

CONTENTS

- I. MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS
- II. PROFESSIONAL LIFE (a) UNIVERSITY TEACHING IN IRELAND AND IN CANADA
- III. PROFESSIONAL LIFE (b) PROBLEMS OF A DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY
- IV. MY JOURNALISM
- V. MY BOOKS
- VI. MY SHARE IN THE CONFLICTS OF INDUSTRY
- VII. POLITICS AND CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES AS I SAW THEM IN CANADA
- VIII. MY RADIO ~~BROADCASTING~~ / BROADCASTING
- IX. GAINS AND LOSSES: A BALANCE SHEET

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
HERBERT LESLIE STEWART

MA (OXON), PH.D., F.R.S.C., F.R.S.A.

FIRST DRAFT

- INCOMPLETE and UNPOLISHED
at the time of his death in 1953.

MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

As every sensible man is exhorted to make his will, he should also be bound to leave to his descendants some account of his experience of life. . . . Nobody ever wrote a dull autobiography, if one may make such a bull, the very dullness would be interesting.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

I was born on 31st March, 1882, in the Manse of Cairncastle Presbyterian Church, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland, where my father, Rev.

S. Edgar

Stewart, ministered to a country charge. On my mother's side, too, I had a certain inheritance from "Schools of the Prophets"; her father was the Rev. ^{Moses} N. Black, minister of Kilmore Presbyterian Church, Kilmore, Co. Down. Nine months after my birth my father was called to Joymount Presbyterian Church, Carrickfergus. In that old Norman town, about ten miles north of Belfast, I spent my childhood and youth.

My very earliest memories are thus of Carrickfergus. It would be historically wrong, though in a sense deeper than the historical it would be right, to call that old Norman town (in my childhood days one of about 5,000 inhabitants) a sample of "Plantation Ulster". At least four hundred years before the first settlement of English and Scottish "planters" under King James I in Northern Ireland, there was the town of Carrickfergus, with its majestic "Carrickfergus Castle" in which King John is reported to have once slept, and whose strength still after seven and a half centuries shows how the builders of that time intended their work to last. Inhabitants of historic places are notoriously indifferent to exploring "what one can see any time", and my first visit to the Castle was when I took visitors from afar to be shown through it, carefully concealing from them the fact that I had never myself been there before. Another, and to the enthusiasts of party politics a more interesting spot to visit in the town was the stone at the entrance to the Harbor on which William III was alleged to have landed in 1690, en route to fight the Battle of the Boyne. Now and then a visitor, more devoted to literature than to politics,

would arrive at Carrickfergus ^{- inquiring there for the way to Killybegs, three miles off,} ~~at the station nearest Killybegs~~ where still might be seen the ruins of the church in which, during his earliest years after ordination, there ministered the author of Gulliver's Travels. A story still circulates that Swift when he had only the sexton present at a service used to adjust realistically the language of the Prayer-Book, and begin "Dearly beloved Thomas, the Scripture moveth thee and me in sundry places..."

I am questioned from time to time ~~about~~ by officials of the social services receiving immigrants as to what variety of Christendom is that of Northern Irish who register as "Church of Ireland". "Church of England" they know, and "Church of Scotland", but their assumption that "Church of Ireland" would mean the religious faith of the vast majority of the Irish people is at once angrily repudiated by these immigrants. I have had the task of explaining to the social service workers that ~~for~~ until Gladstone disestablished and disendowed the Anglican Church in ~~the~~ the island bound to Great Britain by the Act of Union, that Church like the coastguard ^{officers,} ~~officers,~~ the police, and ^{the} military garrison derived its title neither from its supposed apostolic succession nor from the consent of the worshipping ~~people,~~ people, but from the British Government which had quartered its clergy there as civil servants. In the Carrickfergus of my childhood the Anglican Church of St. Nicholas, even a quarter of a century after this imposture had been terminated, clung to the old impressive name, ~~and~~ its members often describing themselves as "Church people" in contrast with "Dissenters".

In the town and its neighborhood during ~~the~~^{the} 1890's the Orange Order was strong and active. It was stimulated specially by the Home Rule Bill which Gladstone introduced in 1893 and whose purposes, though frustrated at least for a time by the fall of the Liberal Government in 1895, continued to dwarf all other interests in the Northern Irish imagination. The sort of addresses now heard with enthusiasm by the Protestant Benevolent Society of Toronto (an organization to which the first word in its title seems more fitting than the second) would then have drawn thunderous applause from various branches of the "Loyal Orange Lodge" in Carrickfergus or its environs. My father, whose ancestors had suffered under the land system of "Plantation Ulster", had warm sympathy with the ^{new land laws} ~~land laws~~ in relief of the Irish farmer whose lot Gladstone said had no parallel known to him but that of the farmer in Poland under the alternate tyranny of Prussian and Russian feudal magnates. But to justify, or even to excuse, any aspect of "Gladstonianism" in an Ulster town was risky for a Protestant minister. An incident I well remember was the challenging question I heard put to my father by a parishioner as to why he thought Providence allowed a man so wicked as Gladstone to continue to live. It elicited a somewhat evasive answer that Gladstone being so old (he was then 83) might soon be called to a higher sphere. The retort was characteristic: "I care not where he ^{might} ~~will~~ go, if he were only taken away." ~~He would be~~

Carrickfergus was a military training centre in summer, and my father was Presbyterian chaplain to the troops, besides carrying on his own parish work. The South African War, with all its controversy between Joseph Chamberlain's 'Imperialists' and Lloyd George's "Little Englanders" had the town ^{excited} ~~excited~~, as batches of volunteers were enrolled and "Soldiers of the Queen" or Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" was sung or whistled by enthusiasts everywhere. How frightful a price Great Britain would pay in international repute, how over the next half-century the "Imperialism" in which Chamberlain, Milner and Kipling taught her to exult would become increasingly a reproach ^{which} her friends had to explain away and an irritant ^{which} her enemies delighted to exploit, some even then conjectured, but in the tumult of victory their voices were drowned. A military chaplain, known to dissent from the prevailing belief that the war was for just maintenance of British rights in South Africa, and convinced that its source lay rather in lure of the Rand mines for British financiers, was in a difficult position at a training centre. My father said little, kept to the strict duties of his chaplaincy, but I look back with satisfaction on the night when celebrants of the capture of Pretoria, in procession through the Carrickfergus ~~XXXX~~ streets, stopped at the gate of the Manse to "beck" the ~~ZA~~ clerical family of "Little Englanders".

Growing up in an Old Country manse during the last decade of the nineteenth century~~in~~, in a rural district or a small town, had an atmosphere of educational advantage. ^{"Democratic" upheavals} ~~Social~~ ~~reform~~, ~~unparalleled~~, had not yet created there the anti-church prejudices which now form such fitting accompaniment to other changes of our restless time. The minister and the minister's wife influenced deeply the life of the neighborhood in a Northern Irish or a Scottish parish, providing a centre of light and ^{help} ~~guidance~~ for families in perplexity, in difficulties, in distress. I first learned anything of "social problems" from what I saw and heard of those whose ~~first~~ ~~resort~~ was to the Manse with their story of the buffetings of fortune, of strain with employers, or of domestic discord. The writings of Ian Mac-laren, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, which were very widely read in the 1890's, such books as Auld Licht Idylls or Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, have pictures at once faithful and unforgettable of ~~such~~ the scene.

My father studiously avoided concern with ~~any~~ what he called "mere politics", to which he did not pay even the respect of enquiring with any ^{special} care how the rival parties differed. For him the cause of the Church dominated all else. I remember my mother, ~~Presbyterian/Jesuit~~ whose religious interest was as deep but not so exclusive, describing him as a sort of "Presbyterian Jesuit" for whom what mattered in every ^{new} political or social ~~scheme~~ scheme was to know how it would affect the work of the Church. In this work his constant question was not what was required of him, but how much it was within his power to do. Above all ^{how he could devise} ~~in devising~~ further agencies for religious education. Apart from his Sunday services, he would initiate class after class to teach the fundamentals as he saw them of the Christian Faith; for example his "Men's Monday Meeting for Study of the Scriptures" with the stipulation that the men should come "in their working clothes". How vividly I remember that course, some 80 to 100 men, who had obviously come straight from their occupations in labor on the farm or at the shoemaker's bench or in the factory to listen to his exposition ~~right~~ of the Bible each week right through the winter months. My mother on the other hand, was acutely concerned with the problems of changing national policy. In those days newspaper reports of proceedings in parliament used to be far more copious than they now are in giving the full text of speeches by leaders. I remember how when I was not more than twelve or thirteen years old she would get me to read aloud to her as she attended to household "chores" a speech of ^{three} ~~two~~ or four columns length by A. J. Balfour or Joseph Chamberlain. Sometimes she would characterize it, when I had finished, as "a very able but a very wicked speech". And how she glowed with reverential enthusiasm over the latest from her idol, William Ewart Gladstone!

Carrickfergus is related to Belfast, ^{very much} as a small Ontario town to Toronto a few miles distant. Half a century ago, when I still lived there, numerous "commuters" made the trip by train each morning to their business employment in the great industrial city, of which even its critics most severe in other respects must acknowledge its intense industrial energy, the achievements of its shipyards where so many of the most famous of ocean-going ~~liners~~ liners were built, the glory of that Irish linen produced and exported from it in such ~~abundant~~ volume as to earn for it the name "Linenopolis" as Manchester has been called "Cottonopolis". No wonder that so many Belfast families emigrating to Canada have settled in Toronto with a feeling that they are there in essentials completely at home.

Belfast, like Manchester, has some admirable grammar schools. ~~I was enrolled as a pupil in~~ ^{At} the oldest of these, the Belfast Royal Academy, ^{I was enrolled as a pupil} in 1893. I count myself fortunate in having spent both

I ~~count myself fortunate in having spent~~ school and college days at a time when the ideals of liberal in contrast with professional or ~~technical~~ technical education were still, relatively, unchallenged. At the Belfast Royal Academy we studied languages, history, geography, mathematics, not with constant incentives from the thought of how we might later secure lucrative jobs by ability to use the German of Goethe, the Spanish of Cervantes, the French of Molière for commercial bargaining with firms in South America, or the principles of mathematical physics for carrying out a well-paid contract on a bridge. Not chiefly with a view to jobs in the diplomatic service were our courses in college shaped; our geography and history were cultivated in detachment from a utilitarian purpose. ~~As~~ Unlike the youth of the present, we were neither haunted by ~~that/ neither/ haunted/ like/ the/ both/ of/ the/ present/ by/~~ continual fear of an imminent world war nor beset by allurements to abandon study for some job in the commercial or sporting world that had promise of higher pay. We were left happily ~~alone/ alone/ alone/~~ alone, even by those who had no genuine respect for learning but -- like King George II in his comment on Shakespeare to the inner circle of his intimates -- agreed that ~~that~~ ^{on} that subject "it doesn't do to say what one really thinks". The idea of education impressed upon us by those who directed our studies was that so aptly put by John Stuart Mill in his rectorial at the University of St. Andrews:

"What professional men should carry away with them from a University is not professional knowledge, but that which should direct the use of their professional knowledge, and bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a special pursuit..... Education makes a man a more intelligent shoemaker, if that be his occupation, but not by teaching him how to make shoes; it does so by the mental exercise it gives and the habits it impresses."

Men so trained at school and at college did not by reason of

Their early aloofness from the ambitions of professional or business life prove the less fit for achievement in those ^{spheres} ~~spheres~~ once their trained intelligence was so specialized. The Belfast Royal Academy was no Eton or Winchester or Harrow, but as we sat on "Speech Day" once a year at Distribution of Prizes we felt reason to be proud of the reminders in ~~eloquent~~ congratulatory eloquence -- how the Academy boys of the past had included ~~Sir/Arthur/Pottinger/Whit/Chaplin~~ Lord Cairns, ~~certainly~~ still held in reverence as one of the greatest of Chancellors; Lord ~~Chaplin~~; Sir Donald Currie, who successfully challenged the competition of the whole ~~world~~ shipping world, with his forty-seven steamers on ~~all~~ the main trade routes of the globe; Viscount Bryce whose portentous learning did not unfit him for the most intricate tasks of ~~his~~ ambassadorial diplomacy. Thinking back to Oxford days, I recall men of ~~my~~ my own period who rose to very high positions in public affairs -- Cabinet Ministers, judges, corporation lawyers, masters in finance -- whose most valued talent in undergraduate years has been for composition in ~~Latin~~ the ancient languages; what D'Arcy Thompson called "successful mimicry of the cadence of a Greek song or the roll of Ciceronian prose."

I suppose most boys are introduced to the problems of the adult world through the portals of their fathers' particular profession or business. It is in such terms that a ^{boy} ~~boy~~ first hears of the plans, the difficulties, the successes or misfortunes of the human adventure. The legend that ministers' sons ~~are~~ "as a rule turn out badly" continues to circulate and to prompt sensational novels, in disregard of the statistical record which is altogether against it. And how often have we heard from someone who ^{has} ~~he~~ cut all connection with the Church that he did so in consequence of his resentment of the compulsory ~~religious~~ ~~exercises~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~childhood~~ ~~..~~ This avowal of vengeance on the memory of his parents ^{I have} ~~is~~ commonly heard from one whose other habits make his hatred of the Church altogether intelligible apart from the reason he gives for it.

To the debates and controversies of the adult world I was introduced in boyhood by the scenes at the annual General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church which met always in Belfast. As I think back to those ~~the~~ middle 1890's, there comes to my mind many a Church dispute of which it is hard for the present generation to believe that reasonable and earnest men were ever ranged in it on opposite sides. But we who were brought up amid its excitement, and ^{who} ~~who~~ watch excitements of the present, are not likely to agree that Churchmen of the present Age are either more earnest or more reasonable. Furious conflict, for example, over the question whether only "the Psalms of David" (because they belong to the inspired Holy Scripture) should be allowed in the Praise Service of the Church, or leave should be given ~~also~~ to use also "uninspired hymns!" Again, whether in the Service of Praise the accompaniment of an organ should be sanctioned, or only unaided human voices should participate, because use of such an instrument as an organ means "worship by machinery".

Compare such questions in an Irish General Assembly of, say, 1895 with the question which in 1928 divided the British press and later the British parliament into factions giving each other credit for neither intelligence nor honesty. I mean the question whether reservation of the Sacramental Elements for solitary adoration did or did not imply countenancing a doctrine indistinguishable from that of the Roman Catholic Mass. I am not treating scornfully either of these controversies, but I wish those so heated over one would spare ~~respect~~ respect for those heated over the other. Keen argument, glowing rhetoric, intense spiritual passion were exhibited on both sides in each, and ^{if} a boy in the late ^{1920's} ~~1890's~~ brought up in a High Church Anglican vicarage may have had his first experience of dialectic over the Prayer-Book, so might a boy in an Irish ~~Presbyt~~ Presbyterian Manse of the middle 1890's have had his critical wits aroused and his verbal imagery stimulated ~~by~~ by the debates in General Assembly over "Hymns and Instruments".

Another, and a more enduring, provocative to thought during those boyhood years in a Manse family was the spread of so-called "Higher Criticism of the Bible", in which Scottish Presbyterian theologians were suspected by their Irish brethren of very dangerous heresy. Especially those who had studied in German Universities, and returned with novel speculation about the different hands at work on the traditional Five Books of Moses, ~~splitting~~ splitting the Prophecies of Isaiah into sections whose dates and authorship

were far apart, and ascribing the Fourth Gospel to one several generations later than "John the Son of Zebedee". How well I ~~Appreciate~~ understood, when I read long afterwards, Carlyle's reflection on the young Scottish ministers of his own youth who ^{came back from} ~~brought back from~~ their studies in Jena, ^{with} a style of preaching to their country congregations which brought no ideas to the mind but much terror to the heart.

A publication of the time by one James Moffatt, whose preface gave as his address "Free Church Manse, Dundonald, Ayrshire", and which bore the title The Historical New Testament, was being vehemently and alarmingly discussed. According to it, the Church's belief about the time of composition, the order and the authorship of the books which were the authority for her faith had been profoundly wrong. How far ~~would~~^{was} this upset destined to go? Were not those ministers, mostly Scottish, false to their vows? And what would remain of the Bible at all if it was to be progressively chipped like this? My father was of conservative mood and habit on such matters, reflected that there had been heresies innumerable which the Church Catholic had survived, and attended to the duties of his North of Ireland parish as if these Scottish disturbers of the peace of Jerusalem had never been heard of. My mother was ~~not~~ not of the same easy mind. She had read Stanley's Jewish Church, which surprised and interested her by its cool allusion to the Father of the Faithful as "an Arab sheik", had come next to Farrar's book The Immortal Hope whose plea appealed to her tremendously but certainly could not be reconciled with the doctrine in the Westminster Confession of Faith. My brother, seven years my senior and ~~then~~ at that time going through his University Arts course, one day startled the family by announcing that he wanted to be a minister and to prepare for this office not at an Irish College but at New College, Edinburgh. He was my only brother and I had no sister, so we were very close mutual confidantes. He expressed to me his conviction that those Scottish modernizers of the Creed were right, but that so far from weakening the historic Faith their work would be ~~completely~~ ~~found~~ found ultimately to have rendered its basis more secure than ever. To my brother I owed more than I can tell in those school days. From such home surroundings, three so different and yet each when more than half a century has passed a memory vivid and indescribably ~~precious~~ ~~precious~~ I passed from school to Lincoln College, Oxford.

In March, 1901, I competed for and won a Classical Scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford. There I spent four stimulating years. William Walter Merry, known to the schoolboys of many countries by his editions of Homer's Odyssey and of the plays of Aristophanes was Rector, and never before or since have I known a College Head who so successfully combined academic dignity with personal charm. Lincoln was a foundation of the early fifteenth century, intended as a centre of resistance to the Lollard heresies of the time. But three and a half centuries after its founding it was the home of John Wesley with his "Holy Club" in which the characteristic doctrines of Wycliffe and the Lollards most pointedly re-appeared. It still affectionately preserves its "Wesley Room", in which I submitted many weekly essays to W. H. Fairbrother, my tutor in Philosophy. Probably it was ^{under} ~~under~~ the Rectorship of Mark Pattison, especially in the furious controversial period of Essays and Reviews to which he had contributed a memorable article, that Lincoln became most notable in the second half of the nineteenth century. But brilliant men were at its High Table in the years of my residence, ^{as} such men as A. S. Hunt of the Oxyrynchus Papyri, ^{Sir Owen Edwards already advancing & likely the possessor of his native Wales,} Neville Sidgwick ^{famous for his work on the chemistry of nitrogenous compounds} ~~then and long afterwards~~ ^{Sir Owen Edwards the Welsh historian.} To me most memorable of all was William Warde Fowler, the Sub-Rector, to whom I wrote long years afterwards that he had taught me more than he himself ever realized, ^{and that} not so much by precept as by example. His enthusiasm for Roman history was boundless, and his knowledge in that field was vast. To this day in preparing a lecture on an historical subject I reflect "How would Warde Fowler probably have opened up this kind of enquiry?" How vividly I remember his ^{effort} ~~effort~~ to speak as graciously as his conscience would permit on essays I wrote for him about some problem of Roman history: the first that comes to mind was on the topic "The effect of the Hannibalic Wars on the Rural Economy of Italy" and then his ^{so} opening up of the subject as to leave

me convinced that I had not produced even an introduction to it.

I do not in the least share the spirit of depreciation in which I have heard the tutorial and lecture system of the Oxford of those days discussed. It had indeed its effective and also its ineffective teachers. But there was abundant choice, and my own chief regret is for the many opportunities I neglected. Each term a scheme of courses at the various colleges, every one of which an undergraduate of any college could attend, provided at least a substantial proportion of lectures by men of international fame. I recall with gratitude having heard some of the last delivered by Edward Caird in Balliol, and how fascinated I was by his skill in finding everywhere -- among poets, historians, scientists -- illustrative confirmation of the doctrines of Hegel. I was not always convinced by his insistent Hegelianism, any more than by the Mommsenite Caesarism of Warde Fowler. But in both cases the mixture of impatience under the conclusions with a feeling of incapacity to show how they could be refuted was the very best stimulant to thought. So much began for me under the wand of those magicians -- Warde Fowler showing how it was indeed "the foremost man in all this world" that Brutus and Cassius struck, Caird uncovering in Goethe or Browning such implicit ~~philosophy~~ philosophy as made me feel ^{the} ~~that~~ mere historians of literature never get to the heart of Faust or Sordello.

Other memories of personalities in those days crowd upon me now when half a century has passed. I fancy myself back in Exeter listening to Cyril Bailey as he sketched from Cicero's speeches and letters an unforgettable picture^u of life in the Rome of two thousand years ago; or

in Balliol when Pickard-Cambridge discoursed on Greek Tragic Drama, convincing us, as he generally did, that in Aristotle's Poetics might be found the complete theory of what all tragic dramatists ancient and modern had achieved; or in Corpus as Arthur Sidgwick disclosed in Vergil a significance of which we had never dreamed, especially when he read the text of the Aeneid aloud and we began to understand for the first time how the sound could be an echo of the sense: I think I hear him still as he thus gave new meaning to the line

Tanti molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

A differently magnetic influence was exercised upon an Irish Presbyterian boy in that university city most bound by Anglican tradition when he met the Scottish Andrew Martin Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, which in its decisive and at times militant Nonconformity^m he made the centre of wide and intense religious influence. Mansfield was a college for the training of Congregationalist ministers. Each term a card announcing the successive preachers at its chapel service was circulated in all the colleges of the university, and preachers of various religious denominations were chosen with the most discerning skill to address there an academic congregation. Among preachers in Mansfield Chapel I recall, as I think back, George Adam Smith, James Denney, T. M. Lindsay, Hugh Black, R. F. Horton, F. B. Meyer, R. J. Campbell, Marshall Lang.

Fairbairn kept open house every Sunday afternoon and we called when we chose to meet the preacher of the day. A curious scene often in the reception room of the Principal's Residence, for Oxford had many and varied groups! One might meet men celebrated over the English-speaking world and beyond it, whom young undergraduates overawed by their books found the most agreeable and sympathetic of talkers. My interests in my last two Oxford years were becoming more and more specialized to philosophy, in which I was bent upon trying for the John Locke post-graduate scholarship, open to competition throughout the University, though I often told myself it would prove far beyond my powers. At least there was no harm and should be some benefit in trying for it, on the principle that ~~that~~ he who aims at the moon will shoot higher than he who aims at a tree, though he won't hit the moon. So meeting great scholars in philosophy or subjects cognate to philosophy, not as one of an audience in a ~~hall~~ College hall before a lecturer who does not know and never will know of one's existence, but in the intimacy of a personal conversation had a thrill all its own. I have never forgotten my talk with T. M. Lindsay, the great historian of Renaissance and Reformation thought, as he told me of his student life in Jena under Hermann Lotze. But none surpassed in charm the Principal himself, then engaged on his monumental Philosophy of the Christian Religion, as he relaxed to tell amusing stories to a young freshman. I can still see his eyes sparkling behind his glasses as he grew sarcastic over the current editorials in the Scotsman on Church affairs, declaring his belief that the head office of that paper was at least for the time in Pandemonium, with only a branch on the North Bridge in Edinburgh!

To my great surprise I won the John Locke at Oxford and almost simultaneously a philosophical studentship in competition in Dublin.

These were very valuable prizes, so that -- as the Scots would say -- I was, for a student, very definitely "in funds" for a considerable period ahead. Partly, I suppose from the atmosphere of a Manse, partly through the contagion of great Oxford teachers whose philosophy was suffused with the problems of religion, I ^{had} decided to enter the Divinity Faculty of the University of Edinburgh as a student for the ministry of the Church of Scotland. The money prizes were for the fulfilment of this choice of a career very opportune indeed.

I

Before passing from my Oxford memories, I think I may fitly, and perhaps usefully include a paragraph about an Oxford organization which an incident of 1935 made not so much famous as notorious in the news. The Union Society at its weekly debate passed a resolution ~~to repudiate~~ repudiating all respect for the traditional requirement of youth to "fight for King and Country". All over the Commonwealth Oxford men were asked what on earth this meant. Had a tidal wave of pacifism engulfed the University which in the past had given so many great soldiers and sailors to the defence of the Empire? ~~The shock was felt in the highest circles of the~~ ^{citizens} ~~It was no mere popular excitement produced by a~~ ^{The shock was greatest in high circles of leadership.} sensational newspaper headline. ^{^ ^} For once the public, who ~~had~~ ^{passed} it off with a shrug and a smile, or a comment on the freaks of undergraduate debate had a truer ^{instinct} ~~instinct~~ than Stanley Baldwin or Winston Churchill who took the incident very seriously to heart. The Prime Minister later assigned as one reason why he concealed that year the facts he well knew about German rearmament and the formidable strength of the German Air Force this display at Oxford of a pacifism which his government had to take into account.

He felt that he could not present the danger without urging measures to meet it, and ~~for~~ such measures in the apparent public mood would be ^a angrily received. The government introducing them would lose the next general election to Labor. So he decided to withhold the truth. Sir Winston Churchill, without in the least condoning this device to keep a government in power, records his own sense of the gravity of what had occurred at Oxford.

Neither of these public leaders was an Oxford man. If they had consulted such ex-Presidents of the Oxford Union as Lord Birkenhead or Sir John Simon, they would have been quickly ~~undecided~~ freed from their alarm, and have felt no bewilderment when within four years they watched those who had foresworn service to King and Country ~~as/abolished~~ responding with all the enthusiasm of their Oxford predecessors to the clarion call of the War Office. Whatever other reasons Stanley Baldwin may have had for believing that the country had gone pacifist the vote at the Oxford Union implied nothing remotely like what he supposed. A debate there is a display of competitive wit and rhetoric, members leading in it often in the manner of counsel in a law case who make the very most of an argument in whose conclusion they may have no personal belief. The audience votes accordingly very much (not exclusively) like judges at one of our Canadian debates for the side which did the better debating job. Or, if there is a ~~disturbed~~ distinguished visitor, "speaking fifth" as usual after four undergraduates have had their say, some Cabinet Minister or Leader of Opposition, the vote will commonly go with his side as courteous compliment.

