

St. Peter's Seminary

Richmond, Canada



27-4

June 7, 1946.

My dear Father Durand:

Someone told me that when you left, you weren't feeling too well. I am very much concerned about this. I remember you didn't look too well at the examination—although you did very well.

Please drop me a line just to tell me how you are. With best wishes.

Charles De Koninck

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

June 10, 1946



Dear Mr. De Koninck,

It is very kind of you to make a special inquiry after my health but it has cost me some hesitation to know what to reply. The question is one which ordinarily can be answered with a casual word for it is nearly always casually put, but since you have given yourself the trouble of actually writing it I feel obliged to meet such friendly solicitude with amore serious response than is customary. Yet I cannot overcome a profound reluctance to be specific in this matter. You will understand why when I tell you that since I was twenty I have been struggling with some ailment or other, real or imaginary; and I have come to see that my very salvation depends on a difficult balance between prudence and a persistent refusal to lend an ear to the complaints of brother Ass. Will you then be good enough to accept as your answer that fine formula used by St. Aloysius in his letters to his mother (mothers are not easily put off but this seems to have done the job for him): "Dear Mother, -I am well enough." By which I take it he meant that he could get on pretty well with his work and was up and about.

My arrival home was a bit saddened by the fact that I found my Mother so ill that I had her moved at once from Stratford to the hospital here in London. She has never been in acute danger but is suffering from a number of ailments, anemia, blood-pressure, a weak heart and worst of all has reached that time of life, now that my father is dead and her children are all gone away, when she has little to live for. It was while getting ready for the marriage of my youngest brother and breaking up her home to go and live with my brother who is a priest in a little parish near Windsor, that she got this last attack. She is decidedly improved since coming here and I think will be well enough to resume a normal life at least for a while, but there is no need to tell you how much anxiety one must feel for her. I suppose it is the same for everyone; our mother is the one person to whose loss we cannot possibly adjust ourselves.

As I sit here at my typewriter I could wish that you might be with me for a moment to see why it was I complained so much of homesickness during the winter. Through the open window I hear the brown-thrasher singing and the little silver trill of the yellow warbler, and farther off the faint voices of a dozen other birds. When I look out it is to see the whole sky, a great gold sun half-sunk behind the distant elm-trees lighting up the green countryside, a little universe of light and shadow, of trees, flowers, of life and movement, which has been the background of my life since I was a boy. I do not say that I feel at home in it; rather it has been a beautiful and tantalising mystery for me ever since I was old enough to think about it; indeed it has never

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so much as grown familiar. But it is my little window on the general mystery of the entire universe. I think that in modern literature and perhaps even in modern philosophy we have too many globe-trotters, cosmopolitans, who have glanced at everything and seen nothing; who do not realise how difficult and slow is the task of merely experiencing a thing -- not to speak of explaining it. Well, I am back where I can in an hour or two put myself within hearing of the wood-thrush; and one of the things I learned during the winter which made me congratulate St. Thomas from my heart and which confirmed all the unconscious Aristotelianism of my nature was that what the great books of the Physics can tell me of the wood - thrush is quite negligible, and that it is better to have once heard him than to know what we can know of his causes and reasons.

I will perhaps enclose a picture of the Seminary. But I am not so much attached to the building, of course, as to the kind friends within it and to the country at whose edge it stands. This attachment to ~~home~~ home blinds me, perhaps, to the shortcomings and defects that would be vividly present for the stranger. In fact I suppose to the traveller's eye our institution and our corner of Ontario will seem pretty much like any others of the sort; but I have taken care of the traveller in the paragraph above.

I suppose you will by this time have the news that Dr. Phelan is leaving Toronto and is being replaced by Pegis. Fr. Denomy of that school is some sort of cousin of mine and at the wedding of my brother he mentioned this change. He made various inquiries about Laval and brought up the matter of the controversy but found me quite devoid of information. He also gave me some of the details regarding the replacement of Dr. Phelan and I really feel sorry for him. He has been there so long it will not be easy for him to seek a new post.

Well, I myself have scarcely thought of philosophy since coming home and it does not look as if I will be able to do anything before July. The annual retreat begins next week and in the meantime I must get up a sermon for the ordination of one of our boys. It is this last task that calls me away from the letter I am sending you.

Please give my kindest regards to your wife and let me repeat to her my thanks for your frequent hospitality towards me. And then my greetings to all the children from Maria to Thomas. Now with my sincere good wishes to yourself, I am

very faithfully yours in Christ

A. Durand

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



July 29, 1946

Dear Mr. DeKoninck,

I have been having an unfortunate summer of it so far and I am writing to consult you as to a possible change of my plans for the coming year.

In my last letter I believe I mentioned the illness of my mother which was causing the whole family such concern. Well, she was in the hospital here and I was visiting her every day when, in an evil hour I made a routine visit to a dentist and had a tooth extracted. An infection set in and before I had time to reflect I was in the room next to my mother. Penicillin and sulfa brought me round in a couple of weeks but it seems always my misfortune to catch ailments that prevent me from eating, so that I am rather slow in getting back my strength. My mother left the hospital at about the same time I did but we had had only a few days' respite when an older sister died very unexpectedly. I will not trouble you with the sad details of this, the first death among the children of our large family; it was a heavy blow for my mother in her weakened state, but a heavier one for the young family my sister leaves behind her. The eldest of her children is a seminarian in our own Seminary here.

But to come to the matter in hand, here I am with nothing but a few false starts made at my licentiate thesis and the Bishop insisting that I must take two or three weeks vacation. Now it occurred to me that you had once told me that if necessary, one

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could discharge all one's scholarship (in the doctoral year) in a single term, taking 10 hours a week for one term instead of 5 a week for both. It seems to me that unless my health improves a good deal in the next few weeks I may be obliged to postpone my return until the beginning of the second term. Would you be good enough to send me your approval of this proposal if you can? ... I was on the point of suggesting it to my superior the other day in order to quiet his misgivings but on second thought decided I had better first consult you.

If, however, I am well enough to satisfy the benevolent scrutiny of the authorities in early September, I will come back then and hope to finish the thesis at some time or other during the first term while following the classes -- unless you think that imprudent.

In the meantime EGO SAPIENTIA lies almost neglected on my desk. I am truly sorry that I have been able to do so little; the work of translating it is delightful in itself and also brings one the feeling of sharing in a spiritual enterprise. In spite of all I have managed to read it a couple of times more and make a number of marginal notes to help me in dealing with the earlier portion. If you are able to find anyone else to take up this little task for you, please do not hesitate to accept their services, nor consider my feelings in such a matter. The important thing is to get the book into print and I am afraid I have been as much of a hindrance as a help so far. But if I am still the best you can

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secure, I can only beg you to have patience. I have learned not to look very far ahead in life, not to be confident with promises, but I assure you that this is a piece of work that I feel would be of great benefit to myself spiritually, to say nothing of its potential influence on others, and I am impatient for the day when I may sit down to it undisturbed.

With my kindest regards to your wife and to all the children and my best wishes for your success in your own great work,

Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand

Québec, 1er août 1946.

M. l'abbé A. Durand
St. Peter's Seminary
London, Ont.

Cher M. l'abbé:

C'est peut-être par sympathie, mais moi aussi j'ai été légèrement indisposé. Juste au milieu de la session des cours d'été, j'ai subi une opération d'urgence où on m'a enlevé la vésicule biliaire. Mon mal était la suite d'opérations que j'avais subies il y a plus de vingt ans. M. de Monléon était arrivé la veille et Father Mullahy a pu faire pour moi le cours de méthodologie scientifique.

Soignez d'abord votre santé. Le projet que vous me suggérez est tout à fait conforme aux règlements, mais je ne vois pas pourquoi vous devriez nécessairement composer votre thèse en même temps. Vous pourrez naturellement y travailler, mais pourquoi vouloir la terminer sittôt. Il suffit d'en faire ici les grandes lignes; vous pourrez l'achever chez vous tranquillement. Ménagez-vous, ne fût-ce que pour nous assurer le secours nécessaire d'un homme de votre trempe.

