

McGibbon, of the College, played the game of the evening—Almond also played a fast, strong game. Among the Staustead hockeyists, Hall and Terrill especially distinguished themselves. The final decision of the referee gave the match to the College by 15 points to 4.

The teams lined up as follows:—

| | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>College.</i> | | <i>Staustead.</i> |
| Dixon | Goal | Mazurette |
| Ford (capt.) | Point | Butters |
| Donnelly | Cover Point | McDuffee |
| Boyle | | Hall |
| Almond | Forwards | Chapman, capt |
| McGibbon | | Covey |
| Riopel | | Terrill |
| | Referee, T. Somers, Esq. | |

THE QUEBEC DIOCESAN GAZETTE.

Since our last issue we have noted with much pleasure the appearance of the first number of the *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, a new feature in the system of diocesan organization which we feel sure is destined to have a great influence for good throughout the See. The magazine, which is a neat publication in pamphlet size, is issued monthly under the sanction of the Bishop and under the management of the Rev. R. A. Parrock, B. A.

Its aim and object may be seen from the following, taken from the introductory remarks to the January number:—

"In a diocese, as in a parish, if there is to be *esprit de corps* and enthusiasm, there must as a first condition be a constant circulation. For if we do not hear we cannot be interested, whereas if we are able to read what is being done by our neighbors we are very likely to wish to adopt those things which approve themselves to our judgment, and to try and do like things and better things ourselves."

Certainly an official budget of church news such as this, containing not only accounts and movements of the Bishop, but a journal of all that is being done in the Church throughout the Diocese, cannot fail to awaken a new feeling of energy and corporate life in many who before have had no such source of information. The purely nominal cost of the periodical places it easily within the reach of every Church family in the Diocese, and we trust all will avail themselves of its profitable pages.

Student Life.

I often wonder, in looking over the pages of the MITRE, what kind of impression such a paper conveys to those who have no other knowledge of student life. What meaning can such a paper have? A few cut and dried bits of College news, a few light

items of personality which pass as jokes, an article or two of more or less literary character, what idea of the real spirit and tone of college life can be gleaned from these? What do these tell of the thoughts, the resolves, the longings or even the joys of the student's heart? Perhaps to some they may mean more than to others, but even those who read most between the lines can form but a distorted and imperfect picture. And probably it is absurd to expect anything else. How can people enter into the spirit of a life of which they have seen at most but the outer shell? The peculiar customs, tastes and idiosyncracies of the typical student are almost unintelligible to the 'uninitiated.' And to those who know the student best it is not surprising that he is so little understood. Would that we had the poet's pen to describe him. What a poem might be written on such a theme: the budding youth with his powers of mind and body just emerging from their boyish immaturity, starting on the college course which is to make or mar his life. What a wonderful thing it seems to him that he is really at college; all is rose-colored and new and strange. Oh that we could paint the excitement, the pride, the fierce joy of battle of his first football match, the sickening horror of his awakening after the midnight 'dump.' The awe at the approach of that first great ordeal—the Xmas exam's. The struggle between the alluring wiles of the new forms of amusement opened for his choice and his resolutions to work not to disappoint "the mater." Oh, believe me, there is enough in the history of one term of even a 'freshman's' college life, could one do it justice, to interest the most apathetic reader. But alas! how much of even the most subtle and deep has to be left untold. We hesitate to lay bare our inner life to the unresponsive gaze. We prefer to pass as the rollicking, good-natured, thoughtless scamp that people call us, to showing our real nature only to be misunderstood. But when he comes, the genius who shall give to the world the real student as he is beneath the cloak, then, and not till then, will the public know "what manner of men" we are.

STUDENT.

Obituary.

On Christmas day there passed away at her residence here one who from childhood was intimately associated with the fortunes of our University. Harriet May Nicholls, daughter of the late Right Rev. George Jehosaphat Mountain, D. D., Lord Bishop of Quebec, and widow of the late honoured and beloved Principal of the College the Rev. Jasper R. Nicholls, D. D. The funeral took place at St. Nicholas Church, Bergerville, and was attended by her sons the Rev. G. G. Nicholls, of Rivere du Loup, and Arminie D. Nicholls, Esq., our respected bursar. Mr. Nicholls and his family have the sincere sym-

THE MITRE.

VOL. I.

LENNOXVILLE, MARCH, 1891.

No. 5

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Address all communications to THE MITRE,

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Editorial Notes.

Owing to circumstances which were unavoidable we were unable to give our readers an "Alumni Letter" in our last number. In the present issue the series begins again with a letter from Mr. Carroll from the General Theological Seminary, New York. Mr. Carroll graduated last June with first class honours in classics, winning the Prince of Wales medal, and the Mackie Latin Essay prize; the latter for the third time. His letter will be read with pleasure by his many friends among the students and graduates.

What might become a very interesting feature of THE MITRE has been suggested to us lately. We think that many of our older graduates might give us some of their reminiscences of the days spent at Bishop's. To the younger generations certainly nothing could give greater pleasure, and we feel sure that the writers themselves would derive a great deal of enjoyment from thus living over again their student days. Should any of our graduates, whom we have been unable to ask personally to contribute, feel disposed to help us in this way we shall feel doubly grateful.

The question as to what are the true lines on which a college paper ought to be conducted, although it may seem a simple one at first sight, is one upon which there seems to be great diversity of opinion. Nowhere do we find the saying "*Quis homines tot sententiae*" more fully verified than in the difference of ideals which we notice in the government of the various college magazines which meet our notice. True all have at heart the same object,

the welfare of the institution which they represent, but here the resemblance ceases. Some we see in which the chief endeavour seems to be to create a favourable opinion of their institutions in the minds of the admiring public. For this purpose all which does not "look well in print" is carefully eliminated, and all that meets the eye is great and wise. The student appears a paragon of learning, industry and virtue. In others the chief object is the guidance and general improvement of the student himself. Efforts are made to reform what is amiss, to encourage what is good, and in short to adopt the attitude of guide, philosopher and friend "....." But why need we quote more? A glance will show the impossibility of reducing the rules of collegiate journalism to a common basis. This however is certain that a college paper which aims to be the representation of the thoughts and occupations of a body of students must, if it would not fail in its object, represent them as they are. The picture will not be true if only the best of everything, the highest aims, the wisest thoughts, the 'show' features of college life are depicted. "And yet," some one says, "surely a college paper ought to give us the best it has to stand out as the champion of what is best and the enemy of what is bad or unprofitable in college life. How do you reconcile these?" Why simply thus. By representing things as they are, we take the best possible way of doing good. Nothing so favours evil as concealment, and nothing is so hostile to it as exposure. First of all let us know what we are, then we can see where to amend. And this applies equally to the literary tone of the magazine. It is far better to have our pages filled with matter suited to our tastes and capacities, than to fill them with learned essays on subjects which few would read and none enjoy. Now whatever its faults may be we think THE MITRE may fairly claim to represent our Institution, and in this respect we cannot feel that the position it holds among the college papers of the day is one of which it need be anything but proud.

