

peditious manner in which the somnolent freshy is aroused from his peaceful slumbers, and his bed made to assume a precipitous position.

The Missionary Union of Bishop's College held its first meeting for the collegiate year of 1895-6, on Sept. 20th. It was unusually well attended. It was decided that the funds of the Society should, as last year, be devoted to St. Paul's College, Madagascar. At the next meeting of the Union a paper will be read by Mr. T. Donnelly, B.A. and several speakers have been selected to deliver short addresses on the subject chosen by the reader.

What a pity that we are denied one means of becoming acquainted with new comers: *in vine veritas*.

The Debating Society held its first meeting for the Michaelmas term on the 25th Sept. It was enthusiastically attended and (as the newspapers say) left nothing to be desired. The business consisted in the election of officers and the making of a few slight changes in the regulations. The first debate will take place on Monday, October 7th, subject: "Resolved that an elective Upper House is more conducive to good government than a hereditary one."

Some of the men wander about the corridors with a far-away, dreamy expression in their eyes, others with bowed heads and other signs of resignation to the inevitable. As everything must have a cause we are forced to believe that this is the effects of Saturday night hops, ice cream with congenial accompaniments, etc., etc. "This is truth the poet sings, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Cheer up, forlorn ones, let by-gones be by-gones, the summer girl is a thing of the past:

The present changeable state of the weather apparently has a disagreeable effect on persons and things generally. Colds appear to be the prevailing feature of the times—from the head man down to organ in the chapel.

Does anyone know what has become of the boxing gloves? What a pity that such a large number of Bishop's men complete their course without learning the art of self-defence. Mental training is not the only object of a college, but also to teach her students to be *men*, in every good sense of the word. Which is the more desirable, to see two men haranguing one another in most vile and filthy language, or to see them settle the dispute in a manly way? Of course some people may prefer the former.—*De gustibus, etc.*

The football season has commenced and the man who happens to possess a bottle of *Pond's Extract*, or some similar remedy, finds himself quite popular. The college has at present the foundation

for a good team, but as the players are mostly new men it will require some time to get into good form. Under their energetic captain the team are rapidly improving, and appear to take morning runs and other disagreeable exercises essential to good training, in the proper spirit. The first match of the season was played on Saturday, October 12th, with Quebec.

Pat's back!!!

The following was the subject of a dispute overheard between two men, not long ago: To whom is the more credit due, to the man who wins a scholarship without exerting himself, or to the one who does so by hard work? One maintained it was no credit to the working man because almost anyone could win a scholarship if he "slogged" hard enough. The other argued it was no credit to the clever man, because he won through no exertions of his own. The dispute was still raging when the hearer left.

Medical Notes.

Classes commenced on Tuesday, Oct 2nd, and were attended by quite a number of students, although all the boys have not returned yet. The Freshman class is unusually large, and we believe there are more to come.

Dr. O. H. Stevens paid us a visit last week. During his extended trip through the Eastern States he has accumulated quite an amount of adipose tissue. We would, however, like to remind the doctor that the Montana air is very strengthening to the hair follicles.

J. J. Benny ('96) has been appointed assistant house-surgeon at the Western Hospital. Since the conversion of the Western into a general hospital the number of patients has so materially increased that it necessitated the appointment of an assistant. We are all glad to see J. J. installed and we sincerely hope that he will not forget that he still is the "Curate."

It is with the greatest regret that we announce the resignation of Prof. Springle from the Chair of Anatomy. During his professorship the doctor has raised the standard of Anatomy in this College a great deal and always strove to impress upon all students the great importance of this branch of study. His clear concise and eloquent lectures, with his accurate drawings, will long be remembered by all the students who have had the pleasure of listening to him. We wish the doctor every success in his new position.

E. J. Addison ('96) has been appointed house-surgeon at the Maternity. Another good man in the right place.

Dr. L. C. Brunet of Brushton, N. Y., passed through the city last week on his wedding trip. He was married last week to Miss Louise Goetz of Holyoke, Mass. The doctor, while in Montreal, visited the Western and the College building for the sake of old times. We extend to the doctor every good wish for the future.

