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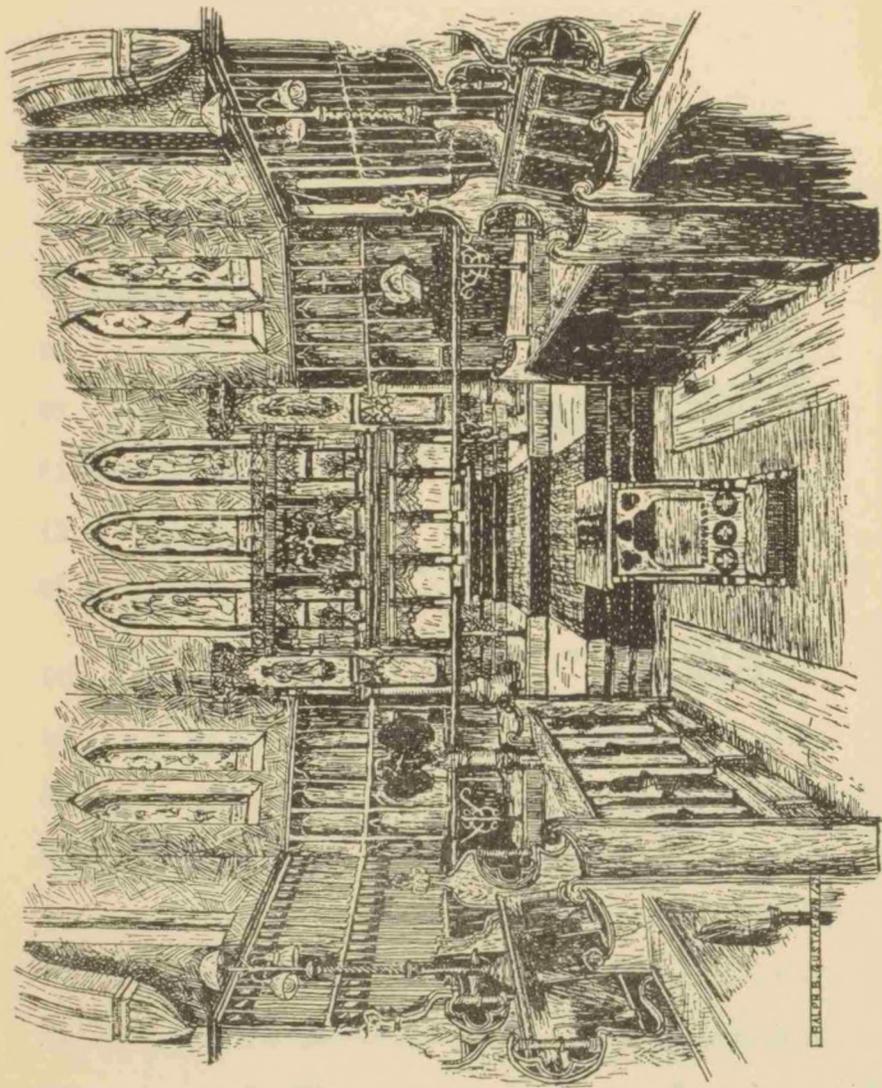
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## THE CHAPEL OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

The chapel of Bishop's University is one which need not fear comparison with any other building of the same character in Canada; indeed in some respects it is probably unique. It owes its air of rich and sober distinction to two features: its woodwork, and its stained glass windows.

The history of the building seems a little uncertain, as it has suffered destruction in two fires, but the shell of the present fabric consists of the walls which were left standing after the fire of 1891 — a long rectangle of choir ending in an arch which opens into a large chancel — brick walls pierced with pairs of simple lancet windows framed in freestone — a high pitched timber roof. It was an interior which must have been austere, even to dreariness, but it was of good proportions: and we cannot be too grateful to those who saw its possibilities, and who determined and carried out the present noble scheme of decoration.

Between the years 1891 and 1899 the present woodwork was installed bit by bit, replacing the pine flooring, the kitchen chairs, and other meager necessities of worship which had been made to serve after the fire. The scheme was an ambitious one, and was carried out by George Long, a Sherbrooke contractor, to whom — with the anonymous craftsmen who really did the work — must go much of the credit of creating a work of art which has probably very few parallels in the dominion. The chapel was entirely surrounded with a high wainscot of Gothic panellings which reaches to the sills of the windows; and the three entrances were provided with beautiful doorcases, also in Gothic style. The seating was arranged in the traditional manner around three sides of the rectangular choir, leaving the eastern end open. The western wall was adorned with a most elaborate screen against which are set the seats of the college dignitaries. If this woodwork — which is carried out completely in local brown ash — had nothing more to commend than its solidity, its good proportions, and its craftsmanship, it would still be remarkable: but in fact there is much more. At the period at which the work was done, there must have been in the Eastern Townships one or more woodcarvers who possessed in a very high degree, not only a traditional competence in woodcarving, but also an inventiveness and exuberant fancy that would have held their own in the Middle Ages. The craftsman — or these craftsmen — must have been responsible for the many excellent carvings that lift the chapel woodwork out of the sphere of more good carpentry.

and make good its claim to be considered a work of art. First there are no less than twenty-eight bench-ends — "poppy-heads" as they are somewhat mysteriously called in Gothic glossaries — and each one of them is an independant work of the wood-carver's fancy. To say that they are all different is to do them scant justice; they are really remarkable examples of the infinite variety of the Gothic mind that could go on repeating the same form without ever repeating the details of it.

Then there are seven angels on the arms of some of the principal seats. Here again there is variety, but there is also something else. The angels are not the slick productions of an ecclesiastical artist working in a style. They are the efforts of a craftsman who seems to realise his boldness: quite possibly he had never attempted large figures in the round before, and they have their faults in consequence. They are to put it plainly, quite plain and homely angels, a bit dumpy and not all aloof; but one likes them better for that. They are honest and unpretending country angels — but their wings are magnificent. Possibly the most ambitious of our craftsman's work are the four creatures which symbolise the four evangelists. These are placed in the western screen, which seems to have been the last part of the woodwork to be completed; an angel for St. Matthew, a winged lion for St. Mark, a winged calf for St. Luke, and an eagle for St. John. Here again there is heaviness, but the carver has attacked these four difficult problems of composition and anatomy with boldness and his usual imagination, and the result is striking. The four creatures are the lively embodiments of the glowing, verbal imagery of the passages in the Revelation which inspired them.

All in all it is a very fine piece of work, and there is just reason for pride in it when one remembers that it seems to owe nothing but style and inspiration to the mother country; it must have been the result of enthusiastic co-operation between the college authorities and the workmen, and they made it here out of materials that they found at hand.

The stained glass windows are perhaps less remarkable, but they form an excellent foil to the dark wood below them. They were made in Montreal by Messrs. Spence and Sons, and were finished about the same time as the woodwork. They are in memory of Dr. Nicholls, the first Principal, and various other benefactors of the University. The drawing and colouring of the windows is, on the whole, very good, although they have the usual fault of the windows of the period — they do not admit enough light. They are a uniform series, and show the principal events of the life of the Saviour, but the west window represents Moses raising up the brazen serpent in the wilderness and the last few on the north side the bringing of Christianity to England. They are designed therefore to present in pictures a summary of the history of our religion.

In 1912 a new altar and reredos were placed in the chapel in memory of the Ven. Archdeacon Roe, a former Dean of Divinity; and lately a bishop's throne was added. This is a handsome and massive chair of English oak, and is placed there in memory of Dr. Allnatt, also a former Dean of Divinity. It was purchased out of a fund subscribed by his former students and friends.

It was the belief of the founders of Bishop's that religion was an integral part of life, and therefore they believed that training in religion should be an integral part of education. This was the tradition that inspired the building of the chapel; and to-day the tradition still carries on, the chapel and all that it stands for is still regarded as an essential part of University life.

*Rev. C. Sauerbrei*

From THE MITRE, Dec. 1935.

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## EDITORIAL

"DEMOCRACY IS ON TRIAL IN THE WORLD . . ."

*Charles Fletcher Dole.*

The fact that this was uttered some twenty-five or more years ago alters none from its import today. Democracy, described by a contemporary political philosopher as a "form of government that is never com-

pletely achieved", is perpetually on trial, with men forever trying to extend its meaning, to broaden it and better it. Today, more than ever before, it is faced with obliteration, with a threat to its very existence as a system of government and as a code of living. If it fails everything that is meant by Western civilization will fail with it. Not that it has to fear being wiped out by a superior military force, for no matter how strong a potential enemy might be, he could never hope completely to dominate the Western world by guns, tanks and planes. If our civilization collapses, it will collapse in much the same way as did the Roman empire; there will be a disintegration of the civilization from within, perhaps hastened by the aggression of a barbaric, but talented and vigorous people. Our greatest threat is internal rottenness, not the attack from the outside.

The world today is in the grips of an ideological conflict, and it is hard to surmise what the final outcome will be, — a rapprochement between the two contestants, perhaps, a victory for one or the other, extremely doubtful: Whatever the future holds in store, the Western world must fortify itself; it must reaffirm its principles, strengthen the intellectual and spiritual foundations of democracy, and remove the evils which spread the disease of disintegration and decline, whether they be economic, social or political. And why? The nation, or group of nations which threatens, supposedly, our "way of life" has behind its vast economic resources and man power, the mightiest weapon the world has ever known — blind faith in a cause, a creed and a leader. We, on the other hand, are not so sure of our own convictions, nor quite positive that our opponents are wrong. A Canadian historian, Dr. R. M. Saunders, has made the problem very clear:

*" . . . In our present war postlude . . . our temporarily-mustered wartime morale has given way to the sort of uncertainty which characterized the period between the two world wars. Yet in this same post-war world there are peoples whose convictions are as strong as ever were those of the Nazis and the Fascists. And those convictions, and the kind of life they engender, are inimical to democracy. Should conflict ever arise between us we would be caught at an even greater disadvantage than in 1939, for in the meanwhile, because of our hesitant uncertainty, we are drifting further away from the traditional democracy that we claim in moments of stress as our way of life. We cannot afford to be a people of no convictions in a world where we face other peoples of strong convictions hostile to our own." (From an address delivered April 9, 1947.)*

It takes a morally and spiritually strong people to effectively defend

themselves against aggression, no matter how abundant their resources, no matter how powerful their military forces. We can equal, perhaps even surpass our enemies in military might; can we equal them in the strength of our convictions?

Democracy, because of its inherent imperfectibility, becomes diseased more easily than any other form of government. Democracy, because it gives every man, and must give every man, an opportunity to speak, write and teach openly and freely within the confines of the law, is easily susceptible to men and creeds whose sole purpose is to destroy democracy itself. Demagogues win power, Communism and Fascism spread, for no other reason than because the people are not strong in their democratic faith or because they are socially and economically disaffected. Democracy's greatest enemies are those men and creeds who, securing themselves in power by the very processes of democracy, proceed to undermine it at its very foundations. As long as economic and social disease and racial bigotry are prevalent enough to nourish the Fascist creeds of such men as Huey Long, Senator Bilbo, Gerald Smith, Father Coughlin, and a few politicians closer to home; as long as prejudice and ignorance provide markets for the yellow journalism of our Winchells and Pearsons; as long as democratic governments fail to provide that security on which freedom lives — democracy is losing its fight.

E. C. B.

## A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH

When a stranger arrives at Boston, he has a naive faith that he has reached the centre of American culture. If he hails from the Middle West and has been cradled in the conviction that wise men always come from the East, he may recall the dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Boston State House is the hub of the Solar System. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." And Boston, even if approached from east of the Atlantic, has a claim to recognition. Here the foundations of a democratic state were laid by a spiritual and intellectual aristocracy devoted to religion and education. Here, in colonial days, the grim Mather dynasty, a family of dour and tenacious ecclesiastical oligarchs, persecuted witches and Quakers, ruling Puritan New England with a rod of iron. A quaint epitaph records their fame.

"Under this stone lies Richard Mather,  
Who had a son greater than his father,  
And eke a grandson greater than either."

But, despite its austerity, the city of the Puritans gave birth in the eighteenth century to the genial humanist Benjamin Franklin, and in the early years of the nineteenth century became the nursery of American letters. The leaven of Romantic poetry and philosophy quickened the artistic consciousness of Massachusetts. Transcendentalism and Unitarianism between them cracked the hard and prickly shell of Calvinism, and the country found new leaders in Emerson and Channing. Unitarianism, marking the extreme swing of the pendulum away from Calvinism, captured Harvard College and the historic churches of Boston; remaining the creed in office till the preaching of Phillips Brooks turned the tide against it.

Like an island engulfed in the maelstrom of modern American life, Boston still preserves some of her old traditions. Canny and thrifty, as of yore, this city of hard-bitten merchants who traffic in baked beans and cod, yet manages to convey an air of intellectual distinction and social reserve, — the spirit of a people in the world but not wholly of it. Here is the home of the Brahmin caste.

"Where Cabots speak only to Lowells  
And Lowells speak only to God."

Here was fashioned that strange but potent amalgam of Yankee shrewdness and mysticism, keen practical energy in the material realm fused with

an apparently contradictory enthusiasm for abstract and transcendent ideals in the sphere of the supersensuous. This is a basic paradox of the American character that the guileless European who takes his new world cousin for a simple child of nature never understands.

Boston has been the happy hunting ground of cults and 'isms'. Here spectacted infant prodigies, and awesome women of the ilk of Margaret Fuller and Mary Baker Eddy have flourished like the proverbial green bay-tree. Here devotees of reading clubs and religious coteries may still be found who seem a cross between Puritan school marms and mystagogues in petticoats. But such fantastic upas growths of an overstrained idealism should not blind our eyes to the noble contribution of Boston to the intellectual and spiritual life of the United States. From the eccentricity and fanaticism latent in the Puritan temperament, the American genius has been salvaged by the saving salt of humour.

Nevertheless, while a casual traveller may lightly assume that Boston represents the heart of American culture, the initiate know that he has not, as yet, worshipped within the temple's inner shrine. To do this he must betake himself to Concord and visit the homes and haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts. There is a famous skit in "The Education of Henry Adams", where the writer of that fascinating autobiography has pictured Emerson as looking down from the serene altitude of his spiritual retreat at Concord on the New England Brahmins at Cambridge with an air of gentle, contemplative tolerance, precisely as they in turn looked down on the rest of America. The reader who appreciates the point of Adams' parable and realizes that Concord is the soul of New England, while Boston and Harvard are but the limbs and outward flourishes, has taken the first step towards understanding the peculiar genius of Massachusetts.

Though Lowell called June "the pearl of the New England year", I have always been glad that I saw Concord in mid-winter, December 31st, 1926. The tang and crispness of a bright winter's day harmonize intimately with the spirit of New England, just as they do with a Quebec landscape. Snow and a frosty, light blue sky are an appropriate background for the sturdy colonial houses of Massachusetts with their white walls and green shutters. There was much to see, and the major part of my day remains a series of impressionistic glimpses, — vistas of Walden Pond, the retreat of the hermit Thoreau; the gray Old Manse, immortalized by the wizard pen of Hawthorne; the stairs of the Alcott home which Jo and her sisters climbed when they acted *Pilgrim's Progress*, as told in 'Little Women'; the library in the attic of the adjoining Hawthorne house, reached by ladder-like steps, whither Hawthorne must often have fled for refuge when wearied by the transcendental discourses of the charming but utterly unpractical father of Louisa Alcott; and, finally,

the scene of the outbreak of the American Revolution, commemorated by the Concord Battle Monument inscribed with the familiar lines of Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

There is, however, one memory which remains more than an impressionistic glimpse. Though Emerson's house at Concord is not open to the public, I was able, through the introduction of friends and the courtesy of its inmates, to visit it. The house, at the time, was occupied by two sisters, retired school-teachers, and, by a miracle of grace, it is still a private home, not a tourist resort. In the late afternoon I stood in the library, a quiet, comfortable, homelike room, with books and furniture arranged much as they were in Emerson's life-time, but without the stiffness and mummified air of a room that has been institutionalized. Amongst the numerous books on the shelves were copies of the first editions of "Sartor Resartus (a fit gift to the work's literary godfather) and "Past and Present" given to Emerson by his "affectionate friend", Thomas Carlyle. A print of Carlyle on the wall, and a picture sent by him to Mrs. Emerson were other mute but poignant memorials of the tie that knit together two great prophetic spirits of the nineteenth century. A copy of "Mosses from an Old Manse", presented by Hawthorne, seemed to link two natives of Concord, widely different in spirit, but both masters of the magic of prose.

