

Re 30 June

27-8

ST PATRICK'S RECTORY
DUBLIN ONTARIO

June 24 1960

Dear Charels,

I am sending by this mail the MS on Natural Science. Although it covers ground now somewhat familiar to me from your previous articles and papers, I find it quite interesting by reason of the remarkable passages from Heisenberger and Born. These fellows are far from being stupid after all. It is too bad that the second-rate writers don't read them more carefully. I have been reflecting, though, how puzzling the bigger men may seem to the little men. Born and his peers deserve very great credit, I should think, for seeing these principles, when they have had no special philosophical formation, and with a whole world pretty much against them.

If I can get time to make copies of them, I would like to send you copies of a couple of conferences which I give to priests, and of one that I sometimes give to nuns. I would like you to read them over with two ends in view: first, to point out any bad thinking in philosophy or theology; and secondly, to add any ideas which may suggest themselves to you.

No use, I suppose, to bring this up again. Do you recall that I once mentioned a young doctor of philosophy at our university, Harlod Johnson by name. A remarkable phenomenon in these parts because, although formed in modern American universities, and surrounded by colleagues who are all positivists or pragmatists, etc., he calls himself a Thomist. He asked me to recommend him to the C. Council for a small grant to cover expenses while he went to Toronto during the summer to work at the Quinque Viae. Toronto here just means the use of the library at the Medieval Institute. I did recommend him, and he got his grant.

Now the question he wants to "research" in, is the reason for five ways, rather than three or six. It's a question, and no harm can come from going into it. (How our boy is going to get far beats me, since he reads Latin hardly at all. --- Imagine, becoming a Thomist with no better fare than is provided by the existing translations) I have tried to help him, but am beyond my depth. I also consulted Wildgen, who had nothing to offer.

All right, why ARE there five ways. What is back of the number? Why not three? or eighteen? You ought to be able to provide the man with at least a lead. I hate to think what will happen to him if he simply reads or listens to the men who will be available in Toronto

I was sorry to learn of all your family troubles, and particularly sorry to hear that Arthur is still having such trouble in finding his way. Why not let the poor boy give up school. These nervous types are surely better off working as technicians, or just plain good mechanics, surely. When does Tom get married? After the Oxford exams? I don't believe in long engagements.

Sincerely in Christ

C. E. Howard

(Karsh is coming to photograph our chapel this week. I hope some favorable publicity will come of it, for Phil and for our Lady)

Dear Charles,

July 19 1960

I am in Dublin again but only for a couple of days. After Thursday try Goderich, St. Peter's Church.

I very heartily wish I could ask the "pertinent questions" a bit more to the point and natural selection. Perhaps if I could find the right question, I could answer it myself.

Somehow, there seems to be something you overlook and I keep wondering if that bird-shot in eye is not to blame. Suppose we analyse the implied parallel.

Bird shot
"random" in only
one sense

a) fired in great numbers with no attention to course of this pellet or that but only of the whole.

b) But not random in sense that whole mass has plain purpose, and design of each pellet reveals purpose of whole. (Round, heavy etc)

(The true parallel in nature is the annual shower of seeds from trees & plants)

a) As with a) above - great numbers and no attention to effect of this one or that.

b) But also random in that no two are alike (except by chance), so that plainly their cause cannot be purposeful. No true parallel that I know of in the world of art. There is sense in the way the pellets occur in a cartridge of shot; but no sense in the way mutations occur in De Vries' field of evening primrose.

Mutations are
Radiation's same
"random" in
physic? at least two
senses

you see what I am driving at. When we examine the seeds of the maple tree, noting their uniformity, the mechanism for making them travel on the wind, their large numbers, etc. — it is plain enough that behind this you there is intelligent aim. But when we examine a mass of mutations, we meet with no parallel except as to great numbers.

I concede of course that we may be looking for purpose at the wrong end. Perhaps the natural agent here is the recipient of the mutation, and only the recipient, (as if you subject me to a hail of miscellaneous missiles, among which I choose to salvage the tomatoes, eggs, and other comestibles, because I am hungry). But if the selecting is being done by the living creature, not by the forces of environment, we face a lot of difficulties. don't we? And the Darwinians will protest that we are begging the question, I suppose.

This is the best I can do at the moment. But I will go on thinking about it.

In my own leisure, I am trying to compose a couple of conferences for nuns on friendship in the religious life. Very difficult subject. If St Thomas has anything to say about it (in the religious life, mark you) please let me know. St Francis de Sales in Introduction à la vie dévote, speaks of such friendship as unnecessary and probably wrong. But I find it very hard indeed to accept this view. Was he thinking only of small houses of contemplatives? Where are the real signs of friendship would have to be

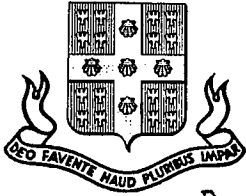
Kept under close control?

I have got great help by P.S. Lewis's
latest book The Four Loves. In part. in
the chapter on Eros opened my calibrate
eyes. My, he seems a fine constabularian! How
can he stay out of the Church?

All the best to Tom

G. Durrant

(and permit me to chuckle over the prospect
of you falling rather about. He is probably
convinced — I hope so, anyway — that his
duty is to do the same for you)



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL
QUÉBEC, CANADA.

July 22, 1960

Dear Father Durand:

First, the bird-shot is only an analogy, which can give no more than an extrinsic approach to the problem at hand. The related proportions (hunter, birdshot; intellect, radiation) should not be pinned down too neatly.

You point out that mutations are random in at least two senses. I wish I understood your distinction. The radiation is analogous to the shot. As to the unlikeness of the mutations themselves, this is accounted for by the differences in the subjects which the radiation ~~actually~~ affects. And why can their cause not be purposeful? Why should random dissimilarity exclude purpose when it results in some favourable mutations? As Aristotelians (and Darwin seems to go along with this) we observe nature seeking to propagate and to improve upon her works. I had no difficulty seeing this when I read de Vries, as a student in Louvain. You must admit that there is an analogy between the way nature maintains the species and the way she brings about new ones.--To convince me, you will have to state your case differently.

But I remain very much aware of the difficulty ⁱⁿ relating the effects, such as favourable showers, to their proportionate cause. It is significant that Aristotle, where he shows how they who believe that everything in nature can be explained in terms of causes that are prior in being (agens et materia), should give an example of how they would go about explaining the formation of clouds, of rainfall, and the growth of crops. This view is to him untenable. But he leaves the whole thing up in the air. Now there must be some good reason for his procedure. St. Thomas observes, briefly, that they who would take this example in earnest would make a false assumption. "Unde augmentum frumenti inconvenienter accipitur in exemplum: comparatur enim causa universalis ad effectum particularem." St. Thomas means, if I understand, that a universal agent is involved, that we see in some measure how it works (for if the whole business were in our hands we would form clouds the way nature does, and make rain fall so that the crops might grow), but we do not in fact know who this agent is. At any rate, we must relate these particular effects to a universal cause, even though we do not know just what this cause is. Voilà pourquoi Aristotle shuts his mouth. Meantime the other fellows can have their way, up to a point.

/ni
A Father Paul Philippe, O.P., wrote on the subject of friendship () and he has something to say on the problem you raised L'amitié chrétienne. I'm sending the book to you under separate cover. I have an idea, though, and you seem to have the same one: it would be contrary to nature to frown upon special friends in a large community. St. Thomas, after all, was a very special friend of Reginald of Piperno, his secretary. Such friendships would be largely based upon natural temperament and particular ends. The point is that they should serve charity towards all. Read IIa IIae, q. 26, de ordine charitatis. This also makes me think of Aristotle's observation that under democracy, special friends are more necessary than in other forms of government, because of its very diffuseness. As a general preparation you must read Ethics

VIII and IX. I have a copy of Father Conways translation of St. Thomas's commentary, which I will send you as soon as I find it.

From your letter I assume that you have received the ~~paper~~ pages^m science and possibility.

If you knew Arthur's predicament you would have no mind to joke.

Most cordially,

BOX 1358
GODERICH ONTARIO

Dear Charles,

July 27 (48 yrs old 1960
to-morrow)

By this time I suppose that you will have received the second MS with some further comment from me.

Of all that you have done on the problem of reconciling mutations with our doctrine of purpose in nature, I am most impressed with the two pages on the analogy between the manufacture of the car and the natural generation of a species. Yet I hesitate over it a little simply because I don't yet grasp the underlying principles too well, I suppose. To what extent are the two cases parallel? Is it safe to reason from one to the other? I suppose to those who would refuse to allow ~~the~~ the parallel, we should reply that they can make the refusal only by rejecting all our experience of purpose in natural things. This is what gets me: our scientist adversaries seem coolly to ignore all human experience of purpose in the world around us, and to assume that it is unscientific to take any account of it; then, on the basis of experience, they reason to evolution, the causes of it, mutations, chance and all the rest. So that we each begin with assumptions which the other cannot or will not allow.

Now, as to your last letter. I was not taking your analogy of hunter and bird-shot as you intended, because I had no idea you were ready to accept the scientific theory so whole-heartedly. In my imagination, we and the world about us were simply on the receiving-end of an aimless shower of mutations, never mind where they came from or what caused them. I would never go so far as to accept that they were an effect of cosmic radiation, from what I know of the state of science. The fact that X-rays can cause them in *Drosophila*, for example, is not proof enough to me that radiation is what causes them everywhere. So that, in my view, we are simply in no position to suggest that the radiation may be guided or directed. Mutations are arising in living things continually, in all directions. To my notion, they simply are proof that whereas individual natures are certainly stable, they are not entirely stable.

I hope this will help you to understand what I meant when I asserted that the mutations are random in two senses, when compared with our charge of shot. They are random in that they are liable to occur anywhere anytime, as the pellets of our shot have no assigned target, taken individually. But they are random again, in that there is no such thing as a large number of the same mutation occurring at the same time, so as to make sure of getting itself lodged in some species; whereas our shot is fifty pellets of the same kind of thing, the purpose of which can be partly read by examination of each pellet or any pellet.. Now, damn it, that makes sense to me. A shower of shot is a shower of shot. A shower made up of an old shoe, a baby's rattle, a grain of rice, a scrap of leather, a ball-point pen, a pebble, an ancient egg, and a piece of bacon-rind, is a phenomenon much harder to find purpose in.

