devil got into me last Friday, the twenty-ninth anniversary of my coming into the Department. I had just ripped off the date-stub of my Boosey and Hawkes calendar when my telephone rang. The Managing Editor wanted to see me. I knew that something serious was the matter. The last time I had been in the Managing Editor's office was sixteen — no, seventeen — years ago. Through some unaccountable error Somerset Maugham had been congratulated by Bernard Shaw for writing *Snakes and Ale*. "Spotted snakes," I suppose," the Managing Editor had said wryly. "Another mistake like that and I'll have you back in the Shed."

Not being an employee yourself, you wouldn't feel the icy bluntness of that threat. The Shed is the paper's dispatching warehouse. From there bales and bales of the Supplement, with its dignified front-pagers and leaders and reviews, with its blatant blurbs hot off the Press, are sent out to gullible sots all over the globe. For five years I toiled there — day in, day out, stringing bundles of blurbs until my hands were raw with rope-cuts and my arms nearly torn from their sockets tossing the bundles down the chute to the waiting trucks. You can imagine my relief when the boss asked me one day whether I could spell.

"Why, yes," I laughed, "of course I can spell."

"Spell, 'magnificent,'" he said.

"M-a-g-n-i-f-i-c-e-n-t, magnificent," I chanted, as taught.

"You'll do," he growled at me. "Up to the Ads. Room, now, and NIPPY!" (He always added 'NIPPY' to his commands as a reminder of inexorable authority).

I have been in the Ads. Room ever since, and thankful for its comparative tranquility. Much easier on the hands, no dirty work — physically speaking, at least. And many's the time I've had to spell 'magnificent' in these last twenty-nine years. "'Magnificent achievement'," Compton Mackenzie in the Observer.' "'A new novelist of distinction. Magnificent handling of detail." Desmond McCarthy'. Good old Nippy. Much better than the Shed.

As I made my way along the marbled corridors to the Managing Editor's office, I wondered whether I would be threatened with the Shed again. At the same time I racked my brain for possible slips in my latest copy. There had been rather a long blurb in Faber's ad. New book by Eliot. Probably wrote the blurb himself. I wondered about the word "hypersensitive" at the time. Did I write "philoprogenitive" by mistake? Shudder. Surely I didn't let that go.

The Managing Editor grinned tyrannically. His den quivered as I stepped over the hardwood floor to his script-strewn desk. He twanged a paper knife against his fist.

"Carter," he whined — and there was a wealth of opprobrium in his whine, "Can you tie a reef knot?"

I stammered that I could. He twanged again, and his knife's twang reminded me distinctly of a pizzicato in Orpheus, discordant, menacing.

"Good. You'll need that knowledge. I'm sending you back to the Shed, a week from today."

My head reeled so drunkenly that I could barely hear the accompanying paper-knife pizzicato.

"It won't matter **there** if you choose to consider **The Death of a Salesman** a 'magnificent bereavement'."

So that was it. A venial sin, after all. A day-dram association of ideas. Back to the Shed — for this. I could not believe that Doubleday had lost ten thousand worth of business because of it. But who can argue with a paper knife?

One more week in the Ads. Room. All right, I'd make it a week to remember. And by George, I did. I had often thought how entertaining it would be to extract the **real** verdicts from the reviews and stick

them in their precious advertisements. "Drab, monotonous and ineffectual." Dorothy Sayers in the *Christian Herald*. "Pointless priggery." Bartlett in the *Express*. "Hemingway's worst novel yet." Pritchett in the *New Statesman*. "A surprising lapse for a writer of Hugh MacLennan's stature." *Saturday Night*. "If this is poetry, I am a Dutchman." Cleo in the *Guardian*. "Unrewarding . . . an utter waste of time, paper and money." Invictus in the *Herald Tribune*. . . . My columns were full, for one glorious week, of the most violently derogatory phrases, the most vituperous pronouncements I could find. And not once did I insert the word "magnificent" anywhere.

My ads. were triumphs of disorderly engraving and riotous derangement. I inserted vultures where penguins should have been, storks for phoenixes, elephants for foxes, Christmas greetings and Santa Claus heads for publishing house trade marks, atrocious doodles and scrawls, miscellaneous cartoonings and maps and notes and crosses. After the title of a volume of sermons I added, "P.S. Do you suffer from back-ache?" Every printer's nightmare, every profanity, every aberration from good blurbological taste, I crowded into my columns.

I lost my job. But just before I left my office for the last time I picked up a note from my desk, written by a hand which obviously spent a good deal of its time tying up papers in the Shed. From Nippy. One word. "Magnificent."



December Unborn

*Slow to light, undulating, bleak
Rise the stars, crystalline, sleek
Creeps and crawls ponderously black
Water - oil opalescent. Slack,
Sluggish rolls Stygian-fogg'd night,
Smudges from suffocated sight
The dirty sun.*

A Study of Christopher Fry

By TWO HANDS

Unlike many modern writers — Shaw for example — Mr. Fry does not manipulate his characters in order to prove a thesis. The thing which emerges from watching one of his plays, particularly his comedies, is a vivid sense of characterization; it governs both the plot and the thought. Each character is an individual, existing within the demands of the plot-structure but not dominated by it. The roles are so conceived that they are able to exist both in the whole. A splendid example of this is Skipps — that charming person who enters the third act of *The Lady's Not For Burning*, and is given the delightful line,

Peace on earth, and good tall women

No one can forget him, so completely conceived is he, so strikingly coloured is his portrait. Yet no one can accuse him of being introduced merely to satisfy the creative passion of the author for amusingly individualistic characters. He fulfills a function in the play—note the amount of preparation for his entrance, and, indeed, the denouement depends largely upon this entrance — but his role is not limited to mere fulfillment; it is expended to a totality, which, while interacting with its context, is removable from it.