I shared in too many of those Oxford Union debates to be misled by the dark misconstruction of the one on military service. Those with no interest in the arts of speech used to refer scornfully to "the sort of nonsense talked at the Union by debaters who know nothing of the subject they debate." Sometimes indeed we did know nothing, or next to nothing about it, and were concerned only with epigrammatic sparkle. What for example, did I know of the subject when I opened a debate on the proposal to reestablish the Prize Ring in England? Blank nothing, but I made something up, and the press said my speech was "an oasis in the desert of previous speakers". My readers may imagine what the previous speakers were like. Nor would I have wanted to be held responsible for the cogency of the reasons I gave against the alliance between Great Britain and France commonly known as the entente cordiale. But there was a value, for those who kept in mind the discounts which should be applied, in that practice of the arts of persuasive eloquence, of quick and effective retort to an interrupter, of watching for weak points in an opponent's ~~case~~ case which lent themselves to rebuttal. Never before or since have I had an audience more attentive, ~~or~~ readier to respond to such stimulus, or more plainly enjoying, quite apart from the merits of a controversial case, the sheer skill of ^a dialectic.

A glance at the list of men who have over the years been Presidents of the Oxford Union will show an impressive proportion whose powers of speech first cultivated there carried them far indeed later in the encounters of law courts, in the debates of parliament, in the oratory of the pulpit. At its worst a Union debate could be very superficial and flippant; at its best it could sometimes reach a high level of pathos and power. I well remember Sir Samuel Dill, who had been H. H. Asquith's contemporary at Oxford saying to me "I heard him at the age of 21 speak in the ~~Oxford~~ Oxford Union

as well as he speaks now in ~~part~~ the House of Commons." The most brilliant of Union speakers in my own time ^{was} as one named William Temple. No one will question the learning with which he ~~later adorned~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ later adorned and the devotion with which he served his Church as he rose step by step to the Primacy. But in undergraduate days no one equalled him in the cut and thrust of Union debate. There was no other of whose satiric arrows getting between the joints of my rhetorical harness I was quite so apprehensive.

A most important stimulus to the development of Union debating talent was the "distinguished visitor" chosen from Front Bench Ministers or Front Bench Opposition who each term came to share our controversies. They did not disdain, but much value^d the opportunity. My memory goes back to hearing on such occasions Lloyd George, Lord Rosebery, Lord Hugh Cecil, Winston Churchill and many another. Irish champions such as John Redmond and T. P. O'Connor could always get an enthusiastic vote for the Irish Nationalist cause, though some of us were by no means sure how the polite Englishmen who applauded them in the Union would vote later on the same issue at an election. I even remember still characteristic flashes from ~~the~~ some of those distinguished visiting speakers. Who that ever listened to Lloyd George could altogether forget in half a century what he said? I heard him speak against Joseph Chamberlain's policy of imperialist Protection, for which Chamberlain said he had got the idea in South Africa as he gazed over the illimitable veldt. "Quite possibly", commented Lloyd George, "he will not ^{go on} ~~do~~ with this project. He has tried and given up many a new thing in his career. The illimitable veldt of politics is fairly littered with his abandoned guns". I recall, too, how Winston Churchill, then

still a back-bench Tory in the House, though ^{obviously} ~~obviously~~ troublesome to his leader, was twitted by a Liberal undergraduate speaker who preceded him in the ~~the~~ Union debate about the uncertainty of his politics. This was while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was laboring to hold together in the Liberal ranks groups of very diverse and mutually hostile character. "I suggest", said Mr. Churchill, "to the previous speaker that he suspend his anxieties about my party future and apply his zeal for discipline where it is just now most sorely needed. Having had practice on the gaping ruptures of the Liberal ranks he may acquire title to press his advice on Conservatives whose lack of unanimity on detail he so deplores.". On whatever party side it was applied (and it has varied very considerably in such choice) the Churchillian satire has always been keen.

There is surely room for such an organization as the Oxford undergraduates have thus established and so long maintained, to perfect the arts of debate, without having its judgment on technique mistaken for pledges to a policy. Those who thought the pacifist resolution was seriously meant and would be acted upon were quickly undeceived by its sequel. But it speaks little for their knowledge of the institution they criticized, and even for their sense of humor, that they ever so grossly misunderstood.

Edinburgh during my first winter there (1905-6) was convulsed with the excitement of a general election. My own political convictions were strongly Liberal, but the Church of Scotland (which the United Free Church had not yet rejoined) was strongly Conservativ^e, and my daily contacts with my fellow-students for the ministry there were with men to whom my singular opinions were explicable and excusable chiefly by what was supposed to be my Irish temperament in revolt against "the Powers that Be". It was a time when such revolt was in the air. A Conservative Government had held office continuously for almost twenty years. It had developed a contemptuous confidence, heedless of the younger men in its own parliamentary ranks who gave warning that a regime so inattentive to social grievances, so responsive only to the requirements of a privileged minority, would not endure without limit. Joseph Chamberlain's project of abandoning free trade and introducing a protective tariff which thrilled the imagination of the large manufacturers but drove the multitude to fury by its tax on food, provided the spark which set off the powder magazine. The Prime Minister, A. J. Balfour, had obvious misgivings about this venture of his chief lieutenant, and in a characteristically

evasive brochure entitled Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade he endeavored to avoid committing his government either for or against. More suitable, his nervous followers ^{critics} said, from the author of A Defence of Philosophic Doubt than for a chief about to face an election campaign against ~~such platform fighters~~ such platform fighters as H. H. Asquith and David Lloyd George. Danger was impending too from another quarter. It was then that a young back bench Conservative, Winston Spencer Churchill by name, who had tried ineffectively to rouse his chief to the demands of a new situation, crossed the floor and placed all his resources of invective, of which he had already shown unmistakable signs, at the service of the Liberals.

Often when I think of Sir Winston's changes, I recall a morning in the Divinity section of the University of Edinburgh buildings when I said to an intense Conservative from the west of Scotland "The Scotsman says this morning that Winston Churchill last night crossed the floor". "Yes", was the reply, "that fixes him". To my enquiry what my friend meant by fixing I got the caustic answer "A man can't rat twice". My impish Irish temper prompted me to ask "Are you sure, in view of the record of John Churchill, founder of Winston's house?" But my Conservative friend was too enraged to continue the conversation.

The scenic charm, the historic associations and the winter east winds of Edinburgh must supply memories to everyone who has lived there. My ruling interest, as befitting a divinity student, was in the churches, the theological courses and those philosophical studies at the University which were most akin, whether as supplement or as criticism, to theology. Even in Edinburgh's historic places, I must admit that I was less concerned to see Holyrood Palace than to see John Knox's house, the spot in St. Giles Cathedral whence Janet Geddes made her Reformation protest with a stool hurled at the head of a Dean, and the Tron Church from which the procession started out that May day in 1843 down the High Street to found the "Free Church of Scotland". I think I have always been open to the reproach -- if reproach it be -- from my philosophic contemporaries of "frequent pause to take theological bearings". ~~At the time~~ But I was regularly at the meetings and shared the discussions of the Philosophical Society where theology was conspicuous by its absence.

The two outstanding figures in my thought of Edinburgh now are William P. Paterson, Professor of Divinity, and John Kelman, minister of the New North Free Church. I have never heard, at Oxford or anywhere else, an abler lecturer or a more impressive preacher.

No one who had the privilege of attending Paterson's lecture courses when he was in his ~~prime~~ prime can ever forget that

27
arresting personality. I can see him still in imagination as he set forth the essence of a great religious movement of centuries ago from which much has resulted for the Creed or practice of the Church; how he made the surrounding circumstances so vivid that we felt as if we were there; how he ~~distinguished~~ distinguished convincingly the essentials from the details. As he depicted the scene he seemed for the time oblivious of his own surroundings including his audience, so that one could say of him "He was far away from Edinburgh for the last hour -- in Nicaea, in Constance or in Trent." Eager requests from those who had been thus fascinated that they might have a copy of the lecture met with the reply "It was never written: I don't remember what I said". Listening to him and watching him at one of those rhapsodic periods made me think I understood for the first time St. Paul's description of one of his own ecstasies "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth."

Occasionally in the Saturday Scotsman Paterson was advertised to preach somewhere, and we liked to be there if only to discover whether his sermon would bear his own test "If you cannot put the essence of it in a single sentence, there is something amiss." We had to admit that he conspicuously exemplified his own rule. One listened too with eagerness always at some stage rewarded by something memorable. I recall one evening service in Greenside Parish Church when he preached a temperance sermon. It included a picture under which the Scottish workman most readily took to drink -- the untidy home, the impatient wife, the unappetising meal, the turbulent children awaiting him after a heavy day's

work. "And then it comes to his mind that he has still one recourse, which will enable him to forget the past, transfigure the present and defy the future". What on ^a account of whisky! May no firm of brewers get hold of it and misuse it.

Paterson continued, I fear, too long lecturing, as A. M. Fairbairn continued too long writing. I ^{have} ~~have~~ been told by a highly competent witness, one who was in his ^{ss} ~~class~~ ^{ss} twenty years after my time, that he was then diffuse, indefinite, confusing. Such characteristics were not only the reverse, they were the inverse of ^{those} ~~that~~ which has ^d ~~marked~~ ^{him} ~~in~~ in the years 1905-6, 1906-7, when I not only ^a ~~attended~~ the course for ~~which~~ ^{which} I was registered, but also when I had a spare hour ^{sitting in on} ~~spent it~~ ^{listening} ~~when possible to~~ another of his courses, for the sheer joy of listening to him. To one who had suffered under very different expositors, there was such ~~real~~ ^a ~~in~~ relief in the clarity, compactness, ordered system, disturbed only by ^a ~~occasional~~ misgiving as to whether the facts could really be fitted into such readily manageable ~~presentation~~. I told my friend whose account of him twenty years later was so startling, that he had never known the real Paterson, but only his wraith, for in his prime his temptation was never to vague diffuseness, but, as one of his candid friends put it, to suppose he had solved a question when he had classified all possible solutions.

John Kelman was the unforgettable preacher of that period in Edinburgh. It is difficult for those of the present day, when the pulpit has at least temporarily so lost its power even in Scotland, to believe a survivor of a bygone time is not exaggerating when he describes the scene on a Sunday evening of 1905 or 1906 at the New North Free Church -- how not only was no seat empty, but one had to come about twenty minutes early and stand in a queue to get a seat at all, and how after the completion of the ~~evening~~ service what Kelman called his Bible Class would begin, with no noticeable shrinking in the audience which still filled the church. I recall vividly one course delivered to that audience on Dante's Vision, how as one passed the church notice-board one saw each week intimation of the particular "circle" in the Purgatorio ^{that} would be Kelman's topic the next Sunday night. "Did you say it was a 'Bible' Class?" some reader may here interpose. It was so described, and the name was fitting, for the relation between the mediaeval poet's picture of "the last things" and the Creed of the ~~Reformer~~ Reformer derived from the Bible, confirming or amending it, was always kept in view.

The same preacher's narrowly Fundamentalist congregation of ~~the~~ ~~late~~ ~~years~~ later years in Fifth Avenue Church, New York, no doubt thought the repute with which he had come across the Atlantic a token of the degeneracy it so lamented-- in Union Seminary, for example, on whose Board to their alarm Kelman accepted a seat. But to the Edinburgh

of half a century ago, especially to its student population, his was the penetrating voice, whether at his church services or in his Operetta House addresses *specially* to students once every few weeks during the University year. It was no voice of indulgent compromise, any more than had been the voice of Henry De^(Camm)mond whose influence over students in Edinburgh had been similar a generation before, of that of Newman for undergraduates at Oxford two generations earlier still. That type of audience is indeed least attentive to compromise preaching on the ^agreat vital issues, and most ready for convincing though startling truth. With a clarity and power which always held his listeners, Kelman would present to students the perfect consistency of the historical or scientific knowledge they were acquiring each day in lecture-room or laboratory with the Faith, not indeed as all the man-made Church Creeds had undertaken to define it with dogmatic and menacing detail, but as it had come from the Founder Himself.

I don't think I have ever been particularly susceptible to what Americans call "magnetism" in a preacher, but Kelman's I could not resist either in Edinburgh or when I was chairman for him years afterwards at a student meeting in Belfast. My last contact was far later still, when I paid him a visit at his hotel suite in New York, and he talked with all the old fire about his work in Fifth Avenue. I could see he was having difficulties, though he made as little of them as possible, for to him difficulties were still not a discouragement but a challenge. I felt rather depressed when I left him, hoping that things would clear up as he had said they would, but suspecting they were worse than he knew. I thought he had got into the wrong church, one wholly unlike his church in Edinburgh, for it had no knowledge of the problems with which he dealt and was bored when not made suspicious by his solutions. Besides he was ageing, and had already done far more than the average lifetime's work. His old sparkle of humor however was still there. The Club I had come

to New York to address ~~Xad~~ was entertaining me at the Biltmore, and the scale of its ^msuptuous meals rather alarmed me. I asked Kelman whether he liked the table luxuries of his hotel. "I would rather", he replied, have ~~ab~~bloody Scotch beefsteak than that whole tremendous menu."

Before passing from my student reminiscences, I may fitly make a confession. To the question someone asked me "Were ~~you/ever~~ you ever plucked?" I have to reply "Yes, once; never in a University examination, but once by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and never was a pluck more thoroughly deserve^d." As a student I was obstinate in my personal tastes, and my dislike, as intense as it was stupid, of Hebrew made ~~my~~ ^{me}rely on my dexterity in "getting away with" the absolute minimum in that subject. But I trimmed it too close for the exam^miner of ~~the~~ the Presbytery of Edinburgh, though the University Professor was less watchful. So the require^{m n}ment of a Presbytery "Sup." wa^s imposed, and it increas^aed my respect for that Church Court. This is a sample of an undergraduate capriciousness, a devotion to philosophy which meant ~~neglect~~ neglect of much that was important, though indirectly, to philosophy itself. I look back with remorse on those "years that the locust hath eaten, wishing I had applied in my twenties the energy with which in my thirties I tried to mak^e good many a needless lack. It was all my own fault, not that of the exce^llent teachers to whose advice and service I often paid too little heed. Perhaps ^aeveryone has ~~regrets~~ regrets of this sort for oppo^rtunities missed. I try to console myself by thinking so. But I am acutely conscious of my own early negligences.

I am often asked why, having completed my course of preparation for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, I turned instead to University teaching. My answer is that I did not conceive this as a fundamental change of purpose. Service of the Church, I felt sure, might as fitly be rendered in teaching philosophy to those who would later be its ministers as in the office of the ministry itself.

Studies in the philosophy of religion were from my undergraduate days and still ~~are~~ remain my ruling interest. Such studies may indeed be variously pursued and yield various results. For me they have always been the source of the soundest defence of the Christian Faith, and in undertaking College instruction where I should have the opportunity of impressing this upon future ministers I felt (with the cordial concurrence of Dr. W. P. Paterson with whom I discussed my choice) that I should be still in the same service for which I had been ^a accepted by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. In the year after I completed my Divinity Course, a Junior Fellowship in Philosophy was offered for competition in Dublin by the Royal University of Ireland. This I won, and a year later I was appointed Lecturer on Moral Philosophy and History of Philosophy in the newly established Queen's University of Belfast. Most of the students in my classes there were in preparation for later study for the ministry in a theological College. So I felt that no fundamental change had been made in my programme of life work.

MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE (a): UNIVERSITY TEACHING IN IRELAND AND CANADA
~~MY UNIVERSITY WORK~~

I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world. But we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

My present chapter will be concerned with what my experience of thirty-eight years in University work, from my first appointment to Belfast (1909) until my retirement from Dalhousie (1947) has shown me. It has been varied, marked by numerous and at times startling changes.

I am not one of those who wish in their old age that they had chosen a life career differently, and who discovered their grievous

mistake only after it was too late to change. Never have I regretted my choice. There is a charm and a thrill about University teaching which, for those really drawn to it, ^{can} supply ample compensation for its hardships and its annoyances. Its material reward is on a very modest scale, and those to whom money constitutes life's paramount aim should dismiss all thought of it, ^{as a} ~~as a~~ career in which they are sure to be both unhappy and inefficient. Like the ministry of the Church and the practice of Medicine, University teaching is a noble profession but a miserable trade.

Plato has observed that an accompaniment of every other art must be "the art of wages"; in other words, that every artist must keep in mind his physical subsistence. But the "living wage", as trade-unionists call it, has been accepted at a very low figure by those for whom there is unique attraction in the life of study and the stimulating of study in others, the long vacations when one can devote one's self to pushing ^{forward} ~~back~~ the frontiers of the explored or working into a fuller symmetry the intellectual accomplishments of the past. To

exploit this preference, getting cheap academic labor from those with a taste they think eccentric but useful, has been in lamentable degree the practice of Boards of University Governors until of late they have passed the limit and been stoppe^d by a Law of Diminishing Returns. But after thirty-eight years ~~experience~~ experience of its handicaps, I should choose again, if I had the opportunity, as I chose that afternoon in midsummer, 1909.

To cherish unreasonable hopes is to prepare the way for unreasonable disappointments, and probably all university teachers have begun with a programme both for their students and for themselves far beyond what will be fulfilled on either side. A distinguished Oxford philosopher to whom I showed my first announcement of my year's scheme at the University of Belfast remarked, with a look of sympathetic amusement "I think that after some experience you will not undertake to do so much". A brief experience was enough to enlighten me, and my philosophic Pegasus had to be brought to earth. But to despair of what can ^{thus} be done because one has absurdly exaggerated either the ^{probable} responsiveness of a class or (at least as likely) one's own powers of exposition is a fault ~~to~~ which I have found lecturers on philosophy (including too often myself) prone to commit. The opportunity of achievement, though as Carlyle used to say we "subtract the due subtrahend" remains high. Of those at a University who include philosophical courses in registering for their year's curriculum I have found wherever I have taught -- in Ireland, in Canada, in the United States -- a constant proportion, "fit though few", who

showed concern, at least as the year wore on, not merely for academic credits, but for the expanding intellectual horizons, men and women upon whom such study for its own sake had laid its spell. To watch this awakening interest is a teacher's joy; to stimulate it is his high privilege. No other correspondence of the volume which still comes to me is more valued than my letters from parish ministers, from school teachers, from college professors, even from an occasional lawyer or doctor, some of whom were in my classes over forty years ago and who write me of their work in terms of the values to which philosophy introduced them. So I do not share, though I well understand, the lament I sometimes hear from Philosophical Departments that the utilitarian drift of our time places their subject at a hopeless disadvantage. Philosophy, like the Christian religion, is indeed as it has always been a minority movement, which will repel those to whom membership in a minority is intolerable -- those ready to exclaim, with a famous American politician, "What's the use of being ~~Barrab~~/ St. Paul rather than Barrabas if you can't get the votes?"

~~But~~ But even "getting the votes", that is to say influencing the public, has proved, especially in these recent years, far more within ~~the reach~~ their reach than most of the despondent philosophers and the no less despondent preachers suppose. After a long period of shameless utilitarianism, absorption in material projects (and in science only so far as it was an instrument to achieve these) after approximately a half century of such eager quest, we have a public disappointed and almost desperate, ready in consequence to lend an ear once again to those who had continuously warned them in vain against their naive confidence.

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I took up work in Queen's, Belfast, as one of the first to be appointed there since the College had been raised to University rank. Like Mason College, Birmingham, or Owens College, Manchester, or many another in an intensely commercial city, it became suddenly the pride of business men who saw in it the chance of wider municipal advertising. In this respect a curious and suggestive contrast is to be noted between England and Scotland. There has been such demand in English cities for a new local institution with power to confer its own degrees rather than serve as teaching subsidiary to an institution long established, that the mushroom growth of English Universities has made them now too numerous for most of us in other countries to remember even by name. Scotland, on the other hand, still remains content with its four, the youngest of which -- Edinburgh -- is now well advanced in its fourth century. For Scotsmen the preservation of an academic Gold Standard has prevailed over the lure of transient municipal gain which inflating the academic currency might provide. In Belfast a safeguard against this which I have remembered with keen appreciation and wished ~~that~~ that other universities would adopt was

~~In 1888 the University of Cambridge~~
~~appointed~~ ^{the appointment of} an "External Examiner" in each Department, so ~~that~~ ^{that} the professor ~~or~~ ^{of} lecturer familiar with a student's work throughout the year and hence taking up his final papers with a predisposition either favorable or unfavorable, should have his judgment supplemented by ~~that~~ ^{that} of an expert from elsewhere, free from any such bias. The purpose was to secure an objective standard, and many times in my first years of examining, when the level of knowledge fair to require was difficult to fix with confidence, I derived much benefit from working with older colleagues. I had in succession Samuel Alexander of Manchester and Hastings Rashdall of New College, Oxford. Alexander's painstaking effort to appraise a student's work on one of the many still controverted philosophic issues, "not by the view adopted, but by the ability and learning with which that view is expounded and ~~defended~~ defended", was a model of sound examining, and to a beginner in the examiner's work it was invaluable as a pattern. "Good ~~paper~~ paper that", he would say handing me a set of answers which I knew were in contradiction of some of his own most cherished opinions. He would add, "the conclusions are in my judgment absurd, but he is ingenious and well-informed as he makes the best of an impossible case."

To extend ~~the~~ the appeal of philosophic studies beyond the very limited circle of those registering as students in such courses was an early aim in my Department, and in my second year of lectureship at Queen's, Belfast, I offered a course (every Monday at five o'clock) entitled "Some Recent Philosophical Movements". It was meant to show how ^{problems} ~~problems~~ of long standing, in education, in social morals, in politics and ~~national~~ ^{baffling} national order, which to the public seemed both urgent and as yet ~~had~~ had the sources of their difficulty illuminated by the critical analysis of certain recent philosophical thinkers. The lectures were afterwards published in my first book, Questions ^{of} the Day in Philosophy and Psychology. It was especially with the challenge of Bergson and the Bergsonian ideas mediated to American and British readers by William James and F. C. S. Schiller that I was there concerned.

Strong currents flowing ~~the~~ in the social and especially the political life of Belfast during those years, 1909 - 1913, disturbed the serenity in which such studies should be prosecuted. Threats of civil war ~~here/respounding~~ in Ireland were resounding, and had ~~plainly~~ ^{plainly} passed beyond the stage at which they could be ignored as mere party bluff. The First Lord of the Admiralty had even hinted ^{that perhaps behind} ~~at the possibility~~ ^{behind} ~~that~~ this silly and wicked chatter there might lurk "the hand of revolution", and had made certain naval rearrangements for quick handling of any disorder which might break out in Belfast. Violence provokes counter-violence, and the success of the followers of Sir Edward Carson in securing by their menaces the postponement, more than once, of a constitutional change ~~in the government of Ireland~~ to which Ministers were pledged was undermining the faith of other Irish parties in any method but physical force to ^{win} ~~extract~~ reforms from "the Saxon". The

Irish Nationalist Party led by John Redmond continued its appeal for patient confidence in constitutional procedure, and in those years, 1909 - 1913, its control of the national movement was still on the whole, unshaken. But there were quarters in which patience long taxed had worn thin, and the sight of British Ministers cowering before anti-Nationalist threats gave just the impulse most to be deplored. A youthful group, insurgent against

the official leader whose insight into "the psychology of the English" they thought far inferior to Sir Edward Carson's, clamored for a Carsonism of their own. "Sinn Fein", like the "Young Ireland" of sixty years before, was the retort to systematic frustration of efforts at peaceful and lawful reform. It is a thrice-told tale in the sombre record of Anglo-Irish relations. The Young Ireland Party superseded O'Connell Parnellism and the Land League wrested concessions by force from ~~those~~ ~~English~~ English leaders impervious to the pleadings of Isaac Butt; Michael Collins and Eamon de Valera with their gunmen extorted far more than Redmond, Dillon and O'Connor had declared themselves ready to accept "in full and final settlement of the Irish claim". I watched in Belfast during those years of my work at Queen's University the development of that "Carsonism" to which Sinn Fein would soon prove a grim answer in kind. Students coming to my classes in quasi-uniform told me they had been route-marching as volunteers for "Carson's army". With great fanfare of advertisement, the Ulster Covenant was signed, pledging multitudes ^{to armed} ~~to armed~~ resistance if a certain "Government of Ireland Bill" ~~was~~ ~~enacted~~ should be enacted.