In The Laurentides.

It is only within the last few years that the vast region lying in the north of the Province of Quebec, the ancient home of the Algonquin and the Montagnais—watered by the St. Maurice, the Batiscan and the Montmorency with countless tributaries has become known to those who are neither lumbermen or trappers.

Campbell of the death of Dr. E. M. Brandt which occurred at Georgetown, British Guiana. He died of consumption, such being the rapid progress of the disease that he was prevented from finishing his course in Edinburgh. Dr. Brandt was a member of the class of '92.

The name of Dr. Bruère, Professor of Physiology and Histology, was misprinted in the last issue of THE MITRE.

(After the oral). Professor—"Well, Miss X, since you are so anxious to know, I may tell you that you have just scraped through."

Miss X—"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad, for I do love a tight squeeze."

(At the autopsy.) "I knew him well in life," the doctor said, 'but now I am obliged to 'cut him dead.'"

It is rumored that the popular summer resort "Maggie Murphy's Home," will be altered and thoroughly renovated before the opening of the season. During a conversation with the manager, Mr. Straws, we learned that the addition of an imposing cupola is intended; to "put a head on it," as it were. Elevators and fire-escapes will also add to the comfort and safety of the guests. The present office fixtures consisting of the tops of two flour barrels will be supplemented and renewed, while marble steps will replace the packing cases which have acted as stumbling blocks to the entrance during the past two seasons. Owing to the new system of electric light the inmates need no longer depend for illumination on the glimmer of the "smudge." With these and many other improvements a delightful season may be anticipated. The 'bus meets all trains.

Can it be that among the 'seniors' there is a man able to don a lady's footgear?

Nothing having occurred to ripple the calm which pervades the sanctum upstairs, the 'better half' of this column is wanting. It is to be hoped that this stagnation may be merely temporary.

Divinity Notes.

According to the report of the Bishop's College Chapel, which appears in the *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, about \$1,400 is still required to complete the ornamental flooring, stalls, and other woodwork.

Rev. Principal Adams, D. C. L., was present at the consecration of Bishop Hall, in Burlington, Feb. 2nd, and took part in the service.

C. E. Bishop, B. A., spent his vacation at Beebe Plain as Lay Reader, and according to reports met with considerable success. The result of his work is seen in the progress made in the Sunday School. He

It is reported that Mr. Hunter, at present Lay Reader in charge of Megantic, is to be moved to Sherbrooke after Easter to assist Canon Thorneloe. Mr. Barton ('94) will succeed him at Megantic. At present members of the College staff are giving Canon Thorneloe some assistance.

Among those who had the honor of shaking hands with Lord Aberdeen at the Annual Levee on New Year's Day, was Business Manager A. H. Moore, B. A. Mr. Moore spent his holidays at his home in the Capital, and brings back glowing reports of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood Convention held there.

It is rumored that the occupant of Room No. 14 has suddenly grown fond of Selkirk's soliloquy, especially the first two lines:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My rights there are none to dispute."

In his musings he has been heard to thus continue:

"On this flat, in the menagerie,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

Notice to Advertisers.

Through an oversight of the printer one page of advertisements was omitted from our last issue. This we regret very much. Owing to the lateness with which some were received it was impossible to get them arranged according to agreement. This was of course unavoidable. In future any change of advertisements or other business connected with the same must be in the hands of the Business Manager on or before the 25th of each month in order to affect the following issue.

This is Worth Reading.

Students and School boys are requested to give attention to our advertisements and so far as possible to patronize those firms which have space for advertising in THE MITRE. Our advertisements are all from the best firms and on the principle of one good turn deserving another should receive careful attention. The college pins and lapel studs manufactured by Mr. Hemsley of Montreal, can and ought to be worn by every member of the Alumni. They are exceedingly pretty and artistic. A certificate of membership in the University must accompany each order and no

Organ Recital

Given in the Chapel, by Mr. Arthur Dorey, on Tuesday Evening, February 13th, 1894, at 8:15.

PROGRAMME.

1. Hymn,....."Glory be to Jesus" (107).
2. Overture (Occasional Oratorio).....Handel
3. a. Andante Siciliano.....A. Fesca
b. Marche Triomphale.....Ch. Collins
4. Song,.. "What are these who are arrayed,"..Brown

MISS COCHRANE.

5. Prelude in D minor (3).....Mendelssohn
6. a. Nocturne.....Munro
b. Scherzo.....F. Cappocci
7. Hymn,.. "Take up thy Cross" (263).
8. Andantino.....Chauvet

OFFERTORY FOR THE CHAPEL FUND.

9. Offertoire de S. Cecile.....F. Grison
10. Song,....."The Holy City,".....S. Adams

MISS COCHRANE.

11. Twilight Picture.....H. R. Shelley
12. Marche Religieuse.....A. Guilmant
(On the theme, "Lift up your Heads," from the Messiah)

The Bishop's Quiet Day.

The 21st of January will be long remembered as a "Quiet Day" on which our beloved Bishop with his usual forcible way of expressing himself together with his deep and spiritual insight into the realities of the spiritual life, delivered four most thoughtful and profitable addresses.

The services of the day began with an early celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m. At 10.00 a.m. we assembled in the College Chapel. The service began with hymn 157 and a part of the Communion service. After another hymn his Lordship began his address by first speaking about the importance of the work done in our College in both Faculties, Arts and Divinity, and the influence which the College extended in the progress and upbuilding of the church in this Diocese, and which he considered to be of inestimable value.

Then with an impressiveness long to be remembered he took up the subject of "The Necessities of the Spiritual Life and our Realization of God's Protection." He showed how we live in a spiritual world, and that to please God in all things "this day, this hour" should always be our greatest aim and desire. And in order to do so we must remember the words "know thyself" by which he meant a thorough and thoughtful examination of ourselves, a "self-probing" concerning our thoughts and meditations. He bade us remember also our blessed Lord's example in the world. He then concluded his address by showing how God will guide and protect us if we seek His guidance, but he will not make a machine of us or force our will.

