

NEW BOOKS

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN: HIS MEMOIRS. Edited, with a preface, by Henry Borden. Introduction by Arthur Meighen. 2 vols. Toronto. The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1938. Pp. xviii, 1061.

The actual text of these *Memoirs* comprises 1044 pages, of which only 44 are devoted to Sir Robert's parentage, education, youthful enthusiasms and early career at the Bar, until he was 42 years of age, and the entire 1000 pages are taken up with the 25 years of his public life during which he was Leader of the Opposition for eleven years and Prime Minister for ten. Apparently Sir Robert regarded his public life as of more interest to posterity, but his readers cannot fail to regret that he did not give more detail about his earlier years, especially the specific influences that determined his party affiliations and his ultimate choice of a hitherto undreamed of career: for prior to 1896 his chief ambition had been to achieve success at the Bar and ultimately to sit on the Bench, and his association with distinguished judges, notably Sir John Thompson, had already brought him within sight of his goal. These regrets will be the keener because what he does state is so candid, and provocative of deeper curiosity.

However, as far as they go, these *Memoirs* are an honest autobiography. Though not brilliant in the ordinary sense of that word, they throw a clear light on the path of the reader who will have the patience to recall or investigate the manifold problems both national and international with which Sir Robert had to deal during the Great War and the years immediately following. No one who persists to the end can doubt either the intellectual honesty or the integrity of the statesman, nor can he escape the conviction that Sir Robert Borden was the greatest practical exponent of the theory of imperial partnership that Canada has yet produced.

As the heir of both New England democracy and Scottish radicalism, the two forces which were united by Howe in the struggle for self-government, born in the year when Nova Scotian national consciousness was at its zenith, nurtured in full view of Blomidon which had witnessed the ruthless clash of two imperialisms in fine disregard of local suffering, it was inevitable that he should grow to manhood with a deep affection for the Annapolis Valley and a strong belief in the necessity of local autonomy. But, though nurtured in the Liberal faith, he held that Nova Scotia, having finally accepted the Confederation Pact, should throw in its lot whole-heartedly with the other provinces of Canada and strive to the utmost for national unity and national solidarity. Thus, when the Secessionist tendencies of the Nova Scotian Liberals were revived in 1886, he had voted Conservative, and for the remainder of his days was to be found either in the ranks or at the head of that party. But he could not escape the Liberal tradition in one respect, and from his appearance in parliament in 1896 until his retirement, in 1920, he was the most persistent and

consistent Liberal Imperialist of them all. Neither the verbal imperialism of his own party nor the economic opportunism of the Liberals, neither the military imperialism of the Duke of Connaught nor the supercilious imperialism of Bonar Law and Lord Milner could deflect him from the steadfast assertion of the principle that Canada had outgrown colonial status, had emerged as an autonomous state within the British Commonwealth, and as such was prepared to share to the full responsibility not only for the execution of imperial policy but also for its formulation. For example, in 1901 he is found contending that on ascending the throne the King makes the same compact with the people of Canada as he does with the people of Britain, and in 1902 that a factory in Canada was worth as much to the Empire as a factory in Yorkshire. In fact, a large part of the *Memoirs* is devoted to an exposition of his struggles throughout the period of the War and the Peace Conferences to secure for Canada her proper place as a partner in the Empire and as a nation amongst nations. In this respect his policy was more positive than that of either Sir John A. Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The secret of Sir Robert's power lay not merely in his social and political heritage, but also in his character and temperament, his knowledge of constitutional convention and law, his courageous disregard of personal comfort, his indifference to political honors and his stern devotion to duty.