The passion of Protestant against Roman Catholic was, as usual, being inflamed to the utmost during those years by Unionist politicians ~~in Belfast~~, and this touched the philosophical section of the University through an incident typical of the Belfast of that feverish period. Furious agitation arose over the establishment of a University

Lectureship on "Scholastic Philosophy". This was denounced as use of public money to propagate the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and hence a flagrant violation of the new undenominational University's Charter. In reply it was urged that the doctrines of the "Schoolmen" constituted a section of the history of thought which could not be ignored, and that the special imprimatur bestowed on the work of Aquinas ~~as~~ by Pope Leo XIII did not alter its character of speculative reasoning rather than religious dogma. In a sense both sides were right. It was ridiculous to pretend that the new Lectureship was set up, with a Roman Catholic priest as first to hold it, because a ^more searching examination of the philosophy of the ~~thirteenth~~ thirteenth century was judged on cultural grounds the most urgent of intellectual enterprises to which a new Department in the Belfast University of 1909 could devote itself. Everyone knew that the real ~~at~~ motive had been not educational, but desire to have the Roman Catholic ban lifted from the institution, which would otherwise share the fate of its predecessor, Queen's College, set up by Sir Robert Peel in 1849 and branded by the Roman Catholic hierarchy as "a godless College". On the other hand, it was impossible to disprove, however one might disbelieve, the contention that the purpose of the Lectureship was, as stated, to include a period in the history of European thought to which far less than justice had been done in the philosophical courses previously provided. As I shared a retiring-room with the lecturer on Scholastic Philosophy, we had many a merry interchange over the turmoil raging outside and reported in the daily press. We spoke of the incidental development of interest in

mediaeval studies -- how a bookseller reported sale of forty pounds worth of books about St. Thomas the Fominican in contrast with Duns Scotus the Franciscan, to a single industrialist previously interested only in publications about a protective tariff. Effort after effort was made to ~~obtain~~ obtain from the Courts an injunction invalidating the University Statutes in so far as they provided for a Lectureship on Scholastic Philosophy. The Courts, refusing to speculate about the motive with which the innovation had been made, could not be persuaded that it was beyond the power of the Commissioners who drew the University Statutes to make it. So next move was in parliament. A night of debate on whether Roman Catholic dogma was stealthily insinuated ~~wherever~~ in the Summa contra Gentiles had, among other incidents of "comic relief", ~~the~~ ^{an} enquiry by an excited Conservative M. P. (who had retired frequently to the refreshment room while it was proceeding). "Who", he asked, "in Hell is Sir Thomas Aquinas, and for what constituency does he sit?"

But despite such distractions, during those four years -- the last before our world fell to pieces which remain now, after forty years of mending, patching and plastering, so imperfectly put ~~together~~ ~~together~~ together -- we worked with enthusiasm on a new structure in Irish higher education. The infant University had at least a few men on its staff already known or soon to be known and honored ~~already known or soon to be known and honored~~ throughout the world of learning. I think, as I write these lines with filial remembrance of my old friend and teacher, Sir Samuel Dill, Professor of Greek, whose books, Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire, and Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius had such

copious erudition and such literary charm as are seldom found in the same author and fascinating in their blend. The young Professor of History, whose appointment was made the same day as my own, is now Sir Maurice Powicke, mediaevalist of renown all over the world. It is a joy to me to correspond still with some of those contemporaries on the staff of the first year of the Queen's University of Belfast, a diminishing number of courses for mine is the familiar fate of those pacing, not quite alone but one of few "a banquet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled and garlands dead". I have an occasional letter still from Sir Douglas Savory, M.P. an old Oxford friend, who began to teach French when I began to teach philosophy in Belfast, and who in the straitest sect of Tories still argues against every Radical in parliament as he argued against me half a century back in the debates of the Oxford Union, neither asking nor giving quarter. Last general election gave him a ^{majority} ~~ability~~ of 30,000 and although as far apart in opinions as ever we make mutual allowance for each ~~other's~~ other's and delusions ~~and~~ congratulate each other warmly within the limits of such intellectual reserve. Dr. Thomas Jones, so conspicuous in the Secretariat of Lloyd George's Cabinet, and now President of The Pilgrims, is another of those appointed in the University of Belfast on that July day, 1909. We still ~~gossip~~ ~~gossip~~ gossip to each other through the mails. His writings ~~show~~ ^{show} that, in biblical language "his bow abideth in strength".

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The Dalhousie to which I came just after New Year's Day, 1914, impressed me very strongly. It was small, its endowments were known to be far from adequate, the congestion of space for what it had undertaken was often painful. Coming from Oxford, from Edinburgh, from the newly equipped Queen's University of Belfast, I naturally felt the contrast in externals. But what quickly revealed itself was the spirit of a genuine place of higher education, a spirit which will always achieve much despite natural handicap, and for which no copiousness of externals can be a substitute. I was not surprised when, on looking through its records, I met with so many names of men trained at Dalhousie who had later been among the most notable architects of the structure and promoters of the advance of Canada. In the province named after Scotland the Scottish attitude to education was there at once discernible by a newcomer. It was a place of study, keeping first things first. A meeting of its Senate was unmistakably a conference of men whose primary concern was to cooperate in that sacred enterprise. "We have no habit here", the ~~President~~ President of the time, A. Stanley Mackenzie said to me, "of giving 'honorary degrees'. At Dalhousie degrees have to be earned". That remark has often since come into my mind, as I have observed the latitude of interpretation ^{after} ~~to~~ which, at too many universities the method of "earning" such rewards is ~~often~~ construed.

While it was a small institution, in a small capital city of a small Canadian province, Dalhousie's material disadvantages forty years ago were by no means so serious as they would later, at least for a time, become. The habit acquired in the vulgar frenzy between two World Wars of valuing ^Iall things chiefly in terms of what they cost or of the price for which they could be sold had not yet so displaced other and finer standards of reckoning. Wild competitive boasts of how rich, actually or potentially a country or a province was did not then monopolize as they would later, until the Great Depression exercised a sobering though painful influence, the ~~headlines~~ headlines of the press. Already, too, the distinction of Dalhousie in the world of sound learning was acknowledged not only throughout Canada but abroad. Insignificant buildings but significant men ~~but~~ provide an impressive contrast, of which one ~~Always/Hates~~ should always hate to see the proportions inverted. I valued the honor of being appointed to the Chair of Philosophy on the advice of the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh who had himself held the Dalhousie Chair. Very shortly before I came to Halifax to take up my duties Edinburgh University had selected for its great position of Headship of the Department of Physics another of the Dalhousie staff, George Gordon Macgregor. When I went after a few years to lecture in Leland Stanford University, California, I found that the textbook of Logic in constant use there was by the Dalhousian, J. E. Creighton, who at that time was ~~Editor of the~~ ~~great~~ ~~great~~ ~~great~~ ~~of~~ ~~American~~ ~~Discussion~~ ~~the~~ // Professor in Princeton and editor of the chief American journal of discussion in his field, The Philosophical Review.

Offers to a professor of University positions elsewhere are like proposals of marriage; one is entitled to decline, but not to publish the story of the negotiation. So to illustrate my contentment during my first fifteen years with my place and work in Dalhousie I merely record, without names, opportunities I had both in England and in Canada, one at least of which offered double the ~~salary~~ salary I was receiving. I declined these, partly because of the charm which grew upon me in ~~the~~ ~~Scottish~~ ~~life~~ Nova Scotian life, with the New England States in our immediate neighborhood, ^{and} Great Britain nearer and nearer as facilities of ocean travel were improved. For my literary work, which rapidly found channels in weeklies and magazines of the United States, with long summer vacations for travel, Halifax provided an excellent centre, and I had indreasingly the chance not only through class teaching in College but through lecturing in response to ~~innumerable~~ innumerable invitations outside to influence public opinion as, in my judgment, should always be the duty of a philosopher. I did not take long to decide what answer I should give to ^{pressure} ~~the~~ ~~pressure~~ ~~from~~ from a great political party that I should be an election candidate. That I felt sure was not, at least in Canada, the role for a philosopher.

With my academic base at Dalhousie, I accepted over the years many invitations to deliver special lectures or special courses of lectures at other Universities. I recall with much pleasure my summer in California where the staff and students of Leland Stanford University were the first in the American academic world with whom I came into close relation. There was a charming climate and a charming academic society lit up by many sallies of the specific humor one expects in a Senior Common Room. A considerable number of the professors in Arts were from the East, especially from the New England States, and I have often said that a highly educated New Englander is the best company one can meet on this continent. The Stanford Library, with shelves so copiously stocked and numerous small sound-proof rooms in each of which there was no furniture or ornament of any kind except a table and one chair was an inspiration to research. Neither there nor in the University of California close at hand was there undergraduate zeal for classical studies, but a gesture of continuing respect for such learning was paid by importing its representatives with adequate inducement from Harvard or Yale or Chicago. "Greek", one of them confided to me, "is dead here and Latin is dying, but it is a pleasant place to work on translations for the Loeb Library".

Two summers, 1937 and 1938, which I spent in lecturing for the University of Alberta at its School of Adult Education gave me an opportunity of contact with life in Western Canada. The Course was delivered at Olds Agricultural School, and my task was to interpret to an audience drawn from different parts of the province the significance as far as one could then discern it of the world-shaking changes reported each day in press despatches from Europe and from the Far East. Adult education has been and continues to be a special concern of the University of Alberta, and each year under the enthusiastic and able direction of Mr. Donald Cameron, organiser of numerous Courses for its Summer School, it sets a pattern from which those in the East who tend to speak patronisingly ^{about} "prairie provinces" have much to learn. Nowhere have I had audiences more intent than those audiences at Olds on being helped in exploration of the mysterious world of Fascism, Nazism, Socialism in Great Britain, Chinese war lords, Japanese projects of a New Order for East Asia which made the middle and later 1930's so painfully interesting. And how invitations poured in upon me to lecture in other parts of Alberta, as well as to stop en route home for Club lunches at many centres where audiences were intensely concerned to have an explanatory speech which would help them with the tangled news of their daily papers. Never can I forget an evening in Edmonton, where I had an ~~audience~~ audience of about 1200 to listen to a lecture on "What is at Stake in the Mediterranean". This was in the summer of 1938, when anxiety was becoming more and more tense for those who

were watching the news bulletins about Mussolini's intervention in the Spanish Civil War. British policy as guided by Neville Chamberlain (Anthony Eden having been eliminated from the Foreign Office and Lord Halifax having taken his place) was in that year one of conciliating Fascist Italy, and for this purpose not only was Britain herself strictly "non-interventionist", but France was warned that if she (under Leon Blum's leadership) assisted the Spanish republican Government against Franco and his insurgent military associates, it would "break the Anglo-French entente". I spoke to my audience that summer evening in Edmonton on the perils of that time, on the opportunity given to the Fascist dictator of helping Franco to victory and thus securing an invaluable ally for the Italian project of turning the Mediterranean into "an Italian lake" within that new Roman Empire he had recently proclaimed when he added Abyssinia to Libya, and Egypt had reason to tremble lest she should prove next on his list for conquest. I drew a picture of the probable closing of the Suez Canal to British ships by the menace of Italian submarines, and the consequent need to revert to the long route by the Cape when the "British life-line to the East should have been cut. It is our painful memory that this sombre forecast was soon confirmed, but Neville Chamberlain was then in the full tide of fame, and to question his wisdom was judged presumptuous. My chairman for that evening was the then President of the University of Alberta, and how shocked he felt was apparent to all when he rose at the end of the lecture and without a word of the usual courteous acknowledgment to a guest said in a tone of icy coldness "We shall now adjourn."

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Problems of philosophy and problems of religion have both historically and intrinsically a close relationship. Many students in my Courses, both in Ireland and in Canada, were contemplating the ministry of a Church, commonly either Presbyterian or Anglican. Often I thought of what, exactly a hundred years ago, the most widely influential of philosophers then lecturing from a Scottish Chair said about these two types of clergy. In discerning the ultimate intellectual implications of the Faith, said Sir William Hamilton, those of the Church of Scotland ~~said Sir William Hamilton~~, showed a better average level, but those of the Church of England a superiority at the top. That Scotland has since enriched the literature of theological learning for all Christendom is well known, and one is happy to mark a notable rise in the level of English parochial clergy since the Oxford Movement so awakened them from the sluggish calm in which James Anthony Froude would have preferred to see them remain. On my experience with students for the ministry, more on what I learned from them than on what I tried to teach them, a section in this chapter of autobiography may dwell.

~~During the last few years when I worked in Dalhousie I delivered~~
~~courses in Philosophy and History of the Mind, which I had succeeded~~
~~to ^{often} make available, not in the sense in which I had an opportunity of~~

I was within a year of the statutory retiring age for Dalhousie professors when the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada asked me to accept a certain office to be called that of "Dean of Presbyterian Students in Halifax", and to give special attention to students still in Arts who contemplated entering the ministry. This made strong appeal to me, and during the next five years I was engaged on new Courses such as would be accepted by the University as "degree options" in Arts and would at the same time provide specially suitable preparation for later work at a theological College. It became known as "the Halifax Pre-Theological School". Courses on Philosophy of Religion and on such movements of thought as led through Schleiermacher, Kierkegaard, Ritschl to the "Existentialism" of Karl Barth were given to students in the later undergraduate years who would proceed after graduation to Knox College^{Toronto,} or the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Not only Presbyterian students, but those preparing for the ministry of other Churches registered for these Courses, as well as a considerable proportion that had no design of any ministry. I recall ^a ~~of~~ surprise. Taking for granted that at least all the men students were looking forward to later Divinity, I asked ⁱⁿ one which particular branch of Christendom he meant to minister. He replied with a touch of noticeable irritation "In none; I am going to be a schoolmaster." I said that too was an excellent calling, and the more cultural preparation he had the better. Six months later he came to see me, to tell me he had changed his mind, and wanted advice as to the theological College he should enter for the ministry. ~~of the United Kingdom.~~

I advised this student, in view of the intellectual process through which he had passed, to avoid the sort of theological College (of which there are too many) in which strenuous critical study of the history and implications of Christian doctrine is disparaged, and concern is chiefly with so-called "practical" or "administrative" technique. Places in which no more than a gesture of conventional respect is made to what A. M. Fairbairn called "the Philosophy of the Christian Religion", but the student is trained much in those devices (dignified under the name "Pastoral Theology") which might well be called "Strategy of Congregational Management". I was struck in my experience of that "Pre-Theological School" by the ~~intense~~ intense interest of those who came to it with no thought of a theological sequel, ~~by~~ in contrast with coming clergy who were disappointingly hard to awaken to

~~and ministry, with the necessary of the clergy was a hard task to solve to~~
the real problems of a religious view of the world. I recall in particular the eager enquiries of men who had registered as "Agnostic" or "Hebrew"; also the enthusiasm of women students, while only a certain proportion of those who would serve later in a Church seemed intent on the great fundamental conceptions. I have noted the slackness ~~with~~ where there was reason to look for energy all through my University years, but it was in the last years that I was startled to find ~~anxious~~ eagerness where it was far less to be expected. Concern only to obtain a "degree credit" made me feel that these men whom I could not interest in vital speculative matters must look on their future ~~ability~~ ministry as one of leadership in practice, where theory was agreed and hence might be taken for granted. O sancta simplicitas! Sometimes indeed an undertone of scorn for "disputes about dogma" is quite discernible in the sermons of young ministers, dwelling on what they call "the social gospel", and contrasting it with doctrines about which an earlier generation "quite needlessly" perplexed itself. The ~~more~~ more deplorable, surely, because of the intensity of challenge in the ~~present~~ present world situation for the thought of religious interpreters and the new power of analysis which has been shown in some very notable theological publications of our time. We are witnessing the bankruptcy of Secularism. We have seen ~~the institutions of~~ the institutions of civilization wrecked by an experiment in revolt from the Christian principles which underlay them. At length a public which had long boasted its disillusionment ^{about} ~~of~~ religion seems horrified by

the alternative it chose. Harold Laski's last book had the startling avowal that he felt compelled "to look again at Christianity", and C. E. M. Joad's transformation must have fairly appalled his old friends of the Rationalist Press. An increasing number of agnostic or atheist "intellectuals" have thus been shocked by the outcome of the sheer negations with which they had so long been content. What an opportunity for competent preaching!

The present time is not unlike in this respect to the sequel of the French Revolution, when there was such recoil on the continent of Europe from the eighteenth century Aufklarung, when the "Catholic Revival" attracted so many leaders of European literature and art, when passionate survivors of a period that was past were as much alarmed as Dr. John Dewey became in his latest years over the risk of "return to superstition". It is thus time for those who have in trust the exposition each week of some aspect of the Christian view of God and the world to be thoroughly trained in what the progress of thought has shown to be sound and vital, not accidental or mistaken, in its past presentations. There is such lure, especially for students of commonplace mind, in the popular flippancies about theology being outworn, superseded by the technique of "sociological experts on the Youth Movement" -- whose specialty seems to lie in ^w what Dean Inge once called "flattering the young". To a public at length ready to reconsider its ~~anti-religious~~ anti-religious drift, the young preachers often now present the Christian Faith in terms of obvious institutional tactics, thick with ~~theological~~

the familiar cunning of advertisement, and evading rather than facing the difficulties of thought by which their listeners are distressed.

Essentially the same challenge to thought is set, in different form by the strange "Fundamentalist" upheavals which have been so numerous during ~~the~~ recent years in Canada, the founding here and there of what is advertised as a "People's Church", with accompaniment of wild outcry against all ^{"Modernist"} ~~Modernist~~ clergy. "British Israel", "Jehovah's Witnesses", "Church of the Four-Square Gospel", Buchmanites, Barthians, however impatient most of these groups would be with one another (and all alike with the intrusions of philosophy) present a single problem -- intensely a philosophic problem -- in ^{the} theological education. There is pathos in the spectacle, in the frantic railing against free thought, in the random marshalling of denunciatory texts with no insight into their setting in the Bible or into the circumstances of their composition. Freely and recklessly ^{these} ~~the~~ enthusiasts attribute all manner of wickedness to those from whom they differ. But there is reason to ask how far, like furious revolt against order in the State, this storm in the Church might have been prevented by a timely official consideration.

It is neither sheer obstinacy nor sheer stupidity, it is honest and very painful bewilderment, that makes many a listener to one of these exponents of "the social gospel" ask - "In what sense, if in any, does that preacher believe the Apostles' Creed which he repeats at certain times, but of whose content and implications no notice whatever is taken in his usual pulpit rhetoric about "Brotherhood of Man"? In what sense (if in any) does he believe that the Bible contains unique divine revelation? To such questions

the preachers of the past had answers that were at least definite and clear. If their presentation is to be superseded, it is fair for the average listener in the pew to look for clarity in what comes from the pulpit, but this is often vague, ambiguous, evasive on everything about "Creeds". Reiterating the assurance that the new message meets better than ever the problems of the soul, it leaves the listener wondering how, so that he exclaims in despair, with Mary Magdalene "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." Like the conception of "British Empire", the theology of the past has been modernized away, bit by bit. There is indeed no theological College known to me, at least in Canada, that would not indignantly repudiate any purpose of ~~it~~ either adopting a sheer Humanism or drifting carelessly into it, just as there are none among those engaged on what Sir Winston Churchill has called "liquidating the Empire" who would not profess to be preserving all that is valuable in it. But after a period of time the common churchman, like the common British citizen, is startled to find how much is gone.

I have often thought, in these last years, of a further need that more adequate theological preparation might meet. Discussion of the difference between Roman Catholic and Reformed Churches in Canada has not of late shown the exponents of Reformation principles, any more than it has shown their controversial rivals, by any means at their best, and on this issue their very best is urgent. Obviously, ^{in Canada} this breach is now at once more fiercely emphasized in publications and more widely minimized in practice than at an earlier time. The two changes in a measure explain each other. Attacks on Roman Catholicism have been often so intemperate, and have shown such ignorance of the history on the institution they denounce, as to make readers or listeners think of party political propagandists abusing each other on the platform. How often have I heard it asked in Protestant circles how any intelligent person can possibly believe Roman Catholic doctrine, with the manifest suggestion that no such person does really believe it, and the inference that the larger part of Christendom consists of those sunk in terrified credulity and impostors who exploit such human material for their own advantage. Common sense, as well as a disposition of average considerateness, dismisses this as absurd, and the result for those who know nothing about the Reformation Movement except what they get from such ferocious diatribes is to make them think the contrast in religion between Catholic and Protestant is as unimportant as the one in politics between Liberal and Conservative (each periodically speaking of the other at an election as a disgrace to Canadian citizenship). So "mixed marriages" have become very frequent, the impulse of a romantic attachment overcoming religious as easily as party political vetoes. How profound and far-reaching is *the*

real contrast between the Church of Rome and the Churches of the Reformation heritage can be appreciated only by those who have studied the history of its development. It should be ~~their~~^{the} responsibility ~~to/act/for/~~
~~it/to/the/people/of/faith/they/have/~~ of ministers as of priests to interpret this to the souls of which they have undertaken the "cure", not using the terms but guided by the principles of a genuine philosophy of religion. Thus at once a broader charity and a more discerning resoluteness should develop in preachers of the Reformed Faith.

MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE (b.): PROBLEMS OF A DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

The function of Philosophy is comparable to that of a Warden of the Marches between the various sciences, resisting the pretensions of any particular science to be the exclusive exponent of reality, and assigning to each its hierarchical rank in the complete scheme of knowledge.

A. S. PRINGLE-PATTISON

A primary problem during the last generation for every professor of philosophy on this continent has been how to treat the claims of psychology, which have been more and more insistently urged and which have invaded at so many points the philosophical field. Comparison of a typical University Calendar of half-a-century ago with one of the present year will reveal how many new departments have been set up to provide opportunities for further application of psychology. Courses in various types of "social study", in stages of paedagogy, in journalism, in the artifices of commercial advertising (sometimes shamelessly described as "breaking down sales-resistance"), in psychiatry, in "labor-management relations", in political science, have everywhere felt its influence and have not seldom been its creation. I have included in this list of examples some to be found so far as I know only in the United States, but in this as in other respects the pressure of her great neighbour has been effective in Canada, many Canadian University teachers having been American-trained, and America more than any other country in the English-speaking world having encouraged psychology to crowd philosophy into ever narrower academic quarters. How to adjust the insistent newcomer to the disciplines long in possession has been a problem variously met.

Sometimes it is met (if we can call that "meeting" it) by a rigorous partitionism. I know some Canadian institutions that keep the academic peace in this matter by a certain "Iron Curtain", the different groups meeting only socially. Psychologists there, in their inmost thought regard philosophers in the way in which, according to Bishop Barnes scientists regard theologians -- "as men in a fight where, so far, they have lost every battle". Or they would apply, varying but a single word, Huxley's summing up: "Round the cradle of every new science lie the remains of slaughtered theologians, like the strangled snakes round the infant Hercules." The hostility and the contempt are retaliated. In at least one great Canadian University I have watched for many years a process more diverting than wholesome; where the philosophers ^{have} ~~are~~ been making plainer and plainer their opinion of the psychologists as mere charlatans, like the old phrenologists of whose technique their laboratory performance is often suggestive, while the psychologists confide to one another that the philosophers are the priesthood of a superstition which should by this time have no more than an antiquarian interest. I found very much the same respective attitude when I taught in California, over thirty years ago. In Canada during that interval it has become ~~very~~ much more marked.

Throughout my own University teaching I have tried to combine acknowledgment of the high importance of psychology in its own province with warnings against its tendency to trespass. Graham Wallas records how in ~~in~~ undergraduate days at Oxford of the last decade of the nineteenth century he was told ^{by his tutor} that it was "all nonsense", and the epigram

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coined by Ferrier is still occasionally quoted, that "Psychology means putting what everyone knows in language that no one can understand". It must be admitted that too many psychologists have written volumes, professedly about their subject, which lend colour to each of these disparaging comments. I could mention Canadian philosophers who, I believe, would endorse both criticisms cordially but for the account they take ~~with no respect~~ (disrespectfully though courteously) of the current of opinion around them and are hence careful of what they say. Such has never been, either admittedly or ~~disseminated~~ disguisedly, my own attitude. I had my intense psychological period. William McDougall, whose lectures on psychology I attended at Oxford, made profound impression on me, and as one of my examiners when I was awarded the John Locke Scholarship, wrote me urging that I should devote myself to teaching that subject. My interest in it was not, however, thus exclusive: it was already tempered by other interests, especially during my last undergraduate year at Oxford by the enquiry how the new psychological methods, whose improvement upon the old seemed beyond doubt or challenge, could be so used as to promote without risk of superseding the ultimate philosophical construction. In other words, how such work as that of Bergson and William James could be synthesized with that of James Ward and Edward Caird. My theological studies deepened

this concern, for Edinburgh theologians were watchful both of psychology and of philosophy. I presented the problem in various applications in my first book, which urged upon philosophers much more respectful attention than they were then in general disposed to bestow upon comparative and experimental psychology. The development of the last generation in this field often makes me think of the warning which I had from ~~Sam~~ Samuel Alexander, and in which Hastings Rashdall concurred. "This new psychology", he said, "with which you are playing, has more perils than you realize. Its ~~promoters~~ promoters will carry you further than you want to go". I protested that in such case I should refuse to go, and ever since I have been realizing how true was their forecast that I should have a hard fight on my hands. Despite, however, occasional mockery from philosophers of what they regard as an escapade of my callow youth, I still see nothing to withdraw in my plea of that time for the advancing psychology, nor do I believe that the way to resist its later extravagances was by refusing to countenance its reasonable claims.

It was still in a mood of cordiality between those who were thus destined to develop implacable antagonism that the first decade of the twentieth century was passed. Here and there one could note an incipient ~~suspicion~~ suspicion as I have recorded in such men as Alexander and Rashdall, but in general the philosopher welcomed the psychologist's work, as

he welcomed that of every other natur^al scientist, indeed even more cordially than that of any other, because precise analysis of mental more than that of physical process might be expected to help with the great ultimate puzzles about Appearance and Reality. The psychologists in turn of forty years ago, at least those in most Universities of British countries, were still content to be cautious innovating Modernists within the ritual and not yet disputing the fundamental Creed of the philosophical Church. But the ^scene became so transformed that the feud between these former friends has now reached the proportions of an academic scandal.