Dr. G. L. T. Hayes ('95) is now practising in Grenville, Vt. He paid us a "swift" visit last week and reports everything booming in his town, but sickness he says is very slack. We are sorry the eminent surgeon refused to be further interviewed as we are certain that we would have gleaned some interesting news from him.

Dr. Wm. Mason is contemplating crossing the "briney" to take a post-graduate course either in Edinburgh or London. We hope that he will go and furthermore distinguish himself.

Dr. C. C. Brymer is visiting at his home in the Eastern part of the Province. We believe he will shortly return and resume his practice in Providence, R. I.

We are sorry to hear that illness will prevent J. W. B. Kelly ('97) from returning this year. He has always held a prominent place in the College and he will be much missed this year.

MacD. Ford ('98) Junior Editor of the MITRE, has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to enable him to return to his studies. We are very glad to see him back as his genial countenance would have been markedly missed.

Now that the Medical Colleges are opened the cat season begins. We would advise all persons having any such pet quadrupeds to keep them safely housed as freshmen have a great fondness for those animals. We believe that one of our freshies has demolished two already. Keep it up freshman.

Charming Willie wishing to amuse his fair Canadiane a few nights ago asked her the following conundrum:—

"Why would a medical student make a good oarsman?"

The maiden being of a very quiet and unassuming nature naturally gave it up. Whereupon Willie beaming with joy but at the same time in a thoroughly condescending tone, answered:

"Because he knows how to handle the skulls."

It is thoroughly obvious that there will be a phenomenal amount of work done this year in the Medical Faculty. One Sophomore copies his notes three times—Day-book, Ledger and Journal. Another has memorized the first thirty pages of Gray. While a freshman has already eaten and digested a whole vertebra, pelvis and femur.—What can the final men be doing? Echo answers—what?

Thos. A. Fortin ('97) Senior Editor MITRE, returned from his home in Brushton, N. Y., where he has been regaling himself on the bracing air of the Adirondack Mountains. Not that his lungs required any increased vigor to give the wild class yell, but if he has gained any strength in those organs we welcome it. We believe that he had a good time and in fact we are sure of it.

J. MacIntyre ('98) has returned to take up his position beside the Cadaver. Quail O subjects! Mack has sharpened his knives and swears that he will ne'er blink an eye until his vast cranium has thoroughly mastered Heath, Gray, Morris, &c.

F. Newman ('99) although a freshman in the proper sense of the word, is not a freshman. Being so well known to us he has so to speak cast his shadow before him. His careful and intricate researches in Anatomy are not unknown to us. Of course to write learnedly on that subject he must be able to add M. D. to his name, so he will have to go through the formality of a four years' course. But oh! can we imagine what 1900 will see?

C. E. Goltman ('98) has not been away from town this summer. He has made good use of his time so we are told. Materia Medica has been safely stowed away in Charlie's fertile brain and is safely vegetating in anticipation of next spring.

C. A. Macdougall ('97) has not yet returned to his toil but he is expected daily. When last heard of he was in Quebec looking after some stray micro-organisms which he lost last spring. We wish him good luck.

School Notes.

"A CHIEL'S AMANG YER TAKIN' NOTES."

One day the Chiel came to me. He said:—"The worst of that editor is that he cannot understand doing things "on principle." If I say I do not give money to beggars on the principle of encouraging them to work, he calls me ungenerous; if I take the largest share of anything on the principle of rewarding merit, he calls me greedy; if I look on and applaud while he writes the magazine, on the principle that a good listener is better than an indifferent performer, he calls me lazy. The same old mistake—it is no use trying to improve your own age, you only hear isolent unparliamentaryisms. I must turn my attention to foot-ball creases, holidays and prefects, and with my head under the yoke be as cheerful as I can."

