

## NEW BOOKS

THE MAN WHISTLER. By HESKETH PEARSON. (London) Methuen, Pp. 198.

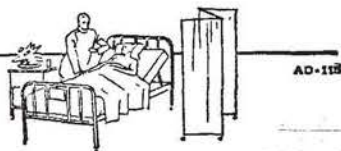
Mr. Pearson himself states that James Laver has written by far the best book on Whistler as an artist. This makes it uncharitable to criticize Mr. Pearson for not having done so himself, especially since he has adequately maintained his own high standard in this book on Whistler the man. Of course, one can quarrel with this estimate of Mr. Laver's book (*Whistler*, second and revised edition, 1951) and claim that there has never been a better book on both the artist and man than that by the Pennells, in spite of their rather nauseating partisanship. Partisanship was of the essence of Whistler's life anyway, and perhaps you had to be a partisan, for or against, to be able to enter in to that realm of black and white which made up the Master's life.

Mr. Pearson, at any rate, has gone over most of the facts once more, and even appears to have dredged up a few anecdotes which one does not seem to have encountered before. There is, in fact, a certain monotony in reading the books about Whistler. In all of them the same stories are repeated so faithfully that one begins to wonder about the original source of them all. There are some notable exceptions of course. In Will Rothenstein's autobiographical three-volume commentary on his times—which will some day receive far more attention than it has so far from students of the period—one finds a most reasoned and knowledgeable account of Whistler's total personality because, of course, Rothenstein as a young art student, and later, during his formative years, knew and worshipped the little man but was never fooled by him. But, generally, with each successive book comes the very strong feeling that we might well have been spared all this. It has all been said, and better said—and, unfortunately, this remains true by and large of Mr. Pearson's book.

An example of the kind of thing Mr. Pearson might well have avoided unless he could have done something with it, is his lump of undigested information about Charles Augustus Howell. This fabulous factotum of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ruskin, Swinburne and Whistler, appears in every work dealing with these figures or with the period generally. The stories vary remarkably little in the telling, and one gets the very strong impression that a central source has been the inspiration for all of them. It is clear that the character and bizarre doings of this "Gil-Blas-Robinson-Crusoe hero" (as Whistler himself called Howell) have fascinated the chroniclers to the point where they simply had to drag him in even if they could make no estimate of the real significance of his relationships with his various astounding eminent friends. Mr. Pearson has succumbed in the same fashion, and we still do not know why it should always seem so necessary to devote so many pages to Howell's outrageous escapades. As too often happens, in the retailing of the multitude of Whistler legends, but little attempt is made to draw the significant conclusions which might have helped in solving the problem of why Whistler was as he was.



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But it still remains true, as Will Rothenstein said of Whistler, that "Period minds are as interesting as period furniture." Mr. Pearson has had no difficulty in re-creating the aura of those days since, apart from his careful research, he did live contemporaneously with his subject for some years. He brings out in the most nostalgic style the gaslit charm of Chelsea and of the rue du Bac. At the same time he never quite loses sight of the fact that the period was one of innovation and revolt in the world of ideas. To this innovation and revolt Whistler made definite contributions and these Mr. Pearson has dealt with meticulously if usually without much insight. The pot-of-paint trial in which he appeared with Ruskin, the *Ten O'clock* lecture, as well as many quotations from Whistler's critical opinions are carefully set down here with due care having been taken to distinguish the merely outrageous from the constructive and sincere. The many quotations also help us once more to realize the peculiar excellence of the painter's prose style to which, perhaps, not enough credit has been given.

The fact is that by his exquisite handling of both paint and words Whistler has shown himself to have been a Dandy *par excellence*, and it is surprising that Cyril Connolly did not include him in the chapter entitled "Anatomy of Dandyism" in his *Enemies of Promise*. He is certainly not left out of Holbrook Jackson's consideration of "The New Dandyism" where Barbey d'Aurevilly is quoted to the effect that dandyism always produced the unexpected—"that which could not logically be anticipated by those accustomed to the yoke of rules." Oscar Wilde too wrote of this attitude in his *Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young*, in which he said "To expect the unexpected shows a thoroughly modern intellect." Whistler, in his revolt against the picture-story, against the slavish attempt to copy Nature, against the vulgarity of taste of the bourgeoisie and in his elevation of the aristocratic in manners, taste and dress and above all in his insistence upon an uncompromising instinct for the "unexpected" in his art—to the detriment of his reputation and his pocket-book usually—by all this and more, showed himself one of the undoubted arbiters of elegance and one of the few sound artistic souls of the day.

In short, one would like to see a serious attempt to give Whistler his proper place among the dandies in the true succession from the seventeenth century. In dealing with this succession, Mr. Connolly writes of how Firbank was influenced by Aubrey Beardsley's *Under the Hill*, which, after all, is only a fragment and his only prose work at that. While it is true that Whistler wrote no fiction, he did write a greater volume of really exquisite prose than Beardsley or any other artist of the day who comes to mind, and an assessment of this prose, along with a really scholarly treatment of the possible and probable influence of his total artistic personality on subsequent dandies is something for which we are yet waiting. After all, is there not more than just a suggestion of a recrudescence of dandyism in the artistic climate of here and now?

R. A. O'BRIEN.



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UNCONVENTIONAL VOYAGES. By ARTHUR R. M. LOWER. Pp. 156.  
The Ryerson Press. \$3.50.

Professor Lower's conviction that his "double life: by winter an academic and in the summers reverting to some form of the primitive" has been rich in complementary values. In these sketches of voyages made through the bush and barren of the Canadian Northland or upon the Atlantic Ocean he recalls adventures which he believes have contributed to his understanding of Canada, and especially its history and geography.

It is a book of recollection covering the years since those tranquil days before World War I and although it is quite different from the type of work we have learned to expect from the author, it does provide a variety of scene and atmosphere. The reader, too, will discover that Professor Lower's opinions of things Canadian are founded not merely on scholarship but on first-hand acquaintance with this country at many times and in many places.

W. G. A.

LORCA, AN APPRECIATION OF HIS POETRY. By ROY CAMPBELL. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, and (Toronto) British Book Service. 79 p. \$1.25.

Lorca as poet, Campbell as critic and translator, are both significantly revealed in this contribution to the excellent series "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought." The Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca (1899-1936), now well and truly relieved of his Martyr's crown, has received from fellow-poet Roy Campbell a sympathetic and careful interpretation. Of particular interest and value are Campbell's translations which manage to a high degree to convey the feeling of Lorca's poetry and yet carry a rich and vigorous worth of their own.

"Fully to appreciate the poetry of Garcia Lorca we must consider how much the vocal element predominates over the printed letter in Spanish life; and Lorca's poems were known long before they were ever printed." As Campbell points out, Lorca, like the brilliant Welsh poet, the late Dylan Thomas, derived from a country which is strong in musical and vocal tradition, where (in Spain) ". . . pedlars of ballads travel round, from farm to farm, to recite or sing their compositions, and sell their broadsheets if their clients are literate, or if not, teach them the airs and words by heart." Lorca was acutely conscious of the sound of words and laboured throughout his life to extract from them their fullest vocal significance.

This critical estimate of Lorca is based primarily on a close examination of his images ". . . they are the pulses by which we measure his health. . .". Well acquainted with the arena of Spanish life and thought, and equipped with an expert working knowledge of the art of poetry, Campbell demonstrates here that he can pin down an image as neatly as he can a steer. Through the early poems, romances, songs and dramas (these briefly) Campbell outlines the natural stages of their development, the success or failure of the image, sources, and

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manner in which Lorca worked within the tradition of Spanish poetry and music. All this is contained in just seventy-nine pages happily free of high-flying "new criticism" trapezes, pages which are bright with brilliant flashes of telling criticism. Only occasionally does Campbell take off in a well-directed sentence or two for a verbal swipe at the B.B.C. or Bertrand Russell, to mention two.

Briefly, Lorca worked close to the folk-lore and customs of Andalusia and miraculously blended with it a very opposite substance "... own gorgeous ramification of the sophisticated and highly literary baroque tradition." In addition to Gongora ("... a symbolist three hundred years before his time"), Campbell lists the following poets of Spain's Golden Age who influenced Lorca: Quevedo, Fray Luis de Leon, Saint John of the Cross, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, Tirso de Molina and others. Despite the strong and heady influence of the ornamental Andalusian literature on Lorca, his work always manages to contain a steady Roman economy, a central design "... the froth of good champagne—with a body to it."

Here is a passage from the lament on the death of a great Andalusian bullfighter, which illustrates the conscious balance of luxury and economy, and the ideas of both, to be found in Lorca's poetry. As Campbell comments on this passage "... he describes how the Roman principle of proportion and design tempers the wild strength and extravagance of the Andalusian."

Like a torrent of lions, his  
Incomparable strength was rolled,  
And like a torso hewn in marble  
His prudence carven and controlled.  
Gold airs of Andalusian Rome  
Circled his head and gilded it,  
Whereon his laugh was like a lily  
Of clear intelligence and wit.

A brief biographical sketch of Lorca, together with a short bibliography of the poet's published work, supplement the text.

DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD.

TIME THE TEMPEST. An Army Chaplain's Story: by WALDO E. L. SMITH. Ryerson Press 1953. Pp. 305. \$4.00.

This is an uncommonly good book. The author says in an extract from his *Foreword* printed on the book-jacket (the *Foreword* strangely, does not appear in the book itself):

It is hard for those who do not go to war to understand how it bears on their menfolk who are in it. I shall be very glad if the men who waited and worked and fought will be able to say on laying this book down, "Yes, that is how it was."

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The skill with which personal experience is fitted into the larger picture of events and developed through the many-sided human involvements of a chaplain's life is almost unnoticed, because the record itself is so convincingly put down as one man's journey through the war years. There are no heroics, no display, and no sententiousness, but a convincing sincerity. Because the author is more concerned with 'how it was' than with 'how I felt about it', we are able to feel with him and accept his judgments the more readily.