Quant à *Wgo Sapientia*, je suis persuadé plus que jamais d'en faire paraître une traduction anglaise, mais nous ne sommes pas tenus à l'impossible. Faites ce que vous pouvez. A chaque jour suffit sa peine. Souvenez-vous du traité de l'éternité. Tous les jours sont aujourd'hui.

Ma femme me prie de vous présenter ses hommages.

En toute cordialité.

Charles De Koninck

P.S. Comme j'ai dicté cette lettre à ma secrétaire, elle est écrite en français.

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August 17, 1946.

Mr. Charles De Koninck
25 ave. Ste. Genevieve
Quebec, Que.

Dear Mr. De Koninck,

I was very sorry to hear that you also have been sick. My knowledge of medical terms in French is not very good, but I understand that you have had an emergency operation for gall-bladder and that is certainly serious enough. I sincerely hope you are making a good recovery and that you will not hesitate to adopt yourself some of the kind advice that you have offered me. Your services to the Church seem to me quite irreplaceable.

I have decided that the only safe course for me will be to wait until the second term before taking up residence again in Quebec. The doctoral thesis does not strike me as in any way urgent but the licentiate is something I would like to have out of the way; and although I understand that the requirements for the lesser thesis are not severe, nevertheless, since in my case the work will be doing for it has a direct bearing on the doctoral thesis, I must work slowly and carefully or risk having the same ground to cover later on. I might remark that I have already begun at it and am dismayed by the difficulty and extent of the task, even though it is no more than a simple analysis of one of Shelley's essays -- but I find it fascinating work and I am determined to do it well,

My hope then, is to have this done by November and then to come to the University for a week or two for the examinations I was unable to take last spring; then, please heaven, I will

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be in the front row listening to you for the second term and will stay until the end of July if I can. But I cannot tell you how sorry I am to miss the lectures you will give this term. Of all the teachers I have ever had you are the only one of whom it is constantly and unfailingly true that what you do for me I could never possibly do for myself.

My kindest regards to your wife. I will write again when I can make some sort of report on the progress of my work. For the present I am deliberately and reluctantly on vacation and will leave to-morrow on a fishing trip.

With my most sincere good wishes

Faithfully in Christ

G. A. Durand

R. le 5 dec'

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Charles DeKoninck, Ph.D.

November 29, 1946

25 Ave. Ste Genevieve

Quebec City

Dear Professor DeKoninck,

I will be sending you my licentiate thesis with-
in the next few days. It has been finished for a full month
but I have been at the mercy of the only typist I could find,
who took on the job in her spare time and appears to have
had very little time to spare. The delay is disappointing
to me because I had hoped to have the thing in your hands
in plenty of time to allow you to pass judgement on it and
then to allow me to make a special trip to Quebec to clear
off the exams I missed last spring together with the licentiate
exam itself, if that were possible, before Christmas. The
reason for this plan lies in the fact that one of my coll-
eagues here, and a very dear friend, is out of action with
a serious bone infection in the jaw. He is now going to
Toronto to place himself in the hands of a specialist and
we are hoping for the best, but it is possible that he will
be unable to do any work for some months. I have already taken
over some of his teaching and it may happen that this emer-
gency would make my presence necessary here for the second
term. I sincerely hope this will not be so, but would have
liked to prepare against such an eventuality by clearing away
the work I have had on my hands during this past year.

Meantime I am sending a few pages of Ego Sapientia
and shall perhaps have a little more of it ready by the time

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my thesis is ~~xxx~~ to be mailed. I must apologise for the condition of these pages, but to get them copied is impossible; typists in London are as scarce as empresses and about as easy to deal with. I have been chafing in ante-rooms and paying delicate homage to them for weeks and can face no more of it. The work of translating your little book gives me real enjoyment and if I had a month with nothing else to do, I would be glad to attempt to do it real justice. You will notice certain passages which I have left untranslated because I have'nt enough theology or philosophy to understand them. Perhaps during the coming term, which I still hope to spend with you, you might be able to explain these to me and I will then try to find the English for them.

Well, it was providential I did not attempt to come to Quebec for the first term. Not only has there been this illness of my friend Father Childs, but in October my mother very nearly died -- a heart attack followed by pneumonia. She made an amazing recovery with penicillin and is pretty well again, but we had an anxious couple of weeks, and had I gone to Quebec I would soon have been back home.

I hope you yourself are suffering no ill effects from that sudden operation of last summer. You should be very prudent about the amount of work you assume for some time yet. It has been a real cause of grief to me that I was obliged to miss your lectures for this first term. Your teaching so con-

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stantly answers questions which have disturbed my mind for a long while, and enables me to relate the scraps of knowledge I have picked up in years of mis-education. Above all it was a great grace to be taught how to read St. Thomas. After some weeks with Shelley I have come back to him in the commentary on the Ethics, which I have been reviewing on the chance I might soon be able to make up that missing examination, and it is impossible to describe the impression of gigantic strength and clarity he makes upon me, in contrast to the sweets and trifles of Shelley's style. St. Thomas is inhuman; he is like some vast intellectual machine, inexorable and infallible, turning out a steady stream of great thoughts, or better, like a great lamp patiently moving onwards through the darkness, throwing into bold relief the great and important realities which lie about it, yet without neglecting the tiniest detail; ~~and~~ always content with simple light--since there is no higher excellence--but consciously registering the minutest shades of difference in the strength of its penetration. He has the humility of pure intellect.You see there is too much poetry in me and not enough sound thinking. I have been too long near the flesh-pots.

Well, I make no plans; I understand a little better now to what extent we are in the grip of chance and fortune, but I hope you will see me at your summer sessions for some years to come. The single term which I still count on spending

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with you this winter seems already very short.

My sincere regards to your wife and to all the children.

I hope I shall see them all again before long.

Faithfully yours in Christ

A. Durand

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



December 3, 1886

Dear Mrs. De Roumek,

Let me thank you very sincerely for the kind message you have sent me in your own hand. I know how many more important matters there are to make demands upon your time.

It is something of a coincidence that I should have chosen the same day to write that you did — or rather I should say it was selected by circumstance; because I have been doing my best to get that thesis done and to pay you a visit this term, but always in the face of so many obstructions and delays that, if I were working entirely of my own will, I would be prepared to consider that the Divine Will was against me. Anyhow, it is on its way at last, and if you will give me word, I am still prepared to come before Christmas, but I do not wish to put you to any inconvenience — and in fact I do not even know what the Faculty regulations are in such matters.

My kind regards to your wife, I am sure you will have been told many times by all who have come to know her that she is your

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greatest blessing. I have never seen a more patient and devoted mother with those gifts of tolerance and humour which invite the natural development of all that is best in her children. I hope this new "pars gaudium patris" (delightful phrase) will arrive in happy circumstances and will contribute a small but increasing mite to the joy and variety of the household.

It is a pleasure to me also to learn that M. de Montléon is with you for the year. I had assumed he would be in Quebec for the first term only and had resigned myself to missing his lectures entirely. The course he gave us on the Poet, is last winter was exceedingly interesting and filled with more sound literary criticism than one finds in the pages of those who make that activity their profession. Merely to hear him speak French was worth one's pains, although that is no doubt a worthless compliment for anyone whose aim is philosophy; but I must be allowed my indulgence in literary pleasures.

We have had an encouraging report from W. Childs and there is every reason to hope he will be able to take up his work again

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soon. As our worries over the man himself recede, we give more thought to our own concerns; and I will certainly be glad to hand him back his classes to turn to my own enterprises again; and I look forward to interrupting you every few minutes from February until June-and beyond, with questions whose chief merit, I fear, is in their persistence. I remember as a small boy I used to dream that if my father were very rich I would have had him hire for me a corps of learned men whose duty it would be simply to stand by and answer my difficulties as they occurred to me. In those earlier days I would have been able to find a great number of men with the qualifications necessary for a place on my imaginary board. Later on I came to think it would be impossible to find any. Now as I my hair turns gray and I stand betwixt youth and age, the childhood dream is realized but, as usual, with that indefinable inadequacy which accompanies all intellectual truth. You are, at any rate, the one wise man who will never lose his rank in my

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company of sages. You have shown me that there is indeed true wisdom, enough to keep my befuddled brains engaged for their life time, and yet that this can never be enough. This is all very true, no doubt; but it is one thing to know ~~it~~ and another to have experienced it.

