

"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-red shade of early life
Deepens to crimson as the shuttle flies ;
Then darker, purple, black, and then an end—
A waving shred, toss'd 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. IGNOTUS.

The Library.

We have to thank Dr. J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons, for a donation of his valuable 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 Intellectual Strength and Weakness has been most favorably 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 Laureate 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 Montreal, Belleville.
- 85-88. Fothergill, Cuthbert Richard Page, Bank of Montreal, 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, Shigawake, P. Q.
- 84-85. Frary, 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.
72. Frenzel, A., New York.
- 85-84. Fry, Alfred G., Bank of British North America, New York.
- 80-83. Fry, Arthur Dawson.
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. F.
74. Galibert.

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

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consideration, but it is one that offers encouragement to the instructor. An attempt has been made to revive interest in the noble art of self-defence. 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 edification, 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 executant on the piano, a reader, marked "New England," who is progressing satisfactorily, and a sweet-voiced soprano unacquainted with the language of the men beyond the Cheviots. The readings gained a very large share of the applause. His Lordship, the Bishop of Moosonee, appealed to a full audience in Bishop Williams Hall on Monday, Nov. 26th, for financial help. His account of the heroes who work among the Indians drew the sympathetic tear and the thaumaturgic dollar.

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

Rothera has unfortunately been compelled to return home prematurely, and Dean Max has gone to Kingston. The chiel 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), McGreevy, Rothera and Willett.

It is now becoming ancient history that the First Fifteen met and defeated McGill 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 fifteen is as follows:

J. Bowen, back; Mr. B. Auden, C. Rothera, S. Willett, half-back; A. Gilmour (capt), quarter back; H. S. McGreevy, A. H. Rowley, F. W. White, ; H. B. Johnson, J. Winder, H. Hutchison, G. D. Porteous, wings; F. Hilyard, S. Roberts, M. Burke, scrimmage.

In the days of the "first warbler" men were accustomed to make pilgrimages to the shrine 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, nor does he intend, as some one has hinted, to pander to it, but he feels that, were these disabilities removed, he might be able to sympathize with both parties.

It has been rumoured that the quotient of the

trigonometrical deficit 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.
He-haw!!

Current Literature.

My Lattice: and other poems. By Frederick George Scott, author of "The Soul's Quest and other Poems," "Elton Haslewood." Toronto: William Briggs.

It is six years since Mr. Scott published "The Soul's Quest" and became known as 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 thus 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 anyone who reads the first poem in this volume, "My Lattice," will not rest till he has read the others. This poem is simple and clear, the language of it possesses a gem-like transparency, and a liquid nature; it is a beautiful little rivulet of song. It is a vision or meditation of one who looks out through a common-place square window into the vast dome of space. 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
Are sharpened to a needle's end."

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 infinities and through our thought one with the infinities. 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 "liquidity" is observable in another short poem in this volume, like the last named, another recent production of the author, namely "In the Woods." The woods are called 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 wood the soft green carpet for his feet.
Those hills His stairs down which the brooks
come stealing
With baby laughter making earth more sweet;
And here His friends come, clouds and soft
winds sighing,
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bear boughs above.

And here comes sunbeams through the green
leaves straying,
And shadows 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 God, 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 solace and a balm."

Here we have the commonest materials, but the alchemist has worked the common 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 conceit, 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 sonnets call for notice, such as that on "Solomon":

"His heart hath drained earth's pleasure to the
lees,
Hath quivered with life's finest ecstasies;
Yet now some power reveals as in a glass,
The soul's unrest and death's dark mysteries,
And down the courts the sacred slaves watch
him pass,
Reiterating Omnia Vanitas."

The use of the Latin phrase reminds us of the use in Tennyson's sonnet to W. H. Brookfield of the Greek expression:

"Skias onar'- dream of a shadow, go God bless
you. I shall join in a day."

Though these classical expressions are forcible, we venture to think that an English poem is not made stronger by any phrase from another language. "Columbus" and "Idols" are both strong. "Idols" appeared originally in the Mitre, the College magazine of Mr. Scott's Alma Mater, Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

The shorter poems on the whole seem to us more satisfactory than the longer ones. "Samson" is powerfully realistic, almost too much so in the description of the dungeon, which is made so repulsive as to cause us to question its artistic character. It almost reminds us of a picture of Wiertz.

"Thor" is in some respects the most ambitious of the poems in this book; its metre is good. In fact in most cases the form, the versification and the metre of Mr. Scott's work are good, his rhymes generally are perfect, though we noted "shadow" and "meadow," once. We knew that "love is a word often required by the poet, and we remember painfully that there are very few rhymes to "love"; "dove" and "above" are certainly two; "shove" is another, and Mr. Scott has got it in thus:

"In his anger each ocean that roar,
Each boulder the cataracts shove."

Some one to whom this was read said it was "slang;" 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 barrenness in rhymes of our mother tongue. In "Thor" Mr. Scott shows that he can depict passion strongly, and yet without indelicacy. His tone is admirable. 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 taketh a sip;
But a poison that worketh 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 find some of his verses here somewhat confused, especially 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 Sális:

"The mildest herald, by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us, with a gentle hand,
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land."

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

"O ye great company of dead that sleep
Under the world's green rind. I come
With warm, soft limbs, with eyes that
laugh and weep;
Heart attuning to love, and brain pierced
through and through
With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make
my day—
To you my life stream courses on its way,
Through margin shallows of the eternal deep."

Some pieces in this book may be regarded as experiments in metre such as "Sorrow's Waking"—rhyming lines of four syllables each. The result is rather a toy than a poem. "Calvary!" is a creditable 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 Oi part to mate no more. Oi wint to the hospital to ax after him. 'Oi want to see me husband sez oi—the man that got blowed up.' 'Yez can't, sez the docther—he's unther the infloence of Ann Esthetic?' 'Oi don't know the lady,' sez oi, mighty dignified loike "But if one lawful wedded husband can act loke that when he's at his death's door, Oill have a devorce from him!"

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

A few of our freshmen ere 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 new chairs of the "Male" 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 congregation of Douglas Church, to Methodist students a few weeks ago. Since this church has taken the initiative, we sincerely hope that other denominations will follow their example. We can assure them that any effort on their part to relieve the monotony of our student's life will be highly appreciated by one and all of us.

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 vouch for him, as dangerous symptoms may arise before spring if he will persist in going down-stairs to "demi-saw-wood" so often.

E. S. Addison our Vice President, contemplates taking a trip to Quebec and Portland, starting on Thanksgiving day. 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 Austro-Portland fatality would be most acceptable.

Some of the members of the final and second years are warned that the banks of the Canal are very slippery at this season of the year. Many fatal acci-

dents 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 than ever this year. One gentleman of the premier year 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 freshies 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 "fooling around" in the superficial fascia. We are very glad to see that these several gentlemen are not advocates of the "faith cure." Perchance the future subjects will be 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 Hayti. Undoubtedly the reputation of our Medical Faculty is spreading slowly but surely. Other new arrivals are Messrs Jackson and Delude of Montreal.