'This is war', says Dr. Smith, recording one tragic, casual incident in Italy. That could be the title of the whole tale as he tells it, war as tragic, heroic, pathetic, boring, frustrating, fearful, or tender. He writes of war as the headlines understand it and as history remembers it, at Dieppe, Sicily, Cassino and the Gothic Line. But he writes of it chiefly as it touches those drawn within its orbit. The soldier, of course, is in the centre of the picture, with his feeling that he has dropped out of life and his knowledge that he is in the war until, one way or another, he 'goes home.' The civilian is there too. The short paragraph on his father's death is one of the most moving of the author's many references to the passing out of life, as with complete lack of sentimentality it strikes a universal note and then is followed immediately by an account of Christmas gaiety. Inevitably, death and the soldier's attitude to death is a recurring theme, but it is only one theme among others. The book is a remarkable tribute to the courage and endurance of many ordinary folk. It is also a memorial to the faith which made possible this chaplain's story.

KENNETH M. HAMILTON.

MAN'S THREEFOLD WILL TO FREEDOM. Being the fifth series of lectures on the Chancellor Dunning Trust Lectures delivered at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, 1953: by T. V. SMITH. The Ryerson Press 1953. Pp. 73. \$2.50.

Sir Winston Churchill has effectively attacked the cumbersome nuisance of 'official' English. But in their ability to torture language British civil servants are closely rivalled by American university professors. The present lectures are written in that unlovely jargon where nothing is merely 'revived' or 'placed', but instead 'gets re-vivication' or has 'placement'; where you never 'use' but always 'utilize'—and also, of course, 'maximize', 'memorialize', 'personalize', and 'totalize'; and where things do not 'happen' but 'eventuate'. Here academic wordiness and slang jostle each other. Professor Smith urges us to face head-on a matter of differential access, to proceed from the get-a-way of the self, and to get the jump on contingency. Although he says the permissibility of acquiescence has been transformed, we cannot rewrite his book, but have to take it as it is. At one point, coming upon the gnomic sentence, 'Resident in the womb, power stands guard also at the tomb', we wonder hopefully whether the spirit of Odgen Nash is to break in with a saving breath of humour. Alas! the effect, apparently unintentional, is not repeated.

Yet these lectures, for all their perversity of style, are far from dull, because they deal with a live subject and draw definite and con-

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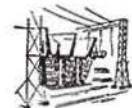


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fidant conclusions. The 'three-fold will' of the title is made up of the will to power, the will to perfection, and the will to piety. Freedom is thus defined as a capacity, a freedom 'to' and not a freedom 'from'. In his recent careful study, *Freedom: a New Analysis*, Maurice Cranston has argued that a theory advocating a 'positive' view of freedom uses the word in a sense that invariably leads to confusion, since the ordinary meaning of freedom is always negative. It is to be feared that this confusion is present in Professor Smith's attractive thesis.

According to this thesis, getting what one wants is the beginning of freedom. Discovering perfection in the imagination is the essential, but disembodied, fulfilment of freedom. And finding by compromise with opposing wills how much—or how little—of the ideal can be grafted on to the actual is the possession of freedom. Freedom thus becomes another name for the good life. Its connection with democratic politics is stressed, since democracy, by balancing the power of rival ideologies against one another prevents any single group from imposing its pattern of good upon society at large. Progress comes by limited agreements, little by little.

At first glance all this seems agreeable to common sense, until the elements composing it are tested. Professor Smith's use of the word 'power' is equivocal. He defines it as *the capacity to effect results*, but he writes about the 'will to power' in the much narrower sense popularly given to Nietzsche's 'will to power'. His argument that *conscience itself is a bid for power*, though blatantly fallacious as argued, banishes ethical norms from the human scene. Next, after paying compliments to the imagination, he identifies ideals with subjective fantasy. What makes up freedom is therefore an a-moral will to power, plus a wholly private will to perfection, held together by the will to accept whatever the mixture produces. This does not seem enough to explain why we, as nature's gentlemen, should accept the *noblesse oblige* of majority rule. Would we not be as 'free', as 'good', and as 'pious' before the scheme of things by demonstrating how natural rulers subdue natural slaves when our will to power suggests it?

By slipping in the notion of freedom as freedom 'from' the things which Western humanists dislike in place of the freedom 'to' the good life (where 'good' can mean literally *anything imaginable*), it looks as though the democratic way of life has been confirmed and explained. But this freedom 'from' is outside the threefold will 'to' freedom and must be sought in the will to apply objective standards of good to politics, i. e. *to distinguish conscience from power*. Democracy, as an historical phenomenon, has grown out of faith in particular religious or metaphysical beliefs, such as the equality of men before God or the existence of the Rights of Man, and it has not been proved that it can survive without any such support.

With Professor Smith's denial of the ethical and metaphysical basis of democracy goes an old-fashioned confidence (inherited from Madison) that democracy will triumph because a law of nature sees to it that hostile factions will cancel one another out. This exact parallel to the equally out-dated trust in *laissez-faire* economics is the worst possible dogma to cling to in the twentieth century, when democracies have fallen all around us before rival faiths. Democracies endure only when men are united in demanding freedom from certain



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specific tyrannies in the faith that these are *evil*. Professor Smith's contention that the moral conscience is without intrinsic authority does not measure up to this fact. The many excellent things he has to say about the creative effects of compromise assume the ultimate acceptance of common standards of right as well as disagreement over the relativities of proximate goals. The case that freedom can be defined 'positively' has not been substantiated.

The lectures contain a few odd slips. Plato's charioteer did not drive one high-spirited and one steady steed. It was not Frankenstein who got out of hand. 'To know God and to enjoy him forever' is not man's purpose in the language of the creed—and not quite what the Shorter Catechism says, either. And Wordsworth did not write, 'The world is too much with us' in revolt against Christian otherworldliness!

KENNETH M. HAMILTON.

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A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE. 1852-1952,  
edited by T. A. REED. University of Toronto Press. \$3.50.

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS: by D. C. MASTERS.  
Clarke Irwin. \$3.00.

Those two centennial volumes will be indispensable to the future student and the future historian of higher education in Canada. They will also be most welcome to former students of the two universities, who will nudge one another and laugh, and ask one another if they remember such-and-such and so-and-so. And they *will* remember; and it will do them good. If they read the appropriate volume through, they will know more about their old university than they have ever done and will realize more fully their immense debt to the pioneers. They may also (who knows) understand better the purposes of a university and the particular purposes of their own.

But to be of interest to the general reader centenary volumes of this kind must offer something more. They must either illuminate the broader history of the times of which they write or make more manifest the purposes of universities through the lives or doctrines of their teachers. In this respect Prof. Master's book offers us only meagre fare. We learn that roads were bad and travel difficult a hundred years ago, that life in college had its discomforts, that the early curriculum was narrow, and that student rags were not unknown. Almost the only figure who appears as a real personality is Jasper Nicholls the first Principal. The chapter entitled "The Bishop's Tradition" is especially disappointing. One suspects that Bishop's stands for more than this and one would like very much to know what it is.

There is more meat in "The History of Trinity College." This is partly (but only partly) because the College is the child of that remarkable man John Strachan, who here appears naturally enough, in a more favourable light than usual. Here he appears in all his dogged persistence, his determination to succeed, his devotion to scholarship, his autocratic temper, his fearlessness exemplified by his motto "*caveo, non timeo*", his forthrightness and above all his vigour

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of mind and body. Like Henry VIII, whether you approve of his deeds or not, at least you have to admit that he got things done. Such men are necessary and at times even desirable.

After the first chapter on "The Founder" successive chapters tell of the early stages, the federation with Toronto and the removal to Queen's Park. They are, of course largely concerned to record the names of those who taught, those who were students and those who helped the university on its way by financial or other aid. But out of the sea of names, the majority of which mean nothing and can mean nothing to the outsider, emerge at least two lovable and scholarly figures, William Clarke and William Jones, and at least one astute administrator, Provost Macklem. Those, together with subsequent chapters on student life and sports, contrive to give an admirable picture of university life in a residential college, both interesting and informative even to a non-Trinity reader.

The book is beautifully printed and produced and it is a joy to see again on the dust cover the fine distinctive lettering and ornamentation of Thoreall Macdonald.

A. S. MOWAT.

**EDUCATION AND LIBERTY:** By JAMES BRYANT CONANT. Harvard University Press. Published in Canada by S. J. Reginald Saunders. \$4.00.

A proper review of this book would consist of two words:—"Read it." Nothing that a reviewer can say will add to or subtract from its worth. It is undoubtedly one of the most valuable books written on topics of general educational interest since 1939 and is worthy to take its place on the slender shelf containing the Harvard Report on "General Education in a Free Society", Sir Richard Livingstone's "On Education" and perhaps Gilbert Hignet's "Art of Teaching."

But a reviewer is supposed to do more than this, and something more is indeed necessary, since the title of Dr. Conant's book gives no clue to its contents and may even be misleading. The book is divided into three chapters. The first compares high school education in the United States with high school education in England, Scotland, Australia and New Zealand. The second compares university education in the same countries. The third makes suggestions for the future. More than that about its contents this reviewer refuses to say for fear that anyone may substitute the reading of this review for the reading of the book. It is enough to state that the book is short and spare (no padding); that it is well written and entirely free from jargon; that it is the product of wide knowledge and experience, of patient thought and of considerable research, and of a broad and generous outlook. Its proposals for the future are coherent and practical, whether you agree with all of its suggestions or not you will find your own perception clarified and sharpened by it. It deals with the most important educational problems of our time. If, like the present reviewer, you incline to think that \$4.00 is an excessive price to pay for a book of 170 pages, beg, borrow or steal it, but read it by all means.

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THIS GREEN EARTH: By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT. Canadian Poetry Chap-Books, Gananoque, Ontario. Pp. 52.