We mustered after the holidays, full of recollections. Some of us even had formed resolutions. The Chiel had; and broke them the first day. Some of us had new ideals, ideals of relations between masters and boys, ideals of obedience, ideals of

nothing. Unfortunately his training at Bishop's has not fitted him for this method of working—I mean of course developing something out of nothing—consequently he casts about for some way of escape rather disposed to believe the assertions of some modern wiseacres about the decay of the art of letter writing.

It seems however that the reasons urged for the decay of letter writing in general do not apply to the correspondence into which he is invited to enter.

The means of communication are so perfect now and the frequency with which even friends at a distance can visit each other, these, added to a restless spirit of the age, which does not see the use of spending much time over a letter, account pretty well I think for the falling off in letter writing. But this ought to be no excuse for the frothy, nainby-pamby, excuse for a letter, which many people inflict on their friends; the only promising symptom at out which is a P. S. expressing a hope that their next letter will be a better one. There are many considerations which make one regret the decline of letter writing as an art. Not the least among them being (to say nothing of the social value of letters as a means by which people may come to know each other; and in this nothing can take their place) the discipline which it affords the young correspondent in acquiring a faculty, and facility of expression.

But as I said, these things cannot be made to apply to the Alumni Letter. It should serve, it seem to me, as a means by which graduates and old boys can reach their Alma Mater and through her organ, the MITRE, communicate to her their appreciation of her efforts, and also any ideas which they may have about anything, which in their way of thinking might enlarge her present advantages, or enhance her future prospects.

If this is the purpose which the Alumni Letter is intended to serve it seems to me that it may be of great use in making the Mitre what the editorial in its first issue said it hoped to be "A link between graduates, and old boys and their Alma Mater." But this form of correspondence, like the great majority of letters, can be measured by the one true standard of calculating value, i.e. it will be worth what it costs. The Alumni letter will be worth what it costs of real earnest thought about what is best for the progress of Bishop's College. There are doubtless many who have given much thought to this question and these, Mr. Editor, are the ones whom you should invite or better still, who uninvited should contribute to your Alumni Column. I think too that such men are more likely to take a calm view of the needs of the University than one who has just come from her walls.

The student always has his grievances. He can never quite see why the Faculty, won't look at things "from his point of view." He is inclined to kick

over the traces and grumble at "red tape" which he seems to find in every corner.

There are professional "kickers" and conscientious "kickers" in College, and one needs a period of rustication in order to get his bearing. When a man finds himself placed in a scattered country mission he is pretty likely to long at times for some of the old "red tape" and for some one to indicate his work. He then, if never before, and certainly more fully than ever before, appreciates Carlyle's beatitude, "Blessed is he who has found his work; Let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose, he has found it, let him follow it!

When he does get settled to a system of his own it is somewhat like "sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas" but in the meantime you can understand his regarding his former ardour with a certain degree of suspicion, and being less willing to air his views than some students appear to be. Reasons like these cause him to use much caution in expressing his humble opinion.

It has seemed to me that some of the difficulties which a man must face when he first takes charge of a mission in the "Townships" might be removed by a previous training in Comparative Theology, i.e. a comparison of the position and fundamental principles of the different religious bodies with a view to bringing out the points of difference between them and the Church. Of course if he has done his work conscientiously, according to the present curriculum at Bishop's, he is sufficiently grounded in positive, Catholic truth to be able to overthrow the many forms of error he is sure to encounter. But I think it would help him much if he had followed a course of lectures on the application of the truth he has acquired to the errors he is likely to meet.

The Church has a most responsible duty to perform in restoring the Catholic truths of Doctrine, and Polity to their proper place in the eyes of all classes of people. And while her teaching should be mainly positive it is often necessary to adopt a negative line before the positive can so much as get a hearing. If a man were previously aware of the main errors which he has to combat, and the sure way of meeting them, he would be spared any irritation at their subtlety and be much more likely, it seems to me, to do and say what is really wisest and most productive of good with charity to all and malice towards none.

