

E. J. PRATT

Apostle of Corporate Man

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THE VISION of E. J. Pratt has so far provided the major area of dispute for his critics. To early commentators, John Sutherland,¹ Desmond Pacey,² and Northrop Frye,³ Pratt was a Christian humanist; to Vincent Sherman in 1964 he seems to have been an atheist;⁴ and to Peter Buitenhuis, editor of the recent *Selected Poems*, both of these views represent misreadings of Pratt's work. In Buitenhuis's mind Pratt is a man drawn "toward relativism and agnosticism."⁵ In the general concern for Pratt's religious views the importance of Frye's observation that Pratt is a "spokesman rather than a critic of public opinion and generally accepted social reactions"⁶ has been mostly overlooked. True, it was reiterated by Fred Cogswell in 1964, but hardly as pointing the direction to the key aspects of Pratt's world-view. "The conception of heroism in Pratt is of the kind that belongs to our age, to an industrial democracy," said Frye.⁷ Continued Cogswell, "he [Pratt] is the poet . . . of mass action over individual action."⁸

Stated bluntly, the problems which have so far bewildered Pratt critics are two: the first, what is his poetry about, and the second, what world-view does this poetry project? The convolutions of some of the early critics, notably John Sutherland, to get the "right" answer to the first question have been adequately exposed and documented by Earle Birney.⁹ But even Peter Buitenhuis shies from the obvious answers that Pratt's subject matter may be no more than the stories he tells and that his vision may be no more than the values which his protagonists embody. A careful reading of Pratt's work, in fact, suggests very strongly that Pratt was much more straightforward as an artist than most of his sophisticated critics would care to admit. He seems seldom to have been concerned with such profound questions as can easily be raised by too analytical an approach to his

work. Is a whale ("The Cachalot") more to be admired than Pratt's brave fellow Newfoundlanders who die pursuing it? Is "the great Panjandrum" ("The Truant") also the god that awaits Pratt's mother behind *The Iron Door*? Can the ship *Titanic* be an instance of *hubris* when the locomotive "The 6000" is not? Are the priest of the *Roosevelt* and the saintly Brebeuf both "truants"? Can the K-148 ("The Submarine") be eulogized for its "mechanic power" while German armoured vehicles are declared "crueller than the hordes of Tamburlaine"?¹⁰

Although these and other ambiguities in Pratt's work can be easily resolved if considered as peripheral to one simple and pervasive idea in Pratt, his critics have been thrown by them into great confusion. Not only are such ambiguities responsible for the Christian humanist-atheist-agnostic controversy, but for his "Tyrannosaurus Rex" ("The Great Feud") being Christ to Sutherland and "mere instinctive physical courage" to Desmond Pacey, for his cachalot being "heroic energy"¹¹ to Pacey but thoroughly a whale to Earle Birney,¹² and for *The Iron Door* being pessimistic to Vincent Sharman¹³ but optimistic to Peter Buitenhuis.¹⁴ And while Frye can call Pratt a defender of "generally accepted social reactions"¹⁵ Pacey can state, "Pratt obviously believes that all worthwhile human achievement rests not on conformity but on non-conformity."¹⁶ No wonder Pacey is led to declare, "I suspect that a good deal of the ambiguity in Pratt is not deliberate but involuntary, and that there is not only confusion among critics but also confusion in the poet."¹⁷

Once one gets past the confusions of the critics, from John Sutherland's fantastic system-building to Vincent Sharman's humourously perverse interpretation of *Brebeuf and his Brethren*,¹⁸ and begins an open-minded reading of Pratt's poems, one can see that Pacey was indeed correct in terming these poems "deceptively simple."¹⁹ But, unfortunately for Mr. Pacey and his brethren, this simplicity is deceptive not in masking something more complex but merely in being disappointingly no more than itself. Pratt's shark ("The Shark") is only a shark, admirable for its latent and impersonal power. Pratt's cachalot is an aggressive and virile whale, stunning in its inherited energy and strength, but referential to no symbolic meaning outside itself. His Brebeuf is not remarkable either as a Christian or as a Christ-figure, but only as an instance of the power to be gained by an individual through allegiance to the ideals of a human group. The Jesuits are more impressive to Pratt as power-figures than are the Indians because the odds are higher against them and thus more demanding of power. Similarly, in *Dunkirk* the strength of the British infantry is more admirable than

that of the German Panzers, and in *Behind the Log* the strength of the beleaguered convoy is more admirable than that of the relatively secure U-boats.