PORTRAIT AND OTHER POEMS: By R. E. RASHLEY. Ryerson Press. Pp. 8.

THE CROWN AND THE LAUREL: By A. E. JOHNSON. Oxford, George Ronald. Pp. 34.

THE OLD BATEAU AND OTHER POEMS. By DAVID McCORD. Little, Brown and Company, (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto). Pp. 53.

These little volumes, most of them by poets whose works are not very widely known, indicate that there are many contemporary poets worth reading. They have something to say, and they say it with grace and skill. The poets whose poems are discussed below offer a wide variety in subject matter and technique; there are personal lyrics, epigrams, satires, narrative poems and nature descriptions. Not all the poems are successful, of course, but a good many are very effective indeed.

Arthur Bourinot's latest volume of verse includes poems on a wide range of topics; Paul Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed, Galileo, Europa, Nausicaa, Eloise and Abelard, and Joseph, brother of Christ, are among the characters who appear in *This Green Earth*. There is a corresponding variety in verse form: free verse, sonnets, ballads, couplets, blank verse. Some of the poems, like "Johnny Appleseed", swing along with a pleasantly vigorous movement; others, like "Riding to Brittany" and "Nausicaa", move slowly, but rhythmically, matching mood, theme and movement. The poem "Snow Anthology", comparing with graceful delicacy different types of poetry to the tracks of birds and animals on new-fallen snow, can be taken as an example of, and comment on, Bourinot's own versatility:

#### Snow

is an anthology  
 full of variety  
 in form and rhythm.  
 Here is a Hokku  
 by the partridge  
 whose sparse words  
 go single file  
 up and down the page  
 with meticulous care;  
 and fabulous nothings,  
 fairy lyrics  
 by the imagist mice,  
 free verse by the squirrels  
 scattered helter-skelter  
 on page after page,  
 and slow Miltonic blank verse  
 by the craftsman fox



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following the scansion of the rabbit  
 whose onomatopoeia and alliteration  
 becomes, at times, a trifle monotonous.  
 To cap them all,  
 an occasional work  
 by that great artist, the deer,  
 written with delicacy and grace,  
 stamped with the deep feeling  
 and consummate artistry  
 of the master prosodist.  
 The edition is limited  
 and will soon be out of print.

There are only eleven poems, all of them quite short, in R. E. Rashley's *PORTRAIT AND OTHER POEMS*. This Saskatchewan poet has nothing in common with that sweet songstress, Sarah Binks. His poems, although tough-fibred and masculine, are sensitive and emotionally intense. He manages to express the fascination and the vastness, the mystery and the elemental power of the prairie, which he describes as

Treeless, but not an idle waste,  
 Tawny and intense!  
 The sun breeds tiger lilies  
 And red-winged blackbirds.

Although never far from the sights and sounds of nature, Rashley is not primarily a nature poet, being obviously more interested in the mystery of man than in the phenomena of nature. The "contemptuous gull" and the busy, vulgar, raucous blackbird, the "safe wingless birds dead to delight" and the "yellow velvet visitor", the caterpillar, are all used to comment indirectly on some aspect of man in his relation to other men. His poems are neither too obvious nor too obscure, and are well worth careful, co-operative and imaginative reading. It is no doubt partly because of my own Saskatchewan background that I find some of these poems very moving; they reveal a keen insight into the loneliness and the pathos, the cruelty and the violence, the beauty and the terror that are all qualities of the hopelessly dull, surprisingly lovely prairie scene.

Shakespeare, the English landscape, the two Elizabeths: these are the topics of A. E. Johnson's poems in *THE CROWN AND THE LAUREL*. Many of the poems were written in Canada and the United States, but the poet is always bound to "tiny England"; every description of the American scene is made by reference to the English countryside and English traditions. The first Elizabethan era is seen as prophetic of a second, which will be equally productive of great men and great imaginative works. But Shakespeare provides most of the poetic inspiration: Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Yorick are among the Shakespearian characters who appear in Mr. Johnson's poems,

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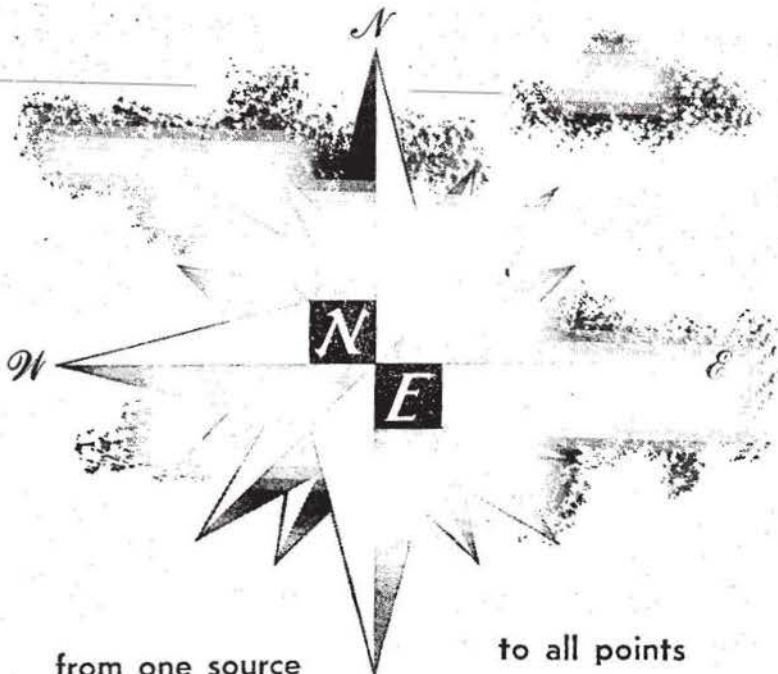
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which are liberally garnished with quotations from and references to Shakespeare's plays. The poet is too academic, too dependent upon literary sources, to have a very wide appeal.

David McCord is a mature, erudite, witty, clever, and sophisticated poet. The poems in *THE OLD BATEAU* present a challenge to the reader, who is forced to exercise his own intelligence in order to follow the development of the poet's thought. McCord, very much aware of the chaos of modern civilization, uses a sardonic type of humour as his chief satirical weapon in his attempt to expose the weaknesses and evils of society. He is, however, not only a satirist (and a good one); he is also a lyric poet able to present his personal moods in an extremely effective manner. There is something Elizabethan about his exuberant use of words: he likes unusual and exotic terms:

I know four winds with names like some strange tune:  
Chinook, sirocco, khamsin, and monsoon.  
Like waters over pebbles in Lost Brook:  
Sirocco, monsoon, khamsin, and chinook.

Sometimes, it seems to me, his diction is unnecessarily difficult: "anfractuious", "syndetic", "otiose", "cybernetics" are some examples. His interest in words, however, usually enables him to express his ideas with originality and forcefulness. For example, in the best poem in the volume, "Poet Always Next But One", he describes the American way of life:

Life? Anywhere from Coast to Coast we live  
Revised, revisioned, socialized, secured, taxed,  
Surtaxed—harmonized and hormonized:  
One people with one look, one frown, one smile,  
One laugh, one voice, one vote, one fear, one  
Dividend, one vitamin, one atom, and one style.

.....  
O pixilated, commentated, simple-simonized! And who  
Is always driving, using, boasting, begging next year's  
Models, paying last week's payments, pawning  
Last year's dreams?

McCord's poetry, about our own times and our own problems, is intellectual but not impersonal, thought provoking, startling in technique, musical and lyrical. His poetry is worth reading and re-reading.

A. R. B.

**BORDER RIVER:** By A. G. BAILEY. Indian File: 5. 61 pp. McClelland and Stewart. Toronto. 1952.

Mr. Bailey writes poetry for men, of about my age and weight. I hope that women, and men in their teens and twenties, will find him a strange fish. After all, these groups are served by many other poets.

The 'Border River' could be a tidal river. Such a river gathers fresh water for the sea; but its valley for many miles is alternately

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inundated by ocean brine and emptied to barren mud flats by the ocean's movements. The conflict between the ocean and the river is fundamental to the river; for in it the river's impulse and strong persistence lose themselves in the receptive domination of the sea. Man's iterated efforts cut themselves a swath that turns to trip the actor; but in the end his life will have become the sum of it all. This is my guess at Bailey's theme, which he illustrates with New Brunswick data.

Bailey deals with ideas as I think a poet should. It is never possible for me to say, with poetry I like, that my understanding of it is concise. Or rather, perhaps, I wish it also to hold the meanings I can give it, no matter what the poet meant. One can feel this freedom in 'Border River'; there is room in it for the reader.

The poems in this collection are generally thoughtful, often vivid, sometimes amusing, but hardly ever sentimental. In 'Border River' opposition does not mean frustration, nor is defeat a tragedy. The river continues to gather water from the land though flooded by the ocean. This poet's heart is not broken; he is concerned with the course of life, not its beginning in love nor its end in death. These, I think, he takes for granted.

'Border River' is the fifth in the Indian File series of Canadian Poetry.

W. R. TROST.

SO LITTLE FOR THE MIND: By HILDA NEATBY. Clarke, Irwin and Co. Ltd. ix, 384 pp. \$3.00.

A leading Canadian "educationist" once upset the decorum of an international conference by saying "When I gave up teaching and went into Education..." To Dr. Neatby this would serve as an epitome, neither ambiguous nor amusing, of recent influences on our schools. These are reduced, for the purposes of her study, to the substitution for teaching of an entrenched system of pedagogy of which the faith is a misconception of democracy, the law is laid down by Columbia Teachers' College, and the prophet is John Dewey.