In the religious plays — *Boy With A Cart*, *A Sleep of Prisoners*—there is a certain moral; that's inevitable, but it is not the sole excuse for the play's existence. Mr. Fry does not write plays to reform the world, but to offer a comment upon it. To offer such a comment presupposes an acceptance of it, and also a love for it. His characters reflect their author's love of life: in spite of the disillusionment of the part of Thomas and the Duke, neither for a moment shows the profound lack of hope that does Prufrock or even Celia. In this sense, it may be argued that these characters are really not adequately drawn, for to change from a rejection of the world to an acceptance of it within the bounds of the night of the play indicates a failure to possess a sincere desire of rejection in the first place.

Thus it follows that the plots — those series of events which revolve around the dichotomy of soul and body, expressed by the mutual attraction on several levels uncontrollable either by considered propriety — as in the case of Alison and Humphrey — or the death urge stemming from abysmal despondency — as in the case of Thomas — are essentially the outgrowth of characters, determined not by exigencies of story, for Mr. Fry, with one exception — **A Phoenix Too Frequent** — does not attempt to retell a story from classical mythology as do many modern dramatists — even **The Cocktail Party** belongs in this group—and consequently he is not faced with the difficult problem of adjustment between the original story and the modern situation. The development which takes place arises from the actions of the characters themselves; complexity of plot, as complexity of language, reflecting the essential complexity of human nature. In a radio address Mr. Fry said that he approached life as though he had suddenly rounded a corner and seen it for the first time. Human action is human nature expressed. There is not a discrepancy between what man ought to do and what he does; no gulf between the ideal for infinite man and the actual of imperfect man, since Mr. Fry is concerned with what man is, not with what he, the writer, thinks man should be; and consequently there is not that gloom of Romanticism risen from the realization of the finiteness of what was thought to be infinite man, which, strangely, is found in much of the work of the Classical Mr. Eliot.

The motivation in the comedies is love; in the case of **A Phoenix Too Frequent** and **The Lady's Not for Burning** it is essentially physical attraction; 'essentially', not entirely, because the play is composed on various levels of abstraction running parallel, and each motivation and action is reflected onto the other planes, causing a certain metaphysical quality not only in the verse, but also in the philosophical and intellectual content, and in the allegorizability of the actions; indeed, a suggestion of this type of parallelism can be found in the characters themselves, particularly in the two couples, each motivated by love, but one being more in contact with the universe, representing more generalized values, than the other. This, of course, is obvious in the imagery. The greater or less extent to which a character is in contact with the universe will determine the objectivity of his position. Since Mr. Fry has defined comedy as "a comment upon the human dilemma," there must be someone to comment upon it, which implies someone with a certain degree of objectivity. But if the play is to be controlled by the personalities of the characters, and not by the firm hand of the author, they must be placed in a

position which will allow them to assume the appropriate attitude towards their activities. — an attitude of amused interest in humanity, a reflection of that of Mr. Fry himself, permitting a fast paced plot to develop from the essential and complete character delineations.

The quality of the dialogue in the plays of Christopher Fry is supremely positive. His plays are essentially dramatic, it is true, but the quality of his verse is undeniable. Some verse plays remain verse plays; others, like those of Mr. Fry, transcend this and become poetic dramas. Here lies the quintessence of the comparison which modern critics have made between Shakespeare and Mr. Fry. Both of these men wrote for the stage and their work is best when it is viewed as a dramatic production rather than read for the sake of plot or philosophy, because in each there seems to be a striving toward the highest form of verbal expression — not for the sake of itself but for the sake of dramatic impact.

The language used in the verse is elevated and striking. There can be no doubt that Mr. Fry's form of expression is quite beyond the level of ordinary speech; it is even elevated from poetry, and it is here that we discover the intimations of the metaphysical. Despite the almost fantastic verbosity, there is no indication of affectation. This language may be unusual to its audience, it may not even be normal for Mr. Fry, but it is not meaningless. For even though there may be no thorough analytical comprehension of such speeches as

*Who benefits, before God
By this concatenation of existences,
This paroxysm of flesh?*

there is a certain overall impression created. Mr. Fry is a romantic and is concerned with creating an impression rather than an intellectual labyrinth as does Mr. Eliot.

But we must not conclude that Mr. Fry is incapable of word play. It is one of his unique characteristics that he knows what he is talking about and how to say it and, like most literary geniuses, he does not depend entirely upon one aspect of expression. He seems as capable as any of the moderns of using words with skill and virtuosity, but never does he use them for their own sake, always there is a higher level of meaning implied. Consider the opening lines of **The Lady's Not For Burning**.

Thomas: *Soul!*

Richard — *and the plasterer, that's fifteen groats —*

Thomas: *Hey, soul!*

Richard: — *for stopping up a draught in the privy —*

Thomas: *Body! You calculating piece of clay!*

Here is introduced the whole theme of flesh and spirit which permeates the play, and it presents the conflict between the different elements of the drama — that of the empirical wordly characters, Hebble and Margaret, who must have everything explained in terms of earthly reality; and Jennet and Thomas who transcend the forces which weigh upon the other characters.

The elevation and breadth of Mr. Fry's style is not a quality which may be condemned, for his preoccupation with life and destiny is one which justifies any uniqueness of language. He gropes in a realm between the known and the unknown, not so greatly concerned with finding an answer, as looking about himself. In doing so, he seems to approach the world with an attitude of wonder. What he sees surprises him and like most surprises an unusual reaction results. This reaction lies partially in his language which has a freshness and uncommon quality about it which is not mere novelty. His fancy has given us a whole new love story in Thomas and Jennet through his new, and yet timeless, approach. Who cannot see the change in Thomas in the following speech? He is falling in love even though perhaps he does not realize it.

Thomas: *Out here? Out here is a sky so gentle
Five stars are ventured on it. I can see
The sky's pale belly glowing and growing big,
Soon to deliver the moon. And I can see
A glittering smear, the snail trail of the sun
Where it crawled with its golden shell into the hills.
A darkening land sunken into prayer
Nunc dimittis. I see twilight. madam.*

The whole dramatic progression of his discovery of a new world in Jennet Jourdemayne could be traced, but that would entail the quotation of the entire play. One further speech will suffice to show Mr. Fry's wonderful perception of human emotions.