POWER, *then*, is one of the keys to Pratt's uncomplicated vision. He is fascinated by power much the way the teenager can be fascinated by a powerful automobile and be tempted to identify vicariously with it. Further, Pratt displays our culture's love of the underdog, believing along with this culture that the underdog somehow marshals more impressive power in either victory or defeat than any favourite can. Thus Pratt's sympathy for the dying cachalot, for the tortured Brebeuf and Lalement, for the battered sailors of the *Roosevelt* and the *Antinoe*, for the *Orillia* in *Behind the Log*, for the harrassed John A. Macdonald in *Towards the Last Spike*, for "the truant," or again, for the British rear-guard at Dunkirk. And thus too Pratt's scorn for the crew and passengers of the *Titanic*, who would, had they managed themselves properly, have had all in their favor, and conversely his reverent awe for that "grey shape with the palaeolithic face".

Unlike the vision of Brebeuf, Pratt's vision is unashamedly worldly. The power he respects and eulogizes is nearly always power wielded or shared in the here and now by material inhabitants of this world. Divine power is contrastingly unimpressive to Pratt. He has only the vaguest sense of what stretches beyond "the iron door"; he sees the power of the *Roosevelt's* priest as completely overshadowed by that of her sailors, the power of "the great Panjandrum" as completely overshadowed by that audacious and worldly "traunt". Only in the very moving opening pages of *Brebeuf and his Brethren* does the Protestant Pratt exhibit any sensitivity to the mysteries of the divine, and here only because his common sense attitudes have been forced to yield before the artistic necessity of identifying with the Catholic hero.

Werner Sombart²⁰ and R. H. Tawney²¹ have convincingly documented how modern capitalism had its birth in medieval scholasticism and Protestant secularization of the scholastic method. Tawney, in particular, has demonstrated how Protestantism has in Western culture been the prerequisite for a common sense handling of reality, a respect for worldly power, and a high valuation of the ability to manipulate material objects. It is this complex of characteristics that we see in the attitudes of E. J. Pratt: a respect for raw material power ("The Shark," "The Submarine," "The 6000"), a complete and disciplined attention

to things of this world (*Behind the Log, Toward the Last Spike*), and, except briefly, in *Brebeuf*, a blind eye for mystery and eternity. From the Renaissance through the eighteenth century such a world-view energized the mercantilist sensibility so well recorded by Defoe. In the nineteenth century it allied itself with Spencer's distortions of Darwinian theory and secured prolonged life for *laissez faire* economics. In the twentieth century it seeks yet more worldly power for the "truant" human race through the mechanical excesses of corporate enterprise. As Marshall McLuhan reported in *The Mechanical Bride*,

The puritan both retained the scholastic method in theology and gave it expression in the precision and austerity of his secular existence. So that it is scarcely fantastic to say that a great modern business is a secular adaptation of the most striking features of medieval scholastic culture. Confronted with the clockwork precision of scholastic method, Lewis Mumford could think only of the mechanical parallel of a smoothly working textile plant. The object of this systematic process is now production and finance rather than God.²²

And with corporate enterprise we have entered deeply into the world of E. J. Pratt. What are the gods of this world but organization, planning, efficiency, regimentation, discipline, and order? To Pratt nature has this order and efficiency. Such is implicit in the fish analogy of "The Submarine," in his account of the architecture of the cachalot, in the "metallic teeth" of "The Shark," in the very waves which "crashed down in volleys flush against the hull" of the *Roosevelt*; such, in fact, is inscribed deep within the iceberg's "palaeolithic face." Men, in Pratt's view, can acquire such order and efficiency not as individuals but as members of corporate groups. Such, as we shall see, is the message of *The Titanic, Brebeuf and his Brethren, Toward the Last Spike*, and many others of the poet's works.

Pratt seems to have the unique distinction among modern poets of being an enemy of individual action. One of the few characters in Pratt who happens to act not as an agent of society or member of a social order is the seaman Uno Wertanen of the *Roosevelt*. Granted, this momentary action is both unwitting and unwanted.

The crew could see him grab and plunge and cling,
Using his legs as a rudder so to swing
Her head around to the wreck and with sheer
Abandon of his youth to try to steer
His open, wilful, single-handed craft . . .

Markedly isolated, even exiled, by storm and accident from his social group, Wertanen drowns. Other individualists in Pratt are the seal-hunters of *The Eagle* who are cut off from their social order by a blizzard which catches them out upon the ice. Here, deprived of the structure and power of society, the individual human being is incapable of surviving.