Again, when one thinks of the changes which Bishop's has recently undergone he cannot help hoping that the growing interest in the study of natural science in the College and School will continue to advance. Of course this line of study has suffered a great loss in the universally respected science master who left Bishop's last year. He did much to foster this line of work, and only those who had the pleasure of working under him can appreciate his enthusiastic and painstaking efforts. It is of the greatest

importance that this study be kept up. The world's best book remains closed to those who have not learned to follow and love "nature, the dear old nurse" who leads

"Into regions yet untrod
To read what is still unread
In the manuscript of God."

By and by Bishop's will have her chair of Science at Lennoxville and then full scope for this work will be given. But, Mr. Editor, I am occupying much of your valuable space. I quite forget whether you asked me to be brief or not.

However I wish the MITRE every success. It is working along the right line: the development of the best interests of our University. It certainly deserves the support of the Alumni in its efforts.

October, 1895.

A. H. MOORE

Leaf and Dew Drop.

Little leaflet soft and fine,
Marked with characters divine
Tell the story strange and sage
Traced upon thine emerald page.

Tell us leaflet, mimic heart,
Whence and why and what thou art.
What thy form and fashion mean
What thy tint of restful green.

Little dew drop, mimic sun
Tear and laughter all in one,
Tell the story dark and bright
Trembling in thy mystic light.

Tell us, teardrops from the sky,
Glistening dewdrops, tell us why
Waking from the sleep of night
Earth is jewelled o'er with light.

Humble messengers are we
Made and sent of God to be
Witnesses for Him below
In a world of sin and woe.

Dark and bright and strange and sage
Good in youth and good in age
This the story leaf and dew
Tell to man, "Our God is true."

"God is true" and "God is love"
And his mighty Heart above
All earth's strife and wild unrest
Yearns to give and do what's best.

Tears for sin and smiles for grace
Signs no human skill could trace
Join in leaf and dew to prove
God is true and God is Love.

Divinity Notes.

Very little of material importance has transpired within the building devoted to this Faculty. There are now ten students in residence within its sober halls.

Strenuous efforts are at last being made to bring to perfection the already admirably arranged internal economy of the establishment. To descend to particulars—attention must be especially drawn to the intense longing for cleanliness which is manifested by many of the students. It is rumoured that some have boldly ventured even to the deepest recesses of the building in search of water. Of this report it can only be said that although it is not incredible, further proof must be adduced before it can be regarded as an assured fact.

To turn to weightier matters.—Work has been begun vigorously and everyone seems determined to make the very best possible use of the exceptionally valuable opportunities for study which are afforded in this Faculty. Quietness reigns supreme, unbroken save for the occasional bursts of merriment which are wafted from the abodes of light-hearted undergraduates.

Browne and the Articles has been exchanged for Pearson. Opinion is still divided on the respective merits of the two; but, on the whole, it inclines to the belief, that, once his style has been mastered, the Bishop of Chester, in spite of his marvelous concentration of thought, and compression of matter, will be found less difficult of comprehension than Bishop of Harold Browne, who might well be quoted as a master of the other extreme of style, so voluminously does he enwrap his subject with illustration.

A hearty welcome is here accorded to our new fellow student. He is a graduate of our sister university, McGill, and we hope that his example will soon be followed by other members of that body.

Arts Notes.

The collegiate year has again opened and Bishop's is as usual,—reverend seniors and frolicksome freshmen. Our ranks have slightly increased, but we regret the loss of two of our men, A. P. Aveling, one of Bishop's most promising men, who has gone to Oxford, and W. B. Davidson, who has entered the faculty of Applied Science at Mc Gill. May the "Fates" be propitious to both!

"The melancholy days are come"—and so are the verdant freshmen, each with his own peculiar ideas and aspirations. Nevertheless they appear to have one thing in common—admiration of the ex-

trated by small engravings of each animal; with a tail-piece of a less grave character, though generally about the animal referred to in the preceding pages, at the end of each section.