The window of Emerson's study looked out on a wintry scene. It was the last day of the old year, and the afternoon, low-hanging sun cast a rosy reflection, warming the chill, banded clouds in the western sky. Little gusts blew the white flakes hither and thither, weaving fantastic patterns that laced the square-set colonial houses, till one thought of Whittier's lines:

"As zigzag, wavering to and fro,  
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow."

The landscape was austere but not forbidding. Rather, like the rugged genius of New England, it combined purity and strength with a hint of promise. Something kindly and beneficent seemed lurking behind the wintry mask, even as the far edge of the clouds was lit by the rich sunset glow of the distant heavens. And, standing in that quiet room, I could not help reflecting on the contrast between the sweet serenity of soul of the man who had lived and worked there, and the dynamic energy of his genius and personality. The influence of Emerson on the thought of America has been, and is, incalculable. From that tranquil study, cur-

rents, as of invisible radio waves, were pulsating through a thousand channels, kindling town and countryside over the length and breadth of a continent. Arnold, with his happy faculty of hitting the nail on the head in pithy and unerring phrase, has said the one definitive thing about Emerson: "He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." To youth, in particular, the reading of Emerson's Essays, with their high-mindedness and downright sincerity, their scorn of sham and convention, their fire of personal conviction, is a vitalizing experience, — not a mere intellectual acquisition. It stirs the heart like the blast of a trumpet. For the Essays of Emerson are amongst those rare treasures of literature that fulfil Milton's definition of a good book as "the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

The quiet study — the peace of Concord — the pure and serene New England sky —, they lie close to the heart of Emerson's secret, a life lived fully and richly in time because the inner shrine of it was above time. The fragrance of Emerson's own character seems to breathe in his description of the ideal life of man, in the conclusion of his essay on The Oversoul. "He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his life, and be content with all places and any service he can render. He will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart."

*W. O. Raymond, M.A., Ph.D.*

From THE MITRE, April 1932.

## THE IMMORTAL

The moon was a low-lying splinter, mossed over with a few straggling clouds, when he started. It was cold.

Abou, standing in the shadow, a little to the left and below the leonine neck of the Sphinx pondered for an instant. Then he took the hard, pointed stone in his gnarled hand and scratched fiercely at the huge paw. His brow moistened, then the drops of perspiration ran down his swarthy forehead into his eyes and down his fuzzy cheeks. The heavy, ragged clothes irritated, bit vengefully at his hot skin with each quick scraping movement. The sound profaned his tongueless desert. Rising, grating through sheer desperate force of his sinewy arm fueled by a stronger will, rising, rising, to an unbearable crescendo — then, silence. The respite of fear: lest he be heard, and stopped. Now the nerve-maddening sound recommences . . . stops. Again. Again, and again until it seems the man and the desert and the intermittent chaos have always been, always shall be.

Now it is done. There are scratches, shallow, shiny new scratches on the dun body of his god. Abou stands straight, he stretches, groans pleasantly at the sense of exquisite relief within him. His hands are blistered, his knees and back and neck skin are burning and sore. These are banished in a flickering of the stars as, warm and balmy, the panacea of accomplishment floods his being. Serene, complete is the black-toothed smile which creases that watery face, spreading from both mouth and eyes until all of the man seems to radiate warmly. Slowly, in perfect contentment, he turns his back and trudges away from the timeless symbol.

Posterity should know a man once lived.

*Graham Knight*

## A TOUR OF THE GASPE

Northwest of Montreal, through the splendid Ottawa River Valley, the Ottawa River flows out of English Ontario into French Quebec. It meanders down, broad and dust-coloured, joining the mighty Saint Lawrence at Montreal Island. The river moves northeastward, a thousand inland miles to the sea, passing Gaspé Peninsula, — then flowing into the Gulf of Saint Lawrence.

Jacques Cartier, in 1534, explored the Gaspé coast, as well as the Baie des Chaleurs. A year later, in 1535, Cartier is reputed to have stopped at several points on the coast, including Percé and Gaspé Bay. Today, as in Cartier's time, the cloudpacks pass over this inspiring peninsula. In summer soft cumulus hillocks move about the sun. In winter, when there are no storms, the sky is an empty blue, and the sun glitters over the ice and snow, shedding radiant beams of light on the tiny hamlets scattered along the rocky shoreline.

Since Gaspé is a part of Quebec, it is in a region with two official languages — English and French. As a part of Quebec Province, these two elements are more closely related than anywhere else in Canada; in Quebec the French outnumber the English seven to one. There is a spell in French Canada, a spell which the visitor for the first time will find quite potent — the French, steeped in the traditions of old Normandy, and the English minority, with their idiosyncrasies and traditions of Britain. Quebec presents a unique picture — English and French customs, both mature as compared with Canada's youth — English and French languages, both recognized and respected. Gaspé is no exception with its French and English, its Roman Catholics and Protestants, its clashes and values. In Gaspé we see how two great peoples live together in peace and harmony, each with its own customs and traditions — and is this not true of most of Quebec?

Perhaps there is no better way for one to appreciate and realise the intriguing glory and splendor of this famed region than to take a trip around its shores. Let us now then, take this journey through Gaspé — the land of cod and lumber.

We begin in the beautiful Matapedia Valley, where the Matapedia River merges with the Restigouche. Here at Matapedia we view scenic hills and dales. Travelling along the bank of the Restigouche, we reach Cross Point, a mission center for Micmacs, the original Gaspeians. On the Cascapedia Delta, we see such picturesque and severely

Scotch villages as New Richmond and Black Capes, sandwiched between villages which are entirely French. Farming and lumbering are predominant here. Arriving at New Carlisle we find a settlement of both English and French. Loyalists originally settled here in 1783, when they fled from the United States of America.

Passing down the shore beyond New Carlisle, we marvel at the rugged and precipitous cliffs overhanging the tidal waves. As we proceed to Paspébiac we quickly realise that this village, founded in 1766, is a cod village. We also realise more clearly that the codfish industry is one of the chief occupations of the Gaspeians. Loyalist villages follow — Hopetown, Port Daniel and Newport Center, each with its own beauty and sea cliffs. This ends the Baie des Chaleurs, and we now reach Percé.

Percé is perhaps the most majestic of the Gaspé towns, for here the famous Percé rock is situated, standing as a challenge to passing ships. Percé received more Channel Islanders than any other Gaspeian port. These French Huguenots settled in the Percé regions as subjects of the Duke of Normandy. They have been almost completely anglicised now, but their Jersey names still distinguish them.

The Percé rock is composed of limestone discoloured by lines of iron — reds and purples left by the waters; a glorious sight to see when the sun glitters on its surface, as the gannets and seagulls fly overhead or rest on the table-like top of the rock.

Across the Channel from Percé lies Bonaventure Island, North America's largest bird sanctuary. A pleasant trip across the island reveals thousands of sea birds clinging to the rugged cliffs or flying overhead in swarms. We see fishing schooners bobbing over the blue water hauling in cod, as seagulls follow behind them waiting to scavenge any food thrown overboard. As we stand on the Percé shore, we see boat after boat coming in, laden with huge codfish — fishermen preparing them on the shore, and the birds flying about, always waiting for an opportunity to snatch entrails or other waste from the fish.

As we stroll along the main street of Percé village, its American atmosphere strikes us, and rightly so, for thousands of Americans visit it annually. Lavish hotels and small inns greet us, each attempting to look more provocative in its bright coat of paint than its neighbour. The French cuisine is "par excellence," and as one gazes from his dining room table across the rich panorama — the Three Sister cliffs, with waves lashing at their feet, the rock and sanctuary and the hovering birds in the air, the fleets of fishing vessels, and the fleece-like clouds over the horizon — one can truly thank God for such a wonderful sight of Nature in all her glory.

Continuing from Percé, passing lush Roman Catholic Douglstown, our next stop is Gaspé Village, the chief center of Gaspeia. Although

a comparatively small village, it serves as a supply center for the surrounding communities. Here, in 1535, Jacques Cartier planted a wooden cross to claim the land for France, and today, a sturdy stone replica stands in its place overlooking the bay. We find a predominant French element here, although not long ago, the English outnumbered the French. However, the English are still as influential as ever. The two languages are recognised, and the French usually converse in English when doing business, for the English, as in Montreal, control a considerable amount of the industry. Gaspé Village's main street is lined with stores and business establishments, small but sufficient. On the North side of the street rises a mountain slope dotted with English and some French homes. Each element has its church, and is justly proud of it, and each believes himself to be a true Canadian. If there is a feeling of nationalism anywhere in Canada, it is in Gaspé; for they forget their past differences and name themselves according to the country in which they live, and of which they have become a part, growing more attached to it as each generation succeeds the other.

Branching out from this busy hub, on the York River are two or three completely English communities. It is rather unusual to find an entire community which has retained its English population, but such is the case with Wakeham, Sunny Bank, and York Center, inhabited by staunch Canadians who pride themselves in their well groomed homes, their community, and their stately Anglican churches. We here find as a contrast to the Gaspé Village, one language, one faith, one nationality.

Proceeding to the North Shore we pass through Fou River and Leap des Rosiers, the latter having the coast's largest light-house, set there to warn the Atlantic-bound ships of the treacherous reefs. Once we leave Fou River we are in the completely French section of Gaspé. On the North Shore there are no English families until Matane, some 150 to 200 miles distant.

All along this coast the drive is marvellous, in and out of tunneled mountains, driving along narrow edges, whose sides drop sharply thousands of feet to the sea below, resting at small French hotels, and occasionally meeting a MacDonald or a MacTavish family who cannot speak a word of English. These families have been absorbed by the French, and have inter-married since their ancestors emigrated. By the time we have passed through the summer resort of Métis and we have reached Mount Joli, we have completed our tour of the Gaspé, and return to Matapédia via the Matapédia River Valley district.

The simple life is the enduring life — it is the life which is constantly improving, and it is the life for the majority of mankind. Such is the life of the Gaspé.

G. T. Rayner.

## “ REQUIEM ”

The thin-edged wind blew sharply, and the anemic sun was barely perceptible in the late afternoon light. The women stood in stodgy line for the bread ration.

But there was no gossip, no agitated talk of children and house-keeping. There was nothing but the keen whistle of the wind, the shuffle of weary feet, and an occasional wracking cough.

A woman near the end of the line drew her scrap of shawl closer around her emaciated shoulders, and shifted her weight from one foot to the other. Her eyes were lifeless; on her face there was no expression, either of hope or of hopelessness — there was nothing. That was characteristic of her life: it consisted of a day today existence which seemed to have had no beginning, and no end in sight. She no longer told herself that times would change. She knew they wouldn't.

She could not have told how many years it was since her life and that of her family had been disrupted, and the struggle for mere existence had begun. She once had had a husband who had worked in a vineyard, and with their five children they had been contented and happy. Now she lived with her daughter in the cellar of the ruins of a building. She did not know what had happened to the rest of the family.

Her daughter must be almost sixteen, she thought. It was hard to tell, not having had a calendar for so long. She remembered vaguely her own youth — hard work in the fields during the day, and welcome rest at night. Was it not strange when one reflected: how she had taken for granted that the lives of her children would follow the same pattern as had hers and those of her ancestors for years.

Her daughter was ill. She lay on their one decrepit bed all day, and at night she coughed as though her body would break. Her mother knew she would die soon; and her knowledge of her complete impotence increased.

She saw with weary relief that ahead of her were only a few more women. Soon she would have her small dark loaf, and would be able to go back to the cellar.

Suddenly she realized that someone was attempting to take her place in the line. She struck the usurper down without hesitating. Her head struck the rough pavement — the wound bled thickly. She lay for a few seconds while all looked at her unseeingly. Then two foreign soldiers of

the group distributing bread picked her up and carried her into the hut used as a make-shift hospital. They looked disturbed as they examined the gash on the base of her skull. She had not stirred.

The rest of the women in the line once more returned back to the business of the moment — nothing could take its place in their minds. In the mind of the defendant there was no feeling of remorse. She had acted instinctively — it had not occurred to her to do otherwise; and anyone else there would have done the same. All had seen much violence and pain, and had become so inured to it that it hardly imposed itself upon their attention.

There was no talk about the incident, and neither condemnation nor defense of the action. But each was wondering who would get the extra loaf of bread.

*Isobel Thomas*

## RELIGION IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND

The paper is an attempt to study the religion of eighteenth century England and to contrast the dangerous similarity between the religious decadence of the early part of that century with conditions as they exist today. The conclusion arrived at is that unless a movement similar to the Evangelical Revival of the latter part of the eighteenth century takes place during the next fifty years, the continued existence of our civilization will be in extreme jeopardy.

The religious thought of the eighteenth century is best exemplified by the Deists. They rejected revelation and based their religion on pure reason. In fact they worshipped anything which could be established with the certainty of mathematical truths. According to them, the religion of reason was natural to man and had always existed. But then, along came the priests, who by their cunning devices, exploited the fear and credulity of the masses, by devising elaborate superstitious belief and ritual practices which came to take the place of the simple practices of reason. Religion, therefore, according to the Deists, had two sources. The first was to be found in reason, the natural religion, and the second was the willful deceit of the priests which gave rise to the historical forms of religion.

Many of the great thinkers of England during the eighteenth century were Deists and their influence was reflected in the thoughts and actions of the age. Anthony Collins was one of the most typical and virulent exponents of this sect and his views are expressed in his works entitled 'Priestcraft in Perfection', and 'Discourse on Free-Thinking'. When asked why, since he held these views, he persisted on sending his servants to church, Collins replied: "That they may neither rob nor murder me!" He declared himself unalterably opposed to the "vagaries of priests," and his assertions regarding natural religion carried the Deistic position to its ultimate conclusion. He wrote that "unless the Bible prophecies can be proven to have been literally fulfilled," which "they have not been so proven, therefore Christianity is false."

There were many others like Collins. Thomas Woolston in his 'Six Discourses on the Miracles of Christ' (1727-1729), maintained that the Gospel narratives taken literally were nothing more than "tissues of absurdities." He wrote that the miracles of Jesus were "foolish, trivial, contradictory, absurd, unworthy of a divinely appointed teacher and characteristic rather of a sorcerer or a wizard."

The great philosophers of the age also reflected the same thoughts.

Hobbes' materialistic rationalism helped to reduce religion to a department of state. The "sovereign power" became "absolute and irresistible." Locke in his "Reasonableness of Christianity," (1795) showed the influence of Deistic rationalism. All this led unmistakably to the scepticism of David Hume. It was an age of rational knowledge — an age which imagined that it could lay bare by its very rationality all the secrets of heaven and earth.

However, it was in the poetry of Pope that the Deism of the age was to find its most popular expression. And his poetry was but a reflection of the new age. Newton was showing the universe to be a vast and uniform mechanism. All mystery and miracle had been removed, religion no longer contained a supernatural element. Everything suddenly became natural, intelligible, and governed by fixed and ascertainable laws. A rational, geometrical, mechanical world, now superseded the world of divine purposes. All that counted was matter and mathematics:

*All are but part of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is and God the soul . . .  
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good.*

God was no longer an all judging and merciful Father. God, for the Deists, became the "supreme conclusion of Mathematics." The by word of the age was "order" and common sense was accepted by all as the philosophy which should dominate that age. Pope could very easily dedicate his poem 'An Essay on Man' to Lord Bolingbroke, the man who believed that Christianity was a pleasant fable. After all, "one truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

An age, much like our own, which worshipped man first and thought of God secondly if at all, was bound to become cynical and satirical. Worship of man leads inevitably to scepticism. When an age is filled with the need of answering the question, "is man able and desirous of living up to the new and rational ideal?" there is something amiss which must be supplied with something else more effective. The answer was to come in the second half of the eighteenth century as it has always come, but the evils of scepticism were to wreak their havoc before the healing lotion was to be applied.

This scepticism did not only permeate religious thinking, but philosophical and historical thinking as well. The philosophical scepticism of Hume and the historical scepticism of Gibbon were held in great vogue among the intellectual and ruling classes. The ideas of the English Deists and sceptics were taken over by the French thinkers like D'Alembert, Voltaire, and the Encyclopaedists, and their reasoning eventually found its way back into Britain. The arguments of Berkeley, Warburton, Law,

Butler and others, could hardly counteract this wave. The religious scepticism of the age could not be answered by these men. Something else was needed, something vital and passionate. It was supplied by Methodism, that great Evangelical movement led by the Wesleys and George Whitefield. Theirs was an attempt to make religion less a matter of cool argument or creed and more an emotional supernatural experience of the soul.