Mr. C. Goltman '98 has pleased us greatly lately by his singing. All the students will be delighted to hear that he has consented to sing at the faculty dinner which will be a rare treat to all those present. Such a highly cultured voice is rarely met with in a body of students. Mr. Goltman is 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 wear and tear of "pica" in the different "dailies" and "weeklies" the world over, especially when the subject discussed is made to appear as though wrapt in mystery. "Anti-Toxine," as it usually appears in the head lines of most newspapers, or more correctly "Anti-diphtheritic serum" as it is usually called here by such men as Dieulofoy Jaccond, Potain and Roux, is nothing more than the serum of the horse whose system has been saturated with diphtheritic toxine which I will try to describe especially bearing upon the mode of preparation:—

In order to obtain the toxine a culture of Loeffler's bacillus must first be made in ordinary bouillon. To obtain the bacillus in its purity presents one of

School Notes.

The chiel this month finds himself considerably embarrassed. He has been accustomed to lucubrate in the ordinary veracular, and language has been hitherto remarkable for the absence of polished period, rhetorical effect or other sobriety of expression. 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 ordinary medium. In fact the atmosphere has been, as it were, charged with Episcopacy and the chiel has received a shock. He is thinking of writing companion hand-books to Butler and Tillotson, "in which the style of these eminent authorities is in some sort affected." But the chiel is a poor, sepeficial subject clinging to externals, prone to judge by appearance, shortsighted and yet refusing even acutest spectacles. Some men too have a habit of treating themselves, as if they were each the pivot of created things. They become nauseating.

Dear is the memory of our holidays; dearer the prosperity of the wholes to come. But sweeter still than these, than all, is the satisfaction of having satisfied one's examiners distinctly reminiscent in more senses than one. On All Saint's Day there was a steeple-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, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse." On All Saint's Day, many started and some finished their course. Of all those that did so, Chandler and Roberts were the first. The 'Hares' will be known to fame as Hutchison 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 led them on, and still returned triumphant. Is there no budding Homer to chant their praises? Shall no one tell too of those who came back by the track with visage dejected, feet encumbered, and wind gone? How they were met and questioned and all the manner of it? On the tablets of *their* doings is engraved Val victes!

The Lord Bishop of Quebec gave the School a holiday, and Thanksgiving Day of course was well observed. Dean Norman came down on the 27th of November, examined the classes in all forms, and went away well satisfied. Causes of congratulation these in diverse ways, and proving the effectual fulfilment of the old adage "Mens sand in sano corpore."

In connection with the "Sanum Corpus," the Chiel notices that the Gymnasium is now fairly well equipped, bar and horse being added, and that good practice is possible there. Sergeant Aitkin is indefatigable in giving example and aid to any who may desire it. Some have already acquired a certain proficiency, and there is sufficient material for a very good band of athletes. Of course this is a secondary

the great difficulties. A diphtheritic membrane (which has been previously diagnosed as such by the help of a microscope) is scraped and scrapings placed in bouillon at 37° C. for 24 hours, then a small platinum wire is passed through the bouillon when usually a few of Loeffler's bacilli adhere to the wire from which a fresh culture is made and if perfectly pure subjected to the following process: A number of glass retorts are placed in series, a litre of bouillon previously mixed with a small quantity of the pure culture is placed in each, then by 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 37° C. The bacilli usually develop under such treatment in from 24 to 36 hours 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 aseptic precautions. Now to determine the virulency of the toxine it is tested and the following is the standard adopted at the Pasteur Institute. A guinea pig weighing 500 gms. receives subcutaneously 1 C. C. 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. and gauging subsequent doses according to the susceptibility of the horse. This is continued until the horse has received one litre of toxine which usually takes from 2 to 3 and sometimes 4 months, after which the horse is bled (having previous to last injection rested at least three weeks) and 3 to 4 litres of blood collected, (aseptically) allowed to coagulate, serum decanted, its degree of immunity tested on the guinea pig, and if suitable is used hypodermically upon patients, injecting from 10 to 20 grns. 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 experimenting with a view to obviate this difficulty; it is one of the reasons why it cannot be exported. At present there are six horses whose blood serves to cure the diphtheritic patients of 3 hospitals; by the 15th Jan. nearly 100 horses will be ready to give us some of their blood to relieve suffering humanity. It is strange to say that some of the horses thrive under such treatment in spite of the number of bleedings they are subjected to. I need not here explain the many precautions (aseptic) taken both in and out of the laboratory while preparing the toxine, making the cultures, collecting the blood &c. &c.

Yours truly,

RICHER.

Cathedral and house, some of the forest scenery, and views of falls and rapids on the rivers.

Divinity Notes.

Only slightly awakened from "the spirit of his dream." Question—"What is a syllogism?"

Answer (new student)—"It is one of the Heresies mentioned in Brown 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 the use of his knee once more. Foot-ball is too much for you "Bill;" give it up.

Our business manager took a flying trip to Boston the last week in Oct. He gives us a very interesting account of his visit, especially of the church service, which he had the privilege of attending—also the visiting of Harvard University where one of our old graduates (Mr. Kaulback) is taking a law course.

Mr. Donnelly, B. A. who has been in the Infirmary for some time from an injury received in the foot-ball 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 introducing 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's interest in the men merits our best appreciation of his services.

A. H. Moore, B. A., elected to represent the Divinity Faculty at the annual dinner of the Medical Faculty to be held in Montreal Dec. 12th, '94.

Our Bishop, whose presence is ever a pleasure to us, made his usual terminal visit on the 14th and 15th ult. He gave us two most interesting and profitable addresses on "The Financial and Social Side of Church Life."

An address was given by six of the junior students before his Lordship and the Divinity Professors. The rest of the men who did not deliver addresses were called upon to read.

A meeting of the Brotherhood of Readers was held in the library on the 2nd ult., when the Rev. J. Hepburn, M. A., gave us a very instructive and practical address on "Work among Young Men." He spoke chiefly 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 their Alma Mater, but while resident within her walls.

The Right-Rev. Dr. Newnham, Bishop of Moosonee, made us a visit on the 18th and 19th ult., a good report of which is given above by Mr. Munday.

Mr. J. 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 gentlemen's reading room, Saturday evening, November the 17th. Dr. Springle, Honorary President, was called to the chair by Mr. Hays, President of the Society. On taking the chair the doctor thanked the students for the honor conferred on him; he remarked that the faculty looked upon the establishment of the Undergraduates Medical Society as an important move in the right direction, he had no doubt the Society would be successful and would tend to remove the rough corners which any member might be possessed of. This Society will prove valuable as an educator for public and medical platforms, and he considered it most necessary for medical men to be able to defend his actions if needs be in public. He advised the reading not so much of papers of a complex character as of papers on simple every day subjects. After giving the members a very good idea of how a society of this character should be carried on, the Doctor proceeded with the affairs of the meeting. Mr. Bryan (class '95) was by a unanimous vote appointed Pathologist to the Society. Some change in the by-laws and constitution were had at a later reading; these will be adopted. Many promises of papers and case reports have been recorded for them and the following meetings many of which will no doubt prove interesting and instructive. Dr. Bruere, Honorary Vice President, will it is understood read a paper at the next meeting.

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

The next meeting will take place on Saturday evening, December 15th at 8 o'clock.

THEATRE NIGHT.