How extravagant its pretensions became, how wildly its exponents denounced philosophical writings which they had obviously never read, how they have played upon public credulity and exploited public fears with publications by turns liable to indictment for obscenity and for fraud, how their "Intelligence Quotients" often turned out an imposture like that of the report by their predecessors a century ago upon the future of a child as shown by their measurement of the bumps on his skull, all this is a matter of record. A few months ago the Lord Chief Justice of England, speaking from the Bench about another of the multiplying cases he had tried of ~~juvenile~~ ^{juvenile} crime, referred to the noxious effect on children of being treated by a "psychiatrist" -- how they came back to their parents or their schoolteachers with a self-consciousness arising ^from the discovery of ^etheir being "problems" which made them so much harder to handle. Saturday night advertizing columns now too often include such an offer as I have read in a San Francisco paper, from a "psychologist" who would "put you right with your environment for ten dollars"! To Universities these practi-

tioners have become a special nuisance, more insidiously dangerous because less obvious than those who have induced one large American institution to recognize "Cosmetology" -- pointing out that "beauticians are now so important in industry as to merit provision at a University for training in their technique!

But apart from such indescribable cases, the drift even in reputable Universities has been such as those concerned for educating in contrast with merely popularizing an educational institution has been such as to fulfil some of the darker forecasts ventured when "forward movement" for psychology began. A course in that subject even at its best, with none of the despicable corruptions its worst representatives have been encouraged to develop, ~~isn't~~ lends itself far more easily than philosophy to popular statement and illustration, It is thus (like sociology, education, or biblical literature) among the notoriously "soft options" for a degree, and where the University has to be "sold to the public" (as a sordid metaphor in current jargon runs) much has been conceded to the taste of the duller and idler students, who are always the majority. To suit them, even logic has been eliminated in not a few institutions from the list of "imperatives" and a course mostly psychological under title "Introduction to Philosophy" has taken its place in College Calendars. ~~The goal is to~~

But not solely, or chiefly, because acceptance of these easy psychological alternatives to the strenuous philosophical studies of the past would lower the standard of University education have philosophers all over this continent fought a persistent, though too often a losing battle against them. They are popular, and those who control University finances are moved by the promise of a course on "Mental Measurements" filling a lecture-room which a course on Metaphysics would empty. Still those who think of a University's purpose in terms different from that of returns at a box-office, which can decide the manager of a circus or a cinema, keep up the good fight. Their reason, deeper than even a consideration of academic standards, is that when posing ~~not~~^{as} contributions, like the contributions of other special sciences to philosophical construction, but as substitutes for this, the psychological alternatives are sheer imposture. They mislead by substituting questions they can plausibly answer for the question to which their method is irrelevant, and presenting as solution what is in truth an ignoring of the fundamental issue. Conspicuously in three fields -- in moral^a philosophy, in political philosophy, and in philosophy of religion has this pseudo-simplification been tried. *Ab/Ab/Ab/11/A/*

A characteristic publication, opening the insurgence of psychologists against moral philosophy, was ^eWestermarck's Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas (1906). Westermarck was far indeed from being the earliest to argue that the ^{distinction} ~~distinction~~ between "good" and "evil" is one merely of feeling or taste, whose varieties it is interesting to note and classify as one would the anthropometric varieties among races of mankind, but in which to seek an objective ~~ideal~~ standard of validity for all is ~~as absurd as to enquire which is the "right" sauce for roast beef or the "right" choice between tea and coffee for breakfast.~~ But Westermarck differed from those eighteenth century and early nineteenth century sentimentalists, so hospitable to all shades of moral feeling and refusing to ~~discriminate~~ discriminate between them because they knew next to nothing historically about any, in that his ^{account} ~~example~~ of the moral ideas of primitive tribes was derived, not like Rousseau's from his unfettered imagination depicting "the noble savage", but from close study in the hinterland of ~~Morocco~~ Morocco of actual savage communities. It was among the earliest products of comparative psychology as we now know it in application to moral problems, and as providing material for the moral philosopher it was of very high value. But Westermarck intended it for far more than that. It was presented as cancelling the conclusions of the ethical "rationalists" by ^{exhibiting} ~~showing~~ how even as ~~Heracleitus~~ Heracleitus saw nothing permanent except the law of change, so Nietzsche was right in pouring scorn on the superstition of moralists and bidding the intellectually emancipated see "beyond good and evil".

About the same time A. E. Taylor published The Problem of Conduct, which similarly conveyed to its readers that previous ethical treatises, especially T. H. Green's Prolegomena, had been rendered obsolete by psychological disclosure of how all moral values (among which Green thought he could choose the objectively valid) had originated in racial or geographic circumstances for which no one was responsible and differed only as, for example, a Roman from a Bourbon nose. Taylor lived to recant and to counteract so far as he could in later writings this ethical subjectivism of his hot youth. His Faith of a Moralist would have been a great surprise to those who knew his Problem of Conduct but for the unmistakable signs in his intervening books that his ways of thinking were in process of deep and steady change. But while he might amend the situation for those able and ready to follow him through strenuous reasoning, he had no chance in his later years with the multitude against the glib superficialities of Mr. Walter Lippmann's Preface to Morals.

Like the psychologist of morals breaking away from the moral philosophy of the past, the "political scientist" now looks back with scornful interest upon the old-fashioned political philosophy. Such a book as Bosanquet's Philosophical Theory of the State has been consigned with its contemporary, Green's Prolegomena, to what Burke called "the vault of all the Capulets". The political scientist is now as much amused by a quest for the "right" sort of State as the psychologist of morals by a quest for the standard of objective "duty". To this analyst of social forms, all States are alike, all acting with a single eye to material advantage, though pretending from time to time to make some sacrifice of this that they may have a chance under such disguise to achieve it more successfully. The idea in treatises on the old political philosophy, from Aristotle's Politics to Green's Principles of Political Obligation, about the State having a "moral" purpose, is dismissed as mythological. Treaties are explained, in respect both of their pretended origin and of their later shameless violation as manipulations by competitors, with unequal degrees of foresight and of skill, to get economically ahead of one another, and the suggestion that at any point a motive morally higher was operative is treated as naive. The satire of the political scientist is keenest when he analyses some "purple patch" in a speech about ideals for all mankind with which the leader of a nation about to plunge into a war of greed exploits the simplicity of his countrymen. Why did the League of Nations fail? Why does it seem so likely that the United Nations will also fail? Because, argues the political scientist, each required for its success some measure of readiness to prefer world peace before national advantage, and no such readiness in any measure exists in any government. The only motives he can see anywhere operating are those of "Power Politics", and he judges Machiavelli

as a Minister to have differed from any one of those now in what is called "top-level conference" only by the candour with which he avowed and justified what ~~they~~ they all still practise under the camouflage of a United Nations Charter. Bertrand Russell expressed exactly the spirit of ^{such a} ~~the~~ political scientist in contrast to the political philosopher when he said at the opening of the First World War that the first requisite for understanding the situation was to realize that all the Powers in the war were ~~the~~ "equally and wholly selfish".

1 Justice in War Time, p. 4

A third illustration of intrusive psychology is in the change from philosophy of religion to "science of religions". I lately had an account from a student who attended such a course of the line of treatment that was followed. The assumption throughout, he said, was that the religions of mankind had all been the joint product of credulity and fear; that their history was one of curious interest for those (like Lucretius of old) emancipated from such terrors, and that it was even instructive as a safeguard against the follies of human nature still to note the historic connection between dogmas as the circumstances of place or time in which they sprang up. By such thinkers of the past as Hegel or Schleiermacher we had learned to find in man's age-long religious quest a clue to the ultimate nature of that Universe in which, under ~~such~~ various forms this demand had been unquenchable. But as we pass from such a book as Schleiermacher's Talks on Religion to its Learned Despisers to one such as Freud's Civilization and Its Discontents we have a sudden shock. Psychology has ceased to be a stimulant or aid of philosophical construction, but has ~~been~~ dispossessed it. To the psycho-analysts ~~there~~ there is simply no problem in the demur of Auguste Sabatier to acceptance of a purely mechanical world as having evolved its own critic, no challenge in Caird's reflection on the consciousness of limits showing that limits have been somehow transcended. Civilization's discontents are to Freud just a display of childish petulance, and the religious systems succeeding one another over thousands of years ridiculous attempts at an appeasing sop. For example this passage:

The whole thing is so patently infantile, so incongruous with reality, that to one whose attitude to humanity is friendly it is painful to think that the great majority of persons will never be able to rise above this view of life. It is even more humiliating to discover what a large number of those alive to-day who must see that this religion is not tenable, yet try to defend

it inch by inch, as with a series of pitiable rearguard actions.....Some of the great men of the past did the same, but that is no justification for us: we know why they had to do so.

Aptly enough, then, Freud chose as title for one of his books on religious psychology The Future of an Illusion. A survey of psycho-analysis might ^{with} still greater fitness be so introduced.

Hugh Miller, in his Testimony of the Rocks, had a mordant chapter entitled "The Geology of the anti-Geologists". It showed how the critics who most strongly denounced geological amendment of traditional belief about the age of the earth and its fossil remains were in truth themselves venturing a geology, but one irreconcilable with the evidence. In like manner the anti-philosophical psychologists ^a have an underlying philosophy of their own, differing from the systems it abjures chiefly by being less coherent, and thus confirming Bradley's famous account of a philosopher as one who "makes an unusually obstinate attempt to think consistently".

Psychologists of morals, who regard "right" and "wrong" as but names for majority and minority taste in conduct do not as a rule (with some despicable exceptions) act on this. They do not apply in practice their principle that, since ~~there is~~ "there is no disputing about tastes", there should be none about character. One could not name a writer more vehement in moral upbraiding than Bertrand Russell, though there is none whose theory should more completely debar him from adopting such pontifical attitude. Again, if by the very constitution of human nature the leaders of States are inevitably, whether they themselves know it or not, exemplifying "power politics" alone in their international negotiation, it is as pointless to denounce them for their choices as to denounce the climatic conditions of one's place of residence. But the late Harold

Laski, who would accept the weather however bad "with a smile or a sigh", could rival any theologian in his arraignment of "wicked diplomacy". And what of those who would at once endorse Gibbon's mocking comment on religions that they are all alike to the philosopher equally false as to the politician they are equally useful? In another mood, when history rather than mockery occupies their minds, they do not hesitate to distinguish "higher" from ~~the~~ "lower" systems of religion, nor do they warn the reader that such discrimination is for them "purely subjective", unconnected in any way with "the ultimate nature of things". One welcomes such noble intuition against the consequences of one's own argument, as ~~As~~ Ruskin admired Mill for his inconsistencies^{ie} "finding no fault with any of his conclusions except such as follow from his premises", or a^s Oliver Wendell Holmes respected religious melancholics driven by awful doctrines which they hold to go crazy, more than those who hold the same doctrines and keep their wits. But by a philosopher however he may welcome such development in certain cases as the less of two evils, neither inconsistency nor lunacy can be accepted as intrinsically good, and for a like reason he neither can nor should keep his patience with a psychology whose attack on philosophy turns out to rest on an altogether incoherent philosophy of his own.

Dalhousie was comparatively immune from the pest of such charlatan psychologists, advertising their capacity of "expert guidance" which was neither more nor less reliable than that of others to whose claims for quack medicines their account of what they can do is fit company. But elsewhere in Canada this scourge, at its worst in certain American institutions, has made alarming headway. "How are your psychologists behaving?" I asked a philosopher at one Canadian centre? "Worse", he replied, "but I understand that until we get a supplementary clause in the Statute of Frauds, we can't catch them".

One can understand, even when one does not join in, such outcry against those whose pretensions make one ^{as} ~~as~~ much ashamed of psychology as scientific medical men are of the advertisements of a quack, or genuine leaders in free institutions of much vote-getting cant about "democracy". The philosophers to whom psychology is still what James F. Ferrier called it a century ago, "this specious but spurious science" have far more excuse than Ferrier then had for such extravagance of reprobation. But a good example was set by Dean Inge on his American tour in the years after 1918 when, in disgust with ceaseless talk about "democracy" he kept a lock upon his own lips, remembering as he himself put it that "It is bad manners to mock one's fellow creatures at their devotions."

MY JOURNALISM

Socrates was the first to call down philosophy from heaven, and to place it in cities, to introduce it into the houses of men, compelling them to examine into life and morals and good and evil.

CICERO (Tusculan Disputations)

For Plato the stimulant of philosophy was in the perplexing experiences of life. It began always, he said, in "wonder" at an apparent contradiction, and what marked the philosopher was his unwillingness (by no means generally shared) to leave such contradictions without challenge. For the unphilosophic, what Montaigne called "importunities of the mind" are few and easily calmed.

In my books and articles it has been my constant effort, however slight my success, to show ~~not/only~~ how speculative theory has always had such provocatives, conscious or unconscious, and how ~~far~~ it has ~~far~~ fared or may yet fare in appeasing them. My special concern was to bring philosophic analysis to bear on furious disputes about the right ~~ordering~~ ordering of life, in which I thought those of different ~~sides~~ sides had slight patience with one another because they assumed without criticism, without even awareness that they were taking for granted anything disputable, altogether different "ideologies". The critical examination of assumptions in the field of values was my chief purpose in many articles and in several books.

On other types of philosophic problem which have of late taken much space in the journals I have written hardly at all. Enormously im-

portant as they are, it has seemed to me that many of them had been long ago threshed out. Of a problem on which after two thousand years of argument it is clear that the latest contribution, original no doubt with the writer, was implicit -- sometimes even explicit -- in the work of many a predecessor, it may well be thought either fruitless or needless to continue debate -- except in the lecture room with students for whom this is the very best method of philosophic introduction. Often as I have read in Mind or in the Philosophical Review an argument on one of the well-worn issues, however skilfully it is presented in new form and with new illustration, I have thought how reasonable was the chagrin of John of Salisbury when he came back after years of absence to Paris and after listening to a conference exclaimed "Good heavens, are they discussing that still?"

The like was exemplified in the "Realism" (no longer called "New" Realism) of which G. E. Moore was the initiator in England and which was so often associated chiefly with his name until his convert, Bertrand Russell, outshone him in popular exposition of it. I met Moore often in Edinburgh at the Philosophical Society, and recall how one evening, after a

struggle to follow his argument, I said "Is it possible, Mr. Moore, that you are endeavoring to rehabilitate the so-called 'Common Sense' philosophy of Thomas Reid?" "Certainly", he replied, "Reid was essentially right". So that great discovery half a ~~century~~/~~ago~~ century ago, led by Moore and echoed by Russell, that the Idealism so long dominant in the Schools was fallacious turned ^u out to be in essence a discovery that the doctrines of Thomas Reid a century and a half earlier had ~~been~~ been sound, deserving none of the contempt his critics had poured on them. Such philosophic antiquarianism has a charm of its own. The most ~~the~~ conspicuous recent illustration has been in the flood of writings about Soren Kierkegaard, by those who think they have found in that long neglected Dane of a century ago -- as Dean Inge found in Plotinus and Baron von Hugel in the fourteenth century mystics -- a wisdom which had to be rediscovered in our own Age. Which of us does not enjoy thus disclosing some such philosophical anticipation previously unnoticed or noticed insufficiently? As I write these lines, I am awaiting proof-sheets of a paper of my own in which I have tried to show that part of Bergson's argument in Matiere et Memoire was anticipated by Plato in Republic VI, and during over forty years of writing I have ventured many another ~~such~~ suggestion of like character about the recurrences of thought.

My papers published in such magazines as The Philosophical Review, The Monist, Transactions of the Royal Society, or The Journal of the History of Ideas, were thus in the main contributions to the history of philosophy rather than to philosophy itself. I was keenly interested by such enquiries into the sequence of speculative thought, illustrating Sir Thomas Browne's famous dictum about a metempsychosis of ideas, ~~periodic reappearance of historically~~ ^{periodic reappearance of historically} familiar systems of thought in minds "like to those which first begat them". But the fierce contemporary conflicts ~~between~~ in theory of knowledge -- between Idealism and Realism, between Absolutism and Pragmatism, later between Intellectualism and Existentialism -- never stirred me as they stirred, for example, my brilliant predecessor in the Dalhousie Chair, ~~Professor~~ ^{Professor} John Laird, whose early death was such a loss to philosophical discussion. I viewed these intense disputes, so often argued with a quasi-theological vehemence, as like the conflicts of political parties which supply important teaching material to University lecturers on Government, ~~who use~~ ^{using} them to explain and illustrate the political structure, while personally convinced that there is truth in them all and no such mutual contradictoriness as partisan zealots suppose.

In my first book, of which the disparity between its pretentious title and the slightness of its contents now shocks me, I collected the lectures I had given to a general audience during my second year at the University of Belfast with the purpose of popularizing some contemporary speculative problems. The warning "From popular philosophy and a philosophic populace, good sense deliver us", while its element of wisdom is obvious, appeared to me exaggerated, after the usual manner of what *Morley* called "these laboriously pregnant aphorisms".

My first years at Dalhousie were those of the First World War, and the sudden perplexities of that time invited the same sort of effort at bringing philosophy to the public which I had tried in Belfast. Everyone now hears or reads about the international strain (between Communist and anti-Communist blocs) as one of competing "ideologies", but what has passed into a truism was forty years ago discerned by only a few as a truth and was by many dismissed as an eccentric illusion. It was generally assumed that ⁱⁿ all countries of western civilization (apart from freakish individual cases) there was the same accepted moral system, that disputes among them must be due either to deliberate disregard of "justice" or to ~~an~~ misunderstanding of details, that in consequence the road to peace was by clarifying to the public of all countries what was fundamentally at stake behind the curtain of diplomatic negotiation. ~~Phrases~~ ^{Maxims} I recall from the years before 1914 recur to me: "Let us stretch forth our hands to our German brethren": "My reliance for European peace is not on protective armament but on the vetoing of war by International Labor". How ludicrous, if it were not so painful, would be the memory of how these well-meaning enthusiasts were undeceived.

Geographically, Halifax was destined to be a port of intense effort and danger in two World Wars, and ^{from} ~~at~~ the beginning of the First anxiety was there very keen. To those amazed and appalled by what the German Chancellor said about a Treaty as "a scrap of paper", or by the method of "calculated frightfulness" in the German invasion of Belgium, came reports of the pre-war popularity of a German philosopher, one Friedrich Nietzsche, who had led a speculative revolt against Christian conceptions of life. Enquiries about him poured into the Department of Philosophy at Dalhousie, and in response I agreed to give a series of ~~After~~ Sunday afternoon lectures on his career and influence. These were delivered at the University, but open also to the public and were very largely attended. Later the set of lectures was published in my ~~1st~~ second book under title Nietzsche and the ^{and the} ~~the~~ Ideals of Modern Germany.

It was published at a time when certain "intellectuals" were urging those "free from mob fanaticism" to restrain rather than promote the fighting spirit of Great Britain and her allies. Bert^a and Russell's Justice in Wartime, like the publications of the Dean of Canterbury now, affected the authority of peculiar wisdom. It warned its readers that the first requisite for understanding the situation was to realize that all the Powers engaged in the war were "equally and wholly selfish". With this remarkable brochure began the writer's career in a succession of fatuous mistakes, now obvious even to himself, about social problems, in such contrast with his excellent writings on the principles of mathematics. The contrast is perhaps quite intelligible. Mathematical capacity, as Bergson has so well shown, can make gigantic blunders as it confidently applies methods of spatial analysis to processes in time. His personal candor, ~~and fearlessness~~ his fearlessness, his incisive charm of style ~~can~~ cannot compensate when ^{Russell} he writes about social and international problems for his almost incredible ignorance of history.

These lectures on Nietzsche were the beginning of my effort to apply in terms intelligible to the non-philosophic general listener or reader such philosophic principles as might help to clear up confusions in public opinion especially on politics, on international affairs, on social changes. There was, I thought, a special opportunity and a special need for this in the time of excitement over the issues of the First World War -- an excitement which, alas, has since but varied in its material, with no repose even yet in sight. I did not concur either in the common view of philosophers that the public is inaccessible to such exposition, or in the common view of the public that philosophy has no bearing on its practical needs. At all events I would try the experiment, and in more journals than I can remember even by name (not to speak of remembering what I wrote in them), American and Canadian ^{monthlies} ~~monthlies~~ and quarterlies, as well as in the daily press I have had my work ^{throughout} ~~spread over~~ forty years received by those for whom it was done with an interest by which I was both surprised and gratified. Especially since often those most interested, who deluged me with correspondence, were often persons who found my argument and conclusions initially distasteful, but were for that very reason the more anxious, in the spirit of the Missouri man of the old jest, "to be shown". I at least should be the last to doubt the readiness of Canadian and American readers for discussions which challenge thought, provided one keeps in mind in writing for them the need for a different sort of lucidity, though the ideas may be fundamentally the same, as one passes from what Bacon called the academic ~~theatre~~ theatre to what he called the market-place.

I can sympathize with the feelings of George Meredith when he heard that someone doing his biography was ransacking in the files of the Ipswich Journal the articles he had contributed forty years before to that publication. Might all the curses in the Commination Service, exclaimed Meredith, light upon the ghoul thus raking among literary ashes. I have a fairly complete collection of my own articles, and should certainly hate to have to look at a great many of them again, partly because the circumstances which elicited them have been long forgotten, still more because -- I should think like everyone else who has written on that scale -- I should fear to confront, with the illumination of what has happened since, all the opinions I ventured "in the awful permanence of print". On the other hand at least one set of my essays was wanted by a publisher for reproduction in a volume, and I felt able to pass the proofs with merely the precaution of appending to each essay the date at which it was first published.

For the rest, I recall with no regret at least many of the topics and much of the drift of my articles. I wrote on such subjects as the ethics of patriotism, the limits of beneficial luxury and leisure, the value and risk of deference to moral convention, the problem "What can one justly own?", the confusing ambiguities in current use of the word "democracy", the misunderstandings alike of adulation and of reproach in the debate already beginning to be heard about "Imperialism". All these and many more of similar character were topics in the daily press and on the party platform. But I conceived it both practicable and urgent, as well as just the sort of service which philosophy should render at such a troubled time, to draw attention to impediments of either unsifted presuppositions or looseness of expression in the current talk and writing. At least it was after the Socratic pattern.

One of the ^kwee[^]lies for which I wrote (in days when it was no such "Left-Wing" organ as it now is) was the New York Nation. In the years when the Irish Nationalist Party was making its last desperate effort to hold the country against Sinn Fein, I wrote ~~many~~ ^{numerous} articles for the Nation on the developing problem of Ireland. An exciting experience I had arose out of one of my other contributions to the same paper conceived in the spirit of that philosophical leadership of ~~my~~ ^{my} opinion I was attempting. The ~~news~~ ^{news} of the imprisonment of Bertrand Russell for his pacifist propaganda during the war had been announced, and I took the opportunity of writing for the Nation on "Freedom of Speech in War Time". The view I promulgated was that the government of the country must have discretionary power at such a time to impose ~~and enforce~~ ^{and enforce} limits which in time of peace would be intolerable, because it has the national safety in charge and responsibility cannot be divorced from authority. This drew a storm of objection, letters filling many columns ⁱⁿ in which, among other charges, I was accused by an American professor of philosophy of being "false to the fundamentals of righteousness". Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, was questioned in parliament about the disgrace of imprisoning an Englishman "with European reputation". In his blindest manner he replied that he was glad to hear of any Englishman being highly esteemed abroad, but added that if Mr. Russell had wronged his country, his European repute should be counted not a mitigation but an aggravation of the offence. A sequel to this which brought me into wider controversy was the action of Columbia University

then directed by President Nicholas M. Butler (whose middle name the irreverent undergraduates there insisted was "Miraculous") in displacing some half-dozen professors for their allegedly dangerous opinions. Foreseeing that this would be quoted against me by my critics in the debate on "Freedom of Speech in War Time", I wrote for the Nation on "Columbia University and the Liberties of the Citizen". In that article I argued that the right to limit free speech at a time of national peril belonged to the government alone, that a University having no such responsibility was entitled to no such interference with normal civic rights, and that ^{case of} the Bertrand Russell ~~case~~ exemplified this wholesome distinction, because his College (Trinity, Cambridge) had taken no measures against him until the government had sent him to jail. From this there developed such debate on "Academic Freedom" that the American Association of University Professors appointed a Committee to examine and report on the matter taking my articles in the Nation as basis. The report, as usual in such cases, attempted a compromise. In general it supported me, but demurred to my apparent contention that College authorities are intrusive and unjustified if they attempt discipline within the College ~~with/without~~ of ~~that~~ one against whom no action has been taken by the civil government.

My articles in the Nation led to my being invited to lecture for the summer of 1921 in philosophy at Leland Stanford University, California.

With these conceptions in ^mmind, and having experimented to a considerable extent through such organs as the New York Nation, the Weekly Review, the Constructive Quarterly, the American Journal of Sociology, I found an opportunity of starting in Canada a magazine to appear each January, April, July and October under the name The Dalhousie Review. This I edited during its first twenty-six years. ;¹1921 - 1947. To its pages under other editorship I have since contributed and still from time to time contribute.

I had in mind at its founding such models as the Hibbert Journal in England and the Atlantic Monthly in the United States. Many warnings we^{re} addressed to me that if I had been longer in Canada, I would know the insuperable difficulties of such a project there unless some opulent foundation such as here and there in the United States carries on a ^alearned enterprise, paying its bills as a hobby, could be found to play the like role of a Canadian ~~Maecenas~~ Maecenas. This, I was assured, was in the last degree unlikely. I well remember an old Haligonian looking at me with an expression half sympathetic, half cynical as he ^aheard me set forth my plan, and then commenting "As they would say in the American dialect of English, 'You man, you have brought your nerve with you'". The fate of the University Magazine, which had been admirably edited in Montreal by Sir Andrew Macphail, ~~was/aborted/so/that/ass~~ ~~deleterious//////not//I/was/aborted//was/aborted/can/you/expect/so/late~~ and had come out under the auspices of three Universities, was quoted to me as deterrent. "How", I was asked, "can you expect to fare with a ^amagazine supported by only one University, where a like publication supported by three, after a short and uneasy life, had to give up the struggle?"