I may observe also that I see no great point in quoting Darwin in support of purpose in nature, just because some of his phrases lend themselves easily to that interpretation. What ever the beggar may have said here and there, he does explicitly and finally rule out purposes, as you know very well. Hence he can't mean what his words seem to say when he speaks of the works of 'nature' as superior to those of art.

The matter of the difficulty of finding the proportionate cause for an effect which we feel sure is purposeful seems to me very important. Many readers will be altogether too ready to assume that we dare not hold for purpose unless we know what the purpose is. More dangerous still is the possibility -- I may get lost here -- that the obscurity of purpose itself, in itself, may be compounded by the obscurity of this or that case of it (as our inability to comprehend what a man is up to in a given piece of conduct might lead us to conclude that he is irrational in all of his conduct). It is therefore very important to make it clear to people that our assertion of purpose in nature is not an assertion that we can always indentify what the purpose is, nor even that in this case nature does have one. After all, whoever is managing the rainfall is doing a strange job of it, since it rains like hell out in the middle of the sea but not a drop in the Sahara Desert. I would prefer to back away from such phenomena, let Exp pedocles have his way, and stick to the incontrovertible cases.

Well, if you can understand me, let me hear what you have to say about my remarks on Huxley's use of 'chance' as opposed to N. Selection.

I have begun to write out those conferences on friendship and am not sure that I will read what you send, simple because I will never get them done at this rate. Every subject I take up is five times mor difficult that I expected: it goes on and on, spreading out into problems and objections like your book on nature. There seems no course but to cut it short and set about writing. However, I had gone through the Summa on Divine Charity -- a beautiful tract -- and got nothing from it in a way, and everything in another. I mean that there is little that I will use or quote, but plenty of fundamental guides to thought without which I would have made many a blunder.

And by the way: "hoc habet quod non subito oritur, sed per aliquam assiduum inspectionem rei amatae", of love as a passion! What, no love at first sight? (xxvii, a.2) And he says the same of love as an act of the Will.

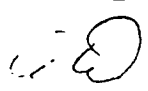
I will however try to read over the Ethics, and am glad to have the numbers of the sections which are relevant. Why do you propose sending me a translation? Damme, I know my Latin is not so hot, but I would sooner work my way through the Latin than bother with any translation yet known to me. All last winter I tried to use in class that manual of Met. by Fr Reith of N. Dame. The translations of the Latin passages made me give up in despair. They are simply scandalous. I could do better my self.

You have not mentioned the date of the wedding, but assure Tom of my prayers on ar about the great day, anyhow. I hope Christine(?) will take to the Quebec climate, poor thing. But perhaps that is not where they plan to live. (And does Tom now have his doctorate from Laval?)

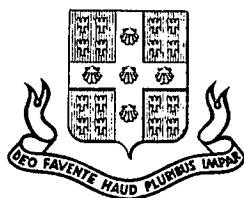
I am sorry to have been flipant about Arthur. I find it hard to believe that a big fellow like him, at his age, can be truly in the state you describe. Doubtless it is all the more serious because he is so young.

XXXXXXXXXXXX for Boezel

Sincerely in Christ



(Brouillon)



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL
QUÉBEC, CANADA.

29 July 1960
(54 years old today)

Dear Father Durand:

The motor car analogy is not intended to prove anything at all. My whole point is that in man and the recognizable animals we observe purpose. The denial of purpose, or rather its implications, ~~xxx~~ then made plain by the analogy.

Now, as to accepting the present scientific theory whole-heartedly, I certainly do not. My argument is dialectical: ~~xxxx~~ if evolution were to be explained by random mutations produced by random radiation, even this would not rule out purpose. That's all I ever intended. Nature produces radiation, and this affects living organisms, sometimes to the point of mutation. Your qualification that mutations are "random again, in that there is no such thing as a large number of the same mutation occurring at the same time, so as to make sure of getting itself lodged in some species;..." does not bring in anything new. Life depends on radiation, and sometimes this radiation produces a stable mutation. Why can this not be intended? Your difficulty seems to arise from a misinterpretation of my hunter and his shot: you want the mutation to be lodged in some individual living thing the way a pellet is lodged in the game--as if the mutation came from the outside the way the pellet does. What you should compare is the effect of the pellet with the effect of radiation. Nature does not launch ~~radiation the way we launch pellets~~ mutations the way we launch pellets. You appear to think that she does, if I understand your "shower made up of an old shoe, a baby's rattle" etc.

As to Darwin and purpose, he must have had in mind an utterly false conception of purpose, and this one he has effectively ruled out. Don't forget that Suarez, Spinoza, and Leibniz, who talked so much about final causes did not have the slightest idea of what these words meant to St. Thomas. Final causality had become identified, in Darwin's time, with Bernardin's conception of it in his Etudes de la nature (1737-1814) ~~xx~~. ~~I mean Bernardin de St.-Pierre~~ Darwin was merely trying to explain how 'good species' are achieved. If he said in so many words that N.S. has no purpose, I would understand that ~~either~~ he does not know what he is talking about, but I would still maintain that he has not denied what we intend by this term. I do not think that Darwin was insincere when he spoke of the works of nature as superior to those of art. He may have been cautious in view of the misunderstanding arising from creationism. Remember, too, that you could show how a motor car is produced without telling what it is for, and the damn thing would be exactly the same.

Whenever I write about final causality in nature, I'm always careful to point out that it remains obscure, and that it is only in the more manifest shapes of life that we can discern purpose and function. When we get to rainfall, sea and desert, I give up, as Aristotle did. It is obvious all the same that there is beneficent rainfall. The plant on the edge of the desert struggles for water, and surely water is good when it gets it. The only point to be made is that if there is good there is purpose, and, if purpose, a purposeful agent. Now, to relate rainfall and life as if rainfall were the last word on why trees exist and grow, would be silly; there must be a proportionate cause beyond the rainfall and other conditions of this or that sort of life. What is it? We don't know. Hence

non thèse

Aristotle's silence.

Your remarks on Huxley's use of 'chance' as opposed to N.S. got me to write a footnote, here enclosed, which I will add to 'Science and the Possible.' The bugger knows that pure chance, or aimless random mutations, taken by itself, cannot account for evolution. And so he brings in N.S. as an ordering and guiding principle. When we say 'sapientis est ordinare' he takes away the 'sapientis' and holds on to the 'ordinare.' But you know ~~such people~~ that people ~~such as~~ ^{like} Huxley will never be in a mood to discuss such problems. It seems to me that Huxley and his sort~~x~~ (including Russell) do not really want to know what the case is, but only what people can be persuaded to believe: the intellectual capacity of the people they want to persuade is their norm of truth. I pointed this out in 'La primauté du bien commun' in connection with Kant, ~~who~~, in his prefaces to the Critique of Pure Reason, ~~maintains~~ ^{insists} that he addresses himself to the common man, perhaps because he felt there were no real philosophers around, whereas the Greeks (except the Sophists) didn't give a hang about the 'grand public.'

The only reason I sent you Father Conway's translation was that you would not have to bother translating in case you wanted to quote some passages at length.

Thomas gets married on August 6. I leave from here on the 3rd. He will be at Notre Dame next fall, for the year. He was offered a job here (at nearly twice the N.D. salary), but I advised him to decline and wait: (a) Nemo propheta in patria sua, (b) some people might accuse me or Mgr Parent of nepotism. He should eventually come here on his own merits.

I direct his thesis. It was finished, but I want him to do it all over again. It is excellent in parts, but there remain too many ideas which he has not sufficiently digested. There are attenuating circumstances: he had to follow courses, pass exams, teach at the Collège universitaire, and edit (his decision) my book 'Pierres de scandale' which will appear in Paris next fall. He actually did a huge amount of work last year. So, his 'defence' is put off until next Easter vacation.

Please return the enclosed footnote to the following address, where mail will reach me until about the 8th of August:

c/o M. Maurice Brachet
16 rue de la Fédération
Champigny (Seine)
France.

Thereafter it will be the Brussels address I already gave you.

Our discussions on evol. and N.S. should eventually lead to some further clarification of the issue. There is some advantage in carrying them on in writing, but this will not suffice.

Most cordially,

Enclosed, two clippings from a French weekly. You will find them interesting. Please return them eventually. You should read Cuénot's Finalité. He was originally ~~a mutationist~~ all for mutations without purpose.

The main point to be made: there is discourse in our perception of contrast - extremely important in connection with Hegel and Marx.

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BOX 1358
GODERICH ONTARIO

July 29 (1960)

Dear Charles,

Pierre Conway's translation arrived to-day and I have been looking it over with interest, particularly since I already had rapidly read through the two books of the Ethics. It is decidedly better than most of the similar works which are coming out, but just for fun, compare these two passages.

I was much struck and amused by St Thomas's remarks on friendships between teen-agers, and had already made my own translation of the section. Conway's rendering, where it differs significantly, is inserted in red ink.