Hallowe'en night 1894 will long be remembered by the present students of our faculty. At the kind invitation of our medical confreres in McGill, the students of this faculty participated in their theatre night at the Queen's. Never within the recollection of any student was there a better conducted or more pleasant affair of this kind; every detail was carried out in the most perfect manner. Unlike on other occasions Bishop's students were together and in consequence found it more favorable to their songs. Mr. Fortin, class '96, held up the end for his brother students by singing in very good style the ever-popular song 'The Midshipmite,' the students singing the chorus. During the evening the lady members of the company were presented with beautiful baskets of flowers, nor were the gentlemen forgotten, boxes of the fragrant weed followed the flowers. The many new and old songs found favor with the large audience and it was well nigh midnight when the curtain dropped on the last act of the tragic kiss. A cab drawn by the boys carried Mlle D'Arville to her hotel where speeches were delivered by her comedian and other gentlemen of her company. Then followed serenades of the deans of the Bishop's and McGill, the professors, the Chief of Police and others. At each door the customary tunes played by a brass band, were indulged in, but unfortunately the different gentlemen seemed aware of some plot to destroy

their powers of speech for next day's lecture, and in consequence many refused to be stirred by the soul-inspiring musical cries of the students. Messrs Ford and Fortin did good duty during the evening as standard bearers. Our new silk banner of white and purple with gold crest, occasioned many pleasant comments.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY TO BE HELD AT THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL, DECEMBER SIXTH.

The twenty fourth annual dinner of the graduates and undergraduates of the faculty at the Queen's, Thursday evening, December the 6th, promises to be the best ever yet given. Most elaborate preparations are in progress and the committees are striving hard to outdo the efforts of all previous committees. Thus far the arrangements are admirable and complete, nothing seemingly is wanted to make the affair a grand success. The "Meds" are well known as bright hosts and a good time lies in wait for the "old graduate," "young graduate," or delegate whose good fortune it may be to attend. The good taste of the committee is evidenced in their selection of the Queen's which is the newest and best appointed hotel in the city of Montreal. Mr. Matthews, the manager (late of the Windsor) is entering in hearty co operation with the committees in trying to win success.

On the afternoon of the sixth the graduates society of the faculty of medicine will meet for their first meeting and re-union. All taking part in the meeting will participate in the dinner. A very large number have signified their intention of being present on the occasion a fact which all students rejoice in. A programme of select music has been arranged and speeches from the graduates, students and delegates will be in order. The committee is as follows:—
Dr's Rollo Campbell, Hackett, Burnett, Tatley and Fisk, Messrs Brymner, Pres.; Addison, Vice Pre.; Walker 4th year, Hall 3rd year, Fortin 2nd year, Ford 1st year, Kelly secretary

Reception committee—Messrs Hayes, Mason, Grace and Benny. Dr. F. W. Campbell, Honorary President of dinner.

NOTES.

To our graduates we extend a hearty invitation to take part in our annual dinner which is announced in another column. Surely 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 say a few hours spent under the maternal wing of your Alma Mater and a return to the scenes and pleasures of your student days will prove beneficial. What think you?

Mr. Gustave Lewis, class '95, has been appointed representative to the "At Home" of our brother

students at Lennoxville. No student is more devoted to his Alma Mater than Gus., and in appointing him to this position of honor our students have done wisely.

Mr. Wm. S. Allan ('96) of the dental department, has been added to the dinner committee at the unanimous request of the body who unfortunately omitted making the appointment at an earlier hour. Mr. Allan and Mr. Barnes will probably be the first students to receive the D. D. S. degree of the Dental Department of the Medical Faculty. Mr. Allan's record has been bright; at last year's examination before the dental board of the Province of Quebec, when so many fell before the resistless volley of questions this gentleman secured perfect marks on Physiology, 96 per cent in Anatomy and first class honors in Chemistry and Metallurgy. When one understands the opposition and the feeling which our dental students have to contend against in these examinations, he is moved to thank Mr. Allan for the prestige and distinction he has recured for his Alma Mater and her professors.

A census of the love lorn freshmen 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 late freshman defined it as "a peculiar itching of the heart which you can't get at to scratch;" perhaps so but what about the "freshmen variety," which present among other symptoms an improper digestion of anatomy, a fondness for strolling out on fine afternoons on St. Catherine and Sherbrooke Streets, a far away expression, or a dreamy "pupil" during the Hysiology hour, a professional yet worried air and a certain gaiety of appearance of dress and hair. 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 ear is always closed 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 his hospital duties of the M. G. II. 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 by the Bishop of Quebec of a church at St. John's 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 Church of England sources, and some fragments of the New Testament. On inquiry it was found that these Indians had been at James' Bay, and had gradually drifted across the country to their present position. Thus this church is the direct outcome of Bishop Horden's work at Moose Fort. The other is a personal matter. I was one of the earliest pupils of the late Dr. Loble, 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 expenses 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."

A meeting was held on Monday evening, Nov. 26th, in Bishop William's Hall, to hear an address from the Bishop of Moosonee. After a few introductory remarks from the Principal, in which he welcomed the Bishop as almost a neighbour, since his diocese, although in the Province of Rupertland, touches the diocese of Quebec; and reminded us that the Indian settlement at Lake St. John was settled by Indians who had received their first instruction in christianity from the late Bishop Horden at Moose Fort, the Bishop spoke as follows:—

"I am very glad to have the opportunity of meeting you here to-night. To clear the ground, I want to give you first of all a short geography lesson. If you will look on your maps you see to the north a large inland sea called Hudson's Bay. The Diocese of Moosonee includes all the country surrounding this great Bay. It reaches from Labrador on the east to Mackenzie River Diocese on the west. On its borders it touches the Diocese of Newfoundland, Quebec, Montreal, Ontario, Toronto, Algoma, Rupertland, Athabaska and Mackenzie River. It extends 1200 miles in one direction and 800 in the other. In the whole of that vast area there are but eight missionaries. Not only is it a vast district but it is made still larger by the absence of all means of travel. The only way we can travel from place to place is in canoes along the rivers. There are no villages or

towns in the whole area. Or rather there is one village, Chapleau, on the C. P. R. Railway; but this fact was not known until lately. It was supposed to be in Algoma. The southern boundary of my diocese is the Lands-height or Watershed of Hudson's Bay, and Chapleau is found to be just within the limit. At the same time it is by no means a source of strength to us. The people are not well off, and I could only get a church for them by paying half the expense; but I hope soon to get a grant for them from the S. P. G. My headquarters are at Moose Fort, at the southern end of James' Bay; and so isolated from Canada are we that we generally think of ourselves as part of England and talk of going to Canada when we come south. In fact the lion has been kinder to us than the beaver; the oak has sheltered us better than the maple. The Canadian Government draws from us \$20,000 a year in custom duties. I feel that I cannot make this great injustice too widely known. Although it is impossible for us to get our supplies from Canada, yet the Government refuse to make any exception in our favour. We bring civilization to these wild regions: they receive this enormous revenue from us, and yet they do nothing for us in return. Last year for the first time we obtained a grant of \$1,200 for our Indian schools. Truly not very much since all the work is done at the expense of the Mission. We have to supply money, teachers and schools. I fear we will not be able even to retain this grant. We have been sent forms drawn up for the North-West where the conditions are entirely different, where the Indians are on reserves and where school can be held all the year round.