There is so much truth in what Dr. Neatby has said, both in the facts that she deplors and in the principles of academic teaching that she upholds, that a reviewer who is whole-heartedly on her side must return for a second and more critical reading to remind himself that she has not told the whole truth. By her sub-title, "an indictment of Canadian education", she is not committed to do so. She is counsel for the prosecution; let the defence look to itself. It might have been clearer and fairer, although it would have been less popular, to have restricted the indictment to the "undue influence on Canadian teaching of certain pedagogical methods and beliefs, chiefly borrowed from the United States, as interpreted and applied in some Departments of Education, Teacher-training courses, and Provincial Normal Colleges". Even if so limited, her analytical approach and her method of scholarly investigation might give an impression of completeness and objectivity which is in fact not present or, presumably, intended. Dr. Neatby is right in belittling those disciples of Dewey who profess indiscriminate acceptance of all that he has said or is supposed to have said, with-





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out recourse to the works of the master; but one who has confessedly read little of Dewey may still wonder how much of him has been read with how open a mind by a critic who can find so little in him that is good. References to Dewey, Columbia, and Departments of Education suggest the attitude of Senator McCarthy to the State Department: those not openly convicted are suspect. Dr. Neatby presents devastating quotations from Journals of Education, Prospectuses of Curricula, and calendars and courses of Normal Colleges. In or out of context, such pronouncements are not likely, in general to enlighten or inspire. On the apparently infrequent occasions when they do, Dr. Neatby is grudging in her admissions. It may be questioned whether it makes so much difference. Professions of general principle are not always reflected in practical teaching. Bureaucrats and pedagogues who do badly under the name of Dewey might do no better under Aristotle or Cardinal Newman or Sir Richard Livingstone. There has been much bad teaching in the name of Plato; and there are in Canada many more inspiring and competent teachers, many more able and intelligent administrators than Dr. Neatby seems willing to admit, to whom Dewey if he has not done any good has at least not done much harm.

Let us agree that pedagogy is not teaching, and that when it becomes an end in itself it not only ignores teaching but defeats it; that Canada is not the United States, and should learn to recognize her own problems and to search for solutions that are not simply near at hand and currently popular; that our schools are woefully short of teachers, and that too many of those we have are deficient in knowledge, interest and aptitude; that to make up for these deficiencies they are provided with "professional" training in which short-cuts take the place of learning, tricks of sound technique, and "know-how" of knowledge. Let us agree also that school curricula are cluttered with "subjects" that have little evident relation either to learning or to living, and that there is much bad teaching, and worse learning, and still worse measurement of what is learned of the little that is left for the mind. Let us be grateful to Dr. Neatby for showing us what the dangers are and where they lie. Let us get back to teaching, and still more to learning; for what pupils need is to learn, and to learn how to learn, by the use of their own faculties. And finally let us see if anything can be done to ensure, if all our children go to secondary schools, that they are given things to learn that are worth their learning and that they are able to learn.

This last presents a problem which is fundamental, and which has received insufficient attention both from authorities like Dr. Neatby with a proper respect for traditional "academic" training and from "modern" or progressive educators who believe, on allegedly democratic grounds, that academic training should be offered to everyone and debased to a level at which everyone can be given a certificate of competence. The limit in the democratic progression has probably been reached by the United States "educator" who added his own "right" for every citizen under the Declaration of Independence: life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness "and a High-School Diploma". The pursuit of a diploma, which as a piece of paper no one should wish to deny to anyone to whom it will bring happiness, is unfortunately the cause of



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two disadvantages of far-reaching social effect. The first is that those who must be given a diploma without effort or ability are chained in lock-step to those who have the desire and the ability to acquire an education, as distinguished from social or vocational training or mere time-filling. The second is that it is becoming increasingly difficult to determine just what a diploma is worth even when it is known what subjects have been taught.

The traditionalist sighs for the good old days of the little red school-house when the lad of parts ground at Latin, Greek, and the calculus while his less ambitious or less gifted brother went to work in the livery stable. The progressive teacher insists that in a democracy there must be equal opportunities for all, but fails to realize that in the nature of mankind only a limited percentage of pupils is able to acquire an academic training beyond the level of the primary school, and that it has not so far been found possible to provide as many kinds of secondary training as there are kinds of pupils adapted to them. Since the students are not suited to their classes, classes must be made to suit the student; since another class will be coming along next year, this year's class must be "graded up" to make room for it. (This as much as Dewey's belief that effort should be removed from learning is responsible for lowered standards of teaching, learning and grading). In the upper years of the High Schools there are pupils, in numbers sufficient to set the pattern and quality of instruction, the only effect of whose presence is to reduce the opportunities for instruction of those who are able and willing to learn.

Confronted with this generally accepted fact, educational experts have a variety of answers that take as little account of the strictures of Dr. Neatby as of the wishes of their own teachers, most of whom would welcome classes with standards of their own and no need to be coaxed or bribed or bullied into learning. Some administrators who admit that many students neither learn nor permit others to learn still hark back to "democracy". "I believe" said one, with evident sincerity, "in the right of every boy and girl to have a good education." "But they are not getting a good education". "No. But it's the best we have for them". That is the question.

Taking education at their own valuation of preparation for life, not by training for the mind or development of character through discipline, but of "adjustment of personality to social environment", "acquisition of adequate group-relationships" and the rest of it, one may ask with Dr. Neatby what sort of citizens will be developed by a system that gives equal grades for all kinds and qualities of work on the grounds that competitive grading is undemocratic. As a preparation for life, even in the welfare state, our children will find themselves at a disadvantage if they have not learned how to apply themselves to a task, and to accept the fact that they cannot always expect to be considered equal in every respect to everybody else. This alleged democracy is in fact an unconscious acceptance of whatever may have been snobbish in the old traditional or academic training. There was a time when the only education was the classical; it is still good, possibly in some respects still the best; but it is no longer best for everyone, and it never was good for all. For a variety of reasons, mainly economic and quite undemocratic, this kind of education until recently was

restricted and protected and so was able to accomplish from within its very small numbers—a creditable percentage of well-educated people, chiefly male. Since the majority had to go to work and learn what little they could the hard way, the products of secondary and higher education, having as well usually money, position, and other advantages, made by comparison a very good showing.

Now the schools are open to all. The traditionalists point to the number of poorly educated pupils, and say that it was not like this in the old days. The modernists say that the best in education must not be denied to anyone, but we must not make it too difficult for the lowest capacity. Both are partly right and partly wrong. The traditionalists, who have an excellent advocate in Dr. Neatby, are right when they say that the best academic brains should have the best possible academic training, that no cry of "democracy" can justify giving them less than the best; they are right when they say that with their present finances, equipment, and supervision, the schools should give us more well-educated people, in the academic sense, than they do. To this observer at least they do not appear to be right in comparing the present school product, to its disadvantage in almost every respect, with that which produced themselves. There are more poor and indifferent students for the simple and obvious reason that there are many more students. The schools have to cope with those whom the law compels them to take so that we have the half-educated where there were formerly the uneducated. But in some respects it appears, to a not too sentimental eye, that modern youth can compare not unfavourably with its parents and grandparents at the same age, and that our best and brightest young men and women are as numerous, and as good in knowledge, intelligence, ability and character, as those of a generation ago.

Granted that the school could and should produce more and better students at the highest level, society must share with them the blame for what is bad and give them most of the credit for much that is good. The modernists, on the other hand, are right when they say that it is the business of the school to provide an education for all, that the state sends, and not for the select few; they are right when they say that education must be adjusted to changing conditions; they are right when they say that lack of ability in a subject of the old curriculum is not of necessity an indication of lack of intelligent aptitude for some skilled, useful, and responsible employment; that, to make an example, there is no social superiority inherent in the ability to construe Latin as compared with the skill required to repair a radio. They are wrong, however, when they say that Latin should be dropped from the curriculum because so few students are anxious to take it, and that such Latin as is taught should be reduced to the vanishing points of usefulness, interest, and mental exercise. They are right to keep English on the curriculum both as a source of pleasure and as a necessary skill; and wrong to adjust all reading to the lowest capacity and leave the slight discipline of observing minor deencies of spelling grammar and punctuation to the conscience of the individual teacher or pupil. They are right in believing that a child should leave school better equipped, because of his schooling, to take his place in the world in which he will have to work with his fellows. They are



wrong if they act on the assumption that this equipment will be provided by making everything easy at the cost of destroying its meaning, by giving courses in citizenship at the expense of History, and introductions to business at the expense of arithmetic, of personality adjustments instead of forgetting self by application to a job of work, in short by giving a premature introduction to something alleged to be a replica of practical life instead of the preparation necessary to accept that introduction when the proper time arrives. As an extreme example, Dr. Neatly cites the requirement in one province of successive years of instruction in the use of a telephone; almost any parent could explain that most children have more than sufficient practice at home. In another province, a text on arithmetic endeavoured to make simple interest practical and interesting by digressing to urge pupils never to purchase any security unless it is gilt edged and pays at least a guaranteed ten per cent. The school does provide a preparation for life, and a most important part. Its part is schooling, which is so important that there is no room for addition or dilution. In any large school, the real teachers—those dedicated to providing as much as they can for the minds of their pupils—are constantly frustrated by the interruptions of planned activities of every kind, all attempting to do for the child what can be better done elsewhere or not at all, and all interfering with those things that can only be done in school.

Just before he left this continent after a recent prolonged visit to the States and more briefly to Canada, Sir Richard Livingstone remarked that the most interesting comment that he had heard on American education was from a college student in the south who said that it seemed to be designed to produce "a race of well-adjusted morons." Dr. Neatly would be disposed to quarrel only with the adjective, but we may take some comfort from the fact that the remark was made either by a pedagogue nor by a teacher of the humanities, but by a student, a product of the system.