¶ "First, as regards the things in which they find entertainment, it should be noted that, as their age changes, so do their objects of pleasure. Children do not enjoy the same things as youths; nor youths the same things as young adults; and so the young make friends ~~easily~~ readily and readily drop them, because the moment that their source of pleasure together vanishes, the friendship vanishes with it. Rapid change is characteristic of youthful entertainment, for the reason that it is the very changeableness of the entertainment which gives delight. (There is a rapid evolution in the pleasure of youth, since the very nature of youth consists in a constant evolution) (I think St Th. is making a very penetrating remark here, and wd be glad to know if I am right)

And we see that the same thing is true of the young friends themselves. (This is evident on the part of those who love) (Clumsy and obscure, surely) For the young are very affectionate, that is, sudden and quick in forming attachments. They bestow their affection, not by calm choice, but out of passion, and to the degree that they seek their own gratification. (inasmuch as they desire pleasure). Hence they love a friend with great intensity. And because passion quickly fades out, just as it quickly arises, the result is that, just as teen-agers are suddenly all on fire with affection for somebody, so they soon cool off, and can be in and out of friendship several times in a single day. (Since passion as quickly passes as it is quickly aroused, it follows that such easily begin to love and just as easily cease from loving (lousy) and many times in the same day begin and break off friendships.) However, so long as the attachment lasts, they want to be with their sweetie all day long, and never to be out of each other's company, because they have such a good time together. For this is the form friendship takes in them. (In this way they are disposed to true friendship) (They are like hell)

Now, there you see, is what you face when you read ~~xx~~ these translations. They are always a bit uncouth and awkward, when there is no real need for it. They chicken out at a real difficulty. But, ovrst of all, you can never be SURE of the buggers. At any moment they may give you an utterly bum steer.

I am horribly hot to-day and a bit sick. I am still working at the friendship and have written out 17 blessed pages merely to describe natural human loves. Now, I am just beginning on charity, and will then try to show how it transforms natural affections, and finally what should happen to the whole damn business in the religious life. I will work my way through the whole dashed thing if it kills me.

I hope you find France colloer than this part of Ontario is just now. Oh hell, I can't hit any key right. Did I tell you that I have a new machine....a portable that is elctric, lots of fun, but it moves faster than I can think.

Ken - d

BOX ~~1358~~ 1358
Goderich Ontario

August 2, 1960
(48 yrs old last July 28)

Dear Charles,

I am beginning to see things a little more clearly, although this letter may not sound like it. In order to meet all my objections -- it is the objections I am beginning to see more clearly -- I think we must move a bit further back.

First, I would like to be sure that I understand what you mean by the random as opposed to the casual (fortuitous), or to ^{be} more careful with my ~~own~~ own words, I would like to know how the random differs from the casual. If an earthquake shakes the house, knocking a pair of dice from the table, the numbers turned up are casual, not random? Whereas, if I roll the dice, over and over, with no control over which faces will be upturned, but fully aware of every possible combination, hoping for a favorable one, and sure that we are bound to get one if we keep at this business long enough, the favourable faces when they appear are random? Indeed, all the numbers which will appear arrive at random, do they not?

Upon this understanding of random, it is plain that random occurrences in nature might well have purpose behind them; and so we may protest that evolution by random mutations does not exclude intention. However, I still find something indigestible in this doctrine.

First, how shall we differ in principle from people like Dorlodot, who is ready to accept N.S., and then to argue that God can work thorough this means as well as any other? God can use chance as effectively as He can use any other of His tools, but this will mean the end of purpose in all things outside of God. In short, this Nature, rolling the dice of mutations, may have ~~purpose~~ purpose in its activity, but there is not going to be any purpose left anywhere else. (Unless we suppose that the first forms of life were set up with purpose, and that the mutation process governs only subsequent modifications).

Perhaps this is not too clear. Let me try again. If we hold for random mutations, operated upon by the forces of N.S., none of which are capable of purposeful action, then everything in the biological world is random or chance or something. We are biological disciples of the atomists. Random motions of atoms in the void give rise to all existing combinations of things. But cannot all these random motions have been intended by God, who intended that the universe should arise in this way? And is not all of it purposeful, then? But of course it is not and we are selling out to Huxley.

Secondly, granted that there IS purpose in nature (as I do not grant in the paragraph preceding), how the devil is purpose going to survive, if Nature cannot dream up any better way of improving or originating species than the one which you are holding for? Good heavens, what a way to proceed! Living things struggling in all directions against purposeless hostile forces, which have no thought for their survival, much less for their improvement; and on all sides these same living things subject to sudden changes of structure or property, most of the changes being deformities which entail the destruction of the helpless subject. Hell, it's a wonder there's anything left, at all. To be rolling dice in the hope of improving my lot is bad enough: a strange and inefficient way of reaching a purpose, for a Mind ^{is} better able to seek purpose than ours. But to roll dice, with no provision for the preservation and employment of a favorable combination if it should indeed occur -- or no better provision than that provided by N. S. -- is the limit. Damn, when the theorists hostile to purpose in nature are able to force me back into this last wretched redoubt, I might as well concede the battle.

Apparently you can reconcile N. S. with purpose more easily than I can. Variations occurring by chance in living things, eliminated or preserved by the blind action of environmental forces, do not add up to anything like purpose in my head. I can only get purpose back into such a biology by appealing to what Darwin has not mentioned -- the inner organization of the creatures, their power to fight back, the organs and functions which NS will not explain, etc. etc.

I hope you will be able to find time to explain to me what was the prevailing misconception about final cause in the days of Darwin. The only thing I ever read by B. de St Pierre was Paul et Virginie. By final cause, did these men mean final in the absolute sense -- the ultimate purpose of the Creator? Is it the difference between the final cause of the mosquito whining about my head, and the final cause of mosquitoes on the planet? What does the damn thing want? as against, Why do the damned things exist?

No philosophy could venture into the second question, could it?

A sentence of yours, a good sample of your language, puzzles me. "...there must be a proportionate cause beyond the rainfall and other conditions of this or that sort of life. What is it? We don't know. etc."

I take this to mean that "rainfall and other conditions" are not enough to explain a given form of life, and that we must look elsewhere for a proportionate cause. Fine. Obviously, rainfall, grass, ~~and~~ air and water do not explain a leopard; nor does even the antelope which is more immediately necessary to him. But there is, or are, his mama and papa, you know. What puzzles me is that, if these won't content you, you are going to ~~have~~ find yourself looking for "final cause" in the sense mentioned in the section above. Why did God put the beggar in the jungle at all?

Or is it his efficeint cause you have in mind, exclusively?

I do hope Tom will end up at Laval. He should be a strnegth to the shcool. Notre Dame is a featrurelss sort of place, it seems to me. Can't make up their minds about much.

I am soon off to Washington. (August 20, for a few days) I want to see the big gallery again, and the Zoo. They have a ownderful old crocodile.

Sincerely in Christ

(Still labouring through the material on friednship. Just completed the section on Charity. Oh, Lord. My audience is very simple, thank heaven)

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



October 17 (1960)

Dear Charles,

The title of the book you want is DARWIN'S CENTURY but the copy I read ~~xx~~ was published in England by Gollancz. Since that wd not be of much use, I have learned the name of the American publisher -- Garden City, Doubleday. But the street address is beyond me. One never orders books direct from publishers; One orders them from one's dealer. A good dealer is the Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Maryland. Although it is likely that somebody in Chicago will have this work.

It is very late at night, as I write this, and I am dazed with fatigue and will not go on for long. But I would like to tell you how sorry I was to read your last brief message about Arthur. Sincerely, from your previous remarks about him, I was not led to think that his condition was in any sense grave. But your mention of insulin treatment made me realise that he must be suffering from ~~xx~~ serious depression or anxiety. This is tragic in so young a person, and all the more so when one considers that he comes from so favourable an environment. I am reminded of a similar case in the family of Father Crunican. One of their girls seemed unable to shake off a neurotic condition, and that family was just as happy and sane a group as your own. I am simply bewildered by such cases.

I was indeed intending to come to Notre Dame with a party who were planning to see one of the big football games. I was to visit you and talk evolution while they went to the stadium etc. However, it all fell through. They did not go. I was then thinking of it for the Canadian Thanksgiving week-end, but on that day my brother held the jubilee of his church and called on me to help out.

Now I am so hustled and hurried about that I can't even sit down long enough to plan anything. Perhaps a gap will open itself before Christmas, somewhere.

I hope your new series of lectures will be a great success and please believe me willing to help out in any way I can. Don't be afraid to send an MS. I will find time for it somehow. I always learn something from reading what you send.

I am sorry not to have a copy of the book by Eisely. But if there is any passage I could copy for you, I have access to a copy. It is not a very good book, I think; nothing like the other one.

Sincerely in Christ

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



November 18 1960

Dear Charles,

I am delighted to hear that you plan to stop over here, and I will certainly be in town. The room next to is still vacant and the only thing that can prevent you from taking it would be the ~~next~~ arrival of a couple of bishops or something. I expect the two boys at N. Dame home this week, but I can find some way of persuading one of them to lodge elsewhere, if I know that you are coming. In fact, they may well intend to stay somewhere else anyhow.

Regarding the HOLLOW UNIVERSE, it does not surprise me that it is Op. However, I am not sure that any good will be done by adding remarks to a new edition in the fashion that you suggest. Perhaps my mind is a bit jaundiced by the last review of it which I noticed. This was in the Times Lit. Supp. The reviewer plainly did not understand the work at all; he simply was not competent. I fail to see how any reader with his head screwed on right can take the book as expressive of a dislike of science, and would not take the trouble to acknowledge such a criticism.

Please take none of this as indicating that I am not in favour of a new edition. On the contrary, I think a new printing should be seized upon as a chance to improve the book. The improvement is possible most of all in the last chapter, don't you think? It would not require much to make it more orderly and coherent.

Fathers Cavanagh and ~~Mr~~Ryan speak very highly of the lectures you are giving on evolution, and I much regret that I cannot be there to follow them. It is still a confused and puzzling question to me. I look forward to the help they will be able to bring when they get back here for good.

I don't know quite what you mean by a 'matrix' of Philip's painting. Anyway, I seem to remember his saying that the only reproduction which will catch the glint of gold is the coloured slide -- which doesn't help much, does it? Be sure you do pay poor Zuber's bill. He is having a hard time of it and was almost ready to abandon photography a month ago. Now, he has some student portraits from the colleges to keep him going for a while. I cannot make out why he does not succeed. Perhaps it is lack of business sense. But he has also had great misfortunes -- a long-continued illness in the family, and so forth.