On looking at the engravings we at once see that they are somewhat darker than what we are accustomed to. A brief examination of the method of engraving will shew us the cause of this. A wood engraving is a drawing cut on wood and transferred to paper by the ordinary process of printing. Generally it is an effect of black lines, on a white ground; but to produce this it is necessary to cut away all the surface of the wood block except the lines, a long and tedious process. With this method Bewick combined the reverse one of white lines on a black ground; an easier method of engraving which can be with the other with great effect. "He does nearly all his foliage so, and continually paints the light plumage of his birds with single touches of his chisel, as if he were laying on white. But this is not the finest method of wood-cutting." The drawings attract us by their truthfulness and by the rich vein of humour which differentiates them from mere scientific drawings. "They are the work of a man who was not trained at all, and who was without training, Holbein's equal in goodness, but not in scholarliness. Every line shows us his magnificent artistic power, flawless virtue, veracity, tenderness—the infinite humour of the man." Among the drawings of special interest may be singled out a pathetic scene on page 59. It is early spring and the snow still lies on the ground, the wind is blowing and sleet falling. A miserable sheep has taken refuge with its lamb behind a ruined cottage; and gnaws at an old broom in vain hope that some nourishment may remain in the withered twigs. Another winter scene, on page 105, is interesting for its grouping, and as a study of bare trees. It shows a country village with church spire in the distance, and in the foreground a man bent under a bundle of sticks, is crossing a frozen stream. The engraving on page 211 is rather amusing,—a cat, with high arched back, is perched on a fragment of wall glaring at a dog, which vainly tries to reach it; so is the delightful see-saw on page 443. Here is depicted a barrel lying on the ground, a thin lath has been thrown across it, and at each end sits a monkey with wondrous tail, the one holding a suspicious looking bottle, the other drinking from a goblet.

The character of Bewick's engraving has been well summed up by Ruskin: "The execution of the plumage in Bewick's birds is the most masterly thing ever yet done in wood-cutting; it is just worked as Paul Veronese would have worked in wood, had he taken to it. His vignettes, though too coarse in execution, and vulgar in types of form, to be good copies, shew, nevertheless, intellectual powers of the highest order; and there are pieces of sentiment in them, either pathetic or satirical, which have never since been equalled in illustrations of this simple kind;

the bitter intensity of the feeling being just like that which characterises some of the leading Pre-Raphaelites. Bewick is the Burns of painting." (The Elements of Drawing, Appendix).

The Schoolmaster's Complaint.

When you passed the school the other day, did you notice a melancholy figure, somewhat shabbily attired in an ill-fitting black coat, taking his pensive way towards the road? No—you did not notice him; you have seen him so often that he has entered the ranks of the contemptibly familiar. You know me then, at least the figure of me and the coat. I know your promising boy. For two years I have stood daily before him, and many words, all too-winged, have passed from me to him. You don't think he has learned much? I agree with you. If you have any other complaint to make with respect to his progress or accomplishments, I agree with you. But did you ever think that I might have a complaint, a complaint to pity and to my purse? If I cannot make your boy an Isaac Newton, can you make me light-hearted or a millionaire? You and your boy and I must all be content with the positions in which Providence has placed us.

Your boy can repeat the philosophical axiom that trifles make up life. You will bear with me then if I mention insignificant things. Your boy translates *equitatus* 'horse-power,' says that all the parts of a Greek verb end in *omai*, occasionally substitutes Jules Verne for a Lexicon, and thinks of collaring, when I am talking of Catiline. All these substitutes of his are good in their way. Horse-power is good, but not in the school-room; *omai* is good, conveniently expressing many emotions; 'collaring' is good for the collarer, not for the collared; Jules Verne is good, but may circulate too widely. What your boy does not appreciate is the value of appropriateness. I wish to avoid multiplying examples, but why does he turn my class-room into a restaurant and eat his dessert there, and write his name in my text-book instead of his own?

