A KNOCKING IN THE CLAY

Robert Gibbs

I was consumed with a desire to write a philosophical-lyrical drama in which all I had learned in philosophy and psychology would be presented to the public in a verse composition. I spent two years upon it, which meant two summers and two Christmas vacations. . . . [1]

THE PERIOD of composing a drama referred to in the above quotation was presumably between 1917, the year Pratt completed his Ph.D. and published his first major poetic effort, the narrative poem, *Rachel*, and 1920, when he formally joined the department of English at Victoria College. The story of "Clay's" fortunes following composition is a familiar one: the preparation of a number of typescripts for circulating among friends and colleagues, their cool and cooling reception of the opus, Pratt's ceremonial immolation of the scripts, and Mrs. Pratt's opportune rescue of one at least, for posterity. To her act of mercy or treason this paper owes its existence.

Pratt has left us his own characterization of "Clay": "... it was full of theories, ethical maxims, philosophical truisms, bald very bald generalizations — practically the whole cargo of the department of philosophy and psychology as it existed twenty years or so ago at the University of Toronto."[2] Pratt had set out to write a lyrical drama, and although he hoped to achieve something "Elizabethan in character,"[3] the result is more Victorian than anything else. There are some affinities in the total design and in the detail with Hardy's *The Dynasts*, but Pratt was neither so ambitious as Hardy nor so sure about his philosophical ground. If anyone, taking Pratt's characterization of "Clay" too literally, should go to the work looking for a complex of philosophical and psychological ideas, he would be disappointed. The conflicting views that beset the later Victorians are all there in a general way, but in no greater depth or complexity than in *In*

Memoriam. In fact, it is with that work that I find its closest affinities both in the conflict and in its resolution.

"Clay" is a study of cosmic irony. The conflict has its basis in the central character, Julian, but it does not work itself out in him. Julian's character and the basis of the cosmic irony remain a "folded scroll" until the end of Act II. There is no development in him up to that point and little beyond it. He appears as a man completely disillusioned from the outset and moves from that state only in the final scene of the play, when he acknowledges an intimation of immortality in himself, which answers rather faintly the cosmic idealism of his friends Thaddeus and Merrivale. The conflict is one between cosmic irony, embodied in Julian in the form of Romantic *angst*, and transcendental optimism or orthodox conservatism, embodied in the other characters. The drama is lyrical, not only because it includes lyric passages spoken by disembodied voices, but because it is essentially a stating and restating of opposing sets of feeling. The events of the play, chiefly two — the storm of Act I and the war of Act II — serve only to fix Julian in his convictions: first, of the meaningless hostility of nature to man, and second, of man's failure to realize any moral progress since Cain. The coming of spring in Act III effects a change in Julian's outlook, but the change is not profound enough to constitute a real dramatic development. The intimation that Julian confesses to having is really in evidence from the beginning, since Julian's state of mind is clearly one of failed Romantic idealism throughout, and glimmerings of that idealism are constantly shining through his darkest utterances.

Pratt himself recognized the failure of the work as a too conscious effort to embody sets of attitudes with no imaginative grasp of characters as people. The play owes whatever force it has to the rhetoric of its outpourings rather than to conflicts within or between characters. Its chief interest for us lies in certain relations it reveals between the writer and his material.

THE OPENING SCENE of the play consists of a conversation between Penrose and Donaldson, two characters who observe and comment rather than express any real concerns or convictions of their own. Their function here is to introduce Julian and his situation. He is a man removed from the world, a kind of Prospero figure, whose knowledge of nature causes the humble folk, whose sick he heals and whose drowned he resuscitates, to regard him with awe. But as Penrose continues his account, the character of Julian becomes more clearly Romantic — Byronic or Tennysonian:

A nature fierce and passionate, his soul
Smoked over with the hottest vapours of revolt
Against the ground-plans of our mother-earth.
His face was of fine cast; his stature tall;
His eyes took on the bluer edge of flame
Beneath grey brows; this was at times displaced
By softer hues for he was as a child
In singleness of heart and guileless ways;
Strange that he looked obliquely on the world
He lived in; everywhere that human feet
Had trod he saw the Satyr's hoof; a core
Malevolent inhered in life; the ape
Was grinning through men's eyes and teeth, and
Marked all his utterance with a tragic note[4]

Here we have the Byronic mixture of hot rebellion and guileless innocence, although Julian never acts in his rebellion and so never has cause to feel guilt. He is no Manfred, but a purely literary echo of the Romantic hero. His vision of nature is Tennysonian; the "core malevolent" points also to Hardy, but his confrontation is emotional and rhetorical rather than actual, so that he never achieves the stature of intensity of a Hardy figure. His "tragic note" is a matter of utterance, a role assumed, not one of life or action. We learn later in the scene that he is a naturalist in every sense of the word, looking into physical processes for clues to human nature and behaviour. To this extent, he is a Wundtian psychologist, but only to this extent.