I was very interested to learn about Maurin's article and must see what I can make of it when time permits. However, from what you say, it will be difficult reading and of doubtful profit.

Hoping to see you before long.

Very faithfully yours in Christ

A. A. Dunsand

R. L. / 2 Dec.

St. Peter's Seminary

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Mr. Chas. DeKoninck
25 ave Ste Genevieve
Quebec City

December 9, 1946

Dear Mr. DeKoninck,

I was particularly pleased to learn that you are intending to write a new and expanded draft in English of Ego Sapientia. I do hope you will put this in the fore-front of all your plans because there is a real need for such a book. You would be surprised to learn how my own faith has been clarified and strengthened by the study of it and I have resolved long since to convey its doctrine to our seminarians in lectures as soon as I am able. I am sure a translation of it as it stands would not have failed to win some readers, but it would certainly prove too condensed and cryptic for most and too technical both in vocabulary and method of approach to the difficulties concerned. It would be a pity if a book offering so profound and dazzling a picture of the glories of Our Lady should not reach and influence as wide an audience as possible. Be sure you can count on my help; and I feel it will be a good deal more effective if directed to the improving of the language of an English version rather than to the actual translation of the present French one.

Regarding my thesis, I must thank you for attacking it so promptly since I do not feel it can be considered an enthralling piece of work. You nowhere explicitly declare that you have judged and approved it and do thereupon admit me to the privilege of trying my examination, but I am presuming that your message may be given this kind interpretation and so have proceeded with my arrangements for a flying visit to Quebec. I am not precisely sure of my plans just yet, but expect to arrive next Monday. At any rate I will call you as soon as I am settled. Then I will set about having myself examined by Dr. Babin and the abbés Dionne and Cantin and should be ready for the main bout by Thursday evening - or Wednesday perhaps, if the former day is too close to the time of your departure for California.

I had no idea it would ever be necessary to arrange these things by mail and so ^{never} concerned myself to learn the details of university regulations. It seems to me, however, that the victim is allowed to choose his board of examiners; in which case I will suggest the men I have already named above and will fervently pray that no strange faces appear, because all I will know will be the philosophy I managed to absorb in one brief winter at Laval and upon that my grip is none too firm. Whenever I set about reviewing that work I soon find myself thinking of questions to put to my professors rather than of those they may put to me.

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You are certainly right in suggesting that it would be more economical to postpone this trip until the beginning of the second term. However, I have reasons for coming besides that of merely getting these examinations out of the way. One is to see if I can find any house that will take me in for the latter half of the winter, since my room at the pie XII has long since gone to another. Another is that my mother has determined before she dies to buy her two priest-sons a pair of chalices and it would give her great pleasure if I would shop for them before Christmas. Moreover I would like very much to have you assign me some reading in connection with my thesis to occupy me for the month of January, as well as to give me some idea in what direction my thoughts should turn in this enterprise; and I do not like to ask you to attempt something like that by letter. Finally it will make my Christmas much happier if I can begin the season by watching Rudolph count up to some meaningless number and then jump off the sofa, and can pay my respects to those exquisite little ladies, Godelieve and Marie-Charlotte, - the one all dignity and delicate reserve, and the other all wayward charm. There can be no disagreement as to whether they are worth the journey.

I am not surprised that you find Shelley a good deal nearer the truth than I am. You will recall casually reading out the first paragraph of his essay to me over your desk. It was plain then that you saw his meaning at a far deeper level, and naturally a superior insight would find possibilities of reconciliation with the principles of true philosophy which are quite lost to me. However, I am not dismayed by such things. Laval has inspired and humbled me; and has left me prepared to plod along, happy to be on the right road at last, resigned to a slow and feeble progress.

Now I must turn to the business of cramming for these necessary evils, the exams. They still make me nervous, old as I am, and this time with better reason than in most previous cases; last winter's toilsome reasonings seem to have left only faint traces - vapor-trails, in the "intense inane" (Shelley) of my mental atmosphere.

With every best wish,
Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand

par Monique DUVAL

La maison Pie XII, jusqu'à ce jour résidence pour prêtres, vient d'être vendue à une société d'architectes: Laroche et Déry.

La nouvelle nous a été confirmée par M. l'abbé Jean Rondeau, procureur de l'archevêché de Québec, propriétaire de l'immeuble. La raison de cette vente tient tout simplement au fait, ainsi que nous l'a dit M. Rondeau, que le nombre de pensionnaires diminue d'année en année — ils ne sont actuellement que sept — cette maison, telle qu'elle est actuellement, n'a plus sa raison d'être.

Les architectes Laroche et Déry s'y installeront le 1er décembre et lui redonneront le nom de "Maison Montcalm" qui était le sien avant que l'archevêché n'en fasse l'acquisition en 1945 et lui applique le nom du pape régnant.

On sait que cette maison, située rue des Remparts, comprend, en réalité, quatre ailes, mais seule celle de droite est historique et classée comme telle par la Commission des monuments.

Une plaque y a été apposée et se lit comme suit, en anglais et en français: "En cet endroit s'élevait la maison où Montcalm résida en 1758 et 1759."

Les architectes feront leurs bureaux dans cette aile, transformeront la chapelle en atelier et utiliseront le joli petit jardin comme "campanile", c'est-à-dire qu'on y placera une cloche qui sonnera l'angelus chaque jour.

Ils conserveront, évidemment avec un soin jaloux, la magnifique verrière placée en haut de l'escalier sur laquelle apparaissent les armoiries de Montcalm et sa devise: "Mon innocence est ma forteresse."

Lorsqu'ils en firent l'acquisition en 1945, les prêtres y logèrent des ecclésiastiques, notamment des aumôniers d'Action catholique, et louèrent aussi à des particuliers. Parmi ces derniers, on relève le nom du plus célèbre d'entre eux, soit Sir Lomer Gouin, ancien premier ministre de la province de Québec.

Les architectes, donc, s'installeront dans la partie de droite, demanderont à la ville de replanter des arbres sur le terre-plein et loueront vraisemblablement les trois autres parties à des particuliers.

L'ex-maison Pie XII compte 32 chambres, porte les numéros 45, 47, 49 et 51 de la rue des Remparts et occupe un territoire entouré des rues Saint-Flavien, Couillard et Hamel.

Un autre élément intéressant de cette propriété réside dans les voûtes qui servirent, à l'instar de celles de l'Hôtel-Dieu, du Séminaire et des Ursulines, de lieu de refuge et d'abri pendant les guerres et les attaques des Indiens et d'entrepôt pour les vivres.

Ici, les religieuses de Sainte-Jeanne d'Arc, qui assument le service domestique de la maison, utilisent cet espace comme buanderie.

Inutile d'ajouter que les nouveaux propriétaires tiendront compte de l'apport de cet élément hautement historique et combien pittoresque. Nous n'avons pas, pour le moment, de détails sur leurs projets concernant ces voûtes dont la cons-

truction remonte, selon les experts, au 17^e siècle et dont l'é-

paisseur semble défier le temps et les intempéries.

Maison Pie XII

49, DES REMPARTS,
QUÉBEC.

February 22 (1947)

Dear Mr. DeKoninck,

You asked me to remind you that you would need to look at Silvester Maurus before leaving on your lecture tour.

I could not find Keats's letters in any library here; I will have to get a copy from London.

Should I want to read Silvester again myself I presume your secretary will be able to find the book for me in your absence. However I have gone through him once and must confess I find his comments dreadfully uninspiring; no doubt I am in the position of Queen Candace's eunuch.

Best wishes for a prosperous journey

A. Durand

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July 25, 1947

Dear Professor W. Konick,

My first few days at home have been full of trouble. I found my youngest sister, who is an Ursuline nun, in the hospital awaiting an operation which had been postponed in order that I might be present. The surgeon removed the uterus with a tumor so large - it was quite unbelievable. Fortunately it was not cancerous and had caused her distress for so short a time - that she was in good condition for the operation. She is quite young too, only 28, and is making an excellent recovery so far - but we sure had a few anxious days. I am going to bed tonight for the first time with some peace of mind after having lived a good deal of philosophy in a short period of time.