To meet the just demands of the traditionalists that to ensure our survival, the best training must be given to the best minds, the progressives must abandon all pseudo-democratic pretence that all minds are equal, and agree, so that each kind of aptitude may best be served, to a much more elaborate and expensive segregation than has hitherto been possible. A major problem will be expense. Money for education is being provided more generously than ever before; but as Dr. Neatly has shown, too many cents in the teaching dollar are spent in administrative, and pedagogical overhead that does not aid the pupil at his desk. Disproportionate amounts are spent also in buildings and equipment, which may however be adapted to a better distribution of pupils according to interests and abilities. To persuade Dr. Neatly's bright young executives to dismiss themselves in order to make room for a greater number and variety of teachers will not be so easy. Pedagogy is a closed corporation, self-sufficient, self-perpetuating, and in authority. Its language is pedagese, which the uninitiated can neither speak nor understand. Any suggestion for change is likely to be dismissed as contrary to education and democracy, education being made synonymous with their particular methods and democracy with their professed aims. Most of them should be credited



with seeking the light as they understand it, though Dr. Neatby asserts that there are some who are flatly opposed to any idea of education directed towards intellectual superiority. (This if appreciably true is the most profoundly disturbing part of her indictment. One side may accuse the other of heresy, which is a matter of faith or opinion; the rejection of mental excellence as the ultimate goal seems nothing less than educational blasphemy). The progressives, as an objective study of the past will show, have done much good, which the schools cannot afford to lose. If the swing of the pendulum has carried them too far, there are signs that the limit of the arc has been reached. Several recent American studies have followed the same line of thought and investigation as Dr. Neatby, Professor Bestor's *Educational Wastelands*, from the University of Illinois, being the nearest counterpart. Like Dr. Neatby, Dr. Bestor is compelling both by example and by argument. Like her, he raises, by the uncompromising force of his indictment, a question as to its effect as a means of persuasion. It must be repeated, however, that Dr. Neatby's book is released by definition from any commitment to compromise. She has thrown at the official leaders of Canadian education a challenge that demands a wholesome self-examination before it can be answered.

C. L. B.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY CANADIAN POETRY. Edited by EARLE BIRNEY.  
Ryerson Press, Toronto. 169 pp.

This, the editor tells us, "is an anthology designed equally for the general reader and for the teacher and student of Canadian literature, particularly at the matriculation and university level." There is a brief introduction in which Professor Birney comments on poetry in general: "A good poem is the most genuine expression of the whole personality of the man or woman who made it, and for that reason alone it can bring extraordinary insight into a human mind and heart . . . . If he (the poet) *communicates* an experience and, through the excitement of verbal shape and sound and rhythm, stirs our imagination and widens our understanding, he has succeeded in doing what he set out to do."

There are over thirty pages of notes on individual poems, "offered solely in the hope that they may help those whose experience of poetry is limited to increase their enjoyment of it". In these notes, in addition to useful explanatory comments on words, phrases, theme, form, etc., many penetrating and stimulating questions are raised and left unanswered, allowing the reader the pleasure of contributing his own solution.

The task of selection is always difficult for an anthologist who brings out a new collection of poems in a field already covered. It is not enough to select the best poems of an author; the editor must also justify his anthology by including poetry not to be found in the earlier books, and he must present his selected material in a new way. Professor Birney, by grouping his poems according to topic, has been able to place side by side such contrasting poets as Robert W. Service and James Reaney, E. J. Pratt and Roy Daniells, Alfred G. Bailey and

Bliss Carman. The result is that the reader becomes aware of the diversity and richness of Canadian poetry and realizes that there are a number of very good Canadian poets, some of whom make their first anthological appearance here.

A. R. B.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MILITARY HISTORY FOR CANADIAN STUDENTS: By COL. C. P. STACEY. Ottawa, Queen's Printer, 1953.

This a short 125-page introduction to Canadian military history. First there is a brief summary of the history and the development of the Canadian Army, from 1663 to 1953, which brings together the stray threads of Canada's military development very neatly.

A second section consists of an analysis of certain battles in Canada's history with a view to extracting what are called the "Principles of War". Some of the comments upon the battles, made with these "Principles" in mind, seem excessively didactic, but the stories of the battles themselves are told with ease and simplicity. The accompanying diagrams are very useful—so useful that one might ask for just one more to show the present organization and arrangement of the Canadian Army.

PETER WAITE.

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NOTES.

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IMITATION AND DESIGN AND OTHER ESSAYS, by REID MACCALLUM.  
 Edited by William Blisset. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1953. Pp. xvii, 209.

This collection of essays by Reid MacCallum, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Toronto, indicates both the variety and unity of the author's intellectual activity. Professor MacCallum's interests were varied. A teacher of philosophy and an aesthician,

he was also learned in English and foreign literatures, and in fine arts. Creative as well as academic, he wrote verse, painted, and took an active part in musical activities. With this diversified activity went a consistent and unified philosophy of life and art, a system of thought opposed to logical positivism and all other philosophies that sever intelligence from emotion and will.

The essays in this collection fall into two groups, those hitherto unpublished and those published during MacCallum's lifetime. The first three long essays ("Imitation and Design", "Poetry and Truth", and "Myth and Intelligence") have not been published before; four of the remaining shorter essays have appeared in Canadian university quarterlies, and the fifth ("Time Lost and Regained") in mimeograph form. While every essay is valuable in itself and for the light it sheds upon the author, the first three are of particular importance for their exposition of MacCallum's aesthetics.

The first essay, "Imitation and Design", is concerned with a defence of the imitative or representative element in art, and with the problem of working out a synthesis of imitation and form, or representation and abstraction. MacCallum first establishes his own position on the scale between the two extremes, pure imitation and pure abstraction, as a point past the sterile compromise of the mean in the direction of abstraction. In effect, he believes that the formal and abstract element in art should have a relative superiority over the element of resemblance or representation, but that reference to nature should not be reduced to the vanishing point:

While patterns are the main resource of the painter, and his primary object is to stir us by their rhythmic elaboration, this is by no means the whole story; representation, his auxiliary or supplementary resource, enables him to accomplish this object much more effectively and with greater precision and sureness.

Nature, it is hardly necessary to say, is full of varicoloured things of various shapes which either disturb, or excite, or allure, or calm us. By deliberate allusion to these things the painter can enrich his design with endless associations of felt quality derived from our familiar experience of these things. . . qualities, it should be noted, which, though half-sensuous, are at the same time half-personal, or moral, in the sense of being directly transposable in terms of human character or characteristic.

The whole essay turns around this central idea of a *positive* compromise between likeness and abstraction. MacCallum develops his argument by discussing the various objections to likeness in art and concludes that "an objective, an indicative reference to nature is a condition of the painting possessing full symbolic significance". The thoroughly abstract design is not really symbolic:

The real trouble with such work is that it is not symbolic, or not yet, or not fully symbolic; more is required if it is not to remain, like an abortively sketched gesture, merely evidence that someone intended and started to give a sign. And as the full gesture will always be found to signify through likeness. . . so it is in painting: to fill out what is missing, to give the sign intended, some reference, to nature is needed; some degree of deliberately exploited likeness; some marriage between the rhythmic and formal instinct which would reveal all and cannot, and the instinct for likeness and passive imitation



which does not will to reveal anything, but in this marriage becomes the agency of revelation, the giver of the sign, the bearer of life and meaning other than its own.

A characteristic of MacCallum's writing that the reader cannot fail to notice is its comprehensiveness. His discussion of aesthetics is set in a context of full human activity; art is an essential part of living and not a mere escape from the pressure of logic or a rejection of the mundane. The union of the aesthetic with the moral, political, and religious in MacCallum's thought manifests itself in such passages as the one that closes "Imitation and Design":

In acceptance of likeness we may on the whole discern something like humility, a readiness to accept and abide by the limitations of created nature, both in ourselves and in objects. Its rejection may very well manifest an arrogant pretension to transcend these limitations. Whatever we may suppose to be the case with angels and archangels, it is not a normal prerogative of human communication for one subject to be able to reveal himself completely to another without taking the fruitful detour through objective reference and likeness.

"Poetry and Truth" applies the problems raised in the first essay to the specific art of poetry. MacCallum points out the inadequacy of the imitative theory of art when it is applied to poetry and goes on to set forth what he calls "an intelligible exhibition of the nature of poetry" founded upon the "affective" theory of art, "the theory that the specific function of the arts is to develop the life of feeling by the expression which is at once the stimulation and ordering and resultantly the communication of emotion." To MacCallum, poetry lies in the interrelation of several basic patterns, among which are sound, sense, grammar, and imagery. Therefore the poet who attempts to make poetry by limiting the complexity of its nature, by concentrating upon one of its elements to the virtual exclusion of the others (for example, the surrealist and the imagist), fails in his office. MacCallum illustrates what he means by "the full-bodied 'normal flesh' of poetry" by quoting from George Herbert. He finds that what makes Herbert's poem "affective utterance" and therefore good poetry is "the whole denseness of interlacing meaning, syntax, imagery, music, and persuasive intent, all subordinated to the dominating aim, which is to express and convey grief, and in so doing in a measure tame it." From the discussion of the complex entity that is the poetic, MacCallum enters into an examination of the essential difference between poetry and prose. He finds the basic difference in the disposition of the elements of human expression existing in both:

In prose, meaning leads; emotion, and image and sound as possible sources of disturbance of meaning, are subdued and depressed to the condition of undertones. In poetry, emotion dominates, and the other factors are undertones, though certainly meaning, the most important of them, lies just below the surface. Poetry as we have presented it is transfigured prose, and it is not the addition of some entirely new ingredient that brings about the transformation; rather poetry is a new mixture, a rearrangement of the ingredients shared in common with unpoetic speech.