A hymn was then sung, the Litany was said, and followed by another hymn.

Then followed another address on "The Terrible Danger of Lukewarmness" in which his Lordship pointed out what the spirit of a congregation and clergyman would be if we realized more of God's presence with us. He pointed out also some of the signs of this luke-warmness as noticed in the responses and the perfunctory manner in which the services of the church are sometimes performed. We must get rid of it and the "smooth self-satisfied service." "That which has the cross in it is the most valuable." An antidote to luke-warmness is to think and dwell upon the wondrous love of God and our Saviour.

The morning session then closed with a hymn and the blessing.

At 2:15 p.m. we again met in the College Chapel. The singing of two hymns and a few moments of silent prayer were followed by another address by his Lordship on "The Hardening of the Heart" in which he pointed out some of the signs of this terrible sin, such as there being no response for spiritual things, also how luke-warmness might lead to this "Hardening of the Heart." This was followed by hymn 94, prayer and meditation, hymn 248 followed by another address on the "Duty of Self-Knowledge." We must conquer self and beware of self-complacency and conceit. He pointed out also some of the helps to self-knowledge, such as by asking ourselves such questions as the following:—"What if Others knew the inner sanctum of my heart?" "Am I such as I strive to appear to others?" "Do I realize the power and position of being a fisher of men."

He then closed his address with a few remarks on the love of God as a most profitable subject of meditation at all times, also the benefits of sometimes meditating on the 'four last things,' and also the importance of the Holy Communion as especially necessary to the growth of grace in our hearts. A hymn followed by the blessing concluded the service.

Hockey.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE VS. STANSTEAD.

These two teams met one another in the Sherbrooke Rink, Friday, the 9th inst.

The game was a good one throughout, notwithstanding the soft condition of the ice.

The play in the first half was wholly in favor of the College team, who scored seven games to their opponent's none. This was somewhat discouraging for the Stanstead men, but they came on the ice for the second time determined to do their best to score. Their pluck was rewarded, and they succeeded in forcing the puck through the College goal posts occasionally. Meanwhile the students added 8 more points to their previous 7.

pay his attentions to Robert and Geoffery. Robert is now urged forcibly towards the bull by his companion, who, however, betakes himself to the fence. Robert finding that it is too late to turn, prepares to meet the coming charge. What a supreme moment! Will the bull stop? No, he charges to within three feet of Robert, but catching that young hero's glittering eye, stops for a moment, and then dashes off in the direction of the station. Brave John and Geoffery now rejoin Robert, and the trio make their way to the school, where they relate their adventure to an admiring throng. The two wayfarers, cursing their hard luck, rub their injured members, and wondering by what magic power Robert was saved from being tossed into space, resume their journey.

"Vanquished in the Phray," said the small boy who took an active part in the dissection of poor old "Phray," one afternoon last week. Who was "Phray?" An old dog formerly attached to the B. C. S. retinue. Science demanded a subject for demonstration, and "Phray" yielded to the application of chloroform.

What is wrong with the prefect from the ancient capital? He has lost his appetite, can't sleep, and is continually drawing maps of the locality he so often speaks of. Poor fellow! The term is fast going by, and the long wished for meeting will soon come.

"TO BEDLAM AND BACK."

Mr. Frank Houghton (B. C. S. 1873-77) has leaped into popular favor as an author, by the publication of four admirable short stories in one volume, bearing the title of "To Bedlam and Back." These tales are original in their conception, while the style is vigorous and incisive. Mr. Houghton shows intense sympathy with human nature, is very much of a realist, and is both humorous and pathetic. His stories give evidence of a greater power than Mr. Houghton has as yet developed, and we have every reason to think that at no distant date the author will produce a work which may rank high among the novels of the day. In the meanwhile those who admire short and stirring tales will do well to read "To Bedlam and Back."

Students' Missionary Conference.

The seventh annual Conference of Church Students for the United States and Canada was held under the auspices of the Diocesan Theological College, Montreal, on Thursday and Friday, January 11th and 12th, 1894.

Our Missionary Union, which is a joint body of Professors and Students, elected a certain number of Students as representatives, and also expressed a hope that some of the members of the College staff

Unfortunately, the Students appointed were unable to attend; an effort was made to obtain substitutes at the last moment, but in vain. Professor Wilkinson attended one of the evening meetings held in connexion with the gathering; the Principal attended both evening meetings and all the sessions of Friday, Jan. 12th. Much disappointment was expressed by the President and other members of the Conference at the absence of our Student representatives. The day sessions were for the Students. On the first day reports were read from the various Missionary Societies at the colleges represented. There were representatives from New York Theological Seminary, from Virginia, from Faribault, as well as from Trinity and Wycliffe and Montreal.

The two evenings were devoted to public missionary meetings held in the St. George's School Room. On the 11th, Canon Mills spoke giving a general welcome to the Students. Archdeacon Carey, of Saratoga, gave an address, and Bishop Courtney gave one of his clear and inspiring addresses on the results of Mission Work. On the second evening we had the Bishop of Athabaska, Dr. Ker of Montreal, the Rev. Percy Browne of Boston and the Bishop of Montreal, who shewed by his vigorous remarks how completely he had recovered from his most serious illness of the summer.

One of the most impressive addresses given was that by the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, M. A., at the Communion Service in St. George's Church on Friday evening. The subject was, "The True and False Love of the World." After this a session was held in which papers and discussion were the order of the day. Mr. O'Malley, of Wycliffe, read a vigorous paper on "The Work and the Kind of Men Required." Mr. Bernard, of Virginia, read a paper on "The Relation of the Home Church to the Foreign Field." Mr. Young, of the General Theological Seminary, read a very suggestive paper on "Associate Missions," or aggregates of clergy working together in large populations with a mission house and other corporate institutions, instancing from one he knew in Kansas city. An interesting discussion took place. The session, both morning and afternoon, was most enjoyable. Mrs. Henderson gave a reception to the Students, which was thoroughly enjoyed. Faribault, Minnesota, was chosen as the place of meeting for 1895.

The Fellow's Lament.

To become a Fellow of his college is the height of distinction to a student, where Fellowships exist; but, under the old statutes at Oxford and Cambridge, the Fellows are not allowed to marry. The following lines are amusing therefore, as the lament of one (among many, no doubt) who having got his

Two fitful lamps in the silent court
Scarce light enough can muster
To throw on the nearest ivy leaves
A faint and fitful lustre.