By nature he was rather phlegmatic, but not without a keen sense of humour. Though he does not often indulge in story-telling, or attempt to divert his hearers from doubtful arguments, throughout his *Memoirs* a sufficient number of anecdotes are related to show that he frequently saw a joke and took time to enjoy it. However, the general impression that he made upon his hearers, and that he will make on his readers, was one of deep seriousness; and in that respect he reflects all too faithfully both the Scottish and New England Puritanism of his native province. Even his mother chided him for his extreme seriousness, and an Irish friend was wont to say, "Cheer up, Borden, you'll have a nice long rest after you're dead." He himself says, "I was inspired by invincible determination to shrink from no task however responsible and arduous that lay before me." And again, "Whatever success I attained as counsel is to be attributed to the faculty of working at tremendously high pressure, but under absolute self-control."

This external calm, at times concealing a ferment within, was of great assistance to him in dealing with party disloyalty, and it gave him fortitude in his contest with Job's affliction, enabling him frequently to go from the operating room to address a public meeting with success if not with comfort. Sometimes it led his own followers to try to get him angry so that he would lash his political opponents with more energy, but generally it remained with him under the most trying circumstances. However, he admits that he "went into the air" over the formation of the Union government, and expressed his opinion "of the whole situation and of everyone connected with it in terms that were not lacking in force and were not characterized by excess of politeness." His outbursts on these occasions seem to

have had the desired effect, no doubt because of their rarity; but ordinarily he prided himself on his courtesy towards both supporters and opponents; and he states that he had added a third to Sir John A's two rules for dealing with political opponents: "A political leader should use discretion in attack, and should not always hit with all the strength at his command."

But above all he had the virtue of patience, and on one occasion P. D. Ross applied to him Morley's epigram on Lincoln: "He who is the master of patience is the master of all."

Borden's education began before the Free School Act, and was completed before Dalhousie Law School had been established. None the less, he obtained a thorough grounding in the Classics at Acacia Villa Seminary, a private academy in Horton, and a smattering of French and German. All these languages he attempted to keep up by private study, and one of the most interesting records in the *Memoirs* is his account of his attempts to master French. He even took private lessons as late as and during the Peace Conference in Paris. His knowledge of constitutional law, which he frequently demonstrated in practice as well as in his *Marfleet Lectures* before the University of Toronto, was also obtained by burning the midnight oil in the midst of his exacting duties. But some credit must go to the literary heritage he received from his mother, the stimulus he received from his father who used to ask teachers in from the Seminary to examine the progress of his son, and to the rivalry among the teachers themselves in the pursuit of exact knowledge. One of them left during Borden's school-days because he differed from the Principal on the pronunciation of a Greek plural, and Borden was temporarily installed in his place. Likewise the proprietor of the school never failed to impress on his pupils "the need and the value of truthfulness, self-control, manliness and industry." But above all, there was the lesson of calm beauty to be derived from his youthful surroundings, and this seems to have sunk deep into his heart. "Across the interval of seventy years," he writes, "there is still fresh and vivid in my memory the outlook, the orchards, the upland fields, the distant meadows and the quiet village streets with their fine Lombardy poplars and old willows. I can still hear the surf on the shores of Long Island, which lay north of the Grand Pre meadow, and the southing of the south wind in the evening often lulling me to sleep." And again, "In all my journeyings throughout Canada and elsewhere in the world, I have yet to see any spot more beautiful than that which is still enshrined in my earliest memories."

On the whole, these two volumes form a most valuable contribution to our scant collection of Canadian political memoirs. Even from the quantitative point of view they are impressive; but more so because of their quality. Not only are they scientific in their array of quotations from his speeches and diaries, and an invaluable aid to the study of his own policies, but they are also full of hints as to an interpretation of the whole period from 1896 to 1920, a period teeming with able men and important events, of which he was no small part. In a word, no student of this period, and particularly of the evolution of Canadian self-government, can afford to neglect this storehouse of information.

THE POETRY OF HOMER. By Samuel Eliot Bassett. The University of California Press. Berkeley, Cal., 1938. \$2.50.