"Now as to our people. Most of them are Indians. There are a few whites and a handful of half-breeds. We have 10,000 Indians: Crees, Ojibwas and Chippewas, and besides these, Esquimos. The Indians dress very much as working people among you; but the women wear shawls over their heads, and carry blankets. These blankets are sometimes English, and sometimes made of rabbit skins cut into narrow strips and netted together. The Indians are a hardy people and can stand great cold. Let me give you an example of the hardships they have sometimes to bear, one which will explain why consumption is so common among them. An Indian goes in chase of a deer. While the deer is impeded by the deep snow, he glides over the surface in snow shoes; often he does not succeed in catching it the first day. It is too far for him to return to his tent, so he camps where he is, builds a fire, and then with no extra clothes, and probably very hot and tired, spends the night crouching beside it with his blanket thrown over his shoulders and the thermometer registering 50 below zero. Is it any wonder if this injures his health. The Indian do not seem to be dying out. I find from my Church register at Moose Fort, that we have about twenty baptisms for every three or four funerals. The Indians have very kind feelings towards the whites, and look

on us as their best friends. They are eager to learn, not only about religion, but in our schools, day or night they are ready to come to school, and they give the Missionary a hard time during the few weeks they are with him. They are very honest among themselves, but not quite so honest towards us; being apt to think that the missionaries are there for their benefit, physical as well as spiritual, and will sometimes visit my potato field or wood-pile by night. They are very poor and as a rule live from hand to mouth, so that they could not save if they would. I cannot say much for their cleanliness, though it is better than it used to be, and the days are gone when the Indian put on his clothes to leave them on until they rotted off. They have little idea of rules, command, or obedience; indeed their language seems to contain no words of command, only a few of advice, and they have no chiefs. We have to treat them very much as children, and to succeed among them a man must be very gentle and patient. If you speak sharply to an Indian he thinks you are angry and loses his respect for you. Bishop Horden succeeded well because he was a gentle large hearted loving man. I must say a few words about the language, it is nearly all verb. To explain this better I will give you a sentence in Cree, (the Bishop here recited the Benediction in Cree) the last words "Be with us all evermore" are "Ka ka ne bechetushe kamick-owan aow ka ke ka." Here ke is the first part of the pronoun "us." Ka, the future sign, we optative, weche a root signifying "together" tushe, a root meaning "dwell"; kamik, inverse voice, that is *it* acting on *us*; owan, possessive third person, i e his it (the Lord's grace, God's love, etc.) aow, last part of pronoun "us"; ka ke ka, "for ever." One great difficulty is that there are many words with similar sounds. The late Bishop Horden, shortly after he went out there, made a rather amusing mistake. He was teaching the beginning of Genesis, that Eve was made from Adam's rib, and he was surprised to see that the usually grave Indians were laughing, on asking the reason, he was told that he had said "Eve was made from Adam's pipe." The Bishop then read some extracts from letters from missionaries in various parts of his Diocese. From Mr. Lofthouse, a Churchill. This used to be the most northernly mission, but now Mr. Beck has gone for two years to Cumberland Sound to teach the Esquimos. Mr. Lofthouse has charge of York Fort as well as Churchill, though they are 200 miles apart. His letter was posted last January; he writes an account of a journey to York Fort to Churchill in September last year, which took seventeen days including six days walking. Let me now say a few words about Archdeacon Vincent at Albany, some 120 miles north of Moose Fort. I see him two or threetimes a year when he comes for his letters. His father was a Chief Factor, so he has lived all his life up there, except for a few years when he was at school in Canada. He is nearly sixty but only looks forty-five; he

is tall and strong and a hard worker. As an instance of his energy, when a young man, a Deacon at Albany he had to go to Winnipeg to be priested. He went in the middle of winter, 2000 miles on snowshoes accompanied by only one Indian. To change the subject I will tell you how I reached my Diocese. Instead of going by the usual canoe route I decided to go by the annual ship from England, which starts in June and arrives in August. This one ship is the only way by which we can get all our necessary supplies. We send our orders by the January mail and if we forget anything then we must wait until the following year. The passage through the Straits even in July is quite an Arctic voyage. The Straits are 300 miles long, and it took us a fortnight to get through them, the passage was so entirely blocked with ice. We were nearly shipwrecked on Resolution Island. The ice dragged us within 150 yards of the cliffs and then the tide carried us slowly along to the shore for some hours. When at last we got once more into comparatively open water we found that we were about the spot where we had been three days before. Our arrival was as strange as the voyage. The entrance to the river is very shallow and the ship is obliged to begin unloading about fourteen miles below Moose Fort. A beacon is set up as a guide for the ship and carefully watched for some weeks before the ship is expected. On Sunday morning at daybreak we first saw the beacon and knew that we had reached our journey's end, although there was absolutely no sign of human habitation anywhere to be seen.

In order to carry on their business the Hudson's Bay Co. finish it necessary to have three mails a year and these are the only times we get any letters.

However, our life has its bright side. I was asked to-day if there were any wolves. Yes, there are but not forest wolves, but great Arctic Wolves, far more cunning than any fox. Last winter we were very much troubled by one which always escaped our traps. A Bishop is sometimes spoken of as a Shepherd, so sometimes I used to take my turn to watch all night for this wolf. Our great trial is the want of medical skill. There is a young doctor at Moose Fort, but he is the only one in the whole Diocese; and it is a very serious thing to be ill and to have to wait a month or more for the doctor.

Moose Fort itself is on a small island at the mouth of the river; and every year we have to stand the risk of a great flood at the breakup of the ice in the spring. This year the flood was very severe, and we had seven feet of water in our kitchen and a great deal of damage was done to the stores. The island is low and level so we are unable to build the houses any higher up. The greatest danger is from the huge masses of ice which are carried past by the stream.

At the conclusion of this address the Bishop exhibited a number of Lantern slides, shewing his

The students gave their customary autumn Dance, on Nov. 21st inst. From what we can gather from a few passing comments it was a great success and every one seems to have enjoyed it. The dancing-room was decorated with great taste 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 men 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 very well-balanced. Perhaps among the new men Messrs Mundy and Wurtele are the best though comparisons are odious when all are so evenly matched.

"Shinny" is coming into fashion since Football has had to bow itself out before 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 play as far as our reporter 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 Principal has an unlucky propensity for nominating himself referee and making all games end in a draw. This state of things is so far from satisfactory that many players express an intention of giving up "shinny" entirely since the Principal is so autocratic in his decisions.

A jolly evening was spent by the senior members of the Arts Faculty a short time ago. Mr. Dowdell gave a supper to the men of the 3rd and 2nd years. The supper was served up in a most finished style and until material wants were satisfied conversation remained somewhat in the interjectory stage but soon intellect had fuller scope and the Seniors were themselves; again Toasts were proposed to the Queen, to "Our Host," the ladies, the 2nd year, the 3rd year, "Classical men," "Mathematical" ditto, "Theological" ditto, "Freshmen," etc., etc. These toasts—drunk in cold water—elicited brilliant speeches in reply. Mr. 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 great good-humour.

The Juniors have a secret society which meets in a very covert way twice a month. The Seniors were somewhat startled at first fearing that a conspiracy was on foot to overthrow the present aristocratic form of College government. It was found to be a very harmless association designed to further literary and general culture among the Freshmen.