But Wesleyan Methodism was not to be found in early eighteenth century England. The Church of England halfheartedly recognized the danger of the seeds which the intellectuals of the age were sowing, but it was powerless to counteract it. It attempted in the end to answer reason with reason and this almost proved disastrous. Something else beside reason was needed to fight what Bready calls "a hybrid philosophy and a frigid religion." "Religion," he says, "came to be looked upon chiefly as a matter for intellectual discussion and as such became in a large measure the preserve of doctrinaires, with the result that soon in high places it exhibited all the pedanticism so characteristic of that familiar species of art and poetry produced chiefly for critics. Spontaneity, enthusiasm, spiritual experience were chilled and numbed, prayer as the lyrical outburst of the soul to its Maker, was dubbed fanaticism while cold reason was pronounced the all sufficient guide of life." Such was the deplorable state of religion among the intellectuals of eighteenth century England. Carlyle in pronouncing his judgment on the age could justifiably claim that its stomach was well but that its soul was extinct.

When one looks at the accounts of the state of the National Church in England during the eighteenth century, one is appalled by the venality, licentiousness and corruption which permeated its Higher Councils and which had such a stultifying effect upon the humble clergymen who remembered that they were the servants of the Church, not the Church theirs. Church benefices were as lavishly and flagrantly distributed as were the pocket boroughs and the recipients were no less corrupt than the great majority of borough holders. The religious character of the time was in keeping with the secular, Christianity was on the brink of reverting to the paganism of Rome in the early centuries of Christian history. When Cabinet meetings could be held regularly on the Sabbath without a word of reproach from any clergyman the state of religion could be said to have reached a deplorable nadir. Archbishop Cornwallis and Archbishop Moore having benefitted from patronage, pluralities and sinecures, were preoccupied with the attainment of preferments for their relatives rather than with any regard for the duties expected of their high office. Benefices were sought by most bishops and archbishops for the wealth and protection which would be derived from them. Annual incomes of \$400,000 which today would mean double that amount were not infrequent. Parsons considered themselves fortunate if they received \$200 a year. Wesley's father was thrown into jail many times because he did not have suf-

ficient funds to pay for the smallest amenities of life. Johnson admitted that "no man can be a bishop for his learning and piety . . . his only chance of promotion is being connected with someone who has parliamentary interest." A noble son of a great family who had no taste for war or diplomacy could always find a comfortable position in the Church with good pay. The National Church thus became nothing more nor less than a department of state. Those who had neither the wealth nor the influence to rise into prominence by bribery or cajolry, despite their talents, were always sympathetically reminded that they would be much happier if they performed their duties in "those stations of life in which it had pleased God to place them."

An excellent example of the thinking of the Church at the time is to be found in the policy it pursued in those higher seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge. Both these noble institutions had sunk to their lowest depths during this period. Southey gave a detailed account of the learning emanating from Oxford when he stated that all he learned there were "two things, to row and to swim." In order to save his soul he left the place. The state of the universities had deteriorated so quickly that by the time of the Evangelical Revival, anyone professing a wish to take orders and who was suspected of Evangelicalism was unceremoniously rejected.

Fortunately, there were a few ardent clergymen within the Church of England who still remembered the purpose of their vocation. However, their number was so small that they were practically impotent. Yet they, along with humanitarians like Hannah More, Zackary Macaulay, the Countess of Huntindon, Raikes and others, were a great help in awakening the National Church from its lethargy.

Yet these clergymen who could preach anything even remotely remindful of Christian precepts were few and far between. Liklier than not, the sermons heard in most of the churches and in the House of Lords would remind one more of the paganism of pre-Christian times than of a state which had supposedly reached an age of enlightened reason. Bready quotes Abbey and Overton on Blackstone's reaction to the various sermons he heard in London as one in which he "did not hear a single discourse which had more Christianity in it than the writings of Cicero," and that, "it would have been impossible for him to discover from what he heard whether its preacher were a follower of Confucius, of Mohammed or of Christ." Preaching had degenerated along with the decline of public and private morals. Churchmen considered it a duty to worship king and state next only to God and very often king and state took precedence over God. This was, in many ways, a direct result of the Restoration with its unrestrained profligacy and licentiousness, on the one hand, and the belief, on the other hand, that the constitution was divine. Obviously as long as the leaders of the National Church acted in such a blind fashion there would be no hope of reform from that quarter.

The situation was much the same in France. D'Alembert writing in the *Encyclopédie* described Catholic France at the time in this vein. "The highest offices of the Church and State resemble a pyramid, whose top is accessible only by two sorts of animals, eagles and reptiles." The similarity between the conditions in France and England is remarkable. The ultimate solution of the religious problem, as well as the political problem, was to be achieved not by the upper classes, but by the middle and lower classes.

Towards the end of the century, after the Evangelical Revival had had its effect there was some improvement. "But however great was the improvement as the century wore towards its close," says Bready, "it may confidently be said that, for at least five or six decades, paltroons and pedants, time-servers and sycophants, pluralists and place hunters, revelled almost unrestrained in the heyday of their theological and ecclesiastical opportunism; while faithful consecrated parsons — and there were still many who had not bowed the knee to Baal — were left crying in the wilderness."

Such was the state of the National Church during most of the century and before the Evangelical Revival had had a chance to restore the nation to its sanity. With conditions such as outlined above existing among the leaders of the nation, one can easily imagine the devastating effects of such conduct upon the rest of the population. It is not within the scope of this paper to give any detailed account of the social conditions existing among the masses as a whole during the century. But it might be worth our while to examine briefly the stultifying effects which the social conditions of the century had upon the religion of the people. The wonder is, that having suffered so much because of the sins of others, the common and innocent people of England could lend an ear to the heartening cry of John Wesley and his followers.

The evils of the slave trade during the early part of the century had a lot to do with the decline of English morals. The abominable practices of the slave owners led to a quick surplus of wealth which heralded the materialistic nationalism of the time and foreshadowed the gin age. The penal code which allowed the death penalty for the slightest offences infested the prisons of the land and made innocent people prey to the whim of notorious wardens. Of the prisons, Wesley could protest that "of all the seats of woe on this side of hell, few, I suppose, exceed or even equal Newgate."

Hogarth's pictures 'Election Entertainment' and 'Gin lane' were realistic sidelights on the country's plight. Beer which had been the national beverage in 1688 was soon to give way to gin which was nothing more than "clear, fiery, poisonous," alcohol. Lecky in his 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' gives some astounding figures on the amount of spirits consumed during this time. In 1688 only 527,000 gal-

lons of liquor were distilled in England. This figure increased every year until by 1750, when it had reached its peak, the consumption of spirits was 11,000,000 gallons. Henry Fielding, a London magistrate in 1751, considered gin "the principal sustenance (if it may be so called) of more than 100,000 people in the Metropolis." A penny a pint was a reasonable sum to pay for gin and some gin shops posted signs proudly declaring "Drunk for 1d: Dead Drunk 2d: Free Straw." Lecky mentions that when Walpole was a young man his father used to pour into his glass a double portion of wine saying: "Come, Robert, you shall drink twice while I drink once; for I will not permit the son in his sober senses to be a witness of the intoxication of his father." This sad state of affairs got to the point where members of parliament were too drunk to continue the business of state. When bishops were in a state of inebriation they were "drunk as lords, and not as bishops."

Bear-baiting, cock-fighting, bull-baiting and bare fisted boxing were considered national sport and very often were the only form of entertainment which the people witnessed. Prostitution was rampant, and brothels were everywhere, especially in the vicinity of the playhouses. Sir John Hawkins in his 'Life of Johnson' wrote that "a playhouse and the very regions about it are the very hot-beds of vice," and he asked "how comes it to pass that no sooner is a playhouse opened in any part of the kingdom, that it at once becomes surrounded by a halo of brothels?"

And what was the attitude of the people towards religion during this time? It was one of utter disgust. They considered the National Church an apostate institution. How else could they consider it when even while they attended church they were relegated to some obscure corner while the 'upper crust', who considered themselves God's chosen ones, not only had the best seats but very often told the clergyman what to preach? "The Church of England," says Bready, "was in no real sense a National Church; it was an assuming and superior Department of State, a proud branch of the Civil Service, whose directing offices represented quite consciously the landed and governing classes. The working classes, therefore, were left as sheep without true shepherds, and all manner of ravenous beasts battered upon the fold."

But a change was bound to come. A nation could not, in the short space of fifty years, degenerate so considerably as to warrant that it be cast into 'bottomless perdition' and 'everlasting hell-fire,' for surely that was the direction in which it was heading.

The change came with the Evangelical Revival which started in England during the career of the Elder Pitt and the last years of the reign of George II, and in which the great events of the time must yield in importance to the preachings of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. It must not be imagined, however, that the Wesleyan Revival was a sudden, spontaneous movement for a vital historic movement hardly ever makes its appear-

ance as a bolt from the blue. In this instance there were certain predisposing causes which favoured a religious revival. Foremost among them were the religious and social conditions of the century. The very fact that the popular theology did not satisfy some of the strongest and most enduring wants of human nature, led to a revival of a large class of religious doctrines which had been almost wholly neglected. "The utter depravity of human nature," says Lecky, and "the lost condition of every man who is born into the world, the vicarious atonement of Christ, the necessity to salvation of a new birth, of faith, of the constant and sustaining action of the Divine Spirit upon the believer's soul, are doctrines which in the eyes of the modern Evangelical constitute at once the most vital and the most influential portions of Christianity, but they are doctrines which during the greater part of the eighteenth century were seldom heard from a Church of England pulpit."

Itinerant preacher in both Wales and England were another predisposing cause in Wesley's favour. Men like Griffith Jones in Wales, awoke the strong emotions of hope, fear, and love, among their listeners. At the same time, similar salutary breezes were blowing in the New England colonies, and in Germany. In America a religious revival, very similar to that of the Methodists, was begun around 1729 under the leadership of Jonathan Edwards, which greatly affected the people of New England. In Germany, the mystical Moravian Brethren influenced Wesley to no small degree. On the whole, there were thousands of bewildered souls who were willing to respond to the challenge which Wesley and his colleagues would offer to them.

John Wesley was born at Epworth Rectory in 1703. His education and training there, especially from his mother, remained a sacred heritage to him throughout his life. From 1713 until 1719 he attended the famous Charterhouse School and from there he went to Christ Church, Oxford, for his undergraduate studies. But it was not until he became a fellow of Lincoln College that the pattern of his life assumed a definite shape. It was there that, along with his brother Charles and a few friends, he formed the 'Holy Club' which was composed of a small gathering of religious Oxford men for the purpose of cultivating and co-ordinating their intellectual and spiritual life. The programme which they adopted was a practical one devised to help their fellowmen. They resolved to receive Holy Communion as often as possible, to instruct the children of the poor, and to visit the poor unfortunates in the gaols. Wesley did not have his hair dressed, as was the fashion at the time, in order that he might give the money he saved to the poor. The religious practices of these men was most strenuous. Lecky says that Whitefield "remained for hours prostrate on the ground in Christ Church Walk in the midst of the night, and continued his devotion till his hands grew black with cold." It was to be expected that the Oxford of those days would look upon the members

of the 'Holy Club' with humour. One student in contempt of their methodised discipline, scoffingly dubbed them 'Methodists' and from then on they were known by that name.

After a dozen years at Oxford Wesley with his brother Charles accepted the invitation of General Oglethorpe to accompany him to the new colony of Georgia. Wesley's intentions were to work partly among the colonists and partly among the Indians. But as he said himself before his departure: "My chief motive is the hope of saving my own soul. I hope to learn the true sense of the Gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathen." But at this time Wesley was not fully prepared for the tremendous task at hand. As Bready says "the rigid sectarianism, the ardent sacerdotal zeal, the pontifical efforts to enforce ecclesiastical discipline, the ascetic legalism, the ill-managed love affair and the community friction," were all earmarks of that unfortunate expedition. In fact, he was too narrow-minded, too much convinced of his own righteousness to be a success. He was sincere in all that he did, but he was an heroic failure.

Upon his return to England in 1737, Wesley came into contact with a Moravian, Peter Bohler. It was from Bohler that he learned the doctrine of justification by faith which he afterwards regarded as a fundamental tenet of Christianity. "From Bohler," says Lecky, "he first learned to believe that every man, no matter how moral, how pious, or how orthodox he may be, is in a state of damnation, until, by a supernatural and instantaneous process wholly unlike that of human reasoning, the conviction flashes upon his mind that the sacrifice of Christ has been applied to and has expiated his sins; that this supernatural and personal conviction or illumination is what is meant by savings faith, and that it is inseparably accompanied by an absolute assurance of salvation, and by a complete dominion over sin." On May 24th, the cloud was dispelled from Wesley's mind, and he became a new man believing that Christ had given him birth:

*to brother all the souls on earth.*

Soon after this change Wesley started on a pilgrimage to Hernhut, the headquarters of Moravianism so that he might study and meditate under the influence of what he considered the purest type of Christian Church. Upon his return to England, Wesley began to declare the "glad tidings of salvation." By this time Whitefield had returned from Georgia and Charles Wesley was busy preaching the new doctrine to the criminals at Newgate and from every pulpit to which he was admitted. Thus far Wesley and his friends had acted according to conservative and even High Church precedent. Although the spiritual inertia and moral laxity of the time looked with disfavour upon the holding of religious services in workhouses and prisons, it could not be denied that such action was within the scope of the Church activities.

In April 1739, Wesley began, upon the invitation of Whitefield,

his open field preaching in Bristol, because it was the only way he could reach the toiling masses. From that time on his work became a real missionary crusade and like most such endeavours it met with violent opposition and with equally violent approval. Regular clergymen who had preached from prepared texts could be blamed for their laxity, but they could not be blamed for their opposition to these men who came to their parishes and asked them if they could preach — perhaps for the first time — the true Gospel of Christ. It was also natural that the love of order, routine, and decorum of the Anglican clergymen would be violently shocked by the impassioned oratory of Whitefield, for instance, whose enthusiasm sometimes prevented him from finishing his sermons because of his tears. Needless to say, his audiences were also convulsed with sobs. The period of religious and social regeneration had begun.

There was no doubt that Evangelical Methodism was a fitting remedy for the ills of the century. It was not an individualistic religion or an exclusive one. To Wesley religion was the "be all and end all of life." "Christianity," he taught, "is essentially a social religion, and "to turn it into a solitary religion is indeed to destroy it." "The Gospel of Christ," he wrote, "knows no religion but social, no holiness but social holiness. This command have we from Christ, that he who loves God loves his brother also." Throughout his life, Wesley was motivated by the noble principles of human fellowship, cooperation and service.

The zeal and conviction exhibited by him and his followers during the period of the Revival met with the most bitter and violent opposition imaginable. "On innumerable occasions," says Bready, "the meetings of the Wesleys, Whitefield and many itinerant preachers were attacked by drunken, brawling rabbles armed with such formidable means of assault as clubs, whips, clods, bricks, staves, stones, stink bombs, wildfire and rotten eggs. Sometimes they procured a bull and drove him into the midst of an open air congregation; sometimes they contented themselves by performing with bells, horns, drums, pans and such like, to deaden the preachers' voice. Frequently . . . they resorted to every available means of attack; and not infrequently, they expended their fury in burning or tearing down the houses, and destroying or stealing the furniture or possessions, of the Revivals' followers." This unseemly conduct met with the approval of the country squires and the magistrates. Some magistrates even went to the length of advising the mob to do what they would with the Methodists as long as they broke no bones. One parson who was opposed to the Methodists invited all who were interested to repair to a certain pub where "each man shall receive a pint of ale in advance, and other proper encouragement."

Persecutions of this sort, and the fact that all Methodist preachers were now barred from all Churches, and the necessity of seeking suitable shelter during inclement weather forced the Methodists to construct meet-

ing houses of their own. The corner stone of the first Methodist preaching house was laid in House Fair, Bristol, 1739. The movement, despite Wesley's wishes to the contrary, was fast growing into a separate denomination.