Thomas: *All right! You've done your worst. You force
me to tell you
The disastrous truth. I love you. A misadventure
So intolerable, hell could do no more.
Nothing in the world could touch me
And you have to come and be the damnable*

*Exception. I was nicely tucked up for the night
Of eternity, and, like a restless dream
Of a fool's paradise, you, with a rainbow where
Your face is and an ignis fatuus
Worn like a rose in your girdle, come pursued
By fire, and presto! the bedclothes are on the floor
And, I the tomfool, love you.*

These two quotations, while they cannot be representative of the whole of Mr. Fry's style, do provide the opportunity for a discussion of certain characteristics which are peculiar to his technique. No one can fail to notice the prevalence of his use of metaphors. They are constantly extravagant, but at the same time they are thoughtful and clear. Never does he make a metaphor which cannot have emotional as well as reasonable meaning. Early in the play, he says

*Life, forbye, is the way
We fatten for the Michaelmas of our own particular
Gallows. What a wonderful thing is metaphor.*

This free play on the imagination with such vivid and forceful effect has produced a luxuriance which has given rise to the neo-Elizabethan hope for literature. The surprising factor about this judgement is that it is not as superficial as it might seem. Mr. Fry even possesses a Shakespearian power of bombast when he wishes to use it.

Thomas: *You bubble-mouthing, fog-blathering,
Chin-chuntering, chap-flapping, liturgical,
Turgidical, base old man! What about my murders?
And what goes round in your head,
What funny little murders and fornications
Chatting up and down in three-four time
Afraid to come out? What bliss to sin by proxy
And do penance by way of someone else!*

A sixteenth century Shakespeare might not have written it in quite the same manner, but a modern one might, and does.

Repartee, hyperbole, and paradox are all essentials of Mr. Fry's style and it is in their use that the lighter effects are achieved — one might almost say that these make Mr. Fry's plays comedies if that word did not imply a frivolity which is not in any of his dramas as an essential characteristic. Mr. Fry's comedies are comedies because they are not tragedies, because they resolve themselves with a

minimum amount of ensuing despair and death. He said a few years ago that his tragedy, *The Firstborn*, is the demonstration of the human dilemma, while his comedies are but a comment upon it. This comment is chiefly concerned, as he says, with the human dilemma; in *The Lady's Not For Burning* the dilemma is between things as they are and things as they seem to be. This is brought out in the plot and the characters themselves, but it also occurs in the speeches. There is one fine instance when Nicholas and his mother have the following conversation:

Nicholas: *I must tell you, I've just been reborn.*

Margaret: *Nicholas, you always think
You can do things better than your mother.*

The actual comedy of the play comes with the bringing together of characters. Constantly we find the minds of the actors working on different levels. Very few of them talk to each other with meaning: Hebble Tyson can understand nothing but his own sniffing, no one can understand Thomas, and Margaret is completely baffled by her sons. The only understanding occurs in a clash of personalities in Jennet and in Thomas where the soul and the body form a union of reconciliation.

Mr. Fry puns, too. He should know better in this age of sophistication, but he is conventionless without a qualm and he intersperses his magniloquence with colloquialism bare and unadorned. His abilities are on many different levels. He can be metaphysical or he can be very earthly. The former raises him above his contemporaries and the latter makes him palatable as a popular playwright. His success will undoubtedly continue because he is primarily a dramatist. He uses his knowledge to promote a human situation and his themes reflect an ageless and a general character. These qualities have an enduring appeal, they combine art with humanity with an emphasis on the latter — a reflexion of Mr. Fry's ability to be detached from the world while still vitally a part of it.



Solo

*One harp I have with strings of fire,
With strings of whisp'ring flame;
One tune I know of heart's desire,
Of heart's last earthly claim.*

*And when with grief are stirred those strings,
When whispering flame is bent;
That tune with mournful suff'ring sings
And throbs in wild lament:
And when the lilt of life mounts higher
To leave all earthly claim,
And when all mortal tunes expire,
And you are dust again,*

*One harp I'll have with strings of fire,
With strings of whisp'ring flame.*

— HUGH DOHERTY

Two Seasons

*Orange-piled yellows, splashing vibrant reds,
Colour-bright, light-mad,
Lonely hill-torrets lovely decked
In Autumn's pageantry, before the blowing of trumpets.*

*Through woods, leafed and fire-yawning,
Strange voices, telling icy tales,
Lick at the flames of green-gold oranges,
Lick at the blooms of multifarious poppies.*

*Heavens-taller trees bow, boughs bending low,
Like fleeting dreams departing with the parting night
The burning leaves are wrenched, wack loose,
To run along fields of moving fire.*

*Rain and snow descend, putting out flames;
Silenced calm replaces the passion of possession,
Memory is left, knocking on muffled doors to empty rooms,
Lovely hill-torrets lonely decked*

*The sun has gone, which stopped to kiss the lips
Of gold-red girls of ripened beauty;
Rain-washed, pebble-cold,
They lie lost, under dark lands.*

*The stony call of grayed fields, and grayed boughs,
Wind-walled, gloom-garbed,
And Eternity, with its moving death, moves over the fire.
In Winter's counterpane, wreathed with bitter night.*

— H. GRANT SAMPSON

The Living Song

*I want to walk in lonely places
As quiet as the day when it slips into the night;
To dream with fairy hands upon my brow,
To sleep with Love across my breast
And wake with Love remaining still.*

*I want to breathe in aged olive groves
Where air blows warm and cold upon my cheek;
Where twilight shadows painful sharpness,
Making the world a far, far place
Like the span of many thousand years.*

*I want to stand above a sea
And watch the white gulls at their play,
Dipping wings as does a soul which wanders free.
I want to walk the endless shore
Until the dying day has died with me.*

*I want to walk in summer shining forests
Where leaves blow warm to earth,
And make a magic-coloured carpet on the path;
Where time is but an aging power
Which sends new beauties to a darkened world.*

*I want to fly above the world
With wings as light and deft as air;
I want to breathe a song to charm the birds to sleep.
I want to wander long and far
Until my wandering reaches my song's end.*

— WILLIAM PROUTY

Kinfolk

By RODNEY MILLS

Frank and I had been about as close as two brothers can be, I reflected. Reaching to the table for a match, I lit another cigarette and leaned back, and reminisced some more. My mind wandered back over ten years . . . The place was Jackson where we had both been born, and we were getting ready to launch our career as entertainers, although we weren't too sure about that then.