The nearness of the Xmas examinations is beginning to make itself felt with all the students of the Arts Faculty. The new-comers especially are very much excited. Our reporter says he heard a man "slogging" 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 "swatting up" for my "supplementary!" Our ubiquitous reporter saw a Preparatory man running up and down the C. P. R. track making the woods ring with "Etuption, Eruptes, Erupte, etc." He said he could not study in his room for "the fellows on his corridor threatened his life if he worked aloud," but he liked the open air where he might shout as loud as he pleased.

The Freshmen are a lively set with all their earnestness as regards "hard reading." They have inaugurated a new feature—that of rat-hunting in the students Dining Hall. This pest is now well nigh exterminated 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 we believe this amusement must have originated in the fertile brain of one of our English students.

Mr. N. C. Lyster (Arts '95) has been unanimously elected to represent this Faculty at 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 last year have been again taken up by the Professor. The Principal, Dr. Allnatt, and Professor Wilkinson held "Evenings," at which striking passages from leading English authors were read. The Principal gave a second entertainment at which "As You Like It" was discussed. Touchstone's sallies 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 body and especially to those who are debarred in any way from a more violent form of exercise.

Hallowe'en, as usual, appears to have been a night of glorious activity. Whilst the Professors and 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 Hallowe'en to be a night when he is licensed to roam about and put into action all the absurd 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 students attended and which was enjoyed immensely by all. Judging the effect a little digression from the conventional "get-up" of modern days produces, we think, a little variety in gentlemen's evening dress would be a decided improvement.

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 good ground and yielded fruit some a hundred, some sixty, some thirty."

More often 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 in the Diocese of Moosonee; 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 sent 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 summer of 1851. This work was one of no ordinary difficulty. 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 evenings he would find out the English meanings of the words, table them and learn them. So his first year passed. The following summer Bishop Anderson, the first bishop of Rupertsland, 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. Horden was already able to speak to the Indians freely without the aid of an interpreter and even himself to interpret for the Bishop. He had translated parts of the Prayer Book and Scriptures into Cree and had gained a considerable body of Converts. I must impress upon you the one chief

difference between the work here and in almost every other mission field. Our people are nomadic; they have no permanent villages. They are all hunters, and hence for the greater part of the year they separate from one another as far as possible, only gathering together for a few weeks in the summer when they come to sell their furs to the Hudson's Bay Co's Forts. The work among them has therefore to be done almost entirely during one or two months in the summer. Sometimes people think that our country is a great rolling prairie like the North-Westover which travelling is easy; but this is not the case. The whole country is covered with dense forest, and our only means of travelling are the rivers, in canoes, during the summer, and on snowshoes and with dogsleights during the winter. So even if we knew where to find the Indians during the long winter months it would be almost impossible to go to them often. Horden remained working steadily at his mission and in time he was joined by other men. He was made a Priest and in 1872 he was consecrated first Bishop of Moosonee after twenty-one years work, and died at his post in 1891, after forty-two years work, in that great Diocese. For some time he had felt that he was growing feeble and had decided to resign his bishopric and return to England, to devote the remainder of his days to furthering in England the work to which he had given his life. It was not to be so, and when he was called to his rest while still at work, his friends felt that had he been given his choice, he would have asked to be allowed to die among the people he so dearly loved, and to be buried in the little graveyard at Moose Fort.

So much for the sowing; now let us turn to the harvest. When I went to Moosonee three years ago, I found myself at the head of what is probably the largest Diocese in this continent. I found settlements at Moose Fort, Albany and Churchill. Eight missionaries, of whom five were born there, and a number of native catechists and lay-readers; I found churches, and that the greater portions of the Bible and the Prayer-Book (besides other books such as Pilgrim's Progress) translated into Cree, and parts of them into Ojibway. 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 divided between the Roman Catholics and the Methodists. Nearly all the Indians who come in to the Forts can read and write. This has always been felt to be very important; since we are able to be actually 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 books. You may perhaps think that we have very little to do in the winter, but this is far from being the case. During the winter my own work is very much that of an ordinary parish priest, with some other work added, such as teaching in the day school, for we are unable to pay regular teachers.

"'Course it is," I replied, sniffing at it cautiously. "Just like Rat," said H—bs in high disgust. "I suppose he thinks it no end clever to suck a fellow like that. Probably he and Jane Cott have been carting it round in their pockets for weeks."

"Likely as not Rat found it lying round somewhere, and thought it would be a good cod on us."

"What will we do with it, throw it away?"

"No—Jimminy, no! We might put it in a box and send it to him, with 'sucked again, smarty,' 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—bs 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—bs consigned it to his pocket.

"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 gingersnaps.

* * * *

On Thursday I got caned as H—bs had prophesied. After morning school was over we were all called into one of the big class rooms. The Rector was at the desk, with the undermasters grouped 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-one or two. He had a slight mustache, which he caressed occasionally. His eyes were blue and smiling, his face was tanned as though it had been much exposed to sun and wind.

The Rector raised his hand in the old familiar way. A hush fell on the boys.

"I have been asked by Mr.—to give you a half holiday, boys. S-s-s-s," as we began to cheer. "I do not believe in two half holidays together, though I dare say you will not object, (laughter,) and considering that Mr.— came out head of the school three years ago, and since then has distinguished himself in India, if we may trust to the papers, I have decided to excuse all impositions and give you this afternoon as a half holiday, provided," the Rector tapped his desk with the ruler he held in his hand, "You spend it in a good game at football!"

"A—tt," 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 or 1st, for the sound of his voice was drowned in three rousing school boy cheers, and out we scrambled, pell mell, struggling, laughing, hallooing!

* * * *

Oh my vanished youth! Oh dear delightful shade of Dr. Smith! Oh the trials and tribulations

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 mischief loving fourteen years.

Alas! it may not be. I may indeed visit the scenes and the loves of my boyhood. But the loves have grown withered and wrinkled and old, and my boyhood has left me forever!

Adieu dear youth! Farewell *Old School!*

FRANK HOUGHTON.

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.

Mr. Moore, B. A., was re-elected President by acclamation, as was also Mr. Watson, B. A., to the office of vice-president. Mr. Dowdell was chosen to act as Secretary and Messrs. Donnelly, B. A., Vial and Hibbard were elected to act 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 met in the dining hall on Oct. 22 to hear the first debate of the year, that none of the old time enthusiasm was wanting.

The subject debated read as follows:—"Resolved that trial by jury should be abolished."

Messrs. Vial and Burns supported the affirmative and Messrs. Mundy and Moor the negative. Mr. Vial 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 speech scoring a great 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 supporting 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 auricular confession should be established in the Church of England." The speak-

ers of the evening were: Messrs Dickson, B. A., and Dowdell, affirmative and Messrs. Bishop and Wayman, negative. Before the opening of the debate some discussion as to whether the books of reference 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 well, although the gentlemen who spoke on the affirmative had not given the subject sufficient preparation to be able to cope with the well prepared speeches of the negative.

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

It has been thought by some of the members that such a subject as the above 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 such 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 Bates, affirmative, Messrs. Barton, B. A., and Patterson, negative. All the speakers deserve great credit for the way in which they upheld their different sides.

Mr. Barton 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 midst. Messrs Hibbard and Bates 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 because so many other duties prevented the society 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 the same interest will be taken 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 word passes from the oracular 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 mortal who is expected to make a machine of himself—complaints as to dearth of interesting matter are wholly disregarded or met with some scornful expression such as, "Oh that's all *rot*. 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 inhumanity! What narrow-mindedness! Originality cannot be expected to spread itself over "two pages of the MITRE" for people will begin to get tired of it. Genius must not be goaded. If however, we have to fill up our allotted space we must make a beginning.