. . . like sheep we huddled and broke
 Here one would fall as hunger took hold
 Of his step; here one would sleep as the cold
 Crept into his blood, and another would kneel
 Athwart the body of some dead seal,
 And with knife and nails would tear it apart
 To flesh his teeth in its frozen heart,
 And another dreamed that the storm was past
 And raved of his bunk and brandy and food, . . .

(*The Ice-Floes*)

The most blatant individualist in all of Pratt's work is, of course, "The Brawler in Who's Who." Acknowledged for individual heroism by "two DSO's," the brawler has come to this achievement through murdering his infant brother and his mother, through making "a Bedlam" of his schools, and through fighting in war like the Tyrannosaurus Rex of "The Great Feud." In this poem Pratt clearly links individual heroism both with seriously anti-social behavior and, once again, with diminished chances for survival. The brawler, who has dissociated himself from the protection of the social order, dies in the middle of life, murdered.

In contrast to the people above, individual men in Pratt who act as loyal members of a group can acquire the possibility not only of survival but also of participating in great and laudable deeds. To the modern reader, schooled to resent all oppression of the individual by "bureaucracies" or "establishments" of any sort, Pratt's quotation from the seamen's contract at the opening of *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe* is both humorous and quaint.

. . . they, the crew,
 Should pledge themselves to conduct, *faithful, true,*
And orderly, in honest, sober manner;
At all times in their duties diligent;
To the master's lawful word obedient,
In everything relating to the vessel —
Safety of passengers, cargo, and store,
Whether on board, in boats, or on the shore.

Yet to Pratt this passage underlines a cast of mind essential to the heroism which is later to be displayed by the crew. In this poem even the radio stations have an almost sentimentalized social responsibility.

Thousands of dials in studio and station
 Were "off the air" by an ungrudged consent —
 That the six-hundred-metre wave might keep
 Upon the sea that night its high command.

Throughout Pratt's work there is a pervasive theme of collective action, of strength to be gained by identification with a group or cause. In "The Great Feud" disaster befalls the land dwellers when they ignore the ape's command,

But as their allies, ye shall spend,
 In one grand consummating blow
 Of death against the common foe,
 Your strength to a triumphant end,

and fall into lethal internecine struggle. This calamity is precipitated by another of Pratt's unfortunate individualists, Tyrannosaurus Rex, whose folly is that he will affiliate with neither side but instead battles both groups on his own. In "The Cachalot" all of the individuals involved in the final struggle can identify with an order larger than themselves. The whalers, of course, form a traditional sea-going social unit, and the cachalot, Pratt is eager to tell us, can trace back his ancestry "a thousand years." The whale's particular greatness is informed by ancestors that had followed Lief Ericsson, Marco Polo, Columbus, da Gama, "Cortez, Cavendish, and Drake," that had sunk a Dutch battleship in the English Channel and a British one at Trafalgar. *Dunkirk* is similarly a poem not about individuals but also a social group, a nation, extending both in numbers like the whaler's crew and in history like the cachalot's ancestors.

Milleniums it has taken to make their stock.
 Pilt-down hung on the frontals of their fathers.
 They had lain as sacrifices
 Upon the mortuary slabs of Stonehenge. . . .
 They had signed up with Frobisher,
 Had stifled cries in the cockpits of Trafalgar.
 They had emptied their veins into the Marne.

In *Behind the Log* and *Toward the Last Spike* Pratt's emphasis on the collective nature of the great successes of man is already well known, being noted by

both Frye²³ and Buitenhuis.²⁴ From the Commodore's warning that in the convoy "there is but little room / For rugged individualists" to the poet's observation that the battle was fought by "men with surnames blotted by their jobs / into a scrawl of anonymity", *Behind the Log* is a story of ships rather than of men, of corporate heroism rather than of individual bravery. The Commodore himself does little more than co-operate in the general flow of events. In *Toward the Last Spike* Pratt celebrates another instance of collective action. Here, in a superficial reading, either Macdonald or Van Horne can appear as a hero. Yet once again Pratt makes the network of interaction and interdependency abundantly clear. Van Horne supports Macdonald, and Macdonald reciprocates. Both men are further supported by Tupper, Stephen, and Smith, and all five are in turn reliant on the loyalty, sweat, and ingenuity of the thousands of workers who, in dedication to their task,

lost their identity; as groups,
As gangs, they massed, divided, subdivided,
Like numerals only —

