"Here in the hand of the Crucified, pulses of
love in its veins;
Human as ours in its touch, with the sinews of
Deity bearing.
The zones of the pendulous planets, the
weight of the winds and the rain."

We do not care much for the epithet "pendulous"
here, or in fact anywhere. Nor are we sure it is
strength to add the less, the winds and rains to
the greater the planets in speaking of the weight borne;
it is tending to an anti-climax. The thought of the
poem is however good and suggestive. Mr. Scott is
a teacher as well as a singer.

A Thought.

TO F. B.

As each his shuttle passes through
The webs of life, the colors gleam,
Brighten and fade, leaving but ends
And knots, scarce likeness of a form.
The rose-ued shade of early life
Deepens to crimson as the shuttle flies;
Then darker, purple, black, and then an end—
A waving shred, tossed by the winds about
Faded to gray—no semblance of the first.
When once our eyes shall pierce the jarring strife
Of colors, then the nescient pictures grace,
The knotted yarn is whole, the colors true,
And all resplendent in its pictured life.

P. Ignitus.

The Library.

We have to thank Dr. J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of
the House of Commons, for a donation of his valu-
able works in 6 vols. This series includes his famous
work on Parliamentary Procedure and also his later
and smaller work on the Procedure of Public Meetings.
The works on Local and Federal Government in
Canada, and on our Constitutional History are most
comprehensive; while his review of Canada's Intel-
lectual Strength and Weakness has been most favor-
ably received not only in America but also in Europe
and Australia. The set makes a valuable addition to
the Library. Students are advised to become familiar
with the work on the Procedure of Public Meetings.
Rev. Mr. Fyles has sent us a donation of 16 vols,
mostly old books. The life of Philip E. Gosse, and the
vol. of Ordination Addresses by the Bishop of Oxford,
and one vol. of Dean Norman's sermons are the most
interesting. Our thanks are due to Mr. Fyles for
this liberal donation, and also to Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A.,
for a copy of "My Lattice and other Poems," which
we notice in another column. If Mr. Scott is not
Canada's Poet Laureate he is certainly the Poet Lau-
reate of Bishop's College.
The work of cataloguing is going on and will, it
is hoped, be completed before the close of the year.

School Directory.

66 Forneret, Rev. Geo., Clergyman, Hamilton, Ont.
Foresythe, Lt.-Col. Jos., Bell Lumber Merchant,
Quebec, P. Q.
81-84. Fothergill, Chas. Mathew Williams, Bank of Mon-
treal, Belleville.
85-88. Fothergill, Cathbert Richard Page, Bank of Mon-
treal, Wall St., N. Y.
84-86. Fothergill, Rev. Frederick Augustine, Holy Cross,
Clergy House, 300 E. Fourth St., New York.
78-81. Fothergill, Rev. Rowland John, Clergyman, Shiga-
wake, P. Q.
84-85. Fray, Asa Clinton, Farmer, Sutton.
47. Fraser.
61. Fraser, Chas., Montreal (?)
*Fraser, D.
50-54. Fraser, G. S., Army, died 21st Nov., 1883.
72. Fraser, F. W. A., Fitzroy, Ont.
44. Fraser, Wm.
85-84. Fry, Alfred G., Bank of British North America,
New York.
60. Fry, H., Montreal (?)
79-81. Fry, Wm. Marsh.
61. Fuller, Lewis Elliott.
84-85. Fulton, James Augustus, c/o Rev. Canon Fulton,
Maritana, P. Q.
44. Gairdner, Robert, Broker, Montreal.
44. *Gairdner, W. T.
74. Gaibert.

E. A. Robertson, M. D. C. M.
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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DENTISTS
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SHERBROOKE, QUE.

MAGOG HOUSE,
H. H. INGRAM, PROPRIETOR.
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

CENTRALLY LOCATED,
NEAR E. T. BANK AND POST-OFFICE.
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS.
consideration, but it is one that offers encouragement to the instructor. An attempt has been made to receive interest in the outwork of the school. There seems to be however greater attractions in pursuits with less of the personal element in them.

Of gatherings for the purposes of amusement and education, to say nothing of the College dance, to which school representatives were invited, notable are the Phila May Concert and Bishop Newnham’s Lecture. The former was the work of a thin, but passable tenor, a good exponent on the piano, a reader marked “New England,” who is progressing satisfactorily, and a sweet-voiced soprano accompanied with the language of the men beyond the Cheviots. The readings gathered a very large share of the attendance.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Moosonee, appeared to a full audience in Bishop Williams Hall on Monday, November 29th. His Grace, one of the heroes who work among the Indians drew the sympathetic tear and the theamadergular dollar.

Does any one know how long ago Egypt was greyly plunged with ten different visitations of it? Those who take interest in antiquities will be sadly pleased to learn that one of the Prefects formed a link between the past and present.

Rothera has unfortunately been compelled to return home, and he is a real loss to the Prefect’s. He has gone to Kingston. The chief hopes for the speedy recovery of the one, and the success of the other. The Senior Prefect will be missed on the Rink Committee and the Hockey Team. The following have been duly elected—Gilmour (captain), McGreavy, Kotliera and Willett.

It is now becoming ancient history that the First Fifteen mistook and defeated the Prefects III. Willett and Gilmour were most prominently instrumental in piling up a score of 33-4. All however played in first-class form. Mr. Auden getting in some brilliant work. The fitness is as follows.


In the days of the “first warbler” these were accustomed to make pilgrimages to the shrines of a saint. Boys in these days also visit a shrine—the Compton Ladies’ College. They will learn with deep regret that it has been closed for a time on account of an outbreak of scarlet fever. The Chiel disclaims all knowledge of the sentimental side of human nature, and nor does one have, to pander to it, but he feels it as it is, and the disabilities removed, he might be sympathetic with both parties.

It has been rumoured that the quotient of the trigonometrical deficiency divided by the trigonometrical knowledge of one of the upper form boys is infinity. It is also rumoured that another declines “he” thus:

Nominative—He. Objective—Haw. Prepositional—He haw! haw!

Current Literature.


It is six years since Mr. Scott published “The Soul’s Quest,” and because his is a Canadian writer. He now presents us with another sheaf from his harvest. Some of the ears have indeed been seen by us before in the Week and some have already found their way into a Canadian anthology. We congratulate Mr. Scott on being appreciated in the Dominion in which he lives, and wish his new volume, published in Toronto all success, for his work shews decided growth. We believe that any one who reads the first poem in this volume, “My Lattice,” will not rest till he has read the others. This poem is a gem, and it is one that possesses a gem-like transparency, and a liquid nature; it is a beautiful little violin of song. It is a vision or meditation of one who is sitting in the square garden of the villa. The writer has obeyed the injunction of one greater than himself who says:

"Take wings of fancy and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Met the earth's emerald base."—William Shakespeare.

We have in this poem, written in the metre of Tennyson’s “Brook,” a suggestive excursion into the vast round of space, and recognize our position as one amongst the infinites and through our thought one with all the infinites. This is brought home to us forcibly and melodiously in these few verses. The same delightful quality of clear flow or what we venture to call "liveliness" is observable throughout the whole of this volume, like the last named, another recent production of the author, namely “In the Woods.” The woods are called the God’s house, but the poem will bear being quoted entire and our readers can thus judge for themselves:

This is God’s house—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This is the soft green carpet for his feet.
Those hills his stairs down which the brooks come stealing
With all the green making earth more sweet;
And here his friends come, clouds and soft
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bear hounds above.