I had intended to write sooner, but have been too agitated and anxious to be able to take up a pen. However, let me now make amends by reporting myself safely arrived although not yet unpacked, and by thanking you once more with all my heart for your many kindnesses to me during the past few months.

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Let me express the hope that the illness
in your own family — I mean that pleurisy
of Arthur's — will turn out less serious than
appeared at first. I will do my best to re-
member him in my prayers

My kind regards to Mrs. De Rouinck.
I will write again, in a mood of greater
composure, let us hope, and perhaps to report
some advance in my work.

Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand

St. Patrick's Rectory
Dublin, Ontario

Sept. 11., 1947

Dear Professor DeKromnick,

I am writing from a little country village in our diocese, where an old friend and patron of mine is pastor, and where I usually come for a few days each year to catch up on my sleep. It is a week since I came and I have profited greatly from the rest and quiet already, to the point that I have begun to have a normal feeling again with regard to my correspondence and other small duties.

My letters to you, it would seem, must always contain some new record of distress. On August 1 my mother took a sudden heart attack and died. She had been in such good health for some months previous that it was a great shock, and her loss is irreparable what

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over the circumstances. She was much the greatest influence in my life, a gentle, saintly, humorous, vital sort of person, younger than any of her daughters. I have no difficulty in counselling myself on spiritual grounds, or better, finding ample spiritual grounds for consolation; but there remains the human feeling which I suppose we are not meant to escape.

My primary intention in writing was to recommend to your notice a new student for philosophy from our Seminary, Father Mark Wildgen. This young priest is destined for the Pontifical Institute of Scripture in Rome, and it was at first intended that he study only theology by way of preparation — the requirement for the Institute being the licentiate in theology — but I have prevailed upon the authorities to have him take at least the licentiate in philosophy before doing anything else. My argument was that he

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would learn the true fundamentals
of the logic with you and perhaps
nowhere else, and would be more
useful to a small college like ours
if he could function in more than
one department. This last type of argument
is always effective. Secretly I am hoping
that, once into philosophy, the victim
himself will insist on continuing to
the doctorate; and I am perfectly
sure he will ^{then} be better prepared for
anything whatever than he could become
by any other means.

Fr. Wildgen has plenty of intelligence,
perhaps not as broad a culture as you
might wish, but a charming, honest
character with no delusions as to
his own abilities or information. I hope
you will find him good material.

My kind regards to your wife
and to all the household. I often
think of them, particularly of the
little girl.

With sincere good wishes,

Faithfully in Christ
A. A. Durand

September 16, 1947.

Dear Father Durand:

Knowing how much your mother meant to you, we were very sorry to hear of her death. She will be in our family prayers for some time to come.

All things considered, we were very fortunate this summer. By the end of July, the whole family, one after the other, contracted the lung infection Arthur's own sickness had begun with. Zoé had it more seriously. Neglecting her own case, she developed a lung congestion and broncho-pneumonia. Dangerously ill for about a week she recovered promptly. I spent the first ten days of August in bed. Joseph-Marie had a steady fever for a month. However, all is now well.

I hope we shall be able to help the young priest you speak of in your letter. Right now, I'm rather vividly aware of our ineffable shortcomings. The new academic year begins this coming Wednesday. I have never felt quite so unprepared.

Don't forget to continue working on your thesis. If you put it aside too long, you will find it difficult to return to the subject and I'm afraid you might put it off indefinitely.

I hope you will be with us before Christmas to defend your thesis, and have at least one portion of it ready for publication.

The only thing I desire at the present time is to do some manual labor. By the way, I read that book you left me on Shakespeare and enjoyed it immensely. In the Times Literary Supplement of Saturday August 23rd, page 432, I find an advertisement for a book on the function of poetry (I do not know whether A.E. Housman is the name of the author or of the reviewer) published by John E. Edward. Do you know this work?

With our best wishes,

Cordially yours,

PS. The Deans had dinner last night with Cardinal Griffin and the Archbishop. I had quite a chat with the former. He told me the Times Literary Supplement was run by a fervent catholic—a certain Morrison. I had ask him how to account for the difference in policy between the newspaper itself and the Supplement.

SOME FAMOUS SIMILES

Life
and
Eternity

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until death tramples it to fragments.....
(Shelley, ADONAI'S, stanza 52)

The Moon
Rising

Eastward, large and still, lights up a bower of moonrise,
Whence, at her leisure, steps the moon aglow.
(George Meredith, LOVE IN THE VALLEY)

" maidens withering on the stalk" (Wordsworth)

Wordsworth
looks at
a statue
of Newton

Newton, with his prism and silent face
The marble index of a mind forever voyaging ^{(from The Great}
Through strange seas of thought alone. _{low)}
(Have'nt got it right, I'm afraid)

Flowers
in the
night

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
(Keats, ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE)

Effect of the
nightingale's
song(Romantic
image)

The same(song) that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.
(Keats, ibid.)

At certain
moments we
are conscious
of our pre-
existence.

Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither --
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
(Wordsworth, ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF
IMMORTALITY etc.)

Knight-
errant lost
among mountains

The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay, --
(Browning, Cilde Roland)

The sea
calm at night

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast.
(Coleridge, THE ANCIENT MARINER)

Coming of
Spring to
Earth

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

(Shelley, ADONAIIS, stanza 18)

Madame Bovary

"Mais elle, sa vie etait morne comme un grenier
dont la lucarne est au nord; et l'ennui, araignee
silencieuse, filait sa toile dans l'ombre dans
tous les coins de son coeur." (from memory)

Crescent moon

" et Ruth se demandait

Immobile, ouvrant l'oeil a moitie sous ses voiles,
Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'eternel ete
Avait, en s'en allant, negligemment jete
Cette faucille d'or dans les champs des etoiles."
(Hugo, of course. Makes you feel like applauding.
Not content to be splendid and inevitable; he
is bound he will appear so.)

On the royal
tombs in
Westminster
Abbey

Here the bones of birth have cried
'Though gods they were, as men they died!'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:
(Beaumont)

But Shakespeare, at his best, is entirely unique; he never looks for an image but simply thinks in images. Unfortunately I have no copy of the plays with me and so can only make a few jottings from memory:

The first few lines of Richard III:

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this proud sun of York
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house

The first scene of Hamlet(?)...someone says: "The air bites shrewdly.." and someone replies, "It is a nipping and an eager air" (!)

A dead soldier, in Macbeth: "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well".

Lady Macbeth washing her hands: "...rather shall this my hand
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red".

And see the speech on the virtues of Duncan.... "Pity, like a naked new-born babe" etc....

See the sonnet: "That time of year thou mayest in me behold...

~~xxxxxxxSong "When icicles hang by the wall,~~
~~And the sun~~

And what kind of an image, or what is it, when you address your girl thus: "Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure".

Coriolanus' wife has very little to say, "an excellent thing in woman". He greets her thus "My gracious silence, hail!"

(William Blake, imitating Shakespeare's song "When icicles hang by the wall", has something in his own lines almost worthy of the master:

"And jewel hangs from shepherd's nose.")

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



November 3, 1947

Dear Professor De Koninck,

I am sending you a rough draft of another chapter on Shelley and hope you will somehow find time to examine it. My next objective will be the question of art and morality but I cannot take it up immediately since I must give my attention to various jobs neglected while I was labouring at these pages which follow.

In your last letter you mentioned a work by A.E. Housman which I believe must be his "The Name and Nature of Poetry." I am familiar with this little book which is merely the copy of a lecture the author gave at Oxford or somewhere. I don't remember anything of great importance in it. He describes how the process of composition went on in his own case but makes no attempt at philosophy.

Fr. Wildgen reports himself pretty well buried in work but, to my relief, seems more than satisfied to be in philosophy.

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I would have felt remorse at my machinations concerning him if he now expressed regret at his lot. It is now my hope he will persevere to the doctorate and then we shall be able to go on teaching each other for the rest of our lives.