But on the whole I like your boy, even though he is too apt to consider me his natural enemy. My complaint against him ends with the lesson. Outside he has pluck, energy, is generous and cheerful, and if he is neither tender nor unselfish, he does not utter premeditated untruths nor knowingly commit injustice. I am convinced that he will be a good man. Should it be his lot to teach others, he will remember me, I hope, without any feeling of bitterness or contempt. No, my complaint is not against him, it is against you for complaining.

When you sit down at your desk, you have one set of capacities directly to reckon with—your own. If you serve others, or only yourself, it is your duty

to perfect what of talent or genius is in you. But when I sit down at my desk, I have twenty sets of capacities to reckon with, among them that set, at present partially undiscovered by me, which resides in your boy. All those sets I am responsible for, and if you have several children, you know in part what that means. Your boy, too, has far more powerful motives to hear and obey you than me. And yet you complain if he does not become one of the world's great ones. Pardon me for saying that he may not have been "born great," believe me that he is not anxious to achieve greatness, and excuse me if I am not able to thrust greatness *into* him.

You know of course that the name *school-master* is quite misleading. You know "that the poor pedagogue of to-day is expected to be at once an athlete and an engineer, an artist, a naturalist, a dictionary of universal information." But what you don't know are the pleasures of leisure hours. The right employment of boys' leisure time is, I think, a more constant source of anxiety to a conscientious schoolmaster than the time spent in school. He has to study the weather, the dispositions of his flock, to keep a sharp look-out for the occasional black sheep, often to stimulate and encourage by his own example. I myself have bowled with the cricket-ball two hours consecutively in an endeavour to keep eleven boys up to their practice. Meanwhile the black-sheep was taking advantage of my absence to smoke a cigarette behind a distant hedge.

I don't pretend to fulfil your requirements—perhaps that is why you complain—but I think that you would like your boy to be taught by a cultivated gentleman and scholar. The training of the latter is expensive, the finding of the former often demands very careful selection. Do you expect to ensure such by paying him the salary of a respectable crossing-sweeper? I know for a fact that one of those Italian organ grinders, who prowls about great cities and small, earned more in the course of a year than I did. I envy him, not because he earned more, but because instead of complaining you paid him—possibly to go elsewhere. Pay me what you do, if you think it sufficient, but do not grumble about me if, doing my best, your boy does not do his.

There is no denying that the holidays are a real substantial compensation. To you, maybe, they seem a trifle over-long. The entire responsibility of your boy for a term of weeks becomes burdensome, and you cannot help being of opinion that during that time many of his acquirements are slipping away from him. But let me implore you not to agitate for the for-shortening of that blessed period. It is true that in this country we are slightly less strenuous than in some older countries' that we have not yet quite attained to the condition of things, when "every hour must sweat its sixty minutes to the death," but still there are periods when the schoolmaster's working-day begins at half-past seven in

the morning and does not end till after nine in the evening. Even then there are papers to be corrected, work to be prepared, and the affairs of school-clubs to be administered. Consider too that when your boy has packed up and is speeding on his joyful way to you, we are not quite free. The results of examinations and reports have to be reckoned with—often a hard, delicate and sometimes dangerous reckoning. Oh, take everything else, but leave us our holidays!

After the term is finished, let not a candid saying offend you. If instead of reporting that your son is unambitious and does not work well, one of us should venture the assertion that his abilities do not equal those of some boys he knows, be slow to take it as a reflection upon yourself. Some men of genius have sons who are incapable. Though there are varying degrees of capability, there are also different kinds, and he who does not win fame in one direction may contrive to do so in another. Many celebrated men, too, have in their youth been esteemed dunces—I believe there was no double-first in the English House of Commons but Mr. Gladstone. Your boy may in the future contradict or fulfil all expectations, and he is just as likely to do the one as the other. Meanwhile let me say what I honestly think without offence.

Alumni Letter.