There is nothing wrong with the Faculty of Arts. The third year men are perfect of their kind, keen 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 preserve a certain air of good fellowship in their treatment of each other, they are courteous, yet condescending to all outsiders; their conversation is bright and sparkling, scholarly without being pedantic, gay without Gaiety's almost inevitable attendant, Frivolity. Truly the third year is without blemish!

The second year is also indispensable to the welfare of the college. Its members lead a kind of monastic life and avoid society and everything which seems out of accord with strict ascetism. We do wish they would show some signs of possessing a share of those little failings which are common to humanity. However, it was whispered to our reporter that they display a certain degree of human feeling in the catch-word of their class;—"A good supper at the Magog 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. 'Twas ever thus" and we suppose it ever will be. At any rate it is very convenient as matters stand now for a senior can get information in certain quarters on almost any subject—on church principles—on questions of scholarship—on good form—on 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 subscribers within all reasonable hours, but the Bishop's College Library is only supposed to be open for a quarter of an hour every morning. This is scarcely sufficient time to allow a man to make use of it even as a kind of huge cyclopædia much less 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 library would be much more appreciated if its subscribers were given more opportunities of a greater familiarity with its contents. We are sure that even the junior students might be trusted to take a pride in the preservation of the books and in the general order and decency of the place.

A Reminiscence.

(Concluded.)

Harry H—bs came a term or two after the fire. Like all the new boys, he got the usual amount of kicks and cuffs, and stood them with the average amiability peculiar to new boys. Bob W-y-e, Cooky R—s and he became great chums. Cooky having come about the same time, and as my *fides acuates*, Alain had been promoted into the third form, where he struck up a friendship with Jane Cott, getting into a different set from mine. London itself is not more made up of cliques than is a large public school like Lennoxville. I became friends with Harry H—bs, and if our friendship was to last till promotion there was every possibility of its 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 careless days, were idleness and muskrats, while my two loves were respectively, muskrats 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?" enquired H—bs.

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

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

"Kick some one your size," said the boy.

"I'll lick you after school," said H—bs.

The boy wriggled and rubbed his shin.

H—bs pinched him sharply on the arm.

"Oh!" ejaculated the boy.

"Pass this down to H—n, cry-baby," said H—bs shoving a folded scrap of paper into his hand. He passed it to the next boy who passed it to me.

"H—bs and B—t," sounded the voice of the master, "talking again. Come up here." He took the cane from his desk. "Please, sir," said H—bs, "it wasn't B—t's fault, I made him talk."

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

H—bs looking as innocent and meek as the average lamb, walked up to Mr—'s desk, where he got three on each hand.

"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, wasn't it, though. I'll lick you all the same," said the injured H—bs, as he blew in his

hands, preparatory to sticking them into his pocket, for a comfortable sulk over his ill-treatment.

"Come out to my camp this afternoon; hooked some jam and something else." H. H.

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. Willetts, locked me up in his class room, and telling me to set to work on my lines and not to leave on any account 'till he came to let me out—glancing meaningly at the windows as he spoke,—left me alone in my glory.

I had got two pens fastened firmly to one handle at about the width of two lines apart, and was mournfully at work writing:

It was the Schooner Hesperus,

It was the Schooner Hesperus,

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 disrespectful tempter, "it's lovely out; come on, you'll only get a caning to-morrow, who cares for a caning?"

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

"I'll help you," said H—bs, promptly.

I knew perfectly well he wouldn't, for I had overheard him and Cosky making arrangements to kill some of Mrs B—'s hens the next day for their camp. Nevertheless I sniffed the delicious autumn air, and felt that I was weakening.

"Will you?" I said.

"Yes——if I can," he answered.

"Sure none of the masters are in sight?" I asked, climbing to the window-sill.

"Certain," H—bs replied, "they're all gone down to the village, the whole toot of them. We'll just sneak round by the back of the rectory, and be in the woods in half a shake, and perhaps you'll be able to get back before the Sub Rector returns. You can pretend you've hurt your hand and couldn't write, or something."

By this time I was out on the ground beside him free, though a slight foreboding of what the morrow might bring slightly checked my usual flow of spirits.

Half an hour brought us to the camps; 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 used to bring grub from Mrs. Davis', when we were fortunate in being able to raise sufficient pocket

money for the purpose: or that failing, we would concoct stews, which we found particularly savoury, of squirrels, brown birds, hares, in short of anything we could snare, or knock over with our catapults. Generally these camps were built of small logs, about six inches or so 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 board roofs, (the boards we borrowed as a rule from some neighboring farmer's fence.)

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

H—y P—y 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.

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

Then H—bs taking from a primitive sort of shelf at the back, a brown paper parcel of goodly proportions, and carefully untying 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 proved to be red currant jelly; some rather ancient 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 *bon vivant*, "it ought to be bully eating."

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

"In a swap from Rat H—. Old Jane Cott knocked it off the telegraph wire with Nosey's catapult. He gave it to Rat, and I gave Rat six marbles and a glass alley for it."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I 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."

"So 'm I."

"Well, I'm giving the jam and everything, you aint giving anything, you might do that much."

"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?"

"Course I have: here's a copper."

"Well, heads you clean it, tails I have the choice."

"No, you don't, smarty."

"Well, then, heads I pluck it, tails you clean it."

Up went the copper.

"Heads it is. You clean it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sucked again, it's tails."

"Whose sucked?"

"You are."

"I'm not."

"You are."

"I'm not."

"You are."

"I'm not, I'm not."

"You are, you are."

"You're sucked yourself."

"Say I'm sucked and I'll pitch your old jam out of the camp with your sardines, and all your other truck."

"You touch those things and I'll pitch you out."

"You aint fit."

"I am."

"You aint."

"I am."

"You aint."

"I am, I am, I am."

"Shut up, mouthy."

"Mouthy yourself"

By this time we had both risen to our feet and were standing facing each other, almost rubbing noses in our wrath.

"You're the stupidst boy in the 2nd."

"Couldn't be while you're there, smarty."

Rat, tat, tat, tat, a tat, tat, tat, tat!

"Jiminy Christmas! there's a woodpecker; got your catapult?" cried H—bs in an excited whisper.

And completely forgetting our easily raised resentment, we both tumbled out of doors, upsetting the sardine can in our hurry. However, we were only in time to see the last flutter of its wings as it disappeared, with jerky flight, over the neighbouring tree-tops.

I followed H—bs back into the camp, and found him in the act of gathering up the sardines, picking the ashes, chips, etc., off their oily sides, ere he consigned them once more back to the box.

"Look what you did, clumsy."

"I didn't. You kicked it over yourself."

"Oh, of course I did, of course, of course," with a contemptuous sneer, "of course, I do everything; who's running this camp, I'd like to know?"

"You may be, but you aint running me."

By this time H—bs had the sardines all restored to their former resting place, and taking up the robin began thoroughly to examine it. Then he smelt it.

"Pah! but the beauty thing's bad."

"No, is it?"

"Smell it yourself."

