

LANDSCAPE WITH TREES

ESTHER CLARK WRIGHT

A GROUP of girls who had gone through college together were renewing old friendships. When one of them bemoaned her spinsterhood, another, always ready with practical suggestions, strongly recommended that she betake herself to the places where men were to be found in numbers, to the mining towns of Northern Ontario, for instance.

"Why don't you go to Timmins, Frances? That would be a good place to go: there are four hundred college graduates in Timmins."

"No, thank you," said Frances, "I wouldn't care for one of those raw, treeless places. I would rather live in a decayed village, with trees."

At that, little Gretchen, the only married member of the group, spoke up.

"Oh, Frances," she said, with great earnestness, "what is a tree, compared with the love of a good man?"

Without prejudice, as the lawyers say, to Gretchen's proposition, which caused much merriment when it was put forward, many people would have much sympathy with Frances's feeling, and would prefer a landscape with trees. Indeed, some people would put the case more strongly still and maintain that, for them, trees are a necessity, and that a landscape without trees is so repugnant to them as to be almost unendurable. Compelled, perhaps because of "the love of a good man", perhaps because of economic necessities, to live where there are no trees, they yearn unceasingly for them and lose heart and strength, unless, from time to time, they are able to renew their spirits by returning to a land of trees. Like Antaeus, who was defeated when he could no longer have contact with the earth, they are worsted in the struggle unless they can get among trees.

"Who hath desired the sea?" Why do men yearn for the trees? Often there is a nostalgic element in their longing, a remembering of the firtrees about the house where they were born, of the trees under whose shade they played, of the trees whose climbing was one of their earliest adventures, of excursions to the woods, of camps built among the trees, of bonfires, of cornboils, of apple picking, of nut gathering, of many good times of childhood connected with trees. To mention these associations of trees with childhood memories is to understand the

regrets of a lad of college age that his parents had moved to the city and that his younger brother would be brought up there. When the mother pointed out that their city home had a large backyard for the younger boy to play in, his brief, but eloquent, comment was:

“What’s a backyard to a boy?”

Those fortunate ones who as boys and girls had the woods to roam in will always be homesick for the trees and will long to get away from city streets and bare prairies, sometimes not recognizing the basis for their insistence upon a holiday in the woods.

For others, the beauty of the trees is a sufficient reason for their longing for trees. The harshness of hills that are bare of trees, the unbroken monotony of plains that stretch treelessly to the horizon, the starkness of dwellings without sheltering trees, the sullenness of rivers and lakes uncaressed by drooping branches, repel them. They miss the changing colors of the seasons, the reds and yellows and fresh greens of spring, the richness of summer foliage, the dark green of spruce and pine against the winter snow. The graceful arching of elms, the slim straightness of cedars, the luxuriance of maple foliage, the tall grandeur of pines, the rugged girth of oaks, the feathery lightness of larch, the gay slenderness of birch, the trim outline of spruce, the gray smoothness of beech, the rustling music of poplars, the soft shade of an old orchard—these are necessary for some inner need of their being.

In addition to the beauty of line and form, of color and sound, that is part of the appeal of trees, there is a more subtle harmony of life and growth that awakens a responsive chord in the human soul. More than any other part of the vegetable world, trees symbolize for man the mystery of life: perhaps because of the great age to which they attain, trees symbolize life more satisfactorily than any member of the animal world as well. We need to see evidences of life and growth, but even more, in this day and age, we need to see evidences of enduring life, of permanence, of continuity.

There may be in the yearning for a landscape with trees an undercurrent of feeling that if there are trees, all’s right with the world. The “unease” at the absence of trees and the sense of satisfaction at their presence are not meaningless emotions, but the expression of a consciousness of the underlying relationship between the existence of trees and the existence of human life. Where trees do not grow, men can have but

a precarious existence—and it is possible to lay down that proposition more categorically to-day than it would have been ten years ago. The burning eloquence of the western salesman has had to yield to the cold logic of the economist that, in the long run, treeless regions are marginal areas, where the cost of maintaining human life is so great that they are occupied only after all the better regions have been appropriated.