This was just an ordinary amateur show, and we were just two fellows whose names happened to be drawn. Backstage, Frank was having his troubles with me. It was the first time I had ever appeared in public, and I had a bad attack of stagefright.

"I don't want to go on, Frank! I can't sing tonight, I'm too scared! Come on, let's go home. It doesn't matter anyhow."

"Jimmy, will you listen to me? It's not bad out there, it's just your imagination. We've done this a million times at parties, what's so different about tonight? We've got everything to gain and nothing to lose. This may be a break for us, kid; come on Jim, do it for me, for us."

"I can't, I can't! But I did. And the audience liked us. They liked us so much we went back on for two encores, and the manager's face was lit up like a flashbulb when we went to collect our money afterwards."

"You were wonderful, boys, wonderful! I'm so happy for you. Wilks from the radio station wants you to sing next week, and already everyone has been asking me who you are. Two boys from town . . ." and the little Italian talked on and on.

I stabbed out the cigarette and sat up. Things had gone well for us after that. That's all it takes, they say, just one break and you're in. We sang over the radio, and got jobs singing with Tony Burke's orchestra. This wasn't a big-time outfit, but it was pretty swell, just the same, to see your names on the notices: "Frank and Jim Kennedy, Vocalists". Putting Frank's name first was all my idea. Frank wouldn't hear of it at first, but I convinced him that his **should** be first because he was a year older. It wouldn't look right the other way. So Frank agreed.

Frank almost always agreed with me in the end, no matter what we were arguing about. It wasn't that he was easily led, but he was always easy to get along with, ready to help. Never complained about anything. He and I clicked; individually, we were just two average guys trying our best, but together it was so much better.

We gave Tony our notice when a better offer came our way, from Jack Jenkins, who was one of the top agents in the East. We began moving from town to town, saving quite a bit of money, living in better hotels, and singing in better clubs; "making out", as the saying goes.

In Atlantic City we ran into our first woman trouble. Up till then, Frank and I had usually double-dated, and neither of us had ever got really serious. But Linda Lawrence was a different proposition, and we didn't have time to share her. I don't suppose she liked being torn between two brothers very well either. Anyhow, we talked it over.

"I like her a lot, Frank. Maybe enough to make us split up."

Frank looked at me. "Is that what you want, kid? Cause if you do, it's too bad. We're a good thing, and we've been together too long to let Linda stand between us. I liked her too, as much as you do I guess, but let's not fight over her, Jim. If you're that serious, I'll give her up." We talked about her for a little while longer, and decided to take our problem to Linda, which is what we should have done in the first place. To put it straight forwardly, Linda cast her vote in my favour, and Frank gracefully withdrew from the picture.

So Linda and I were a twosome for a while, and then we quarreled over whether or not we should get married right away. Linda said yes, and no more travelling, but I said I couldn't do that to Frank.

"What are you, Jim? A slave to your big brother?"

That as sort of hard to answer, but Frank was something more to me than a big brother. He was part of me, and a part that I didn't want to let go, at least not right then. When Linda told me it was either get married right away or never, I decided maybe she wasn't everything I had thought she was, and Frank and I left Atlantic City for Philadelphia. Frank said I was a fool to leave her. A fool to leave her. How right he was, in the end.

After Philadelphia, it was Charleston, then Tampa, Miami, New Orleans, and back up the East coast again. I guess it didn't hit me right away, but Frank was changing. I saw less and less of him. I knew he was playing the horses, but I didn't know that he spent his nights playing poker. When he began asking me for fifty, a hundred, even two hundred bucks once in a while, I started asking questions, but he

was evasive. I didn't worry about it. Frank was still Frank, and always would be I imagined. Still the best friend a guy could have.

In our apartment back in New York, I saw very little of him; in fact, the only times I ever saw him were at rehearsals and when we were singing. He was still considerate and agreeable, but he owed me over two thousand dollars now. I never mentioned the fact to him and he never talked about it either. It was just "Could you let me have a couple of hundred till next month, Jim?", or, "I'm running a little short again, kid, could you help me out?"

It didn't bother me much till the night I walked into the apartment and saw a stranger lying on the floor with one hand clutching the leg of the coffee table and a bullet-hole in his chest and blood in a pool on the rug. I picked up the gun lying beside him and looked at it. The barrel was still warm. I was still looking at the gun when the caretaker walked in with the police.

And so here I was, going to the electric chair, doing as big a favour for his brother as anybody has ever done. I had been identified by one of the dead stranger's henchmen as "Jim Kennedy, the same guy who borrowed the money off Loney". I lit a cigarette and wished I could see Frank again, just once more. But he had disappeared; where he'd gone, I don't know, probably out of the country.

A guard opened the door of my cell. "Put out your cigarette, Kennedy. It's time to go." I stepped on the lighted end, and walked slowly into the corridor, where two more guards met me.

Think about me sometimes, won't you, Frank. A long time ago, we were a good thing.

The Wind

*Skipping joyfully over the lake,
Causing the waters to foam and break
Upon the distant shore;*

*Whispering softly among the trees,
Rippling the glassiness of the seas
Where they were smooth before;*

*Raging across the ocean in ire,
Never to cease and never to tire,
Never repose to find.*

*While God's creations all are wondrous,
Mankind has sensed the most tremendous,
And bows before the Wind.*

— HELEN FAIRBAIRN

The Ghost of St. Philips

by JOHN McVITTIE

NIGHT; TREES AND chill wind, rain on the roof and a log fire in the grate, an armchair, a pipe and an old friend. Add to this a friendly ghost, and for once you will feel you are alive.