The second scene begins with Julian in soliloquy on the shore with a storm brewing. The blank verse opening is impressive — Miltonic and descriptive — but hardly the voice of a man communing with himself:

Swift has the darkness settled on the deep;
A moment past, and livid streaks of day
Were casting fitful splendours on the waves.
Retiring, they have left the graying sea
Mantled in gloom.

As the soliloquy moves forward through forty lines, it gathers a good deal of rhetorical force. At one point only does the voice with its echoes of Milton and Wordsworth give way to something more closely the poet's own. The transition is worth observing:

And so, does man's existence find its form
Envisaged in the ocean's eyeless face

Swept by the besom of the winds. Its lines,
Its furrows, all its corrugated cares
Are mirrored in its gulfs. Dark nature's minions
Break from the leash of law, and each with each
Contending, joins the universal strife;
Winds claw rebellious seas; the billows spit
Their salted rheum upon the rocks, are cuffed
And broken in return. *The Atlantic plants*
Its heel of death upon the transport's hull,
Strides over the breaker's line; bludgeons the Cape,
And flung in thunder from the embattled brows
Of jag and bluff, reels with a drunkard's tread
Along the shore, and falls upon the beach.

(italics mine)

The passage opens with conventional diction, as Julian continues to philosophize in rather facile terms about man and nature. The verse begins to pick up with "Dark nature's minions", but the movement, the diction, the effect are so patently Miltonic as to be almost parody. The real change comes with "The Atlantic. . . . " It is as if the word itself triggers the poet's imagination. He leaves for the moment the sea as a purely literary phenomenon and confronts his own particular sea, one of ocean liners and contemporary disasters. Up to this point, the poet in the persona of Julian has been too intent on expressing the besetting mood of his hero, his relentless cosmic irony in the face of nature. The Atlantic releases him from his literary preoccupation and allows him to indulge for a moment his own imaginative bent, that of identifying with the gigantic and powerful in nature. The self-conscious voice of the embittered *eiron* makes way for the true voice of *alazon*. Even the movement from verse to verse becomes expressive and individual. In "Strides over the breaker's line; bludgeons the Cape," the poet becomes his ocean, striding as it strides, toppling barriers, asserting as it asserts a free, drunken play of titanic energy. The force of the lines owes a good deal to Pratt's breaking of the mould in which he has encased his imagination, and the joy carried by the movement is that of one released from unnatural fetters.

Following Julian's soliloquy, six lyrics assigned to various voices act as a choric commentary on the events of the storm. Although Pratt handles the verse gracefully enough, the emotion expressed is overt rather than inherent, and the ironic force is attenuated and weak. The universe seen in these lyrics is anomalous.

Certain stanzas are stronger than others, but for the most part the effect is one of facility rather than power.

> Whose feet and whose wings
> Contend for the prize?
> Seraphs and dragons
> Harrow the skies.

This is a strong enough expression of the anomaly taken alone, but it loses its force in the context of ten similar stanzas, similar in expressing essentially the same thing. Perhaps the tightest single lyric is number four, which treats the theme of the sea's ever-deceiving surface:

> What is that colour on the sea,
> Dotted by the white sails of ships?
> It is blue, you say. We know it not, and yet
> We know the blue of violet,
> The hue of mid-day skies,
> And the sapphire of young children's eyes.
> But *that* we do not know, — unless it be
> The pallor of dead lips.

The ironic contrast here seems forced on to the poem. The succeeding two stanzas simply restate the theme with other images. Yet the theme itself is one that would again occupy the mind of Pratt and receive far more powerful expression in such poems as "Sea Cathedral" and *The Titanic*, where it lodges in strong central symbol.