The American professor of classical languages is wont to entertain throughout his life two crowning ambitions: to be elected President of the American Philological Association, or to be invited to deliver the Sather Classical Lectures at the University of California. To the author of this work the first distinction fell in 1923, the second in 1936. The lectures were duly composed, and the lecturer was making preparations for his journey to California, when death came upon him in his study—a death such as fell to the lot of the hero of the *Odyssey* of whom Bassett writes so much. He thus describes it in his book: “amid a happy people and a gentle death ‘away from the sea’; not fame—for he has already won this—but peace.”

Bassett, who held for many years the chair of Greek at Vermont, is to be numbered among the great Homeric scholars of all time. His academic career is not distinguished by an unusual output of books or articles. He preferred to read and re-read his Homer, to digest the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and to ponder over their contents till, according to the old cliché, they had become a part of his life; in other words, till he had come, as far as it is permitted to modern man, fully to comprehend their contents.

Like the other great American Homerist who was his contemporary, John A. Scott, Bassett possessed an unalterable belief in a one and indivisible Homer, a faith which had come to him from long and penetrating study of the poetry of the ancient bard rather than through any factor of the Homeric higher criticism, or any archaeological consideration.

In his introductory chapter he complains that the great scholars of the past century chose to study the more superficial and mechanical aspects of Homeric diction in preference to the poetry itself; and “there still lingers the impression... that the study of Homer as poetry is unscholarly”. It is to adopt this “unscholarly” attitude and to bolster up the obvious weakness in Homeric studies that Bassett has undertaken his task.

Gradually the personality of this supreme poet takes form before our eyes, and successive chapters reveal the poet and his audience, the poet as singer, Homer the poetic demiurge, and the poet realist and idealist. To the Greek the poet is the creator *par excellence*, and Bassett, who was nothing if not a Greek in spirit, keeps ever before us the essential features of Homer’s creation, ever shunning any consideration of its scientific aspects, adhering resolutely to the artistic. The author knows all the statistics of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but he refuses to be a statistician. In short, as we read the book we are in an atmosphere of poetry from start to finish, and we close the volume with the feeling that we have in very truth walked with Homer and seen into the workings of his mind and soul. One ventures to think that it will be many a day before an equally valuable contribution is made to Homeric studies.

A. D. FRASER.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By Carleton Stanley, President, Dalhousie University. The University of Toronto Press.

This authoritative and delicately discerning book is in the main a reproduction of five lectures which President Stanley delivered for the Alexander Foundation in the University of Toronto. It arrives at an opportune time. Four poets, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold and Swinburne dominated the Victorian period. The thesis that President Stanley successfully maintains is that of this group Arnold had the finest intellectual grasp of the problems of his age. He excelled them all in penetration, and though his poetry had less of resonance and more of reticence than theirs, it is more fundamental and enduring. In terms of poetry alone he holds his ground, but he comes to us bearing gifts in both hands, and with his twofold appeal is more strongly fortified against the future than any other of the group. Swinburne's adjectival prose is exclusively aesthetic, and in this medium of prose Arnold is incomparably stronger in manner and in matter alike.

Dr. Stanley has obviously chosen a theme of highest consequence. He is dealing with a reputation that will rather wax than wane with the years, but there is still a sufficient residuum of hostile opinion to give sting to his own arguments in rebuttal. There are also problems still awaiting solution, and we must admire Dr. Stanley's reasonable approach to these difficulties. Like other commentators, he is handicapped by the paucity of his documentary material. His only advantage over them is access to the recently published Clough letters, which give some help in the dating of the poems, and reveal an earlier maturing of critical judgment than we might otherwise have suspected.

What are the problems, then, that Arnold's case presents? Have new ones arisen, and are the old ones still unsolved? And, I may add, is it necessary for an adequate appreciation of Arnold that they should be solved?