The prairies, the deserts, whether of America, Arabia, Africa or Asia, the steppes of Russia, the frozen wastes of the Arctic and the Antarctic are the most obvious examples of regions where this underlying relationship between trees and man is shown; but there are some modern instances which point the moral even more strongly. Where men have denuded watersheds of trees, human existence has been seriously endangered as in the Yang-tze and Mississippi valleys, to mention only two of the regions where this has happened. Where men have piled up brick and stone and spread out concrete and asphalt so that their cities have killed off the trees, they have made it difficult for the human race to maintain itself. Actually urban populations are not reproducing themselves, but have to recruit their ranks from beyond the cities. Scientists of Leeds University have found that the deposition of soot in the great industrial centres causes trees that were formerly evergreens to become deciduous and deciduous trees to lose their leaves a month earlier in the autumn and to unfold them a month later in the spring. Statistics of infant mortality in manufacturing towns have shown that the babies' grasp on life is weakened as is the leaf's hold on the tree.

Mention of the connection of trees and human life leads inevitably to thoughts of the desolation of war-torn areas. For many of us a shattered tree trunk suggests those pictures of the No Man's Land of 1914-18, the place where neither trees nor men could live. Ten years after the armistice, the countryside around Ypres still gave the visitor an impression of desolation and of catastrophic interference with human existence; although the houses had been rebuilt and the roads repaired, although the fields had been ploughed and cultivated and the ripening grain was smiling in the sunshine, there were no trees.

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Trees in the town, trees in the field, trees in the wood, which are most greatly to be admired? High arching elms, trim maples, graceful birch, rustling poplars, redeem many a town from ugliness; they make grateful shade for the dwellers

in the town and for those who walk along its streets; they call forth that approbation of visitors which is very grateful to the inhabitants and which helps to increase their pride in their town. There is a sound instinct behind Frances's preference for a "decayed village, with trees"; when people build homes to live in, they leave trees around the houses, or if there are no trees already in existence on the site, they plant them; they look ahead to summer hours under the shade of their own vine and fig tree, to spring mornings when their windows will frame a show of blossoms, to the splendour of autumn foliage, to shelter from wintry winds; they plan for privacy for family groups who will wish to carry on their work and play outdoors in the pleasant summer hours.

When people build houses merely to make money from them, they think not of these delights, but of straight lines, of lots of uniform size, of undeviating pavements, anything that will cut down expenditures. First they hack down all the trees, whether they are the Scully's grove of pines at the back of Fredericton, or the tall firs of Shaughnessy Heights in Vancouver, or the oaks and sycamores of many an English estate which has come into the ruthless hands of the builders. The contrast between the "red rash of villas" and the lovely tree-girt parks of the English estates is so startling that one wonders why it should ever be allowed to exist. Why cannot owners of estates, whose families have for generations been privileged to enjoy the beauties of rolling countryside and stately trees, themselves build or direct the building of houses that will grace the countryside and will provide the amenities of privacy and of rare vistas through trees?

Trees in the town are beautiful, but a study of trees in the field makes one realize how much has been done to mutilate trees in the town by cutting away lower limbs to keep clear the roadway beneath them, and by hacking off branches in the upper parts of the tree to let wires go through. Left to itself, in meadow or pasture, a tree will achieve a completeness and an entity that make a very satisfying picture. From the ground to the highest tip, the sweep of foliage carries the eye of the beholder along a continuous line. Where two or three trees have grown up side by side, they will all combine to present to the outside world an unbroken front. Left to themselves, trees seem to wish to hide their trunks from view; even the elm will retain a series of short branches along its trunk, or will call on the wild

cherry to mask its nakedness; only the birch seems vain of its gay white trunk, and exposes it to view with too much readiness.