The third scene of Act I brings to the fore the central conflict of the play. Thaddeus is present at Julian's house and gives his report of the storm. In his view, nature is neutral, and man's tragedy is a result of his own hubris, not of any malevolence in her:

> The oar, the sail, the paddle and the screw
> Are patterns of a moving tragedy
> That men misread. They think by labored art,
> They have snared the magic of the wind's uprising,
> And its down-sitting.

It is a tragic view as old as Job's. Julian's reply reflects sharply Pratt's own sense of its contemporary relevance:

Aye, every step upon the grade seems vain.
And every boast a signal of distress.
The halliard, and the rocket, roar of gun,
The code's weird speech that would out-wit
the air,
Are helpless blazons when the tempest stops
The ear and seals the sight. Death flags the
running storm
With signs of more imperious beckoning,
Than those which from the wireless deck flash
out
Their dots and dashes of a giant loss.

Here where the cosmic irony which Pratt has sought to express lodges in a particular technology, the verse becomes more vital, the rhetoric, fresh and authentic. The conclusion that Julian comes to is more conventional:

A gambler's been at work upon this job,
Or else a journeyman that did not learn
His trade too well, and somewhere a flaw
Spoiling a nobler plan.

He sees caprice not only in the total design of nature but in the workings and evolution of the human heart.

In scene iv, the debate continues with Penrose, Donaldson and Merrivale attempting to counter Julian's cynicism. Donaldson finds in the stoicism of those who suffered from the storm a reason for optimism. Julian attacks the stoical ideal as false, as requiring from a man a surrender of his humanity: "It is a lesson that before it's learned/ A man must unman himself to read." Merrivale, the traditionalist, argues for accepting the divine will. Julian declares the universe to be totally unconscious and uncaring, reasserting his view of God as a kind of tinkerer with man:

A sufferer calls in pain
In the lone watches of his couch, and hears
No answer save the leaden brush of wings
Against the window-pane. The son's last right
To heirship, to inheritance of love
Is spurned upon the doorstep of his home,
His kinship cancelled, and his brother's ties
Dissolved in mutual blood. Named you him, Father?
God. No. Rather a Potter with some clay.

These lines close Act I. Only once or twice has the force of ironic debate lodged where it belongs: in the character of Julian himself. The rest is a far too conscious and too facile statement of its terms by various voices.

To prepare for the second stage of the debate, Pratt opens Act II with a series of fragments intended to provide impressions of the war in progress. This section is perhaps the most prolonged success of the play, and the success rises, I think, from the fact that Pratt has for the moment set aside his main concern and is working with matters that have honestly engaged his imagination. The blank verse owes its vitality here to the life of common speech in the mouths of simple characters; it shows this gain in a flexibility of movement as much as in idiom.

> Great lads those! Every one reliant, firm,
> Steady of step, — muscle and bone storm-hinged,
> Yet supple as the fine battalion's lines
> In which he swings. Straight-eyed with face
> clean-bronzed
> In the clear sparkle of the morning's light.
> How well the khaki takes the October sun,
> Fits the square shoulders, matches cheek and
> hand.
> That lad there, see! third line, first on the
> left, —
> Mine! youngest one of four, turned twenty-one,
> Blue eyes, and hair light brown. Two months ago,
> He left the ship, and with two other brothers, —
> The second and the oldest, both big lads —
> He joined the colours. Soon, at dawn, they say,
> To-morrow, they are off. God wish them well.

The figure of the young man is heroic in his father's eyes, and the poet is sharing the father's frank pride. The poetry is only an approximation of speech, retaining a good deal of fine rhetoric, but fine rhetoric is often present in the speech of simple men under the stress of strong emotion. The illusion of speech is strongly present in the abrupt, broken rhythm. The six "Fragments from a field" which follow are reminiscent of similar vignettes in *The Dynasts*.

> Here, on the double. Cut that out. That shell
> Is half a mile off. What's in this pit?
> A clean half-dozen — tangled up in skeins;
> The first one's dead, and this . . . and so, the
> sixth,

That's all. Make for that clump of wire.
This rain
Beats like a flood.
The smoke's too thick to see,
The slime's a mile deep.
Here, over here,
Three — four, alive; let's get this fellow out,
He's got it worst.