One problem Arnold presents is common with every author of consequence. How fully does he speak for his age, and how amply has he secured the allegiance of a later age? Agreement with Dr. Stanley does not necessarily prove anything, but a fine case can be made out for Arnold's representative value, and for his continued importance as an intellectual guide in the present. This case our critic has convincingly presented, not for the rebel of course, but for the unprejudiced reader, who may be none the less intelligent for his friendliness. Dr. Stanley is speaking and writing for those not yet wholly initiated, and lest they should be betrayed into thinking that Arnold's verse is primly prescriptive, remote, and academic, he restores the balance and shows them a poet of the strongest sensuous and emotional responses. I accept the sensitivity to certain aspects of the natural world, but the vehemence I cannot see. If to say that Arnold was emotionally starved is wide of the truth, it would be a still wider deviation to proclaim him passionate. His regard for balance and proportion would mitigate any violence of impulse, even should it conceivably arise in a nature so severely disciplined. Faint hopes and tender regrets are the steepest gradation of his emotional register, and if we must seek a reason for his lessening output in poetry,

this explanation of emotions stoically controlled should supplement the more prevailing reason of having discovered an audience that had been impervious to the verse appeal. Added to these considerations was the fact that Arnold greatly relished his altered medium. It released new faculties of his mind, notably the ironic, and gave him scope for the didactic impulses that were never far below the surface of his nature. His poetry, too, had led him to a dead end so far as his intellectual perplexities were concerned. In his prose he could work the problems out and give his readers the benefit of the trial answers.

My agreement with Dr. Stanley is almost complete, and I might have written a livelier review if I had had more to quarrel with. At a hazard I venture the suggestion that Arnold in everything but poetry and education was an amateur of genius. He was a highly intelligent student of public affairs, but his doctrine of abstention precluded all participation in active politics. This did not impair but rather enhanced the value of the advice tendered by the man of thought to the man of action, and may therefore be considered a score for amateurism. His religious views were personal and amateurish to a degree, for he almost made a parade of his ignorance of professional religious opinion. Whatever individual value his contribution may have had, I would gladly sacrifice his three religious volumes for another *Thyrsis*. I almost think that Dr. Stanley would acquiesce in the substitution, although he proffers a good argument for the homogeneity of all his work. I can make out only a partial case for his amateurishness in criticism. His expertness in poetry is challenged only by the light-weights of to-day, and his knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, if not scholarly, was at least profound. But I ask you to remember his definition of culture as coming to know the best that has been thought and known in the world, and to decide for yourselves how closely he approximates to his own ideal. As a refuge from insularity, he writes copiously on French literature, less copiously on German literature, and most sparingly on Italian literature. He fails by lack of knowledge or sympathy to catch the spirit of the first. He was under the spell of Goethe, yet Heine was the only German writer to whom he devotes attention, and he gives no evidence that Italian literature extends beyond Dante. His essay on Celtic literature is the most suggestive example of amateurishness in the language.

PELHAM EDGAR.

A HISTORY OF TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA. By G. P. de T. Glazebrook. Toronto. The Ryerson Press. 1938. Pp. xxv, 475. 5 Maps. \$5.50.

Although this is one of the volumes designed to cover "the field of transportation in the Canadian-American Relations Series", the title is to be taken at its face value. Professor Glazebrook does not, of course, attempt the impossible, a history of transportation in Canada without reference to the United States; but, on the other hand, it cannot be said that he concentrates on the close relations between

the two countries in this important realm of activity. His purpose, it seems, is to give an account from the Canadian point of view, with the usual references to American influences. His title indicates as much, and, were it otherwise, he would hardly have devoted eight out of fourteen chapters to the history of rail transport, for the international aspects of the development of railways in Canada and the United States are dealt with in another volume of this series.¹

That Professor Glazebrook succeeds in his purpose, most readers will agree. Some may feel that he fails to do justice to the natural colour and romance of his story; but others will find his matter-of-fact style and straightforward approach rather refreshing. His sober pages mirror clearly and simply the passing phases of transportation in Canada, from the early fur traders paddling canoes on the waterways to the modern tourists driving cars on the highways. For the most part, he strikes a nice balance between unsatisfactory generalizations and burdensome details. The account of the railways may be thought to be over long, although railways did revolutionize transportation on this continent and were a veritable god-send to the Fathers of Confederation. Besides, in view of our railway problem to-day, most Canadians will welcome a lengthy survey of the events and policies that led up to the present *impasse*.