I turned over a log on the fire in my study, sat back and puffed on my pre-war "Barling." We were talking about the spiritualist theories of Sir Oliver Lodge but not exactly about ghosts. There was no light other than the fire in the room. Its ghost played with the books on the shelves about the walls.

"I have never told you of the ghost of St. Philips," said I.

"Of what!" said Rawleigh.

"Of St. Philips, right here in the City."

"You're joking!" said Rawleigh.

But by the line of my face in the firelight Rawleigh knew that this time I was serious, and weighing my words I spoke:

"It happened that while I was a student I had a thesis to write for Dr. Greenwood — you remember that prosaic man — I had a thesis to write on the nature of Nazi Germany's Labour Policy. You know I'm no economist, not in the least a practical fellow; and you know how I hate statistics, Rawleigh. Well, you can judge just how inconducive were the sultry nights of late summer to the examining of books and periodicals by the score — all dealing with Nazi economic policy — everything — the export of toys to Hungary, the Kraft durch Freude movements for the workers, abolition of trade unions, re-armament and heavy industry, and slave labour. You know how we like to unearth statistics to prove every pet notion. You know too that although you yourself whom I account my first friend are of German descent, that I haven't at any time taken much interest in your forefathers' country? It was because of all this that I would take my books to the vestry of the church."

"It would be cooler there, I suppose?" said Rawleigh.

"It was cooler, but more than that, it was away from the noise of cars, and the yells of urchins long past their bedtime, as they made their way to and from the beach. At the church it was quiet, cool, and away from everything."

I waved my hand in a gesture that implied detachment. Leaning forward I took away the spirit lamp from beneath the percolator, and the coffee for its third and last time flowed slowly down into the lower bowl.

"After dinner every evening I would take my books to the vestry at St. Philips. For two nights I worked until near midnight and was satisfied with my progress. Most of the initial research I had done previously; so it was mainly a matter of tossing together reams of notes in some sort of logical sequence. It was on the fourth night and I had arrived at the stage when I was turning over in my mind the execution of the Jewish, Polish, and Czech slave labourers after the explosion at the Fiat Automobile works in Weiner Neusdat in the January of 1952. when I heard a noise down in the body of the church. Although the night was warm I had all the doors closed and only the small window open for the wind out of the west was far warmer than the atmosphere. I knew that nobody could have legitimately entered the church without my being aware of it. My first thought was that it might be somebody with intent to steal the money out of the war comforts collection boxes that were locked away in the committee room pending the banking of it on the following Monday. Whoever it may have been, I knew that the light in the vestry would have been visible to them as it was reflected under the vestry door. I stood up, switched off the light, and listened. I heard footsteps, light, as somebody walking in bare feet.

I felt as I listened that they moved up the south aisle from the font, and along the east aisle at the back of the church, then down towards the vestry door. You know how eerie it can be in a church late at night even when everything is quiet. I heard the clock on my desk tick away at least five minutes while I listened. Those few minutes I heard nothing but the clock.

Then by the light of the moon that shone out of the Christ in the vestry window I saw the big brass knob turn, slowly. You might think that my impulse would have been to put myself hard against the wall behind the door, but no. I just stood there staring at the knob as it revolved. Always when that door would open it would creak with the rust and age of the hinges and with the weight of

the door's heavy beamed oak, but this time it swung without any sound and from where I stood near my chair I could see through the chimney doorway down into the body of the church cast in the moon's vague light and there was no one there — I could see no one there."

Rawleigh knew me well enough to realise that what I had told him was true. We had finished our first coffee to the tune of the wind in the oleanders outside by the driveway. At length I continued:

"I doubt that you took your books to the Kirk again after that, Mac."

"Yes, Rawleigh, I was mighty terrified. No need for me to elaborate on that.

They joked with me at the surfclub early the next morning and said that I look as though I had been out all night with wine and women. I was dark about the eyes and otherwise was pale. I did not gather my books together until that morning after breakfast when the caretaker was about."

"Did you mention it to the caretaker?"

"I have said that I have told no one until tonight. I did ask him if everything was all right as far as he could see and he wanted to know why I would be asking that.

I told him with as much false confidence I could that on the previous night when I had been at work in the vestry I had heard a few odd noises in the church and had of course investigated but found nothing. The old boy grinned and said through his only two teeth and with a cockney accent that you would often hear noises in the church but it would probably be nothing but the woodwork expanding after a hot day or maybe a pigeon in the eaves and that it would often be a bit startling at first but that you soon get used to it. But when he came to think of it he wouldn't himself like to work back at night alone for all the tea in the East Indies; not, he said, that he was afraid of ghosts or any such ballyhoo . . ."

"There may have been something in what the old man said?"

"Yes, Rawleigh, — imagination, late at night in an empty church, tired mind and the rest of it. After a few months I laughed at my own credulity. But you know, Rawleigh, for months nothing could induce me to settle down to work on that thesis — fortunately it was

not due for about six months. I had developed a sort of complex against it."

"That sort of thing happens with all of us sometimes in even the most trivial matters," said Rawleigh.

"Well it was early in the following September, — the winter had still not turned the corner. I had to have my thesis in by the end of the month. I decided — knowing a little of Jung and Freud — that I would destroy my complex by removing the fear. So there I was again, Rawleigh, in the vestry, with a rug around my legs, leading up my thesis toward the collapse of the Nazi regime. Two nights running I heard the noise in the church; this time it was like a woman weeping. It could have been anything and it could have been nothing. I turned on all the lights from the pulpit and all the other auxiliary lights as I passed by their switches. Armed with my umbrella I looked about in all the recesses, the vestibule, behind the life-size angel font and under the seats. There was nothing."

"What did you expect?" said Rawleigh.