If poetry is "transfigured prose", intellect, the moving force of prose, must have an important part to play in poetry, and this is the

thesis that MacCallum examines and defends in the rest of the essay. He believes that "thought (and prose, which is its mode of utterance) is the agent through which the life of feeling becomes aware of itself, and passes from a mere agitation or commotion to the more human state of emotion. Poetry, though a cry, is a cry transfigured by reason and intelligence." Prose passes into poetry, apart from its mere appearance on the printed page when the "affective" or poetic elements begin to overshadow the intellectual, forcing it to become an undertone. Finally, the metaphor, taken in its widest aspect as analogy, simile, or comparison, is "the distinctive structural feature of poetic intelligence, or of the specifically poetic use of intelligence." It is in his discussion of metaphor that MacCallum defends poetic truth, the truth resulting from "talking of two things at once, and not gratuitously, but for the light which one thing throws on the other, and the other throws back on it", against the truth of prose and direct statement. MacCallum makes a sharp distinction between poetic intelligence and scientific intelligence, for one is subjective, the other objective. The truth of poetry lies in its presentation of subjective states; the truth of science lies in its avoidance of the subjective and its presentation of objective states. Moreover, MacCallum points out that the truth of poetry, despite the undervaluation of it in an age of scientific method, is just as valid and important in its order of subjects as is scientific truth in its order of objects. Because "states of human subjects are not open to direct inspection. . . empirical verification. . . is precluded in this (the poetic or subjective) order."

"Myth and Intelligence" belongs with the essays on art and poetry, for it also is a study of intelligence, this time in the context of myth, and it also asserts the limitations of scientific intelligence. MacCallum demonstrates that mythical intelligence is closely related to poetic intelligence. He defines myth as "any belief which involves the distinction in human feeling between the sacred and the profane, between that which is overwhelmingly attractive or repulsive on the one hand, and that which is just ordinary on the other." Consequently, "intelligence, as displayed in myth, is a matter of the skill with which the categories of the sacred and the profane are employed to the ordering of experience." The discussion of myth is confirmed and illustrated by an analysis of the Yin-Yang myth of China, a system of imaginative thought having affinities with the Western mythology of the four elements (earth, water, fire, air), and like it, furnishing a rich and extensive symbolic structure for poetry and the other arts.

The other essays in the book are interesting and stimulating. "Time Lost and Regained", for example, a study of T. S. Eliot's *Four Quarters*, reveals MacCallum's ability to draw out the complex significance of symbol and metaphor that he finds basic to poetry and myth. Yet the three long essays will remain, for most readers, the "raison d'être" of the collection. The theory of aesthetics they expound is a sane and balanced one, a theory that does not restrict itself to any one of the elements in art to the virtual exclusion of the others. The result is that MacCallum does not simplify the complexity of artistic expression, as less comprehensive aestheticians tend to do. Above all, MacCallum does not fall into the common error of defending irrationality when he defends art against the spirit of what he calls



"scientism". The ordering of experience by intelligence is a conception underlying his treatment of art, poetry, and myth.

The "affective" theory of art, as MacCallum presents it, therefore does not become subject to the usual charge of lack of rationality; it is not a romantic theory in the sense that it does not uphold undisciplined emotional expression or artistic surrender to the influx of a romantically conceived inspiration. Yet MacCallum has his intuitive beliefs, and when these beliefs are unsupported by reasons, the reader may find himself confused by the exposition that follows. "Myth and Intelligence" reveals more of this intuitive treatment than the other essays, and as a consequence the thought in it is often abstruse and the thread of continuity difficult to find. One wishes that the essay on myth were as clear in exposition as the two essays that precede it. The occasional obscurity in the treatment of myth, however, does not detract seriously from the value of a book that is a major contribution to aesthetics and a record of a fresh and often profound mind as it struggles with the perennial problems of art and the larger context of life in which art is set.

M. G. PARKS.

EARLY MIDDLE ENGLISH TEXTS: edd. BRUCE DICKINS and R. M. WILSON. Bowes & Bowes. \$4.50.

The publication of a really good book for the study of Middle English literature will be most welcome to many university students and teachers. Old English literature, at best rather unsavory caviar to the general, has been admirably treated by Alfred J. Wyatt in his *Anglo Saxon Reader*, a compendium in which the selections exhibit variety and human interest as well as literary merit—one of which qualities earlier collections of Old English extracts invariably lacked. Another scholarly landmark, K. Sisam's *Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose*, is now joined to Wyatt's *Reader* by a no less excellent link, Bruce Dickins and R. M. Wilson's *Early Middle English Texts*.

General readers who are able to enjoy Chaucer's poetry in the original may wonder about the springs which fed those green and pleasant fields. The French element in Chaucer's poetry bulks large, but the basic core of Chaucer's language—or that of Gower or Lydgate or the author of *Piers Plowman*—was Germanic. That stream, Teutonic, turbulent yet beautiful, was forced underground by the Norman Conquest, a linguistic as well as a military invasion which, as Frenchmen displaced the Anglo Saxon ruling class, summarily banished Old English as a language of consequence. It remained, however, the speech of the middle and lower classes—to people who cared nothing for grammatical niceties. The language which finally emerged had lost most of its case endings and other features, at the same time incorporating many words from French, Latin and Scandinavian. During the metamorphosis, it had become a versatile vehicle for literary expression, although Gower wrote only one of his three books in English. (Francis Bacon did not altogether trust the staying powers of the English language even in the seventeenth century). *Early Middle English Texts* is a literary record in small of what may be termed the erosion of Old English and its development into a new tongue, Middle English.



In part because it is later in time, the book supercedes others of its kind. A. S. Cook's *Literary Middle English Reader* (1915) consists of over-brief excerpts, and more than one teacher of Middle English has lamented the fact that the glossary is found at the bottom of each page an arrangement which facilitates peering rather than learning. J. Hall's *Selections from Early Middle English* (1920) lacks a glossary altogether and is of use only to the specialist. Even F. Mosse's *Manuel de L'Anglais du Moyen Age*, while excellent, is (oddly enough in this bilingual country) of more use to the teacher than to the student, who seldom cares to put his knowledge of French to use. Messrs Dickins and Wilson's admirable book has been carefully designed to fulfill a real need among users of Middler English texts.

It is organized on traditional but satisfactory lines. An introduction gives pertinent facts, such as orthography, dialect and provenience, about each item. As far as possible, selections complete in themselves have been chosen; where completeness was impractical by reason of length, short summaries bridge the portions used. The book includes a select bibliography, an excellent fourteen page essay on the characteristics of Middle English, notes to individual selections and a glossary which gives both definitions and etymologies. The three MS. facsimiles are decorative rather than useful. The printing throughout is clear and handsome.

C. L. LAMBERTSON.

A WRITER'S DIARY, by VIRGINIA WOOLF, edited by LEONARD WOOLF.  
The Hogarth Press, London; in Canada, Clarke, Irwin and  
Co. Ltd. x, 372 pp., \$3.75.

By inheritance and association, as well as supremely in her own right, Virginia Woolf had an almost unique opportunity for intimacy with English literary life in the early decades of this century. With this was one of the most solitary aloof and "difficult" of personalities, whether in private life or in literature. Both aspects are reflected in these selections from a quarter-century of copious diarizing which were made after her death by her publisher-husband. With the exception of those portions omitted until death and the lapse of time shall have tempered the acid with which features of some living persons have been etched, it is difficult to imagine a more interesting and revealing commentary on writers and writing of the immediate past. Mrs. Woolf describes what to her were often the agonies of composition and how it bears on her intention and final achievement in *Orlando* and *The Waves*; she reveals herself as a conscientious, if somewhat intermittent, working critic and reviewer; and she shows a quite commonplace interest in the rewards to self-esteem and bank-account of royalties and sales.

References to her father, and to Leslie Stephen's Victorian associates in her childhood are naturally few; but they and her husband's publishing gave her an early introduction to the Edwardians that her own gifts were quick to develop. Casually and familiarly the great names go by, and we meet Tom and Roger (T. S. Eliot and Fry), Morgan (E. M. Forster) and Maynard (Lord Keynes), Lytton (Strachey) and Goldie (Lowes Dickinson); and we hear what they have to say about the artist's life, or everyday life, as related to their own

concerns or the curious internal problems of Mrs. Woolf. This is self-revelation, partly conscious, partly unconscious, almost always interesting and helpful, of a subtle and elusive personality that was not completely able to explain or understand itself.

C. L. B.

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**THE CELESTIAL CYCLE**, by WATSON KIRKCONNELL, University of Toronto Press, xxvii, 701 pp.

Since by misfortune this work came late to the reviewer, a brief notice should suffice for those interested to whom, improbably, it is not already known.

President Kirkconnell has gathered, and where necessary translated, the major analogues of *Paradise Lost* in authoritative texts, and he has provided a descriptive catalogue of over three hundred others. This list, while admittedly far from complete, is impressive for the extent revealed by Dr. Kirkconnell's scholarship of the treatment of the story of the Creation and the Fall in literature ancient and modern and in many tongues. While providing the material directly and by reference, on which to make a comparative judgement of Milton's work, Dr. Kirkconnell neither offers nor suggests a diminution of his achievement by tracing influences or debts. The analogues are there; their value is that they show what others have made of the Biblical story, and how they compare in selection, method, purpose and style with *Paradise Lost*. They do not explain the making of that work, and in so far as they resemble it, a comparison serves only to enhance the grandeur and the originality of one of the greatest creations of the spirit of man.

Dr. Kirkconnell has done an important and exacting piece of extensive and laborious research. His study should be in the library of every University and of every serious student of Milton. The book was produced, with very few errors or defects, by an off-set process from typed sheets prepared under supervision of the author. Credit is due to Dr. Kirkconnell, to the Toronto University press, and to the Humanities Research Council, for collaboration in reducing the otherwise prohibitive cost of a scholarly work of real and lasting importance within its special field.

C. L. B.

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**HERMAN MELVILLE, CYCLE AND EPICYCLE**, by ELEANOR MELVILLE METCALF, Harvard University Press; (in Canada, S. J. Reginald Saunders), xvii, 311 pp. \$7.15.