Pratt, like Hardy, is able to depict heroic action best through personae who are not conscious of the magnitude of their actions. Engagement with events, even in fragmentary form, releases the poet from self-consciousness. He stands enough apart from his actors to allow them some of their own life. These vignettes are followed by "Cries Afar Off", a protracted lament in quatrains, part of which appears in the second edition of the collected poems as "A Dirge."[5] It is, like the earlier lyrics, facile and attenuated. The effect is sentimental.

Scene II opens with Thaddeus speaking in his role as Romantic seer. He describes his vision of the war as a universal conflict:

All earth's tribes
Had by some common instinct gathered there,
Peopling the shadows of the awful zone, —
The forest shades, the fissures of great rocks,
And caverns cut within the rotted mould;
Closed up the crimson rendezvous.

The vision is gothic and only vaguely realized — a secondary, literary experience. Nevertheless, it may be seen as an embryonic form of a theme which would preoccupy Pratt later and which would receive expression in "The Great Feud". Julian's reaction to the vision of man engaged in total war is to shift his view more expressly toward fatalism:

O Thaddeus! there is an iron in the will
Of Him who shapes the times. His power is seen
Within the flash that cleaves the oak; it germs
Within the hidden matrix of the earth,
When cities rock before convulsing fires
Prepare their tombs, it lurks within the fang
Of shrike and puma.

Nature malevolent, "red of tooth and claw," shows only a "sterile progression! where each life repeats/ The racial circuit, and finds unrepealed/ The acrid law by which its parent died." The irony of an evolution which maintains not only

continuity but identity between man and beast was to become an important aspect of Pratt's total vision, but here it receives too overt an expression to be imaginatively expressive. Julian's long speech ends with a depiction of Calvary as history's supreme irony:

> There was a hill once climbed, on which the
> world
> Had built the warrant of a grander faith,
> A hope more excellent. A cross was raised,
> And at its foot a river ran whose fount
> Welled from the noblest veins that ever bore
> Imperial tides . . .
>
> . . . Calvary — is but a peak that flared
> An evanescent torch whose light was quenched
> In a red mist of sweat, and man's tired feet,
> When once they scale the summit must, in shame,
> Re-walk the bloody gradient to the grave.

Here the rhetoric is freer of literary echoes; the voice is more clearly Pratt's own. The image of the Cross engaged his imagination sufficiently to free him from second-hand effects. The irony that comes through underlies a clearly affirmative view of Christianity. It is an irony central to Pratt's vision and one that finds its way into some of his finest poems. Thaddeus responds to Julian's despair with an even darker vision:

> Death, — Death stalked everywhere on land and
> sea,
> In clouds that banked the sun, in mists that hid
> The stars, or half disclosed the swollen moon.
> No cavern sunk beneath the earth but bore
> His foot-prints. Deep below the waters' rim
> Great fish had trailed his scent. Earth's
> myriad forms
> Had felt the plague-spot of his rampant touch,
> From the small field mouse caught within the
> fumes
> Of sulphurous air that crept from knoll to knoll,
> Withering the grass-blades, to the giant fighter
> Of storm and wave, that, planked and sheathed
> with steel,
> Felt the swift scorpion in her sides, then
> rocked,

And plunged with bellowing nostrils till she
sank
In a wild litany of guns.

This is one of the finest passages in "Clay". It shows the poet again breaking from a conventional rhetoric into his own rhetoric. It shows again, in its cumulative power and in the identity that the poet assumes with primitive and titanic forces, his tendency to slip from the mask of *eiron* into that of *alazon*. Pratt was to write off "Clay" as a failure, but to any discerning eye, such verse as this from a young poet bears the marks of no ordinary command and no ordinary imagiation.

From this opening, the debate proceeds between Julian and Merrivale. The latter holds out a naive faith in an "inscrutable wisdom" behind the face of things, but Julian counters with a strong argument — the failure of Christianity, as man's brightest hope, to live up to its promise:

If the one,
Who was the very rose-ray of all dreams
The world's imagination fed upon,
Yearned for through centuries before he came,
And raised in retrospect to rank of God,
Worshipped by many whom the world, in turn,
Crowned with a lustre comparable with the might
Imputed to him, — if he failed, as failed
He has with the momentum of the years
Of twenty centuries to make his name
The lode-star of the race — pray, tell me then,
Is there another yet to come . . .