Even *Brebeuf and his Brethren* loses much of the complexity which has puzzled critics from John Sutherland to Vincent Sharman when it is regarded as merely another Prattian eulogy of the power gained by men when they unite in a common belief to a common purpose. The Christianity and the Catholicism of Brebeuf and his brothers are both essentially peripheral to the central meaning of the poem. These are merely parts of the vision which binds the participants to their tasks, and, as such, are parallel to the goal of the sea-to-sea railway in *Toward the Last Spike* or the goal of convoy survival in *Behind the Log*. Thus both Sharman's questioning of Pratt's attitude to Christianity in the poem and Sutherland's desire to show the poem as optimistically Christian are relatively unimportant. What is important in considering *Brebeuf and his Brethren* is the fact that Pratt admires any kind of heroic collective action against long odds, whether it be against the sea, the Nazis, the mountains, or the heathen — or even, as in "The Truant," against "the great Panjandrum" himself.

Throughout *Brebeuf and his Brethren* what seems most striking to Pratt is that Brebeuf does not act as an individual. He is before all else a member of a corporate body, the Jesuit order, and as such is informed by "the winds of God" which are blowing into the hearts of any men at this time all over Europe. Further, he is directly informed by divine presence, a "Real Presence" — by his vision of "a bleeding form / Falling beneath the instrument of death". Thus

he is more than the agent of a holy order; he is the agent of divine will as well. Knowing that he may face martyrdom in the New World, Brebeuf studies the temptations that such a fate can offer. What is the chief temptation? — that of “the brawler,” individual glory. Here Brebeuf learns the lesson of Eliot’s Becket, that martyrdom must not be sought for its own sake but only encountered through performing “the will of God”.

The theme of “French imperialism in North America” noted by Buitenhuis²⁵ seems to be present in the poem only to heighten the impression that Brebeuf is no more than a participant in a complex of events much larger than himself. Note how his name here is only one on a list of makers in a great enterprise.

New France restored! Champlain, Masse, Brebeuf
 Were in Quebec, hopes riding high as ever.
 Davost and Daniel soon arrived to join
 The expedition west. Midsummer tide,
 The busiest the Colony had ever known,
 Was over: forty-three canoes to meet
 The hazards of return; . . .

And as Brebeuf is carried by these events he is admired by Pratt largely because he is worthy of them, because he is loyal to the vast movements which are giving to his life its significance. As the Commodore and the sailors serve the convoy, and as Macdonald and the navvies serve the building of the CPR, Brebeuf serves the tide of French Christianity to which he has pledged himself. He suffers in smoky hovels, he tricks the Indians with predictions of eclipses and rainfall, he faces death at the hands of the Neutrals, eats the filthy food of the Hurons, all for the enlargement of the Catholic community. Says Pratt,

But never could the Indians infer
 Self-gain or anything but simple courage
 Inspired by a zeal beyond reproof, . . .

This is the loyalty which Pratt admires in men, the loyalty of “simple” courage, the submission of individual will to group projects significantly greater than oneself. And the glory that Pratt admires is not that of the defiant individual but that of the defiant group (his “truant,” after all, is generic) which can be vicariously enjoyed by the individual either in a sacrificial death or a participatory triumph. The cachalot fights and dies for the glory of his race; Brebeuf fights and dies for the glory of his faith; the weekend sailors at Dunkirk fight and win for the glory of England. Today this kind of glory is the kind offered

by large corporations to their loyal employees. Again Marshall McLuhan can describe the process:

Great physical and industrial power rests on a multitude of powerless individuals, many of whom are deeply resentful of their condition. The smaller and meaner the man, the more he craves to possess not limited human powers, with all the effort of cultivation and all the responsibility that implies, but superhuman power. (That is the meaning of the Squinky comic books, and of "Superman.") The sadistic craving for enormous physical powers to revenge or compensate for human futility will always drive such people to link themselves to vast impersonal enterprises. They will follow automatically any road which promises to bring them to that goal. So that to be a switch thrower in a *big* plant looks better to them than any lonely task, however human. Such is also the attraction of bureaucratic jobs, whether in great corporations or in government. It is by fantasy identification with the very big power unit that the very small man obtains his self-realization as a superman. The key to Superman is Clark Kent the useless. Therefore the more we create and centralize physical power, the more we suppress our human nature; and then that human nature queues up all the more to support the big physical power that crushes it.