Despite all the qualities of Wesley's teaching and preaching there were some aspects which were rather disturbing and which brought considerable censure upon the movement. Wesley's methods of preaching and the periodic exuberance of his followers restored in a degree the belief in witchcraft and the superstition which had been common before the great scientific developments of the century. This was a natural consequence of the essential emotional character of Methodism. Wesley himself said that "giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible." In many cases the devotions of the Methodists were almost or altogether delirious. "Some of the Foundery Society," say Lecky, "professed to feel the blood of Christ streaming down their arms, backs, and throats." It is difficult to agree with Fitchett, at this point, who claims that "Wesley worked in a realm through which blew airs from eternity."

However, the great work continued. The movement was influential mostly among the poorer classes. Whitefield was somewhat attracted by the blandishments of the nobility but both Wesleys did not pay much attention to them. One of their distinguished followers was the Duchess of Huntingdon who received the following letter from the Duchess of Buckingham which is an amusing indication of the attitude of the higher classes towards Methodism. "I thank your ladyship," she wrote, "for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive and strongly tinged with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding."

As Methodism gained converts, its leaders attempted a reformation of the social order of Great Britain. First to be attacked was the abominable trafficking in slavery. In his treatise, 'Thoughts upon Slavery,' Wesley lashed out against this inhumanity and stated: "I absolutely deny all slave-holding to be consistent with any degree of even natural justice." The last book he ever read was the autobiography of a black slave and his last letter was written to Wilberforce encouraging him to carry on the work of his great anti-slave crusade. Wesley also attacked the abuse of money. His famous rule is well known. "Gain all you can, Save all you can. Give all you can. He placed personality above all considerations of property and profit. He would have agreed with Anatole France: "The mercy of God is boundless: it can save even a rich man!"

But perhaps the greatest good that Wesley ever accomplished in this respect, aside from his attacks upon slavery, was his indignant onslaught upon the liquor traffic. The appalling social and moral decadence between 1720 and 1750 could almost certainly be attributed to the consumption of cheap and fiery spirits. Wesley was unsparring in his attack upon those interests who distributed intoxicants. In his 'Thoughts on Present Scarcity of Provisions' he asked: "Why is food so dear? . . ." The grand cause is because such immense quantities of corn are consumed in distilling . . . Nearly half of the wheat produced every year is consumed, not in so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, poison that naturally destroys not only the strength and life but also the morals of our countrymen." He even wrote a letter to Pitt asking him to pass temperance laws.

The effect of the preaching of Wesley and his followers was tremendous. By the time he died in 1791, the beneficial results were not only evident within his own group of followers. It had permeated into the very fabric of English life. One of the most important spheres of the Evangelical progress was in the Church of England itself. The English clergy who had bitterly opposed the movement and who had attended Wesley's meetings to scoff at him, now remained to pray. Before he died he was to be overwhelmed with invitations to preach in the pulpits of the Established Church. At the close of the century, the Evangelical party was incontestably the most numerous and the most active body in the English Church. "The Evangelical Revival," says Bready, "assimilated all that was most vital and most heroic in Puritanism; it was essentially a New Testament, rather than an Old Testament, movement. Its primary appeal, moreover, was not to the trading, commercial and professional classes, nor yet to the old aristocracy, but rather to the forlorn multitudes who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. More than any other creative spiritual movement in modern history, it mediated a religion of the people, for the people, and by the people; but its power lay in the fact that it made the people vitally conscious of God."

It is difficult to believe, along with Fitchett, that "the revival was the translation into English life, and into happier terms, of Luther's Reformation in Germany." He goes on to say that "Wycliffe's reforms had no root; the Reformation in the days of Henry VIII had almost worse than no root. It was political and non-moral. The true awakening of the religious life of the English speaking race dates from Wesley. To say that he re-shaped the conscience of England is true, but is only half the truth. He re-created it! It was dead — twice dead; and through his lips God breathed into it the breath of Life again." Fitchett gets a little too excited over Wesley.

However, the influence of the Evangelical Revival can never be underestimated. It is not too much to say that it changed the whole course

of English history. It saved a nation which was fast becoming degenerate and godless. It was a faith which sought to bring all mankind, regardless of race, sex, class, wealth or station, into communion with God, and its influence can be seen in all the great reforming measures of England during the nineteenth and earlier twentieth centuries. Evangelicals were largely behind the great Reform Bill of 1832, the factory acts of the thirties and forties, and the attempts to abolish slavery whether white or black. People like Wilberforce, Florence Nightingale, Plimsoll, Dickens, Ruskin, Elizabeth Fry, Kier Hardie, John Howard, Abraham Lincoln, Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Stanley Baldwin, and innumerable others were influenced by this great religious movement which restored religion and a love of God into the hearts of men.

Yet, the greatest effect of the Evangelical Revival was immediate. Just at the time when Wesley had reached the height of his career, the ramblings of the French Revolution were heard from across the channel. At the close of the century a spirit had begun to circulate in Europe which threatened the very foundations of society and of belief. "The revolt against the supernatural theory of Christianity," say Lecky, "which had been conducted by Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists, the material conception of man and of the universe, which sprang from the increased study of physical science and from the metaphysics of Condillac and Helvetius, the wild social dream which Rousseau had clothed in such transcendent eloquence, the misery of a high spirited people ground to the dust by unnecessary wars and by partial and unjust taxation, the imbecility and conception of orders and priests, had together produced in France a revolutionary spirit, which in its intensity and its proselytizing fervour was unequalled since the days of the Reformation." Anarchy and despotism were rampant throughout France and there was a hatred of all constituted authority. All compromising influences were regarded with disdain, all tradition with contempt, and progress was sought, not by the slow and cautious amelioration of existing institutions, but by sudden, violent and revolutionary change. Religion was mercilessly attacked. And through all this time, England escaped the contagion. There were many reasons for this, but perhaps the chief reason was the religious enthusiasm which at that very time was passing through the middle and lower classes in England. Some of the wilder and more impetuous reformers had been reunited into the ranks of the Methodists and these now recoiled with horror from the anti-Christian tenets that were associated with the Revolution in France. The energies of these reformers were now directed into safer channels. Instead of dissipating their strength in a violent Revolution they worked with undiminished vigour for the recognition of their rights and they were able to see that freedom could slowly 'broaden down from precedent.' Of all the remarkable phenomena of history, this one must rank in the forefront.

Finally, a few words on the similarity of thought between the eighteenth century and the present century.

This century has achieved the greatest technological and scientific progress ever achieved by man. In this sense it is comparable to the new scientific advancement in the eighteenth century and in much the same way we witness similar reactions. Religious sceptics are increasing in number, there is an unbounded faith in the ultimate perfectibility of man through his own achievements, mystery has been banished, we are obsessed by what D. H. Lawrence called "the bitch goddess success," and all our thoughts point to man — "Glory to Man in the highest for he is the master of things." Man today, as in the eighteenth century, is being enthroned at the centre of life, being, and thought. We find the ultimate realization of this evil in the worship of the Mass being in Russia, where, in effect, humanity has become god. "Though Communism denies God," says Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, "it affirms another god — the Communist collectively before which men must prostrate themselves, to whose new shrines, the factories, they must make their pilgrimages; to whose will, expressed by the dictator, they must make complete abandonment of self; before whose secret police, as the new priesthood, with unholy orders, they must take their brew of propaganda, and though they have not an empty tomb to give them hope, they still have the cadaver of Lenin, periodically injected with embalming fluids, to give the appearance of life where there is only death and decay." This is the unfortunate state arrived at when an object or being becomes absolute. It is the conscious militant philosophy of a powerful social movement which is in the position of being able to put its philosophy into practice and to control the destinies of millions.

The only real difference between the present and the eighteenth century is that this dangerous thinking was then confined to a comparative but important few whereas today it has become an ideal which is almost everywhere taken for granted. In essence, we are being conditioned to a world in which man is supreme and absolute. So thorough has been the process of conditioning that we are unaware of its dreadful abnormality. We are in the position of people who have become so accustomed to foul air, that they find it painful to breathe fresh air. The soulless Deism of the eighteenth century has been replaced by the Positivism of the nineteenth century and the worship of humanity in the twentieth century. The final poison fruit has been borne in the atheistic concepts of Nazism and Marxism.

D. R. Davies states the case quite clearly in this passage from his fascinating book 'The Sin of Our Age'. "Here then," he says, "is the radical sin of Western civilization. It is the great sin, the titanic, the Promethean sin. It is the sin of believing and behaving as though man were an end in himself; as though humanity existed in its own right and for the sole purpose of its own glory and power. Here is the spring

from which have risen the horrors that have descended upon our hapless civilization . . . They that forget God shall go down into destruction, says a Biblical text. The twentieth century offers a bloodstained commentary on it. From this evil root — the deification of man — have issued three terrible consequences: (1) The effectual abolition of otherworldliness, the imprisonment of man in mere time and space; (2) The dissolution of spirit and the domination of matter; (3) the degradation of man, the transformation of the individual into mass man. These three evils, which are the necessary consequences of making man the centre of life and thought, in their combined and total effect, are threatening mankind with an unprecedented peril, which is nothing less than the de-humanizing of humanity."

Davies goes on to point out the type of mentality which our technological civilization has produced. It is a civilization which fosters and strengthens the materialist dogma and mentality. "To so great an extent does it do this," says Davies, "that the typical secular mind is fast becoming incapable of conceiving even the meaning of the Christian affirmation of spirit. One has but to listen to the Bernals and Haldanes and Farringtons and the rest of the Marxist fraternities to learn that they cannot think outside the terms of material production and consumption. The problem presented by the self-transcendent character of man has ceased to exist for this hardened coagulated mind. Man's existence has shrunk to a completely one-dimension level. It is the final logic of the sin of Western civilization. The gradual emergence of man into a position of cosmic centrality has led to the abandonment of a transcendental order beyond time."

Already there are signs of a reaction against this dangerous trend. Whether another Wesley will appear on the scene to restore a society in which the individual is free to be a person and in which there is a more conscious realization of the presence of God is a question which cannot be predicted but which should be earnestly desired.

R. C. Sellakwe

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## A MITRE ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY

I had rather be a kitten,  
and cry — mew,

Than one of these same  
metre-ballad mongers;

I had rather hear a brazen  
canstick turn'd

Or dry wheel grate  
on an axle-tree;

And that would set my  
teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much  
as mincing poetry.

Henry IV Pt. I

## CLAIR DE LUNE

"How now, mad spirit,  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?"

Moonlight, midnight, June the twenty-fourth,  
prancing, dancing throngs spring forth.  
Up from the meadows, down from the glen,  
drifting hordes of *little* men.  
Low winds shiver through the dewy grass,  
wildly swirl the figures in a midnight mass;  
soft as velvet, black as coal,  
throbs each thirsting, deep-damned soul.  
Torn clouds flicker and the wide-eyed moon  
sails blue-haloed to a lispng tune —  
to the scuff of bodies, to the trampling feet  
of the toad-men, woad-men, indiscrete.  
Silver flickers on the rippling heath,  
on squirming bodies, glistening teenth.  
On the blackened tarns and the dark massed leaves  
of the stunted oak it softly weaves  
faery lace-work while the mistletoe  
rattles harshly and its berries glow —  
hellish embers, slow, slow, slow.

In among the shadows prancing  
twirl the faeries, dancing, dancing;  
elfin shapes and withered gnomes,  
cackling, squealing nasty poems,  
frenzied, in satanic mime —  
fur on feathers, flesh on slime,  
cheek to cheek and jowl to jowl,  
aged with youthful, fair with foul,  
thrusting, lusting, twitching thighs,  
foam-flecked lips and choked-off cries;  
rolling, biting, in a trance,  
in seething furor whirls the dance —  
close about the master-dancer,  
piper, tragoskelate prancer.

The rock on which he perches  
resists their fevered lurches:  
glinting black, a basalt spur,  
it waits longingly for *her* —  
lying eastwards in the night  
to receive the sun's first light,  
which will end their ghastly riot,  
bringing quiet, quiet, quiet.

*Sunrise!* see the slaughter  
of a virgin, long-limbed daughter  
broken bleeding on the rock.  
as the sunlight's sudden shock  
warms her body rosy-red,  
tender flesh, now cool, now dead.  
Night is past, the orgy over,  
gay lights sparkle in the clover:  
gleaming in the new-washed sky  
high and wide the swallows fly  
and the fields, serene and clear,  
have served their purpose for the year.

The monolith, a common stone,  
stands cold and glistens, quite alone.

A. W. R.

## ECCE HOMINES!

*O here's to the hero, strong and bold,  
The man who can conquer a score.  
Our friend who smiles when his gown gets caught  
On the knob of an open door.*

*Sing loud in your praises, a stalwart indeed  
The chap who bears up in his dread,  
When, asking the Porter for mail, he sees  
A gentle shake of the head.*

*O give him a hearty pat on the back,  
Another whose praises we shout,  
Who sits at his desk with immovable calm  
Whenever the lights go out.*

*And then there's the lad who doesn't give in,  
An optimist sure, we find,  
Who reads of his failures with undimmed eye  
And feels the professors were kind.*

*But let all these heros bow down to the ground  
To the pride of the dining-hall floor,  
Who eats our perpetual pork like a hound  
And zestfully asks for some more!*

J. P.

## ANALOGY ENDED

(for certain nineteenth century evolutionists)

*At least monkeys  
don't wear glasses.*

B. K.

## REFLECTION

*Man is a Trinity:  
for he is  
at once  
Beast,  
Animal, and  
Human Being.*

*In some, one easily espies the First,  
in others, the Second;  
while in a few, the Last.*

*Which of these to reflect  
makes matter for more than wish,  
for the eye of stranger  
is sharper than mere list.*

F. O. Lajoie

## A SPRING APART

*Forget me not. Whatever else you do  
Let not the distant miles destroy our love,  
But rather let it cross the heavenly blue  
As if t'were borne by some celestial dove.  
For though a lengthy while we may not meet  
And earth's temptations try your very soul  
My image keep before you; clear and sweet  
So it may serve as some protective stole.  
Then every care and just precaution take,  
And guard them well, these precious chains.  
For once they start to slip and slowly break  
All hope is lost, life ceases, nought remains.  
And yet through every trial remember dear,  
Space fades and in my heart you're always near.*

Ag.



## THE SNAIL IN THE AQUARIUM

*"In a cool curving world he lies  
And ripples with dark extasies . . ."*

Dark in opal-greenness between glass walls,  
stark and omnipotent he slowly crawls.  
He softly glides as he may choose,  
over the rocks, or in the ooze.  
His hungry mouth rasps out and in,  
his blue-rimmed eyes are faint and dim,  
his texture mottles as he glides  
between the roots and up the sides.  
The dainty fishes pass him by—  
they fear his blue-rimmed red spot eye—  
but he will eat them, by and by.

His world is dank, in fluid motion—  
a microcosm of the ocean—  
strange plants with shimmering fronds he sees  
through which the fishes swirl with ease.  
He sees the caves in which they dwell,  
he slithers on. His slime-greened shell  
is whorled and massive, the soft body,  
pulses coldly while his shoddy  
tentacles waver, sensing the weeds,  
and evermore, he feeds and feeds.

*A. W. Robertson*

## AURORA

*Oh flashing flames of winter's night,  
Who gaily dancing o'er the sky  
Play hopscotch on the carpet of the stars;  
Tell me the secret of your joy,  
Oh joyous ones.*

*Are you a race of giants strong and quick,  
Who o'er celestial fields your races run?  
Or are you choirs of angels soaring round,  
The throne of Grace in Heaven's highest court?  
Oh happy ones.*

*You flit in silence calm above the earth;  
Flashing back and forth through heaven's halls  
The stars wax pale before your glorious light  
And stand aside to let you pass them by,  
Oh Mighty ones.*

*Oh man who treads the earth with downcast eye,  
And mind on sinful pleasures, worldly things;  
Look to the sky and see the flashing lights,  
Bespeaking to the world the light of lights,  
The Holy One.*

Robert S. Hayden

## SEA SONNET

*The rearing, plunging waves, like horses wild  
And rampant in their unleashed freedom, hurl  
Their writhing angry forms on beaches mild,  
Whose sands of palest yellow crystals swirl  
Serene in contrast to the waves; as a child  
Serene, bewildered, and aloof is to the whirl  
Of anger in a raging man who, riled,  
Is like the sea compared to sands of pearl.  
But I have seen the sea so cool and clear  
'Tis like a fathomless mirror of green jade  
Reflecting — magnifying, so that fear  
That lurks in dimness quickly disappears  
And twinkling droplets spray in a light cascade  
On the still surface like Spring showers' tears.*

'Corisandra'

## FORM. B.

*A March moon spun the cobwebless ground  
in a network of bare branches and sleeveless houses.  
Quietly tread a branch-shadowed lane  
softened by the west-warmed rain.*

*My everybody's moon. April will wait and not hate  
the shuttered moon descending a scattered street  
under a shrinking night. A night shrivelled  
and hurt under a moon-blown leaf skirt.*

*A muttering moon wind muzzles autumn leaves  
to granite ankles behind a summer palm  
that sheltered winter all summer long.  
The eyelashes fall in silver bat flight air.*

B. K.

## " V I I "

## "1"

I remember how you looked when I left you.  
The grey eyes silvered with sadness for my suffering  
And the wisp of hair waving want only  
In the wind above them.  
And the grin for comfort.