And here comes sunbeams through the green leaves steaming
And foggy mists from the storm clouds overdrawn,
And warm hushed nights when mother earth is praying.
So late that her moon candle burns till dawn.
Sweet house of sweet earth, so full of pleasure.
I enter at thy gates in storm or calm;
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure
And every cloud a salve and a balm.

Here we have the commonest materials, but the alchemist has worked his art upon them elements into a lovely crystalline form. Possibly some may think the comparison of the greater to the less in this poem, the continual reference to parts of the house, ceiling stairs and carpet somewhat of the nature of sport. Still if it is so, we think it pardonable; the natural flow of the verse carries us away with it and we do not think the quaintness spoils the beauty.

Some of the sentences call for notice, such as that on “Solomon”:

"His heart hath drained earth’s pleasure to the less,
Has harkened with life’s finest extasies;
Yet now some power reveals as in a glass,
The soul’s sweetest and death’s dark mysteries.
And at the court the sacred slavers watch him pass,
Reiterating Omnia Vastas.”

The use of the Latin phrase reminds us of the use of the Latin motto “Eo, 35th Sunday in the month of November” in the Greek expression:

"Skies o’er—to dream of a shadow, God bless you. I shall join in a day."

Though these classical expressions are forcible, we venture to think that an English expression of the same meaning would be a little more acceptable from another language. “Columbus” and “Ildols” are both strong. “Ildols” appeared originally in the Mitre, the College magazine of Mr. Scott’s Alma Mater, Bishop’s College, Len- noxville.

The shorter poems on the whole seem to be more satisfactory than the longer ones. It is observable in this volume, like the last named, another recent production of the author, namely “In the Woods.” The woods are called the God’s house, but the poem will bear being quoted entire and our readers can thus judge for themselves:

This is God’s house—the blue sky is the ceiling,
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And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bear hounds above.

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And foggy mists from the storm clouds overdrawn,
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So late that her moon candle burns till dawn.
Sweet house of sweet earth, so full of pleasure.
I enter at thy gates in storm or calm;
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure
And every cloud a salve and a balm.

Some one to whom this was read said it was “sling;” the reply was “No, that is a Canadian touch.” The ice-shove is a well known phenomenon of a Canadian spring but the use of such a word is a commentary on the bareness in rhymes of our mother tongue. In “Thor” Mr. Scott shows that he can depict passion strongly, and yet without delicacy: His tone is vigorous. This verse is strong and worthy of any writer:

Not a mere shadow is sin,
Clinging like wine to the lip,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man takes a sip;—
But a poem that worked within.

It is hard to keep up such a level as this, and in the very next verse after the one just quoted, Mr. Scott drops a little, and is not content to leave us with a strong effect. In fact, the end of “Thor” is a little spun out, and rather disappointing.

"The Vision of Prometheus," or anything bearing on the story of that Titanic hero, suggests comparison with some of the greatest names in literature; and this is dangerous for the modern! There is much that is strong and suggestive about Mr. Scott’s treatment, but we fear he is somewhat confined by the paragraph ending:

"And a wild tempest blows the daylight out."

We are inclined to give the palm amongst the longer poems to the invocation of the great dead called “In Via Mortis.” The atmosphere of this poem recalls that beautiful translation of Longfellow from the German of Sils:

The mildest herald, by our fate allotted, Beckons, and with inwrought torch doth stand To lead us through the night, and up to land. Into the land of the great departed.
Into the silent law.

The poetry is vigorous and musical. The first verse we give, and the last line of it is admirable:

"O ye great company of dead that sleep
Under the world’s green rain. I come
With eyes as fast as laugh and weep;
Heart attuning to love, and brain pierced through with joy
With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make my day
To run their life stream courses on its way,
Through margin shallow of the eternal deep.”

Some pieces in this book may be regarded as experiments in metre such as “Sorrow’s Wailing”—This is perhaps the most striking, rather a toy than a poem. “Calvary” is a credible attempt in hexameters; it treats of the most sacred of subjects in a reverent and thoughtful manner.
to the general equipment of the hospital as well as an almost new staff of nurses, with Miss Ogilvie, late head nurse of male wards M. G. H., as head nurse. Miss Oswald still retains her position of Matron to the satisfaction of all.

A new fracture peculiar to bicyclists:—“Breaking their record.”

Mrs. Clancy—“Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oli part to mate no more. Oli want to the hospital to ax after Oli ketch up to this other chap that got blowed up.” “Yer can’t see, the docter—”he’s unthr the influence of Ann Esthetic.” “Oli don’t know the lady,”sey Oli, mighty dignified like. “Butter” babies are scared to death that when he’s at his death’s door, Ollie have a decease from him!”

Mr. Robt. Walker class ’95 has been appointed representative to Trinity (Toronto) dinner at Rosin House, November 29th.

A few of our freshmen are no longer fresh; many will ask why? A visit to the dissecting room almost any evening will give the answer. The “plucked” will always confide the reason for their descent, but enough—we understand, now boys you are “students.”

The question of the hour is, How did four of the members of the “M” class to Reading Room migrate and finally settle down in the “Female” Reading Room? Will the ladies explain.

Quite an enjoyable evening was spent by a few of our students, at a reception given by the congregational society, to a few freshmen a few weeks ago. Since this church has taken the initiative, we sincerely hope that other denominations will follow. We can assure them that any effort on their part to relieve the Monica of our student’s life will be highly appreciated by one and all.

Our worthy Janitor still is in the “patent” business. We would advise any freshman with any minor ailment to apply at once to “Bob” for relief. There is no “Cookiness” about him although we will not always get his help; the supply may arise before spring if he will persist in going down-stairs to “sami-saw wood” so often.

E. S. Addison our Vice President, contemplates taking a trip to Quebec and Portland, starting on Thursday next. We hope the trip will succeed in resuscitating his health and that he will return with some more Kangaroo fables. We have not heard him reiterate any tales for such a long time that some Anarchists might be inclined to suspect the young professor.

Some of the members of the final and second years are warned that the banks of the Canals are very slippery at this season of the year. Many fatal accidents have been recorded in the Canal reports in years gone by, and therefore the Canal authorities do not wish to be troubled this year, so boys beware!

The practical anatomy subjects are more abnormal then ever this year. One gentleman of the practical class, after weeks study has decided that the heart in his subject is situated on the right side, and the diaphragm by some peculiar manipulation is attached to the first rib. Undoubtedly the subject died from contortion of the thoracic viscera. Some of our bright freshmen doubt the accuracy of both our worthy friend Gray and Morris and even Mr. Heath when they state that several cutaneous branches of nerves and arteries are found floating around in the superficial fascia. We are very glad to see that these several gentlemen are not advocates of the “faith cure.” They are treated by being provided with an overabundance of cutaneous branches, and then their disbelief will most assuredly be overcome.

Since the last issue of the MiTRE our Freshman Class has been reinforced by the arrival of Mr. Francis of the island of Haiti. Undoubtedly the reputation of our Medical Faculty is spreading slowly but surely. Other new arrivals are Messrs. Jackson and Dulude of Montreal.

Mr. C. Goltman ’93 has pleased us greatly lately by his letters to the MiTRE. All the students have been invited to call on him and hear him at his desk. Mr. Goltman has been assuredly a brother of Max Goltman who graduated in ’92.

A Letter from Paris.

Paris, Nov. 20th, 1894.

To the MiTRE.