My answer was that the University Magazine had suffered rather than gained by the formal patronage of three institutions cited in each issue, because it was thus "nobody's child". My plan was to invoke a local patriotism to which at all times, and especially in those early 1920's with the cry of "Maritime Rights" becoming insistent, the public of Eastern Canada would respond. For this purpose those who launched the new venture should associate it by name with Dalhousie University, associating it likewise with the Maritime Provinces by its special hospitality to articles on the record and the current problems of life in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, while otherwise keeping its pages open for the best literary, historical or critical work obtainable from writers anywhere. Unlike two other such Canadian magazines, one earlier, the other later in foundation, the Dalhousie Review has never been subsidized by the University whose name it bears. But it has been loyally and perseveringly helped by the business community whose advertisements in its pages-- some of them, with adjustment to keep them up to date, still running thirty years after they were first inserted-- have been manifestly so given from no consideration of mere advantage to the advertising firms. A word of appreciative thanks ~~to the~~ ~~men of~~ ~~business~~ ~~who~~ ~~have~~ ~~so~~ ~~long~~ ~~and~~ ~~so~~ ~~conspicuously~~ ~~justified~~ ~~his~~ ~~faith~~ ~~in~~ ~~them~~ may well be addressed here by the originator of the Dalhousie Review to those men of business who have so long and so conspicuously justified his faith in them.

This editorship proved a very interesting but far from an easy job. Articles were proffered in abundance, for -- as the Canadian Authors' Association has shown -- there is keen ambition to develop a "Canadian literature", and I had from time to time not merely to decide on acceptance or rejection of manuscripts, but also on how to shape into a literary form fit for publication in the Review contributions from those whose expert knowledge of their subject far exceeded their talent for writing of it. Repeatedly, with explanation to a would-be contributor in terms as courteous as the circumstances allowed, I have practically rewritten an article we could not afford to miss for its knowledge and its keen reasoning on some urgent subject, nor to print as it stood for its clumsiness of composition or its outrages on the speech of Shakespeare and Milton, of Addison and Goldsmith. Sometimes I felt my editorial task with manuscripts to be like that of one issuing a previously unpublished ^{Greek} ~~ancient~~ play, of which he has to lament in his preface that "The text is very corrupt". Guardianship of the language, at a time when it had suffered so much from the riot of newspaper headlines, was a concern of this quarterly from the beginning and a certain repute was thus acquired by it: I was much gratified to find it put forward in his own defence by someone who had been blamed for an impropriety of expression that there was ^e precedent for it in the Dalhousie Review. A curious risk had sometimes to be kept in mind by an editor solicitous about style. An article by a lawyer or a doctor ~~or~~ or an agricultural ^a expert might have passages regarding which I was by no means sure what the writer meant but quite sure that besides freeing it from ambiguity there must be a smoothing of its English. I had to do my best with this, sending proof of the amended form to the writer for correction lest in avoiding an unpleasant assonance I should have made him express a judgment he did not intend.

A different sort of editorial ~~burden~~ burden was incurred during the Second World War when German and Italian refugees were quite willing to write in publications of the English-speaking countries but not so willing to provide translations into English for this purpose of what they had composed in their native tongues. On the very eve of publication I got a most valuable article from a distinguished German ~~exile~~ who explained that he had no opportunity of translating it or having it translated but supposed it ~~would~~ would be all right to send it to me in his own language. It would have been read, if I had so printed it, by a very small percentage of subscribers to the Dalhousie Review. But it was far too good to miss, so I had no option but to sit down and translate myself with all speed a paper of 6,000 words in German at a time when the ~~printer~~ printer was already becoming impatient for "more copy". That issue of the Review was somewhat behind time in appearing, at which complaint from subscribers was heard. But such hazards and hardships are for a magazine such as I had undertaken to produce "all in the ~~day's~~ day's work" for the editor.

While Canadian subjects and problems had a certain priority of interest the catholicity of the Review will be understood when I recall that during my editorship it published articles by Edouard Benes, Hermann Rauschnig, Gaetano Salvemini, Count Sforza, "Pertinax", Madame Tabouis, Louis Adamic and others who during the twenty-years truce and the Second ~~World~~ World War seemed best able to speak authoritatively for their respective countries. They welcomed the opportunity to inform Canadians on the problems of their own countrymen at that so troubled time in Europe.

As editor I had the assistance of an advisory Board that rendered service in judgment about proffered articles on local history which some of its members knew far better than I, and in that field were always available to help me to a decision. Depending on them for that section of the Review, I devoted my own efforts ~~largely~~ largely to securing the best contributions on world affairs, ^{or} on problems of no merely local but general interest in literature, science, history, philosophy. I often thought of the principles followed by John Morley in his editorship of the Fortnightly, and for which he declared he got his pattern in Diderot's editorship of the Encyclopedie.

It was an instructive pattern, but subject to the serious limitation that Morley took as the office of the Fortnightly not merely to diffuse knowledge but to undermine its readers' faith in the Christian religion, while the narrative in a preceding chapter of these reminiscences should have made clear that the reverse of such propagandist purpose ~~was~~^{would be,} from its founding, that of the Dalhousie Review. Confronting through the 1920's and 1930's the task of discussing such systems as ^aFascism, Nazism, Soviet Communism, each in its essentials militantly anti-Christian, I did not -- like the philosopher in George Eliot's Romola -- regard it as fettering my impartiality to entertain and express an opinion on ~~such~~ controversial subjects. At the same time I was at pains to give such writers as took a view contradictory to my own the opportunity of presenting his reasons in full. This I held to be quite consistent with the policy of giving ~~A/APP/APP~~ in the editorial pages a lead as definite (though in the opposite direction) as the Fortnightly of the 1870's gave to the reading public, because criticism to be most effective must face an opponent's argument not at its ^{weakest} ~~weakest~~ but at its strongest. I quote here from a letter in the files of Review correspondence which I addressed to one contributor:

"I am not only accepting your article but giving it pride of place by putting it first in next number. You will not be surprised when I add that I totally disagree with your argument. But you have developed it with admirable clarity, and my honor paid to it is prompted by Bacon's aphorism that 'Truth is more likely to emerge from Error than from Confusion!'"

It was an ambitious but an inevitable undertaking through those years of crisis after crisis, 1921 - 1947, to inform and also to give a lead to opinion among Review readers. On such matters, I mean, as the French invasion of the Ruhr, the "Zinoviev Letter" affair which was either cause or pretext for the overthrow of the first Socialist Government in Britain, the General Strike of British Labor in 1926, the great Economic Depression, Britain's abandonment of the Gold Standard, Japan's seizure of Manchuria, Roosevelt's "New Deal", the Fascist War in Abyssinia, the Munich Agreement of 1938. Furious letters in different and often contradictory interests used to come to me, for what was called (I hope correctly) the unmistakable trend of the ~~selection~~ selection I made and my manner of handling editorially the contributors articles. The angriest ~~I remember receiving~~ I remember receiving about my journalism ^{was} ~~were~~ one denouncing me for an article in which I protested against "laying all the blame on Labor ~~for national difficulties~~ for national difficulties" (of which my correspondent said he did not believe ~~Mr. Tim Buck~~ Mr. Tim Buck could have done anything worse) and one calling me all the bad names the writer could remember for my lack of respect towards Marshal Petain and his Vichy Government. Sometimes a critic became later of a very different mind. One who was a warm personal friend wrote me more in sorrow than in anger that my editorial challenging the wisdom of Neville Chamberlain in his "appeasement" move early in 1938 was not only wrong in itself but for him deprived ~~that~~ that issue of the magazine of all value. Within less than a year I was ~~urging~~ urging upon the same critic the duty of making a more ~~kindly~~ kindly allowance for the well-meant though mistaken policies of Neville Chamberlain than then, in high wrath, he was willing to concede.

As to my "unmistakable trend" -- the Dalhousie Review while aiming to present justly and truthfully the argument put forward by rival schools of opinion in that quarter century of international strife and of domestic projects professedly for social reform, did not disguise, it rather kept conspicuous its ~~A/A/A/A~~ advocacy among the various opinions (commonly called in the curious jargon of the present day "points of view") the cause of free, democratic as contrasted with personally dominated institutions, ~~the~~ ^{however} the denial of human rights be camouflaged as "leadership" -- ~~Fascist~~ Fascist, Nazi or Communist. Admirers of the various dictatorships relieved their mind to me in a correspondence I have still on file but which it would be unkind to quote. Pressure, too, was sometimes attempted. To my amazement, and also to my amusement, advertising space was solicited in Hitler's heyday by German railways, more probably I should think to influence the Review attitude to Nazism than with expectation of attracting Canadian tourists to Germany. I bade the publishers by all means to accept Nazi money sent for a purpose relatively innocuous, quoting the precedent of Israel in Exodus "spoiling the Egyptians". But I paid ^{no} ~~no~~ attention to the offer from Mussolini's Embassy in Ottawa to supply articles on the Fascist regime, though I was glad to have such ^{evidence} ~~evidence~~ that the Review was, in slang phrase "cutting ice."

My lifelong conce^{rn} for Church problems ^mpropted much of my ~~my~~ quarterly journalism in publications other than the one I edited, such as the American Journal of Theology, the Constructive Quarterly, the Harvard Theological Review, the Expository Times, and - above all the Hibbert Journal in which my thirteenth article (the first dated _____ years ago) has lately appeared. "You cannot possibly stop", a jocose correspondent ^awarns me, at the ominous number 13. That depends on many a future circumstance.

In a paper I contributed to Sir John Murray's Quarterly Review, under the title "University and Church in Canada", I endeavored to show how similar are the problems and perils with which in our Age these types of institution are confronted. Aspects of them in multitudinous forms were discussed in a large number of articles, historical, critical or most frequently a mixture of the two. They had the purpose of showing how urgent is the maintaⁱⁿing where it still remains and of recovering where it has been lost the essential character of Church and University whose original identity of design was no mere coincidence. Those who at heart detest both, and revel in Marxian ridicule of each as having been but a bourgeois imposture on a credulous and hence subservient proletariat have been given too ^much that is effectively quotable for their propaganda.

The institutionalist modernizers (with their plea beginning "after all; so often preface to some degrading compromise of truth or duty) are bent on making Universities into technical institutes and Churches into benevolent societies. That the benevolent society and the technical institute have each a place of high value is not questioned or questionable. But to conceive the University as primarily for the preparation of craftsmen in a particular calling and hence to substitute for the liberal studies of the past some "modern" professional technique is like disparaging concern for the Church's Faith and treating her office as rather one of social improvement without inspiration of the Faith on which the hope of social improvement rests. In Canada within the last few years one has noted reaction, more earnest in spirit than discerning in method against these ~~the~~ dangerous drifts. "Something must be done to save the Humanities" - so pleaded numerous witnesses before the Massey Commission on Arts and Science. "Back to the Bible" has been the motto of a movement led by the Premier of a Canadian province, ~~and when a timid professor of Classics~~ ~~tries to convince Commissioners whose concern is chiefly for economics~~ ~~that instruction in ancient languages, literature and history will somehow prepare young men for more effective development of "our marvellous natural resources, the soundness of the aim cannot disguise the futility of the plea.~~ But as Premier E. C. Manning of Alberta thrills his listeners with his demand for recovery of belief in the verbal inspiration of all Scripture, of the astronomy in Exodus no less than in the mysticism of St. John, and when a timid professor of Classics tries to convince Commissioners whose concern is chiefly for economics that instruction in ancient languages, literature and history will somehow prepare young men for more effective development of "our marvellous natural resources, the soundness of the aim cannot disguise the futility of the plea. "Why seek ye the living among the dead"? The search is commendable, but it is being prosecuted in the wrong place and by the wrong method.

This was the underlying thought in various articles I wrote -- on the Oxford Movement, on Theology and Romanticism, on Perils of Religious "Appeasement", on the decline of Modernism into Humanism, on the Reformation as by no means the Renaissance in decay but rather the rescue of the Renaissance from dilettante ineffectiveness. It was likewise the ruling idea in numerous articles I wrote on University change, where I felt that a Luther or a Knox was needed to supplement the Erasmanian complaisance of a Sir Richard Livingstone or a Sir David Ross. I dwelt on example after example in history of how the guile of the institutionalists had so often come near to wreckage even of the institution whose formal apparatus they were so anxious to preserve, until this was rescued by those whose devotion was not to its form but to its purpose. There was point in Chesterton's complaint of an Age in which it is permitted to ask anything about an institution except what it is for. We have need, both in Church and in academic conflict of the spirit of St. Paul whose impatience of conferences was notorious and whose service in the first Christian century depended on his readiness not for appeasement but ~~to~~ for the inflexible insistence he recorded in his old age of his dealing with an opponent - "to whom I gave place by subjection no not for an hour."

MY BOOKS

The Acts of the Christian Apostles, on which the world has rested for eighteen hundred years can be read through in a short afternoon, while the "Acts of the French Philosophes", whose significance is already almost spent, will cover acres of typography and furnish reading for a lifetime.

CARLYLE

Carlyle's practice in writing books was far from an example of the brevity which, in the passage that gave me a heading for this chapter, he so commended. His utmost compression, as Morley remarked, of "the Golden Gospel of Silence" required thirty substantial volumes in which to present it. But whatever one may think about the ~~lengthy~~ treatment of their subjects in those volumes they are an unforgettable revelation of their author, and any author of books -- however insignificant by comparison with Carlyle's-- may assume that a reader of his autobiography (if there is such reader) will expect to be told something about their origin and purpose. So I shall devote this chapter to the sequence of eight books which reflected stages in my own development, whether for better or for worse. Perhaps neither. Like Hacker's Home Bicycle, of the merry tale by H. G. Wells, meant for exercise indoors in wet weather, here was movement neither forward nor backward but just "round and round". That is not for the autobiographer, but for his reader to judge.

Handwritten note: An account of the first two books has been given in my...

Handwritten note: An account of my first two books has been given in my... chapters. The origin of a later book from a library... has also been mentioned... remains no further comment.

During the 1920's I was much concerned to understand movements in post-war France, especially through the light cast upon the national character by the great contemporary French satirist whose writings had long been my delight. My study of the internal politics of that somewhat capricious ally of Great Britain found expression in my third book, Anatole France the Parisian.

Already in those years might be seen the drift which would enable Pierre Laval to create so dangerous a party favoring Italian rather than British partnership, and would later still so promote the machinations at Vichy round the aged Marshal Petain. Already too was apparent in France a deep distrust of the institutions of party government which she had led continental Europe in establishing. I endeavored to interpret that scene in my portrait of the writer who exemplified both for good and for evil so much that was characteristic in his countrymen. My design was to present in the successive moods of this greatest of contemporary French writers what I thought the key to the bewildering changes of government at the Palais Bourbon, with its growth on one side of Communism and on the other of Fascist or semi-Fascist Leagues.

Q One might object that in Anatole France can no more be found a reliable mirror of the ^{French} ~~French~~ than in Bernard Shaw of the British of his time, each being primarily ~~French~~ no leader of opinion but an artist, with constant flair and dazzling talent for caricature. These two men greatly admired each other's satiric gift, though they were temperamentally so different. When they first met, Shaw enjoyed being saluted by his French contemporary as "the Moliere of England", but when the compliment was followed by a kiss imprinted on both cheeks he looked -- according to the report of amused onlookers -- as angry as if he had been hit in the face. I began in 1926, two years after Anatole France had died, my book about him, with special reference to the parisianisme which he so exemplified, because it seemed to me that caricature discerningly interpreted is an invaluable revelation of national characteristics. A French critic would, I believe, have been saved from many a blunder about the British if he had ~~had~~ more frequently laid aside the Times, the Evening Standard or the Daily Mail to study instead Shaw's Widowers' Houses or his John Bull's Other Island. *With this in mind,*

when we were mystified by French behavior in the first half-dozen years after the First World War -- by the demand for impossible reparations, the quartering of negro regiments on the Rhine to exact them, and at the same time unmistakable insurgence against their own Constitution in which Royalists and Communists were alternately threatening to overturn the Republic, I ~~wondered~~ wondered whether the Bernard Shaw of France might not similarly illumine a British interpreter. So I turned from Le Temps, from Poincare's speeches and Clemenceau's articles, to Anatole France's pictures of his ~~country's~~ country's politics in Les Opinions de M. Jerome Coignard or in ~~l'histoire~~ Histoire Contemporaine.

To anyone familiar with the writings of Anatole France, there should have been no mystery in the groups and interests whose discord ^{during} has paralyzed French government so often ~~in~~ the last thirty years -- in the strife of clericals and anti-clericals, royalists and socialists, Fascists and Communists, hating each other but alike hating still more the constitution of the Third Republic under which they had to live, and by turns on the verge of invoking foreign aid to overthrow it. There might well indeed be a surprise in the strength of those insurrectionary groups, for those who had dismissed the Francian picture of French political parties as so many have dismissed the Shavian picture of political parties in England, calling Penguin Island a malicious and grotesque libel as so many have called The Apple-Cart. But the

development over a generation ~~over a generation~~ since the death of Anatole France has made clear that in his satiric sketches there was far keener discernment of the forces at work among the French than had been realized by those who thought them merely entertaining as sensational fiction. Let us hope that the contemporary satiric sketches of the British will not prove similarly so much nearer to the truth about them. Some of us are already haunted by misgivings on this matter. If the emergence of a Pierre Laval, a Maurice Thorez, a Georges Bonnet showed Histoire Contemporaine to have been no mere slanderous fiction, has not the emergence of a Sir Oswald Mosley and an Anurin Bevan administered a like shock to those who had in like manner discounted Man and Superman or The Apple-Cart?

My Anatole France the Parisian was published eight years before the attempt of a French Foreign Minister to break his country's ^S entente with Great Britain and the United States and to ally her instead with Fascist Italy of whose dictator he said "I know Mussolini like the palm of my hand". There had indeed been stirrings of French discontent over inadequate support from Britain and the United States in vengeful fulfilment of all that the Treaty of Versailles had promised against Germany. But there was still no thought of a fundamental breach with the West, of anything like Laval's bargaining with Mussolini or of the Vichy horror that ~~would~~ ^{would} be perpetrated in the name of Marshal Petain. I wrote my Anatole France the Parisian with no mere literary interest, though it was a joy to me to dwell upon the special qualities of style distinguishing the writer of our own time who could produce fresh ^S masterpieces in the language of the country so long fastidious about style. No[^] was my purpose mainly one of psychological port[^]aiture, though the materials for this were

abundant and I used them to the best of my ability. What I aimed at most of all was to exhibit the competing ideologies whose interplay in the mind of Anatole France himself was an example of their interplay frustrating them in turn in ~~the~~ the temper of the French people whose paralytic indecision he thus illustrated. The words of Bishop Earle which I prefixed to my opening chapter summed this up:

One that hangs in the balance with all sorts of opinions whereof not one but stirs him and none sways him; a man guiltier of credulity than he is taken to be, for it is out of his belief of everything that he fully believes nothing.

We have watched such parisianisme as at once the charm and the bane of French life in the quarter-century since I wrote of Anatole France as its typical exponent, whose universal tolerance involved incapacity of leadership at a time when his country needed resolute leadership most of all. It has produced the spectacle of a great democratic country in which the average life of a government is but three months, and the alternate prospects of its "going Communist" and "going Fascist" are often equally plausible, but there is never assurance of a consistent policy on which foreign Chancelleries can rely for any substantial ^{length} ~~length~~ of time.

Of this inconstancy in himself Anatole France was well aware, and of its risks. That therein he was a reflector of moods of his countrymen, rather than as he supposed one of an isolated group of "intellectuals" he does not seem to have realized as foreign observers, especially during the thirty years since his death, have had cause to know it. "I belong", he wrote, "at heart to the Abbey of Thelema, where the rule is pleasant and obedience easy...Indul-

gence, tolerance, respect for oneself and for others, these are the saints who are always held in reverence in that Abbey....A ^tsceptic never revolts against the laws, for he has no hope that better ones can be made. He knows that the State must be forgiven for a great deal. Would you like a word of advice? Never entrust the political article in Le Temps to one of our Thelemites. He would fill it with a gentle melancholy which would discourage your worthy readers."

A nation of which such is the mood, reflected at its best by its greatest man of letters, but appearing at its worst in the perpetual oscillation of its politicians, has need of allies of very different temper. Whether as an ally it is of any particular service

?

Look for completion of this paragraph - never located!

My next book, on a very different subject, had not indeed its source (for I had been at work for years on its problems), but choice of date for its publication in the approach of the centenary of the Oxford Movement and the storm in England over the demand of the "High Church" Anglicans that an ^lalternative Prayer-Book, expressive of their devotional principles, should be sanctioned for use in the Church of England. As such sanction could be granted only by parliament, the problem of State interference in religious matters once more arose, and as this problem was being raised by successors of those who just one hundred years before had initiated the movement to restore in England Church usages which had been disallowed at the Reformation, the time seemed fitting for an historical survey of the process thus reaching crisis. So in 1929 ~~my~~ my book entitled A Century of Anglo-Catholicism was published, by Dent in England and Canada, by the Oxford University Press in the United States.

Numerous reviewers expressed surprise that it should have been written by a Presbyterian. Probably in some of its conclusions, especially on the dispute about the proposed alternative Anglican Prayer-Book, only a minority of those of my own faith would concur. But surely no one should be surprised at the effort by a philosopher, no matter of what school, to explain the development from late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century thought of the Movement inaugurated by Tracts for the Times. The book was a study of that Movement in three stages, signalized by three publications during the century of its expanding influence upon English life and thought -- Tracts at its beginning, Lux Mundi after its first half, Essays Catholic and Critical after its second. ~~Each of these publications was the joint manifesto of a group whose members, otherwise often very different, a common devotion had brought together. There was surely a challenge to the philosophic analyst in this spectacle, as one thought of the contrasted conditions, intellectual and social, under which such a leader as John Henry Newman in 1845 Charles Gore in 1890, A. E. Taylor in 1906 presented as essential Anglican Christianity what was neither the faith of the mediaeval Church nor that of the Reformers, but a blend of the two, previously ill defined, but having shaped through the centuries the life of the English Church. To explain a Movement for the last century no longer unconscious but articulate and vociferous, which had developed from its insurrectionary beginnings to such commanding influence in the Church of England was the problem of my book. I felt that perhaps a special contribution to its study might come from an outside analyst who could describe himself, in the words of my Preface as "a Presbyterian born and bred, one content with the Church in which he was brought up, and conscious of no tendency whatever to change it for either the Roman or the Anglican communion".~~

The book was thus an endeavour to evaluate, a century after its formal beginning, the significance of the Movement within the Church of England to restore features of ~~pre~~-Reformation religious faith and practice which, in the great cleansing of sixteenth century abuses had been inconsiderately dropped. A like impulse of analysis led me next to discuss a parallel development, namely that which since Pope Pius IX's encyclical of 1864 had been generally known by the term "Modernism" which he affixed to it. I felt, in particular, that in my effort to do justice to Anglo-Catholicism I had done less than justice to the Reformers. My Modernism Past and Present was thus supplementary.

My purpose in this book was not so much the vindication of Modernists against the attack of those who upbraided them for heresy, as the separation of those whose Modernist design was genuine from those with whom it was a mere cloak for total negation. If I had shocked some of my readers by urging a tolerant attitude towards those who would legalise in the Church of England a celebration indistinguishable from the Roman Mass (on the ground that "we should tolerate one another's superstitions") I shocked others by justifying Pius IX's stern intolerance of Abbe Loisy and his like. The time, I felt, had gone by when the practice of adjusting an ancient Creed to new knowledge had to be defended, though it might still well have historic examples recalled, as one learns for one's own period by reflection on like challenges of the past. But what in this field had become urgent was to preserve Modernism from developing an intolerant dogma of its own. In some quarters it seemed lately to require more moral courage to adhere to a traditional doctrine than in the past to dissent from it. In short, the Modernists themselves had to be modernized, saved from blind acceptance of what they foresee as a majority Creed, no less than their opponents from blind persistence

in a Creed they had inherited. As G. K. Chesterton put it, the true freethinker must be free from the future no less than from the past.

More on Modernism Past & Present ?

Two other books by the autobiographer but not mentioned in the manuscript at the time of his death are The Irish in Wales and a more serious volume Winged Words -

The preface to these two books ^{might be} inserted here to complete the chapter.

I —

II —

MY SHARE IN THE CONFLICTS OF INDUSTRY

The working man has no respect for either democracy or liberty. His whole interest is in transferring the wealth of the minority to his own pocket.

W. R. INGE

The avaricious calumniate the poor, to cover their refusal with a varnish of system and of reason.

BENTHAM

Looking back thirty years, I note among the changes I have seen how different is now the atmosphere of labor-management relations in Canadian industry.

In 1921 there was a strike by the coal-miners of Cape Breton, which took from the pits some 12,000 employees of the British Empire Steel Corporation. There had been recurring strains in that area, and this time -- just about two years after the return of great numbers of the miners from the battlefields of Europe, there was discernible a new element thinking and expressing itself after the pattern of the Russian bolsheviks. Apprehensive of what might ensue, the Coal Company had persuaded the Federal Government to station two Quebec

regiments at strategic points, and when I went to Glace Bay, at the request of the Halifax Herald that I should write a daily article on the dispute while the tension continued, I was shocked to find a general expectation that there would be a clash in which machine-guns would take their toll of the strikers. This was not merely expected, but in some quarters apparently welcomed. I heard, especially in Sydney a freely expressed hope that this time a sharp decisive lesson would be taught, in stern measures rather than conciliatory conference, to men whose periodic insurgence had become intolerable. "A show-down", I was told, "is long overdue." One cannot easily now imagine a scene in which at a Canadian industrial centre respectable citizens would hail with satisfaction verging on pleasure the prospect of regiments opening fire on thousands of striking workers.