My kind regards to Mrs. DeKouinck and the rest of the family. You seem to have had a difficult summer of it with so much illness. I sincerely hope both she and the children show no effects of it now.

With best wishes

Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand

Nov. . 1947.

Dear Father Durand:

Our hour after receiving your paper, I'm ready to return it. If I did not get it over with immediately your manuscript might lie around until Christmas. Whatever the value of my judgment, I'm very pleased with it. It brings to me a feeling of nostalgia. While I know you do not realize it, you have created a veritable vacuum here. I know longer feel quite at home since you left. This should prove to you that when I expressed to you the wish of working together somehow, or somewhere, I meant it for reasons I myself was not fully aware of at time.

Reading your manuscript it occurred to me that in one respect poetry compares to the other arts as the *sensus communis* does to our eternal senses. Perhaps you might have pointed out that with all its advantages, and while simpliciter superior to the other fine arts, it does have the disadvantage of being more abstract, its conceptions cannot be embodied as those of sculpture, or of music, or of painting; it does not have to an equal degree that external sensuous intuitiveness; it retains so much of the stuff our thoughts are made of that it cannot espouse so intimately the forms of sensible things. But even this disadvantage is not absolute, since at the same time poetry can reach more deeply within the mind, driving it from within as it were.

On page 8, you say that "No living body merely endures". In fact movement is so much to any body, that St. Thomas says in *Phys. VIII*, lesson 1. n. 2: "*In tota universitate naturalium corporum motus consideratur ut vita quaedam.*"

I have had little contact with Fr. Wildgen. Judging from his questions however, I'm sure he is going to be a good student. He appears to be a little timid, but he will get over that.

In the family, things have turned to normal again. Arthur coughs, but with the necessary precautions he will be all right. I suppose you know that we are expecting number nine in the Spring.

Won't to try to come and pass your examination before Christmas.

With our warmest regards,

Yours most cordially,

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



November 30, 1947

Dear Professor DeKoninck,

Let me thank you for so promptly returning my manuscript, and for your kind words about it and about myself. Let me assure you that I shall always retain the warmest memories of an acquaintance-ship with you that I may perhaps now venture to call a friendship, and which I hope will be renewed and strengthened in the future in so far as the circumstances of our respective lives may permit.

With the best will in the world I yet have not been able to touch pen to paper with respect to my thesis since finishing that chapter which I sent to you. So many tasks are piled on me and I have so many speaking engagements which it seems my duty to accept, that I have been able to spare only an hour or two for less urgent matters. That meagre leisure has been spent in doing something you advised me to do long ago lest my finished work give a bad impression, namely, read Maritain -- Art et Scolastique. I am about half-finished now and find it not very profitable on the whole, too oracular and without sequence, but appearing to rest on a correct grasp of principle where you can determine what it rests on at all, and containing an occasional brilliant and profound remark.

You will gather that it is impossible for me to accept your kind invitation to come for my examination before Christmas. I would very heartily like to get it over with, but there seems no immediate chance of it. The defence of the thesis would give me little trouble, I hope, but to get ready for an examination in five propositions is another matter. You know very well that I could scarcely state five propositions outside the limits of the matter which we studied together and in which you taught me so much. It seems to me I had better plod along with the thesis until it is done, or nearly done, before I turn aside from it for the length of time and amount of concentration that will be necessary ~~to~~ to prepare for an examination. If however, you would prefer a different strategy, or if the following of ~~such~~ a different course would result in any service to you or the school, please let me know and I will find means to be on hand..

In your letter you make a most interesting and illuminating comparison whereby poetry is related to the other arts as the sensus communis to the other senses. I am bound I will work that into my chapter somewhere; it is too good to lose.

If you would like to know what constitutes my greatest grief at present, it is that I am obliged to give my days to modern philosophy, literature, this damn thesis, etc., when you have thoroughly and profoundly convinced me that the sublimely profitable way to spend one's time is with St. Thomas. I am a desert traveller, eternally delayed within sight of the oasis and the

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fountain of living water. There is nothing I want to do more than to begin the daily reading of the Summa which you advised. If there is any danger of my failing to finish my thesis, it will be because sheer exasperation has gained the upper hand; I shall have plunged into St. Thomas and will be floundering, oblivious of duty, in his luminous depths. The responsibility will be entirely yours.

My kindest regards to your wife; assure her of my prayers for a happy childbirth in the spring. I hope the other children continue all well. I often think of them and remember your home as one of the happiest I have ever seen.

Faithfully in Christ

A. W. Daniel

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



December 14, 1947

Dear Professor De Koninck,

Here are a few more pages I have managed to get done. The chapter on poetry and history has been made as brief as possible, partly because the job has been already done ^{in the article on Cassin}, and partly because so many of the principles involved have been pretty well threshed out by us in other chapters. Most of the other chapter you have already seen, but I made so many changes in it that I thought it best to ask you to look at them and the last part is quite new.

I have before me now The chapter on Tragedy, and that which will continue The discussion of poetry & morals. After that comes the treatment of poetry and Science which, thank heaven, we have already done, although I have some material to be added to it. — Then, by dam, I think it

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will be finished entirely.

Unless I am given jobs not now foreseen, or meet with some other sort of obstacle, it seems to me I should be able to reach a conclusion before spring — perhaps by Easter.

I am writing this long past my bed-time, my head being so dull and tired I can hardly see the page. Forgive me if I conclude without more ado.

Best wishes to all the family for the Christmas season. (Wear me, I suppose you are wearing fur caps and skiing and all that down there. Here we have scarcely any snow.)

Faithfully in Christ
A Durand

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London, Canada



February 1, 1948

Dear Professor DeKoninck,

I sent off the article you asked me to examine with all speed yesterday, not taking time to write an accompanying note. It is an extremely interesting piece of work, and I am glad to say that enough of your lectures had survived in my mind to make it possible for me to catch its general drift. Let me also remark, before I forget, that if its language is the unaided work of my pupil, he is making real strides and I hereby impart to him my congratulations. It really could have been printed - according to my best judgement - exactly as it stood, without deserving any reproach on the score of language.

It is good news to hear that the abbe Cantin's book is so nearly ready and is to have so generous a preface from yourself. I am very anxious to have as much of your writing about me as possible as a support for my classes; and will look forward to having this in psychology. Circumstances forced me into a course on modern philosophy this year, you know, and I can't tell you how much help I got from that thesis on Hume's criticism of the principle of causality. I would never have known how to deal with him without it. My whole trouble was an inability to see how simple the matter was; by which I do not mean that it is not difficult as well.

My own work is pretty much at a standstill. Something else more urgent and important has caught me up. I am off into a campaign of relief for the Church in Germany. It started as very little, a private charity, sending boxes of food to a convent or two and some families, but the letters I received were so heart-rending that, by Christmas, my peace of mind was gone and I felt something more extensive simply had to be done. So two weeks ago I succeeded in launching a campaign of publicity in the Catholic weekly of Ontario, and now, with the help of 15 or 20 students, we are answering 150 letters a week and sending out German addresses to Catholic families all over Canada. At most it will be very little, but it will make me feel ~~not~~ somewhat less uncomfortable on the Last Day..... and perhaps might lead to something more highly organised and effective later on.

However, I think the rush of correspondence will not last and, when I have cleared away one or two other little tasks, I will be able to take up that thesis again. Since you suggest putting off the consideration of poetry and history, I will go ahead with the question of poetry and morals. There is some introductory material on this point in the last group of pages which I sent to you, and which you now have -- consisting in a criticism of one or two tentative and superficial solutions offered by Shelley. I will assume there is nothing radically wrong with what I have said there and will move forward into the heart of the question.

You may expect me, I hope, in June or July. I count on following the

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summer courses. The only thing that might stop me would be a question of health. Lately it seems to me I am reaching the end of my strength as well as of my time, but at the same time I am trying to take such care of brother Ass as will enable him to endure a little work in the summertime. Dear me, the good Lord certainly expects all we can do doesn't He? no matter how many slothful resolutions I form, there is always something occurs to stir me up and make me work in spite of myself.

My kindest regards to Mrs. DeKoninck and to the whole household; I look forward to seeing them again.