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 and ability had been seriously modified and 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 considers that much may be found to modify our censure of the Archbishop. The attacks of Freeman and others were painful to Froude, and he only once formally replied, on the occasion of a very violent attack on him for his paper on Becket. It is admitted that his researches were not so profound or so continuous as the case often demanded. The archives at Hatfield are dismissed in a day when he was looking through matters connected with Cecil, Lord Burghley, and two days are enough for ransacking Disraeli's papers at Hughenden for the sketch on Beaconsfield. The students of St. Andrews' University elected Froude as Lord Rector in 1869. His address, in its 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 of Modern History at Cambridge to take a Canonry at Chester. Kingsley as a rejoinder accused historians of partizanship, carelessness and misrepresentation. This little altercation between two such well known authors led to the circulation of the following lines, which are not altogether ill-natured and which contain a modicum of true criticism. They have not been often printed:—

"While Froude assures the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley 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.'

That Froude is not actuated by religious prejudice is shown by the severity of his treatment of Anne Boleyn, who was regarded by some as a kind of Protestant champion. He cannot be said to be capricious in his judgment, it is rather that a fixed idea gains possession of him and that he brings everything round to illustrate and promote that idea. While giving severe judgments about Elizabeth, he is still more severe on her beautiful but unfortunate rival Mary Stuart, that type of fascinating womanhood who passed through such perilous scenes and lived so manifold a life. It is difficult to pass judgment on one who appeared to be meant to be admired. With

royal instinct by birth, supplemented by the royalty of unrivalled loveliness, it would be no wonder if such a nature should fail in docility. The well-known path of ordinary duty might seem to such a one unattractively commonplace. Such a nature might seem to be fitted to set a standard rather than to conform to one. With a good training, with disinterested advisers, with enlightened subjects such a Queen might introduce a golden age and be long remembered with loyal enthusiasm. She might have crowned moral goodness with physical grace, and her smile might have been the index of a life of devotion and spiritual harmony. As it was, after the enervating corruption of a French court, she was thrown into the frigid air of the Scotland of John Knox and this plunge caused a moral effervescence which led to instability of character, to wilfulness and to the mournful ruin of a life. We cannot harshly condemn while we cannot approve, we hope the saying is true that *tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. Froude makes his Mary cold and cynical and calculating. We feel that while Froude has made here and elsewhere a magnificent character sketch, he has perhaps also dwelt minutely on grim details, and though, his characters are more life like and vivid than many a great novelist, we doubt their verisimilitude.

The History was completed in 1870. We have a volume of collected essays called "Short studies on great subjects," which contains much excellent work. So successfully did Carlyle inculcate Cromwellism, that Froude could scarce believe that any milder treatment than that of the involuntary originator of the "curse of Cromwell" would suit the Irish people. Possibly he does not say so in words, but the spirit of the "English in Ireland" is so anti-Irish as to have drawn forth protests from strong Unionists such as Mr. Lecky. Besides Froude the champion of the Reformation in England and especially the eulogist of those individuals who brought that revolution about, we have the essayist, the champion of the English in Ireland and the amateur politician; whether Froude visited colonies or only wrote books he seemed to cause controversy. In South Africa and in the West Indies he had more or less official missions, but the results were not satisfactory. The classical scholars were not all satisfied with the deductions from Cicero's letters which he drew in his sketch of "Cæsar." Still glorifying the strong man he creates an unhistorical Cæsar. The last paragraph in his Cæsar seems to me to show his characteristic faults in a very direct and simple way. He writes of Cæsar, "He fights his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

Strange and startling resemblance between the gate of the founder of the kingdom of this world and of the founder of the kingdom not of this world, for which the first was a preparation. Each was

denounced for making himself a king." The last sentence seems to us very very perverse. It is true Christ said to Pilate, the officer of Cæsar's kingdom, "Thou sayest" when asked if He was a king, but to say of One who constantly asserted that His kingdom was not of this world, that His servants would not fight; of one who hid himself when some wanted to make Him a king, that his case was in any way parallel to that of him who thrice refused the crown reluctantly seems to be a thorough travesty of parallels and the proportion of truth. To bring in such a parallel between Christ and Cæsar is like writing on the harmony between light and darkness. It is a want of spiritual tact and perception only which could account for such a perverse way of looking at characters or facts.

We have the facile narrative of the "globe trotter" Froude in his much read volume *Oceana*. He had a firm belief in the potential greatness of the British Empire. On the more purely literary side we have Froude the destroyer of the Carlylean legend, or to speak more prosaically the Literary Legatee of Carlyle. People are very perverse in their literary idolatries. Let a man utter some stirring latter day prophecies, or promulgate some original theory of life, or develop a new style, or echo the longings of soul's moving about in worlds unrealised, and henceforth the new writer is exalted into a Prophet and his human failings are lost in the smooth outlines of moulded character, or it may be even a halo will encircle his brow. It is a shock to learn that such a prophet was exacting and irritable, that he could not bear the crow of chancery, that physical weakness caused him to be misanthropic and sometimes even bearish to his wife and sour to his friends. Froude has been blamed for not suppressing parts of the narrative, but we think that truth and human nature will in the long run be the gainer, though literary idolatry may have less excuse. Froude crowned his long literary career by succeeding Freeman as Professor of modern History at Oxford in 1892, an irony severe enough to have caused a shudder in his relentless predecessor. He has lately brought out an interesting study of Erasmus. We part with him reluctantly. Fearless and eloquent he has always been, for rightful authority and freedom of enquiry he has striven. Though a combatant by nature his blows were direct and free from malice and subterfuge; if he has not always drawn accurate portraits he has produced magnificent historical cartoons, in his pages groups of the past live and move before us. He was a literary artist of the first rank, and one kind of fame is more than will fall to the lot of most.

T. A.

Poetry.

Fair angels of my thoughts draw nigh,
Retune again thy placid rhyme
And sing once more the grove, the sky,
New visions of the far-off time
Kept stored within thy sheltering heart,
Be present with thy kindly art.

In woodland solitudes thy lyre
Reigned once supreme, while beasts and birds
Enraptured all, the living fire
Touched when they heard thy glowing words,
The fire of purest harmony
Of music and sweet poetry.

But now the verdured woods are felled
And in their place the travelled land
Is but poor make-shift for what held
In former days thy harboured band.
No wonder now thy stringless lute
Lies all untouched—forgotten, mute.

When once again revolving years
Bring back the former happy times;
When men again are moved to tears
Of joy or sorrow by thy rhymes,
Then will their hearts beat true again,
And men once more will be true men.

Vide Ruskin—*Crown of Wild Olives*, p. 88. PETER IGNOTUS.

Sir Love-in-Dreams.

O glittering bright the morning light
Shone on the blazoned shield of the knight,
Sir Love-in-Dreams who bent his way,
To an unknown shrine, where, a vision had said,
Dwelt the peerless damsel whom he should wed,
And life was as fair as the promise of May.
"I ride," quoth he, "to the dear cuntrye,
With a joyful heart wherever it be,
Where lives the lady who lives for me."

In hope and in fear full many a year.
For the journey was long and the way was drear,
The knight Sir Love-in-Dreams rode on,
Unheeding the sting of the people's scorn,
With purpose sure as the dawning of morn,
But the joy of youth was faded and gone.
"I ride," quoth he, "to the dear cuntrye,
With a steadfast heart wherever it be,
To seek the lady who lives for me."