This passage, like the earlier passage concerning Calvary, stands out from the verse that surrounds it. Although both passages express overtly Julian's disillusionment, the grounds of his cynicism, their strength appears to have its source in the power Christ still has to hold the poet and his persona's imagination. In rhetorical terms, the will to affirm appears stronger than the more conscious will to deny. This fact gives to the passage a more truly poetic irony than that overtly expressed. The ambivalence in Julian reflects here, I think, an ambivalence in the poet, which was to affect his treatment of the Christian theme throughout his life.

In Scene iii, set a year later, Thaddeus reassumes his role of principal antagonist. He presents Julian with concrete instances of the human capacities for self-

sacrifice, simple compassion, courage, and aspiration beyond hope of achievement. These constitute the strongest affirmative arguments in the play and lay the ground for Julian's slight change of heart in Act III. Of these, perhaps the first is most significant, although each has its place in Pratt's own humanistic values. Here Thaddeus is describing a shipwreck:

> The boats were few
> And small, and there was left upon the deck
> A sturdier throng who stretched out willing
> hands
> To save the weak. One boat hung yet suspended,
> Filled short of obvious risk, and a slim girl
> Stepped out, and gave an aged woman left
> Unnoticed in the crowd, her place. Her lips
> Were closed, and her face pale, but yet her
> smile
> Made sweet and soft the pallor of her cheeks.

The passage is not remarkable as poetry. It is, in fact, working too obviously for an effect which turns out to be sentimental in much the same way as *Rachel* is sentimental. The figure employed is too evidently that and not a concrete reality. The poet sees sacrificial love here as irrational, since by any rational standard, the aged should have given place to the young. The theme is another that would remain central to Pratt's view of man. Julian concedes to Thaddeus a little at this point, but very little:

> Chaos indeed may well disclose a star,
> Caught unawares within the tangled drift
> Of cloud and chasing glooms. Earth's wastes
> are full
> Of miry swamps and quicksands. Compensates
> The flower, rare and lovely though it be,
> For the death-suctions of the stretching void?

This reply is typical of the purely conventional progress of much of the debate. Thaddeus proposes human compassion, courage and aspiration as ends in themselves, regardless of final defeat. Julian cannot separate human strivings from their outcomes:

> Is there for human kind
> A scale that weighs the profit differently,
> A higher calculus that measures loss

By hidden worths and meanings to the brute
Denied?

The argument does not really proceed beyond this point but consists of rhetorical reiterations, which carry little real force. Julian reaffirms his conviction that the universe is the work of a mad artisan, "who slays while fashioning", in Donaldson's phrase. He and Penrose join Thaddeus in arguing that Julian's is only a partial view and that human aspiration points to something beyond the natural in human nature:

The leap's the symbol of his daring. More!
There are great promptings planted, mightier
Than what sense enfolds; they bid him cross
Spans unexplored, gulfs where the plumb-line
hangs;
Try for vast title-holdings where the hands
Are bankrupt for the bids.

Here the heroic theme that is so central to Pratt's view of man finds eloquent expression in language that is his own. There is a defiance in the tone that counters too effectively the asserted cosmic irony of Julian. Again we detect the presence of an *alazon* with whom the poet can more honestly identify than with his *eiron* figure. Only in Julian's final speech does Pratt's own conviction strike through the conventional mask:

. . . the fight
With nature grows more simple every hour
Her ways are known, but when the struggle takes
Hell's routes and ends in bloody fratricide,
Not once, nor twice, as though an incident
Of casual kind had touched man's history,
But as a baffling epidemic strokes
A thousand times his life, failing of cure;
How strike this foul insistent integer
Clean from his life? The taint is in the blood,
Try surgery there! Find the right scalpel first.

In Scene iii, Julian chooses at last to unburden himself to his friends and antagonists in the prolonged debate. Here the affinity between "Clay" and *In Memoriam* is most strikingly apparent. It turns out that Julian's cynicism has its root in the loss of a friend, who had all the marks of an A.H.H.