I remember the feel of you —  
Your hand in my hand  
And my soul between them.

You pressed it —  
But the pain was the pain of a clean cut.

## "2"

Silence,  
Wrapping both of us,  
Silent and wrapped in each other.

Your hand skillfully stroking  
My arching aching abdomen,  
The soft skin under my lips,  
Quietly quivering.  
And your thighs tense with wonder —  
And fear  
That drew us even closer together.

And the selves slipped out of us  
And soul sank into soul.

## "3"

A great hand clutches —  
Suffocating sensation,  
Like hunger and fear.

Heart thunder —  
Pulse of passion, —  
Madness.  
And the others  
Notice only that you smile at me.

## "4"

The razor-edge of the winter wind,  
Dulled by winter's shaving,  
Carries the aroma of rain-wet pine.  
The brick walls are brighter  
With the brightening day.  
And the lawns are young again.

The dormant God in me stirs  
I almost dare to live —  
But without you  
Spring is only spring — not heaven.

## "5"

The "I" within me swells  
And soars in a silent shout.

The sun is good;  
The water-smile sincere;  
No sound —  
The eye is busy with blue-green beauty  
And the ear is stilled.

Yet I am afraid —  
For should I extend my hand  
Might not God take it?

## "6"

"I am the land;  
Place here the seed of your love;  
And it shall grow and become a great tree with many flowers."

But you would not hear me and said:

"There is the river called life;  
There will I cast my seed;  
And the river will be greater because of it;  
For without the river the land is desolate;  
And the river shall live and laugh  
Long after the flowers have withered  
And the tree returns to dust."

"7"

Am I?  
 What am I?  
 When I?  
 Whither I?  
 And why? why? why?

A. S. D. K.

## LIQUID OBSERVATIONS

*Dreary, dum at the heart, with flat,  
 Warted skin. Myriad drops of dew,  
 A thousand rains, and tears of ten score springs  
 Course down the squishy soft brown backbone,  
 Slowly,  
 Clammy under yoke of paper boxes, tins,  
 Cigar ashes, sewage, grime,  
 And last month's mail.*

*Youth swims and gambols,  
 Laughs with fishing Age  
 Upstream of Habitation:  
 She moves unblemished;  
 Gracious and serene.*

Graham Knight

## SOIREE

*" . . . and God said,  
 Prophecy to the wind, to the wind only for only  
 the wind will listen . . ."*

April is mist, and evening outlines blurred.  
 A gentle rain drifts coolly and the grey  
 of faint, translucent vapours ends the day.  
 A wind caresses. The branches, hardly stirred,  
 drip softly-dark and glistening in the yellow light  
 of scattered lamps. Each one, a lesser moon,  
 casts fog-beams, shadowed, through the gloom.  
 Even to breathe is bitter-sweet. Out of the night  
 steal all the lovely, lonely scents of Spring-  
 green dampness growing, new life, and they bring  
 an all-suffusing momentary bliss. Must every trace  
 soon fade and to a sweeter sorrow yield its place?

A. W. Robertson

## “Economic Development in England during the Eighteenth Century”

The subject matter of this paper is concerned mainly with three phases of economic development in England during the eighteenth century. These phases — agricultural, industrial, and commercial — were in such constant change that it may well be said that England was in the midst of an “Economic Revolution.” England was rapidly being transformed from a basically agricultural, rural country to an industrial, urban nation. This period of transition was not without its hardships and misery, nor without its radical changes in economic thought. It is a process that found its beginnings in the eighteenth century, continued throughout the nineteenth and one which is still with us today.

In 1700, English agricultural methods were very backward, and most of the land was still formed in open field strips, under the three-field system. The implements that were used were crude, and there was little attempt to make a scientific study of farming. We might ask ourselves why should agriculture make so little progress over the previous centuries? The answer seems to be found in the fact that there was no real pressure being applied on the food supplies due to a small increase in the population. The old methods of farming had been quite able to cope with this increase. Even if the farmers had been able to increase their crops it would have been difficult to use the surplus as they depended upon local markets for consumption of their products. The more distant markets were almost impossible to reach as the means of transportation were far from perfect.

It was the eighteenth century that witnessed the beginning of the industrial revolution, the rapid expansion of commerce, and the great increase in population. Here was the challenge to English agriculture — produce or starve. No longer would the older methods be sufficient to feed the new populations of the towns and cities. It is true that some food might be brought in from the European countries, and in the main England had to depend upon her own resources.

Progress, at first, was slow and gradual, but it was steady. An important stimulus to agriculture was given by the fact that English gentlemen such as Jethro Tull and Lord Townshend began to take an interest in farming as a hobby. Agriculture soon became the interest of all classes of people. As a result of this interest more capital was being applied to the development of land and much of the wealth gained by the commer-

cial interests was put into this development. Mistakes, such as occupying too much land with insufficient capital, and of not keeping detailed accounts, were bound to exist. Progress, as stated previously, was slow and it was not until after 1760 that wealthy landowners began to make good efforts to improve their estates.

The improvements made can best be appreciated by comparing figures of the productiveness of the land in the latter part of the century to those in the previous centuries. For example, in the thirteenth century between five and eight bushels of corn were produced per acre; while in 1770 the yield was twenty-five bushels per acre. (France — eighteen bushels in 1770). Stock also improved; it was not uncommon to fatten an ox to weigh over 800 pounds. The average of the previous three centuries had been only 400 pounds. The weight of the fleece of sheep had also increased about four times. Young estimated the cultivated sereage at 32 million acres, while in the seventeenth century it had been estimated to be about 22 million acres.

Despite all these improvements, rural England, as late as the middle of the century, retained many traces of the entire undeveloped period. In many places the three field system was still carried on, and in some the agrarian system of the middle ages still existed. The results were naturally poor. The causes of this situation were many, but mainly arose from the difficulties of the common field system. Under this system it was all but necessary to produce the same crops, and rotation was difficult. A man with initiative was greatly hindered, as he was compelled to follow the traditional unprogressive course of history. In addition to this there were continuous quarrels as to rights of pasture in the meadows and questions as to the extent of boundaries often arose. It is not hard to see why people who practised new methods of agriculture also encouraged the practice of enclosures.

The increase of the number of enclosures was often accomplished without concern for the feelings of the people affected. Even Arthur Young, who favored enclosures, stated that “the poor were injured by nineteen enclosure acts out of twenty.” The method of securing the right to enclose was accomplished by the bigger land owners through the petitioning of parliament. This was done, in the majority of cases, without the consent of the villagers. To quote Cunningham in *Growth of Industry*: “Though we cannot pretend to estimate the extent of the evil, there is no reason to doubt its validity. Enclosure was carried only by means of private bills; these were passed through Parliament without sufficient inquiry and when many of the inhabitants were quite unaware of the impending change or powerless to resist it.” Thus people were forced to enclose the land allotted to them with fences or hedges at their own expense. This often took the better part of two years and was extremely costly.

The results of enclosure were highly beneficial for agriculture. It became possible for individual farmers to strike out on their own to use new and better methods, and to increase considerably the output of the land. For example, Arthur Young stated that in one instance before enclosure a certain section of land was producing seventeen to eighteen bushels of wheat per acre, as against twenty-six bushels on enclosure. Though some gained by this system many lost. The position of the majority of the villagers became materially worse. They had lost the right to pasture a cow, and a few sheeps, pigs, and poultry on the commons. The small pieces of land that they were given in return were hardly just compensation. The majority became landless labourers, dependent solely upon wages. Many of them had to mortgage their land to obtain sufficient money to enclose their property.

The decline of the small farmer begins with the "Statute of Frauds" of 1677. This statute made it necessary to prove that the land was held by deed. If they could not produce proof of ownership, which many couldn't, it became necessary to pay a small fixed rent. The number of these small farmers rapidly declined and their land fell into the control of the monopolizing lords. The interesting fact is the rapidity of their disappearance. Such a process even dismayed Arthur Young, who was an advocate of the new agriculture and large farms.

The reasons for decline of yeomanry are partly political and partly social. After the revolution of 1688 the landed gentry became both politically and socially supreme. It was not unnatural for the successful merchants to desire to be on equal footing. As a result many of them bought out small farmers, who were, of necessity, forced to sell their property. It was almost impossible for the small free holder to buy smaller plots of land due to the restrictions on the subdivision of land. In addition to this it was becoming almost impossible to make a paying proposition out of farming on the old system. It was necessary to adopt the new system, which was too much of an outlay for this class of farmer. (1801 — increase of poor rate — raised taxes to the breaking point for small farmers.) Besides, the cost of rent had gone up from 3s 9¼d in 1692 to 19s 3¾d per acre in 1797. (This example was taken from the Belvior estate, the property of the Dukes of Rutland.) This was due to the artificial conditions imposed by the corn laws and the increased economy of production.

There is an interesting factor concerning the wages of an agricultural worker in this period. (They comprised 2,800,000 and of 8,500,000 workers in 1769.) "The ordinary peasant in 1725, for instance, would not earn more than about £13 and £15 a year; artisans could not gain more than £15, 13s, while the cost of the stock provisions was £16, 2s 3d. Thus the husbandman who, in 1495, could get a similar stock of food by fifteen weeks' work, and the artisan who could have earned it in ten weeks,

could not feed himself in 1725 with a whole year's labour." There was a general period of relief from this evil about the middle of the eighteenth century due to the advance made by agriculture and industry. By the end of the century, however, the condition was similar to that previous to the period of prosperity.

Before closing this section on agriculture it might be well to mention three or four of the outstanding men who did a great deal to further the cause of scientific farming. One of the greatest of these men was Jethro Tull who was not afraid to develop new methods in farming. His most important contribution was the idea of sowing seeds in drills, or rows, rather than just to scatter them. The result of this practice was shown in the greater increase of crops with but a fourth of the seed used by the older method. In 1701 he invented a mechanical drill and dismissed his labourers, who had refused to adopt his plan. Another name to be remembered is that of Lord Townshend, who retired from politics in 1730 after a quarrel with Walpole. He adopted the Tullian method of deep ploughing, sowing in drills, and hewing. In addition to this he revised the system of mixing the rich sub-soil with light sandy soil. The results were amazing — he succeeded in growing crops of wheat on land that previously had been considered useless. His greatest work was done "in the field cultivation of turnips and the working of an improved rotation of crops, called the Norfolk system." He did away with the fallow field and instead advocated the planting of turnips, barley, clover and wheat in successive years. Because of his enthusiasm for turnips he was nicknamed "Turnip Townshend."

Robert Blakewell did a good deal towards the use of scientific breeding of live-stock, which up to this time had been neglected. He paid particular attention to feeding, in winter he used root crops as fodder. "He irrigated and drained his land, provided clean and hygienic quarters for his stock, and took a pride in keeping the animal quarters clean and treating them friendly." He soon became famous throughout England and Europe. His greatest success was in breeding sheeps, and others soon adopted his methods successfully in regard to cattle and horses.

Arthur Young was the man who was responsible more than anyone else for the furthering of knowledge regarding agricultural improvements. In the practical sense he was a failure, but in writing he gained great popularity. His books were translated into German, French and Russian. He travelled the country side conducting campaigns against bad farming and the open field system. Wherever he went people came to listen to him. In 1793 he became secretary of the newly-formed Board of Agriculture. Its success was primarily due to his tireless effort and enthusiasm.

During the hundred years following 1660 the growth of commerce was so rapid that it may well be called the "outstanding economic char-

acteristic of that period." It is difficult to compare this period of commerce with an earlier period as no commercial statistics were kept until 1697. An approximate idea of the rate of commercial expansion can be estimated by noting the increase of revenue and tonnage after 1660. In the twenty-eight year period after 1660 the customs revenue doubled. In 1700 the tonnage being exported was believed to be about 313,000 tons. This figure was more than doubled by the middle of the century, and by 1783 the one million mark had been reached. This latter figure was more than doubled by 1801.

We only have to look at the rapid expansion of English seaports in this period to note the growth of commerce. Liverpool, for example, increased from a population of 5,000 in 1700 to one of 35,000 in 1773. Its trade growing from about 27,000 tons to over 100,000 tons per year in this same period. Bristol grew rapidly due to the slave trade, sugar and tobacco traffic from the West Indies. London still continued its growth. The principal export of the period was wool. In 1688 four and three tenths million pounds were exported, while in 1760 this had increased to 14.6 million pounds. In this same period the exports of cotton cloth trebled in value, but after 1760 it became wool's chief rival and finally surpassed it.

The internal trade of the country up to this period had been local in character. It is during the eighteenth century that we observe it becoming national in its extent. This meant an entire reorganization of commercial methods. Now the existence of a nation-wide market made it possible for certain sections of the country to concentrate on the production of those goods for which they were best fitted. England and Wales with the addition of Scotland in 1707 formed the largest free trading area in the world. France was still divided and numerous tolls and seigneurial dues had hampered trade considerably. It was not until after the Revolution of 1789 that these restrictions were removed. The unification of Germany was not actively completed until 1870. A united country free from tolls, etc., played an important part in its industrial development.

A London housewife could enter a butcher shops and buy beef that came from Scotland or Wales, geese that came from Norfolk, lambs from the pastures of the Midlands or poultry from same distant point. Suffolk became noted for its turkeys and the Severn Valley for fruit. Even the clothes of the housewife came from various sections of England, Wales or Scotland. "Norfolk specialized in the worsteds, Yorkshire, Essex and Sussex in the woollens. The southwest in the thick woolen clothes, Wales in flannels and hosiery, Lancashire in cottons, Paisley and Glasgow in linens and cottons, Nottingham in lace and hosiery, London in silks."

England's position in regard to the rest of Europe was very unique. She was close enough to use its cities as markets for her goods, but she was far enough away not to get involved in its domestic troubles. England

as a commercial power grew very rapidly, so rapidly that merchants were finding it difficult to fill orders and to get them there in a reasonable amount of time. Growing markets demanded more goods. As a result merchants, producers were forced to find new and better methods of production. Here was the challenge to the commercial interests — Markets were waiting to be filled and therefore production of goods had to be stepped up to meet these demands. "The age of machinery in England may thus be regarded as the climax of an age of commercial expansion."

The activities of the English merchants by 1700 were world-wide in their extent. The European market at this time was the most important. To Europe went large quantities of cereals and cloth together with sugar and tobacco from the colonies. The trade with France until 1786, when Pitt concluded a reciprocity treaty, was a smugglers paradise. Relations with Spain, on the other hand, were very favourable. In 1667 an agreement was made with Spain which allowed British merchants to again enter Spanish ports. Though subsequent wars interfered with this trade it by no means destroyed it. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1703 "England was to have the right of exporting 4,800 slaves annually to Spanish America, and one ship of five hundred tons was to be allowed to convey cargo duty free for disposal at the Portobello Fair." Actually the amount of trade exceeded the limits. In addition England retained Gibraltar, which had been captured from Spain. Gibraltar proved to be invaluable as a trading port for the Mediterranean area. Relations with Portugal were also favourable. In 1703 a treaty was signed whereby Portugese wines were admitted at favourable rates. In exchange similar concessions were granted for English cloth by Portugal.

In regards to foreign trade many companies such as the East India Company, Hudson Bay Company, Levant Company, South Sea Company and Eastland Company were formed to take care of trade in their respective area. Some of these companies flourished while others had their difficulties. The South Sea Company, for example, got itself involved in a wave of speculation which finally resulted in its collapse.

Colonial trade became a very important factor in the development of English commerce. At first colonies were regarded solely as a source of supply, but as time went on and the colonies grew they became more and more important markets for English manufactured goods. This system under which trade was carried on between the mother country and the colonies was called mercantilism. This in time became a source of discontent.