It might be interesting to some readers of the MiTRE to hear something of what has recently been the cause of much wail and tear of “pical” in the different “dailies” and “weeklies” the world over, especially when the subject discussed is made to appear as though wrapped in mystery—“Anti-Toxine,” as it is usually referred to in the leading newspapers, or more correctly “Anti-diphtheritic serum” as it is usually called here by such men as Dicuolo, Jaccond, Patouin and Roux, is nothing more than the blood of horses which have been injected with diphtheritic toxine which I will try to describe especially bearing upon the mode of preparation—Professor Delbruck’s bacillus must first be made in ordinary bouillon. To obtain the bacillus in its present form is not difficult, it is the process of diagnosis but such as has been previously diagnosed as such by the help of a microscope a scrap of scrapings is placed in a small platinum wire is passed through the bouillon when usually a few of Locter’s bacilli adhere to the wire from which a fresh culture is made and if properly pure subjected to the following process: A number of glass retorts are placed in series, a litre of bouloux previously mixed with a small quantity of the special serum and are then put into a special arrangement which in practice is very simple but would be too long to describe, a current of moist air is made to travel through the retorts passing over the surface of the liquid. This process must be carried on in an isolated dark room where the temperature is constantly kept at 75° C. The bacilli usually develop the most vitality from this manipulation and then begins the process of conversion of bacilli into toxine or as is explained by Mr. Roux the secretion of toxine by the bacilli; this usually occupies from 3 to 4 weeks after which time the liquid is filtered through a porcelain filter with the greatest asceptic precautions. Now to determine the virulence of the toxine it is tested and the following is the standard adopted at the Pasteur Institute. A guinea pig weighing 500 gms. receive subcutaneously 1/20 of the toxine which should kill in 24 hours (the standard).

The next step is the hypodermic injection of this toxine to the horse in progressive doses given usually every third day beginning with 3 C. C. of the horse and subseuent doses according to the susceptibility of the horse. This is continued until the horse has resisted the last dose. The horse is bled and the serum is allowed to coagulate, serum decanted, its degree of immunity tested on a guinea pig, and if suitable is used hydropiemically upon patients, injecting 10 to 20 gms at each dose twice in the 24 hours.

The serum as at present prepared will not remain active for very many days, but Dr. Roux is at present endeavoring to withstand this difficulty, it is one of the reasons why it cannot be exported. At present there are six horses whose blood serve to curve the diphtheritic patients of the hospitals; by the 31st Jan. nearly 100 horses will be ready to give us some of their blood to relieve suffering humanity. It is strange to say that since the beginning of this treatment the number of the number of bloodings they are subjected to, I need not here explain the many precautions (aseptic) taken both in the preparation of the horse and in the injection of the toxine, making the cultures, collecting the blood &c. &c. Yours truly.

Ricier.

School Notes.

The chiel this month finds himself considerably embarrassed. He has been accustomed to lubricate in the ordinary veracular, and language has been hitherto remarkable for the absence of polished ineffectual nervous phrasing. But of late he has been reminded of his friends that sermons may possibly be found in stones, postcard or even letter is not the ordinay medium. In consequence he is about to charge with Episcopal and the chiel has received a shock. He is thinking of writing companion hand-books to Butler and the 학생남의 성경. He would have a habit of treating himself, as if they were the piote of created things. They become nauseating.

Dear is the memory of our holidays; dearer the prosperity of the whole. But sweeter still than these, than all, is the satisfaction of having satisfied one’s examiners distinctly reminiscent in more senses than one. All Saint’s Day there was a simple-chase. This is not the beginning of a new epic, but a plain statement of fact, though some might be tempted to say with Jacques—“Nay then, fair, tender, sweet, all Saint’s Day there was a simple-chase.” All Saint’s Day, many started and some finished their course. All of those that did so, Chandler and LaVerz were so far ahead of us as to be able to name as itusnchon the Long an Porteous the Elder, fleet as the wild stag both and cunning to deceive the eager hounds. “Through rough, bush over brush,” they were mentioned in their courses. Are there no budding Homer to chant their praises? Shall no one tell out of those who came back by the track with visage dejected, feet numbered, and with nothing come. How they were men and questioned and all the manner of it’? On the tablets of their doings is engraved VAL Victor.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec gave the School a holiday. The occasion for favourable attendance was observed. Dean Norman came down on the 27th of November, examined the classes in all forms, and went away well satisfied. Causes of congregation in these in diverse ways, and proved the effectual fulfilment of the old adage “Men sand in sano corpo.”

In connection with the “Sano Corps,” the Chief notices that the Gymnasium is now fairly well equipped, bar and horse being added, and that good practice is possible there. Sergeant Atkin is indefatigable in his form and fashion of athletic desire. He has some already acquired a certain proficiency, and there is sufficient material for a very good band of athletes. Of course this is a secondary.
Divinity Notes.

Only slightly awakened from "the spirit of his dream," Question—What is the best way to accomplish the following?
Answer (new student): "It is one of the Heresies mentioned in Brown's on the Articles."

The Divinity House has a door mat in the porch. After the Xmas holidays no doubt we shall be happily surprised to find an electric light there as well.

We notice that the "Dr." has use of his knee once more. Football is too much for "the old," gave it up.

Our business manager took a flying trip to Boston last week in Oct. He gives us a very interesting account of his visit, especially of the church service, which he says was very pleasing. Also the visitation of Harvard University where one of our old graduates (Mr. Kasha) is taking a law course.

Mr. Donnelly, B. A., who has been in the Infirmary for some time from an injury received in the football field has gone to his home in New Carlisle for the remainder of this term. We hope to see him back again after Xmas holidays.

Since the introduction of a piano into the Divinity House a class has been organized for all candidates for Holy Orders. Some of the men take special lessons once a week from Mr. Dorey. Mr. Dorey is interested in the men and hopes to receive the best appreciation of his service.

A. H. Moore, B. A., has elected to represent the Divinity Faculty at the annual dinner of the Medical Faculty to be held in Montreal Dec. 12th, 19th.

Our Bishop, whose presence is ever a pleasure to us, made his appearance at Montreal on the 2nd of this month. He gave us two most interesting and profitable addresses on "The Financial and Social Side of Church Life."

An address was given by one of the junior students before his class, on "the successful life of a graduate." The rest of the men who did not deliver addresses were called upon to read their "papers.

The following of the Brotherhood of Readers was held in the library on the 2nd, when the Rev. J. Hepburn, M. A., gave us a very instructive and practical address on "Work among Younger Men," from his own experience in dealing with them which made it doubly interesting. It is hoped that the Brotherhood will remember some of the most important points and put them into practice, not only when they leave Alma Mater, but while resident within her walls.

Mr. C. Dixon took service at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, Dec. 2nd.

Medical Notes.

THE UNDERGRADUATES MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The inaugural meeting of the Undergraduates Medical Society was held in the gentleman's reading room, Saturday evening, November 20th. Dr. Springie, Honorary President, was called to the chair by Mr. Hayes, President of the Society. On taking the chair the doctor thanked the students for the honor conferred on him. He explained that the faculty looked upon the establishment of the Undergraduates Medical Society as a step in the right direction, that he had no doubt the Society would be successful and would tend to remove the rough corners which often mar the scene of the academic dissipation, and that it would prove valuable as an educator for public and medical platforms, and he considers it most necessary for medical men to be able to defend his actions if needed be in public. He advised the reading not so much of papers of a complex character as of papers on simple every-day subjects. At the close of the meeting Mr. Bryan (class '95) was unanimously chosen as an associate of the Society.

Before the meeting broke up, motion of Mr. Nelson seconded by Mr. Walker, a vote of thanks was accorded Prof. Springie for his presence and valuable aid.

The next meeting will take place on Saturday evening, December 13th at 6 o'clock.

THEATRE NIGHT.