Commissioned by the ^eHerald to make a study of the situation on the spot, I sent that paper by night wire a report each day on what I had discovered in conference with company officials, strike leaders, and representative onlooking citizens. I found that what had precipitated the strike was a ~~cut~~^{wage-reduction} imposed by the company in mid-winter. It was a reduction of about 35 per cent, and what this must mean to a miner's family was enough to explain a very angry mood in District No. 26 of the "United Mineworkers of America". The date had been apparently chosen as one specially unfavorable to strike action, and a peculiarly exasperating comment by a high official of the company was to the effect that Labor was at length so helpless in Cape Breton as to make its acceptance of the "cut" only a question of time. His exultant assurance to his headquarters "They can't stand the gaff" was as ill-judged as it was cruel. To quote ~~not~~ such language now is to indicate to observers of labor-management relations how very far we have travelled in Canada since 1922. Four years later, as I read of the General Strike in Britain, organized and directed by the then Secretary of the Transport Workers (destined later to be His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) what I had seen on the Cape Breton coalfields enabled me to understand Lloyd George's warning in 1926: "On the issue of conciliating thousands of British workers in economic ^{distress} ~~distress~~, I fight through to the end." Now Lloyd George or Ernest Bevin would have regarded the comment "They can't stand the gaff", will occur at once to the reader.

The British Empire Steel Corporation, commonly cited by its initials as "BESCO", whose name was modelled on that of the Steel Corporation of the United States, and whose directors aspired to reproduce though on a smaller scale the success of its American pattern, had a

~~17~~

very bad name in the Unionized Labor circles of the time. It was largely under the "remote control" of ~~some~~ shareholders in Montreal ("financial pirates", as the workers called them) who neither had nor cared to have any knowledge of local conditions and whose interference with the ~~management~~ policies of the management on the profit used to obstruct vitally important reforms. Like those "economic royalists" in the United States against whom a dozen years later F. D. Roosevelt waged his triumphant campaign for "the forgotten man", they exaggerated enormously what they called "the menace of the Reds". ~~At the~~

~~At the~~ The Cape Breton miners and steel-workers had an element, vociferous though slight, that understood and aimed to copy the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. It had its newspaper filled with slogans of perpetual class-war, brooded on John Read's Six Days that Shook the World, and applied to the officials of BESCO all that was fiercest in Lenin's diatribes against "the wolves of capitalism". I conferred with leaders of that Red section of Cape Breton Labor; heard their story of a "Black List" on which figured the names of all who took vigorous action in a strike and hence were to be dismissed by the Company as soon as a quarrel with them on some specious ground could be conveniently picked. I conferred also with Company officials who, with just as little genuine evidence to produce, made torrential accusation of ~~Moscow-prompted~~ Moscow-prompted designs against the whole "bourgeois" body of shareholders as ~~the~~ the essence of trade-union ~~pretended~~ pretended grievances. But the great bulk of miners and steelworkers had no Communist color, and happily the Government of Nova Scotia, led by its Premier, G. H. Murray, intervened in time to get those Quebec regiments with their machine guns recalled by the ~~federal~~ federal authorities whom ~~the~~ the Company had misled into dispatching them.

If we believe, as a modest percentage of us still do, in democracy (which has been well described as "government by discussion") we should continue to set high value upon the potentialities of the newspaper. Honestly and discerningly conducted, it has a power which not even radio has yet superseded. The public still has need of information on the printed page, to read and re-read. Here, for example, is the medium through which people can best be made to realize what are the terms and conditions of work in an ~~industrial~~ industrial area; how far the requisites of public health are ^amade available and how far they are ignored or obstructed in city slums; in what state rural schools are kept and what are the inducements competing with those to domestic service offered to attract young women to school-teaching. ~~ALL/THIS~~ Such enlightenment is the office of a genuine, truthful daily newspaper, setting forth ^cfacts and figures with photographs of scenes however disagreeable and humiliating. "Give the truth, and the people will find their own way" is the motto of democratic publicity. BESCO is now in Cape Breton but a painful ~~memory~~ memory of the older people; DOSCO, its successor, has no such trouble, ~~BE/BEAAA~~ because it has pursued no such policy of infuriating Labor, and I do not hesitate to say that to the Halifax ~~BE/ALA~~ Herald, which braved so much abuse in a righteous cause during the early 1920's a great share of the credit for the awakened public opinion which compelled the improvement is due.

I had many a humorous interchange on those tours over the Cape Breton coal and steel area with leaders of the so-called "Reds". One J. B. MacLachlan was a favorite of the United Mineworkers, and was in truth a most effective inciter to strong measures. He had a talent for mob oratory that would have endeared him to Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who I am sure would have enjoyed tremendously his satire on both the old political ~~parties~~ parties. This I heard at a Sunday night Labor meeting: "Would you like to know the difference between a Liberal and a Tory? I'll tell you. A Tory is more of a tyrant than a Liberal, but a Liberal is more of a hypocrite than a Tory". MacLachlan had to serve a prison sentence for one of his wilder outbursts, in which he was alleged to have incited violence. He used to recount with amusement how his jailer asked him what his offence had been, and on being told that the charge was one of sedition looked as puzzled as ever. "What is 'sedition'?" he asked. His prisoner ~~replied~~ replied that he didn't know what the word meant, but such had been the term used in his indictment. Still further curious, the jailer guessed "Perhaps it has something to do with women?"

On my various visits to Cape Breton, first to study the strike situation in coal mines and steel works, later as a University Extension lecturer, I became fairly familiar with the island's life. A recent novel by Mr. Hugh MacLennan, whose scene is laid there, the novel entitled Each Man's Son, has pictures of the habits of Glace Bay against which I feel that I should here record my protest. It was not my experience there to find, as in that book, the miners' habitual talk marked by oscillation between the blasphemous and the obscene. Mr. MacLennan was born in Glace Bay, but his family moved to Halifax when he was a ~~very~~ young child, and of the conversational tone in that mining town I think one who visited it at times of intense stress might judge better than one whose direct knowledge of it, advertised as that of a native was acquired as he grew up in the family of a professional man only to the age of seven. Familiarity with a community's profane swearing and bandying of indecent jokes is ^{what} ~~such~~ as one would not expect to develop in such surroundings at such an age. On the other hand we have lamentable proof from the sort of fiction which disgraces our news stands that a flavoring of the pornographic with varied curses, in whatever community the scene may be laid, is judged a fine stimulant of book sales. One often hears from writers that their stories find a market in ~~proportion~~ ^{proportion} as they are thus, to use a vulgarism of the trade, "pepped up" with the salacious. Perhaps the Cape Breton miners were on their good behavior with a College professor when he visited them to write for the press about the merits of their struggle with the corporation that employed them. But if Mr. MacLennan reliably reflects their character in his ~~subject~~ novel, I should doubt both their disposition and their capacity to maintain in such circumstances a decorous restraint. The pressure on their families to which they were subjected in some of their strikes might

well explain a certain exceptional looseness of tongue, but the sort of language with which the pages of Each Man's Son are strewn is in my experience of life in very different social circles, subject to no such pressure, much more obtrusive than I ever found it among the miners and steel-workers of ^aCape Breton. I have indeed often mentioned Glace Bay as a town in which on my University Extension tours I could count upon an audience always interested, the sort of audience ~~//14444~~ a lecturer specially enjoys addressing because it is cooperative, by its keen attention and quick responsiveness, though my subject was often one of literary concern far removed from local struggles for a livelihood.

Nearly ten years afterwards I had experience of another industrial dispute. The crew of the car-ferry Prince Edward Island, plying between Borden and Tormentine, put forward demands upon their employer, the Canadian National Railways, for amendment of pay and conditions of work. There was the usual threat of a strike, which might have involved the whole railway system, and the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees was ~~acting~~ guiding the movement of the ferry crew. Request was made for a Conciliation Board, and of this Board, when it was granted, I was to my great surprise invited to be Chairman. I had taken no note of the dispute, when suddenly I had a telegram from the Deputy Minister of Labor offering me this appointment. I accepted, and during the University Summer Vacation of 193⁹ this work was my main concern. It brought me ^such intimate experience of industrial conflict as showed me how notable had been the development of a wider policy in this field since the Cape Braton coal strike of a decade before.

A Conciliation Board is, as its name suggests, a device to bring together amicably, through a mediating influence, parties in violent dispute with each other. Its office is to prevent, if possible, either a strike or a lock-out by which the wheels of industry would be stopped.

The complaint of the crew on the car-ferry was that its lowest-
members
paid ~~was~~ were on a "starvation-wage", and that other members
were worked atrociously long hours. The Conciliation Board
quickly satisfied itself from the evidence it took at sittings
in Montreal, Moncton and Halifax that both complaints were well-
founded; neither indeed was seriously disputed by the Company, so
that it seemed as if the only bar to a settlement was difference
of opinion about the scale on which wages for the lowest-paid
should be increased and hours for the longest-worked should be
cut down. In a conversation with the President of the Railway
on such
I found that all differences ~~of~~ detail could be readily adjusted.
But there remained a conflict on which both sides were adamant.
This was the demand of the men that they should be represented in
such negotiation with the Company by the Canadian Brotherhood of
Railway Employees. To this the answer was given that the question
was about a ship, that the C.B.R.E. had nothing to do with it, and
that only a Committee of the crew would be received for negotiation
by the Company.

In many talks with members of the crew I became convinced
that its argument was sound, and that to refuse it was tantamount
to denying the right of collective bargaining. For, as they put it,
"Whatever the outcome of this dispute, we must return to work on the
ship, and those of us who acted as our Committee to meet the Company
would know that if they took a disagreeably strong line for us
in negotiation they would be marked for speedy dismissal later on
some ground which it would be easy to fabricate. In short, as
negotiators they would not be free agents. They would meet the
Company with the risks to their families in mind". Reasoning
thus, the crew insisted that to be represented by any negotiators

they might choose was essential to the principles of organized Labor, and that what they were asked in this case to accept instead was just the familiar burlesque of this principle known as "a Company Union". Needless to say, my two colleagues on the Board ~~adhered to the inflexible contentions~~ one nominated by the Railway, the other by the crew, adhered on this issue to the inflexible contention of their respective principals.

Herein is a suggestion for the value of this special device for soothing industrial disputes which, so far as I know, is Canadian only. I don't know who first conceived it, but it has served often an admirable purpose, and my experience of it in the P. E. Island affair ~~led~~ led me to believe strongly in its value. In the working of a Conciliation Board responsibility for success or failure rests with the Chairman, because his colleagues are pledged party men, sure to echo just the insistence of those who sent them and who in direct negotiation with those of the opposite side have reached only a deadlock. If the Board is to effect an adjustment, this must be initiated by the one member who came to it with no personal commitment to either side. He is chosen as Chairman by agreement of the two sides, if they can agree on the man; otherwise the Government nominates him. I felt honored by being chosen by agreement of the disputants, and did my best, I am glad to say successfully, to prevent the quarrel from eventuating in a ~~strike~~ strike which might have involved the whole railway system.

more!
this is probably it
(see record of Board Conciliation Report)

CANADIAN POLITICS AND CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES I HAVE SEEN

Party leaders must sometimes wish that it were possible for them to address their own followers in one tongue and their opponents in another, each being uncomprehended by the other, as shepherds on the Scottish Highlands are said to shout their orders to one dog in English and to another in Gaelic.

VISCOUNT BRYCE

During my forty years in Canada I have watched the rise, progress and consummation of the demand that her "colonial" status be abandoned and that her sovereign nationhood be acknowledged.

To set forth the sources and results of this movement as I saw them is the purpose of the present chapter.

In his book entitled The Canadian Mosaic, John Murray Gibbon has shown how many races besides English, Irish, Scottish have blended in a common happy consciousness of Canada as the land of their adoption. He has shown too how this was achieved by the wisdom of local leaders, ignoring in practice the "remote control" from London involved in the very name, British North America Act, ~~which~~ for the settlement of the Canadian Constitution. During the South African War which began in 1899 it was the constant proud boast of Joseph Chamberlain that "the self-governing ~~colonies~~ colonies" had contributed contingents to the British forces, and when I

first came to know Canada directly a dozen years later a frequent topic of discussion among Canadians was still the reluctance with which the then Premier (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) had yielded to the popular demand for despatch of a Canadian Expeditionary Force. To the insistence of some (quoting Kipling) that such participation should be automatic, that -- as they put it -- "When Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war", it was fier^cely replied that sacrifice of blood and treasure for a cause which Canadian leaders had no share in determining was not merely unreasonable but immoral. One method of adjustment proposed was a plan of Imperial Federation, with its famous message to Great Britain "If you want our assistance, call us to your councils". But there was wide misgiving as to what this would involve. Imperial federation was thought likely to restore much ~~interest~~ interference from London in Canada's internal affairs which had been progressively though silently eliminated. Distrust of the manner in which "the dominant Englishman" would impose his will stimulated a very different ~~of~~ project. Especially as it lent itself so easily to party-political manoeuvring! Angling for the anti-British French-Canadian vote became the constant concern of party fishermen at elections. Like the solid eighty Irish Nationalists on whom Gladstone could rely at Westminster, the solid sixty-five from Quebec be[^]came the mainstay of Mackenzie King. But in both cases there was an occasional split, when the strategists of another party were more dexterous.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE

When I came to Canada at the beginning of 1914, the politicians always quick to operate on the mind of a new voter explained to me how "Liberals" in this country differed from "Conservatives". It seemed to be still taken for granted that there could no more be a third political party than there could be a third sex (though the existence of a political hermaphrodite had been from time to time reported). The general election of 1911, whose chief issue was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposal of a Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States, was still a topic in the hotel smoke-rooms and barber shops. I became accustomed to the rival accounts-- that Sir Robert Borden had saved Canadian manufacturing industries from being swamped by American competition, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had been defeated by a deception of the French-Canadian voter unexampled in the previous record of unscrupulous politics. On one issue, however, the two parties vied with each other in proclamation of the same Creed. Laurier had declared the French-Canadians for whom he spoke to be such that though all others should weaken in attachment to Great Britain, theirs would never fail. The comment on this by Borden and his associates was that it sounded well, and they wished they could think ~~that~~ it was sincerely spoken.

The leaders making rival declarations of fervid imperial loyalty had alike a difficult task during the war years, 1914 - 1917, in ^{showing how} ~~justifying~~ their attitude to French-Canadians ^{their was consistent with their tone to Quebec in the} ~~ing the account they had given at the 1911 election of French~~ ^{section contest of three or four years before. The twistings and explanations} ~~Canadians during the previous election contest.~~ ^{Sir Wilfrid Laurier} on both sides were a spectacle of our party system at its worst. Sir Wilfrid Laurier,

^{not daring to ask}
~~was manifestly at his side~~ ^{French-Canadians} ~~and endeavored to persuade them~~ to accept Con-
^{was manifestly at his side} scription, ~~to~~ to show that their refusal of it implied no desire to evade
 bearing their share of the imperial burden. Sir Robert Borden was much
^{in his effort to handle gently} embarrassed ~~by~~ the Quebec section of his followers whose revolt against
 Sir Wilfrid Laurier had brought him his victory at the polls, but whose
 platform record in the campaign had included dropping on their knees to
 implore from the Virgin and the Saints ^{safety} ~~defense~~ of French Canadians from
^{being} dragged from their homes to serve in "England's wars". Henri
 Bourassa, who died in 1953, was extolled in obituary notice as having
 shown in this devotional outburst for his countrymen against Laurier's
 subservience to "England" an insight beyond his time. Here, it was
 said, began the revolt which reached its victory when the imperialist
 tyrant had to concede the Statute of Westminster. Truly, whether for
 good or for evil, Bourassa led the movement which twenty years later
 it was declared in London impossible to resist. But ^{to achieve} ~~for~~ its success it
 had to secure, and it did secure, support from leaders quite other than
 French-Canadian.

~~The strength of this nascent Nationalism became apparent. In~~
 Quebec's resistance to Conscription for the First World War in 1917 ~~the~~
^{strength of Canadian nationalism was first demonstrated.}
 This resistance a Union Government (Liberals and Conservatives combining
 to enact a Military Service Law) was strong enough to overcome. But
 ever since then it has been a problem for each party at an election to
^{shape} ~~decide~~ what Americans would call "a plank in its platform" by which Que-
 bec Nationalists will be more attracted -- or at least less repelled --
 than by the ^{platform} ~~programme~~ of the party opposite. In general the Liberals
^{They could make their bid for Quebec's vote with promises at least less obviously inconsistent than those of the}
 have had more to offer, ~~and in the forty years which followed Borden's~~
^{Conservatives with their pro-Quebec section of their party programme} ~~defeat of Laurier by splitting Quebec a like result, was obtained by the~~ ^{the Conservatives obtained a like result}
~~Conservatives~~ by a like method only once -- when R. B. Bennett defeated
 Mackenzie King in 1932. But Mackenzie King had resources to meet this

particular challenge ^{against} which only a rare accident of circumstances (the Great Depression ^{in 1930} ~~still~~ ruinous ^{to} the ^{repute} of any Government in power) could enable a rival to win. French-Canadians soon discovered that while a Borden or a Bennett might, ^{much against his own will, exploit their anti-British temper for his} ~~use them for his own advantage~~ King was personally no less intent than any one of themselves upon shaking off the British connection. During the longest tenure of power ever held by a Prime Minister of Canada his method of winning was to make what he called "the preservation of national unity" and what others called "keeping Quebec solid for the Liberals" the purpose to which all other purposes in his programme were subordinate. All else, whether in foreign policy or in social reform was for him admissible only in so far as it did not interfere with this master strategic principle.

Under such leadership there developed during the 1920's a movement ^{Nationalist in Canada} of ~~Canadian Nationalism~~ that was not French-Canadian. Quebec sympathies were easily enlisted for a revolt against ^{the} "Colonialism" exemplified by the use of "British North America" as a name for Canada. But the fury of anti-colonialism which the Statute of Westminster in 1931 was designed to appease had as its chief agents in Canada those far removed in racial descent or sympathy from the French. Their use of Quebec for their project of breaking the ^{British} imperial bond was ~~as~~ coldly tactical, as Borden's use of the same auxiliaries to defeat Laurier in 1911. Probably among insurgent "intellectuals", professors of political science here and there, ~~there would have been some noticeable propaganda of such revolt, as if such revolt would have been noticeable like~~ other revolts in that class against the orthodoxy of ~~their~~ ^{the} ancestors. But they would have been as ineffective as the Independence Papers of John S. Ewart, issued to an inattentive Canadian public ~~in 1911/12/13/14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31/32/33/34/35/36/37/38/39/40/41/42/43/44/45/46/47/48/49/50/51/52/53/54/55/56/57/58/59/60/61/62/63/64/65/66/67/68/69/70/71/72/73/74/75/76/77/78/79/80/81/82/83/84/85/86/87/88/89/90/91/92/93/94/95/96/97/98/99/100/101/102/103/104/105/106/107/108/109/110/111/112/113/114/115/116/117/118/119/120/121/122/123/124/125/126/127/128/129/130/131/132/133/134/135/136/137/138/139/140/141/142/143/144/145/146/147/148/149/150/151/152/153/154/155/156/157/158/159/160/161/162/163/164/165/166/167/168/169/170/171/172/173/174/175/176/177/178/179/180/181/182/183/184/185/186/187/188/189/190/191/192/193/194/195/196/197/198/199/200/201/202/203/204/205/206/207/208/209/210/211/212/213/214/215/216/217/218/219/220/221/222/223/224/225/226/227/228/229/230/231/232/233/234/235/236/237/238/239/240/241/242/243/244/245/246/247/248/249/250/251/252/253/254/255/256/257/258/259/260/261/262/263/264/265/266/267/268/269/270/271/272/273/274/275/276/277/278/279/280/281/282/283/284/285/286/287/288/289/290/291/292/293/294/295/296/297/298/299/300/301/302/303/304/305/306/307/308/309/310/311/312/313/314/315/316/317/318/319/320/321/322/323/324/325/326/327/328/329/330/331/332/333/334/335/336/337/338/339/340/341/342/343/344/345/346/347/348/349/350/351/352/353/354/355/356/357/358/359/360/361/362/363/364/365/366/367/368/369/370/371/372/373/374/375/376/377/378/379/380/381/382/383/384/385/386/387/388/389/390/391/392/393/394/395/396/397/398/399/400/401/402/403/404/405/406/407/408/409/410/411/412/413/414/415/416/417/418/419/420/421/422/423/424/425/426/427/428/429/430/431/432/433/434/435/436/437/438/439/440/441/442/443/444/445/446/447/448/449/450/451/452/453/454/455/456/457/458/459/460/461/462/463/464/465/466/467/468/469/470/471/472/473/474/475/476/477/478/479/480/481/482/483/484/485/486/487/488/489/490/491/492/493/494/495/496/497/498/499/500/501/502/503/504/505/506/507/508/509/510/511/512/513/514/515/516/517/518/519/520/521/522/523/524/525/526/527/528/529/530/531/532/533/534/535/536/537/538/539/540/541/542/543/544/545/546/547/548/549/550/551/552/553/554/555/556/557/558/559/560/561/562/563/564/565/566/567/568/569/570/571/572/573/574/575/576/577/578/579/580/581/582/583/584/585/586/587/588/589/590/591/592/593/594/595/596/597/598/599/600/601/602/603/604/605/606/607/608/609/610/611/612/613/614/615/616/617/618/619/620/621/622/623/624/625/626/627/628/629/630/631/632/633/634/635/636/637/638/639/640/641/642/643/644/645/646/647/648/649/650/651/652/653/654/655/656/657/658/659/660/661/662/663/664/665/666/667/668/669/670/671/672/673/674/675/676/677/678/679/680/681/682/683/684/685/686/687/688/689/690/691/692/693/694/695/696/697/698/699/700/701/702/703/704/705/706/707/708/709/710/711/712/713/714/715/716/717/718/719/720/721/722/723/724/725/726/727/728/729/730/731/732/733/734/735/736/737/738/739/740/741/742/743/744/745/746/747/748/749/750/751/752/753/754/755/756/757/758/759/760/761/762/763/764/765/766/767/768/769/770/771/772/773/774/775/776/777/778/779/780/781/782/783/784/785/786/787/788/789/790/791/792/793/794/795/796/797/798/799/800/801/802/803/804/805/806/807/808/809/810/811/812/813/814/815/816/817/818/819/820/821/822/823/824/825/826/827/828/829/830/831/832/833/834/835/836/837/838/839/840/841/842/843/844/845/846/847/848/849/850/851/852/853/854/855/856/857/858/859/860/861/862/863/864/865/866/867/868/869/870/871/872/873/874/875/876/877/878/879/880/881/882/883/884/885/886/887/888/889/890/891/892/893/894/895/896/897/898/899/900/901/902/903/904/905/906/907/908/909/910/911/912/913/914/915/916/917/918/919/920/921/922/923/924/925/926/927/928/929/930/931/932/933/934/935/936/937/938/939/940/941/942/943/944/945/946/947/948/949/950/951/952/953/954/955/956/957/958/959/960/961/962/963/964/965/966/967/968/969/970/971/972/973/974/975/976/977/978/979/980/981/982/983/984/985/986/987/988/989/990/991/992/993/994/995/996/997/998/999/1000~~ if their intellectualism had not acquired the aid of the subtlest combiner of votes who has ever been Prime Minister of Canada and who saw in their work an agency he could use. MacKenzie King's creation of a Department of External Affairs which he took care to have named by the right personnel was one of his numerous master strokes.

But Kipling's line about "brittle intellectuals who snap beneath a strain" would have been illustrated again if ~~such~~ their movement had not ~~acquired~~ been reinforced ^{via speakers who allowed for this} [It secured the aid, via some leadership, by] J?

During the 1920's there was in Canada a vigorous movement to shake off the supposed obligation of supporting British foreign policy. At numerous centres discussion groups, often led by University instructors in political science, were arraigning what they called "colonialism", and urging that the Parliament of Canada be pressed to issue an official statement of the country's purpose to negotiate with foreign Powers as she chose, regardless whether such negotiation was in harmony or in conflict with that conducted by Great Britain. Obviously this would mean either repeal or disregard of the British North America Act, under which there could be no separate Canadian foreign policy, nor could there be a valid Canadian Act "repugnant to British Law". What, then, was to be done with that august symbol compared by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in its service to Canada with the Pillar of Fire by Day and the Pillar of Cloud ~~and~~ by Night that led Israel in its desert wanderings? What the leaders of these revolutionaries thought of such subservient "colonialism" in Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and of the offensive term "British North America" by which Canada was described, may be seen in the vitriolic pages of Professor A. R. M. Lower's book, From Colony to Nation.

The intensity of this campaign, carried on not just by a few fanatics, but by Canadians conspicuous as guides of their country's public opinion, may be illustrated from a personal case. Even after the Statute of Westminster conceding to them their essential demand (for an independent Canadian foreign policy) had been passed, they were haunted by the thought that foreign Powers might not realize^s the significance of the breach and might still take for granted Canada's automatic cooperation on the British side in any Second World War which might break out.

I was canvassed for my signature to a memorial that was to be presented to the Prime Minister (Mackenzie King) in the early 1930's urging that the Parliament of Canada pledge itself by public statement against ~~allowing the country~~ ever again sending an expeditionary force overseas in any cause whatever. My canvasser impressed upon me that this ought to be done before any particular situation of international strain should arise. "Suppose", he said, "that Great Britain were to get into another war with Germany. The Germans might take for granted that Canada would be in it, and might sink a Canadian ship. Then it would be impossible to keep our country out of it". Such was the fervor of my visitor's anti-colonialism that he wanted Canada not only to repudiate it but to disable herself from any future return to its habits. A truly startling sample of what is known as an Irish bull!