Please do not hesitate to send me anything I can help you with; revising English is not difficult work for me, nor does it take very long when I can understand the argument.

Faithfully in Christ

A. W. D.

February 2, 1946.

Dear Father Durand,

I made all the corrections and used all the improvements you indicated. There is only one observation which leaves me puzzled: the "this sentence?" you wrote in the margin of the last phrase. I presume you wonder whether it should be added at all, and indeed I could drop it altogether. But it might leave one important idea "dans le vague". What I wish to convey by this sentence is that while we can never hope to attain the ideal of this dialectical method, we do achieve an imitation of it. I used that particular example not only because the toy is an instance of likeness to an original, but more especially because it suggests playfulness. When employing such a method we are like children amusing themselves with Lionel trains. The whole thing becomes incongruously solemn when we would have the game be more than what it is. Yet, that is the case of all modern philosophy. It is a serious business, but only when it is understood in the mode of Lear's jester. Although it is very much divine, it becomes quite ridiculous when stripped of the fool's garb. In the copy I sent to the printer I made the following change and addition: "Compared to the unity we approach by imitation, our method is but a toy. Yet, even a toy is a likeness. Perhaps the allegory of the Cave would be more fitting." The "Cave" is an allusion to Plato. Originally, I had intended to make only this allusion. But the method of limits, wherever we may apply it, is such a piddling thing that to view it as even tentatively liberating us from the condition of the "men enchained" in that dark dank cave, lacks all sense of proportion. This state is too damned serious — the more so because, in view of what we have been promised, our present state is just that. If you have any "précisions" to offer, I may still make some alterations in the proofs.

I have been working nights since September and I'm getting good and sick of it. Thanking you for your prompt help.

Cordially,

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



April 24, 1948

Dear Professor DeKoninck,

After a good many weeks of breathless activity in other directions, I have at last entered into a stretch of quieter water and have begun to take thought of the summer and of that thesis of mine, which hangs about my neck like the albatross. Although I have not done a thing at it since Christmas, the confession is not made with the least shame or contrition. I have been engaged in the relief of the German church and it has been work of a trying, but at the same time of a very consoling kind. Nor would I have met with half so much difficulty if I had not underestimated the kindness of our Canadian Catholic families, who flooded me with mail when I was not prepared to handle it. Of course, all we have managed to accomplish is only a drop in a bucket measured against the need, but these things are not measurable only by material standards, thank heaven, and it has done the students who helped me a great deal of good to have a share in this sort of work.

I think I explained that what I was doing was sending out names of German convents, families etc. to people who wanted to send help. Last week I was obliged to print an announcement asking the public to please stop writing, since the approaching end of the school year would soon deprive me of my secretarial staff.

So now I hope to get back to aesthetics and to do enough at it to be able to at least face my examination in July, there being really not a great deal left to do. My first step, I think, should be to get a typist started copying some of the chapters already finished, since I believe I am supposed to present three copies to you before the sou-
- 5105 -
enance.(?) And with this in view, may I ask you to send me the chapter or two you have on hand there. I know there is one of them -- that on poetry and history -- which must receive fuller treatment, but it seems to me I should have it copied with the rest. Of course, if you are satisfied to omit that chapter for the time being, I have nothing further to say. The other chapter, however, I would be glad to have with your comments, before going on with the question of poetry and morals.

I am trying to clear my desk of all other affairs, and to get this typist going, within the next few days, with the idea that I will then get out of London and go stay with a friend of mine in a quiet country parish, where I may work undisturbed. The Seminary is a hell of a place for anything demanding uninterrupted effort; there are 130 students here and too many of them have errands which take them to my door: then superiors are an unfeeling race, from the viewpoint of the temperamental scholar -- they don't understand how some trifling little task can thoroughly distract a man for a whole day.

We have received the last issue of the Laval Theologique with your long article and also a copy of the abbé Cantin's work. I see that you address yourself to the young and uninitiated and look forward to reading you all the more for that reason. I should also mention that I read lately a long letter from Father Wildgen, who has got over some of the difficulty and confusion he complained of in the beginning and who sneaks in terms of the highest praise of all his studies in Quebec. This testimony is important to me because I naturally had a

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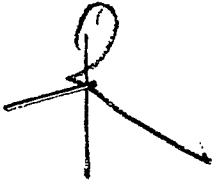
little trouble persuading the authorities that Laval was better than Rome or Washington for him, and that a Scripture man should begin in philosophy. We are sending another young priest away this fall, this time for Canon Law, and probably to Quebec; but I can't think of any reasonable argument for mixing philosophy and C. Law, so I will be obliged to let him follow his fate.

My best wishes to Mrs. DeKoninck and to all the children. I look forward to seeing you all again and already have my room reserved at the Maison Pie XII. I only wish there were nothing before me but the summer courses; my time would be spent in reading the texts in preparation for your classes. A person like me has really no business doing work like this thesis; that is "starting half-way", the error you attack so justly as being the vice of the moderns.--- But there is no help for it, of course, the thing must be done.

With sincere good wishes

Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand



St. Patrick's Rectory
Dublin, Ontario

May 19, 1948

Dear Professor.

I am - now, as you see, in - my
restic asylum, having arrived here
a week ago. In spite of examinations
to correct and a good deal of petty
business, I have managed to finish
another chapter of my thesis, - this
will be no. 8 "On Tragedy".

If you like, I could send it to you.
Your failure to reply to my last letter
makes me hesitate, lest my messages
are finding you too busy to attend to
them, or absent from Quebec perhaps. -
I might also mention that my typist
has caught up with me and we now
have the introduction and first five
chapters in their final form. These have
been re-written in spots and a few
footnotes and quotations inserted. I
think I have made a particular im-
provement in the general exposition of
the doctrine of imitation which is
found in the Introduction.

I now propose to tackle chapter
9. "The Question of Art's Morality Resumed,"
and as I remarked in my last
letter, I would be grateful if you could
return to me chapters 6 & 7, with your
comments (or without them if you are

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too occupied to make any) — the reason being that I have only an illegible pencil M.S. of those pages which my typist would not be able to use. It would then be possible for me to achieve a final fair copy of everything done so far.

A friend of mine, who has an exceptionally clear head, has supplied me with what seems a fine title for this thesis: "Shelley's Poetic Experience — a Thomistic (or Aristotelian?) Interpretation". I had had great trouble in finding a formula to convey our exact purpose. That seems to be pretty much what is wanted, to my mind.

I am working under the most agreeable circumstances just now, — a fine quiet house, in a quiet village. My mornings and evenings are spent in composition, my afternoons in walking in the woods, or shooting woodchucks. But it won't last. I have to be absent for two week-ends in June, and to make a retreat in that month as well. (However, with any luck, I should have all finished by July.)

May your silence mean nothing more than that you have many other things to do — or better still, that you boldly resolved to do nothing for a while.

With every good wish

Sincerely in Christ
A. Durand

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

R



June 29, 1948

My dear Professor,

Hoping your journey to Spain has had a tonic and vacational effect on you and that you are now safely home again, I write this little note to mention that I expect to be in Quebec next Saturday, July 2. I will not try to say how much I look forward to meeting you again; it will be long before I forget the many happy meetings we had over Shelby's essay, and the patience and zeal with which you worked to get a few principles into my head.

Mrs. Wkonick and the children will no doubt have gone to their summer quarters while you remain at home to prepare exotic dishes over the kitchen stove. I shall be sorry to have missed them, although happy to think they will be enjoying a pleasant and necessary vacation. It must be particularly fine for the children to have plenty of space to run in; you know, I have no high opinion of the old-fashioned

Quebec style in streets and houses; it seems to have only grown-ups in view.

Anticipating these domestic conditions, might I venture to invite you to have dinner with me some evening after my arrival — Sunday or Monday perhaps? I remember your low opinion of Quebec restaurants, but there would be no dishes to wash anyhow, and it would give me great pleasure to have you as my guest for once.

My thesis is finished, with certain re-visions, and copied. I have left one minor question unsettled which will add 4 or 5 pages to the chapter on Poetic Instinct; and there is the matter of poetry and history which you felt was handled too briefly.