This charm of growth of trees in the field, especially of spruce and fir and pine, has in recent years come to be of considerable commercial importance. The Christmas tree industry has been a boon to many a poor hill farmer whose scanty fields have seldom yielded more than a bare living. Nowadays the passer-by who sees the spruce trees growing up in the pasture does not write the owner down as a poor farmer who is letting his farm revert to forest once more, but regards him as an astute person who is seizing the opportunity of raising a cash crop.

Concerning trees in the wood, where can one begin, and where can one end? To step into the woods is a benediction; in summer it is the benediction of cool shade and greenness after the hot glare of the sun; in winter it is the benediction of shelter from the penetrating cold of the wind. But that physical relief is only a small part of the peace the trees bestow. The beauty and the quiet restfulness of the woods are balm to the tired and overwrought spirit. Here are life and death, growth and decay, change and permanence, light and shade, small and great, the heaven-aspiring and the earth-rooted. "Very old are the woods: and the buds that break", and yet ever new and renewing themselves, always the same and always different, still and full of voices, quiet and eternally busy, a place to lose oneself and a place to find oneself.

We see so much in the woods—and so little. We see the trees, tall and shapely, reaching up to the light. But how many millions of seeds have been borne and scattered, how many thousands of seedlings have pushed their way through the ground and unfolded their tiny leaves, how many hundreds of saplings have lifted up their wide-spreading branches, for every tree that has survived? We admire the calm strength, the enduring majesty of a mighty pine or oak, but how little we know of its life history, of the struggles it has had, of the victories it has won. There has been no camera to record each five seconds the story of its growth and its fight for life and a place in the sun. We look down at the ground to seek out a safe foothold, and our eyes catch sight of the myriad little plants, the grasses, the lichopodia, the countless little green things that are trying to maintain themselves in the path. We stop to rest on a fallen tree and idly note the mosses and lichens and other growths that have fastened themselves there.

Or we brush against a spider's web and stop to look at the insects caught in its meshes. A butterfly flits past; there is a flash of wings; the white-throated sparrow calls; a woodpecker hammers on a nearby tree; a swarm of flies surrounds as we stop for a brief rest; a squirrel chatters loudly from a butternut tree; a deer bounds lightly through the forest; a beaver splashes in the pond—thus we see or hear a trifling bit of the teeming life of the woods.

Therein lies one of the secrets of the charm of the woods: they can never be fully known; they can never be completely explored; there is always something more to see, more to discover. It is a fundamental need of our being to know of the existence of some goal not reached, some knowledge not revealed, some area not explored, some mystery not penetrated. The woods give us this sense of their infinity, for never do we reach the stage of *ne plus ultra*: always there is more beyond.

One naturalist has reported after three years of surveying a square mile of farm and woodland that he has found four hundred and fifty kinds of native flowering plants, one hundred and fifty fungi, one hundred and fifty-five kinds of birds, twenty-seven kinds of quadrupeds, twelve sorts of reptiles and fourteen amphibians, with the insect hordes unnumbered. Even if one were to attain to a fairly complete knowledge of one small area of woods, to know every tree, every rock, every bird, every insect, every phenomenon of growth, every seasonal change, he would still find new worlds to conquer, in other woods, in other places. No two stretches of woods are alike, be they never so close together, for flora, fauna, soil, rocks, streams, slopes, directions, vary in each. On this hillside spruce predominate; here stands a maple grove; cedars have grouped themselves along this brook; butternut trees have won the battle here and beech trees there; on the brow of the hill several birch have escaped the crowding of the spruce; tall pines tower beyond the swamp. One short mile of path through the woods may reveal such differences in grouping of trees without taking into consideration all the other phases of life in the woods. In the next parish, in the next county, the woods will be markedly different from the home variety: go further north, go south, go east, go west, and there will be woods so totally different in character that all the lore so carefully learned will be of little use.

