

deciding factor would be the relative amount of co-operation received from the state for its inception.

Certainly the time is ripe for a dispersal of industry in Ontario and Quebec. It is high time the Maritimes and the Western provinces received their share of national manufacturing and contracting. According to 'Saturday Night', there is a scarcity of primary agricultural goods and a surplus of manufactured goods in Canada. This indicates an overemphasis on industry. To relieve and correct this situation, a program of distributism seems to be a most reasonable solution.

—PETER BEATON '52.

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### THE EXODUS

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Drowned in the drabby din of hacks and horns;  
Lost in the labyrinth of madding mobs;  
They heed the crowded city's hum-drum heart  
And tinsel throbs.

No more they calmly gaze on setting suns,  
Or feel the silence of some lonely lane;  
Nor can they sense the soothing solace of  
A summer rain.

The thirst for leisure tames the lave of toil,  
And vices stain the virtue-verdant soil.

—LEONARD O'HANLEY '51

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### MIDLAND AND THE MARTYRS

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It was a delightful motor drive from Camp Borden along a tree-bordered highway and quiet countryside direct to Midland on the 301st anniversary of the destruction of Fort Ste. Marie. Five of us had decided the evening before to leave for early Sunday morning Mass at the famous Martyrs' shrine, which was built in 1926 in honor of the heroic sacrifice of the early Jesuit missionaries, and about which we had heard so many people talking on this occasion.

At Barrie, eighteen miles from camp, we entered the historic district of Huronia which, over 300 (Three hundred) years ago, was the birthplace of civilization and Christianity in Ontario. We had entered the beautiful districts of Northern Ontario, which were once the home of the Huron Indians, and were first visited in 1615 by



Champlain. He was followed by early Jesuit missionaries who hewed farms out of forests in the wilderness of a great pioneer settlement, in an attempt to establish a Christian empire and to found a New France.

It was just eight-fifteen when we first caught sight of the lofty twin spires rising in the distance like silver spears against the blue velvet-like background. As we neared this venerable site, an ever-increasing line of automobiles closed in carrying pilgrims and tourists. They number about one hundred thousand annually, as they come to tread this sacred spot and meditate on the heroic virtues of these pioneers of the cross.

Two hours later, hundreds of people had arrived by train, bus, automobile and on foot. During the summer months, four Lake Steamers also carry happy crowds to Midland from various American ports to pay tribute to "The Home of Peace" as the Martyrs called it, and to visit the excavations of old Fort Ste. Marie. These are the oldest historic ruins north of Mexico and Archaeologists of the Royal Ontario Museum have completed excavating and have begun reconstruction of old Fort Ste. Marie according to an artist's concept. For the visitors' information, plaques carry inscriptions in both French and English such as "Ruins of Father Brebeuf's fireplace", around which, we know, the destiny of half a continent once lay.

Sweeping up from Lake Ontario in the summer of 1648 the Iroquois, aware of the Menace of Huronia, bent their ferocity towards wiping it out. With ruthless slaughter and torture, Indian and Missionary alike fell before the savage onslaught, or lived to die by torture at the stake. Huronia was completely destroyed, missionaries were forced to seek refuge at Quebec, and the Hurons dispersed forever, ending Champlain's dream of an empire and of a strong French outpost on the shore of Georgian Bay.

At midday, lunch was served at long bench-like tables in Fort Ste. Marie Inn. Tables, seats, walls etc., are of rough wood, as is the floor and museum display cases that are found in this room. Many old and valuable paintings of such courageous black-robed missionaries as Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier and others adorn these walls.

Just above this Inn is the Lourdes Grotto on the slope of the hill. Extending from there almost to its summit are the large bronze Stations of the Cross surrounding a steep oval path of cobblestones and white sand. Pass-



ing from station to station, one could not help but think about the thousands of pilgrims who climb this path of peace and prayer annually in memory of Him, Who, on the hill of Calvary, bore that sacred cross so willingly as an everlasting testimony of His inestimable love for mankind.

It was, indeed, impressive to see so many visitors of our own generation along with the oldest people on this occasion. All too often modern society associates only invalids, cripples, and especially the aged, with the idea of prayers, pilgrimages and Shrines. But the fruits of the Redemption are applicable to all.

Vacation time has many things to offer and appeals to young and older folk alike. In this vacation paradise, happy faces, peaceful countenances and a general atmosphere of simplicity and spiritual refreshment are to be found.

The mighty rush of Niagara Falls, the towering heights of the Empire State building, the panorama of break-taking beauty in the Rockies are thrilling sights greatly to be enjoyed and long to be remembered. And yet, when we stepped off the parking lot back in camp that evening we were convinced that no single week-end could be more inviting or rewarding. The memories which are attached to this sacred site as well as the many spiritual favors accorded here, make this and other National Shrines centers of interest and inspiration. Not only during the summer holidays, but from the middle of the seventeenth century and into the distant future, the House of Fort Ste. Marie stands as the "Abode of Peace" and a memorial of the divine touch of His Hand upon the land.

—CODY MYERS '52.

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"He who receives a good turn should never forget it; He who does one should never remember it."—Charron

"The age of chivalry has gone; the age of humanity has come."—Sumner.

"God give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready honor.  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,  
Men who possess opinions and a will,  
Men who love honor, men who cannot lie."

—Richard Hengest.