This is the fate of Brebeuf, of the nameless sailors of Convoy SC42, of the masses who built the CPR, even of the cachalot: to be great only as agents of oppressively vast powers, forces, traditions. It is a fate based on a way of thought very similar to that "old lie" of Wilfrid Owen's "Dulce at Decorum Est." It is a fate which McLuhan terms "a nightmare dream"²⁶ but which Pratt extols.

Pratt's story of the *Titanic* is the story of the consequences of man's failing to live up to tradition and duty, of his failing to exhibit Conradian restraint and solidarity upon the sea. Machinery requires for its management in Pratt the utmost in disciplined civilized values. Men welded together as a unit operate the successful K-148 ("The Submarine"), row the *Roosevelt's* lifeboats to the *Antinoe*, lay the rails of the CPR, and save convoy SC42. On the *Titanic* men have become so dazzled by the qualities of the machine with which they have been entrusted that they fail to be worthy of this trust. They over-estimate this machine's capabilities much as Ulysses' men over-estimated human capabilities when they "would have slain the cattle of the sun." Thus the *Titanic's* crew believe that "caution was absurd" and disregard the disciplined and efficient management necessary for any ship's safety.

Throughout the poem the *Titanic's* crew's aloofness and difference from the crews of other ships are clearly developed. While the *Caronia*, *Mesaba*, *Amerika*, *Baltic*, *Touraine*, and *Californian* pick their ways gingerly through the ice-field,

the *Titanic* increases speed as it approaches. And while these ships, particularly the *Californian*, fulfill their social duties by warning all other ships at sea, the *Titanic* declares itself superciliously above this moral solidarity of all good sailors.

*Say, "Californian," shut up, keep out,
You're jamming all my signals with Cape Race.*

The *Titanic*'s passengers share in this divorce between human responsibility and the demands of machine and sea. The tread of the passenger's feet, we are told, is "rivalling the engines." The diners approach the ship's dining room "like storm troops before a citadel". So remote are the passengers from the requirements of discipline, attention, and duty at sea that some of them suggest the crew to be superfluous.

*For all the hard work there's to do
Aboard this liner up on deck, the crew
Might just as well have stopped ashore.*

Even less concern for solidarity and for human action in a co-operating, corporate body is shown by the passengers in their relationships with fellow humans. Physical violence is latent in the wrestling and boxing displays in the ship's gymnasium. Animosity and rapaciousness only just below the level of physical violence are continually evident in Cabin D's poker game. Meanwhile the "grey-templed Caesars of the world's Exchange" have gathered in the lounge to use their collective wisdom not for social good but to "rock / the pillared dollars of a railroad stock". Representative of this general non-observance of obligation to the social order is the Egyptian mummy in the hold. Stolen from a tomb in the Valley of the Kings in direct contravention not only of respect for the human dead but also of the mores of another civilization, this mummy may well carry with it "an ancient curse" on all violators of the necessary mores which bind men together and make possible their survival on earth. It is noteworthy that Pratt does not ridicule the very vulnerable credulity of the passengers who discuss this mummy, but presents their dialogue with the same profound fascination as he presents the other events of the poem.

Once the iceberg has punctured the illusion of the crew and passengers that social irresponsibility is a condition possible for man, there is a marked return among these people to the old loyalties. Captain Smith regains a captain's wisdom in his managing of the ship's abandonment so that panic and violence do

not interfere with the orderly evacuation of women and children. In playing until the sea silences their instruments, the seven musicians exhibit a fidelity which, in the ship's officers, could earlier have saved the entire ship. Among the passengers also a selfless heroism takes hold, not only among those anonymous masses "of unknown name / and race" so respected by Pratt in *Behind the Log* and *Toward the Last Spike*, but also among those tyrants of the stock exchange, Guggenheim and Astor. Thus the story of the *Titanic* is, like Pratt's other major narrative poems, a story of the necessity of social responsibility, of group action and group heroism, of men uniting in a common cause and gaining strength and inspiration from their own communality.

This theme of *The Titanic* is clearly the single most powerful constant of Pratt's poetry. It surpasses in importance both his theme of power and his intermittent theme of Christian love in that it subsumes both of these. It is through corporate action that power, both effective power and individual power, is realized. Christianity itself, especially in *Brebeuf and his Brethren*, is merely one more means of binding men together and giving to the individual totemistic or institutional support.