The least satisfactory pages of the book deal with the Maritime Provinces. This is not surprising, because most Canadian historians, when attempting a general survey, err in this respect; but it should be pointed out that Professor Glazebrook was faced with an unusual scarcity of secondary material on the Maritimes. He examined the documents at Ottawa, but obviously not long enough to get a full or even accurate picture. This task is for the specialist, not the general historian. The dearth of specialists in the field of Maritime and Western history has for many years led our general historians to cloak the local history of Ontario and Quebec with the mantle of national importance. This will no longer be necessary when the historians of the other provinces have completed the work which they have begun within recent years. The revival of historical writing in Nova Scotia has resulted in two studies on transportation and communication in the province; but they were not completed soon enough to be of use to Professor Glazebrook. This is unfortunate, because otherwise he might have been saved from a number of minor slips such as the statement that the Shubenacadie Canal was never completed (p. 98) or that there was a regular stage coach service between Halifax and Windsor in the eighteenth century (p. 139). More serious errors appear on his railway map of 1860, which indicates that at that time there was a line from Truro to New Glasgow and from Truro to Shediac owned by the European and North American Railway of New Brunswick. As a matter of fact, there was no railway between Truro and New Glasgow until 1867, when the Nova Scotia Government line reached Pictou, or between Truro and the border until 1872, when that section of the Intercolonial was completed. This is not the only serious mistake. Steamships ran regularly between

1. W. J. Wilgus, *The Railway Interrelations of the United States and Canada* (New Haven, 1937).

the ports of the Maritime Provinces and Canada from 1858 on to Confederation; yet the assertion is made on page 160 that the failure to establish any regular service on the St. Lawrence "was to have an important influence on the movement for the union of the provinces". A more thorough study of the history of transportation in Canada as a whole, as distinct from Upper and Lower Canada, would have given us a fuller understanding of the difficulties experienced by the Fathers of Confederation in uniting the scattered provinces of British North America as well as the disintegrating forces that are still with us.

J. S. MARTELL.

THE IMMORTAL DWELLER. By Ernest Fewster. Murray and Chapman, Vancouver. Pp. 66.

CANADIAN POEMS. By Robert S. Jenkins. McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 285.

NEW HARVESTING. CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN POETRY, 1918-1938. Chosen by Ethel Bennet. Macmillans. Pp. 198. \$2.00.

A BOOK OF GREY OWL. With an Introduction by Hugh Eayrs. Macmillans. xxi 324. \$2.50.

The first three volumes are poetry; the last is a selection from the writings of Grey Owl. This last volume should do much toward making Grey Owl known in Canada, for it is a national disgrace that this distinctively Canadian writer was, during his life, far better known in Great Britain than in Canada. The selections should interest both old and young, and should lead many a person to read the books from which the selections have been drawn. Mr. Eayrs has written a sympathetic introduction that should do much to kill the foolish and unjust stories that were circulated before and after Grey Owl's death.

Mr. Fewster, some of whose poems have appeared in the DALHOUSIE REVIEW, has gathered his fugitive poems together. The result is a pleasing volume, for he has the note of the authentic poet. He is an idealist, but there is nothing mawkish or sentimental about his faith in life. His imagery and diction are good, and his verse has fine music. Two brief selections will say more than would a long paragraph by the reviewer:

LOVE SONG

How shall I sing of thee, Maiden and Flower,
 Dream and creation in one—
 Spirit of loveliness caught in that hour
 When the World's glory was young?

DAWN SONG

There is a joy in the Morning, Beloved,
 In the birds and the flowers,
 The seas, the hills and the woods,
 A joy intense and radiant, a glory apart
 From the world of sorrow and anxious care.
 Life and the Trumpeter Dawn
 Is ringing with music,
 And the wind and the hills
 Are filled with miracle song.