The mercantile system was carried out in such a manner as to benefit British Industry. As the colonies grew they began to feel more and more the weight of the body of rules and regulations underlying this system. When the thirteen colonies threw off the authority of England

it had the effect of destroying the system in fact if not theory.

In the same year as the Declaration of Independence Adam Smith published his book, the *Wealth of Nations*. In this work Smith showed that the principles underlying the existing system were untenable. He wholeheartedly disagreed with the policy that Walpole had adopted some forty years previously. Walpole had used taxation "with a view of obtaining a definite national object and not merely for the sake of taxation." Up to this time men discussed economics in terms of the power it would bring to the country, not to the people. Adam Smith, on the other hand, felt that first the people should be provided with a plentiful revenue or subsistence, and then in second place the State or commonwealth should be supplied "with a revenue sufficient for public services." His main achievement was "to treat national wealth as separable from other elements in political life." In this way he was able to cut away the motives which had once justified the interfering with the ordinary course of business. He advocated that if people were left to their own initiative they would naturally raise their own standards, thereby raising the nation's as a whole also. To quote Adam Smith:

"He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preparing the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security, and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain; and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was in part of his intention."

It was Adam Smith who was the great advocate of laissez-faire as against protectionism. To quote his own words:

"It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy . . . What is prudence in the conduct of every private family, can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom."

It is at the close of the period of our study that we notice the slow beginnings of this new economic philosophy. No longer could England exist sheltered by her own convenient economic system. The struggle to obtain the principles of laissez-faire is a story to be left mostly to the nineteenth century. We might say in closing this section that the principles of Adam Smith in the latter part of eighteenth century was the policy of the government in latter half of the nineteenth.

Before going on to discuss the industrial side of English economic life it might be well to mention a few words about the rise of banking during the eighteenth century. In itself banking is an important factor in the development of industries, because without it, in some form or other, it would have been impossible for the industrial revolution to take place.

The goldsmiths were the first to specialize as bankers in England. Their position as bankers arose and of the fact that after the Civil War the rich no longer kept their surplus wealth in the form of gold and silver plate. This meant a decrease in the goldsmith's business, and therefore they began to concentrate on money lending which had proved to be a source of income to them. In addition to this some wealthy merchants began to deposit their valuables in the strong-rooms of the goldsmiths. They soon realized that only a small sum of money was drawn out each day to meet expenses. This meant that much of the wealth remained idle on their vaults. There was nothing to prevent them from lending this out so long as they kept a minimum amount in reserve for withdrawing purposes. "Thus the goldsmiths performed two tasks of modern bankings—the lending of money and the receiving of deposits." Within a few years people deposited their money without cost. Later on they were paid interests on their deposits.

The bank of England was founded in 1694 under the leadership of a Scotsman, William Paterson. In return for loaning the government the sum of £1,200,000 permission was given to form a joint stock bank in London. The success of the bank was so apparent that when its charter came up for renewal the bank was given a monopoly of joint stock banking for the country. The bank, though it met with the opposition of the landed gentry and goldsmiths, weathered the storms, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century it was becoming pretty well established as the "central institution of the London money market."

As the Bank of England was mostly confined to London until the nineteenth century, it meant that local banks were organized in the growing industrial centers. Since the Bank of England had a monopoly on joint stock banking, these local banks were set up, by individuals or in partnerships with a few others. They received deposits, lent money, and issued notes. By the end of the century there were hundreds of these banks. The difficulty, however, was that there was a tendency to over issue notes. In times of crisis many of these banks failed and people lost their savings. This situation was remedied in the next century by the establishment of government control.

With the establishment of banking it became possible for business men and merchants to utilize funds that in previous times would have been hoarded away. Difficult enterprises could now be undertaken, canals and turnpikes could be constructed, and funds were made available on inventions. In short, banking made it possible for industry and commerce to grow by leaps and bounds.

The growth of industry was so rapid in this country, especially after 1760, that it may be properly termed as a "revolution." It meant the rise of a new class of people, the capitalists, manufacturers and merchants. The new class soon came to challenge the landowners as the leaders of the

nation. This monopoly held by the landowners was broken by capital, no longer could they stand aloof from the rising industrial class.

The domestic system, as it was called, still continued in existence until about 1760. Under this system people worked in their own cottages and then took the finished products to market. The weaver, for example, at first "furnished himself with ways and weft, worked it up, and brought it to market himself." In time, however, this system became too cumbersome, and the yarn was supplied by the merchants, "and at the last the merchant got together a certain number of looms in a town or village, and worked them under his own supervision." One of the distinguishing characteristics of this domestic system is that the artisan did not confine himself solely to manufacturing; but also worked cultivating his own small plot of land. By combining two types of work the average artisan of this sort was able to live in comparative comfort. This system hardly fostered the conditions that accompanied the factory system. Under the old system "things were done with great leisure, and more time was taken over them."

This was the existing system in 1760. "In a little more than twenty years all the great inventions of Watt, Arkwright and Boulton had been completed, steam had been applied to the new looms, and the modern factory system had fairly begun." The domestic system did not disapprove instantly, but the transition was accomplished rather quickly. It was this "sudden and silent" industrial revolution that rapidly multiplied England's wealth and enabled her to obtain a running start over the rest of Europe. The introduction of this system, however, was not without great misery and hardships.

It was the inventions of four men that marked the beginning of the transition from the domestic to the factory system. The first of this series of inventions was the "spinning jenny," invented by James Hargraves in 1770. This machine enabled a person to spin numerous threads at the same time by placing the spinning-wheel in a horizontal position and then add similar wheels onto the same shaft. In 1771 Arkwright established a successful mill in which he employed his spinning-machine, which spun with the use of rollers. The machine required water-power to work it, and hence he called it the water frame. (It is interesting to note that in 1774 and 1775 he was boycotted by the manufacturers and his factory at Charley was destroyed by workers. Twelve years later (1786) he was knighted for his public services.) In 1779 Samuel Crompton combined the principles of the frame and jenny to produce an invention called "the mule." It was so successful that between 1779 and 1811 more than four and a half million spindles were worked by "mules" in English factories.

To work these machines power of some sort was necessary. The solution was found when James Watt in 1769 invented the steam engine. This type of machine was first used in mining operations, but in 1785 it

was introduced into the cotton factories. The results of this machine can be indicated by the fact in fifteen years (1788-1803) the cotton trade trebled itself. The engine was originally invented by Thomas Savery in the late seventeenth century. In 1713 improvements were made by a man named Newcomen. The improvements were considerable, but the steam engine was still far from perfect. In 1763 Watt dedicated himself to the improvement of the engine and in 1775 he entered into partnership with Matthew Boulton, a wealthy capitalist. In 1776 he produced his first really successful steam engine. In 1782, he applied steam power to turn a wheel, previously it had been used solely for working the crank shaft of a pump.

(In 1785 Edmund Cartwright invented the power loom. This, however, had little effect on the textile industry until 1813. At this time it displaced the weavers, who had up to this date been enjoying a better than average position.)

This wave of inventions was necessitated by the growing demand for more goods. The production of goods was lagging far behind the demand. Merchants complained that the weavers were falling behind in their work, while the weavers complained that they were not getting enough yarn spun to keep them going. The inventions in the textile field were at first only to aid the spinners in their work. As improvements occurred there was no need for spinners, as machines could do the work more effectively. These "displaced spinners" found work as weavers, i.e. until they in turn were displaced by machinery.

The back-bone of the English economic system, however, is to be found in another phase of industrial development — the coal, iron and steel industries. Cheap coal meant cheap power for machinery and mechanical transportation. To keep up to demands it became necessary to find ways of mining coal quickly and cheaply. The demands of industry also necessitated better methods of producing iron and steel.

Land under which coal was known to exist was to be surveyed and its geological structure carefully studied. The shafts were then to be sunk at advantageous points and the mine was worked scientifically. No longer would coal be taken out of the earth in shipshod fashion. Methods were devised to increase the safety of the miners; however government regulations did not come into being until the nineteenth century. One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome was the transporting of the coal from the mine to the surface. Inside the mine young boys and women used to push the coal in tubs along light wooden rails. These rails wore down so rapidly that in time they were covered by iron plates. In the nineteenth century they were replaced by iron ones. It was the task of women to carry up coal from the mine by means of ladders fixed to the sides of the shaft. The real solution to this problem came in 1783 when Watt applied steam-

power to the hauling engine. This method was not put into common practice until the 1890's.

In the iron and steel industries it became necessary to improve upon the method of smelting. Up to the eighteenth century charcoal had been used, but the rapid increase in consumption made it necessary to find other means. In 1708 Abraham Darby successfully made use of coal for smelting by first coking the coal, coke, like charcoal being almost pure carbon. To refine the pig iron, however, it was still necessary to use charcoal. It was left to Harry Cort to solve the problem.

In 1783 Cort discovered a method for rolling out the iron, by passing it between a series of rollers which were arranged with diminishing gaps between them. Previously the iron had to be beaten and with hammers, which took a great deal of time and constant reheating. In 1784 he made use of the reverberatory furnace, which had been invented twenty years earlier. By the use of this furnace the pig-iron came into contact with the flames, thus enabling him to use coal rather than charcoal. The iron was worked into large balls, weighing about eighty pounds and then they were taken to the rolling mills, thus making it possible to refine pig-iron on a large scale.

Previous to the discovery by Huntsman it was extremely difficult for English metal craftsmen to obtain the desired amount of steel. In 1740 Huntsman "succeeded in producing steel of a uniform quality by the crucible process, which consisted of re-melting the iron in a crucible, and adding to it the desired amount of carbon." Henceforth England ceased to be the importer of steel, rather she became an exporter of the metal. Only a limited amount of steel could be produced by this method and it remained until the better part of the nineteenth century before steel could be mass produced.

This rapid expansion of industry and the growth of internal trade created an urgent need for improved methods of transportation. The coal and iron industries poured out tons of materials that had to be conveyed to all parts of the country. In addition to this the growth of the towns and cities required the transportation of huge quantities of food, building materials for the houses, and raw materials for the industries. The existing means were inadequate.

The use of rivers had been satisfactory for such places as London, Bristol and Gloucester. Canals had to be developed in order to move heavy, bulky goods such as coal from the inland areas to the industrial towns and ports. Several canals had been built previous to 1760, but the canal era really began at this time with the construction of the Bridgewater canal from Worsley to Manchester. Coal now could be transported for half the cost. In 1772 under the direction of the same man, James Brindley, the Manchester-Liverpool Canal was completed. In 1777

the Grand Trunk Canal giving water communication between Liverpool, Hall and Bristol was completed. Between the years 1791-94 there were no fewer than eighty one canal acts passed. Even though some of these schemes failed, the result was an elaborate network of waterways. The establishment of this system of transportation enabled inland towns to grow, and industries to increase their output. The growth of English industry was so rapid that canals soon became inadequate. This difficulty was only solved by the coming of the railways.

The condition of the roads at the opening of the eighteenth century was almost unbearable. There was a growing belief that road construction should be left to enterprising individuals. Thus we see in 1663 the first of the Turnpike Trusts was formed. Toll bars were erected at the end of each section, and tolls were collected for upkeep of the road and for payment of interest. Between 1760 and 1820 over a thousand acts of parliament were passed for road construction. These roads were necessary and it enabled the transporting of light goods, and after 1784 mail coaches used them frequently. The difficulty of these turnpikes was that sections of the roads were hands of different companies and it was impossible to have consistency in tolls or road conditions. It was not until after 1760 that any determined efforts were made to improve the roads; and progress came mainly through the efforts of John Metcalf, Thomas Telford and J. T. Macadam.

The eighteenth century was a period of transition in regard to English economic development. Changes came about so rapidly that even the latest developed techniques soon became obsolete. Stability was impossible as conditions that existed one day had less than a fifty-fifty chance of existing the next day. The growing demand for products, along with a rapid increase of population, necessitated improving the means of transportation, industry, agriculture and commerce. It was a challenge of supply and demand.

*A. L. Salt*

## STOKERS AREN'T SO BAD

Rivalry between stokers and seamen on every ship is proverbial. Both realize they are indispensable, and both seem to think that they alone form the 'crew'. And those of the "Medalta" were no exception.

It was a grey and dismal day, such as only sea-coast towns can know, when she edged into Sydney harbour and tied up to an oily wooden jetty. Across the wharf rode the corvette "Saskatchewan", and we were glad of the opportunity to swap yarns with her fellows, who were engaged in the same type of convoy-patrolling. Chats always made a pleasant diversion, and our boys spent a couple of interesting hours with them. But we weren't at all anxious to stay in harbour long. Sydney was a rather dreary place, whose chill climate was matched by the coolness, Navy-wards, of its inhabitants. And besides, we longed to return to our base at St. Johns' in Newfoundland, where many had girl-friends and all had old haunts.

Consequently, it wasn't with any shouts of joy that we learned from the Chief Stoker that our stay in Sydney would have to be prolonged an extra day because of engine trouble. "Lazy stokers," we growled, when he had disappeared down the boiler-room hatch. "Can't even keep their machine going properly; probably want to hang around here to watch the trains go by." However, there was nothing we could do about it and, with envious eyes, we watched the "Saskatchewan" pull out later that frosty afternoon, heading out into the gathering darkness to take our place on patrol. When she had glided out to the harbour-mouth and become but a dim and slowly disappearing spot on the horizon, we turned to tighten our jetty-lines for the rising tide.

Bitter feeling had not abated the next day, when repairs were finished. Grimy stokers took the butt of many unpleasant remarks as they laboured to raise steam for sailing, but with customary thick-skin they disregarded us.

Finally that afternoon, sailing-orders were received from the Signal Office, and we headed out to sea. A cold North wind had sprung up and, as we passed through the harbour gates, rolling swells began to nudge the ship, and soon, to bear it up and down in regular rhythm. Here, steaming away from the shadowy coast, with its twinkling lights and bare hills, we became aware once more of that sense of being alone in a vast surrounding of silent darkness, broken only by the lapping of waves against firm gunwales and occasionally permeated by the hoot of a mournful fog-horn. Raw drizzle dampened our faces as we mustered for sea watches, and soaked its way into snug collars and sleeves. A

storm seemed imminent, and as I made my way aft to the pom-pom for look-out duty, curved sheets of spray were dashed into the air, and spattered with flat smacks on to the steel deck. Watch back here was a cold and wet one, but my companion and I solaced ourselves with the thought of returning to home-port, two days' journey away.

This pom-pom mount was just above the engine room vents and, at it, we could hear the steady pounding of cylinders underneath, and feel the deck throbbing to their powerful vibration. Fumes from the smoke-stack wafted back in acrid wisps, and this but deepened our grudge. "Ah, those rotten stokers down there," groaned my chum, whose dislike of rough weather intensified his bitterness. "If it had'n't been for them, we could be in Newfie now, without this miserable storm to bother about." And around us now, a cold grey mist was rising from the water, and stretching hazy streaks into the sombre sky. The drizzling rain fell intermittently, while swelling waves continued to lift and toss and shake our sturdy little 'sweeper. But we clung to the gun-barrel, leaning against its shield and trying to keep a constant watch on the choppy waters behind us. Submarines have uncanny ability to plot the course of patrol craft, and we realized it. Back and forth we scanned that dark and heaving surface, with nothing in sight but mist, spray and an occasional chunk of ice, scudding past. "Wouldn't like to be out there on a raft," I thought, as a big breaker roared alongside, thudded into us, and swept on. Shoving my hands into my wet duffle-coat, I braced myself against the growing wind, dug my chin into the neck of a thick woollen sweater, and stood there, waiting. At last the hour dragged by, a hand tapped my shoulder as relief came, and I headed by guy-line up to the bridge for a trick at the wheel. "These stokers," I gasped again, as a black cloud of "sweepers' sorrow" wafted around me, "they're sending up enough smoke to make the chimneys of London cough. Good thing the subs can't spot it to-night."

Climbing up to the wheel-house, though, I found it in a state of tense anticipation. The Captain had been summoned; the yeoman was crouched over a message just received from shore, and was reading it by the light of a pen-lamp. "Message from Port Control, sir," he yelled, above the din of sea and wave about us. "H.M.C.S. Saskatchewan overdue. Feared torpedoed, with no survivors." Stunned, we stared at the signalman incredulously, but he hurried below to get search instructions. For several moments, every man on the bridge stood close-lipped, intent on his own thoughts — thoughts of terrible sorrow, and yet thoughts of thankfulness. When the Chief Stoker came up to report the engine running smoothly after some combustion trouble, my chum and I looked at him with eyes of strange, though remorseful, gratitude. "Stokers aren't so bad," he mused humbly. And all the crew later agreed with him, as we pursued an anxious, but fruitless, search.