Hallowe'en night 1894 will long be remembered by the present students of our faculty. As the kind invitation of our medical congress in McGill, the students of this faculty participated in their theatre night at the Queen's. Never before has the medical faculty of McGill conducted or more pleasant an evening, every detail of the night being considered. Many promises of papers and case reports have been received for them and the following meetings many of which will doubt prove interesting and instructive. Mr. Brown, Honorary Vice President, will set it understood read a paper at the next meeting.

Before the meeting broke up, motion of Mr. Nelson seconded by Mr. Walker, a vote of thanks was accorded Prof. Springie for his presence and valuable aid.

To our graduates we extend a hearty invitation to take part in our annual dinner which is announced in another column. Simultaneously all can devote a day to this purpose. We are convinced this deviation from your daily path will make no marked difference to your wealth nor to your health, in fact, doctor, allow us to make a suggestion before the gathering of your Alma Mater and return to the scenes and pleasures of your student days will prove beneficial. What a idea you have.

Mr. Gustave Lewis, class '95, has been appointed representative of the "At Home" of our brother students at Lennoxville. No students is more devoted to his Alma Mater than Gus, and in accordance to this position of honor our students have done wisely.

Mr. W. S. Allan (class '95) of the dental department, has been added to the dinner committee at the unanimous suggestion of those who unfortunately omitted making the appointment at an earlier hour. Mr. Allan and Mr. Barnes will probably be the first students to recede the D. D. degree of the Dental Faculty. Mr. Allan's record has been bright; at last year's examination before the dental board of the Province of Quebec, with the most brilliant success, the gentleman and his colleagues will be able to arouse all the envy of dental students to contend against in these examinations, he is moved to thank Mr. Allan for the prestige and distinction he has secured for his Alma Mater and his professors.

A censure of the love born freshen will be made shortly. Few we imagine will be found off the lists. One or two in particular have developed alarming symptoms. One finds solace only in the frequent use (t. i. d.) of the phone. What is love? A love freshman defined it as "a peculiar tiching of the heart, perhaps the very best, but what about the "freshman variety," which present among other symptoms an improper digestion of anatomy, a fondness for strolling out on fine afternoons in St. Lutieres and Sherbrooke Streets, a far away expression, or a dreamy "pupil" during the Hysiology hour, a professional yet worried air and a bill to close the month. Other physical changes go on concurrently with the foregoing as a modulation of voice, a fondness to talk of lady friends and the constant use of the words "Miss" and "She." The gentlemen of the second year are now beyond the stage of danger, thanks to the skillful methods of nature, aided by the janitor whose omnipotence extends to telephonic exchanges of views, engagements, etc.

The "eminent surgeons" are studying the traits, habits and mode of development of water serpents and it is expected they will experiment with the "sea serpent" at a later date.

Dr. Fisk has just returned to Montreal after a week's absence in the country where he had gone to restore his impaired health. He has again returned to the position of the M. G. H., and feels better than for some time.

Work is going on rapidly at the Western Hospital in the fitting up of the new male wards. A new operating room will complete the changes for the present. Many new requisites have been added.
I think I may say that we have special claims upon you here for two reasons. Last summer in one of the papers which came to me, there was an account of the consecration of the Bishop, of the Quebec of a church at St. Johns Lake for the Indians. Some years ago Indians were found at St. John's Lake who possessed the rudimentary knowledge of Christianity which was clearly derived from a Church of England source, and some fragments of the New Testament. On inquiry it was found that these Indians had been at James' Bay, and having family drifts across the country to their present position. The church is the direct outcome of Bishop Horden's work at Moose Fort. The other is a personal matter. I was once the possessor of an early Dr. Lobeck, a former Principal of this College, and whom some of you may remember. A man whom to know was to love.

"In conclusion let me urge you to remember the claims which we have upon you, and to remember us as well in your prayers as your alms, and not to forget us when you leave here. I believe myself in systematic giving, and there is no reason why you should not be able to find room for us on your list. Our expense are very heavy and our resources scanty. As an instance we have to import even our buildings from England, and the last church cost over £120 for freight alone."
The students gave their customary autumn Dance, on Nov., 20th, at the Physics. The arrangements that can result from a few passing comments it was a great success and every one seems to have enjoyed it. The dressing-room was very nicely decorated and the supper-table was very prettily arranged. The Medical Faculty sent a representative, Mr. Lewis, to the Dance and he made a number of friends. We are always delighted to meet people from the Sister Faculty.

The Chess Club is again in full swing and the Tournament promises to be most interesting as all the members are working hard. Among the new men Misses Mundy and Wurtele are the best though comparisons are odious when all are so evenly matched.

"Shiny" is coming into fashion since Football has had its try. An alternation of snow and slush, frost and mud. The most earnest votaries of this fascinating game are to be found among the Freshmen who drew up a schedule of matches to be played between the men living on the upper and those on the lower Flats of the Arts Building. The upper flat usually has the best of the plays as far as reports can make out, but this statement has frequently been denied by the "backers" of the Lower Corridor Team. However the enthusiasm for this phase of the game has died out to a great extent for the Kentucky propensity for nominating himself referee and making all games end in a draw. This state of affairs is so far from satisfactory that many players express an intention of giving up "shiny" entirely since the Principal is so automatic in his decisions.

A jolly evening was spent by the senior member of the Arts Faculty short time ago. Mr. Dowdell gave a supper in the Library of the Freshmen and Seniors.

The supper was served in a most finished style and until material wants were satisfied conversation remained somewhat in the interjacent stage but soon intellect had full scope and the Senators were themselves; again Toasts were proposed to the Queen, "Our Host," the ladies, the 2nd year, the 3rd year, "Classical," "Math." "Theological" ditto, "Freshmen," etc., etc. These toasts—drunk in cold water—elicited brilliant speeches in reply. Dr. W. G. M. Robertson represented the Queen and Mr. McClintock the Ladies. Then a few songs were sung and encored and the party broke up in good humour.

The Junior Frolic, which meets in a very covert way twice a month. The Seniors were somewhat startled at first seeing that a conspiracy was on foot to overthrow the present aristocratic form of entertainment and to introduce a very harmless association designed to further literary and general culture among the Freshmen.

The nearness of the Ymas examinations is beginning to make itself felt with all the students of the Arts Faculty. The new-comers especially are very much depressed by the idea of being sent away by the man "swagging" away at Quadratics about 3 a.m. one night and getting up he asked him what he meant by making such an unearthly row at such an hour. The poor youth, who was asleep, woke up with a start and replied, "I thought I was plucked in Algebra and I was "swapping up" for my "supple- mentary." Our ubiquitous reporter saw a prepara- tory man running up and down the C. P. R. track making the woods ring with "Etpeton, Etpetute, etc." He said he could not study in his room for "the fellows downstairs are so rowdy and he'll never be able to study, but he liked the open air where he might shout as loud as he pleased.

The Freshmen are a lively set with all their affairs. Though the fresh look of the season has inaugurated a new feature—that of rat-hunting in the students Dining Hall. This pest is now well extinguished through the agency of these hunting men. So enthusiastic are they over the chase that irrespective of time or place, they describe in the minutest possible way every detail of "the finish." The sporting instinct is very strong among Englishmen and believe me I believe the Freshmen have originated in the fertile brain of one of our English students.

Mr. N. C. Lyster (Arts '97) has been unani- mously elected to represent his Freshman class in the Bishop's College Medical Faculty Dinner which is to take place in Montreal Dec. 6th inst. We feel confident a better choice could not have been made.

The Literary evenings which were so much enjoyed by the Freshmen last winter are to be continued. The Professor, the Principal, Dr. Aitkin, and Professor Wilkinson held "Evenings," at which striving students were treated with the thumbs up. The Principal gave a second entertainment at which "As You Like It" was discussed. Touchstone's sailors were of course particularly amusing and the dialogues between Celia and Rosalind were also very attractive.