See you on the 25th or 26th

C W

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



November 25 1960

Dear Charles,

The crown-prince, after all, is a guy who is somewhat obsolete, and I am blessed if I can see why he should have made it impossible for you to stop off here. We needed you. I have a lot of questions, some involving the welfare of souls; and Aziz has a sketch which you must see, as it is one of these things of his which is definitely on the right track, but to which I cannot even set a name -- a kind of Pietà.

Of course, you are not going to leave S. Bend and come here for a special visit, no matter what you may say. But perhaps we may expect you when you are on your final journey to Quebec after the close of the American first term.

Meantime, Father Mike Ryan will be around to see you soon, in order to ask for a letter of recommendation to the C. Council. He is going to apply for a fellowship or something, and I think he may well get one. Please do your best for him. I am sure you will agree that a harder worker does not exist. I don't know how he stands it.

The form states that your letter "shd be based on recent personal knowledge of the candidate, his work and plan of study, and shd be as detailed and specific as possible." When Father Ryan sees you, he will perhaps know what to suggest by way of subject for his thesis, etc. To-day, and here, he does not yet have this matter decided. His first plans were for something on analogy, but he has learned of a new book to appear from the hand of McInerney which anticipates all that he was going to tackle himself.

I am still teaching metaphysics and have found a book which is really of some help, at least to the students. It is FIRST PHIL. by a fellow named Kreyche. I can actually understand a good deal of it, and must grant that the writer has a gift for lucid exposition. I am afraid to let somebody like you look at it, since you will doubtless find it full of nonsense, but it has indeed made my task much easier. This year I am in a particularly hot spot, since I have a good class. At our last meeting, I had finally to admit that one of the boys was right and I was wrong in something having to do with essence and existence -- that is, if our author is right, and I can't prove that he isn't. I will be glad when those two young men get back here, and I can hand over to them some of this stuff. I think the best thing I can do is to go back to Literature.

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Our Christmas vacation begins on December 17, and I have never so felt the need of one. I was never so hurried and harried. As one gets older, more and more people seem to get into trouble and call for help. About one quarter of my time is given to advising nuns, for example. But I am glad to say that I come to admire them more and more. Most priests are quick to ridicule the sisters -- in a harmless way, of course -- but I find genuine heroism in their lives. The worst nun I ever met is a good deal better than I am. One of them makes a case I would have liked to discuss with you. She actually seems to possess an outstanding mind. Anyhow, at the age of 21, she understands Christianity far more deeply than I did at that age, and penetrates everything you say to her in a flash. Yet she is a strange problem-case spiritually. often behaving like a prima donna. At our last meeting, after torrents of words, I suddenly ~~asked~~ interrupted to ask if she had any misgivings about her vocation. Dead silence. Then a calm shake of the head. Are you happy? Prolonged silence. Then: "Well, if trying to seek God in faith is being happy -----I'm happy." Joan of Arc at her trial never made better answers.

Sincerely in Christ

g. Donald

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



January 4 1961

Dear Charles,

That is indeed an important invitation from McGill and a 'door in the Lord'. You must do your best with it, since it will mean so much to the prestige of the Church on that campus. I confess that, for the moment, I can make only the most platitudinous reflections on your subject, but I am sure you must have some telling points to make. If I had to face the question -- which I would never do if I could help it, since it is too tough for me -- I could think of no way of reaching the mind of the undergraduate except by showing, first of all, that science cannot deal with that which cannot be observed, or established by observations by the external senses. I would then try to show (don't quite know how) that the undergraduate himself at every hour of his life must face and deal with a multitude of questions not to be solved by the means just assigned to science; next that science itself presumes a host of such principles; finally, that it is these 'non-scientific' questions which are for man the vital ones.

We shall be very glad to see you in London, and perhaps by January 22 I will have at least a few intelligent questions to set you going.

(I also have a lecture to give soon, and have chosen a subject a little too high for me, for apostolic reasons. "What is mathematical Physics". So much nonsense is talked about this science in our university and its colleges. But I am not setting myself a very lofty objective -- merely to explain what the science is well enough to make any amateur aware of its limitations. I have not had time to do anything yet in preparation, ~~but~~ and am happy to think that you will be able to shorten my labours by simply answering one or two questions about the kind of mathematics which the science uses).

The commencement address has a fascinating subject. Did you choose this one yourself? I would very much like to hear you on the subject, and look forward to seeing your MS.

Aziz has had a visit from Murray Ballantyne of Montreal. I joined them once for a meal, and brought up the subject of the proposed exhibition. Apparently Ballantyne has got nowhere, though he has displayed one or two sample of Phil's work to the people who could make the decision. When will the critics wake up? It is surely discouraging to a man with such genius.

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His new project has not advanced at all, though. He is busy with half-a-dozen things at once, while the sketch remains in charcoal. I will tell him that you are coming, and that may perhaps stimulate him to go back at it.

I will be expecting ~~an~~ message, and meantime will proc re some fire-water.

Sincerely in Christ

G. D. M. - l

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



Jan 9 1961

Dear Charles,

I will meet the midday plane, unless I hear otherwise, on Saturday the 21. Aziz looks forward to your visit, and I hope will do some work on his new picture.

I managed to get Msgr Feeney on the phone. He protests that he can arrange nothing in the way of a lecture in so limited a time, unless he simply stuffed his hall with high school kids, which he is not willing to do. I am afraid his hall (our Catholic Culture Centre) is booked up for all sorts of affairs months ahead. Since most of these are paid for, it is impossible to make cancellations.

Just what is the difference between a symbol and a word? And why are the computers so helpful to the math.physicist? You must tell me when you come.

Sincerely

GW

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



Feb 5 1961

*would only last for
about 35 minutes
anyhow!*

Dear Charles,

I am sending back you Ms in a great hurry, though what the hell the hurry is I cannot make out. If you will allow me to be candid, I do not think much of it, and deeply regret, with you, that the transcript made on the spot was a failure. I know you did not say merely what is on these pages. After all, everything here has been uttered by you elsewhere, and I think with more effect. Aziz told me that the lecture was a great popular success and that you were applauded like a politician.

You ask me why I was so long in understanding your use of "random" in the business of mutations and evolution. The reason is that you explained yourself so badly. Oh well, what I failed to see was that 'chance' in the random, did not mean 'causa per accidens in his quae fiunt etc...'; that Intelligence could embrace a certain sort of chance, employing it like a tool. In English, therefore, 'chance' has three meanings. Once I got the idea, I could think of many examples of what you were driving at. The marooned sailor who casts bottle after bottle into the sea, each containing ~~an~~ message appealing for rescue, is aware that if any of them is picked up he will be lucky. Yet he intends that his message should get through and is doing his best purposely to bring this about, making use -- mark you -- of all sorts of blind aimless forces of wind and current over ~~which~~ he has no control, and which do not have the function of serving him.

A^{gain}, the big commercial firm, which keeps a dozen pet scientists at work in their laboratories, with no restriction whatever on the nature or direction of their experiments (and this is done), but simply in the hope that pure research will now and then turn up a 'favorable chemical mutation' which the firm can profitably exploit, is employing the random in somewhat the same fashion, is it not? And so on, and so on. (Leaflet raids in war-time).

I think it should also be emphasized that the organisms which receive the mutations are ready and waiting, so that they will pounce on the good mutation and cling to it for dear life.

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I gave my lecture on Math Physics, all in words of one syllable, and omitting all mention of time and motion, as too difficult. Everybody seemed to be following nincely; but from the questions put to me afterward, I could see that they didn't understand a damn thing. Maybe I don't either.

Well, now I am off to preach at a couple of Masses, and then to answer a distress call from one of the good sisters. And don't think that I say that last remark ironically: she has a genuine problem, as have most of the girls who call me.

What you say about Arthur is distressing. What is this poor old world coming to? I met one of our former students the other day, a fine young fellow, who told me that he was just out of mental hospital. And another of the same, who left us to become a lawyer, is now in the same plight. When I was that age, I was a thoughtless animal; incapable, I should think, of losing my control -- didn't have it to lose. There is great suffering and humiliation in such cvases.

Sincerely in Christ

G J

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



March 23 1961

Dear Charles,

In your letter of 7 February, all you do, regarding 'chance' and 'random', is to bitch up things worse than ever, just when I had got them nicely straightened out. I will now try laboriously to explain.

For a long time you have been trying to explain to me how you thought of chance functioning in the matter of mutations; and you have insisted over and over on the old image of the bird-shot, according to which a random pattern of pellets is used to bring down the bird. In the same way, you seemed to argue, Nature may release random showers of mutations, sure of hitting the target of a favorable change in a species with at least a tiny minority of the mutations so fired off. And I have always protested that this analogy is of no bloody use, because there is no true parallel. And here is why. In the case of the birdshot, there is no true chance involved, except in this respect that it is by chance that this particular pellet or group of pellets strikes the target. That the target is struck is not by chance; that a whole cluster of pellets is discharged is not by chance either; (and we may as well notice, while we are at it, that each pellet is the twin of its neighbour, and each is capable of bringing about the desired result -- not at all the case with mutations).

Then one day, in spite of you, I suddenly saw that even the chance which does parallel true chance; even the chance concerned where it is admittedly by chance that pellet A. strikes the target, even this chance is under control in a certain way, that is, that it is foreseen and exploited, and I thought of the much better example of the marooned sailor casting bottles into the sea.

So now I would distinguish THREE meanings of chance:

- a) Causa infinita et indeterminata --- the true chance of Socrates going to market.
- b) True chance again, but being taken into account, exploited and counted on by a purposeful agent.
(Not unlike chance in a drama) and this takes care of the hazard involved in the hurtling charge of shot, namely, that there is no foresight or intention concerning pellet A, but only that some pellet will do our job.
- c) Chance the equivocal term, meaning the probable, as in the "laws of chance". And this is the one you are

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now equating with (b) and so bitching everything all over again. Now, I cannot see that this meaning can be used for (b) because how dare we say that it is probable that pellet A will ~~z~~ strike? There is a good chance that some pellet will strike (chance ~~z~~ in third meaning), but that pellet A should be the one to strike is by chance (in second meaning)

Allow me that second meaning, and it seems to me that we have the thing all sewed up: here is a kind of chance, true chance, which is being exploited by Nature. I think we could use it to justify, not only the immense waste in mutations which never take hold, but would be advantageous if they did; but also the great numbers of mutations which are positively harmful. (Like weed seed inextricably mixed with good grain).