"I didn't know. I know that on the second night every light in St. Philips burned all night. I shuddered at the thought of turning them off and leaving that church in the dark. It was an effort the next morning to go in there at about eight o'clock before the caretaker would arrive so that I could turn off all the lights; even then I feared that some resident nearby — perhaps some shift-worker or reveller on his way home might have seen the lights at every window and report them; I knew that if my father heard of the lights having been alive all night I could have offered no sane explanation. Then on the third night when I had penned the last word of my thesis I was sitting back in my chair with a yawn of satisfaction when a rustling and the sound of bare feet on the carpet of the aisles! I can't tell why I switched off my light, but I think it was natural fear of being located by an unknown being. I listened as the footsteps receded down the south aisle and returned on the other side towards the vestry door. It must have been an hour that I stood there waiting for the door handle to turn — I could vaguely see it in the dark. At length when nothing happened and there was no further sound I convinced myself that my imagination was playing the devil with me. I flung open the door and stood out in the choir stalls and narrowed my eyes to look around in the shadows. There was nothing that moved. I walked down the aisles in a near delirium and looked in the vestibules. It was too dark to see

much, I was making my way down the south aisle when I came to the font. It was then at that moment that I felt the terror in the roots of my hair. The marble angel that knelt here in the alcove and held out the font was gone. I remember nothing more but I am sure of this that the organ was playing an old Jewish lament for the dead."

The fire in the room was burning low.

Rawleigh was looking at me fixedly with the air of a man who would ask with conviction: "Is this really true?"

"I know it sounds queer, Rawleigh," I said, "I warned you about that. Do you think I could sit here and lie to you with such apparent sincerity. I could have been mad that night, overwrought with hours of study, but the story does not end there!"

"It happened again?"

"Not exactly," I told him, "It was the other day when I was talking with a stone mason about the memorial stone for my father's grave that he told me that that angel in the font-alcove has a sad story about it. It was fashioned by a Jew who left to take up some special work in Germany for Pastor Neimoller before the War; he was involved in the explosion that wrecked the Fiat works in 1942 and was never heard of since."

"What a coincidence!" said Rawleigh, "By Jove!"

"You might call it that," I told him, "You might call it that but I will have you know this, Rawleigh, — that on the day after my terror, a Sunday morning, I went back for my manuscript before the church worship was due to begin. There was the angel in its usual place holding out the baptismal font as it knelt in humility with outstretched arms, but when I looked about in the vestry for my script it was not there and nobody was known to have entered the church since I had left it less than twelve hours before."

"The caretaker might easily have come in and removed it," said Rawleigh, "Tidiness, you know, you never can tell."

"That may be," I said, "But I found it on my way out of the gate. It was lying crumpled and soaked in a drain; on the ground nearby where the gravel was loose and fine there was the imprint of a foot very like the delicate footprint of a woman.

Fantasy

*Adrift again;
At golden dusk on Sunset Bay,
Adrift again, at close of day
I dream of days gone by.*

*Away again;
The Sea out-stretches grey and grim
Away again beyond its rim
I drift in solitude.*

*Awake again;
'Twas but a dream, my heart awakes,
Awake again my heart! So breaks
The Fantasy of Dreams.*

— HELEN FAIRBAIRN

The Lost Churches of China

By LEONARD M. OUTERBRIDGE

(The Westminster Press, Philadelphia)

This book is as timely as it is able. Although recently published, numerous reviews, printed not only in Church magazines but also in leading secular journals and papers, have recognized its outstanding worth.

After an introductory chapter on China's religious heritage, Dr. Outerbridge surveys the history of Christian missions in China from the arrival of the Nestorians in the sixth century down to the present time. His sketch records the progress and achievement of the successive waves of missionary effort and the devotion and heroism linked with it. Yet there is a dark side to the picture. The Church must face the significance of the tragic historical fact that Christianity has been cast out of China five times in thirteen hundred years. This tragedy is not wholly due to the opposition and persecution of anti-Christian forces. In part it is the unhappy fruitage of weakness and error of the Church herself in her age long endeavours to convert China to Christianity.

In the light of the lessons of history, Dr. Outerbridge discusses the main reasons why Christian missions in China have been crippled, and in the end driven from the country. His thoughtful and penetrating study aims to reveal the causes which have led to these repeated expulsions. While the unfortunate divisions of Christendom have prevented the Church from presenting a united front in China, a still graver source of failure has been the frequent alignment of missions with the political aspirations of Western nations. Consequently they came to be regarded as tools of foreign domination and as such provoked the fanatical hostility of Chinese nationalistic movements.

A second cause of the losses sustained by Christian missions has been their failure to appreciate and utilize the native religious heritage of China as exemplified in the ethical precepts of Confucius and the spiritual insights of Lao Tzu. Although there have been notable exceptions, such as the great Jesuit missionary Matteo Ricci, the rank and file of Christian evangelists failed to distinguish between Confucianism and the paganism they sought to extirpate. Instead of building on and baptizing the indigenous religious inheritance of China into Christianity,

they crusaded against it. Dr. Outerbridge points out the fateful result of this at the present moment. Now that Christian missions have been driven out of China a spiritual vacuum is left. The weakening of Confucianism has played into the hands of the Communists, who are now only too ready to destroy the remnants of an ethical system teaching belief in a Supreme being and regard for the rights of the individual and the freedom and dignity of human personality.

A third cause of the setback Christianity has suffered in China, stressed by Dr. Outerbridge, is the subordination of its spiritual essence to its social utility. He fully recognizes the great worth of the humanitarian contribution of Christian missions to the welfare of China. Yet if works are severed from faith, no conferring of material benefits can sway men's souls like the redemptive and transfiguring power of the gospel of Christ. The watering down of the message of Jesus to a merely "social gospel," the evaluation of Christianity as "a success religion", has been prevalent in the Western World; and the consequent loss of a spiritual dynamic is reflected in foreign missions.

Despite these trenchant criticisms, the underlying spirit of Dr. Outerbridge's work is constructive. Although the title of his book is *The Lost Churches of China*, he is far from despairing of the ultimate conversion of the Chinese people to Christianity. If he points out errors which have contributed to the tragedy of Christian missions having been five times expelled from China, it is only because he believes that the Church in a spirit of true humility and thoughtful self-examination may learn and profit by the mistakes of the past. He deals with his subject not merely objectively as a scholar, but as one who has had many years of practical experience as a missionary in China. As such he has a deep seated faith in Christian missions, and the apparent pessimism of certain of his findings, should not blind the reader of this book, to the optimism of Dr. Outerbridge's assurance that the long travail of the Church in the endeavour to evangelize China will finally triumph.