The question of whether this philosophy of Pratt's was felt by him to be relevant only to crisis situations or to all of human life has been raised by Northrop Frye, who, in suggesting the former, observed that Pratt "is almost always dealing with a society in a state of emergency."²⁷ This observation seems both insufficient for the conclusion and an over-statement of the case. The everyday building of the CPR certainly did not constitute a "crisis" to the ordinary labourer, and yet Pratt definitely expects a continuing loyalty and efficiency from him. In the case of the *Titanic*, the time period in which communality is lacking is that immediately preceding the crisis. Here Pratt's implication would seem to be that society-oriented or corporate action in everyday life is necessary to prevent states of emergency as much as to cope with them. Further, Pratt sometimes pointedly neglects to compartmentalize crisis behaviour from ordinary duties, and thus writes as if society-centred behaviour were no more than should be expected at any time from any man. Such is clearly the message of the concluding passage of *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe*, where both the mundane and the heroic are merely parts of the "day's work."

The nation gave its thanks on board; and she [the *Roosevelt*],
 Soon ready for completion of her run,
 Swung out the sound, with her day's work well done,
 And in an hour was on the Channel sea.

One might easily conclude from Pratt's selection and treatment of subjects that to him society always lives under threat of imminent crisis.

In E. J. Pratt we quite plainly have a committed and somewhat uncritical spokesman for the values of industrial man. He has frequently been acknowledged as a humanist. To be more specific, Pratt is actually a Pelagian liberal, not only casting original sin out on a torrent of words from his "truant" but continually presenting both the machinery of technology and the machinery of social organization as man's best way to salvation. Just as human muscle successfully supplants the Priest's prayers in *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe*, submarines, locomotives, and convoys supplant the early mystery behind "the iron door," and the truant's brash optimism supplants the poet's early but frail humility. Pratt's own frequent use of the personal pronoun *we* by itself spells out his position. Like the brain-washed D-503 of Zamiatin's anti-utopia *We*, Pratt typically cannot help but present himself as the voice of his society rather than as an individual man. The world of E. J. Pratt is a world where the individual voice, the lyric voice, is obligated to be silent, where gangs, crews, religions, and nations succeed, and private men die. It is a world where ships outlive successive crews, where the CPR outlives the individuals who participated in its building. It is a world where the *Victory*, the *Constellation*, the *Arizona*, the *Missouri* rest in veneration while the names of their crewmen are inevitably forgotten. It is a world where it is *dulce et decorum* to die for one's faith, *patria*, ship, or family of whales. Pratt may be a contemporary of Owen, Zamiatin, Orwell, and Huxley, but his poetry reads strangely like a celebration of the possibility of a "brave new world."

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ *The Poetry of E. J. Pratt: A New Interpretation* (Toronto, 1956).
- ² *Ten Canadian Poets* (Toronto, 1958).
- ³ "Editor's Introduction," *The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt*, 2nd. ed. (Toronto, 1958).
- ⁴ "E. J. Pratt and Christianity," *Canadian Literature* 19 (1964), 21-32.
- ⁵ "Introduction," *Selected Poems by E. J. Pratt* (Toronto, 1968), p. xvi.
- ⁶ "Editor's Introduction," p. xvii.
- ⁷ p. xviii.
- ⁸ "E. J. Pratt's Literary Reputation," *Canadian Literature* 19 (1964), p. 9.
- ⁹ "E. J. Pratt and his Critics," in R. L. McDougall (ed.), *Our Living Tradition* (Toronto, 1959), pp. 123-147.
- ¹⁰ "Dunkirk," in Northrop Frye (ed.), *The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt*, 2nd. ed. (Toronto, 1958).

- ¹¹ *Ten Canadian Poets*, p. 177.
- ¹² "E. J. Pratt and his Critics," p. 136.
- ¹³ "E. J. Pratt and Christianity," p. 24.
- ¹⁴ "Introduction," *Selected Poems of E. J. Pratt*, p. xv.
- ¹⁵ "Editor's Introduction," p. xvii.
- ¹⁶ *Ten Canadian Poets*, p. 169.
- ¹⁷ p. 167.
- ¹⁸ "E. J. Pratt and Christianity," pp. 26-29.
- ¹⁹ *Ten Canadian Poets*, p. 166.
- ²⁰ *Quintessence of Capitalism*, tr. M. Epstein (New York, 1967 [1915]).
- ²¹ *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* (New York, 1926).
- ²² (New York, 1951), p. 33.
- ²³ "Editor's Introduction," p. xx.
- ²⁴ "Introduction," p. xxiv.
- ²⁵ "Introduction," p. xix.
- ²⁶ *The Mechanical Bride*, p. 128.
- ²⁷ "Editor's Introduction," p. xvii.