I hope the clinic in Montreal did something for Arthur; and do believe that you and the family have my sincere sympathy and prayers. To live with a person who is much depressed is enough to make everybody else the same. I have done so for some months on end. during my past, and each time felt how wearing it can be. As you say the psychiatrists are never sure of themselves, and you can't blame them. It is all so mysterious. At this moment I have one of the Sisters on my hands who, by reason of many years of illness, both acute and chronic, has become depressed. It is almost as hard on me as on her, because she was such a valiant little soul for so long.

But I still believe that neuroses are more common than they used to be. Hang it, look at our environment. It is all too unnatural, and keeps us under a constant hail of nervous excitations.

Not doing so well myself. For six weeks I have had a slight but utterly perverse cold. It has brought back my old trouble -- laryngitis; and, for ~~months~~ a month I have done no teaching or speaking. And not a bit better to-day than I was six weeks ago.

I am enclosing some passages copied for my own benefit from a couple of the scientists whom you mentioned to me. Notice how the last one indicates a small misprint in one of your versions.

With my sincere good wishes
and a big kiss for Zoe

Faithfully in Christ

g d

St. Peter's Seminary
London, Canada

Feb 5 1961

Dear Charles,

While looking through an article in the MONTH, I noticed these quotations from a recent book (probably a novel) The Sleepwalkers by Arthur Koestler:

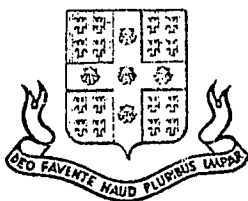
The dials on our laboratory panels are turning into another version of the Shadows in the Cave. Our hypnotic enslavement to the numerical aspects of reality has dulled our perception of non-quantitative moral values: the resultatn end-justifies-the-means morality may be a major factor in our undoing.

and we are "worshippers of the new Baal, lording it over the moral vacuum with his electronic brain."

Sounds as if the fellow would be worth reading. Do you know his DARKNESS AT NOON? A fine introduction to the communist mind.

Sincerely

6 49



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL

QUÉBEC, CANADA.

7 February 1961

Dear Father Durand:

Thank you for revising the MS. The reason for the hurry is that the Newman Club 'Crosslight' want to publish it in their next issue and insisted on getting the MS tomorrow, Wednesday 8. I should not have committed myself, but it's too late now. Mercifully, they will add an editorial footnote to explain why they got no more than a few notes and quotations upon which the talk was based. Still, you must admit that the whole converges toward an idea which I have nowhere put as plainly as in these notes: "We are forever in danger not only of believing that we know, where in fact we do not; but also of believing that we do not know, where we inescapably do."

Now, as to my use of 'random' in the business of mutation and evolution, I refuse to admit that I explained myself badly. You should know better, after revising "Abstraction from Matter"(III), LTP 1960, n.2. I have always insisted that in 'the laws of chance,' 'chance' does not mean what Aristotle understood by that term in the Physics, though the new meaning is taken up in the Metaph. Well, no matter how you came to understand it, so long as you now do, to hell with it. Imagine, after all that hunting and dead ducks!

Things are not very bright at home. I have not been myself these last two weeks. Arthur will leave for a Montreal clinic soon. There is now a great deal of moral dejection that does not help-- he is obsessed by the possibility (I would say likelihood) that he will never be an engineer. No use reporting on what the psychiatrists say--they turn up something different every day.--We have to take these things in our stride as part and parcel of this messy universe. The boy can't help it, and all the psychiatrists agree that there is nothing hereditary about it; just a bio-chemical accident which, to my mind, must have occurred in infancy, or even in the embryonic stage. But suppose it were hereditary, what difference would it make? Meanwhile, he is utterly aware of his condition, and this, I take, is a good sign; he is not insane.

On the other hand, as old Boileau put it:

"Tous les hommes sont fous, et, malgré tous leurs soins,

Ne diffèrent entre eux que du plus ou du moins."

And you ask "What is this poor old world coming to?" Do you think it has ever been any different?

I have five times more work to do than I can handle. For one thing, St. Thomas is becoming more and more difficult.

Yours gratefully,

Charles

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



May 6 1961

Dear Charles,

I was visiting Philip when I phoned your home for news of you. Something went wrong with the machinery and, eventually, the operator confessed that she could not reach Quebec City at all. So we gave it up. We had the information we wanted anyhow, and didn't have to pay for it.

Your letter of a couple of weeks back sounded so ominous that I felt sure you would be still in bed. It was good news to learn that the symptoms were not as sinister as they appeared.

To-morrow I give that graduation address for Mother St Michael's school. I looked up the references you left me about teaching, and found that they had no bearing on what I wanted and so, in desperation, called up Mrs Oesterle. She very promptly sent your notes, but they were pretty meagre, and yielded only that reference to Ephesians, which was indeed worth while. Finally I had to launch forth on my own. So I have composed something, and it will have to do.

One of my colleagues has seriously jeopardized the whole thing by volunteering a bit of verse to illustrate what I want to say about the mother's prime role as a teacher:

Who took me from my warm, warm cot,
And set me on the cold, cold pot,
And made me, whether I would or not,

My MOTHER!#

How shall I avoid bursting out laughing in the pulpit tomorrow, when I reach the crucial passage, where this citation would be most appropriate?

May 27 the Seminary closes. So any time after that is ideal for a visit. If the weather is fine, I may have taken up residence by then in a little cottage which I have rented for the season; but so much the better; it is only 60 miles away, and there we can do as we please. But the weather will have to be quite warm for this, because the cottage is not insulated, and will freeze the behind off you otherwise.

Let me know when you are coming. Aziz should have the Christ the King finished by then. The picture has become a very different, and much more profound thing, since you saw it last.

Sincerely in Christ

a. a. .

THE TEACHING SISTER

It is one hundred years since our Ursuline Sisters began their mission in ~~the~~^{this} region. And if therefore seems right, on the graduation-day of this Ursuline college, to set aside the more usual subjects and to turn our thoughts to these Sisters themselves and to their work. Their work is to teach. The title they receive is Mother. I would like to show you, if I can, that these two -- teaching and being a mother -- are, in a way, the same; and I would then like to explain what it is that urges a woman to use her power of motherhood as Ursuline Sisters, by their vows, are pledged to do.

Because our debt to our parents is not something we think about very deeply, most of us are likely to consider that what we owe to them above all is the gift of existence, of being, of life itself. If it were not for them, obviously, we would not be here at all, and this seems to put us totally in their debt. But reflect for a moment, I beg you, on the lot of a foundling, on the lot of a child abandoned by mother and father, and you will see how foolish such a notion is. The child who gets nothing from parents but existence; the child ignored after birth, cast aside, left to his fate, will hardly thank father and mother for the gift of life. He will thank them for nothing. He will consider, and rightly, that they have done him a great wrong, and may well hate them for it.

St Thomas Aquinas, in a passage on the fatherhood of God, explains why. To give an infant existence, he remarks, is only to give it the power to live, not in any true sense to give it life. If this little creature is ever actually to live, it must be nursed, fed, and taught. And it is the teaching which is the great labour, the labour of love, the long labour which truly brings to birth. If we think St. Thomas is exaggerating, we should let our minds go back over our own

childhood. It is to our parents as teachers, that we owe our deepest thanks; and above all to our mother. After all, we could not so much as keep ourselves clean, if we had not been laboriously and patiently trained by her. It is she who showed us how to feed ourselves and clothe ourselves; it is she who first warned us against the elementary physical dangers; it is she who formed us in good manners; it is she who steadily fed our minds with information by doing her patient best to answer a steady hail of questions. And, far more important, it is she who began to show us how to be happy, by teaching us the difference between right and wrong, and by obliging us to fasten upon one and to reject the other. It is she who made us dimly understand that there is a life far higher than earthly life; and how, in that life, eternal life, we have each a right to share through Christ.

Teaching, then, is an actual communicating of life. A teacher really makes us live, makes us live in a new way. Our mothers made the long ~~at~~ patient beginning; that work of tireless love which we can never hope to measure, much less to repay. But they could not do much for our intellectual life, nor could they carry us as far in moral and spiritual life as we need to go. So we passed into the hands of teachers who continued their work. And we were blessed indeed if those into whose hands we passed were teachers like our mothers, doing their work for nothing, for no reason but love.

Now, the higher we move in our education, the greater the life that is imparted, intellectual, moral and spiritual. We can say with truth that a savage, who knows nothing of religion, philosophy, science, literature and the arts, is only half-alive. We can insist with greater truth that the man or woman who knows nothing and cares nothing about right and wrong is less and worse than half-alive, because he or she will be

suicidal or homicidal in tendency, actually destructive of life in self or in others. And God Himself warns us that those who know and care nothing about the great promise of eternal life made through His Son are dead by the worst death of all: "I know of all thy doings, and how thou dost pass for a living man, and all the while art a corpse."

You see, then, the direction of this reasoning: if there be women who give their whole lives, for no reward, to the imparting of moral, intellectual and spiritual training to the young, these women are mothers, and mothers indeed.

And perhaps this conviction will be strengthened by reflecting on teaching as a work of mercy; because, of all the works of mercy within human power, it is very nearly the greatest. Why not call it simply the greatest? Because to pray and to suffer for others is an even greater deed of mercy than to teach them. To pray and suffer for His mother's people is what Christ came to do; still, in the words of Scripture, He came "to do and to teach", so that teaching follows in the next breath.