My musty old books in their voiceless shelves
Hang drearily round and above me;
For I'm a poor wretch with a Fellowship,
And never a soul to love me.

One or two friends, good fellows enough,
Still linger about the old college;
One or two bring me a headpiece to stuff
With scrapings of Classical knowledge.

One or two Dons I don't care for a straw,—
In years and in learning above me;
Servants that feed on me, filling their maw,
But never a soul to love me.

Right that it should be so—why should it not?
Love for the loveable only:
Yet one of a flock set to graze for the rot,
May be pardoned for saying he's lonely!

ANON.

Arts Jottings.

Sickness is the order of the day among the Students, both in the College and the Divinity House.

Hockey is in full swing, and the captain of the club is busily arranging matches.

Prof. Burr, the phrenologist, who has been visiting Lennoxville lately, delivered a lecture in the common room last week.

Many complaints have been made to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Reading Room by its curators regarding the manner in which many of the reviews and the magazines are removed from the table and never returned. The attention of the members of the Association is called to this fact, that every paper purchased for the Reading Room is repurchased by some individual member. Consequently, any magazine which becomes lost through the carelessness of its readers, has to be replaced, and this involves the Association in an expense which it can ill bear. A sense of honor should be sufficient to cause a due observance of the rules of the Association by any member; this failing, the imposing of fines will have to be resorted to.

The electrical beacon which graced the College front, and came to an untimely end last term, does not yet shed its beams to guide the weary in at night. Fair, twinkling star, shine forth again in thy lucent orb.

The Arts' Students welcome back to their midst Mr. W. G. M. Robertson, who was laid off last term with a broken shoulder. It is a matter of great regret that he cannot yet take his accustomed place in the hockey team.

Mr. E. Clare Avery, who has just returned from Hamilton, Ont., where he has been spending his holidays, is desirous of forming a branch of the Canadian Club among the officers and students of the University. This club, which owes its birth to the energetic citizens of the "Ambitious City," was formed last year and has already over two hundred and fifty names of the best young men of the city on its Register, and is daily receiving applications for membership from all parts of the Dominion. Its aim and object is to cultivate a true patriotic spirit among Canadians, without which Fair Canada cannot become a success, and also to support and advance all Canadian arts, sciences and literature. The fee for membership is nominal, being one dollar per year. Such an institution should commend itself to all Canadians and especially to those engaged in literary pursuits. It is to be hoped that the College members will endeavour to advance its objects, which are noble and much needed by our fair Dominion at the present time.

The photographs of the various athletic teams can be obtained now by students or friends of the college. The pictures compare most favourably with those of former years.

At the meeting of the third year recently to elect a valedictorian for the year, Mr. E. B. Clare Avery was elected to that office. We congratulate the third year on their choice.

Medical Notes.

One of the most brilliant society events of the season was the wedding of Dr. J. McPhail to Miss Burland which took place during the Xmas holidays. Dr. McPhail and his bride are now in England. THE MITRE tenders hearty congratulations.

Congratulations are also in order to Dr. H. L. Reddy whose marriage to Miss Lawson was lately solemnized in the church of St. James the apostle. Dr. Reddy and wife returned from a trip to New York in time for the former to resume his course of lectures at the beginning of the session.

Dr. Max Goltham ('92), a former house-surgeon of the Western Hospital, has been heard from in one of Pennsylvania's numerous mining towns and reports considerable success in his practice there.

The mother of Dr. G. T. Ross, Registrar, died recently at an advanced age in Halifax, N. S.

fifth dozen, but his cruel blows are arrested by the intervention of the form of a "vishun of bewty"—as Jerry wrote the expression—between the up lifted arm of the villain and the prostrate body of the hero. "You shall strike his body but through my own," says the noble girl. She turns out to be the daughter of Captain Bunker.

Will is, on his release, thrust down below and fed on bread and water, and sponge-cake, which the "vishun" secretly hands him through a grating. The Captain's daughter is to be fair, with long, yellow hair falling down her back, beautiful complexion, sweet voice, charming manner, etc. At the end of the catalogue I stopped Jerry and told him I thought it would be "more the thing" to have the heroine dark—"dark as the Queen of Sheba," I said expressively. "I don't see myself how it hurts the story at all, having a fair woman in it. We ought to try and be 'rig'nal."—"You seem to think a fellow can't take a hint from poorer men than himself without being un'rig'nal. Now if we hooked three or four bits from Shakespeare's 'Pilgrim's Progress' and put 'em into 'Broncho' you *might* be right in saying we weren't 'rig'nal."—"Yes, with Shakespeare's Pilgrim's Progress it would be different as you say," with something of a sneer in his tone. You see the poor fellow was jealous of my sound knowledge of English literature though he was himself "well up" in the classics of the day and subscribed regularly to the "Boys of New York." "But I *would* like the chief woman in this business to be fair. I could work at the story much better if you gave her yaller hair."—"Don't be such an awful idiot," I answered determinedly, "I tell you it can't be done, the girl must have dark hair and eyes."—"Then I can't go on with the story that's all about it," said Jerry in a brutally insolent manner. "As if I care whether you want to keep at it or not, you howling jackass. There are dozens of chaps I know who'd be proud to have anything to do with the story I am getting up." "Jackass yourself, you big, useless, etc. etc." Jerry had quite lost his temper so I determined to thrash him, for which purpose I took off my coat, waistcoat, and braces, stuck a chip upon my shoulder and politely asked my whilom friend to remove it. He flipped it away contemptuously and I gave him a heavy body blow. He returned it with vigour. We had been hammering away at one another for perhaps three minutes and I was somewhat winded though Jerry seemed to be exasperatingly fresh, when a little fair-haired girl came rushing up and entreated Jerry not to "hurt me."—"Not to hurt *me!*" This made me rather forget myself and I managed to get in a blow on Jerry's face, but the idiot had dropped his arms down to his side and kept looking at my little cousin. Oh! I was so disgusted with him for spoiling a "decent mill" as I expressed it. "All right Effie," Jerry said, "I won't fight any more." I got more

plucky than ever and said something about being a "big cow," and spoke out heartily my mind about fellows who were so weak-minded as to be influenced by a *girl*. What a deep tone of contempt I could manage to put into that word *girl*. I have lost my power of expression since my early youth as far as that goes. The name conveys a very different meaning to me now. My language, however, brought a flush to my enemy's face, which I noticed as I picked up my coat and vest and swaggered into the house.