W. O. Raymond



Thought

*Slinking softly through space
Adhering to an island of rock,
Sinking beneath the smooth granite,
Digs the green root.*

*Fleeting furrowed images
Flowing formless through grains of sand,
Sipped up by straw-stems,
Feeding rawness.*

*Rising,
Diffusing,
Congealing,
Crack .*

— JANE QUINTIN

*Lent Term 1953*

By C. HUGH DOHERTY

"Our exchanges still appear to be in the embryonic stage." Exactly one year ago this was the opening sentence to the exchange section. To a large extent this observation still applies to this magazine. Over eighty issues of *The Mitre* were sent out last term to various universities throughout the world, yet the influx of new magazines into the campus was relatively small, in fact almost non-existent. It was noticeable in the few that did find their way into the confines of our halls of learning, that the opening term of college is one of literary drought. Perhaps this explains the dearth of outside material this term. In any case, the exchanges which were received are well worth reading and are available in the lower library to anyone interested in developing a broader university knowledge. It is to be hoped that their excellence will not languish under a disinterested mantle of dust.

From the United Kingdom, only four representative selections were received and it may be added, reviewed with appreciation. *College Echoes* (University of St. Andrew's, Scotland) is a most interesting publication with an especially good collection of prose material. "The Inheritance," an outstanding contribution, is a well-constructed, searching short story which attempts with a large measure of success, to describe the dull lives of three most pathetic old ladies; the Misses Asteley, Hilda, Netta and Ethel. What happens when a "black sheep" uncle dies and leaves them a small fortune provides a complex psychological problem which is admirably handled by the author, as he skillfully supplies background material, characterization, and motives in such a manner as to turn a rather over-worked

theme into an intriguing study in human motivation. "The Good Barber," an amusing though pointed monologue, is notable for the skill with which the required dialect is manipulated, while "Taciturnity", another one-man conversation gives us an intimate first hand view on the football pools in England. Included in this issue, too, is a comprehensive discussion of "Voyage to Windward," a book by J. C. Furnas. Lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson will certainly want to read this article, as the book is "a well written and well documented biography of Robert Louis Stevenson," reported to be one of the best in its field.

Gryphon (University of Leeds) is a small journal containing a great diversity of material and it is highly recommended to those whose thirst for knowledge and opinions takes them outside the sphere of local affairs. The British contempt for inadequacy is strongly displayed by an article appropriately entitled "Beelzebub's Cotillon," a biting and expert criticism of what was evidently a poor production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," staged by one of the University's Dramatic Societies. Studies in world affairs will wish to read "Citizens of Europe," a comprehensive outline of the aims of the Council of Europe, and a more personal article, "No More Rambles Through the Iron Curtain" which presents an intimate view of the state of affairs which existed on the Iron Curtain borders before restrictions were imposed. "A Diabetic Experiment" is a most revealing article dealing with the care and treatment of diabetic children. Poetry in **Gryphon** is uniformly good, especially a pair of verses by Wilfred Child, a late faculty member of the University. One poem worthy of particular mention is written in French, "Les Neiges d'Antan," and as such may be read with a certain degree of authority by hybrid Quebecers. The last verse is offered for criticism.

*"Tout est passé. Le vent
de printemps, tendre et tiède,
laisse toucher sur mon front
des baisers de douceur.
Maintenant je suis seul;
Mais nulle chose n'est plus laide:
les voix de la musique
coulent autour de mon coeur."*

Tamesis, (University of Reading) presents this term a rather unusual and distinctive issue. Realizing, as the editorial points out, "how hazardous is the task of producing a magazine for a public

so small, so erudite, so exacting, so petulant, so varying" as theirs, and being unable to please everybody, the staff decided to create a precedent and dedicate the summer issue of **Tamesis** to one particular college minority, namely the ladies of Reding University. However one may doubt the wisdom of catering to the interests of such a significant minority, one must admire the chivalrous spirit which promoted such a policy. Accordingly, the material contained in this issue is designed to delight the female mind and cannot be authoritatively described here. To the ladies, the editor says, "you will find, in poetry and prose, romance, intrigue, men and mirrors of yourselves, not forgetting Eve's universal love of finding reason in the rhyme of things." With an additional recommendation of excellence, such is the nature of **Tamesis**. So, "read on, you daughters of enchantment."

From Queen Mary College, London, comes another superlative publication, **The Leopardess**, a magazine containing a large amount of poetry and articles, though very little fiction. The Poetry in **Leopardess**, in common with most of the poetry displayed in all the exchanges is largely modern in style. For some reason, the careful rhyme scheme and smooth rhythm which used to characterize the better poetry in such magazines has become unpopular. The tendency, emphasized particularly in **The Leopardess** is towards free verse, in every sense of the term; a tendency which in no way detracts from the quality of the verse presented, as this short poem proves.

The Seafarer

*For the land had come upon me
Wound me in the maze of streets
Left me only memory.
And I drift there
Where stars shed shells of light
Which draw their breath across the water
And spark brightly, striking night
With the shudder of glinting harshness
Burning for a moment in the hush of silent places
Beating patterns on petals of froth
Forming foam faces
Crushed in the welter of waves.*

Humour, too is represented in the poetry of Queen Mary College students. One long epic "The Ballad of Peter the Student" pokes

subtle fun at over-psychological modernistic poetry. A few excerpts from it will serve to illustrate the main theme.