In our dark uneasy century, when the great conflicts which menace our lives are conflicts of ideas, plainly it is only teaching that can save us. Only teaching can remove the most deadly of human evils -- ignorance, error and prejudice. We are not convinced of this, though, are we? We are more inclined to believe that disease, hunger, poverty, are the worst human ills; and would like to think that to banish these afflictions of the body will mean to banish the afflictions of the mind. Well, it is a great thing to bring food, clothing, medicines and money to the destitute; a great thing to provide them with relief from privation and insecurity; but it is a far more splendid thing so to enlighten the human mind, so to transform the human heart, that it can endure and even welcome affliction. Are not we ourselves on this continent,

enjoying as we do a prosperity never before known by human beings; are not we ourselves, in our well-warmed houses, with our enormous abundance of food and drink, with our machines, our countless complex machines for saving work and bringing pleasure; are not we ourselves living proof that no material thing has power to bring peace of heart? "Go and tell John what your own eyes and ears have witnessed; how the blind see, the lame walk, how the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor.....? (Are we disconcerted at what our Lord had to give them? Does it seem inadequate, disappointing?) and the poor have the gospel preached to them." The poor are taught; they are taught the good tidings, and nothing better could be done for them. Hear the Saviour's next words: "Blessed is he that does not lose confidence in me."

A work of mercy? Let's change the word -- mercy is simply disinterested love. Teaching, then, is a great work of love. So that here is what we have established: to teach with a high motive is to impart both life and love; and again, if there be women who teach for no reason but love, the only possible title for them is that of Mother.

Why do they do it? What these women are doing, we have described; but a description of their work does not explain the women themselves. Nor shall we ever understand them, nor understand their work, nor so much as believe in either, until we have grasped their motive. WHY are they doing it? What can urge a girl to take up such a life? What can hold her faithful to it until old age and death?

Again it is love. But not love of teaching --- far from it. Nor is it love, primarily, for the young people whom they teach. No, our nuns are not humanists. They are too realistic to share the humanist hope in mankind. Let me, to reveal the true motive of such women, use the example of an old nun, who startled me a little with the force and

vividness with which she realised what she was. She was old, and life for her now was little better than a succession of nearly fatal heart-attacks. At each of these crises, she was usually more calm than anybody else; and, on this particular occasion, whispered to me: "Why is everybody so excited? I don't mind. It's time I went to the Man to whom I've given my life."

That was a woman speaking, and a woman who, I suppose, had often prayed over St Paul's warning to his Corinthian converts: "My jealousy on your behalf is the jealousy of God Himself; I have betrothed you to Christ, so that no other but He should claim you, His bride without spot."

What is it that explains the vow of Poverty? The Sisters call it 'detachment'. Nothing must ever become more precious than Christ. What is it that explains the vow of Obedience? There must be no purpose in life but the cause of Christ. What is it that explains the vow of Chastity? To those outside our faith, this last promise must look like a forsaking of life, a rejection of the power to give life to others. It is the exact opposite. It springs from an immense desire for love and life, a desire to receive and to give. "With us", said the Apostle, "Christ's love is a compelling motive." In place of husband, this woman will take nothing less than her Lord and God. And hence, in place of children of her own womb, she must now receive His, loving them because they are His, serving them for no reason but that they are His. And you see what this will mean. It will mean a love for mankind like His: a love for all of us, no matter who we are, no matter what we are, and a love which grows greater in proportion as we deserve it less; a love which has no aim but to bring us to life, to keep us in life, to lead us to life itself for all eternity.

Would you like another hint of what it is like in fact? This time it was again a Sister gravely sick and, during the period when I was attending her, fighting off as best she could deep depression and anxiety. I asked her once about her prayers, about how she spoke to Christ, and the answer was this: "I ask him to live in me and love in me -- and sometimes I feel brave enough to add 'and suffer in me'." The voice of a woman again, and of a womanly woman.

In saying these beautiful things about the life of Sisters in a teaching order, I refuse to be thought unrealistic. I have been explaining what such women stand for, not trying to determine how well, in character or conduct, this one or that corresponds to her high purpose. No, I have not been rhapsodising. Had I invited your attention to an explanation of what makes a true wife and mother, a true husband and father, a true priest, I am sure you would not hold the exposition to be of less value ~~because~~ for the reason that you could not remember many persons who achieved the ideal which it set forth.

But two things I now declare, and you will know that I speak the truth. First, that the calling of a nun, under poverty, chastity and obedience, pledged to the life-long care of other people's children, is so hard, so desperately hard, that it is small wonder if human nature in some respect fails under its burden. And, finally, that the mere existence of a community of such women, four or five hundred strong, grown from humble beginnings; for over a hundred years persevering in their thankless task, faithful to their austere promises, is a standing miracle, a thing "born not of the blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." As for the rest of us, this great family of women, held together only by the love of Christ, is something which, though we be as realistic as you please, we can only receive with wonder, and with thanks to God, who has raised up so God-like a force among men.

*St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada*



May 8 1961

Dear Charles,

I am sending one of the books, and trying to do so with all possible speed. The other could not be found. It is a lending library, you know, and somebody else must have it.

Regarding your visit, it might on the whole be wiser to plan for Sunday 28, rather than the day before. I say this because the 27, as I mentioned, is ordination day. The Seminary is in a state of utter confusion that day, full of relatives, and students packing up, etc. Then next day come the first Masses of our new priests, for which the Staff scatters. I have none to preach at this year, but will almost certainly be obliged to be present at one or another and so will be engaged until the afternoon, at least.

My niece's wedding is on May 30, and there is no escaping it, since I have promised to be deacon or subdeacon. The Seminary should be empty and relatively quiet, by then, of course, so that you may be able to work in my absence. Or if you prefer, we could locate you with Philip for that time. (This might be a better idea, since I don't know how you are going to find your way around without me).

I am sorry not to be able to promise any more time in June, but it is simply impossible. The whole month is taken up with retreats for our priests in the Seminary. The Staff make one of these, and have to move out for the others; so that I am simply without a room, once they begin. My hope~~er~~ is to make the first retreat this year and, in the few days before it, I must meet several engagements -- such as visiting nuns who want spiritual direction, in Sarnia and elsewhere. I myself can lodge in almost any rectory, but I can't take you with me, very well, and we couldn't settle down to anything, anyway.

(It is too bad about my niece's wedding. But I will try to clear everything else out of the way, by moving it forward or back)

I will try to send the other book, or at least to have it for you when you come. The four-week time limit is all very well, when one has a book oneself; but awkward when it is the other guy who has it.

Sincerely

h. d. d.

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



May 23 (1951)

Dear Charles,

Never a dull moment with you. Notice that the stamp on my letter has been removed and re-stuck. I had to rescue an earlier one from our domestic mail box, and also reduce an order for fire-water from two bottles to one.

Now, it appears you would prefer to go on to Detroit when I do. Well, my brother is taking me in his car; it is a nice new car, and we would have a pleasant drive. If I know beforehand, I could stay an extra day or so in Detroit, should your work require it.

My actual plan was to come back to London as soon as I could, by train or plane, so as not to leave you alone and friendless. I was also going to phone Fr. Wildyn and have him entertain you during my absence.

Anyhow, I will tell my brother now that you may join us, and that I may be returning with him on Thursday, when he plans to come back himself.

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



Should you decide to stay here, it
will still be possible. And we could
go up to his parish-house during his
absence, if the Seminary proves intolerable.
(I say this because we often have a lot
of plumbers and painters at work in
the summer-time) In short we will
be ready for anything.

Your remark about the wind
reminds me of a famous passage from
Conrad (in Typhoon, I think) where
he remarks that, of all the elemental
forces of nature, wind seems the most
personal, sentient and savage.

Meet you at 8.30 on Sunday
evening.

a.w.

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



Dear Charles,

I have been so nervous and ~~tried~~ tired during the past month as hardly to be able to do anything. But I am puttering away at a retreat for the Sisters of St Josphe in London, which I am to give in August. It lasts 8 days and requires 34 conferences. Damme.

Now one single problem which teases my mind, and with which you may be able to help, is the role of work in the life of the Sister in an active community. What exactly was the innovation of St V. de Paul? You know how he refused to call his girls religious. Religious lived in cloisters and set about saving the world by prayer and penance. When asked if they were nuns, his village girls were to reply: Oh no, we are not nuns. We are simply women who are called to serve the poor, in poverty, chastity and obedience; some for one year, and some for life." To us nowadays it looks at first like a quibble, but St V. was in fact accomplishing a revolution, and I wish I understood.

For the contemplatives of the past and present, Work is a penance, isn't it? At least this is true of the Benedictines of the early days. The work was not in itself apostolic. But the later Benedictines and the Dominicans substitute study for ploughing, and study, though a penance, is far more than a penance; it could be in itself a form of preaching, could it not?

Now the works of mercy undertaken by active communities of women are not mere penances in their lives, surely. The teaching, nursing, etc. are not side-issues, they are the life to which these souls are called; apostolic labours. (I am just putting down whatever comes into my head, and realise that I am starting more than one hare) Yet we dare not say that work is the PRIMARY aim of the community, since

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London - Canada



this must be the sanctification of the members. On the other hand, if we make work the secondary end of the community, where shall the difference lie between this community and one of contemplatives? (Our girls in London, to whom I am going to speak, get round this problem in a delightfully feminine way by using the words "general end" and "Special end", instead of "primary" and "secondary".)

Well, it seems obvious that nobody should join an active community who does not want to work, who does not think of her life as a life of hard work for others, rather than a life of prayer and expiation. Is it merely a matter of emphasis? So that we argue that work is of more importance than prayer and penance for the active and vice versa for the contemplative? Now it would seem to follow that one lot are made holy by a lot of work and modest ration of prayer and penance, while the other lot are made holy by ~~lots~~ of prayer and penance and a little work. Something screwy there.

Another thing I don't quite understand is the difference between plain work, like manual labour, undertaken as a duty of the religious life; and an apostolic labour, like ~~preaching~~ preaching.

Two things claim thy care, THYSELF and the preaching of the gospel. (to Timothy)

Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.

Could these passages from St Paul be used to prove that a) one's own sanctification must always come first, but that b) where one is called like St Paul to the active life, the very work to which one is called is an essential means to sanctification. And may we conclude, in order to keep contemplatives and active apart, that for the former (contemplatives) b) does not hold, since they are not called to any specific apostolic work?