F. G. V.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bishop's College School Notes.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 24th, a missionary meeting was held in the Bishop Williams Hall. There was a large attendance, as it had been announced that Bishop Dunn and Chancellor Heneker would address the boys of the School on a subject of great interest. After some remarks by the Principal as to missionary work in the Diocese of Athabasca,—the Bishop of that Diocese having given an address in the chapel on the previous day—Bishop Dunn spoke at length of the work which he had formerly carried on in South Acton, England. All present were deeply interested in his address, as well as in the numerous anecdotes which he related. He then spoke of the principal subject of the evening, the founding of a school mission, similar to that carried on by the great English schools. The college professors had promised to devote their spare time to mission work in two outlying stations, and he proposed that the boys of Bishop's College School should support one of these. Chancellor Heneker then gave an excellent address, alluding to a visit paid by him to Marlborough College, England, and to the mission work carried on by the boys of that great school, and expressing the hope that the boys of Bishop's College School would now undertake to support such a mission, even though they could not pretend to have the same strength of numbers as the English School. The proposition was enthusiastically received by the boys and as far as can be judged, the new missionary work of the school has a promising future. After a few remarks by the Headmaster, who expressed his entire approval of the scheme, a very successful meeting was brought to a close.

The following new books have just been received for the School Library: The Refugees, General Gordon's Journal, Thumbnail Sketches, Stories for Boys, Out of Doors in Tzarland, Arabian Nights Entertainment, Stories of Adventure, Queer Stories from Russia, Great African Travellers, True Story Book.

As to the Reading Room, the less said the better. The School generally and the committee particularly, are to blame for the present state of affairs, the latter appearing to think that it is not a wise

policy to insist on a fine being paid. The Reading Room is free to all, but a boy should reflect before tearing up a newspaper or magazine, for in doing so he robs others of what they have paid for as well as himself. Let each boy take an interest in the Reading Room, and the result will soon be apparent.

The vacancy on the School staff caused by Mr. Dutton's resignation, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. J. Granville S. Barley, late of Cambridge, University, Eng., and a former master of the Berthier Grammar School.

This season's hockey promises to be quite up to the mark, and some good playing ought to be seen at the rink. Four members of last year's team are playing again, namely: Mr. Lloyd, H. Macdougall, E. McLea and A. Gilmour. The rest of the team has yet to be picked, and a number of good men are in the field. The secretary is trying to arrange matches with the following clubs: Stanstead, Bishop's College, Lucke & Mitchell's, Collegiate Institute and Lennoxville.

In our last issue we spoke of the possibility of having a rink in the "quad." The rink is now an accomplished fact, thanks to the unprecedented energy and perseverance shown by our much maligned friend—Tom Gill.

The photo of the prefects of 1893-4, which has lately come to hand, is an excellent one—rather smaller than former photos, but well finished and admirably grouped. That of the hockey team is equally good. Old Boys wishing for photos can obtain them by applying to H. B. Macdougall.

Owing to an epidemic of grippe, the dance which was to have been given by the boys at Christmas had to be cancelled. Let us hope, however, that the school will make up for this disappointment in the usual June dance.

The coming Kingstonians are now hard at work preparing for their exam. A great inducement is held out to some fellows in the fifth form science, who are not entering, but perhaps they have good intentions. Let us hope so.

The singing and responding in chapel has much improved of late, and all seem to feel that this is as it ought to be.

By the way, most of the members of last year's lacrosse team have returned, including the stonewall defence. F. Toñeld will be missed, as he was a good checker. We have often wondered why lacrosse is not more generally played in the school, it being the national game, and of the most exciting now played.

PERSONALS.

During the Christmas holidays the school was

played goal for the 1st. Victorias. He has the distinction of being the youngest player in the senior league.

A. A. Cuninghame (head-prefect B. C. S., 1891-2) met with a severe accident in December, during a fire which took place in his father's house, his hand having been badly injured. We are glad to state, however, that he has almost recovered.

E. F. Sise, one of our most popular prefects, decided to leave B. C. S. at the end of last term, and is now attending the Abingdon School in Montreal. We hope to see him one of the successful candidates in the McGill Science examination in June.

R. E. Macdougall has been playing with the first Victorias. While in Ottawa he was unfortunate enough to get struck in the face by a hockey stick, but after a short rest was able to continue playing.

H. Welch (B. C. S., 1892) is now working in the offices of the Grand Trunk, Freight Department at Quebec.

J. C. Holden (B. C. S., 1892) now of the Royal Military College, Kingston, spent the Christmas holidays in Montreal. His vacation was, however, rather spoiled by a somewhat serious illness, from which he has since quite recovered.

Old Boys of last year will be glad to hear that F. C. Johnson is doing admirably in the office of the Chicago Burlington & Quincy Ry, Chicago.

"Bunty" Smith (B. C. S., 1892) is now distinguishing himself as captain of the St. George's hockey team of Quebec.

Carl Fleming (B. C. S., 1890) has entered the North West Mounted Police.

W. Elliott, the standby of last year's fifth form, is preparing for a medical course, though not decided as to what University he will attend.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Bully Story.

Scene:—Opposite Mrs. Povey's, 3 p.m.

Characters:—John, Robert and Jeoffery, three boys of B. C. S.—A bull in charge of Mr. Povey and another man—Two wayfaring men.

The bull appears, led by, or rather leading his owner and servant man, who hold ropes on either side, breaks loose, rushes at the two way-farers and knocks them over. At this moment, John, wishing to convince himself as to the exact nature of the animal, marches up and says, "Are you a bull?" The bull prepares to illustrate his answer. John turns, and after committing the unpardonable impoliteness of not waiting for an answer, makes his way over a

Van Elsen.

The Bishop of Quebec then addressed the meeting, taking his text from St. John, "He who believes in Me, shall have life everlasting." He said that while there were many adversities to be encountered in this life, they had many things to be thankful for. There were those who were always saying that this world was not a pleasant one, yet they never wished to leave it. In his address he related a number of anecdotes illustrative of what our love should be for our Creator.

Commencing at 7 o'clock, the final service was held in Christ Church, the Rev. Dean Mackenzie preached a very eloquent sermon from Luke 22nd c., 27th v. He prophesied a grand future for the Brotherhood; it was going to carry abroad and emphasize the church's position as nothing else had ever done. He looked upon the grand mass meeting in the afternoon as a sign that the church was at last stating its position before the masses and showing its sympathy with all.