Consider North America only: what hope of knowing fully the spruce and maple woods of Eastern Canada, the dry eastward slopes of the Rockies, the well-watered Selkirks and coast ranges

of British Columbia, the high Sierras of California, the redwoods and giant sequoia of the coastal valleys, the pine forests of Michigan, the rock maples of Vermont, the everglades of Florida? What hope of extending acquaintance to include the deer forests of Scotland, England's "melodious plots of beechen green and shadows numberless", the dark fiords of Norway, the tree-crowned slopes of the lesser hills of Switzerland, the Black Forest of Germany, the once-well-cared-for forests of Austria, the African jungles, the foothills of the Himalayas, the valleys sheltering beneath the high peaks of the Andes? No mere lifetime would suffice to gather an intimate knowledge of these and other groups of trees; only an eternity would make adequate provision for that conquest.

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And when I come to die,
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of windblown poplars against an English sky . . .

or a line of close-packed spruce trees upon a New Brunswick skyline or the majestic height of California redwoods towering heavenwards, or the graceful lines of elms dark-etched against the indigo-blue of a Canadian winter's day. Not gates of pearl, but towering pines be at the portals, and let the streets be not paved with gold but softly carpeted with pine needles. In heaven, as on earth, let there be trees.

Freya Stark tells of a valley in Southern Arabia where the inhabitants carried on perpetual feuds. Her hosts told her that they had had a garden of palms nearby, but some years previously the enemy had poured paraffin oil over the roots of the trees and killed them all. Her comment, "that war was all very well, but one should not kill trees", was most heartily agreed to by her hosts. One should not kill trees wantonly, recklessly, needlessly. They are a heritage from the past and a legacy for the future; they are an indication that human life has been lived, free from overwhelming calamities, from long years of parching drought, from onslaught of fierce storms, from drowning by great floods, from upheaval by earthquakes, from raging of uncontrollable fires, from devastation by invading armies. A landscape with trees is a guarantee of peace and plenty, of hearth and home; it is a promise of toil, but of rest to follow; a place where there may be weariness, but where there will be refreshment after labour is ended.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN CLUB CONTACTS

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BRITISH visitors to this continent have been much impressed by a resemblance of ways and usages which makes the transition from the Maritime Provinces of Canada to the New England States relatively so slight. The contrast of "East Canadian" with "American" practice is indeed apparent, but where—these visitors ask—does "America" begin? They are tempted, after travelling west, to wonder whether the eastern areas are distinctly American and distinctly Canadian at all; whether Massachusetts, for example, does not so differ from Oregon and Nova Scotia from Alberta as to prove geography a surer index of temperaments than either nationality or history. Are not the people of New Brunswick and the people of Maine indistinguishable in all that matters, so that the boundary which separates them in spirit is like that which divides the control of their respective governments and the legal jurisdiction of their respective courts—a convention needful for practice, but with no ground in the unalterable nature of things?

It is a plausible, and in great part a sound, analysis. Up to a certain point, the international blend does proceed unchallenged in the East. Periodically, however, there is a reaction and a vigorous resistance in Eastern Canada against its proceeding further: I recall in particular an article of twenty years ago, in the *Canadian Historical Review*, which created no small stir, under title "Canada as a Vassal State". In it that doughty champion of Nova Scotia, the late Dr. Archibald MacMechan, who contributed so considerably to make Nova Scotian life interesting to readers abroad, dwelt with no pleasure on the Canadian-American blend. The influence, he angrily exclaimed, had been one-sided. Canadians had been docile imitators of American practice. This critic noted how the great mass of magazines circulating throughout Eastern Canada were American, and all the local newspapers followed an American pattern; how the motion pictures were of the sort produced in the United States for United States consumption; and how the issues in finance, as well as in the relations of capital and labor, for the Maritime Provinces were determined at American headquarters. Slight perhaps, and yet the more suggestive because unintentional, were the coincidences in college life,

in sport, in miscellaneous custom. Dr. MacMechan bade us note with chagrin how remote from British practice, and plainly thus caught up through the prestige suggestion of a powerful neighbor, were the administrative routine of our Canadian universities, the "class organization", the Greek Letter Societies, the base-ball leagues, the chewing-gum habit, fashions in dress, slang terms, and recognized public holidays such as Thanksgiving and Labor Day.