And is this the difference between an apostolic work and a mere manual labour, namely, that the call to one is such that upon the faithful discharge of it our salvation depends; whereas the other is only a penance for which any other penance might be substituted?

Well, I will hold to that last distinction, unless you teach me otherwise.

Sincerely in Christ

G. Dunal

St. Peter's Seminary
London, Canada

Feb 9 1862

Dear Charles,

I am returning your M.S. Just now I am suffering from sinus infection and feel entirely stupid. But I hope my changes are improvements.

Great confusion here. A new bishop. The old bishop's 25th anniversary. The vicar-general of the Seminary named to a parish. A scramble to absorb his classes, etc. Any how we got Fr. Cavanagh off. He left yesterday.

All my sympathies for your domestic troubles.

Sincerely in Christ
A. Dawson

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

July 30 1962

Dear Charles,

Rummaging in my files lately, I found the MS of an article or lecture on jazz, which you perhaps remember. It seems to me you once asked me to submit this to the review, but I answered that it would look absurd in those grave and learned pages. Well, now I think that it does not read too badly after all, and might well prove acceptable. If you think so too, I will send it along. Perhaps a sentence or two might be omitted or altered, to make it sound a bit more professional; and we might think up a title with a long word in it.

I expect to be going down to Lac Superieur soon, but my mail will be forwarded there. This summer I am studying French-Canadian literature, with a view to teaching a course in the winter. It is gratifyingly easy going. Perhaps you are surprised at this use of my time. Well, it is all my doing. I am ~~not~~ the only person qualified: the return of the two boys at N. Dame makes it possible; it is good politics for our school; and our future priests have great need of an introduction to the French-C. mind.

Do you know that there is some pretty good stuff in this field?

But I have your trouble with the critics. Apparently I just don't know the language well enough. Writers who seem to me to possess an excellent style are condemned as clumsy etc.

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

I hope you will be able to come in September. It was unfortunate that my retreat coincided with your last visit.

Aziz I have hardly seen since then. I don't know what he is working at. If only he could get a big show; this alone will start him producing, it seems.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. W. ...".

August 2, 1962

Dear Father Durand:

By all means send me the manuscript on jazz. I cannot promise that it will appear in the next issue of our review, for this is in hands of M. Trépanier, but I am sure he would like to have it. He wants more short articles to fill in the gaps.

I gave my last summer class yesterday. About a week from now I leave for Ashville, North Carolina where I am to give a few lectures. I should be back here by August 20th. I will then work on the last installment of my "Abstraction from Matter". It should be ready for revision when I stop to see you in London next September.

Affectionately,

Dear Charles,

Thank you for your kind reply. I should look through this article again: a few phrases betray the fact that it was never intended for publication in a serious review. But the sight of it makes me sick. You do the editing. And it needs a title: The Meaning of Jazz (?). To hell with it, anyhow. If anything stands in the way of its being printed, just throw it in the basket.

What is going on, or can go on, in South Carolina, or wherever it is you are headed this time? At any rate you will be warm, which is more than I can say for myself. The Laurentians, where I have been for a week, have been wet and cold all summer, they tell me, and there seems no change in sight.

Do you know what I am doing? Studying literature again. For some years it was my hope to introduce into our seminary a course in French-Canadian literature, which has been offered for some time at the university to which we are affiliated. Not that I thought the literature would be remarkable in itself, but because our future priests so badly need to come to understand the French-Canadian mind. Well, we lost our French professor entirely, and have been able to teach no French whatever for a couple of years. However, the return to the school of Ryan and Cavanagh make it possible for me to shift some of the philosophy to them, and I have decided to take the French course myself. (Only man qualified now)

So here I am reading history, novels and poetry. And do you know, it is all better stuff than I thought it would be. Gabrielle Roy, for example, is a highly gifted writer, with an exquisite gift of sympathy for nondescript little people. And some of the younger radical writers, like Yves Theriault and Lemelin, are exciting means of getting to know what the new generation think of the old ways. I wish there were some way of finding out whether their views are typical. Anyway, I think Lemelin is the best friend the Quebec clergy ever had. When I was in the city of Quebec, sitting at four feet, I remember the rather bitter reception given to *Au Pied de la Pente Douce*, which had appeared a year or two earlier. I did not read the book then, and so was not able to take a side. Well, of course it was a piece of outrageous ~~and~~ audacity, if not of impertinence, to compose a novel about parish life in one's own home town, but nevertheless the satire should have done good. I see no reason to believe that Lemelin is not an honest Christian, with a good end in view.

For the past two days, though, I have been back to philosophy. My task this time was to read and comment on ~~an~~ a paper by that Harold Johnson who teaches at our university and calls himself a Thomist of sorts. He read this paper at that same convention where you read yours on communism. I don't suppose you heard his. If you did it must have been hard to sit through. I am not a good enough philosopher myself to see him through his confusions, but I am good enough, I think, to see that this thing stinks. The poor boy, he means so well and works so hard.

"Thus, corresponding to our first systematic contrast involving variant attitudes towards the physical applicability of the principle of non-contradiction (he is comparing and contrasting Democritus, Plato and Aristotle on matter), we have now discovered a second: Democritean matter is always actual; Platonic matter is never actual; and Aristotelian matter is potential in so far as it is in privation of a property, but actual in so far as it possesses it."

I just get bewildered.

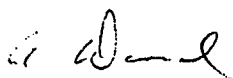
"I think we can say that Aristotle's space is simply the sum total of places, no separately existing principle, either material or immaterial, but just the relations of containing and being contained of substances and their activities."

What am I supposed to do for the man? (Don't answer me, this is only a rhetorical question). I am not smart enough to sort it all out. He is never entirely wrong, but always seems to find some complicated, wrong-headed way of looking at the thing and of ~~his~~ finding words for it. Well, I have made some marginal notes, and have simplified his language, and will send it all back to him, with polite words of apology. The truth is that he should not tackle such things, and neither should I.

I hope you will indeed be able to stop in September, as you expect to do. I will be in London from the 17th on.

I hope you will meet with the traditional southern hospitality on your next journey, and that they pay well besides.

Sincerely in Christ

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'C. D. L.' or similar, written in dark ink.

R. Bobine
Mr. Bobine
le 28 février

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

February 22 1964

Dear Charles,

I have been reading IIIa, xxviii, a.2 and am sadly confused. What got me started was a question from a nun, to which I made a heretical answer, and so had to correct myself later on. Now, I would like to justify the doctrine, if I have to, but find myself unable to accept St Thomas's reasons.

1. My first difficulty lies in the preceding article: Non poterat autem esse quod in natura iam corrupta ex concubitu caro nasceretur sine infectione originalis peccati.

I am bothered by the supposition that sexual union "corrupts" human nature. What does he mean, exactly?

It would now follow that no human being, conceived by normal union of the sexes, could escape the Original Sin. St Thomas would have to back down on this now, would he not?

2. In the article concerning our Lady's virginity in partu, though, I run into my real troubles.

His first argument! It seems fantasy rather than theology. In our minds, the concept is formed without 'corruption'. Christ is the divine Concept or Word. So, when He is born, in order to make it clear that this child's flesh is indeed that of the Word, it was right that He should emerge from a virgin who was not "corrupted."

- a) How on earth can you argue from the way in which concepts are formed to the manner of the birth of Christ?
- b) What meanings are you assigning to corruption in this weird argument?
- c) Why attach so much importance to the integrity of a mere physical membrane? Surely our Lady's virginity would not have suffered if this bit of biological structure were sacrificed in the birth of her Child. And how is an insistence on its importance here consistent with the distinction made elsewhere between mere physical virginity and true moral virginity? (Physical virginity could be present in a woman who regretted her state, and was no longer virgin in heart and mind).

His second argument has value only if satisfactory answer is made to my objection in c) above. Why all this fuss over the hymen? It can be lost with no injury to essential virginity.

The same holds for his 3rd argument, although I must admit that I find it a bit far-fetched, no matter what you do for it.

So much for my difficulties with this passage. May I observe that the matter is more practical than you might think. Two or three times I have been consulted by nuns, genuinely and deeply distressed because medical treatment had destroyed in them this signaculum virginitatis. "What does this mean to my virginity, Father?" And, until I had to face this passage in St Thomas, I had plenty of comfort to offer -- distinguishing mere physical virginity, pointing out how meaningless it could be in a woman without virtue,

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not to speak of how it could be lost by mere violent exercise, etc., and emphasising what were the essentials of true consecrated virginity. Now, where the hell am I? All my comforting explanations are torpedoed.

Another difficulty, in a quite different realm. Father Ring begs me to ask you if it is true that you maintain the word animal, in the phrase "God is the supreme animal" (or whatever it is), is NOT analogical? In our view it can be nothing but analogical, but you have been quoted as holding the contrary.

So much for business. Have you heard that your friend Bishop G. E. Carter has succeeded to the throne here? He is now Bishop of London. The news of the appointment appeared today. I don't know him at all well, since he spent his time in Windsor, and since I am slow to make friends anyway, but he strikes me as a highly intelligent man.

Father Cavanagh is on his way to N. Dame next week. He is to defend his thesis on Friday. A fine priestly personality, and a great asset to us here.

If you happen to have one your Stenorette dictaphones with you in the USA, perhaps you might care to reply on a tape? I have bought one of the machines myself and, if you were in Quebec, would have sent you a tape, in place of this letter. (I think that if a tape were addressed to me as Librarian, and made identifiable by a label, it would come through Customs without difficulty).

(The machine is a splendid piece of ingenuity, but I was a bit put out to find that 45 min. tapes cost 5.20 each).

I was sent an article by Alphonse-Marie, NOTES SUR LA CONCEPTION CATHOLIQUE DE L'EDUCATION, in which I noticed your hand. You have done the Church a great service in defending the cause of the agnostics in the school system. Our Prot. friends find it hard to believe that the Romish Church can be so liberal.