I fervently hope the treatment I give to art & morality will be found substantially satisfactory, for it cost me more in mental effort and in nervous indigestion than all the rest. I will be biting my nails while you read it.

Happy to be able to say

à bientôt

C. W. D.

— QUEEN'S HOTEL

N. MCKECHNIE, PROP.

MANITOWANING

ONT.

Aug 31 1948

Dear Professor McKinnick,

I am writing, propped on a creaky old bed, in a big barn of a hotel on Manitowlin Island. The fishing has been such that I have scarcely had a minute to myself in the past ten days, but I have been carrying the MS of my thesis about with me and working a little at its revision for press from time to time. The first five chapters, which you wanted by September 1st, are ready now, and I am sending them off to you. The package is ⁱⁿ brown paper from an old sugar-sack, borrowed from Chow, our cook, and it is appropriately tied with a bit of spare fishing-line. If you ever want to really fish black bass, come here and, if you can manage it, get Raymond Estkokoyan to take you out. Raymond seems to be able to smell fish under

QUEEN'S HOTEL

N. MCKECHNIE, PROP.

MANITOWANING
ONT.

My copy is not very tidy but I believe it should be legible to any printer with good will. Were I not afraid of delaying the next issue of the Review, I would keep it long enough to have some sections re-typed: it seemed to me you would prefer some sort of copy at once, rather than a neater one later on.

I hope you yourself were able to get off with Mrs DeKoninck for the expedition, in you had planned to make in early August. The first three weeks of the month were rather cold and stormy in this part of the world and, when I thought of you, perhaps under canvas. I wished you summer days. The kind of outing you were planning is what I enjoyed most as a boy and think I would enjoy still if I had boys with me. When everything is dripping wet, and the fire won't start, and the tent blows down, and there is sand in the butter, boys really begin to

QUEEN'S HOTEL

N. MCKECHNIE, PROP.

MANITOWANING

ONT.

enjoy themselves and to show real resource.
I confess, however, that I cannot fit the
lady into this picture. Her mere presence, it
seems to me, would incline one to whine
and complain because things were not as they
were at home. You are either looking after a
lady or wondering why the devil she is not
looking after you. The atmosphere of mother
and kitchen must be completely banished if
you are to enjoy gilly butter and tinned
beans under damp canvas. But perhaps
I am quite mistaken here, and after all, there
are girl Guides, and it must be supposed
that in their case some solution has been reached
for the dilemma I proposed; it may be
possible to have feminine companions
who will neither clamor for protection nor
insist to assume maternal responsibility
for everything. Well, I will be glad to hear
how the journey came off.

I should perhaps mention more
explicitly that I am writing in
difficult conditions. The hotel is a

terrible old place, with neither chairs
nor tables in the rooms. At the 2nd floor
two floors below I was allowed these
"sheets" of paper and an envelope, and
I am writing on the bed as best I can.
But, oh dear, what fishing we have had!
This is our second year with Raymond.
The man is a genius at finding them.
I have often wanted some experience
with trout, but I find it hard to
imagine a finer game fish, on light
tackle, than the black bass. I am
glad to end my letter with this praise
of him. Ever faithfully yours

A. D. Arnold

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada



October 5, 1948

My Dear Professor,

I have just returned the second and final instalment of proofs of the thesis which you are so kindly accepting for the Review and feel obliged to write to you concerning an even kinder offer which you made to secure some off-prints of it for my personal use. If you remember, you thought yourself able to arrange to have about a hundred copies sent to me so that I might offer them to my friends etc. At the time I made some mild protest that I would never have any use for so many, but I gave the matter no explicit consideration. Now, however, when it appears that the date of publication cannot be far off, I feel obliged to thank you once more but to repeat that it will be mistaken generosity to send me so many. Among my friends there are hardly any who will have a keen interest in the subject of this article, nor do I have many so intimate as to require that I take notice of them by sending them a copy. I am sure, then, that you will not think of it as any sign of a lack of appreciation of your kindness if I say that I will be very grateful for 15 or 20 copies but that any quantity larger than that will run the risk of accumulating dust in some corner of my room.

Regarding the second instalment, concerning which Simard has informed me of your wish that it be sent along as soon as possible, I am obliged to state that it is not possible for me just now to predict when it will be ready. I really have a great many tasks on my hands and can only work at the thesis by fits and starts. But rely on me to do my best. Heaven knows no one will be more thankful than myself when it has reached its final form.

My kindest regards to your wife and my best wishes for the children. As for yourself, I hope you are keeping early hours and following your own maxim -- one I often bring to the attention of my classes now -- homo sedens etc. The associative link eludes me but those words have suddenly recalled to my mind a visit to our Western Fair where I saw some perfectly sublime hogs. How I wished you were there in order that I might have the benefit of some of your observations. These pigs, huge boars, would undoubtedly have inspired you. Walls, ramparts of fat, ingratiatingly hideous of countenance; astoundingly possessed of the power of locomotion: they have solved the problem of existence by absorbing, as it were, their universe, and lie there uttering in contented grunts, rich and final, a kind of Parmenidean theme, that all is Pig and Pig is all except for

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that which is susceptible of becoming Pig, perhaps. But allbrutes are Parmenideans, are they not? Anyhow, I know of no more consoling or satisfying spectacle than that of a good big pig.

A dreadful theme on which to close, but a bell has rung and I do not wish to leave this letter in the machine. Best wishes to you all again. (Give my regards to M. Miller if you see him).

Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand

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November 17, 1948.

Dear Father Durand,

M. Simard sent me three more chapters of your thesis this evening. Lest I shelve them for weeks to come I have preferred to examine them without delay.

There is only one line of importance that I would object to. It is on page 115i: "actual events do indeed proceed according to a Design than which nothing would seem more beautiful, were we capable of apprehending it, while the catalogue of detached facts conveys no trace of any design." My objection is that even a catalogue of facts may at times reveal design. The point you should make however is that design is not the criterion of history. Facts are the business of history whether they reveal design or not. In this same sentence I would use the word "record" rather than "catalogue". Hence, I would say something like this: "...while the recorded facts will not be less historical for lack of design.

On the preceding page (115h) you use the expression "formal object", which might unnecessarily create confusion in reader's mind. It would be enough to say: "an object of its own."

On page 114, you say: "The tragedy of fate, which the poet clearly has in mind, supposes in its audience a very high degree of intellectual culture, able to find relief in any solution, no matter how terrible." The expression: "intellectual culture", is perhaps too ambiguous, and might convey to the reader that only the "cultured audience", in the modern sense of the word, could possibly appreciate the tragedy of fate. Provided you agree with this remark, you will surely find another expression.

On the same page you say: "But it is hardly to be supposed that Shelley finds in this explanation the same high, stoical satisfaction which it provided ~~to~~ mind." In the Greek any other context the adjective "stoical" might be harmless enough. But to speak of the stoical satisfaction of the Greek mind leaves only a small "s" to save that mind from

...the Stoicism of the Stoics. Perhaps it would be better
 to use an adjective such as "detached", "unperturbed",
 "measured", "cool", or "cool yet intense", etc.
 The pages you have added to the VI are excellent,
 and I enjoyed reading them a second time. Your the-
 sis is one I'm very proud of. We will send you no more
 offprints than you asked for; but I will have a considera-
 ble number of them made for myself. As you perhaps know,
 the University claims fifty offprints to be sent to other
 Universities. Usually the students must pay the expense
 of these copies. In your case however I will do the ut-
 most to get them free. I think our Review owes you this
 compensation. I hope I will succeed. If I do, keep it
 to yourself and to your superior.

M. Kolnai told me he suspects you of wondering
 at my silence. You most certainly have the right to,
 after those two delightful letters left unanswered.

We spent (that is Zoé, the six eldest children,
 and myself) two delightful weeks at the Baie des Rochers
 during the month of August. Our fishing however was con-
 fined to herring, caught by the method of St. Peter. The
 fact that I prefer this "poor man's meat" (Flemish) to
 either trout or salmon left me quite satisfied. A beau-
 tiful trout strayed into our net, which allowed on-the-spot
 comparison. No breakfast can surpass two or three herrings
 and an extra dozen of milts into the bargain (per Milo).
 Having no jeep, we had to remain at the Baie des Rochers.
 It turned out to be by far the better alternative.