The late Mr. Jenkins was a school teacher in Ontario for many years. His widow has brought together his poems, written over a long period of years, and has contributed an introductory essay, which also embodies various addresses that her husband delivered from time to time. The poetry is not, however, very distinguished. But there are some good poems here; it would have been better for her late husband's reputation if Mrs. Jenkins had given us a selection rather than a collected volume.

New Harvesting would require a review if for no other reason than praise of its format. It is a beautiful example of bookmaking: cover, end-papers, paper, and type. Mr. J. M. Donald's illustrations are delightful; one wishes to see more of this artist's work. But the volume is more than a collector's item: it is a fine example of literary "stock-taking" by a sensitive reader and critic. One has not read far in the volume before one is aware that Canadian poetry since 1914 is very different from the poetry before that year. There is a quiet note about much of the poetry, but it is not the quiet of escape, for most of the poems are very close to contemporary life. Our poets are aware of the "newer" poetry of Britain and the United States, but this volume would not suggest slavish imitation. (Perhaps the most serious charge against 19th century Canadian poets is that they were too derivative from English poets.) There are many notes in the volume, from the quiet "Clam Digger" of Miss Fulton, through the splendid indignation of Miss Dorothy Livesay's "Day and Night", a protest against slavery to the machine, to Professor Clarke's austere "Halt and Parley" and Mr. Leo Kennedy's triumphant "Words for a Resurrection." But it is not wise to select a few names from an anthology. This is a book that every student of Canadian literature should possess.

B. M.

TWO GENERATIONS. By F. P. Grove. (Privately printed: the book may be purchased directly from the author, F. P. Grove, R. R. No. 4, Simcoe, Ontario. Price \$4.00).

A powerful study, written out of full knowledge, and yet with great imaginative sympathy, of the social and economic changes affecting "life on the land" in Canada. The characters of this novel

are deeply etched, and unforgettable. Mr. Grove has here done for south-western Ontario what his other books have done for the prairies—caught Canadian life, and caught it in “accents of the eternal tongue”.

C. S.

THE HARGRAVE CORRESPONDENCE, 1821-1843. Edited with introduction and notes by G. P. DeT. Glazebrook. Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1938. Pp. xxvi, 472. 4 illustrations.

This volume in the standard format of the Champlain Society comprises 176 letters, almost all of which were written to James Hargrave between August 27, 1821, and December 31, 1843. Hargrave was a Scottish youth who came to Canada in 1819 and entered the service of the North-West Company. After the union of 1821 he was retained as clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company, and he divided his time between Fort Garry and York Factory until 1827 when he was stationed permanently at the latter post, becoming chief trader in 1833 and chief factor in 1844. In 1851 he was moved to Sault Ste. Marie, and in 1859 retired to live in Brockville, where he died in 1865. He was a man of scholarly tastes, interested in politics and literature as well as trade, and had several intelligent correspondents who wrote to him during the period under review, a period of both political reorganization in the Canadas and commercial reorganization within the Company. These letters throw much light on the manifold problem of the Company's employees, as well as on their mode of life and varied interests. The volume has a useful introduction, and an adequate number of explanatory footnotes.

D. C. H.

ISAAC NEWTON. J. W. N. Sullivan. Pp. xx I 275. Mcmillan & Co. \$2.75.

This is a well written biographical essay, by a man who had attained much success as a writer on scientific themes for the general public. It is mainly an attempt to assess the character and temperament of one whose career is one of the greatest riddles in the history of human thought.

Here was a man, universally acknowledged as the greatest scientist of all time, who by his early thirties had virtually given up scientific work through lack of interest in it. At forty-two he again took it up at the solicitation of others, and in seventeen months produced the *Principia*. For the remainder of his eighty-five years he devoted himself assiduously to the futilities of alchemy and Biblical chronology, and to the humdrum duties of a civil servant, although he retained throughout (with one brief exception) his immense powers of concentrated thought and was not “burnt out” by his early achieve-

ments. As Sullivan concludes—"The paradox of Newton's career is due to the fact, possibly unique in the history of scientific men, that he was a genius of the first order at something he did not consider to be of the first importance."