O sad when in shade the broad blaze doth fade,
O sad when the vestment of nature is frayed,
And life is decay and despair.
O tottering his form, and his locks were white,
And wrinkled and seared was the face of the knight,
No longer had hope any dwelling there.
"I ride," quoth he, "to the far cuntrye,
With a heavy heart wherever it be,
To die with the lady who lives for me."

In a bare sunless cell, when the bleak winter fell,
The knight found the lady he sought so well,
Haggard and withered, worn and old;
And when he raved in a soulless way
Of rapturous love and Passion's sway,
She wearily heard the dull tale he told.
"You come," quoth she, "from a far cuntrye,
You come too late, whoever you be,
For Death is the only groom for me!"

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 has passed away on Oct. 19th at the age of 76, having been born on April 23rd, 1818, at Dartington, near Totnes, Devonshire. Totnes is the point at which the Dart which has escaped from the granite Tors and its own deeper valley emerges into the loveliest of English estuaries. He was one of three gifted sons who were born to Archdeacon Froude, himself a scholar, an antiquary, amateur artist as well as a landowner and a justice of the peace. He was a High Churchman of the old and 'Dry' school, strict in his ideas, devoted to duty, and having an equal dislike of the Pope and of Dissent. Very much of the type of his own Bishop, the well-known Henry Phillpotts of Exeter. Like him too the Archdeacon was a strong Tory. These were 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 spiritual lessons learned at the Rectory were those of the catechism, learned literally and without much comment or development, no doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, disturbed 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 earlier leaders in the Oxford movement. So far from being satisfied 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 Mozley regards T. H. Froude as almost equal in influence in the movement to Keble, especially in the time preceding the predominance of Newman and Pusey. This influence of Hurrell Froude's was especially felt at the time between the publication of the 'Christian year' in 1827 and the appearance of the first of the 'Tracts for the Times' in 1833. Hurrell was a leader in the period of fermentation that led the organization of the 'movement'. William, the second brother became a distinguished engineer and was elected F. R. S. To him Cardinal Newman dedicates an edition of the 'Essays, Critical and Historical', written before his great change of ecclesiastical position in 1845, and reproduced in 1871 without alteration, but with supplementary notes to each essay in which the author argues against many of his former conclusions. Here Newman speaks of William as his true friend, and of "the special claim your brother Hurrell has upon my memory." Young Anthony, the third son, after passing through Westminster school, where

he must have become familiar with the glorious precincts 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 Treasurer of the College, John Henry Newman. Thus J. A. Froude has been in the very focus of the Oxford movement. He saw its beginnings when a boy in the Devonshire Rectory, its intensity and seriousness being brought before him by the occasional visits of that fervent promoter of it, Hurrell; then in 1832 that noble and ascetic soul began to wear out its frail tenement and the elder brother passed away in 1836. It is thought by some that the elder brother's influence unduly pushed this matter of the Catholic revival before the notice of Anthony; this is doubtful. What is certain is that Anthony, while in residence at Oriel, showed symptoms of not wishing to be thought in leading strings. He was shy of Newman, and did not see much of James Mozley who was faithfully and laboriously editing the scattered fragments of Hurrell Froude's writings and writing his life. Anthony felt the charm of Newman, as he admired 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 creative. It is thought that from 1836 to 1840 the undergraduate Froude was not thoroughly of Oriel though in it, as sometimes happens in a college. We may remark in passing that in his day the Common Room still boasted the presence of Rogers, Marriott and R. W. Church, the days of Whately, Keble 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 calendar of 1839 we read just below that of J. A. Froude, the name of another Oriel undergraduate, one which will always be mentioned in our college with affection by those who remember him, with reverence by all who have heard of his life and work here, Jasper Hume Nicolls, afterwards Fellow of Queen's Oxford, and then for thirty-two years first Principal of Bishop's College. The curious part of the story is that Froude, after in a sense resisting or at least holding aloof 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. Neot: We know from Mozley's letters that in 1844 Newman's Anglicanism was honeycombed, perhaps this was the reason that he gave Anthony a task requiring vast faith, if not immense credulity. There is a stage at which "*credo quia impossibile*" is reckoned by some the greatest of virtues: we all must sometimes say "*credo quamquam hominibus 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 stories of St. Neot's life proved to be the last straw in the case of Froude, and we find him after the date of 1845 an active promoter of anti-church thought in Oxford.

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 be Rationalistic; the High Church leaders such as Keble, Pusey, Mozley and men like Church, one of the last historians of the movement, were stunned for a time, they were cast down but not in despair. The divergent fate in religion of the brothers John Henry and Francis Newman, and of the brothers Froude reminds us of that beautiful little poem of Holmes, another recently departed literary giant, in which twin streams arising from the same watershed and separated at the outset by only a pebble edge, find their way one to the frozen tide, one to the peaceful sea. So for brothers starting from the same home and ending in contradictory beliefs for which each is prepared to fight or die. In 1847 under the name Zeta he published a volume called "Shadows of the Clouds," containing two stories "The Spirit's Trials" and "The Lieutenant's Daughter." He had parted from his moorings, and in fact was said to have been so much shaken by the investigation into St. Neot's wonders as to have written a kind of caricature of it; for this we do not vouch, but we note with interest 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 contemporary says the Archdeacon (Froude's father) appears only thinly veiled and it was thought at the time that Froude had transgressed the delicate sanctities of home in his drawing of one so near him. It is said of William Sewell that he had the book burned in the quadrangle of Exeter College; this is not correct, but one who was present has told the writer that on one occasion Sewell took 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 *Coventry 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 wrote for the *Westminster Review*, the organ of John Stuart Mill, for which also George Eliot wrote much about this period and before she began her great series of novels.

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. Froude's clear style soon attracted attention: he wrote an essay on the Biblical character of "Job," also one on "Spinoza," and one on "England's Forgotten Worthies." This last was a fitting precursor of the greater work which came three 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 literary interest with the volumes of Macaulay, which were still appearing; the third and fourth had just come out and had had a marvellous success, yet people were glad to welcome Froude as a new writer of attractive history. Froude had been unable to remove the title Reverend from himself; this shut out several professions from him; he complains of this in the prospectus of his history. He makes it his business to champion that religious revolution which his brother was so intensely dissatisfied with. The particular circumstances of the Reformation in England happened to turn on the affairs and character of the reigning Sovereign Henry VIII. Froude makes him his hero, and in doing so 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. It was "wanted a hero," and Froude's Henry VIII was evolved to meet the demand. Here we have Froude the anti-Tractarian, the champion of religious freedom of thought as opposed to authority, using all his dialectic skill and forcible analysis of character 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 many of those who like Froude himself were the champions of freedom: especially did he antagonise Goldwin Smith and E. A. Freeman, both predecessors of his own in the chair of modern history. The columns of the Saturday Review contained attacks upon his veracity and accuracy by Freeman, a very accurate 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 man. As regards the view taken of 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 King. Hence we may, without fully adopting Froude's view as a true portrait, give him credit for a more correct estimate of Henry than his predecessors had made. Especially would we give our author credit for candour and sincerity, for he tells us that he had shared the prevailing views of the character of Henry VIII, and that a qualified

THE MITRE.

VOL. II.

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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 every day 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 manufacture 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