*"The weather was chill on the night outside,
And Peter's thoughts were of suicide.*

* * *

*Peter lay and Peter died
His body was borne away on the tide.*

* * *

*Slumbering darkness, drugged and dire,
Dim was the glimmer of beacon fire,
Towards the sea and the tide of time,
Beneath the cliffs that nightward climb,
The beacons are dim, and his soul fades away,
The regions of twilight where night blends with day . . .
And Peter is lapped by the opening graves,
Of the gray green, whispering, rippling waves,
And Peter is passing, and Peter is dead . . .
But then he wakes up for he's just wet his bed."*

Some of the other humorous verses, however, are neither subtle nor amusing, and one wonders what pretensions to literary fame verses like this make:

*"As I came out of my house today,
A man was knocking our wall away.
When I go home tonight, the wall
May possibly not be there at all."*

Of the many interesting articles in *The Leopardess*, the most fascinating is one entitled "Vive la difference? (The Philology of Sex)," which attempts to explain how the French language is so much more sensitive to sex differences than is English or any other modern language.

"Its sound has a sensuous that keeps one's mind on the important things in life.

'Elle est belle'

is the achievement of two generations of Frenchmen. To say it the lips are held slightly apart for the vowels. Add two caressing liquid "l's", and between them, the climax, bring the lips gently together and forward for the "b". The whole thing is the perfect allegory of a kiss. What a contrast with the wild disorder of the mouth required to pronounce:

'She is beautiful' "

Other interesting articles are "The New Realism," a technical discussion of modern painting, and several excellent literary reviews, including one of the latest works of W. H. Auden. And by the way, no one should over-look a short discussion enigmatically labelled "Formication."

Two Canadian publications were received this term, *The Review* (Trinity University) and two issues of *Acta Victoriana* (Victoria College, Toronto).

The Review seems to suffer quite definitely from the previously mentioned opening term lethargy, for its pages are less numerous than usual. One rather lengthy short story, *The Married Couple* shows flashes of excellence occasionally, but on the whole seems somehow to have fallen short of its purpose. It is intended to be a character study, both of the narrator and of the married couple, the male member of which is an old college chum of the narrator. However, ornateness and the use of such superfluous props as Chopin music and Victorian architecture obscure the main issue too often. It may be read in contrast to "The Inheritance" from *College Echoes*. "North Country," an excellent prose study of the vast mining regions of northern Quebec and Ontario is distinctive for its description of color and scene.

"Autumn in the North hasn't the flaming red of the hard maples in the south. It's yellow and green and blue. Yellow of birch and poplar, dark of pines and pale blue of a misty sky. The yellow sun warms the dead brown cattails along the swamps, and filters through the thinning leaves of the bushland to fall on white birch trunks, light yellow-green stems of poplar and black of tamarac. Swamp water reflects the pale sky, or greys it as the winds roughens it. Ducks float on the cooling water, seemingly reluctant to leave, and long waving lines of Canada Geese pass over in the mornings and evenings. Or at night. The sound of flying geese at night is surely one of the most moving of sounds."

In general the poetry contained in this issue is interesting but not outstanding. A short, pithy verse closes the issue:

*"I like English pubs,
For, unlike our
Cocktail lounges and
Beer parlours*

*A woman can go in,
Have a drink and a chat
And come out —
Still alone.*

Acta Victoriana, though predominantly less serious than either **Review** or the British publications presents several articles which should be read by every thinking Canadian. Of primary importance is a series of articles started in the November issue dealing with "The Arts in Canada." The first of the series is a study of the Canadian novel, discussing such authors as John Richardson, William Kirby, Phillip Child, Morley Callaghan, and Hugh McLennan. The vital question of the great Canadian novel is intelligently considered and its creation even forecast within the next ten days. The second article in the series is an equally well-written review of Canadian drama, dwelling on past playwrights, present productions and future possibilities for the drama in Canadian culture. Both of these articles come at a time when old question, "Is there a Canadian culture?" is being raised again, and their appearance will in some measure add weight to any affirmative answers.

In the realm of sports, **Acta Victoriana** takes a sensible and well-directed kick at current Olympic policy, especially in the United States. In reply to the many accusations that Canadian colleges are not developing their athletes properly, "Olympics and Ivy" strongly reminds all and sundry that the purpose of the Canadian university is not to produce highly skilled Olympic contestants, but to provide a sound system of higher education.

From New Brunswick comes another publication which is not actually a college exchange, but which should be of considerable interest to any students of contemporary poetry. **The Fiddlehead**, published by the Bliss Carman Society of Fredericton, first came out in 1945 with the aim of fostering the writing of poetry, particularly in the Maritime area. Contributions to **The Fiddlehead** are the works of amateur part-time poets; amateurs only in the sense that they are not paid for their work. The poetry itself is far from amateurish. This short selection is a good example of the standard of work to be found in the **Fiddlehead**.

The Two Thieves

*When he had done his worst,
All joy from me to part,
Death left me one treasure yet
To keep alive my heart.*

*But as I hugged it to me
Came Time, a subtler thief,
And softly stole away
Death's heritage of Grief.*

Interesting too, is an almost unknown poem by Bliss Carman, which according to **The Fiddlehead** was only published once in 1894. It is so typical of the work of the poet after whom the Society is named that it certainly deserves wider recognition.

Noons of Poppy

*Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Scarlet leagues along the sea,
Flaxen hair afloat in sunlight,
Love, come down the world to me;*

*There's a captain I must ship with,
(Heart, that day be far from now!)
Wears his dark command in silence
With his sea-frost on his brow.*

*Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Purple shadows by the sea;
How should love take thought to wonder
What the destined port may be?*

*O if love have joy for shipmate
For a night-watch or a year,
Dawn will break o'er Lonely Haven
Heart to happy heart, as there.*

*Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Scarlet acres by the sea
Burning to the blue above them,
Love, the world is full for me.*

Bliss Carman

Magazines -

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following magazines:

Gryphon— University of Leeds, England.

Tamesis— University of Reading, England.

College Echoes— St. Andrew's University, Scotland.

The Leopardess— Queen Mary College, London, England.

Acta Victoriana (2 Issues)— Victoria College, Toronto.

The Review— Trinity College, Toronto.

The Fiddlehead— Bliss Carman Society, Fredericton, N. B.

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