Balancing some recent speculative and heavily psychological attempts to probe the admitted mysteries of Melville, Mrs. Metcalf has put together a biography based mainly on family correspondence. As the eldest granddaughter, she is best able to bridge the gap between the present and the past. Most of the more obviously important letters have been published—several more than once-before. This, and the absence of any full or new biographical material gives the book an appearance of flatness that is unusual and, in its way, refreshing in writing concerned with Melville. There is no attempt to conceal



the fact that, at least by implication, some of these letters adumbrate the inner torments that found expression in Melville's prose, and that reflected on his relatives something of the tragic passion of his life. But the basic pattern is rather of the commonplace background, albeit with more than its share of private tragedy and frustration, against which a tempestuous spirit evolved its obscure destiny. The letters reflect the whole life; the earlier interest, following the publication of *Typee*, when Melville was the friend of Hawthorne and a recognized literary figure; the later revival almost at his death when *Moby Dick* was rediscovered by such writers of the sea as Clark Russell and Archibald MacMechan; and in more intimate detail than other works the years at Pittsfield and in the New York Customs, that seemed destined to end, as they were lived, in obscurity.

Mrs. Metcalf's letters may not lift many veils, but they add detail to important if unspectacular sides of Melville's life. The book ends, as it begins, with a quotation from H. M. Tomlinson on the "secret" of Melville. "We hear that Melville married, had children, and lived by bread obscurely, like other men; so whence came this star dust. . .?" These intimate glimpses of the marriage, children and daily bread of Melville, with more than an occasional glint of "star-dust" fully justify the author-editor's modest hope that they will lead to "some further experience" of "the man who moves through these pages".

C. L. B.

RENOWN AT STRATFORD by TYRONE GUTHRIE, ROBERTSON DAVIES, GRANT MACDONALD. viii, 127 pp., Clarke, Irwin and Co., Ltd. \$3.50.

The Canadian Stratford Festival was an act of courage and faith that deserves both commemoration and posterity. This record and commentary is a worthy memento of the achievement and should serve to inspire emulation and improvement for the future. It is not a factual and formal report, nor is it merely fulsome adulation. It is encouraging to know that producers, players and audience could accept Shakespeare on his merits, and after facing up honestly to difficulties and shortcomings, be enthusiastic about wanting more. Tyrone Guthrie's introduction is a witty forthright and unequivocally personal account of the adventures necessarily precedent to any such undertaking. Grant Macdonald's illustrations bring the actors and characters before us; the portraits are satisfying in themselves, and by recreating so vividly an infinitesimal fraction of what the stage presented to the eye of the beholder they remind us that only the stage can give Shakespeare the fulness of life and movement. Robertson Davies has related his commentary to the portraits, and deals chiefly with topics of general dramatic interest: accuracy, detail and appropriateness of costumes; setting and scenery; modern dress; the spoken words of English and Canadian actors. For those who saw the Festival, this book is a worthy reminder of a great experience; for those who did not, it is the next best thing; its greatest value lies in the hope encouragement and guidance that it offers for more festivals, and similar records, in years to come.

C. L. B.



PAUSE, a Sketch Book, by EMILY CARR, vii, 148 pp., Clarke, Irwin and Co., Ltd. \$3.00.

THE HEART OF A PEACOCK, by EMILY CARR, edited by IRA DILWORTH, with line drawings by the author, xv, 234 pp. \$3.50.

Emily Carr has been fortunate in her publishers. Editorial discernment and encouragement were needed to bring to light her insight, so delicate and so unpretentiously expressed, into the truth that lies in simple things and events and people; good book-making provided caskets worthy of the plain jewels of her prose-papers, and adequate reproduction of her pictorial art. In the tradition are these works, the first from an English sanatorium in 1903, the second from a trunkful of Canadian papers left to the editorial discretion of Ira Dilworth as literary executor. In its combination of sketches and commentary, *Pause* gives us the twin gifts of Emily Carr in perfect combination. Compelled to take a prolonged rest-cure, with strict limits on movement or effort, she sketched and wrote the quick and charming impressions of a young woman, amused and amusing, whom dullness, frustration and obscurity were not allowed to defeat. Doctors, nurses and patients are neatly pinned and labelled, drawn in pencil strokes and phrases equally delicate, economical and exact. For her human companions she has understanding, but no false sympathy; her real kinship was with the birds of whom, in her circumscribed existence, she made a living interest for herself and others.

This sense of intimacy with neglected or misunderstood creatures had developed in childhood, as revealed by *The Book of Small*, and was carried over to the Indians of the Coast as described in *Klee Wyck*. In *The Heart of a Peacock* both of Emily Carr's gentle passions are recorded in sketches of birds, animals and people who interested her over years ranging from the childhood of "Small" to the independent maturity of a distinguished painter. It is comforting to be assured by the editor that some early recollections have been coloured and exaggerated by personal feelings. One who had so much understanding and affection for "One Crow" or for the monkey Woo, who outlived Ginger Pop, Koko, Jane, and Adolphus, could hardly fail to over-emphasize the unfeeling attitude and actions of elders to whom the birds and beasts were simply a nuisance around the house. Small Emily's friends the Indians, like her pets, were probably more lovable in her mind's eye than in the flesh; but, pictured as she saw and remembered them, they are gratefully accepted as a fresh and original vision exquisitely recorded.

C. L. B.

"THE PROTESTANT CREDO." Ten Essays on the Protestant Faith and its Essentials: Edited by VERGIlius FERM. Philosophical Library, New York. 1953. Pp. 241. \$5.00.

Included among the contributors to this volume are such well known writers and theologians as Glen Atkins, outstanding Congregational preacher; Conrad H. Moehlman, professor at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School; Francis J. McConnell, beloved Bishop of the Methodist Church; Morton S. Enslin, of Crozier Theological Seminary,

Chester, Penn; John T. MacNeil, a Canadian who has established a high reputation as a Church historian; John C. Bennett, another Canadian who is on the staff of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Francis W. Buckler, Church history professor at Oberlin College; Henry N. Wieman, emeritus professor, University of Chicago; Floyd W. Ross, University of Southern California; and the editor, Vergilius Ferm, who writes the concluding essay.

While each man has been left free to make his own approach to the subject, they all rightly place the emphasis on the positive Protestant witness, and present Protestantism as a vital force in religion. They are not concerned with criticisms of other faiths.

Written by well qualified scholars who clearly set forth the basic principles of Protestantism, these essays constitute a body of material which is of immediate relevance as well as of permanent worth. For here we have in concise form a presentation of the essential characteristics of the Protestant faith. The common religious heritage, the nature of authority, the priesthood of all believers, the doctrines, achievements, and potentialities of Protestantism are here discussed.

This is a book which should stimulate thought and help in bringing those who read it to a better understanding of the spirit of Protestantism, its message and its mission.

Excellent bibliographies are to be found at the end of each chapter.

D. M. SINCLAIR

CHRIST AND THE HUMAN LIFE. By FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER.

Translated from the German by DANIEL F. COOGAN, JR.  
Philosophical Library, New York. Pp. 333. \$5.00.

This long and rambling book is not improved by a stilted translation. It is a motley of anecdotes and reflections, leading up to such sentiments as, 'It is often said that the Sermon on the Mount sounds hard and speaks only of renunciation, but under it are the strawberries', or, 'The gold-diggers cannot hear God's call any more at all—so may the Mediatri between Heaven and Earth help us to believe in values which are much higher than all banks of credit'. The author says he is addressing those who have been led away from Christianity by modern ideas, Catholics and Protestants alike. But his method is simply to assert—with the most perfunctory arguments or none at all—the entire rightness of Roman Catholic faith. Protestants will hardly be edified by the brusque dismissal of the central feature of both Lutheran and Calvinist theology, *sola gratia*, as 'heretical aberration'. Nor are people who reject Christianity on intellectual grounds likely to change their minds on being told that monkeys do not behave 'naturally', and so may be the descendents of human beings who have lost their souls. Professor Foerster's history is sometimes almost as extravagant as his natural history. He tells us that in the Holy Roman Empire all Europe was united in peace for centuries by the idea of Christian brotherhood, under the purely spiritual authority of the President of a League of Nations.

In his admirable *Europe and the German Question* the same writer put the case for the Holy Roman Empire in a much more guarded



and tenable form. Why is it that religion, the source of the finest insights and most refined values, so often brings out the crudest prejudices and the most unscrupulous special pleading? Many of the stories told here to illustrate the superiority of Christian principles over non-Christian show extraordinary moral insensitivity and an unperceptive humorlessness quite alien to the spirit of the New Testament—or of the Old, for that matter. The author is a humane man, with a firm belief in democracy and the rights of minorities, but the whole emphasis of the book is on the 'blindness' of unbelievers; and there is no hint that institutional Christianity has contributed to the misery of the world as well as to its redemption and itself stands under the judgment of God. The publishers assure us, 'One hears in this book the voice of one of the great leaders of our time, who professes Christ in a new language—the language of a new day'. Rather, one had hoped that this particular type of Christian apologetic was a thing of the past.

K. M. H.

**CHRISTENDOM ATTACKED.** A Comparison of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche: by CONRAD BONIFAZI. Rockliff, London. 1953. Pp. 190. (21/-).

Apart from Dostoyevski, who is something of a special case, the nineteenth century produced two great existentialists—Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. They were both lonely figures, at odds with the contemporary world. Their thought was original to themselves, having its basis in their revolt against current philosophies more than in any direct influence; though both discovered their affinity to certain unconventional thinkers of other ages, notably Socrates and Pascal. Their systems were conceived quite independently for, by an unfortunate chance, Nietzsche never read Kierkegaard. Since his death Nietzsche's influence has never waned, while Kierkegaard (partly because of the 'provincial' situation of Denmark in Europe he so resented) gained an international reputation only in this century, though this reputation is still growing. It was inevitable that the two men should be brought together in one book sooner or later. The danger was that one would be used simply as a foil to the other: the infidel and the knight of faith. The author of the present study ranges himself on the side of Kierkegaard's Christianity, but he avoids treating Nietzsche simply as an object-lesson to display the evil consequences of atheism, which is a temptation so many Christian apologists cannot resist.