The Racquet Court is still in a very dilapidated condition. We are sure that the students would look upon it as a favour if the authorities investigated this matter and, deeming it advisable, spent a few dollars— it would only cost a moderate sum—in repairing this building. Then the Court might again become useful to the students as a place of recreation, those who are debarred in any way from a more violent form of exercise.

Halloween, as usual, appears to have been a night of revels. Plenty of bottles were consumed, students were sound asleep, the genius of the place was busy arranging things to suit his own taste.

His ideas on the beauty and fitness of things are very different from those of ordinary mortals. We can only excuse this spirit's vagaries by supposing Halloween to be a night when he is licensed to range over all the old ideas and plans he has formulated during the past year, for the improvement of the University.

The Hon. W. B. Ives gave a grand "Bal Poudre" a week or two ago which many of the ladies attended. Our ubiquitous reporter saw a prepara- tory man running up and down the C. P. R. track making the woods ring with "Etpeton, Etpetute, etc." He said he could not study in his room for "the fellows downstairs are so rowdy and he'll never be able to study, but he liked the open air where he might shout as loud as he pleased.

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Bishop Newnham's Addresses.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 26th, Dr. Newnham, Bishop of Moosonee, preached in the College Chapel. He took as his text Matt. XIII. 4-8: "Behold the sower went forth to sow—and others fell upon evil ground and yielded fruit some a hundred, some sixty, some thirty, more than others." He then went on to explain that there was a great deal in common between his Church and Newnham.

Many more than not one man sows and another reaps. I want to-night to tell you something about the sowing and also, thank God, something about the reaping of the harvest. We, the Professors and students for not only has there been sowing but in God's providence we have been allowed to see something of the harvest as well.

More than forty years ago the Church Missionary Society went out a young man, John Horden, to labor among the Indians on the shores of Hudson's Bay. A little earlier than this a man had been sent out from England by the Methodists, but after working for some time with little success he was re-called to England. Horden landed at Moose Fort in the southern end of the Hudson's Bay Company. He knew nothing of the native language and there were at that time no grammars to make his task easier. At first he had to speak to the Indians by means of an interpreter. He spent his days going in and out among the people, writing down phonetically the words he had heard them speak and then in the even- ings of the day, he would sit down with his dictionary, table them and learn them. So his first year passed.

The following summer Bishop Anderson, the first bishop of Rupert's Land, made the long and toilsome journey from Winnipeg to Moose Fort to see him; and such progress had he made that the Bishop ordained him deacon, although this had not at first been intended. He then went to the Indians freely without the aid of an interpreter and even himself to interpret for the Bishop. He had often to speak to the Indians and they were so much pleased with him that he was asked to remain.

So much for the sowing; now let us turn to the harvest. When I went to Moosonee three years ago, I found at the Church of Our Lady the largest Church in this continent. I found settlements at Moose Fort, Albany and Churchill. Eight mis- sionaries of whom five were born here, and a number of others who had been born in the country and that the greater portions of the Bible and the Prayer-Book besides other books such as Pilgrim's Progress, and the Sunday School books and the Catechisms filled the little graveyard at Moose Fort. Out of a total population estimated at 10,000, there are 6,000 Christians, and of these 5,000 belong to the English Church, the other 1,000 being Indians and probably half of them Prot- estants. Nearly all the Indians who come in to the Forts can read and write. This has always been felt to be the very important thing. We are able to be in contact with our people for so short a time every year, it is very necessary that they should be able to read for themselves, and that we should provide them with something that will enable them to read very little to do in the winter, but this is far from being the case. During the winter my own work is confined to the children at the school, and there is some other work added, such as teaching in the day school, for we are unable to pay regular teachers.
Debating Society

A meeting of the students was held in the Common room on Oct. 8th for the purpose of electing a new staff of officers for the Debating Society. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Watson, B.A., to the office of vice-president. Mr. Dowdell was chosen to act as Secretary and Messrs. Donnelly, J.A., Viaal and Hibbard were elected to sit in conjunction with the other officers, in the management of affairs in connection with this society. After discussing some small matters of business the meeting adjourned.

It was quite easy to see by the large and enthusiastic audience that the debate was winning, for none of the old time enthusiasm was wanting.

The subject debated was the following:—Resolved that trial by jury should be abolished.

Messrs. Viaal and Burns supported the affirmative and Messrs. Mundy and Moor the negative. Mr. Viaal opened the debate with a very good speech and it must be said of him that he has improved very much since he joined the society.

Mr. Mundy as leader of the negative, in place of Mr. Lyster who was unable to be present, made a very eloquent plea for the prosecution of many points in his favor and although he had only a few minutes for preparation, made the best speech of the evening.

Mr. Burns in his speech for the affirmative, showed very plainly that he had not taken a law course for nothing and he deserves great credit for the way in which he upheld his side of the debate. Mr. Moor supported the negative and although he showed a great inclination to get “rattled” still scored a good many points and when the judges returned after their deliberations it was found that their votes were unanimously in favor of the negative.

After a few short side speeches and some kind words by the president, one of the best meetings ever held in the College was brought to a close.

The second meeting of the Debating Society for this term was held on Nov. 5th. Subject discussed was—Resolved that academic perfection should be established in the Church of England.

The canings and the impositions of a second form boy.

Gladly, oh how gladly, would I welcome back all thy boyish troubles, with thy studying capabilities and thy mischievous loving fourteen years.

As I peeped through the keyhole of my future, whilst lying round somewhere, and thought it would be a good cod on us.

What will we do with it, throw it away? —Mr. Sanford."

I flung it in a box, and send it to him, with ‘tucked again, smartly,’ written on a piece of paper, that would rile him no end.

Or we might pluck it and put it in his bed," I replied.

"Oh, that’s a bully dodge," H.—be cried, delightedly.

"We’ll put it in his bed, he’ll never recognize it when it’s plucked.

In a few minutes we had it denuded of feathers, and wrapping it carefully in some birch bark, H.—be was convinced that our jest was a success.

Now, let’s have some grub—my, but I’m hungry.

"All right, let’s," I responded cheerfully.

So we began on the red currant jam and the buns, and finished with the sardines and gingernuts.

On Thursday I got caressed as H.—be had prophesied. After morning school was over we were all called into one of the big class rooms. The Rector was there with the form’s groupers around. There was a smile on all their faces, and by the side of the Rector stood a fair haired stranger. He looked about twenty or two. He had a slight mustache, which he curled occasionally. His eyes were blue and—smiling, his face was tanned as though it had been much exposed to sun and wind.

The Rector rapped about three times. It was the old familiar way.

"I have been asked by Mr.—to give you a half holiday, boys, S——A——o—— as we began to cheer."

"I do not believe in two half holidays together though, and I dare say you will object, (laughing) and considering that Mr.— came out of school the three years ago, and since then has discovered India, if we may trust the papers, I have decided to excuse all impositions and give you this afternoon as a half holiday."

"I thought the Rector tapped his desk with the ruler he held in his hand, "You spend it in a good game at football!"

"A——it," turning to one of the prefects, "you may dismiss the forms."

"6th form, 5th form, 4th form."—

But we never heard him dismiss the 3rd or 2nd, for the period of the victim was owned by three rousing school boy cheers, and out we scrambled, pennell, struggling, laughing, hailing! —

Oh my vanished youth! Oh dear delightful shade of Dr. Smith! Oh the trials and tribulations of the evening were: Messrs. Dickson, B.A., and Dowdell, affirmative and Messrs. Bishop and Wayman, negative. Before the opening of the debate some disturbance was caused at the entrance, by which some of the speakers had brought in should be allowed it was decided by the majority of the members that they should not. All the speakers on this occasion did full, although the gentlemen who spoke on the affirmative had not given the subject sufficient preparation to be able to cope with the well prepared speech of the negative.