The truth of this critic's picture is undeniable, and it was vividly drawn. Whether there is as much reason as he found to deplore this spirit of adoption by Canada is very arguable. I propose in this paper to set forth in one particular field of alleged "imitativeness" how much there has been not of loss but of gain. The field is that of Societies and Clubs. A still comparatively new case of American "penetration"!

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Within the last twenty-five years, the so-called "Service Club" has introduced a new factor, significant for Canadian-American relationship, into the life of the Maritime Provinces. Each club branch derives its charter from the parent organization in the United States, and has regular contact with other such branches in American cities through interchange of visits, participation in choice of international officers, and periodic district or international conventions. Of Service Clubs the largest and most influential in Eastern Canada for some years was "Rotary", but "Kiwanis" and "Gyros" have of late developed rival strength.

The whole movement began in 1913, and for some time lay under considerable suspicion of constituting an American inroad upon British usages. Complaint was heard of the obtrusively American manner at these gatherings, the familiarity required to be shown by members with one another's Christian names, the hilarious tumult of speech and song at luncheon meetings, the whole atmosphere as plainly borrowed from the United States as the *format* of a newspaper in the Maritime Provinces betrays its American rather than a British pattern. But more and more completely these reproaches have disappeared: especially since the stimulus which the World War produced and which the present war has intensified, this assimilation of spirit is held to be a merit rather than a fault.

Of the form in all these organizations, the dominant spirit is American. Rotary is the only one of the three above mentioned

which has passed the boundaries of this continent: a glance at the working of a Rotary Club in Britain will show at once how earnestly and how painfully its members try to develop there an exotic growth. The comparative ease with which it springs up in an Eastern Canadian city or town, despite the traditionally British character of Eastern Canada, is both a token and a furthering condition of North American solidarity. A "Service Club" has the great merit, too, of awakening this sense of kinship in respect of the finer social enthusiasms. There are specific differences, but all such clubs are alike in proclaiming it as their purpose to stir united effort for better citizenship, for unselfish promotion of one another's progress, to "give primacy"—as the Kiwanis official bulletin says—"to the human and spiritual rather than to the material values of life".

It is by no means of negligible importance that this project, be it practicable or be it visionary, is kept before the minds of young Canadian business men as a project of American origin, and as still American in respect of its persevering direction. A view altogether different of the whole spirit of United States business is so easily adopted abroad! No one who knows these Service Clubs in Eastern Canada can doubt the definite confidence with which the local branches believe in the good faith of headquarters direction. Opinions may differ as to the effectiveness of such a method for such a purpose, and it is easy to exaggerate the value of international contacts which for most of the club members must be very slight and very rare. But the contacts of leaders are frequent and intimate: it seems certain that such conference, exchange of views, and cooperative planning for a high ideal between Canadians and Americans will improve the relationship of each national group to the other. Not only does it make them know each other better, but it associates them at their best, making them in a measure to share one another's confidence on matters about which they are alike in earnest. And the members are representative men in their respective communities.

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A surprise for one enquiring into the manner in which Societies affect Canadian-American relationship is the absence of international action between American and Eastern Canadian Churches.

The Christian Science Movement, originating in Boston and still directed from "the Mother Church" there, keeps its

central organization in touch with distant branches, including those in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. But these last are too few to make any serious difference for international feeling, and the larger ecclesiastical groups do not seem to affect each other across the frontier, or to enter in any intimate way into each other's corporate life. They have no contact nearly so intimate as that of a Rotary Convention, nor do they apparently share at all in each other's corporate problems. My efforts to obtain, from those qualified to speak, any information or even guess regarding the effect of inter-Church relations on Canadian-American friendship elicited everywhere the reply that no such effect was discernible. At least, there was no such *direct* effect. There was, of course, fairly frequent interchange of persons, students from Eastern Canada resorting to American colleges, Canadians appointed to American professorial posts, ministers called to churches across the line. Of course, too, they were united by a bond not national, rather in the highest sense international, as sharers in their common Faith. But I was assured that churches as institutional organizations on different sides of the Canadian-American border enter into no connected activities which could be held relevant to my enquiry.