The difficulty of explaining this paradox is heightened by the fact that Newton never was the subject of attention by a keen observer or a first-rate student of human behaviour. This is somewhat surprising, since he was regarded as one of the greatest men of his age, and since he was embroiled in acrimonious controversies with three of the leading scientists of his time, Hooke, Flamsteed and Leibnitz.

Sullivan's analysis of Newton is interesting and, under the circumstances, probably as good as could be devised. It is to be feared, however, that unless some hitherto undiscovered Boswell should come to light, the riddle of Newton will remain. Though the book inevitably suffers by comparison with the outstanding work by L. T. More, reviewed in these columns years ago, it may be commended to anyone who is unable to read More's standard *Life*. The accounts of Newton's work and of the fate which his theories have met in recent years are the product of a hand practised in the art of elucidation of science for the general reader. A short memoir of the author, who died a year ago, is contributed by Professor Charles Singer.

G. H. H.

CANADIAN MOSAIC: The Making of a Modern Nation. By
John Murray Gibbon. McClelland and Stewart, Ltd.
\$4.00.

Mr. John Murray Gibbon has compiled for this country an invaluable record of the racial and national elements which now blend in our corporate life. I don't know when I have seen a new book to which the familiar epithet "timely" is quite so applicable as to this volume called *Canadian Mosaic*. It tells us so much that we need to know, at the time when we need most to know it. The difficulties of our Dominion unity are serious indeed, and nothing else is so likely to overcome them as better mutual acquaintance, not so much individually as by groups. There was wisdom in the over-sanguine words of Bentham: "Let men but understand one another, and it won't be long till they agree." Mr. Gibbon has helped this, notably.

The origin of his book was in certain broadcast talks which, at the judicious invitation of the C.B.C., he addressed to listeners from coast to coast. A broadcast talk ought always to lead beyond itself; it is an appetiser, rather than satisfying nourishment. To the credit alike of Mr. Gibbon's microphone skill and of the listeners' intelligent interest, a book presenting in more extended, permanent form the burden of what he said was quickly demanded, and it is now before us, rich with not only close-packed and yet always clear exposition, but also with copious illustrative pictures which make vivid the scenes and groups.

A historical *resumé* precedes each account of the racial element concerned. French or Dutch, Welsh or Ukrainian, Scots or Danish

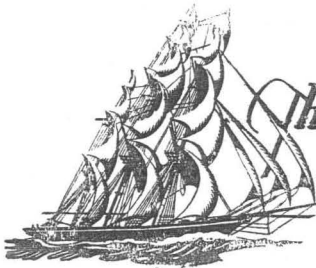
or Polish—all are alike for this writer's initial interest in describing them as they came from their own country, with the specific characteristics they brought at the time of their migration. His concern is first to make them known to the reader as they were in the places of their origin, that he may later show the special difficulties, and also the surprising successes, of the effort to fit them into a composite people. The "cement" for the *Canadian Mosaic* is well reserved for a thoughtful concluding chapter.

A feature of the book which particularly appealed to me was its effort to make the reader appreciate fine points both of similarity and of difference in the various European stocks which have settled in such numbers in the Canadian West. Here as always in such matters, it is the gift of sympathy which facilitates understanding, and there was profound suggestiveness in Mr. Gibbon's proposal to the C.B.C. that it should try a set of programs illustrating the types of music brought by different sorts of immigrant to Canada. There is a parable in that. If we talked to one another a little less about varying constitutional forms, and a little more about our contrasted heritages in folklore, in manners, in sport, we might reach a basis of unity sooner.

This book is one which should be at ready command for every writer and every speaker who would explain Canadian ethnic groups to one another.

H. L. S.

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