The teaching of both Kierkegaard and Nietzsche has sometimes been regarded as no more than the product of morbid psychological case-histories. Mr. Bonifazi also avoids this easy way to dismiss the value of a system of thought without coming to grips with its essential meaning. With these two troubled spirits he sees the heart of the matter to be one of moral valuation. He writes, 'Against Kierkegaard's faith stands Nietzsche's denial of God; they are on opposite sides of the fence, but they understand the same vital problem; for them the Christian religion of the nineteenth century becomes a common object of attack, because—from their understanding of life—



its effects upon human personality was the unmaking of man; it canonised the bourgeois way of life'. He finds the basis for their similar moral concern in their essential Protestantism. For Nietzsche's Superman and Kierkegaard's Individual embody equally a protest against complacent rationalism, conventional religiosity, and all false absolutes, and affirm a positive relation to spiritual reality directly derived from Luther's teaching concerning human faith and divine grace. Springing from an active moral sensitivity, this existentialist view goes on to transcend morality in the dimension of religion. The first stage of spiritual growth for Kierkegaard is the abandonment of the aesthetic attitude for the ethical; final maturity is reached through 'the teleological suspension of the ethical'. Just so Nietzsche renounced Wagner and Schopenhauer and, 'beyond good and evil', arrived at Zarathustra.

No one who is interested in the current versions of Existentialism should neglect this examination of these two great formative sources of the movement. It serves to underline how unmistakably existentialist thought, even in its atheistic branches, revolves round the issue of religious faith. *Christendom Attacked*, by the nature of its approach, is necessarily expository rather than constructive. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Bonifazi, who is well equipped for the task, will follow up his book with a more comprehensive study of the issues involved. Meanwhile, we must be grateful for this careful and very readable introduction which, in contrast to some of the numerous books dealing with Existentialism, is fair-minded, written in a straightforward style, and based on a first-hand knowledge of its material.

K. M. H.

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**THINKING IN OPPOSITES.** An Investigation of the Nature of Man as Revealed by the Nature of Thinking: by PAUL ROUBICZEK. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. (In Canada, British Book Service). Pp. 240. \$4.25.

Since Hegelianism went out of favour and positivism took its place as the dominant orthodoxy in our universities, modern philosophy has largely looked back to David Hume. Though there are scholars, among whom Professor H. J. Paton is preeminent, who are prepared to stand by Kant's critical idealism as against Hume's empiricism, it is not common to find a thinker who has an independent system to develop and who is nevertheless a genuine Kantian. In his earlier work, *The Misinterpretation of Man* (1949), Mr. Roubiczek claimed that the critical philosophy holds the key to the modern situation: 'Kant is the first and only philosopher to make this new and chaotic world habitable, and his work transforms even such a world into a dwelling for a powerful, fully alive and fully developed humanity'. But he also maintained that by subordinating religion to reason Kant falsified the essential insight shown by his theory of knowledge. The present book expands these convictions.

*Thinking in Opposites* outlines a theory of knowledge which seeks to carry out, more consistently than he himself achieved, Kant's aim to limit knowledge in the interests of faith. Kant's opposition between

pure and practical reason, and between inner and outer sense, lays the foundation of the opposites which give the book its title. It argues that our knowledge of the external world is only made possible by means of categories taken from our internal experience as existential individuals. Similarly, all rational self-consciousness is dependent upon our recognition of external nature. From these diverse but interconnected realms of experience arise one or other of each pair of opposites essential for all thinking. Examples of these opposites are form and content, cause and effect, freedom and necessity, means and ends, space and time, the One and the Many. Such a theory of knowledge must rest upon two suppositions: first, that thinking always requires opposites; and second, that these opposites can never be established both together in one realm of experience without the support of the other. A very strong case is made out for both these contentions.

In rejecting the possibility of a unitary explanation of the universe, and also by bringing the objective and subjective elements in thought into a necessary relationship, *Thinking in Opposites* points a way out of the *impasse* in which contemporary philosophy finds itself. To-day, positivism and existentialism go their self-assertive ways in complete isolation, while a rigid neo-Thomism finds wisdom only in the past. There have been welcome signs of growing dissatisfaction behind the intellectual iron-curtains recently. But such an encouraging portent as Maurice Cranston's *Freedom, a New Analysis* (1953) shows how difficult it is for a philosophy conceived primarily as linguistic analysis to enlarge its scope sufficiently to deal with ethical and kindred problems. Kant's insights are badly needed to replace Hume's negations. Mr. Roubiczek claims to ground ethics directly upon his theory of knowledge. This, however, is doubtful, if only for the reason that he finds it necessary to use the term 'reality', as he rightly says, 'We cannot really exclude it from our minds'. But this fact only serves to show that epistemology cannot ultimately be separated from metaphysics—a point which vitally concerns the *Critique of Pure Reason* also. Yet this in no way invalidates the worth of the task undertaken by *Thinking in Opposites*, but rather underlines the need to pursue it further.

Many people are likely to react strongly against a theory of knowledge which puts feeling and religious experience on a par with reasoning, and, noting that the thinkers quoted most often are H. H. Farmer, John Oman and John Macmurray, they will proceed to write off the author as an 'obscurantist'. Prejudice of this sort is, in fact, admirably accounted for by Mr. Roubiczek's theory. But if he brings in the findings of the theologians and philosophers of religion, Mr. Roubiczek produces his most decisive evidence from the recent developments in natural science. With most of the more cautious philosophers, he does not find that science has many novel consequences for conceptual thought; but he demonstrates how the presuppositions of all scientific thought is exhibited with startling clarity by the direction taken by scientific enquiry in the present century. Among the confusions and dogmatisms of our day, *Thinking in Opposites* is a refreshing and stimulating call to philosophical sanity.

K. M. H.

THE HARVARD BOOK, Selections from Three Centuries, edited by WILLIAM BENTINCK-SMITH. Harvard University Press; in Canada. S. J. Reginald Saunders, xi, 369 pp. \$6.50.

So much has been written about Harvard, by men who never crossed the Yard, and by Harvard men on subjects other than Harvard, that to keep this collection within bounds it was given a double limitation. Both subject and author are sanctified to the Harvard canon. This may tend to produce some uniformity of style and of attitude; but complacency is not relieved, and if there is a Harvard style it is not, as Bernard de Voto described it in a fit of editorial depression, a style that is "forever dressed in spats". The diversity of impressions of various sides of Harvard life and influence that range over three centuries, from Dunster and John Harvard to the unpublicized but highly ceremonial honouring in 1943 of "a Former Naval Person", and from freshman hazing in 1827 to the trial of Professor Webster, can be indicated only at random. Even if, as President Sparks was moved to comment at the trial, "our professors do not often commit murder", Harvard men can pride themselves that the removal of Dr. Parkman was, in its way, a Harvard classic. Classical also, in a different vein are the letters from the same President to the young lady who wrote asking for admission to a college that, whatever its faults, has never been co-educational; from Jonah Quincy to the father of a young man who had placed explosives under the floor of the Library; and from Thomas Hill, in 1862, to the President of the United States concerning the admonition, private and public, voted by the Faculty to "Lincoln Junior. . .for smoking in Harvard Square". Some famous Harvard figures are here, from Cotton Mather to "Copey" and from the incredible Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles to Santayana. Others such as Barrett Wendell and Kittredge lack adequate recognition. Selections range from fiction, verse, and essays to Presidential Reports, and close with impressions from "Some Visitors from Afar" distinguished foreigners whom the editor has courteously honoured with the Harvard accolade. They include Harriet Martineau, Dickens, Trollope, and Rupert Brooke. Not being written by graduates of Princeton or Yale, these impressions from beyond the pale are much more uniformly favourable than those of the Harvard men, who are willing among themselves to admit to such observations as will serve to make them interesting.

C. L. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNION, 1815-1939, by PERCY CRADOCK (and others), Cambridge, Bowes and Bowes; in Canada, British Book Service, 192 pp. \$3.50.

In the first part of this survey, the general editor gives the history of the Cambridge Union from its founding until 1905. After an early struggle for survival in which the President of the Union withstood the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the society began a distinguished history in which the first figure to win lasting renown was Macaulay. From later names, those of Praed, Arthur Hallam, Thackeray, Fitz-



gerald, G. O. and G. M. Trevelyan, Fitzjames Leslie and J. K. Stephen, and Henry Sidgewick, will suggest something of the Union's claim to be a nursery for literature, scholarship, and public life. The remaining period has been covered by ten Presidents, who have shown a natural tendency to reminisce about incidents in their particular terms of office. Great names are fewer, or less fully established, but the Union has maintained its tradition for originality and independence, and for brilliance from some members and from almost all visiting speakers, some of whom could hardly have been induced to confront each other on the floor of any other House.

More restricted in scope and time than the anthology reviewed above from the younger Cambridge, it reveals an even more distinguished roster, memories equally nostalgic to a disciple, and examples and reminders to the outside world of the quality and influence of the Cambridge tradition.

C. L. B.

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SOME PRINCIPLES OF FICTION, by ROBERT LIDDELL, Jonathan Cape; in Canada, Clarke, Irwin and Co., Ltd. 162 pp. \$2.50.

At first glance, this appears to be a disjointed and disappointing collection of stray thoughts that had not been incorporated into the author's earlier *Treatise on the Novel*. It follows the same method of examining the principles of fiction as they are put into practice by successful novelists. It disclaims any title to being a treatise by its discussion of separate topics in a discontinuous and unsystematic order that suggests a working note-book. Under the separate and loosely related headings, however, the reader is usually lucky enough to find observations that are penetrating and self-sufficient. Criticism has sometimes been spoiled by being forced to support a thesis, and judgment and judgments in literature may be the better for being presented, as here, in the form of detached *aperçus* or *obiter dicta*.

C. L. B.