Father Wildgen is doing fine. I suspend my judgment
 on Sister St. Michael. I allow that in the end she may surprise us.

We miss you very much, and it is one of the major
 trials of my life that you should be so far. Zoé sends
 you her warmest regards.

Yours very cordially,

P.S. Just as I finished this letter I received a copy of the
 latest issue of the Laval théologique et philosophique contain-
 ing the first part of your work which I reread. I cannot re-
 frain from telling you again how much I like it. I recommend

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November 22, 1948

My dear Professor,

Thank you for your letter, and for all the kind remarks which it contains. Some of them I cannot allow to pass unqualified, however. For example, I refuse to believe your Review owes me any compensation for my contributions to it. The Review is saving me the considerable sum that would be required for the private printing of my thesis; and, what is far more important, you do wrong to encourage me in the delusion that I could have done anything of consequence without your help. For my part, I have carefully preserved the fair copy of my handwritten thesis, for the deliberate purpose of comparing it with the work done under your direction; I hope by this means to keep my head clear.

So, while I have no objection to your offer to get me something free, if you can. (I am not poor, at present, but all my resources present and some future - have gone into a car, about which my conscience bothers me a little, though it is the cheapest kind). That parenthesis was far too long; to

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return to the point, — I shall be only too glad to pay whatever may be required of me, if your plan does not succeed; and my strongest feelings towards the University and towards yourself are those of gratitude.

You may stop banging my on the desk. Indeed, there was no need for it. I had told Seward he would have the remainder of the work within a week and it was sent to him on Sunday last. Perhaps I should rather have gone to you? — It seemed to me there was not enough that was new in it to require your reading it again. My false ideas on art and morality have been thrown out of Ch. IX, and the correct doctrine stated in their place. Two or 3 pages of Ch. ~~X~~ have been moved back into IX to support the doctrine just mentioned and, in their place, I have written an additional page or two on the shortcomings of the image as a means of knowledge. This last addition allows me to bring in a fine passage from Shelley heretofore ignored.

I have sent a card to Seward, asking him to send me the MSS of Ch's VI, VII, VIII in order that I may make the little alterations

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which you suggest. I will return them to him without delay. It was a relief to me that you were able to approve the pages on P. & History. The view I took seemed to me over-simple, but I could do no other.

Well, I feel now like the Centurion disembarassed of his albatross. After a few days of catching up on tasks that I have neglected, I expect to be able to do some decent teaching again.

I am glad to have good news of Fr. Wildgen, although any other sort would surprise me. As for Mother St. M., I leave her to you. Personally, I find her so damnably tiresome that all my mental faculties are paralyzed in her presence. Hitler, I understand, had a similar effect on his subordinates. She should make a formidable subject for an oral exam; I venture to think you will never be able to put more than one question to her. But I am cruel.

My kindest regards to Madame and to all the children. I was happy to hear the report of your vacation — although catching fish in a net seems to me a dreadful travesty of genuine sport.

Faithfully in Christ
A. Durand

November 29, 1948.

Dear Father Durand,

M. Simard has given me the final chapters of your work. Here again I have a few slight suggestions to make.

Page 158 — I don't remember whether in another part of your work you have explained the idea that somehow all the works of art of whatever nature are ordered to man, as St. Thomas says in his commentary on Book II of the Physics, lesson 4, number 8: "Item considerandum est quod nos utimur omnibus quae sunt secundum artem facta, sicut propter nos existentibus. Nos enim sumus quodammodo finis omnium artificialium." Unless you have already done so, here might be occasion at least to call attention to this idea. For, you say: "In art, the end is sought for its own sake", which is quite true. My suggestion is (but you may have a sound reason for not following it) that you add a footnote amounting to something like this: The fact that the artist pursues the good of the work does not prevent the latter from being in turn ordered to some further end. As St. Thomas says, and here you could quote the passage I have just copied.

Page 175 — "...this second reason, oddly enough, is at the same time the foundation of that true and inescapable obligation to respect morality from which the fine arts cannot escape." I wonder how necessary are the words "and inescapable". You may have some fine nuance in mind, but I don't see it.

Page 206 — The present page stands as it was written before you remade your chapter on art and history. You say that: "the speculative thinker is always concerned with things in their unchangeable and necessary aspect, whereas the poet is primarily concerned with the contingent". What difference is there between the poet and the historian? I return you this whole page, for, a little farther on, a similar statement is made, namely, "The object of his consideration is therefore the particular contingent" etc. I would here briefly develop the idea that the poet has to do with a far less rational object which, from the scientific point

view is never quite devoid of some contingency. As you had shown above, the domain of poetry is an intermediate one, between science and history. You might quote the passage from St. Thomas' commentary on the Sentences, prologue to the first book: "Poetia scientia est de his quas propter defectum veritatis non continent rationes capit, unde oportet quod quasi quibusdam simpliciter rationibus seductur." (Q. I, art. 5, ad tertium). Even if I miss your point, something will have to be done to dispel the apparent contradiction between what you say here and what you have said in the chapter on poetry and history.

Page 209 — Speaking of the artist and the moralist you say "it is never truly the same object the two are dealing with, and the difference between them is fundamental". It would be better to say "formally" instead of "truly". It may be truly the same yet not formally the same, and vice versa.

Page 214 — The similarity between what Bacon says in that quotation and what St. Thomas says in the quotation from the Sentences is quite striking and I believe it deserves to be pointed out explicitly.

Page 215 — You say: "The purpose of the analysis just made is not to belittle poetry, nor to question its absolute necessity for the human race,..." I would throw out "absolute". Absolute necessity is opposed to necessity "ad bene esse". Your use of the adjective "absolute" would require some explanation.

Page 218 — You say: "The poet's natural descriptions, then, need not respect the findings of the botanist or biologist, nor his treatment of historical themes the researches of historians;..." This may be too easily misunderstood, in view of what you will say later, on the necessity of conforming to moral truth in poetry. Hence I would qualify this statement. You might forestall misunderstanding by stating simply: "need not be based on the findings" etc.

Page 239 — After the statement: "The philosopher's restless dissatisfaction is what urges him to abandon the city, if indeed it does not cause him to be driven out of it; the poet, on the contrary, is sure of the welcome and esteem of all men", I would be very much tempted to add: He who would philosophise to obtain that esteem would indeed be a sophist.

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Dec. 11, 48.

Saturday

My dear Professor,

I hope this note will meet
with your approval. It is certainly
a very necessary qualification.

Regarding the similarity between that
fine quotation from Bacon and what St. Thomas
says in the Sentences, I have thought it well
and more dutiful to St. Thomas, to give his
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to remind the reader of it when Bacon
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I have two separate sermons to
give to-morrow but have done
my best to save poor M. Seward
any delay.

In hopeless haste

A. W. W. W.

My dear Frances,

Jan. 8.

I have kept from you our old copy of
Life - old and battered as you will see -

containing certain information I think worth
knowing. In a Catalogue which I have mentioned to
you. They will be a little better than nothing, as
I am sending them.

I began a few weeks ago to read 2 ant. cl. in
the summer each day. But about 4 or 5 ant. cl.
I never seems to be able to read, but I am now
to begin to read it. I have finished the 1st part,
and will then consider whether I can not perhaps
take up more when I still need more.

Ever yours

C. D. Wood

(1949)

FIFTH PHILOSOPHER'S SONG

A million million spermatozoa
All of them alive;
Out of their cataclysm but one poor Noah
Dare hope survive.

And among that ~~bill~~ billion minus one
Might have chanced to be
Shakespeare, Another Newton, a new Donne --
But the One was Me.

Shame to have ousted your betters thus,
Taking ark while the others remained outside!
Better for all of us forward Homunculus,
If you'd quietly died!

Aldous Huxley

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Use it in your lectures on
Existentialism.

I am terribly busy - Philosophy,
Eng. Literature - and a little
dash of Liturgy this year too! The
Liturgy is to a small class of
non-Catholics at a newly-founded
College of Liturgical Music. (A queer
experiment).

I will write one of these days

A. Durand