Surge

## A BOOK REVIEW

BLADES OF LEAVES — John St. Vincent Smith (Singeday & Co.)

It was with growing interest that I read John St. Vincent Smith's latest work, *Blades of Leaves*. Critics had suspected a great future for this young poet after his first slim volume, *Green Leaves* published in 1927. His latest work of eighteen well-balanced poems should be classified with the nineteenth century Symbolists. Throughout it there are two main influences, one agricultural and the other cultural. St. Vincent mirrors these influences through two strongly differentiated personalities.

In the cultural sphere, one sees the tremendous impact of T. S. Edwards, that eminent British poet, who has held the Canadian and American youth so completely spellbound. In the agricultural sphere, one sees the influence of such Nature poets as Downing and E. E. Cummings, to whom the acrid barn smell was nothing new. St. Vincent is a poet who is not afraid to take the rich Canadian soil in his gloved hands or let the prairie rain blacken his ivory-handled umbrella. Here is an unselfconscious Canadian poet — the Rhodes colossus — the voice of twenty silent centuries.

These highly polished and metre-making eighteen poems are of a great order of merit. Here is the ironic and whimsical spirit of the well-beloved Irish gamin, intimate with goats, deferential to rabbits and non-committal to quails. Quite poignantly, St. Vincent had the critics comments of his earlier work published as a frontispiece to this edition. I heartily agree with Henri d'Ung of the *Montreal Sun*, who said of him, "a sensitive and uncannily observant gnome."

Perhaps one should give a brief summary of the life of this great Canadian poet, of whom it may very frankly be said, "I'm a Canadian, a simon pure Canadian." John St. Vincent Smith was born on February 7th, 1891, at Wenlock. Anybody passing through this charming elm-treed English town in the bosom of the Eastern townships, would be struck with its dappled bright brick sidings and at night with its pregnant sweet fox smell. His father and mother were both Irish, descended from a long scale of honest peat traders. Wenlock was kind to little St. Vincent, who soon learned to address all the villagers by their first names, irregardless of their social standing. Naturally, such a precocious pastoral attitude was scorned by his father, especially in such a rural district. But the habit soon spread to all Wenlock urchins.

But St. Vincent could not be locked in Wenlock forever. From

the happy dales of Wenlock to Montreal, represented a great change in the life of St. Vincent. His poetry reveals this pastoral sense turned inward upon his aesthetic self. Here is one of St. Vincent's reactions to the city life, filled with ennui and cauchemar.

*"Potato chips walking up dark brown sidewalks;  
Poker chips stacking up grey tall buildings;  
Wood chips turning up rust brown and green;  
Why chips O?"*

The aesthetic sensitivity and incisive penetrating mind is seen here all too clearly and this passage is so realistic that it leaves you wondering whether there was any salt on those potatoes. St. Vincent may be a young poet, but he does not shun communication and he is not ready to condemn the older generation. In fact, St. Vincent strides up and meets communication fearlessly, vis à vis, in his open-shirted manner. This is shown in a poem entitled simply, *Communication*.

*"I celebrate myself. I am the lilacs in the dooryard that  
scratch the cat back down. I am the syringa in the freight-  
yard sooted over with pansy pigeon law court dust. I,  
spirée tall. I, telegraph brave. I, telephone haughty. I,  
street-car muscular. Crepuscularly, pastorally bright ME."*

The Wenlockian influence that forms the dark damp background of all his poetry is easily discernible. As Henri d'Ung poignantly noted, "his sane sense of decorum . . . especially in such a paganly fertile countryside." St. Vincent uses his education to great advantage and the meaning and weight of his symbols is not to be denied. These poems mirror experience, with realism, existentialism and a touch of seventeenth century perjuristic metaphysicism. These lines give witness to this influence, especially the metaphysical concern with Death.

*"Death! Death! Death! O!  
Funeral procession slow;  
Tremblay et Frères 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."*

St. Vincent is not only descriptive, but reflective as well. Like some poets he has a rural background and uses this to full advantage. For instance he writes communicably and forcefully in these line from the poem, *Idyllic Moment*.

*"The storm stood upon the Wenlock hill  
With his club feet widespread, matted hair unshorn;  
Gurgitating the rain from his mouth half-torn;  
And with his hob-nailed boots unlaced, out-worn;  
Limped across the pathetic steps of clouds;*

*With a half-digested morsel of lightning shrouds,  
Sparkling in his filthy teathy sill."*

The pastoral-aesthetic background is extremely important in his life. So many poets have written purely descriptive poetry, that it is refreshing to come across a poet such as this. As far as reality is concerned, St. Vincent and Phrost both like their potatoes brushed clean. Rural metre is all too evident in his verse. It is a compliment to be able to say that this verse is not radically modern. Here is a poet with a sane sense of idyllic decorum. Notice the subtle internal rhythms of this,

*"No nose knows  
The fragrance of the rose.  
Lose the loose reflections by hypodermic injections  
Of pregnant country air so fair-o.  
Devour Nature 'til you're drunk  
With skunk  
Smell? O! Wenlock. Hell.  
Hell. Hell."*

which strikes one with its ballad-beating effect achieved in the last two lines. Also very notable in St. Vincent's poetry is stark realism that crops up everywhere as it does in most neo semi-agricultural-cultural verse. Do you get the lilt of these lines?

*"Horse! O! Horse! — to ra ta ra gall oops!  
Clipety-clop — spin and hop ta ra whoa! whoa!*

These lines show the acute sensitivity of this poet as he lay in bed every morning listening to the phenomena of the milk waggons delivering their milk.

St. Vincent's *Elegy Written On a Pastoral Churchyard*, struck me with its emotional over-toning. One pictures the aged Wenlock peasant peering through the overgrown syringa to the weed-choked graveyard. Note the subtle cadences that give that falling effect and the influence of seventeenth century perjurism in these simple line. More people are beginning to realize that simplicity is the sign of genius.

*"Sixty-nine people  
Skyward facing.  
A hundred thirty-eight sagging eyes  
Heaven tracing.  
No square-wheeled trollies  
Thinly padded,  
Nor hourly Journals  
Heavily added,  
Must they enjoy as we,  
Who soon shall their brothers be."*

Here was St. Vincent longing for Wenlock days, entrenched in the vigor-

ous clammy tentacles of Montreal — the pastoral voice of Canada imprisoned and longing for his former life. And pathetically, here was St. Vincent at his emotion-choked best. For he feels all too strongly, the futility and aesthetic hollowness of the twentieth century. As a result, he has become somewhat of an idyllic ascetic. Here, shut in by the upholders of culture and deprived of the other fertile half of his split personality, he pens these now famous lines.

*"One to college has been  
And recites nothing but the Faerie Queene.  
Her calender not for the Sheperds made,  
'Though other black sheep she has ne'er dismayed.  
'Month Club" primed — "soap opera" timed.  
Hell, she doesn't even know how to run  
a  
cream  
separ-  
ator."*

Yes, John St. Vincent Smith is a poet of great talent and great future. May we hope to see more works fall from the high hand of this pastorally-minded Canadian poet, such as the *Blades of Leaves*. Here is a poet who does not limit his affections solely to culture or agriculture, but mingles all his metaphysical, romantic, classical and perjuristic literature into one seething mass. A poet of charm and sincerity of whom it may truly be said, "I'm a Canadian, yes a simon pure Canadian. That is good enough for me."

With the *Blades of Leaves*, Canada enters into that long-sought maturity and manhood as the United States of America did under Walt Whitman, one hundred years ago, when that epoch-making volume, *Leaves of Grass* was published. *Blades of Leaves* sings with diligent indolence and where it does not sing, it cries.

B. K.

## AUSABLE CHASM: Impressions

*To the Sands!* A great, yawning gully, Ausable Chasm cuts its way through the fringes of the Adirondacks. For centuries it echoed of nothing but waters rushing against the hard rock walls. For centuries the waters flowed, rising and falling, in defiance of nature herself, in defiance of the bronze-colored rock; black waters that still push back the reluctant walls, anxious to flow everywhere, anywhere, washing the rocks to the sands.

The Indians found the gully; they feared the black, gaping gash in the earth's crust. Here was the abode of Spirits, a place of death, the home of echoes, rushing noises bouncing from wall to wall; here was a challenge to their sturdy canoes. Eager, foolish braves would rush into the forbidding abyss only to be crushed to the walls by the waters—never stopping in their relentless fight, forever washing the rocks *to the sands*.

The white man came, proud and conquering, in his ships. Up the rivers in his sturdy longboats—"We must have furs. We have rum and rifles for furs! for furs!" Gazing into the Chasm, he could not see the walls fighting back at the waters; he could not feel the Spirits, echoing the battle cry of the waters—*to the sands, to the sands!* Blind to its wonders, he tried to harness the surging waters—but the waters still roared their victory chant — *to the sands, to the sands*.

Then people saw the beauties of the chasm, the awful beauties of waters cutting into the red-brown walls, the tired, care-worn walls. "We must build stairways, catwalks, bridges, so we can see this thing." — They came—they bridged the chasm, they built a hotel, a restaurant, parking lots, a zoo; bill-boards screamed: "Come to Ausable Chasm—Five Miles—Stop at Ausable Chasm. Three hundred yards." Now in a continuous stream, people flow through the chasm gaping with a terrified wonder at the boiling waters, gasping in awe at the beauties of the rocks. The waters rage, echo, roar, as if in a futile effort to tell the blind people that they are architects of this awful splendor, the builders of the caves, the painters of the rocks,—the destroyers of the red-brown walls.

The snake-like trains of people move through the chasm wearily, dully, endlessly; the sombre, lowering walls instilling in them a feeling of despair—of the futility of struggle against relentless waters surging forward to an unknown destiny, sweeping everything before them.

*A tall young man looked at the walls and saw himself.*

Cran Bockus

## "INSIDE U.B.C."

## A startling exposé of subversive movements.

It was a still and silent night when two dark figures emerged from the deep black shadows and crept furtively up to the top corridor of the Shed. Pausing watchfully to detect any followers, they nodded significantly two and one-half times to each other, and then slunk stealthily over to the wall. There, with low sinister chuckles, the intruders pulled out two pieces of chalk from the recesses of their deep black pockets, and began to scrawl a strange symbol beside one of the closed doors. With narrowed eye-lids and close-lipped jaws, they crept along further, and began the same ominous procedure. Undoubtedly there was something deep, black and mysterious going on. After this nefarious job had been completed, they peered sinisterly from their deep black eyes to examine their handiwork and, apparently satisfied, crawled over to the staircase. Just then, one of the doors creaked. The furtive characters lost no time; stealthily, they reached the landing, then, after first greasing the seat of their trousers with a handful of Danish butter, slowly slithered down the bannisters, into the deep black regions of the lower areas, and out of sight.

From one of the almost-shut doorways, a pyjama-clad figure peeked warily out, and, finding the hallway vacant, ran over to the light switch, and snapped it on. And what did he find? Ah, cool and complacent reader, the shock of what he saw startled him into a dumb tremble, with wide-open eyes he stared aghast at the scarred walls, then, with a dull moan, flew back to bed. Picturesque, wasn't he? But what was the trouble? What had evoked these strange, deep black doings? Was all not right in Cloccimorra? (Alright, you spell it then!)

By special arrangement with Divinity House, THE MITRE is now able to publish a startling exposé of the mysterious events which have lately taken place within these quiet walls. Yes, noble friends, beware! Even now, sinister figures may be scrawling upon *your* walls, those very walls you hold so dear, those very bulwarks which you reserve only for large, dusty photographs and time-honoured paint. Yes, even now, these strange conspirators may tamper with the fixtures of your building and then, with well-battered trousers, slide slowly out of sight down your time-honoured bannisters, — yes, and finally merge once more into the deep black shadows of other regions.

For take note, gentle friends, be it known unto you that the ancient,

venerable and old Society of the (young) Boyne, otherwise known as the Royal Orange, Order a dozen, has begun operations within these buildings, and is leaving its trade-mark behind.

And, as further warning to those who may come in contact with the conspirators, an exclusive arrangement has been made with the eminent poet "Rusticated Rudolph", who here illustrates the activity and aim of these men as timely information:

### THE MYSTERIOUS MEN

Or SORRY, BOYS, I'VE ONLY GOT \$2.25

The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but he had fled —  
 A symbol stark had caught his gaze  
 He stayed there, standing in a daze  
 For, carved on the mast of the red-hot blaze,  
 He saw through the mist of the smoky haze:  
 2½

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold —  
 But a sight of amazement stopped them cold,  
 Scrawled on the tents of the sleeping band,  
 Written as letters traced in the sand,  
 An omen of warning throughout the land  
 Was found traced out by secret hand:  
 2½

A yelp of horror rent the night, The tiger felt an awful fright —  
 Was it a bullet stopped him short  
 Of some brave hunter out for sport?  
 No! 'Twas a sign of great import,  
 Cut in the wall of a jungle fort:  
 2½

The spacious ball-room ceased with talk.  
 The silent dancers stopped their walk —  
 Oh, what had caused such tension ill?  
 Was it that they had had their fill?  
 The food made an expensive bill?  
 No! 'cross the stage was written still:  
 2½

The humble peasant quit his plow. A saddening furrow knit his brow. —  
 A note he'd found inside the door,  
 Pinned by a dagger to the floor  
 And in its folds this warning bore:  
 2½

The stag at eve had drunk his fill, Of moonshine up on Monan's hill —  
 But say, had mountain pools turned stale  
 That in his lust he'd turned to ale?  
 No, friends, in looking back he whitened pale  
 To see pinned on his bushy tail;  
 2½

Now listen, my friends, and you shall hear —  
 Of midnight rides of men to fear,  
 Who scale the height and cross the plain,  
 Who sail the ocean's bounding main,  
 Frightening babies and scaring kids,  
 Hooking pies from window-lids.  
 Oh! This is the sign. Beware in your laugh,  
 of the mighty men of the two and a half.

*For purposes of personal safety, the author has chosen to remain anonymous.*

## THE SECOND EXILE OF JUDA

OR "e = mc<sup>2</sup>"

"As far as I know I may be the only survivor of the war, the last human on earth. If the destruction which I witnessed and took part in as an American pilot in the first stage of the East-West war continued at the same pace, it is possible that our entire civilisation has been wiped out. If I am wrong, as I hope I am, and if a new civilisation should rise out of the rubble of the old, this record may be of some use."

\* \* \*

"My name does not matter. I came to this island on a carley float, after being forced to ditch my aircraft in the Pacific. An adequate supply of water and plenty of concentrated food kept me quite well, and the twenty days before I landed gave me ample time to consider the peculiar horror of the situation from which I was escaping, though I had no idea then of the more unusual and heartbreaking experience ahead of me."

\* \* \*

"I was considerably weaker than I had thought, and my legs, after twenty days on the float, were barely able to carry me to the shelter of the nearest tree. I remember noticing how red the stars seemed to shine before I passed out. . . . The next morning was well advanced when I came to. I was surprised at my surroundings, but far more surprised to see an old man, a native, propped against a nearby tree, watching me with intent but placid eyes that shone with a light of realised hope — as though he had finally found something he had long been seeking. I now understand how that look came there; in fact I must wear the same expression, now that he is gone.

He had come to this island, Bikini, in his mother's womb, from a small island to the southeast where King Juda had led his subjects after several earlier moves. He had consented to move when the white man had said that a terrible thing would destroy their island. Rongerik, just as large and just as green, but with more coconuts, had been their first home-away-from-home. The white had given them huts with wooden floors and shining metal rooves, a great water tank, and a strange box that spoke many voices and made music. But Rongerik was not home. They thought of how wonderful the fishing had been at Bikini. So the white man had found them another island, but it was the same thing all over again. They wanted to go home.

The white men said the fishing waters were still too dangerous. This they could not understand—the waters had always been warm and clear and friendly. So Juda led his people home in spite of the warnings. That year several children were born, but never again did any native woman bear a child; and he had grown up to see the slow disappearance of his race. I realised that the radioactive waters must have rendered them sterile."