Mr. Watson made the speech of the evening and promised to be a great speaker in the near future.

It has been thought by some of the members that the subject on the last two days should not be discussed in the society, but when subjects like this are treated with such reverence and in such good order as was the one on this occasion we see no reason why similar subjects should not be discussed.

The last meeting for this term but by no means the least, was held Nov. 26th, the speakers being Messrs. Hibbard and Pales, affirmative, Messrs. Hutton, B.A., and Patterson, negative. All the speakers deserve great credit for the way in which they upheld their different sides.

Mr. Burton was in his usual good form and his opening cry of murder! murder! murder! made his audience feel as though that dreadful crime was being enacted in their rooms. Hibbard and Pales both made good speeches and when the judges gave their decision it was found that they had won the debate.

Although we have only been able to hold three debates this term, it was not because of a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the men; but so much business for school and college has kept them from beginning work earlier. On the whole the work done this term has been better than any previous term. The prospects for next term are very bright and it is to be hoped that we shall be as keen in the future as there has been in the past.

Arts Notes.

The Editors of the Mitre for the Arts Faculty lead a peaceful and tranquil life on the whole but their tranquility is sadly disturbed two or three times a term when the paper passes from the editorial lips of the Editor-in-Chief. "Write up news sufficient to fill two pages of the Mitre and send it in to me within twenty-four hours." No sympathy is shown for the poor, yet enthusiastic reporter who breaks down at the mere sight of a machine of himself—complaints as to dearth of interesting matter are wholly disregarded or met with small incomprehensible chuckle. "Oh, the hell with it!"

There was no lack of news when I was in here. However, do what you can, and I won’t take your incorrigible laziness too much to heart.” What incomprehensible! What narrow-mindedness! Originality cannot be expected to spread itself over two pages at a time with such unpremeditated effect. As a matter of fact, the Genius must not be mocked. If however, we have to fill up our allotted space we must make a beginning.

There is nothing wrong with the Faculty of Arts. This is not a case of over-education leading to a spirit of rebellion; we are not upholders of those unwritten laws which make University life what it ought to be; they are high-spirited, full of noble resolve; in their manners they present a contrast to the air of good fellowship in their treatment of each other, they are courteous, yet unerring in demanding of all outsiders; their conversation is bright and sparkling, on topics without being pedantic; they have no lack of grace; indeed, I almost am sold of saving such are the men, gentlemen of their class;—"A good supper at the Magg with chicken."

The Freshmen are as self-assertive as can be desired—most of them are going to graduate with Honours. They have a very poor opinion of the senior men and college generally but intend to remain with us and try to improve things with much the same spirit as that which prompts the Killburn sisters and the members of the Oxford House to dwell among the rude and ignorant denizens of Whitechapel or Shoreditch. I was ever thus and we suppose it will be the same. At any rate it is very convenient that the wetters stand now for a senior can get information in certain quarters on almost any subject—on church principles—on the questions of scholarship—on good form—all matters of high interest, sacred or profane.

It seems a pity that the library is not thrown open to the students of the College more than it is at present. Most libraries are accessible to students and the Bishop’s College Library is only supposed to be open for a quarter of an hour every morning. This is scarcely sufficient time. We consider that the great cycle of books is impossible to be thrown away or that the whole of the manuscript is missed to get any enjoyment of a literary type out of it. Of course books may be taken out under the present system, but we believe the Bishop’s College Library, if it is to be considered as a supposed local subscription room, is more likely to be a source of greater enjoyment to its subscribers. The library is not open on certain afternoons in the preservation of the books and in the general order and decency of the place.
A Reminiscence.

(continued.)

Harry H——bs came a term or two after the fire. Like all the new boys, he got the usual amount of kicks and cuts from them, with the average amiability peculiar to new boys. Bob W-y-C, Cooky R——s and he became great chums. Cooky having come about the same time, and any state acuates, Alain had been promoted into the third form, where he struck up a friendship with Jane Coutt, getting into a different set from mine. London itself is not made up of clowns like in a large public school like Lennoxville. I became friends with Harry H——bs, and if our friendship was last till promotion there was in the possibility of both being a long one, both H——bs and I being either too densely stupid or idle ever to endanger the possibility of separation for such a reason. We were no devotees to midnight oil. We gloried in our ignorance.

The only two things H——bs cared for in those care less days were idleness and marbles, while my two loves were respectively, mischief and idleness. With so much in common it was not to be wondered at that we were naturally happy in each other's society.

One Wednesday, during arithmetic hour, H——bs kicked the boy next him sharply on the shin, who very naturally expostulated.

"Do you want a licking I enquired H——bs.

"What did you kick me for?" said the boy.

"Just for a cork," replied H——bs cheerfully.

"Kick some one your size," said the boy, and he kicked up a day's work in their gym.

The boy wriggled and rubbed his shin.

"H——b, pinched him sharply on the arm.

"Pass this down to H——b."

H——b cuffed the boy.

"Don't do that to H——b," said the boy.

I thought much," said the master. "Is it you remain where you are; H——bs may come up here.

H——b looking as innocent and meek as the average lamb, walked up to Mr.——s desk, where he got three on his shin.

"I'll lick you for that sneaky," he remarked to the boy he had pinched, as he seated himself.

"It wasn't my fault.

"Oh, wassn't it, though, I'll lick you all the same," said the injured H——b, as he blew in his hands, preparatory to sticking them into his pocket, for a comfortable suck over his ill-treatment.

"Come out to my camp this afternoon; had some job and something else.

H——b.

I read on the slip of paper.

"Can't come; got 300 lines to write." F. H.

I wrote on another slip, which I passed back to him.

After dinner the sub Rector, Mr. Willettes, locked me up in his class room, and telling me to set to work at once, because on any account "till he came to let me out—glancing meaningly at the window as he spoke,—let me alone in my glory. I had got two pens fastened firmly to one handle at the about the width of two lines apart, and was manuscripts at work writing:

It was the Schooner Hesperas.

It was the Schooner Hesperas, That sailed the wintry sea,

That sailed the wintry sea, etc., etc.

When I heard a sharp tap on the window pane.

Needless to say it was H——bs.

"Well, are you coming," said he, when I had opened the window.

"How on earth can I? the sub Rector told me to stay here till he came for me." Oh, bother the sub Rector," replied this three-squared and four-squared fellow. "I've only got a caving to morrow, who cares for a caming?"

"Yes, and six hundred lines to write instead of three," I replied sadly.

"I'll help you," said H——bs, solemnly.

I knew perfectly well he wouldn't, for I had overheard him and Cooky making arrangements to take some sort of caving on the morrow.

I never sniffed the delicious autumn air, and felt that I was weakening.

"Well, I'll help you," said H——bs.

"Yes, if I can," he answered.

"Sure none of the masters are in sight?"

I asked, climbing to the window-sill.

"No, they are."

I brought us to the camp; there were several of them within a few hundred feet of each other, and from time immemorial in Lennoxville school day traditions, they had existed. Here we were left to bring up our lines cheerfully. It was a great comfort to me to find myself in capable of being able to raise sufficient pocket money for the purpose: or that falling, we would concoct stews, which we found particularly savoury, of squellets, brown birds, hare, in short of anything we could snare, or knock over with our catapults. Generally these camps were built of small logs, about six inches in diameter, notched at the ends, so as to fit closely into each other, the cracks between stuffed with moss or clay; though many of them were simply made of balsam or spruce boughs, with sloping trimmings, (the boards we borrowed as a rule from some neighboring farmer's fence.)