A very impressive farewell service was conducted at Christ Church, commencing at 8.30 by Rev. Mr. Muckleston, of Perth. Short addresses followed. Rev. Mr. Muckleston concluded with a very earnest address, urging the men to keep to their vows during the coming year.

The members of the Brotherhood then verbally renewed their two vows and the service was concluded by prayers by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

No one could attend the convention without being inspired with zeal to press on in life's warfare. The object of the Brotherhood is not an arbitrary one, but only the discharge of an obligation which rests upon every loyal member of the Church of Christ. It was remarked in one of the sessions that if church people had always realized and performed their duty the Brotherhood would have no excuse for its existence. Now it consists of a loyal band of men who have bound themselves by a vow to do all in their power to promote the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men, and thus help the church to reach young men who are outside the fold.

Our local Chapters were not represented at the Convention. This savours of half-heartedness. It seems if the Brotherhood is to succeed it must receive lively support from every Chapter of any prominence, and the importance of being represented at the Annual Convention is not far to seek. The question of the advisability of forming a Chapter in connection with the College and School is worthy of careful consideration. All efforts, along such noble lines, as the Brotherhood of St. Andrew has adopted, will surely be blessed.

A. H. M.

J. NORTHEY,

Confectionery, Fruit and Vegetables,

LENOXVILLE, P. Q.

God spoke three times and saved Van Elsen's soul,
He spoke by sickness first and made him whole;
Van Elsen heard him not,
Or soon forgot.

God spoke to him by wealth, the world outpoured
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;
Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,
And in the sunshine slew his little child;
Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
"As thy heart bleedeth, so My heart hath bled,
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

"There Shall Be No More Sea."

Like cities built upon a sea environed shore,
Debarred of half their rightful vicinage,
Are we. By sex or poverty deprived of more
Than half our converse (oft' the best) till age
Has broke our sea wall and enlarged the widening band
Of shattered wrecks bestrewed along our strand.
Then better inland turn. Leave shifting stormy flood
And seek some shelter from pursuing blast,
Nor halt until we find in quiet glady wood
Where we may safely rest, relieved at last
From gazing outward on the ever passing forms
Of comely ships which yet must meet their storms.
Where peaceful sameness reigns, the end will easier be;
No dread convulsions rend where there is no
more sea.

Jerry And I.

Jerry had fitted up under my superintendence a retreat near the back-garden gate, where we prosecuted our literary labours. In my private opinion it was a perfect representation of a rugged western scene. Often and often did I squat myself down on our old fur-rug, smoking tea-leaves in my acorn pipe, and from under the crab-apple tree on my left I would plainly see a huge grizzly bear rise and scratch

himself, then walk slowly towards the stable. Again and again have I seen a herd of buffaloe, though Jerry called them milch cows, pass along the lane—before the camp. I sincerely believe that Jerry was too matter-of-fact to make a good novelist. Still, he allowed that father's muzzle loading gun and the camp stool did look sufficiently uncivilized. The tent-cover was one of my suggestion and consisted of a big horse blanket slung on the lower branches of a maple tree. Such a fierce and menacing aspect did the place present that I reverently christened it, The Cowboy's Canon, for I always had a vivid imagination. I suppose the name suggested itself to me because it was very unlike a canon, but until lately I firmly believed a *canon* was a gently rising ground covered with bushes. Imagine, also, a cowboy's sensations of wonder and delight at finding he had encamped only a yard or two away from a strawberry patch!

Jerry certainly did not seem like a cowboy, though he did his best to look barbarous by putting on a pair of top boots and taking off his collar. He lent me a slouch hat, bowie knife, and cartridge belt and I flattered myself I very nearly approached the ruffian grace of the conventional cowboy. In this romantic dress and under these austere and terrible circumstances, the plan of the greatest novel of the age began to assume definite shape.

I showed Jerry that the hero was to be the only son of a rich baronet. After displaying great precocity in the development of mind and body, he is to be sent to Lickemwell Academy—which was under the able direction of the famous Dr. Growler—to give him the advantage of using his surpassing powers in a wider field than that of his home. While at this nursery of great men the hero, Will Bentham—that is to be his name—is to perform prodigies of valour and scholarship. He is to become an object of hatred and jealousy to the Captain of the school because of his prominence in the play field, and to the Doctor because he "shows him up" in classics. Of course he fights the Captain and thrashes him well, the Doctor remonstrates and Will, perforce, has to thrash the Doctor. This causes a little unpleasantness and makes Will's absence from Lickemwell most desirable, and—and—"well, that's as far as I got, old chap, "What do you think of it?" I asked, complacently. "Grand! only—" said Jerry,—"Only what?" I demanded with asperity, "only it is something like the opening of Daring Dick in the 'Boys of England' but—but its much better, I know," he explained humbly. Soothed even by the half hearted praise of a lesser mind—for I knew my originality of plan merited it—I bade Jerry take it home and write it up.

Well, I waited some time for the copy but, as Jerry did not broach the subject for two whole days, I called a meeting forthwith.

Now high-mindedness is very seldom found united with a politic temperament. My loftiness of

motive, therefore, prevented me from noting a certain strangeness of manner in Jerry's language, a certain flavour of disrespect, a smack of a yearning for equality.