The indirect contact seemed indeed worth tracing a little more in detail. It quickly appeared that the Church of Eastern Canada in which it had been most conspicuous is the Baptist. One of the consequences of this, namely, American influence upon Canadian higher education, was examined in a paper presented fourteen years ago to the Royal Society of Canada by Sir Robert Falconer, then President-Emeritus of the University of Toronto. It is there set forth that *Acadia*, in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, is the most American of all Canadian colleges—a remarkable fact, when one remembers that the original settlers there were United Empire Loyalists. In religion they were Baptist, and owing to the absence of adequate academic opportunities a century ago in Nova Scotia for persons outside the Church of England this college in the Annapolis Valley was founded in 1838, with an educational atmosphere derived from the United States. American professors were secured; the President of Acadia from 1869 to 1897 was an American who never changed his United States citizenship; of the 68 persons on the teaching staff from 1879 to 1921 only 5 had not been educated at least partially in an American college. The percentage of Acadia graduates now living in the United States is about 35.5: in the sixty years prior to 1903 it was as high as 50.

Yet another channel of international influence lies in the College Fraternity and Sorority—those "Greek Letter" societies whose spirit is altogether of American origin, and whose headquarters are in the United States. These are to be found as yet in only one university of Eastern Canada, but they are well established there (in Dalhousie), including in their membership probably a great proportion of the students.

The movement began some twenty years ago, with one Fraternity, not as part of a United States organization, but rather formed after the same pattern. What its originators intended was a purely Canadian brotherhood, and for some years, as others were established, the national character was kept. But by degrees the very spirit of Fraternity, especially in an institution with students of different nationalities, seemed to forbid such a limit, and the fraternities progressively "went international", until only one remained of the earlier type. They hold American charters, preserve continuous contact with the central American office, and send delegates to the Grand Chapter Congresses, where they share in election of officers and in the general government. A magazine keeps the local Chapter informed of the Fraternity or Sorority activities elsewhere, and its own activities are regularly reported. Visits at intervals from heads of the central organization help to maintain the spirit of unity.

Statements I have received from leaders in the Movement at the one Maritime university where it has yet appeared are full of enthusiasm for its value in improving Canadian-American relations. The response to my enquiry at other institutions was rather suggestive of thankfulness that the Fraternity and the Sorority are still unknown there. It is obviously easy to exaggerate the international possibilities, and one hears much disparagement, especially from the older generation. How far the profession of a wider interest is anything more than a pretext for forming a local club with more than local prestige, how far the mere impulse of college conviviality has thus sought a more impressive way of describing itself, is a point on which opinions differ. Students outside these social circles often declare that the "internationalism" is with some members but a name, and with others—though genuine—is quite incapable of being promoted by this method, which makes no appeal except to those internationally-minded already. They point out that only a very few officers of the local Chapters ever experience the much trumpeted international contacts of a Convention,

that the *Fraternity Magazine* though received is little read, and that far more conspicuous than the occasional public gesture across a geographic boundary is the exclusiveness of a narrow and a very self-conscious college group. Discounting, however, the exaggerations both of enthusiastic advocates and of cynical critics, one cannot miss the truth to which they alike bear witness, at least as much unconsciously as deliberately. This Movement has introduced to the reflective thought of students in the Maritime Provinces what most of them would without it have altogether lacked. Only a very small fraction take post-graduate courses abroad: for others, whether approaching one-third or approaching one-half of the whole student population, it is no slight gain to have even this stimulant of wider thought so long as better stimulants are lacking.

Yet another line of comment suggested itself to me as I proceeded with this enquiry, and compared answers, from the student population. The academic societies to which the name "college" or "university" is applied, have as yet done far less than they might have been expected to do for international goodwill.