I myself have been twice invited to speak locally on the bi-cultural question, which is all the rage now. I sent a copy of my lecture to Alphonse-Marie, so that he might see to what use I put his article. He was kind enough to reply with a compliment or two.

Be sure to drop in on your way anywhere. I wish I could come to N. Dame with my questions. But it is impossible until the school year is over. I seem to more and more entangled all the time.

Sincerely in Christ

a. J. M. - J

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

May 17 1964

Dear Charles,

If I send you a tape, you will just bury it; and anyway I want to think a bit more darefully than is possible with all that machinery in the way. I have a difficulty in the field of the philosophy of art which I simply must get cleared up, and nobody around here can help me.

How would the Aristotelian doctrine of imitation take care of that sort of art, present in every age, but especially glorified in ours, which makes objects which are lovely to look at, but which are not images? The Chinese potters, for example, often produced a bowl, which you might use for baked beans if you wished, but which was so lovely in outline that you would be committing a kind of crime if you used it for anything. Push the pursuit of exquisite form a little farther and you would achieve a pot which could not be used at all, but which was a joy to behold. Persian carpets reveal patterns of the same calibre -- beautiful patterns of colour and form, but which are not representing anything. And what is a building like the Parthenon but another such object? It was architecture so overbalanced in the direction of the fine arts that it had almost ceased to be a useful one?

Well, whatever you may think of the examples given above, you have got to admit that many a painter and sculptor nowadays, has no aim but to produce an object which will delight or disturb the eye, while standing for nothing but itself. By Aristotelian principles we may well be able to show that such works can never be as great as those which, with the same skill and mastery of form, make use of the mighty power of the image; but the question remains -- what are they? How do they fit in? They are not works of a useful art, which is pausing to decorate what it is making. And they are not works of fine art, if this be defined as the making of delightful images.

Somehow I think the answer to my little difficulty is only an inch or two outside the edge of my mind, but I can't bring it in. Come to the rescue.

(And you have never made any reply to my suggestion about printing your essay on OUR AWESOME CREED. I think it a pity that such a needed piece of work remains in a drawer).

Sincerely



May 30, 1964.

Dear Monsignor Durand,

I just spent a few weeks in hospital after a hemorrhage in the duodenum that called for liters of transfusion. The Flemish horse bounced back after three days, though, and kept quite busy during that time — working partly on the pills problem, at the request of my three bishops. Personally, I think I have it licked. The principle is the family defined as an organisme (outillage) whose chief purpose is the child qua properly educated. Normally, in our time, too many children incapacitate, disorganize the family — which is far worse than a pathological condition of the female organism, the latter condition being one that justifies the use of the pill. There is a more general principle largely unknown by moralists, namely, that there are many things that nature would do if she could. Homo arte et rationibus vivit. Else there would be no reason to wear pants or cook whatever it is that needs cooking.

I'll talk to you about imitation when I see you. On the 8th I leave for Halifax, On the 12th for Boston. On the 20th, from Washington, D.C., for London, Ontario, Flight 278 out of Cleveland, arriving at an ungodly hour, 22.35. Will you be in London? I could stay until the 24th. If you're not there I'll come straight home, where Marie-Charlotte is expected on the 10th, with Tommy's two boys. Their father and Christine will arrive a week later. He begins to teach here in the fall.

So, shall I see you?

Most cordially,

Quebec, May 15, 1950.

the month of June, on my way to or upon my return from Cincinnati to Notre Dame University. I hope to spend a term (a year) separate from the beginning of the year. We would like them to be away from the beginning of the year. I would like them to be away from the beginning of the year. I would like them to be away from the beginning of the year.

Yours truly,
We take you for an agency. Once you know where you are to go for the summer, perhaps the local pastor could suggest a family or two. Joe and I realize how difficult it is to find the right environment for them.

Charles D. Nelson
The year has not been too good for me. The trip to South America and Europe were more fatiguing than I had anticipated. I missed the vacation. As a result I saw little of the students, and am barely acquainted with the young men. He looks bright and asks sensible questions.

According to present plans I will go to Europe after the first two weeks of the summer session, and should remain there until mid-August. After spending two or three weeks with my family here, I will leave again for Rome to attend the Thomistic Congress. It's not a very pleasant life, but the demands of the common good are exacting. Perhaps I could serve it better by staying home - if I were a writer.

The editor of the weekly "Notre Temps" has asked me to write a brief article on "Le renouveau intellectuel du Canada, foyer de thomisme". But I'm not the right person to do this. I do not think much of what is going on in Montreal, Ottawa or Toronto. On the other hand, I am much too involved in the whole matter to say even a few simple things such as: "Whereas in many parts of the world it is now fashionable to question the timeliness of St. Thomas, we consider him the most alive of all philosophers and theologians, perhaps because we go to the trouble of studying his text, and take the pronouncements of the Church seriously." Could you write a short article on the subject? The editor wants no more than four double space typewritten pages.

St. Peter's Seminary

London - Canada



May 15 (1950)

My dear Professor,

Thank you for your letter, I was delighted to have a message from you and the family.

I will do my best to place the boys, but must confess that I have no first-hand acquaintance with any suitable family at present. Tell me I will write just as soon as I can learn of one, or whenever I feel I must abandon the hunt.

You don't know how much pleasure it would give me to receive you here at the Seminary if you could manage to stop on one of your journeys. You would be most welcome. The dates you mention, however, are exasperatingly unlucky. On June 5, I am obliged to go to Kingston — a thoroughly reluctant victim — to attend the conference of the Humanities Research Council, or something, and could not be back until the 12th or 13th. Again, on the evening of the 19th, we begin our annual retreat which lasts until Friday the 23rd.

You do say, however, that the 10th and

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20th are only approximate dates with you. I have mentioned the precise days upon which I am engaged in the hope that perhaps something could be managed outside them. I had often hoped that you might be able to stop off, and it is disgusting to find myself blocked off in this way, when you make a positive proposal.

But it is my intention to come to Quebec in July, and I have a good hope of making it this year. It does not encourage me to learn that I ~~will~~ only hear two weeks' of your lectures, but I will come anyhow, and probably will find plenty for my intellectual digestion to work on after you have left for your voyage to Europe. — Of course, you realize to what a degree chance & fortune operate in diocesan affairs. Any sort of emergency might arise which would make my absence impossible. But I have no appointment as yet and see no sign of one.

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With regard to the article for "Notre Temps," I respectfully decline and refuse to negotiate further. You know very well, my dear Professor, that I cannot possibly produce a survey of what is being done in philosophy by Canadian schools. I don't know the schools and don't know the philosophy. I have too high an opinion of Pascal and your faculty to take it upon myself to make comparisons or judgements which might then be attributed to the school which taught me.

Do let me know if your arrangements for travelling to Cincinnati & Notre Dame will give you a chance to stop off for a day or two at a time when I am not engaged in listening to papers being read or in contemplation. Meantime be sure I will do my best to find farms for the boys.

Sincerely in Christ
C. J. Durand

Quebec, May 14, 1951.

Dear Father Durand:

Going through some old papers I discovered the enclosed manuscript. You once told me I should send it to some magazine editor -- I forget which. At any rate, I'm dropping this article at your door.

Kolnai is not too well -- he is, of course, always somewhat ill -- and the publication of his Coffee-house might help to cheer him up. I'm afraid he was depressed by the Encycl. "Humani Generis". He hadn't realized how much St. Thomas -- whom he doesn't understand too well -- means to the Church.

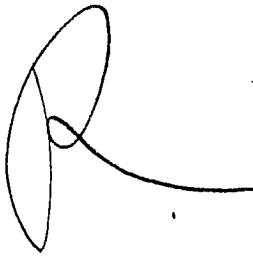
Things are back to normal now that Zoé has quite recovered.

I meant to stop at London after my Toronto lecture in February, on the way to Chicago, but I had to change plans and go via N. Y. Still miss you very much.

Best wishes from us all.

Most cordially,

Charles De Koninck



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May 20

(1952)

My Dear Professor,

The magazine TIME in its last issue told me that you had been elected president of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas and I would like to add my humble congratulations to the rest. I am so out of touch with the affairs of the intellectual world that I have no clear idea as to what the Academy is or seeks to achieve, but it is heartening to see your abilities recognized in any direction and I hope this new position will make it possible for you to spread your influence even wider.

It was something of a disappointment to me to notice that you were not taking any part in the recent convention in Cleveland. I know what you think of these things but still it seems to me that you have a great enough number of friends and former pupils now to be assured of a good-sized contingent being present if you were there yourself. It seems to me that some real good might then be done. At any rate, hanged if I will ever go unless you are to be there. It is understandable that you should find especially difficult that apostolic advice to suffer fools gladly, but I am not sure if the very gifts which make that duty so trying do not also impose it on you with more force than on ordinary fellows like myself. But I am not minding my own business nor is my heart in what I am saying even. I have just finished reading, or trying to read Maritain's La Personne et le bien commun. His mind is a gentle and luminous muddle. Trying to extract any clear thought or statement from it is like trying to lift something out of a pool of sirup: you can't get hold of anything by itself; propositions adhere to one another in a pleasant sticky mass and none can be withdrawn without trailing glutinous streams of qualifications, distinctions and semi-retractions. He is charming, though; a real gift for imagery, and so on.

I do not write to you because I am aware of your burdens and of the amount of really unavoidable correspondence you must handle. But, if you are able to reply, may I express the hope that you will give me some news of the family, -- how Boozle is; what Tom is doing with himself; and whither there is anything to report concerning my little favorite, Marie-Charlotte?

There was a chance that I might have been obliged to come to that university convention at Laval which you are addressing early in June, but I have had a very hard winter of it and do not feel at all well as yet and so did a little manoeuvring to escape it. They say a man is never older than when he is forty. Let us hope that after my birthday in July I will be able to notice some sort of recovery of my lost youth.

My best wishes to the whole family and my thanks again for you many kindnesses during the years I was in Quebec.

Sincerely in Chr̄st

G Durand