Never was a nature
More finely strung to touch or glance or word,
For like a harpsichord it registered
All moods, — the flame of passion in just cause,
Anger and quick revulsion when a deed
Showed foul at the core, and yet his soul could
breathe
Such adoration for a cherished friend,
Such warmth of fealty for a cause held high,
That he could lose the temper of restraint
With lavish offering; as generous in heart,
As keen in mind. Then suddenly, well . . . a
blank,
A veil hangs that may not be lifted here . . .
I saw him dead, his face all passionless, cold,
The luminous shafts that kindled in his eyes
Sparkless as flint in loam, his head, his brow,
The flexions of his body — graven stone.
So cloud and dust have since companioned me;
There's nothing left.

As a revelation, this is disappointing. The sterile quality of the verse points up the fact that the source of Julian's angst is, like much of the angst itself, a literary abstraction. The unlifted veil hides something too dreadful to see in the best tradition of Victorian melodrama. The failure to conceive of any real cause for Julian's bitterness is perhaps the root of Pratt's failure in "Clay."

Act III opens with two lyrics announcing the arrival of spring. Thaddeus follows these with a blank verse paean, which is on the whole conventional and stifled. Two or three lines stand out from their context as genuine Pratt:

Beyond the snow-capped ranges
Lusty young rivers tear and strain at the dugs
Of the foot-hills.

Here again the poet is identifying with the primitive energy of nature, its perennial youth and high spirits. These lines say more than the forty odd lines of their context. The scene proceeds with Julian's protesting Thaddeus' efforts to stir him from his melancholy. Nothing new emerges from the debate until Julian yields at last —

I find the roadways blocked,
And memory ranging through the fungus years

Finds but the husks where it would take the fruit.
And yet there is a knocking in this clay,—
A restless flame,—something that, if it could,
Would leap the grammared confines of slow speech,
And give the echo to your dancing words.

(italics mine)

When his wife asked him why he had called his dramatic poem "Clay", Pratt replied, "Why not?"[6] but there is more to the answer than that. "Clay" here represents the physical confines of the human spirit, both in the individual and in the universal sense. The "knocking" is a kind of intimation of immortality, but it is also a form of resistance or defiance. Pratt's chief concern in the play is with a man whose vision has become circumscribed by the limits of physical sense, yet whose instinctive resistance to such confinement manifests itself as cosmic irony or cynicism. Although the play fails in total conception and realization, it does confront aspects of himself and of the external world that would always be of deep concern to Pratt. Pratt, in seeking to see man's place in nature, often uses the metaphor of speech to symbolize man's humanity. The distinction between articulate and inarticulate in nature is fundamental to Pratt's thinking, and man's central concern as man is for him communication on various levels. The spirit is not something which Pratt and his contemporaries find easy to comprehend or apprehend in the way that the Romantics apprehended it. To Pratt, the deeper levels of man's being, in seeking to communicate with his consciousness, must "leap the grammared confines." The conditions of existence impose mechanical limits; man must live in the order of nature. A condition of man's humanity is for Pratt a resistance to such confinement, an instinctive truancy against the rule of natural law. Pratt came to see the writing of verse as "a grand binge", a breaking out against the confines of decorum, a release of the instinctive self. Pratt's irony rises from his profound consciousness of the "clay" in which man's being is confined. His *alazony* rises from his defiance of a mechanistic view of man. His task as a poet was perhaps to find an adequate means of expressing this dualism in himself. In "Clay", the dualism finds expression only in a limited and fragmentary way. For the most part, the poet is well within "the grammared confines" of literary convention. When his verse does leap into life, the tone is almost always hyperbolic rather than ironic, yet the central preoccupation with cosmic irony reflects more than a purely literary concern. The questions posed rhetorically in "Clay" will find in later poems a more truly poetic lodging.

Pratt himself felt that he had learned something important from the writing of his "philosophical-lyrical" drama: "I came around to the conviction that philosophical and ethical insights whenever they find their way into poetry should be emotional renderings of experience actually lived or imaginatively grasped."[7]

NOTES

[1] E. J. Pratt, cited in Henry W. Wells, and Carl F. Klinck, *Edwin J. Pratt: The Man and His Poetry* (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1947), p. 15.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 16.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 15.

[4] "Clay," (a drama), unpublished typescript, file 18 in E. J. Pratt Collection of Manuscripts, Victoria University, Toronto. All quotations from "Clay" are taken from this typescript.

[5] *The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt* 2d ed., ed. Northrop Frye (Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, 1962), p. 18.

[6] Wells and Klinck, *Edwin J. Pratt*, p. 16.

[7] *Ibid.*