I opened the consultation with a demand for the MS. Jerry answered that he had not yet put ink to paper but that he had thought out a splendid continuation for the opening part. "Let's hear it then," I said blandly, for I was sure it would be poor stuff,—“and if it's any good we perhaps may stick it in.”—“Look here, my boy, before you hear it, I want to know what I'm to get for my share of the profits in this business?” This question took my breath away, as I had not thought of Jerry's share in the profits arising from the sale of the work, but I told him to leave matters of that kind for me to settle. My partner then intimated that my statement was altogether too vague to suit a practical nature like his. I spoke of ten per cent as ample remuneration for him. Half the profits he thought would be too little for the work I had set him to do. I immediately agreed to let him have an equal share as I always avoided quarrels and could never calculate. I saw very little difference, when eleven years old, between ten per cent and what Jerry asked for, at any rate it was a paltry consideration as compared to the benefits which would be refused the world if "Broncho Bill" died in its birth. The brewing storm was quelled by my sweetness of disposition and accommodating spirit and Jerry proceeded to unfold his part of the tale. On Will's retiring from school life he decides that it would be unwise to visit his family at a time when there might be undue excitement at home owing to his heroic career at Lickemwell. With the astuteness of "Daring Dick," before mentioned he immediately sets out to Bristol and takes ship in a barque ostensibly engaged in the West Indian sugar trade. He spends several very pleasant days hidden behind a hogshead in the hold of the vessel. The novelty of the situation gradually wears off—lack of fresh water, and qualms of a kind which make landmen look back upon the solid earth with some degree of regret, prevents Will's voluntary banishment from being altogether blissful. "I'd like a glass of iced lemonade," thinks Will, "I'll go and get some from the Captain," and scrambling along he manages to get on deck. The Captain betrays some emotion, but it is not the emotion of a kind hearted man greeting an old friend. "Lash this lubberly landsman to the gun amidships and give him four dozen." Bill is on board the vessel of a blood-thirsty pirate! The crew obey the orders of their Captain with great zest, but the dauntless boy grasps a marlin-spike and disables half the shipment ere he is finally lashed down and belaboured by the second mate. "Mutinous dog," hisses the villain between his closed teeth, as he is on the point of satisfying his private feelings by the laying on of a

We wish to speak a few words to the students this month on a subject which has long been in our thoughts and with regard to which we have a suggestion to make. It has often been forcibly presented to us and, in all probability, to every thinking man in the college, that there is much amiss in the relations existing between the students. I am not now referring to any question of seniority, or the like, but simply to the way in which we behave towards each other as fellow students. Of course owing to our limited numbers and to the close way in which we are necessarily thrown together, we students of the Arts Faculty are on very intimate terms with each other and there is a tendency towards want of ceremony in our behaviour amongst ourselves. Now this is all very well so long as we do not forget that there is a very wide gulf between want of ceremony and want of consideration and politeness. No friendship, however close, absolves a man from regarding another's rights and treating him with respect. No one who is at all familiar with the etiquette which governs the behaviour of the students of the great English universities can have any difficulty in seeing what is meant. Many of the colleges at Oxford, for instance, have few more students than we have at Bishop's, and yet in place of the school-boy familiarity which we see here, there is a code of politeness among the men which nobody dreams of infringing. Take for example the custom of "sporting the oak." An Oxford man would as soon think of asking admittance to a friend's room, at a time when that friend showed by his closed door that he wished to be alone, as he would of forcing his way into the room of a perfect stranger. This is but one instance of the spirit which we are discussing, and for the present perhaps it is the one which we shall do best to imitate. In no respect is the undignified familiarity of which we spoke above more noticeable than in the selfish and lawless way in which we intrude at all times into our friends' rooms. To a great extent no doubt this fault is encouraged by the mistaken politeness which prevents many of us refusing to be thus imposed upon, but this is only another instance of the want of dignity which is at the bottom of the whole matter. Now what we should like to suggest is that the students of the Arts Faculty adopt as closely as the nature of the case permits, this custom of "sporting the oak." Owing to the less romantic nature of the internal arrangements of the building, in our case the custom will be reduced to the more commonplace title of "Turning the Key," but the spirit need not undergo any change. I am sure everyone must see that this movement would be for the good of us all. And let us not confine ourselves to this. There is no reason that we should be a whit less friendly or more distant in our treatment of each other, but let us not forget that we are men and gentlemen and that the rights of others should be as sacred to us as our own.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The Fourth Annual Convention of this Brotherhood was held at Ottawa from the 18th to the 21st of January. Last year this Convention was held in Kingston and the proceedings naturally caught a martial tone from the military surroundings. Its watchword was found in the opening of the Brotherhood hymn, "Fight the Good Fight."

This year, however, the place of meeting was the capital city of the Dominion and assembled there under the shadow of the magnificent pile of buildings, in which are the legislative halls, the watchword was naturally government. An eminent English authority has said that the root of government is but discretion and in all the plans and proceedings of this Convention the management seems to have fully realized the truth of this maxim.

The sole object of the Brotherhood is the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men, and the work is supposed to be done principally by young men. It was gratifying to notice on the floor of the Convention Hall old and middle aged men as well as the younger members. In an organization like this which is gaining strength daily it is of great importance that the steady man in the prime of life and the man of mature years, with his far seeing eye and his full store of experience, should unite with the younger and more impetuous in securing wise legislation and healthy activity.

The Convention opened with a Quiet Day, at St. Albans Church, conducted by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. Four helpful addresses were given on "Our Life, its Dangers, and How it may be Lifted to a Higher Level." The Bishop urged his hearers to strive to realize the nearness of the soul to God. By means of this knowledge and by an acquaintance with self he thought the two greatest dangers which threaten us, lukewarmness and hardening of the heart, might be avoided.

At ten o'clock on the following day the delegates gathered in St. John's Church where the Bishop of Quebec delivered the charge taking for his text, "A Good Soldier of Christ." Most Rev. J. T. Lewis D. D., Archbishop of Ontario afterwards addressed the delegates in the Convention Hall, extending them a hearty welcome. Mr. N. F. Davidson, president of the Canadian Council, delivered his annual address and showed that within the past three years the number of delegates to the annual convention had increased from 28 to nearly 200.

Sir C. Hibbert Tupper welcomed the delegates to Ottawa and said that while he belonged to a very earthly ministry he was delighted to find such a gathering of so important an organization in Ottawa. He assured the delegates that the whole unbounded continent was theirs.

Bishop Tuttle of Missouri expressed the great pleasure it gave him to meet his Canadian brethren.

The business sessions were continued throughout this and the following day. Upwards of 200 delegates were in attendance and about 40 clergy. The liveliest interest was shown in a discussion on quality rather than quantity being an essential requirement for the work.

On Friday evening an open meeting was held and spirited addresses delivered by prominent speakers. Bishop Tuttle, delivered the most important address of the evening. He referred in eloquent terms to the magnificent work in which the Brotherhood was engaged, and reminded his hearers of the mighty responsibility that rested upon them as Christians. He said that the clergy should not be afraid of the members of the Brotherhood trespassing upon their work. This caution to the clergy was received with applause and the Bishop said that from this expression of feeling he judged that matters were not different in Canada from the United States. A resolution was carried leaving the question of the time and place of the next Convention to the incoming council. A strong invitation was tendered from Woodstock and it will probably be accepted.