H——bs and Cooky were joint proprietors of the boys, but Cooky couldn't come that afternoon as he had promised to go with Monkey A——y to a treat at Mrs. Davis's.

I followed him, and I had a log camp of our own, further on, but Pete was gone off that afternoon to see some cousins, I think, he had living in the village.

Having one of the boards forming the floor, H——b produced a hatchet, and set to work preparing some kindling wood for the fire: and long ere it was light I had ceased to trouble my youthful head with any thought of the morrow.

Then H——b took from a primitive sort of shelf at the back, a brown paper parcel of goodly proportions, and carefully untwisting the string with which it was bound, exposed to my curious gaze an old tomato can, containing some pinkish, red looking stuff of about the consistency of glue, which proving to be a canary cage and some rather faculty looking buns; a dozen ginger snaps and soda biscuits; a half box of sardines, the oil of which had pretty well saturated everything, and a dead robin.

"Pretty fat, ain't it," he remarked, feeling it's breast, with the air of a bow hunter, "it ought to be bully.

"Where did you get it? I lacked with eagerness.

"In a swap from Rat H——b. Old Jane Coutt knocked it off the telegraph wire with 'Nosey's' catapa, which hung there, and I gave Rat six marsh and a glass for it.

"Is that so?"

I asked, who knew it would come in handy, as provisions are running short; and robin's a long way better than muskrat or brown bird.

"Tell you what," he continued, I'll pluck the feathers off and you can clean it,"

"No, you clean it, and I'll pluck the feathers.

"No, I'm used to plucking feathers.

"Well, I'm giving the jam and everything, you ain't giving anything, you might do much that.

"Well, who asked me to come here, I'd like to know, besides I don't know where there's any water.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll toss up.

"Got anything to toss with?"

"Course I have: here's a copper."
defence of that Sovereign was forced upon him by the facts of the case. As a proof of his candour he admits that his prepossessions in favour of Elizabeth's character were willingly suspended and admitted when he had been forced reluctantly to give the Queen up as a heroine. It was not only against Tractarian influences that Froude found he had to contend in his defence of the Reformation as conducted in England; he had to fight Liberals like Macaulay, who had attacked Cranmer as the basest of mankind. Froude was too old-fashioned to modify our censure of the Archbishop. The attacks of Freeman and others were painful to Froude, and he only once formally replied to a very violent attack on his work on the Reformation because of the distant relations between the two men. He was looking through matters connected with Cecil, Lord Burghley, and two days are enough for ransacking Disraeli's works at Hugonson for the sketch on Beaconsfield. The students of St. Andrews' University elected Froude as Lord Rector in 1885. His address, in his strong plea for sincerity fell foul of the clergy, whom he regarded as liable to suffer from insincerity as a besetting sin. This led to a protest from Kingsley, who was just then resigning his professorship. Disraeli, to whom Froude could never take a Cassian at Chester, Kingsley as a rejoinder accused historians of partisanship, carelessness and misrepresentation. This little altercation between two such well known authors led to the following lines, which, if not altogether ill-natured and personal, contain a modicum of true criticism. They have not been often printed:

"While Froude assures the Scottish youth That passions do not give for truth, The Reverend Gentleman cries, All history's a pack of lies, What cause for judgment so malign A little thought may solve the mystery; For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine, And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."
filled their breasts during the period of waiting, and will therefore be able to sympathize with this somewhat previous expression.

James Anthony Froude

This leading literary man passed away on Oct. 19th at the age of 75, having been born on April 23rd, 1818, at Dartington, near Totnes, Devonshire. To a certain extent he held the position which at the Dart which has since disappeared been occupied by the old River Tot, which valley emerges into the loveliest of English estuaries. He was one of three gifted sons who were born to Archdeacon William Froude, the lawyer and poet laureate; his mother, a member of the well-known Henry Phillpotts of Exeter. Like him too the Archdeacon was a strong Tory. These were two men who did not care to look behind the Reformation settlement and who were just as much opposed to the Roman position as were their evangelical brethren. The atmosphere of the rectory at Dartington was that of the house of a country gentleman and the Archdeacon himself might have sat to Trollope. The influence of the Rectory were those of the catherine, learned little and without much comment or development, no doctrine, Evangelical or Roman, was in the serene air. The boys were sent to school and college and expected to get on.

The three boys “went far.” The eldest, Thomas Hurrell Froude, became one of the leaders in the Oxford movement and was associated with the Reformation Settlement, this brother said it was a case of a fractured limb badly set and requiring to be broken again in order to be reset. Thomas Froude tells us that Froude regarded the influence in the movement to Keble, especially in the time preceding the predominance of Newman and Pusey. This influence of the movement to Keble was felt at the time between the publication of the “Christian year” in 1839 and the appearance of the first of the “Worthies” in 1851. In 1843, Harriell was a leader in the period of fermentation that led the organization of the “movement.” Wilkins, the second brother, became a distinguished engineer and was elected F. R. S. to him, Cardins, as Newman did, dedicate an edition of the “Essays, Critical and Historical,” written before his great change of ecclesiastical position in 1838. Froude in 1847 left for America, but with supplementary notes in the text which the author argues against many of his former conclusions. Henry Newman speaks of William as his true friend, and of the “durable” church of Froude as one “on which my memory rests.” Young Anthony, the third son, after passing through Westminster school, where he must have become familiar with the glorious precepts of the Abbey, won a scholarship at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1836, and had his brother’s old rooms assigned to him by the tutor and junior Trench. He was a member of the College Union. Thus, T. J. Froude has been in the very focus of the Oxford movement. He has seen its beginnings when a boy and has seen its growth up from the obscurity in which it was brought to the world by the occasional visits of that fervent promoter of it, Hurrell; then in 1837 that noble and ascetic soul began to wear out its final stages. Froude may be said to have been the spiritual son of Hurrell. It is thought by some that the elder brother’s influence unduly pushed this matter of the Catholic Revival. The influence of Newman is certainly there. What is certain is that Anthony, while in residence at Oriel, showed symptoms of not willing to be thought in leading strings. He was shy of Newman, and so some time after the movement started, and who was sufficiently and laboriously edifying the scattered fragments of Hurrell Froude’s writings and writing his life, Anthony felt the charm of Newman, as he had his own brother, but he resisted it, though an able critic thinks he caught his prose style in a great degree from Newman. The younger man’s style is more imaginative, more great. It is thought that from 1835 to 1840 the undergraduate Froude was not thoroughly at Oriel though in it, as sometimes happen. He was quiet and reserved, and when we found him in his day the Common Room still boasted the presence of Rogers, Marriott and R. W. Church, the days of Whatley, Kemble and Thomas Arnold were passed, the time of Matthew Arnold and Clough had not yet come. In the list of commoners of Oriel in the Oxford college calendar of 1839 we read just below that of a fellow student of an undergraduate Froude, one which will always be mentioned in our college with affection by those who remember him, with reverence, all who have heard of his life and, above all, by those who have heard of the story that he had been the love of the Queen of Oriel, and then for thirty-two years first Principal of Bishop’s College. The curious part of the story was that Froude was a curate at least holding aloft from the Oxford movement while he was living on Newman’s very staircase, when he blossomed out into a Fellow of Exeter in 1842, became enamoured of the movement, and in 1844 became a Deacon of the Church of England, and was so far admitted into Newman’s confidence as to be asked by him to write for the “Lives of the Saints.” The biography assigned to Froude was that of St. Nect. We know from Mozley’s letters that in 1844 Newman’s Anglisticism was honeycombed, perhaps this was to some extent due to the discovery of the quivering vast faith, if not immense credulity. There is a stage at which “cred quia impossibile” is reckoned by sufficient authority. “There are times say “cred quia impossibile.” Perhaps the leader thought that it would be better for his pupil to have a trial of his faith; perhaps the strain on his own belief made him unconscious of the strain on others. In any case the researches into the spiritual life of Dr. Trollope at this time show that Froude was the last strand in the case of Froude, and we find him after the date of 1845 an active promoter of anti-church thought in Oxford.