\* \* \*

The above quotations are portions from the much-talked-of diary found on the island of Bikini by Capt. R. H. Owen in his recent trip to establish trade relations with the southern hemisphere. This strange document comes to us like a voice from the past to remind us of the futility of enmity, and the sorrow of those calamitous days some two hundred and fifty years ago. The author would have been astonished to learn that the 'new civilisation' grew up in what he knew as the frozen Arctic; that the atomic bombs had disintegrated the ice cap of the world, creating a new temperate land to which the remnants of the old civilisation migrated and settled in friendship.

*M. H. Stanley*

Nov. 30, 2250  
New London, Greenland.

## THE EXCHANGE PAGE

During the last term so many exchanges have been received that it will be only possible to mention a few of them in detail. It is gratifying to feel that our field has finally broadened and next year a further expansion will certainly be made. For the present — our sincere thanks to the editors of those publications with whom we are already exchanging.

Two copies of the *Yale Literary Magazines* are at hand and deserve some special mention. The Jan.-Feb. Issue is an interesting example of the duplication which apparently is the rule at all of our Universities today. It seems that even in the largest of them only a certain small and select group are interested enough in creative writing and literary work as a whole to contribute to and otherwise support their college magazines. Those on the staff are the heaviest contributors to the literary section of the issue while four of the eleven contributors have more than one poem or article in print. The same trend is carried over into the March issue, where it is even more noticeable. That duplication of this sort might occur in a small college such as our own is not surprising — it is even to be expected. When it happens at the largest colleges, however, there is cause for alarm. Surely the literary spirit has not sunk so low as is evidenced, and if it has, why should this be so? It's worth thinking over . . . but we have wandered into other fields. Back to the Jan.-Feb. Issue. The articles on literature are especially interesting, dealing as they do with typical trends in writing. *Reflexive Irony in Modern Poetry* is at heart a sound work and worth more than a passing consideration, as is an article on D. H. Lawrence as a religious artist. The short stories in this issue are particularly well written (with one noticeable exception) and in *The Neutral* a trivial theme has been made into absorbing reading matter by a skilled handling of the prose vehicle introduced by Defoe in one of our earliest novels.

The poetry in this and the March issue tends perhaps to be excessively *avant-gard*. While some of the poems presented in the spring anthology reveal a real sensitivity and almost all share a "freshness and vitality," a few of the selections are so obscure and so 'original' in form that they fail to convey to the reader anything but bewilderment and doubts as to their value. After all, the prime function of any work of art is the transference from creator to spectator of some perception. If *nothing* is conveyed — not even abstract humour — the artist has failed, the 'poem' isn't.

LOVE SONG  
mi chiamato

ME

ME

the two of us

et il perche io so

Is this? Both issues have certainly provided fruit for discussion here at Bishop's and we shall look forward to the autumnal numbers.

The March *Gryphon* is, as ever, a pleasure to receive. Although the verse section is not inspiring, there are some strong articles, (of timely interest to Bish. men) on the living conditions about the University of Leeds. Needless to say, few words are wasted in their praise. Among the stories in this issue *Four Useless People*, which tends to trail-off at the end, is the most powerful. The usual few plate reproductions of objets d'art has not been included — high costs and no material very worthwhile is the excuse. Perhaps we'll see them next time.

Though, strictly speaking, it belongs to THE CAMPUS, we are taking over the *Sphinx* Exchange. It is the literary magazine of the University of Liverpool and the March 1949 issue is a very unusual one indeed. (Perhaps not for old *Sphinx* readers — it is new to us however.) It is a good quality magazine, slightly smaller than THE MITRE, on glazed paper and sporting a very striking and well designed cover. The contents are also very striking (and somewhat confusing). If this is the March issue, what will the April-fool's day one be like! Opening with a completely irrational editorial which concludes with the happy thought

"(The Editor is not responsible for his own opinions)."

it meanders dizzily onwards while alternating sections of sheer nonsense with some very well written and interesting prose. The index at the back rounds out the volume with such comments as "No Poems . . . Page 1" and it is perfectly correct — page one is a grocery ad. The other items aren't even that correct. Though confusing, it is, all in all, a rather fascinating issue and a welcome cure from excessive sobriety.

Before closing, a word about the McGill "Forge." We invested in a copy a few weeks ago and, though not yet exchanging with it, nevertheless it deserves mention. Only 45 pages in length it represents, one supposes, the best of literature (in the more-or-less high-brow sense) for the last year at the University. Why, pray tell, only 45 pages worth? No duplication anyways, but still a sign that the belle-lettre is not a collegiate forte. At a casual glance what material there was did not overly impress

the reader. (Or so claim the local pundits.) It needs to be read carefully however, and is on the whole a well-written and well-balanced issue, with every selection worthwhile and of interest. *Tom, Dick and Harry*, the story of the escape tunnels from Stalag Luft III, has appeared in much the same form from its importance. Donald Fisher's *Allister* also evokes memories. If the author has not already read A. L. Baker's *Innocents*, he should find it of interest. The quality of the paper on which this issue has been printed and the well chosen type design, combined with a clean lay-out throughout, are an added attraction which helps offset an unpleasantly smirking (and really most sinister) police-man featured in one of the back ads.

A. W. R.

We would like to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

Newspapers:

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

Pamphlets:

The "Service d'information Française"  
 The "Brazilian Gov't. Trade Bureau"  
*The Alcan Ingot & The Aluminium News*.

Magazines:

*The Cornell Countryman*, Cornell U. Col. of Agriculture and Home Ec.  
*The Yale Literary Magazine*, Yale University.  
*The Gryphon*, University of Leeds, Eng.  
*The Sphynx*, Liverpool University, Eng.  
*Codrington College*, The Barbadoes.  
*The College Times*, Upper Canada College.  
*The Ashburian*, Ashbury College School.  
*King's Hall*, King's Hall School, Compton.  
*The Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope.  
*The B.C.S. Magazine*, Bishop's College School.  
*Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, Ottawa.  
*Queen's Review*, Kingston, Ont.  
*Oyez, Oyez*, U.N.B. Law School, U.N.B.  
*The King's College Record*, Halifax (including the Dalhousie No.)  
*The Quebec Diocesan Gazette*.  
*The Algoma Missionary News*

## "A BISHOP'S DIARY"

being scattered excerpts of general interest to all.

- March 6th. Reading circles for the major play begin and the raucous chatter of the first crows at large is a welcome portent of an early spring.
- March 17th. Resident students astounded by a staggering feast in honour of the patron of the emerald isle. Resultant suspicions of a Dail Eireann conspiracy perturb many a Tory digestive tract.
- March 22nd. The noble brethren rejoice mightily as the Frothblowers and Parchesi Club succumb to superior bowling skill. "Refreshments were then served."
- March 28th. Des beaux arts. A piano-cello duet is featured in the final concert of the year.
- April 1st. Grim tragedy stalks the midnight corridors of the Old Arts; terrified watchmen, cowering before ghastly prospects, run panic stricken for aid. Alas, to no avail. The first grey fingers of a cold dawn, probing the shadowy halls, flicker over a limp figure which twirls quietly from the business end of a hangman's noose. Heart-ache? Perhaps, but one less rodent to share our digs with anyway.
- April 2nd. The annual sugaring off, and a merry throng, bolstered by copious draughts of lemon and sour pickle, manages to stuff itself far beyond the normal saturation point. Subsequent agitation of the mixture in several cases proved rather disastrous.
- April 6th. The faculty tea provides nimble scavengers with a pleasant afternoon of culinary delight.
- April 7th. The Brotherhood binge. Need we say more? (At this point the occupational hazard known as *Easter Holidays* sweeps the College bare and the dust is given a few days of well earned rest.)

- April 18th. Badminton scores again (odd ain't it?) as Suart and Hanna take first honors in the Montreal junior doubles tourney.  
*Outrage, Rustication!* For "endangering the lives of his fellow students," by employing the old anarchist-bolshevist techniques (basically: a combustible under pressure attached to a burning piece of string), the executive sees fit to grant a week's leave of absence to a prominent member of the Class of '51. Incidental damages were no doubt covered by the slight toll levied on his exeat.
- April 22nd. Co-eds stage the Farmers' Frolic. A real yokel time was had by all. Some of the damyankees grew a mite weary of the Virginia reel and nasal orange-men clamoured for an honest square dance. (in the grandpaw U. E. Loyalist tradition?)
- April 27th. The new council takes its oath (another inovation this) of office.
- April 28th. A certain *Rev'd. Dr. Jewitt* saluted (or was it salted?) by our regional conservative press. God reveals himself in many ways: jet-propelled gliders become an irrisistible nine-days-wonder for those fortunate students who live over the wide front lawns.
- April 30th. Third Year takes the five-mile relay. Three records are smashed and 2nd. Year awaits revenge.
- May 1st. Phillip Quebec visits his old college for the annual laying-on of hands at the B.C.S. chaple service. The Berlin-Birchwood axis remains quiet on the day of days.
- May 4th. Dr. Raymond gives the MITRE birthday-party tea.
- May 5th. - 6th. *Rebecca*. He dood it and for once the murderer gets away with it. A back-stage party given by *The Lodge* is a grand close to the 99th. season.
- May 7th. The McGreer Shield. Guess who won at a walk? That's right, and Ed. Pilgrim coups the trophy for the third year running.

- May 10th. Another famous son (D.C.L. '46) visits his Alma Mater and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent is publicly draped with the old college tie.
- May 12th. *Lots to do, to-day*: Our local friends-of-nature group off for the annual romp through the spring pastures. "*Here we go gathering nuts in May,*" but crawfish were the only booty worth a damn. A softball game was also enjoyed — but not so much by the bretheren, who fell before the Frothblowers 25-4.  
The Athletics Banquet held during the evening and the Prin's announcement of an Athletics Director for 1949-50 helps off-set the saddening words of Jim Dewhurst who, after half-a-century's service in these hallowed precincts, feels that his retirement can be postponed no longer.

\* \* \*

And so ends another college year. Sun-burns and scraped shins mark the return of swimming, *Thesis-itis* has swung 'round to the long-averted *cram*, the Tennis tournament has finally been decided, lectures will end on the 21st. and exams begin the 26th. On the 17th convocate those who may. Class of '49, our best wishes go with you. As for the rest — no doubt we'll meet again.

Occy

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF LAND TRANSPORTATION

The development of transportation has been an influential factor in the evolution of man, especially in modern times in his transition from a pastoral and agricultural worker to a civilized industrialist. It has been of prime importance in the growth of world trade, which has had such a great effect on the shaping of modern life.

The earliest means of transportation was by land animals, and the first beast of burden was woman. Primitive man was a hunter and fighter, and had to have his hands free for these duties when on the march. This convention may be retraced to the apes and other animals,

among whom it is the female who carries the offspring and bears the burden of other loads. Among primitive people in modern times the custom still prevails. It is the woman who carries food and household supplies in tropical countries (often on her head), and it is she who carries the Eskimo baby or the Indian papoose.

Gradually animals were brought into use, the species varying with the climate and the load to be carried. Dogs, oxen, reindeer, elephants, and horses all played an important part in assisting man to transport his goods. In many parts of the world animals continue to find widespread use as load carriers.

Then man learned that he, or his animals, could haul a greater load than they could carry, and various contrivances were developed to permit the application of this principle. Among the early devices were skins sewn into bags and pulled by dogs or horses. Later sleighs were invented and were found to be more efficient, especially on snow and ice.

The invention of the wheel was a great advance: the greatest in the history of transportation. Perhaps some caveman noticed that a log would roll readily, and ingeniously adapted it to the movement of heavy loads. Primitive carts were eventually made, and from these spring our modern vehicles, still running on wheels.

Land travel was greatly advanced by the Romans, who built large systems of fine roads, some of which exist to the present day. Even by this time, however, almost all travel was on foot, machines being reserved for the carriage of very bulky loads. It was not until much later that horse-drawn vehicles, notably the stagecoach, carried any appreciable part of the passenger traffic.

Further road improvement by MacAdam (first of the moderns to build with an eye to proper drainage and foundation) gave added impetus to this form of travel. A maximum speed for horse-drawn carriages had now been reached, for the animals could now travel as fast as they were able to while still retaining a reasonable endurance. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, railways were operated, using horse-drawn trains running on wooden rails.

The next step was the application of mechanical power to the transportation of passengers and goods. It was on the railways that the first real advances were made. The stationary steam engine had been in use in the collieries since the early nineteenth century, but numerous experimenters had failed in adapting this power source to railway vehicles. Finally Stevenson, a clever Scottish engineer, designed and built the first practical steam locomotive, and by 1825 the first steam-powered public passenger railway in the world was in operation.

These early locomotives travelled at comparatively low speeds—in the neighbourhood of 15 miles per hour — but steady improvement

in materials and design enabled a British locomotive of the Great Western Railway to achieve a speed of 102.3 m.p.h. in 1904. Advances in roadbed construction\* and dispatching techniques permitted higher scheduled speeds with safety. Many mechanical developments advanced the railroads to their present position. Of primary importance among these was the air brake, which greatly reduced the stopping distance of a train.

The application of Diesel engines to locomotives in 1920 was a milestone of railway progress. The new powerplants were lighter, smoother, and more economical to run, as well as causing less track-wear. Diesels find extensive use in the United States, where many passenger trains average better than sixty miles per hour on long runs. An even more modern power unit, the steam turbine, promises strong competition with these two established forms. Together with the gas turbine, at present used experimentally in Switzerland, it will undoubtedly aid the railways in keeping pace with the rapid advances of air travel.

Coach design has gone hand in hand with the rapid improvement of locomotives. Modern coaches provide a smoother, more silent ride, and offer interior comfort and facilities far superior to those of parlour cars of the 20's. All-steel construction has greatly increased the safety factor, while larger windows permit greater visibility in the daytime and fluorescent lights are far superior to the old gas lamps for night-time illumination.

(Other allied forms of transportation vehicles of which space considerations do not permit mention are the electric railway, with its variants, the streetcar and the subway. Electric trains are of utmost importance in the conduct of underground mining operations.)

The automobile is undoubtedly the most convenient, the most pleasant, and therefore the most popular form of travel on this continent, and it enjoys widespread use throughout the world. Its commercial derivatives, trucks and busses, are major load carriers unrivalled in many ways. For these reasons we may consider this mode of transportation the most important in our modern age, although it is difficult to make predictions for the future.

The earliest self-propelled road vehicle was the steam car, the first variant of which ran in 1771, thus predating the steam locomotive by half a century. Nevertheless, these early automobiles were not then nearly as important as their rail-running contemporaries. They were slow, awkward, unreliable, expensive machines. Early models could scarcely maintain a walking pace, even when operating "under forced draught."

The development of the internal combustion engine by Daimler in 1886 brought about great changes in the automotive industry. By the

\* It is interesting to note that the superiority of British road beds is reflected in their equivalent term for these — *Permanent ways*.

turn of the century, car manufacturing had begun in earnest.

Due to the popularity of the automobile, its history of the next fifty years is familiar to all. Riding comfort has been greatly increased by numerous improvements, such as independent front wheel suspension with coil springs, shock absorbers, and seating between the axles, to name but a few. Ease of control has been gained by the use of the steering-post gearshift and more easily read instruments. Automatic devices have replaced many manually operated controls, and those remaining have been greatly refined to lighten the driver's task.

Safety has been the keynote in the advance of all phases of transportation. To achieve this end, automotive engineers have built all-steel bodies, installed sealed-beam headlights, and four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Shatter-proof glass windows of much larger area are a double safety feature. Performance has been stepped-up by the use of more cylinders, fluid-drive units and higher cylinder compression ratios. (The latter feature permits the use of more highly refined fuels, with resultant economy.)

Throughout this evolution, reliability has been increased and maintenance costs lowered. Finally, mass production methods have reduced the price of the automobile to within the reach of many.

In the field of commercial vehicles, similar engineering advances have been made. The Diesel engine has proven very suitable for certain types of trucks, buses and tractors, cutting fuel costs enormously.

We may be assured that the rapid pace of the past century will be maintained, or even accelerated. New power sources are now on the horizon. The gas turbine is on trial in England as a potential power-plant for heavy duty vehicles, and eventually for private cars. In the more distant future, we shall probably see the application of atomic energy to the propulsion of vehicles of all kinds, provided the problem of anti-radiation shielding can be effectively solved.

This study reveals, typically, the progress of science in unison with the other phases of civilization. Science has ever set the trend, dictating a better life for all.

*C. T. Connery*

Player's Please

PLAYER'S "MILD"

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Player's

NAVY CUT  
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