A small minority of young Canadian graduates, with college teaching in view as a career, resort to an American Graduate School. The Rhodes Scholarship system has made in this respect comparatively little difference: not Oxford or Cambridge or London, but Harvard or Yale, Cornell or Princeton or Columbia, attracts most of them. They commonly return to Canada (though only a few of them to the Maritimes) with genuine respect for the United States, and in the communities in which they teach they thus serve, by virtue of their first-hand knowledge of American ways, as a valuable corrective against narrow nationalism. The personnel of the Faculty in most Maritime universities being thus largely American trained, here is a centre of unconscious international influence that has been of value to friendship.

But it is in general an *unconscious* influence. Nothing here indicates appreciation of college responsibility to promote actively and constantly a Canadian-American goodwill. It should be obvious that a place of higher education has both resources and opportunities to do this such as can be found nowhere else. It should likewise be obvious that the counter-acting of international antipathy and the removal of international prejudice by the spread of knowledge were never before quite so urgent as they are now. But the stereotyped habits of a past

age, whose problems were different, have shown the notorious academic tenacity. There is no apparent consideration of what might so well be done in a place of higher learning to deepen international friendship by unifying the cultural life of the continent.

A foreign observer, who examined the Calendars of Maritime universities and the programmes of courses given there, would see no sign that Departments of Government, of History, of Social Science recognize any obligation to study the common adventure of North America in those respects which make it to differ from that of Europe. Where noticed at all, American culture seems to be treated as an interlude, a somewhat tiresome interruption of the tale, a sort of romantic irregularity which marred for a time the sequence of classic order. "In the past", writes a Nova Scotian teacher of long experience, "we have taught only that part of American history which affects Canadian history". A like calamitous effort at isolation, divorcing interests which Nature had ordained to involve each other, has been the bane of university teaching in the same area.

Such knowledge thus withheld has supplied itself, as knowledge withheld so commonly does, in undesirable and misleading forms. For the pupil in common school or high school it has come through motion pictures, radio, and the cheapest sort of American magazine. For students in colleges, intellectually more sophisticated, it has come through the interpretation of these highly questionable data by the economics, the social science or the constitutional law they have acquired in courses to which Greek or Roman, mediaeval, modern French, and above all modern British experience are held relevant, but in which United States development is at most only an occasional illustration. Is it any wonder that the college student, so disproportionately acquainted with the significant facts, should thus drop into common follies to which he can himself contribute so often only an element of intellectual cynicism? Is it surprising that to the vulgar indictment of a great nation as one in which crime is rampant, justice for sale and all officials are corrupt, he should bring corroborative reflections from "the materialist doctrine of history"? Or that he should find constant cases in the sensational American press to promote that "disillusionment" about the nobility of mankind's endeavour in which the clever young graduate delights?

Canadians and Americans, plainly designed by Nature to cooperate, have been much slower than they should have been to follow Nature's behest, and if immediate necessities now render urgent what was always a somewhat avoided duty, the sooner we set about making up for lost time the better. Long ago our institutions of learning, our social groups, our churches, should have prepared the atmosphere for a scheme of Federal Union (the only one hopeful for preventing a Third World War, perhaps about 1960). As one who has taught for a quarter of a century in a Maritime college, and has in that period helped to illustrate the negligence here pointed out, I have thought it right to dwell with special emphasis on an academic fault. We have of late improved, but not fast enough. The advance has been by the slow but progressive introduction to each other of two peoples that desire and value fundamentally the same things. Here and there, through causes not hard to specify, but often hard enough to remove, this development has been arrested or diverted. There is a chance now to clear the sinister contrary forces away, more quickly and more thoroughly than ever before.

Will academic societies rise to the occasion? No one who knows their record will say "They always do": more probably we shall hear it said "They never do". But even if they have done so very seldom, they may do it now. For never has there been a challenge like the present, and even the academic mind may be roused.