In Newman’s secession encouraged the Liberals and Evangelicals, the latter were able to say with triumph “I told you so”: the Liberal would become more inclined to Rationalistic; the High Churchmen saw the signs of a retreat from what might be called the Church; one of the last historians of the movement, were stunned for a time, they were cast down by the withdrawal of this large region of the brothers John Henry and Francis Newman, and of the brothers Froude reminds us of that beautiful little poem that the poet Schiller gave of himself: “While in twin streams arising from the same wasteland and separated at the outset by only a pebble edge, find their way one to the frozen tide, one to the peaceful sea. For brothers starting from the same home and ending in contradictory beliefs for which each is prepared to fight and die. In 1845 under the name Zena lived a volume called “Shadows of the Cloud” containing two stories “The Spirit’s Trials” and “The Lieutenant’s Daughter.” He had parted from Newman. We penned him to be a giant, so much shaken by the investigation into St. Necto’s wonders as to have written a kind of caricature of it; for this we do not wish, but, of course, we naturally ex. that George Eliot says of the “Shadows” “It produces a sort of palpitation that one hardly knows whether to call wretched or delightful.” In this work a certain disgust is felt towards the historical work of the period, so much a man of feeling that the book away from an undergraduate and burned it in the hall fire, the result being that every member of the class got a copy. The book is, effectively written. George Eliot also reviewed the “Nemesis of Faith” for the “Country Herald,” and sending a copy to Froude, who had written this in 1847, received from him a kindly letter asking the reviewer to reveal herself. This “Nemesis” was so pronounced that it led to the resignation of Froude’s Fellowship and his leaving Oxford. He embarked on the waters of literature and was over the table by the hand of John Stuart Mill, for which also George Eliot wrote much about this period and before she began her great works

Froude having lost an appointment in Tasmania by his “Nemesis,” took to the pursuit of literature as we noted. He contributed to periodicals and was for some years editor of Fraser’s Magazine, now defunct, but which was started as a Liberal rival to Blackwood’s. He was one of the first to write an essay on the Biblical character of “Job,” also one on “Spinosa,” and one on “England’s Forgone”. This last was a fitting valedictory of a man twenty years after: In 1856 we find the first two volumes of the History brought out and they made a great success and attracted attention, and divided opinions of the volume of McCaulay, which were still appearing, the third and fourth had just come out and had a marvelous success, yet people were glad to read the history. Froude had been unable to remove the title Reverend from himself; this shut several professions from him; the history of the second edition, Froude the anti-Prussian, the champion of religious freedom of thought as opposed to authority, using all the arguments of the old, to prove that a commonly accepted tyrant was only a strong and beneficent hero! This advocacy of Henry’s claims to greatness and nobleness disgusted Froude, who also acted as a disciple of Carlyle, who had so ardently praised the strong and absolute ruler, but Froude’s choice of his hero is original. He was “wanted a hero,” and Froude’s Henry VIII.

The book is so written that the champion of freedom: especially did he antagonise Goldwin Smith and E. A. Freeman, both predecessors of Froude and both more interested in the columns of the Saturday Review contained attacks upon his veracity and accuracy by Freeman, a very adequate depicter of events, though not so attractive a writer as Froude. Paradox took the place of truth, his critics said. Everybody read Froude and nearly everybody abused him. He became a tempest-creating author for the character of Henry VIII. We may remark that the revelations made by the Calendars of State Papers and the writings of Mr. Brewer have rendered much in the character of Henry the VIII more defensible than was held traditionally. It was before these sources of information were open to us that Froude drew his picture of the author. The picture of Froude’s view as a true poet, give him credit for a more correct estimate of Henry than his predecessors had made. Especially would we give him credit for the portrayal of the character of Henry VIII, which tells us that he had shared the prevailing views of the character of Henry VIII, and that a qualified
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THERE is published monthly during the College year, by the Students of Bishop's College and the Boys of Bishop's College School.
Terms per year $1.00, in advance. 15 cents per copy.
Address all communications to THE MITRE,
BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Editorial Notes.

You have probably already noticed that this is something more than an ordinary number of the MITRE. It is in fact a combined issue for November and December, which owing to the nearness of exams, we have decided to be preferable in every way to adherence to the usual order. We feel sure that our readers will not find themselves losers in any way by the change and, better still, that they will find the general tone of the number has been improved by this consolidation.

Irregularities must occasionally occur, but the public may rest assured that, when we depart from the ordinary lines of our programme, the result will not be an unsatisfactory one to themselves. Our next number then will be published early in February in fact as soon as possible after the coming vacation.

We are greatly disappointed at having been unable to secure an Alumni Letter for this issue. This is a feature which we feel sure ought to be sustained, and we hope our graduates will come to realize its importance more generally. It is perhaps, more than anything else could be, a link between "past and present" between the great majority who are upholding the name of Bishop's College in the world and the lesser number of those who are being prepared to do so in future.

If there has been any spirit which the MITRE has especially tried to encourage among the various departments of our institution, it is "Esprit de Corps" active and united public spirit. On this depends all that we do here outside of the lecture room, whether it be in athletics, in the management of our various associations, societies and clubs, or even in our commonplace everyday relations with one another. It is the soul of all that is sound and healthy in the life of any society, be it nation, college, or what you will. And it is more than this, it is a debt of honour. We are all of us in this world, and especially in such an institution as this dependent upon the labours of those who have gone before us. College life is not merely a matter of paying for an education and receiving it. We owe to those who out of pure love to their fellow-men created the possibilities of this education, a debt of gratitude which we shall have but partially repaid, when we have done all in our power to promote the welfare and to increase the usefulness of our Alma Mater. This is a debt, and it is one which we fear is not met by many of us, or at least but poorly repaid. We leave it to each man's conscience to decide whether he is innocent in this respect, but to one question we wish briefly to refer.

We cannot but feel that our students as a whole might take a deeper and more active interest in the welfare of the MITRE. It is an institution which ought to be the centre of all that is patriotic and corporate in the University. It ought to be the public expression of our best and therefore our united capacities. Is it so?

We do not mean anything connected with financial support, although we feel sure that greater efforts might be made even in that. No, we speak more particularly from the editorial standpoint. So long as the students as a whole are content to take no part in the work of supplying matter for its pages, the MITRE will never realize the possibilities which its founders had in view. The function of the Editorial board was never meant to be the sole manufacturer of interesting items to amuse their fellow students and the general public. No, and so long as this burden is left upon their shoulders we shall never have a true University magazine. Let every man make up his mind to give us something of his best. No man can do more than that, but, if that is done, the Editors will be able to take up their proper duties and we shall soon have a magazine which will be a living witness to that community of purpose which should be our greatest lesson to the outside world.

If we be not "out of order" at this early date, we should like to express to all our friends, and especially our graduates and old boys, our best wishes for the coming joyful season. Those whose school and college days are not yet forgotten, must still remember the pent-up emotion and eagerness which of old