Mackenzie King received the deputation which presented this proposal, expressing with characteristic courtesy his delight at such proof of "Young Canada's" interest in the problems of government, but explaining that no parliament could commit a later parliament or fetter its choice in any future issue. The proposal, however, though rejected, was by no means distasteful to the anti-colonialism which had no other contriver quite so eager and also so subtle as Mackenzie King. I was not surprised when I heard that my canvasser had been appointed to a high post under the Canadian Government. His opinions and desires, I do not doubt, are as they were, but he is eminently discreet in expression.

The changes of which the enactment of the Statute of Westminster was symbolic were commended as promising not to weaken but to strengthen the unity of the Commonwealth. Many a glowing peroration of speeches, many a "purple patch" in newspaper editorials dwelt on this. To one living in Canada and knowing the spirit of the men by whom chiefly the agitation was being promoted it was strange that even with the purpose of "making the best of a bad business" writers and speakers should be so gullible. Premier Malan of South Africa declared that but for the Statute of Westminster his latest drastic measures against the rights of the ~~negroes~~ colored population would have been impossible and he is known to be preparing under the same constitutional facility a rupture as complete as that of Eire in the nominal connection of his country with Great Britain. His renewed mandate, giving him a further five years to complete the anti-British job dearest to his heart -- revenge for the defeat of Boers by Britons half a century ago -- seems to have been won chiefly by the promise that he, in contrast with his opponent in the contest, would use the ~~Statute of Westminster~~ new chance to the utmost. Probably the Statute of Westminster won Malan his election in April, 1953. ^What he thinks of the promise that it would strengthen rather than weaken Commonwealth unity he no doubt characterizes in the mordant humor of his native speech to his fellow-Boers. The night the election result was announced saw the flags of Transvaal and Orange Free State again exultantly unfurled.

Premier ^eNehru of India, answering complaint from critics in his own Legislature that the Commonwealth tie was kept any longer in any form at all, pointed out that it bound India to nothing, any more than she was bound by her membership in the United Nations: in short that she was no more committed by it to support any particular British action than to support action by the United States, by France, or by Soviet Russia. ~~India~~

It seemed to follow that the presence of India's representative at the Coronation would commit her to nothing more than was involved in her being represented at a U. N. Assembly, and there could be no indication less definite than that. The Archbishop in administering to the Queen her oath ~~by taking office~~ significantly omitted India in his list of the "realms" for which she undertook the royal office. Can we wonder at the judgment of that shrewd and long experienced observer of affairs, Franz von Papen, who has written in his *Memoirs* that the various "independence movements" within the British Commonwealth have reduced for ever the British influence in international affairs? Or at the glee with which the successive dictators, Fascist, Nazi, Communist raised their demands on the assumption of the resistance to ~~the~~ European autocrats which England had repeatedly led being now far less formidable than of old?

The impression created abroad, not so much by the provisions of the Statute of Westminster as by the furious agitation which led to its enactment, was profoundly misleading. Nearly all that was important in the ^a~~British~~ ^{Dominion} autonomy (for example, of Canada) on which it dwelt had been silently conceded long before. The "Mother Country", like other ^{wise} ~~mother~~ ^s, had recognized how a formal deference is advantageously combined in the younger generation with practical independence. For at least half a century the "Colonies" (not yet sensitive about that name as indicative of their inferior status) had governed themselves, obtaining without difficulty the formal sanction at Westminster of whatever they desired in management of their own affairs. But vanity, whether personal or racial, is easy to exploit, and to those who in this matter set themselves the despicable task of stirring resentment against imaginary grievances is due their proportionate blame for the Second World War. The designers and signatories of the "Ulster Covenant" in Ireland had their share in the sinister encouragement of the German Crown Prince and his circle to think that 1914 was the year to strike for Deutschland über Alles. A like encouragement was given in the early 1930's by the framers of the Statute of Westminster to Hitler as he listened to the advice of Ribbentrop.

A minor but suggestive indication was the dispute over the title with which at the recent Coronation Queen Elizabeth II should be invested. In other days the ^Sovereign was proclaimed King (or Queen) of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas. But for Ireland it was needful to substitute Northern Ireland, and from some cause which I have not seen even an attempt to explain, the word "dominion" was excluded as offensive to the new "nations", but not the word "realm", and in recital of the "realms" the name of India was omitted, but Pakistan was kept. The Prime Minister of Canada^A said that at the conference of Commonwealth leaders the traditional "Defender of the Faith" raised a delicate question: no doubt ~~that~~ ~~such~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~AS~~ knew why the Pope of his time had decorated Henry VIII with such ~~title~~ ~~French-Canadian~~ ~~as~~ ~~known~~ ~~the~~ ~~settler~~ ~~of~~ ~~which~~ ~~Henry~~ ~~VIII~~ ~~had~~ a title there were many to resent fiercely the suggestion that their ~~been~~ ~~so~~ ~~honored~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~exaggerating~~ ~~to~~ ~~think~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~present~~ ~~sovereign~~ present sovereign would take any pride in inheriting it. But Mr. St. Laurent could reckon on his French-Canadian fellow citizens as enjoying its suggestiveness, ~~and~~ also on the likelihood that only a very small fraction of militant Canadian Protestants would know the story of its originating in papal gratitude to a royal auxiliary in his fight against Luther, and that now after four hundred years it could be explained away in terms which even the Queen's Muslim subjects would respect as ^{implying} ~~meaning~~ no more than championship of belief in a Providential order of the world. More surprising than a scruple about "Defender of the Faith" was the misgiving Mr. St. Laurent reported about use of the phrase "By the Grace of God". It must have been a very self-conscious Canadian Nationalist who felt it an infraction of dignity to acknowledge indebtedness to any outside interference whether human or divine. But he told the House of Commons ^{how he and} ~~that~~ ~~his~~ ~~colleagues~~ had decided that such sensitiveness might be ignored. "We felt", he said, "it was a good

thing that civil authorities should proclaim that their organization is such that it is a defence of continued belief in a Supreme Power".

To the "Imperialism" which readers of my articles and listeners to my ^aradio talks find (some approvingly, some angrily) my dominant note, I came by slow and reluctant changes. As an Irish schoolboy and undergraduate at Oxford, I hated the very name. John Redmond and David Lloyd George, fighting "the old Tory gang", were my youthful heroes. The "Liberal League", with Rosebery as its chief, Asquith, Greay and Haldane as his lieutenants and "Liberal Imperialism" as its watchword was the organization I specially ~~detested~~/ detested in the British politics of the first years of this century, because while I thought the Tories merely wicked, these ex-Liberals seemed not only wicked but apostate. When I came to Canada, I quickly decided, after study of the Canadian Hansard, especially ~~especially~~/ pecially debate on the Address ^after Borden had displaced Laurier, that essentially the same contrast divided parties here, and my allegiance to Canadian Liberalism was ~~my~~/ unhesitatingly declared. So when my political friends of the past found me a contributor in the 1930's to Viscountess Milner's National Review, especially when they read in it my article "The Imperialist Faith as Seen in Canada", I was asked what in the world had happened to me. I acknowledge a great change. It took long to make it. But it was made.

MY RADIO BROADCASTING

It was the hour of a great destruction and of a great creation. Your University came into existence in time to witness the disappearance of the last trace of the Roman Empire and the publication of the earliest printed book.....A few German artisans, with little thought that they were calling into existence a power far greater than that of the Caesars, were cutting and setting the first types.

MACAULAY (at St. Andrews, 1849)

I have chosen as heading for this chapter what Macaulay ~~SA/IA/~~ said in his rectorial address a century ago to the students at the University of St. Andrews. Radio broadcasting is by far the greatest advance in agencies with promise for public education that has been achieved since the invention of printing five centuries ago. It has possibilities, good and evil, which long experience of alternate encouragement and disappointment with the printing press should enable us to discern in radio. What I have discovered of these, ^a as interpreter of news on the air waves for a period of more than twenty years, I shall endeavor in this chapter to set forth.

In September, 1931, when the potentialities of radio were beginning to be guessed, but had yet to reveal far more than anyone then dreamed of, I was invited by Senator W. H. Dennis, who controlled the station C. H. N. S. in Halifax, to undertake ^a a weekly twenty-minute comment on public events. It seemed a venture which by its novelty might attract attention for a short time -- perhaps three months. It

has continued ever since, with one or two very brief interruptions due to some special circumstance (such as demand on radio time for the propaganda of a general election) and as these lines are being written I have to keep in mind next Sunday afternoon's talk, still ^a announced as it was at first, twenty-three years ago, under title "Dr. Stewart Reviews the News". The twenty-minutes period at first prescribed was quickly lengthened to a half-hour. ^{Not long} ~~Nothing~~ after I began these talks from ^a a private station, I was invited to give ~~A/A/AAAA~~ a similar series, covering different aspects ^s of the week's story, on the All-Canada network, and for ten years ^a I thus served the organization now known as C. B. C. In the ^a ~~v~~st correspondence which the talks have brought ^m ~~ne~~, some characteristics of the work stand out ~~clearly~~ clearly.

The audience is truly enormous. My letters have come not only from every part of Canada, but from centres all over the United States and even from as far south as Jamaica. It leads me to conclude, in the first place that the main and most valued service

~~comparison there may well arise a certain misgiving. Will this new instrument fall as far short as the printing press has fallen for the office of teacher of the truth that makes free?~~

~~My correspondence leads me to conclude that the main and most valued service of a commentator on news lies in the assistance he can give the public by supplying geographic, historical or economic information needed to illumine the week's press despatches. So much in Associated Press news or in Canadian Press news can be understood only if placed in an environment of circumstances which the average reader does not realize. It was thus a sort of University Extension teaching that I undertook on the air waves, and I have been much gratified by the copious volume of acknowledgment I have had from listeners all over Canada and beyond its borders, telling me that this was exactly the sort of help they required. My question from week to week, as I surveyed the material of the despatches, has been "What conditioning details, historic, economic, political, require to be known if this is to be understood, and are probably obscure to the general reader of the news?"~~

Besides this service of sheer explanation (what I often call on the radio "showing what things mean") that of offering a lead to the public on matters of controversy has often its use, and this not less for those who dissent from the particular proffered lead than for those who eagerly follow it. At least it is definite, and hence provocative of further thought.

I have often been asked whether an interpreter of events, provided and remunerated by a particular "sponsor", is free to say what he really thinks, or has to keep at least the main drift of his talk in conformity with the

interests of those who bring him before the public. I have not in twenty-two years of broadcasting from the private station, C.H.N.S. in Halifax been subjected to any such pressure by the newspaper under whose sponsorship I spoke. Nor does this mean that I was careful to avoid controversial issues. Often I propounded and advocated vigorously a view on some highly controversial matter which not merely differed from but flatly opposed the argument in the editorial columns of the newspaper under whose sponsorship I appeared, and never was any objection made. Sufficient was the announcer's protecting formula "The views are those of the speaker".

I can write in no such terms of the freedom allowed by the C. B. C. despite its assurances so often repeated as to make one suspicious, that it is careful to reflect different shades of opinion, and that it is no government-controlled agency, but under its independent Board. There are many aliases under which a government may exercise its power, and whoever can choose the directors (with the joint authority known as "hiring and firing") can make certain how they will direct. There is, I am sure, no dictating of opinions, but especially during the last few years there has been a curious similarity of opinion on essentials, combined with obtrusive debate on detail, among those invited to use the facilities of the network. Much advertisement used to be given to the carefully worked out routine regarding the time allotted on the air to leaders or representative speakers of rival parties in a general election campaign. Quotas, we were told, had been determined equitably for Liberal, Conservative and C.C.F. ~~and in~~ in each case the introducer of the broadcast would make his

source clear with such words as these: "For the next half-hour the facilities of this station have been engaged by" such and such a party. One was beginning to admire as machinery beyond what was anywhere else available such means of keeping the Canadian electorate informed of just what it needed to know on both sides of the issue at the polls. But, like the lady in ~~Othello~~ Othello who did protest too much, those who affected such impartiality had a sudden overwhelming exposure. Unlike the established practice in the United States, where the great Party Conventions are allotted free and equal time on the national network, in December 1942 the Conservative Convention at Winnipeg was refused use of the airwaves -- refused even leave to buy time at the usual charge for broadcast of its proceedings. The reason assigned was the Commission's resolve that no "political" controversies should be allowed on the national radio during the war.

Mr. Arthur Meighen, when the Convention met, subjected this to a memorable analysis, the sort of analysis in which his talent had long been unrivalled among Canadian public men. He reviewed the radio addresses with which the country had been familiar since the beginning of the war. He recalled how Mr. Ilesley, the Minister of ~~Finance~~ Finance, had the previous week discoursed over the national network on the efficiency of the War Prices Board set up by the ^{Liberal} Government of which he was a member, in contrast with the bungling ~~inefficiency~~ inefficiency of the Conservative ~~regime~~ regime ives in power during 1914-1918. He dwelt upon a recent broadcast by Professor Watson ~~Thompson~~ Thompson contrasting the humane and far-sighted policy of the Government of Canada with the monstrous ill-treatment of India by the Government of Great Britain. Example after example was cited showing how ludicrous was the pretence in the reasons assigned by the C. B. C. for refusal of facilities on the national network to the Conservative Convention. He summed up his case

in a few characteristic sentences:

"Has anyone listened since the war began to a radio address by the Prime Minister or by any of his Ministers which was not charged and replete with 'political' appeal; whose purpose was not from first to last to boost the stock of the King Government, to show the people what wonderful things it was doing, what a grand success it was making, how beloved it was by the whole country and what great and immortal men were at the head of its affairs; which was not designed especially to demonstrate their conspicuous superiority over those bungling incompetents who had led us to victory in the last war? These men month after month, week after week, day after day, have gone on delivering messages to the people of Canada the central purpose of which was to build themselves up, to popularize themselves and thus to be ready for a trial of strength when an appeal to the electors comes. And the Radio Commission says that is all right; that is in the national interest; that only contributes to loving harmony which must prevail in time of war!"

Such passages as those cited from Mr. Ilsley in ridicule of the Conservative Government of 1914-1918 and Professor ~~Watsby-Thomson~~ Thompson in denunciation of the British regime in India, delivered in time of war, are hard to explain by the C. B. C.'s formula of a war-time truce to party strife. Finally Mr. Meighen had a personal story:

"I was admitted over the radio once. I was able to listen next day to the broadcast because it had been delayed, and when it came through I found they had mutilated and butchered a speech of twenty minutes. They took out everything in the shape of criticism, and left a shapeless truncated mess which was paraded far and wide as a speech of Mr. Meighen's.

I wrote a letter of protest.... You ask what reply was sent to me. I got an acknowledgment from the General Manager that my letter was received and would be laid before ~~the Board~~ his Board of Governors at their next meeting. That was a year ago last July, and I have heard nothing since."

I have seen no reply to this indictment by Mr. Meighen, and if the facts are as he stated them, no reply is possible. For those who have learned of his case only from the pages of Unrevised and Unrepented, it has an initial probability if they have listened during the last few years to C. B. C. broadcasts on international affairs. They have noted such monotonous reproduction by commentators of the Ministerial tone about nearly everything: especially the constant picking of a quarrel with the United States for alleged inconsiderateness of Canadian opinion, constant sensitiveness^s on minutiae of ~~Canadian dignity~~ Canadian dignity, constant complaint of the inadequate appreciation both in London and in Washington of how great during the last few years Canada has become -- all in the familiar government-advertising strain. The private radio stations have provided wholesome relief from this, and the public would do well to defend them against recent designs, variously camouflaged, to secure complete government monopoly of facilities on the air. Particularly memorable in this reference was the warning of fifteen years ago. Public opinion was then manipulated to extol, on the prompting of Mackenzie King, and in derision of Mr. Churchill, that Munich Agreement we have now to remember with such remorse and shame. But at least from some private radio stations discerning commentators during the weeks after September 30, 1938, told the unwelcome truth. Milton's plea for "Unlicensed Printing" needs to have its principles reapplied in the cause of unlicensed broadcasting.

It would, of course, be ridiculous to urge that broadcasting should be at the disposal equally and indiscriminately of all schools eager to interpret events. Toleration of diverse opinions must be combined with a flavoring of common sense, and remembrance that "Safety of the People" must always be the supreme law. But surely radio broadcasters of varied opinion on controversial subjects might be chosen from those equally dependable in judgment and purpose to present their respective ~~and~~ arguments within the framework of a common patriotism. If a wrong choice were shown, by trial, to have been made, it could quickly be rectified before any special harm had been done, but official limiting of opinion destroys the very principle on which hearers' interests depend. The Canadian Broadcasting ~~Commission~~ Commission (which ^epre~~c~~eded the C. B. C. of Mr. Meighen's merciless exposure) did not conceive it need-ful for avoidance of public danger to eliminate the speaker's personality ~~by~~ and to reduce his talk to that mixture of evasions and ambiguities which characterizes a government "release", with recurring petulance al-ternately against ^{the} British and against Americans for inadequate respect for this country which is supposed to be popular with Canadians. Sus- picion that they are being so treated by the C. B. C. is very easily aroused, for Canadians are ever on the watch against official "propaganda". Details of the country's vast prosperity during the last few years, and of the limit~~less~~ promise by development of the meth^ods which of late have taken it so far, elicit cynic^al comment from listeners who know that a general electi~~o~~n is at hand.

Some years ago two rival theories on this matter, representing British and American practice, were set forth in manifestoes. We had the caustic volume entitled Broadcasting in the United States, which might with equal propriety have been called The Mismanagement of Radio in England. The British Broadcasting Company replied in The Listener, and the editorial comment of the London Times may be accepted as expressive of the official attitude in Great Britain. For once, too, the official attitude seems to be also the public attitude. In both countries there is sharp criticism of the local system, but in neither country is there a serious proposal to substitute the methods of the other. Strangely enough, too, in arguing whether radio should be nationalized or should be left to the enterprize of competing private companies, it is by the same sort of reasons that American writers defend private management and that English writers support nationalization. A like difference is shown in the casual comment of the average tourist. Underlying the conventional courtesies of a visitor may be detected the conviction of the American in London that State censorship makes radio extremely dull, and the corresponding conviction of the Englishman in New York that advertising makes radio in private hands insufferable. An instrument which the Englishman fears to entrust to private hands lest it be ~~used for commercial deceit~~ used for commercial deceit it be ~~used for commercial deceit~~ the American fears to entrust to the State ~~lest it be turned to the larger-scale deceptions of the political party in power.~~ lest it be turned to the larger-scale deceptions of the political party in power.

In this respect as in so ^{many others} ~~many others~~ it is surely possible that Canadian practice may have a suggestion of improvement for British and Americans alike. Not yet, at all events, has radio in Canada been either so commercialized as in the United States or so slavishly subordinated to government purposes as in Great Britain. Notoriously there has been disappointment in B. B. C. circles over the sligh^tness of interest taken by Canadians in B. B. C. programmes transmitted by short wave, and about ten years ago I was invited by the B. B. C. Council to supply a memorandum setting forth, in the light of my experience with Canadian radio what I felt to be at fault. This I had no hesitation in doing. I pointed out that Canadian interest was chilled by knowledge of the strict censorship to which a B. B. C. broadcast on international affairs was subject, the "script" being submitted in advance for official imprimatur, and that in consequence Canadians were as indifferent to it as to the contents of a Government Blue Book.

or White Paper. Genuine broadcasts, by British speakers expressing their own unregulated convictions and sentiments, would, I said in my memorandum, be heard with intense interest here. On the choice of the right men (or women), those fit to be trusted with care for public ~~and safety~~ safety ~~in commenting on news~~ and for the proprieties of public expression in commenting on news, not on requirement of an advance script to be authorized only after sifting and editing by an official, dependence can surely be placed. Of course, especially at critical periods of war or of post-war development, particular care has been needed in such selection, and a new speaker ~~is~~ must be observed very closely for a time. The most sensitive ^{guardian} ~~principle~~ of "free speech" will hardly demand that full scope be granted to use the air for incitement to a General Strike by which the country's industries would be paralyzed, or to measures for overturning the National Constitution by force. Communists and fomenters of violence in industrial relations sometimes complain that there is "bourgeois" or "capitalist" monopolizing of the new instrument in such reference. But the complaint is so plainly unreasonable that it attracts little notice. Of late we have heard more of the charge that for the sake of apparent impartiality the C. B. C. has favored "Left-Wing" propagandists, and that ~~that~~ it gives no opportunity to those of the type (entitled at least to be heard) upon whom the stigma "imperialist" is branded. There should surely be an occasional chance even for those reactionaries who still name "British Empire" and share Mr. Churchill's unwillingness to ~~assist~~ assist at its liquidation.

We have here an agency of limitless possibilities for adult education. Very precious to me has been the opportunity I have had for twenty-two years of speaking on the air waves for half an hour each week to a great Canadian audience. My choice of subjects and my treatment of them were left entirely to myself. Sometimes I used part of my half-hour to draw attention to a great new book, giving my listeners a sort of literary hors d'oeuvres, an appetizer which might lead them to the main repast. Sometimes I faced some intensely disputed issue of public policy, and endeavored to show how the vehemence of partisanship was not just capricious, but due to elements of truth and importance on each side. Obituaries of the week would from time to time suggest appreciation of some notable figure that had passed away, leaving memories for whose estimate was needed a study of the whole movement of his time. Not nearly so much to impart information, as to send my listeners to their public libraries in quest of the right books with a wholesome curiosity and willingness to have their opinions amended by new knowledge was my constant concern.

My experience in this sort of work brought me a new hopefulness. To those who distrust democracy because they despair of getting the general reader interested in public problems except as party squabbles, I commend trial of sincere exposition by radio, setting forth what newspapers so commonly omit though its appreciation is indispensable for understanding what they print. I recall many letters of thanks, for example from those telling me how for the first time they had

thus learned the meaning of the Suez Canal dispute, of Dr. Malan's handling of Bantus, or of the hold which Nazism and Fascism so quickly obtained on so many apparently reasonable Germans and Italians. To connect thus the all-too-exciting news of the hour (which everyone will scan especially in newspaper headlines) with the historic, geographic, racial or economic facts on which its meaning depends is what the radio commentator and no one else can assist the multitude to do.

There is herein a great opportunity to serve the cause of world peace. For integrating the purposes of the free democracies radio has a tremendous chance. It is made apparent by the frantic efforts to "jam the air" made from time to time by the propagandists of despotism -- whether Fascist, Nazi or Communist -- when there is danger of the truth being thus made known over the air-waves to their dupes. For example, what service has already been rendered and is still being rendered by the programme called "Voice of America", broadcast in so many languages and in some considerable degree incapable of being blocked on its way to those who most need to hear it!

There is obviously in Radio a great instrument by which international good understanding may be promoted, and a danger correspondingly serious that it may thus be impaired. For example, as Canadians and Americans listen to the accounts given of each other on their respective national networks, they may learn more than from a formal U. N. debate about the psychology of the two nations. A like opportunity is provided through interchange by short wave with the B. B. C. Will clearer mutual knowledge make the races more friendly? We hope so -- in the spirit of the Rotary aphorism "I cannot hate a man I know," though at times we may feel the misgiving of St. Thomas a Kempis, that "The better some folk are known, the less they can be esteemed". Anyhow the use of such radio potentialities has so far been disappointing in its results, and I am still sanguine enough to believe this due to undiscerning method.

~~Some years ago I was informed by an official of the B. B. C. that Canadians had taken surprisingly slight interest in the short-wave broadcasts from London, and I was invited by the B. B. C. Council to supply a memorandum setting forth, in the light of my experience with Canadian Radio, what I felt to be at fault. This I had no hesitation in doing. I pointed out that Canadian interest was chilled by knowledge of the strict censorship to which a B. B. C. broadcast on international affairs was subject, the "script" being submitted in advance for official imprimatur., and that in consequence Canadians expected from it no more than could be found in a Government Blue Book or White Paper. Genuine broadcasts, by British speakers expressing their own unregulated convictions and sentiments would, I said in my memorandum, be heard with intense~~

this occurs on p. 140-1

My broadcasts from the Halifax station have been widely heard in the New England States, and I well remember how in the middle 1930's Mr. H. L. Stimson pressed upon me the duty of counteracting so far as I could the propaganda even then observable whose purpose was to create quarrel between the United States and Canada. American correspondence in the late 1930's and early 1940's showed how great was the danger here, and how high resentment was rising against incessant rudeness about American immaturity, arrogance, impetuous and premature action. Especially when General MacArthur was dismissed, the tone of foreign mockery on "the downfall of a great American General" was too much for the patience of the New York Times. A satiric editorial dwelt on the critical intrusiveness of countries whose contribution to what was supposedly a U. N. effort had been relatively microscopic.

The radio speaker, unlike the platform speaker, has no help towards clarity from the use of gesture, or of facial expression. He has "but one trick" -- that of ^{manipulating} ~~manipulating~~ his voice -- by which to indicate passage from topic to topic, even from sentence to sentence. First and foremost he must have it in mind to be clear, and must assist to the utmost, by artifices of delivery, the escape of his listeners from confusion. Flowing eloquence, that would be most effective to an audience which could ~~AA/XX~~ mark the play of the speaker's countenance and the movement at times of his uplifted forefinger, will not appeal with anything like the ^a same success when the balancing of clauses must be conveyed by voice alone. Moreover, the audience in a hall is, relatively, homogeneous; only those of much the same initial interest (however varied in opinion) are likely to be there, while the radio speaker addresses a multitude of persons far apart from one another both in interest and in knowledge. The melodious long sentence, with what Anatole France called "the dexterity of the pointed phrase", is not incapable of effective use on the radio, but only a master of such voicemanipulation should try it, and even he not often. Simplicity^m for "the unsophisticated", in a chatty style, should be uppermost in his mind as he prepares his script, and only those who have had experience ~~but/it/s~~ of such effort over a long period realize what valuable results in public enlightenment it can bring.