The Sunday services were very impressive. The Brotherhood attended St. George's church in a body and the sermon was preached by Bishop Tuttle. His text was Rev. XXI-3, and he dwelt at length upon the fourfold manner in which God has revealed Himself to us. He urged his hearers to guard against accepting the conclusions of the Higher criticism as final. They might learn much of the human side of Scripture from this source but the Bible, and not the critic, is the source of truth. The responses were grandly said and as the Governor General remarked at the mass meeting in the afternoon: "The heartiness with which they sang and joined in the responses had an elevating effect on the whole congregation. I could not help thinking that they assisted us to realize what the services of the Church of England may be and ought to be."

The mass meeting in the Opera House at 4 p. m. was a great gathering. Bishop Tuttle and the Bishop of Quebec were present. The Governor General was also present and made a very stirring and encouraging address. He spoke in the highest terms of the work of the Brotherhood. In closing he impressed upon all the necessity of improving the one season of opportunity offered us and illustrated his point by the following anecdote:

"One night an accident happened to the screw-propeller of a great vessel while at sea and operations were set on foot to put it right but in vain, and the crew took to the boats. By and by they saw the light of a steamer. How were they to attract its notice? There was an old lantern which had been thrown into the boat, but how was it to be lighted? Everybody was asked to search his pockets for matches, but only one man had a single match,

and that match he gave to the captain as the responsible person, so that he might light the lantern. The captain when he narrated the story afterwards said that he never felt so anxious in his life lest this one match, their only hope of attracting attention, should fail. With a beating heart he carefully struck the match, and lit the lantern; it was hoisted to the boat's mast, the look-out on the steamer saw the signal, and they were saved."

Bishop Tuttle was then introduced. He expressed from the depth of his heart the pleasure it gave him to be able to join in with the highest respect and reverence, in asking a blessing for Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Her long, successful reign, and the excellence of womanhood displayed by her have brought all nations to reverence her. He was also grateful in having been permitted to pay his respects to Her Majesty's representative in the Dominion, who addressed them so kindly this afternoon. To-day, he said, we will turn from the childhood of our Lord, and look at him during his latter days on earth, or as the author of our faith. He would appeal to them to be like Christ, to do for Christ and to suffer with Christ. He agreed with His Excellency in the importance of external development; he believed most thoroughly in it because our Lord Jesus Christ came to this earth for the redemption and sanctification of the body. He not only redeemed the body by his death on the cross, but he wanted us to remember that our bodies were to be cared for and not to be destroyed by excesses or self indulgence. If manliness consisted in self control, self denial and self sacrifice he would say the best men in this world were those who sacrificed themselves for others and the ideal type of this manliness under the rule, was Jesus Christ. Love should be the element of life. He went on to point out that there was not so much in the verb as in the adverb; or in what we did, as the motive and spirit in which we did it.

If we are politicians we should be honest, for an honest politician was the most beneficent man on this side of the grave. He who fought hard for his own party and kept free from bribery and corruption, was one of the best benefactors to the human race that the sun ever shone upon. He doubted whether the clergy were doing better work than the honest politician. He then referred to the selfishness of some people, whom he said, often wished they had an angel, instead of a minister, to preach the gospel among them. They would then have a beautiful being in their midst, and more than that no bread and butter would be required. In conclusion he exhorted his hearers to bear the sufferings of this world patiently, and to remember the hardships experienced by God himself while on this earth. When a man suffers with Our Lord, his heart may be in heaven long before his weary feet have crossed the golden threshold.

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BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Editorial Notes.

Owing to our late re-opening after the vacation we are rather late in presenting to our readers this our first issue since the advent of the New Year. In fact, it seems almost out of season for THE MITRE to add its good wishes to the many expressions of good will which have been already received. However as good feeling should be able to flourish throughout the year and not merely at Christmas and during the infancy of the month of January, we wish you all prosperity and happiness for the twelve-month on which we have entered since our last appearance.

This is the season of good resolutions. Custom, or shall we call it a touch of the universal love of symmetry, makes us believe that there is a peculiar desirability in the selection of the New Year as a time for reforming past faults and beginning the performance of duties erst-while neglected. Certainly the time is not unsuitable. Few would claim that, however much they may pretend to be amused by this process of moral house cleaning. It is not the sweeping and dusting of corners or arrangement of displaced furniture which seems to some advanced thinkers such an unfailling source of amusement, but the want of permanence in the results. Therefore we conclude that it is not the question of resolutions which most demands our thoughts, but the problem of how we may put our resolutions into practice with the best hope of keeping them unbroken. One answer to this question, which we sometimes hear, is that no resolution to amend ever is kept unbroken, that all sudden reforms are temporal, and that only gradual changes can be expected to endure.

This though incorrect contains some truth. For let us consider the nature of a resolution of this kind with respect to its cause. Of course the cause of such a state of mind will determine to a great extent its probable result. If the conviction of past short comings is joined to a genuine wish for reform there is no reason why the resolution should not bear fruit, while on the other hand mere realization of the advisability of giving up some cherished fault without any diminution of the fondness for the fault seldom brings any good result. But what, says some one, has all this to do with the statement that no sudden reformation ever proves lasting? Why just this, that no man whose wish to turn over a new leaf is genuine ever makes a sudden resolution to reform. His change of habit may trace its beginning from some definite time, but the change of mind which has lead to it has been no sudden impulse without premeditation or reflection. No tree can bring forth fruit till it has reached maturity, and no resolution without time for reflection can give any good result. Thus to put the matter in a few words the important thing for us to consider is not "What resolutions must we make for the coming year," but "What faults of the past are we really sorry for and prepared to give up at all costs." If we answer this question truly, and regulate our actions accordingly we shall have solved the first and greatest difficulty in this problem. When this has been done, there only remains the struggle against habit, and the amount of success achieved will be in proportion to the sincerity and strength of the resolve. Perhaps some who read this may think that a great deal of trouble has been taken to prove a very evident fact; to these we would say that the question of good resolutions is one which holds a special place in the thoughts of every student at the beginning of a term. We have had the best possible preparation for such considerations. We have had the real character of our progress tested by the recent examinations; we have still fresh in our minds the interest of our friends in our success; their loving hope and trust have fired us with a determination not to disappoint them, and we have had time for reflection. Is it surprising that we came back with these thoughts uppermost in our minds? And to the students, all of you who have resolved to make this term a time of real work and improvement, we have nothing further to add but this: THE MITRE wishes you success in your good resolves what ever they may be, and feels sure that if you are sincere, this term will not only be a successful one as regards college work, but will be a source of real pleasure to look back upon in years to come.