There has been much experimenting in Canada with the practice of group discussion on the radio, between advocates of different social and international policies. Many like to listen, for example, to a Socialist and a champion of Free Enterprise, with an impartial chairman to regulate their interchange, intimating at the outset what exactly is the issue to be argued, and summing up at the close the drift of the respective arguments. But this may easily prove more entertaining than instructive. The conversational manner of radio speech, and the very limited time which the station can allow (or the public would endure) for a debate of such character, forbid more than mere nibbling at the edges of a great controversial subject. "Let us have them in succession, giving each time for uninterrupted statement of his case; I don't want to listen to men whom I cannot even see interrupting and contradicting ~~each/other~~ ^{disputants,} one another" -- so runs a frequent criticism. I have taken my share, sometimes as one of the ~~speakers,~~ ^{disputants,} sometimes as ~~chairman,~~ ^{chairman,} in such "Round Table" programmes, and feel that their value is very limited, although listeners often find them more diverting than some programmes avowedly comic. Once ~~again~~ ^{again} unconscious comedy may be the most amusing of its kind.

Whether the radio will do more than the printing-press has done for world peace depends, I feel sure, on whether there is adequate and timely recognition of the range of this instrument and the conditions of its effective use. Milton's defence ^{in Liberty} of Unlicensed Printing emphasized ~~that there was another side of the truth, urgent when that manifesto was written. That there was another side would become quickly apparent in the coming literature of the Restoration. But precautions were not the only need in the case of the press. There was need also for measures of far-reaching stimulation. Has not the passage of three centuries, laden with such experience as they have seen, brought suggestions of value for the new start in publicity?~~ ^{ed one important side of the truth, urgent when that manifesto was written. That there was another side would become quickly apparent in the coming literature of the Restoration. But precautions were not the only need in the case of the press. There was need also for measures of far-reaching stimulation. Has not the passage of three centuries, laden with such experience as they have seen, brought suggestions of value for the new start in publicity?}

I had one particularly amusing, and in its own way an enlightening brush with the press. The C. B. C. invited me to give a broadcast talk on the propriety of setting up some sort of restraint upon "propaganda" to safeguard the public against ~~sheer~~ deception. I agreed to do so, and in my talk I endeavored to show the urgency and also the practicability of stopping the circulation of sheer lies, without interference with "free speech" in any sense in which such freedom is of value. In development of this theme, I reminded my listeners that under "propaganda", though this term is generally taken to mean the dissemination of political opinions, should be included the spread of any opinions on which people are being urged to act; for example, stories about patent medicines and what they can do for sufferers that under the average medical ~~practitioner~~ practitioner, like the poor patient of whom we read in the New Testament was "nothing bettered, but rather made worse." I pointed out how not only were such sufferers robbed of their money but ~~they~~ had their earlier pains augmented by the pain of disappointed hope. This ~~fact~~ elicited an editorial in a Canadian paper which I do not name, but which exerts a widespread influence. I was denounced for charging the Canadian health authorities quite falsely with neglect of their duty. The truth, said the paper, was that every precaution was taken, and by law must be taken, to protect the public in this matter. And, said the editorial, "though it is impossible to overtake a lie once it has been started, it is satisfactory to note that an interview was given promptly by the Deputy Minister of Health in Ottawa setting forth the ~~XXXX~~ needful corrective to this slander". I doubt if I should ever have seen the editorial, but for the thoughtful kindness of the Deputy Minister of Health, who sent to me this press clipping, with the assurance that he had nothing to do with it and altogether disapproved of it. He added that he had listened to my broadcast and

does not exist

IX.

GAINS AND LOSSES: A BALANCE SHEET.

Every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it.

LAURENCE STERNE

Laurence Sterne's cynical epigram about moralists which I have quoted as heading for this final chapter has a truth which the autobiographer needs to keep constantly in mind. In an appraisal of gains and losses shown by his own period as compared with the period which preceded it, much too is understood to depend on the age of the appraiser. His valuations may well be affected by the state of his arteries, his digestion, his nervous system. An autobiography is as a rule a product of old age, but that condition has distinguishable degrees. The very old are suspected of stubborn refusal to admit that customs different from those of their own youth may be better customs, and of blind insistence that ancient times had a monopoly of what is "good". If relatively young, he must expect his judgments to be ^{discounted} ~~disputed~~ at least by his seniors as those of "inexperience". In some quarters, from the prophet Joel to George Meredith, it is of the middle-aged that distrust is deepest; "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams!" wrote Joel, perhaps not intending, but pointedly suggesting, that little was to be expected from an intermediate age group. George Meredith was more explicit. One feels that his own judgment was on the lips of the heroine in Diana of the Crossways:

The very young and the old are our hope. The middle-aged are hard and fast for existing facts. We pick our leaders on the slopes, the incline and decline of the mountain..... The middle age of men is their time of delusion. It is no paradox. They may be publicly useful in a small way. I do not deny it at all. They must be near the gates of life -- the opening or the closing -- for their minds to be accessible to the urgency of the greater questions.

Taking the numerous risks of this kind of spiritual accountancy, I shall try to present in this closing chapter for the consideration of my readers a summary of the general significance as I now see it of the changes I have watched. Also let it be noted with gratitude of the tenacity of much that St. Paul called "things which cannot be moved".

I.

In a profound sense, this has been in the community where I have lived a time of intellectual awakening. As compared with the Canadian interests of half a century ago, those of the present show a development as from childhood to maturity. There has arisen the sense of national strength, and of national responsibility, a resolve to understand world problems because of such new consciousness of power to intervene in their settlement, a proud realization here that one's country may now take her place in the front rank of council on the world's greatest affairs. No topic was more remote than that of ~~Korea~~

"foreign"

policy" from the thought of the average Canadian in 1914. Even now, to those well past middle life, the phrase "Canada's foreign policy" has a queer artificial ring; so tenacious are old ways of thinking. But ^{for} all now--for the younger eagerly, for some of the older grudgingly, for everyone definitely--signal indeed has been the change: as they note ^{how} the decisions at Ottawa are no longer mere docile echoes of decisions at 10 ~~Downing~~ ^{Downing} St., Whitehall; how the time has come for British statesmen to enquire cautiously rather than to prescribe imperiously in communications with a Canadian Cabinet; and how the difference has been made in the best of all possible ways, by Canadian demonstration of fitness for ^{sovereign authority} ~~any higher trust~~. It is within the last twenty years that such evidence of a new spirit in the Dominion has become unmistakable. Especially my own experience, at work continuously since 1932 in regular broadcasts on interpretation of world affairs to the whole Canadian public, has brought me countless proofs of such quickened sense of national responsibility as well as of national prestige. This was the mainspring of Canada's war effort, so much admired abroad alike for the quality of the fighting forces on land, by sea, in the air, for the organization of gigantically increased supply both in armament and in food, and for the national morale which never faltered, though thousands of miles from the battle fronts, in the redoubling of exertion until victory was won. Observers on the spot had cause still more than observers abroad to extol this marvel of national achievement. For they remembered not only how fast had been its development, but also how subtle and how persistent had been the propaganda of isolationism, conducted during ten years before the Second World War in the hope that any such effort might be

hamstrung in advance. They knew how every artifice of appeal to purely selfish interests and precautions had been tried. If these had succeeded (for example, the proposal of a very few years before the Second World War that Canada should declare through her parliament her resolve never again to send an expeditionary force overseas) this country would have illustrated Hitler's prediction to von Schuschnigg that in the event of another conflict Great Britain would get no help from the Dominions "because they are fed up with her". Only those in personal contact with such solicitations in the early or middle 1930's know how artfully and persistently they were plied. It is the glory of this country that without advertising them, or encouraging the enemy by showing that they were judged serious, her leaders disposed of them effectively. Like the human body, immune in its robust health from multitudes of noxious bacilli, Canada acted at a crisis in contemptuous disregard of the sophistry heard perhaps too often with indulgence at an idle hour.

II

An outcome of this intellectual awakening to national powers and correlative duties has been a very notable improvement in the situation of those who, half a century ago, were still generally described in British countries as "lower class". F. D. Roosevelt spoke of "the forgotten man", and the "New Deal" he initiated for the forgotten man's relief involved a new conception of the duties of government. At the

opening of the twentieth century the laissez faire of early Victorian days had indeed been abated in practice even where it was still affirmed in theory, and such proposals as the one for old age pensions were widely thought a mere general election lure, parties competing with each other in benevolent phrases for the platform that would get votes and could later be explained away. When I recall how few took any such scheme in my youth as seriously meant, and think of the receipt now, on the last day of each month of the cheque for \$40 by every Canadian of either sex, seventy years old or upwards who has taken the trouble to apply ~~for~~ for it, the change in the situation for those "lower classes" of half a century ago is unmistakable. Well might a ~~radio~~ humorous radio broadcaster say that the author of the Ninetieth Psalm, who described life after seventy as all "labor and sorrow", cannot be blamed for not foreseeing \$40 a month.

Here is but a particular case of that blissful change well called "the end of laissez faire". Mr. Herbert Hoover indeed, ex-President of the United States, seems to advocate return to what his country, under leadership of his successor, discarded. In his last unsuccessful struggle against the tide which carried F. D. Roosevelt to victory, he drew upon himself and his "free enterprise" doctrine the satiric comment that what he and his associates meant by "liberty" was the financial bondage every "free" American had chief reason to hate and fear. What the electors of the United States thought of laissez faire was attested by reelection of the author of the New Deal not only once but three times, and in Canada the example of "our great neighbor" was inspiring. Mr. Hoover's book, The Challenge to Liberty has been justly described as an excellent exposi-

~~t/107~~ tion of ideas about government which prevailed three quarters of a century ago. But to characterize them thus, without noting late nineteenth century exceptions is to be unfair to some who were forming opinion in the 1870's, conspicuously in England to the author of Pickwick Papers. Dickens had grown up in an England where the professedly "advanced thinkers" taught the working classes that they were best treated by government when it left them alone, free from either State direction or State restraint. But Chesterton, so often his clearest expositor, has pointed out how this interpretation misses the essence of such a novel as Hard Times. Dickens, he says, foresaw how a time was coming when the working classes would pray to be delivered from mere "liberty" as from a ruthless foreign oppressor.

III

In the field of religion and the churches I have found Canada a notably -- and I think an increasingly -- tolerant country, very different from what during my boyhood in Ireland I had heard the opponents of Irish Home Rule denounce under their rhetorical warning "Priestly Rule in Quebec."

This studiously tolerant temper has its risks
~~which are to which its obvious~~ ^{benefits} ~~we have more and more~~
make one too often forget. ~~What are called~~
~~of what a number of what all called~~
mixed marriages, Roman Catholic and
Protestant persuading each other that in
the romance their religious differences
may safely be ignored. The movement which
in 1925 brought the Methodists, the Con-
gregationalists and part of the Presbyterians
Church into organic union was widely
acclaimed as perhaps the beginning of
a reunion of all Canadian Protestants
It was even heard the

does not exist

IV

An urgent consideration, natural to one whose career has been educational, for drawing ~~such~~ a balance-sheet of what he has seen is how far there has been change, for better or for worse, in mental development. In regard to this there ~~are~~ ^{are} numerous matters of value which are arguable, but there are also matters of fact which it is a joy to record because they show such indisputable and notable ^aadvance.

Education compulsory and free has been taken to heart by governments, recognizing that to promote it on a scale not ~~before~~ attempted is indeed their responsibility. None now entertains the assumption sometimes in the past openly ~~avowed~~ ^{avowed}, more commonly acted upon without avowal, that in education, as in all else "You should be content to get what you pay for" - apart from the irreducible minimum of provision against ~~complete~~ ^{complete} ~~illiteracy~~ ^{illiteracy}. Stately commodious structures in the Halifax of the present make one's picture of the schools there as they were forty years ago a shameful memory. In all that architects and contractors can do, the Queen Elizabeth High School there now is far superior to the Dalhousie University in which I took up my duties from New Year's Day, 1914. Nor is the improvement in such schools by any means limited to the ^{provision} ~~provision~~ of more adequate ~~buildings~~ ^{buildings}, better equipped ~~and more adequate~~ for both work and play. Payment of teachers is much better, not only absolutely in cash, but ^{relatively} ~~relatively~~ to the cost of living than it used to be, at least in Nova Scotia of which naturally my knowledge is fullest, and I am assured by statistics from other provinces that in this respect Nova Scotia is not exceptional. I must acknowledge that

that in this province the improvement is much more conspicuous in certain areas, called "school sections" than in others. Different municipalities value differently a teacher's work, ~~and~~ show correspondingly different degrees of respect for the ~~the~~ ^{teaching} profession and estimate differently the level of life with which a ~~teacher~~ ^{teacher} should be satisfied. In the schools of Halifax, for example, the rate of salary and of pension is now such as, if it had been forecast to their predecessors forty years ago, would have sounded like a painful joke. On the other hand, over certain areas in the county of Antigonish and in Cape Breton a great number engaged in school teaching were ~~paid~~ ^{paid} until recently such starvation wage as provoked the previously unknown venture of a "teachers' strike". It proved effective, for it led to exposure of the ~~municipalities~~ ^{municipalities} concerned to such criticism from more enlightened parts of the province when the figures of the miserable monthly ~~pay~~ ^{they} cheques allowed to those entrusted with the education of children were published in the press. We soon began to hear of a "bonus" granted here and there in the worst cases when the shock of publicity was more than the local parsimonious boards could ignore.

The situation, too, was not relieved but rather made worse when the excuse was put forward that the lowest paid were "not in strictness teachers at all, but only ^{quite} unqualified persons who held "permissive licenses". Fit to be entrusted (if obtainable) ~~with the~~ ^{with} the teaching of children, but so ill qualified as to be put off with payment far below that for which a competent restaurant waitress or hotel housemaid could be got. The scandal of this exposure, together with the unprecedented resort of teachers to a strike which

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compelled the ~~closure~~ of schools and left great numbers of children with no educational provision at all, brought about measures of reform which are still in Nova Scotia far from complete. But a generation ago, when the need was still more glaring, no such remedy would have been available. The public has been wholesomely aroused. Moreover, the strike in those rural areas has had its salutary effect in cities. City teachers suddenly found increases of ^{salary} ~~staff~~ voted to them, sometimes at the instance of those on a Council that had in the past turned a deaf ear to their appeals for much less. ~~It~~ Even those of the profession who had ~~not~~ spoken of a "teachers' strike" as deplorable were not unwilling to profit by ~~the~~ what those elsewhere had so "deplorably" but productively ventured. Once more the reproach was in place, "Others labored and ye entered into their labors."

Examples of like encouraging significance in this city of Halifax are the development I have watched throughout the years, slow for a long time, but at length splendidly successful of finer hospitals and a finer public library.

Canadian Universities have illustrated conspicuously, to one who remembers their character of forty years ago, what a change has been wrought by two World Wars on institutions one might have supposed least likely to be thus affected. University life has been profoundly disturbed by the varying manias to which countenance was lent by Woodrow Wilson's motto "Make the world safe for Democracy". Forty years ago, deriving their tradition and in no small degree their method from the English, the Scottish, the French practice in this field, the Universities of Canada were shaped primarily as places of learning, and only within an area carefully restricted ^{were} ~~was~~ recreational pursuits conceded official patronage. Now the matriculant who comes from High School finds himself or herself in the first weeks at College beset by influences which indicate that "extra-curricular activity" should be the chief concern, and that the pursuit of learning is a more or less tiresome interruption of this, limited to the last two or three weeks before examinations have to be written. Habitually the city newspapers about the end of March refer to the short period before the close of the academic year during which the social and sporting exercises have to be suspended in deference to an old custom of honoring books from which insurgent youth cannot completely break away. The hard readers, commonly described by the scornful term "book-worms", have always been a small minority in College. But a generation ago, still more two generations ago, they were a minority held by the rest in high esteem because their peculiar interest in books was conceived (in general ~~was~~ quite rightly) to come from a capacity beyond that of others for appreciation of great works of literature, of science, of history, of philosophy.

A great stimulant of change in student valuation here was that ~~pass-~~
age in the will of Cecil John Rhodes indicating that he judged the tradi-
tional proportion of academic values in England to have been wrong, and
prescribing ~~as qualification~~ ^{as qualification} for the Scholarships he endowed a capacity for "leader-
ship" to which learning was likely to be an obstacle rather than a help.
No doubt the value of book-learning may be exaggerated, but to exaggerate
it was not one of the mistakes which in a country restive against other
old traditions the public was least likely to commit, and here was not
only ~~encouragement~~ ^{encouragement} but large financial incentive to minimize it. The
record of ~~later achievement~~ ^{later achievement} by those chosen to be Rhodes Scholars has not
been such as a Canadian proud of his country would want to quote. I
chanced to lead in a debate at the Oxford Union on the probabilities of
^a practical working for the scheme just after it had been announced. En-
ormous interest was shown in the subject by the largest attendance both
of members and of guests in the gallery I remember at any Union debate.
The undergraduate scepticism then expressed about how the various Com-
mittees of selection would use their opportunity has been shown many times
since to have been shrewd. Curiously enough too, the Rhodes Scholar-
ship system has often seemed to frustrate rather than to promote one chief
purpose its founder had in view. Cecil Rhodes aimed to stimulate ~~the~~/
imperial unity by bringing the flower of youth from the Dominions at its
most impressionable age under Oxford influence. It has been noted that ~~some~~
of those most conspicuously leading Dominion movements for what Sir Winston
Churchill has called "liquidating the Empire" are ex-Rhodes Scholars.

The Universities of Canada have during the years which followed the close of the Second World War reproduced much that is of American rather than European origin, and often unfortunately have imitated the American institutions that are far from the best. Lord Bryce in his American Commonwealth expressed the opinion that not more than a dozen of the six hundred degree-granting organizations in the United States could be adjudged by European standards as of genuine University rank. But in external structure, in all the pomp and pageantry of academic ostentation, many of those which in England or Scotland would be regarded as far beneath the educational level of a good grammar school had buildings and apparatus compared with which the University of Manchester or the University of St. Andrews could make only a pitiful display. In conditions of academic penury investigations were being conducted and books were being written by men whose work was famous all over the world, while of those endowed on a relatively grandiose scale nothing was known beyond the short radius of their advertising organs. It is with deep regret, and hoping that here is just a further passing phase of post-war excitement that Canadians brought up in a finer tradition, see the drift from "plain living and high thinking" in the Universities of their own country to a living that is high and a thinking very plain indeed.

Conspicuous in Canadian university life of the last twenty years has been the frequent strain between a University President (or Principal) and the Board of Trustees or Governors controlling the use of the University income. Rupture after rupture of what in a previous generation was an unbreakable partnership has been recorded, and there have been terminations formally amicable of which a quite different account was an open secret.

Commonly the breach is between an academic leader who is a man of learning and a Board interested in multiplying enrolment or in making the externals of the University impressive, at whatever cost to educational values. Men who have become opulent in the world of industry or commerce, and resent the traditional respect paid to qualities of which they know themselves to be destitute, aim at so moulding the University of which they have charge that they can see in it with pride their own reflection. There is thus constant pressure for promotion of new Departments concerned with industry, manufacture, finance, and constant disparagement of studies in literature, language, philosophy, history, as belonging to an era now obsolete. A no less menacing feature of University life in Canada just now is the strain between the official Chief and the staff of professors or other instructors whom, on his nomination, the Board appoints. For with the purpose of altering the academic centre of gravity, a new President or Principal has in late years been increasingly found in one least likely to be embarrassed by learning and hence most disposed towards commercializing the institution. Such negative qualifications is not difficult to find, and it is displayed on a scale which still shocks those who had expected the official leader of a place of learning to be at least moderately learned. Too often does "the Convocation Address" make one think of Anatole France's account of a French ecclesiastic who found his vow of evangelical poverty easiest to fulfil in its intellectual aspect.

165

But if newly devised Courses, of childish ease and no educational value serve to attract students whom serious studies deter, Faculty members urging the cause of education rather than the cause of enrolment must expect to encounter a formidable obstacle. "Money talks" according to an old adage, and it talks very loudly indeed in the ear of a University President. The fee paid by a student of high mental powers ~~is not greater than that paid by one of the gull and the idle, who are always the more numerous.~~ ^{is} So professors anxious to maintain a high standard must expect presidential reproach ^{for having} ~~if they have~~ plucked too many, coupled with an insinuation that their teaching must have been inadequate, and a hint that if in consequence of such ~~idealistic~~ ^{rigor} the enrolment next year drops beyond a certain figure, it will be needful to reduce the staff. The stories which ^{reach} me from some University centres of a realist President dealing firmly with idealist Professors make me think of what a certain Secretary of State for India said to a deputation of missionaries who had urged upon him the need ~~to curtail~~ at least to curtail, on moral grounds, the export of opium to China. "That is all very well, my reverend friends", he said, with a ~~smile~~ smile half compassionate and half satiric, "but what I want to know and you have not told me is how you propose to raise the Indian revenue".

) A question one sometimes feels like asking the organizer of a religious Movement is -- "Are you concerned for religion, or only for the ecclesiastical institution with whose prosperity your personal fortunes are bound up? A like challenging contrast is that between a University President devoted to education and one devoted only to facilitating the educational machine which he directs. "We have a constant battle", one professor told me, "against the Administration bent ever on lowering standards so as to secure the maximum enrolment without regard to educational values". "So long as Courses are delivered", said another, "he doesn't care a straw how they are delivered; it will look all the same in the advertising Calendar". The hideous phrase "selling the University" -- at whatever price will bring in the largest cash return -- has become current. Or one might illustrate from the annual shams of honorary degrees, like the "traffic in titles" which reached such scandalous height under certain governments a generation ago.

For this most regrettable development, reported from various colleges all over Canada, the remedy I feel sure must be found (and sooner or later will be found) in a change of the constitutional status and powers of the official known as University President or Principal. The example of British academic practice, too lightly discarded as "inadequate to a new time and a new country", should be restudied. If it is thought needful that the academic head of the University be now found in a successful business man unembarrassed by learning, the choice of the teaching staff and the determining of courses of study should not be left to the caprice of one thus ignorant of the fundamentals for such a decision. A limited monarchy must be substituted for the present despotism, if the rising tide of discontent in those halls of learning supposedly sacred is to be calmed. It neither can nor should be calmed so long as genuine educators feel that they are in constant struggle against an administrative Chief to whom the learning of which he knows himself destitute is an offence and who would everywhere sacrifice its purposes to those of an external ostentation which he expects to popularize his regime with a public as illiterate as himself.

I am particularly apprehensive of the debasement of professorial status and the consequence in the sort of men who will accept it on such terms. Macaulay speaking in parliament over a century ago ~~of~~ about the intrusion of non-academic tests for Scottish University professors warned against the risk that "It is not fit to be village dominies will sit in the chairs of Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart, of Playfair and of Jamieson. One of the latest generation, visibly chafing at the bits said to me after the institution in which he teaches had been warmly extolled in the newspapers for its progress. "Of course that has nothing to do with us, the teaching staff. We are now only 'hired help'" To accept such a position under a President or Principal who might just as fitly be chosen to run a circus, chain stores or a cinema as to direct an institution of higher learning, and to be constantly overruled in problems of his Department by a director who knows next to nothing about what they mean, is in Hardy's term "drear destiny". It is like ordination in a State Church in as Mussolini in Italy and the late Premier Gottwald in Czechoslovakia and Marshal Tito now in Jugoslevia would permit the exercise of its functions only up to the point at which they have any vital significance, and beyond that point would require spiritual leaders to refer for direction to a Fascist or a Communist official.

From all over Canada, since I began to write about this lamentable academic deterioration, correspondence has come to me confirming my complaint. A great English educator urged me some years ago to include other areas as well as Canada in my picture. Writing of England, he said "What you lament in Canada is present here too, though not -- as yet -- quite so shamelessly". Professor ?
famous review of the manifesto for "democratic" education sent out by the editor of the Times Educational Supplement had the pungent title "Secondary Education for All -- Fit and Unfit". The parallel for Canada was distinctly intensified by the action of the Federal Government making grants to universities proportioned to the number of students in attendance. Here was an obvious incentive to get as many students as possible and to keep them as long as possible with slight regard to education.

~~TALE/TA/PA/PA/~~ The Massey Commission which three years ago investigated and reported upon the problem of "Federal Aid to Universities" was the outcome of a widespread feeling that there was something vitally and increasingly wrong with the academic structure. A special complaint was that "the Humanities" were neglected. These Humanities, as possible basis of appeal for a federal grant, suddenly appeared as the intense concern of Presidents and Chairmen of Boards of Governors who had previously ignored or disparaged them. On the advice of the Commission, parliament appropriated at the expense of the taxpayers enough to provide large additional revenue to Universities. The purposes to which this ^{annual subsidy} ~~total~~ applied ~~it~~ was left to each University (that is to its Board of Governors or Trustees) to

determine. In view of the wastage of funds previously at the disposal of such authorities upon ostentatious external display rather than the securing of competent teachers, this was a risky venture. Enrolment became a deep concern of what was curiously called "academic statesmanship", so as to qualify for more and more "Mass^e Funds". One heard of the "objective" of a certain figure per year -- in the mood and almost in the very language of bond ~~relationship~~ salesmen. To protests that the lecture-rooms were already congested, and that the real need was rather to eliminate a great number obviously unfit for work at the university level, lest the standards of the whole institution should be debased, it was replied that such "idealistic" regard for education must yield to the practical opportunities of an educational institution. Provincial interest as well as provincial pride thus prompted a canvass to prevent student emigration across the provincial border.