Dear Mr. Editor-in-chief:—

The idea of an Alumni Letter is a very pretty one, and its beauties have been well demonstrated at different times in your paper. It is however just possible that many of your delighted readers have never stopped to inquire what such a communication should contain. Of course no one will pursue this inquiry with so much anxious earnestness as the individual who is asked to write such a letter. The request to contribute to your Alumni Column causes a good deal of debating, especially when it comes to one who has only gone out from his Alma Mater's arms a small fraction of a year ago. He cannot exercise himself in those wide fields which are open to a veteran Alumnus. For him to talk about experiences of college life, although he doubtless had many, (what graduate has not?) would be presumptuous in this age of antiquarianism. Nor would it do for him to dilate at length on his affection for and allegiance to his Alma Mater. To do this would lay him open to the charge of sentimentalism or something else equally dreadful. He must be calm and philosophical. Now if he were a German he might order up a pot of beer to his study, saturate the air with tobacco smoke and proceed to develop something out of

From 1819 onwards he made regular tours or trudges with a view of investigating on the ground some definite series of rocks. In eight years he had explored the west of England, Yorkshire, Durham and the Lake District. In 1820 he is found in the delightful neighbourhood of Taunton, probably examining the syenite of Hestercombe, the arched red sandstone of the Quantocks, the bluelias of Thurlbeer and the Greensands of the Blackdown range. He explored almost every yard of the south coast. He unravelled the most intricate series of rocks with all the contortions and disruptions which are characteristic of the older or palæozoic rocks. In 1820 he met W. D. Conybeare, afterwards Dean of Standaff, who with his brother, J. J. Conybeare, an Oxford Professor of Anglo Saxon, afterwards of Poetry, had studied geology at Oxford with Buckland. From these brothers, especially the first named, Sedgwick learned much, especially of the interesting Oolitic strata near Bath. To detail Sedgwick's tours would be to give an itinerary of England and Wales at least. Sedgwick traversed hundreds of miles every summer. The coast of Yorkshire, extending as it does across an instructive succession of rocks, he mastered thoroughly. He deciphered the much bent and faulted rocks of the lake district to which he gives the name of the Cumbrian Group. Wales he examines in great detail, so much so that he is able to hold his own in the scheme of division of rocks against so able an opponent as Sir Roderick Murchison. These two, Murchison and Sedgwick, had at first worked together. In 1828 they prepared joint papers on Arran, afterwards in the north of Scotland, in the Eastern Alps, in the Austrian Alps they worked together. After many years of this and similar work these geological giants differed; the story is too long to narrate here, but unfortunately they could not quite agree to differ. This was later, in 1839 they are still friends, Murchison dedicates to Sedgwick his great work published that year "The Silurian System," a masterly account of the typical rocks of South Wales and other old rocks; but Sedgwick declines to write a review of it for the *TIMES* for reasons that scarcely seem weighty enough. After long years of estrangement from Murchison, Sedgwick says of this work that "the year of its appearance formed an epoch in the history of European geology, and that under Murchison's hands the older palæozoic geology had assumed a new and nobler type."

[TO BE CONCLUDED].

A Midsummer Day's Dream.

"Train for Muskoka on the third track!"

From previous knowledge you have learned that the trip northward is a tedious one, so you settle

down for the trials of a day's journey—half by rail and half by boat—with a philosophic mind born of the conviction that you are going to be free from all worry on reaching your destination. But the cares of this busy world bear heavily on you when you find on reaching Allandale that you have ten minutes allotted you in which to bolt a lunch, yourself being one of a train-load of hungry souls who have only three lethargic individuals in white aprons to dispense the viands arranged in symmetrical rows along the counter. If you escape the dilemma of being racked on the one hand by an irritating vacancy amidships, or on the other from acute indigestion you arrive in a happy frame of mind at Muskoka Wharf. Recovering your luggage in a pitiable condition from the hands of the energetic R. R. officials, you embark on one of the steamers lying at the dock. You soon find yourself ploughing the dark waters of Lake Muskoka and breathing air which seems intoxicating in comparison with the stifling atmosphere of a Southern Ontario city in July. To say that this chain of lake is 100 miles north of Toronto, 800 feet above the level of Lake Ontario, 350 feet above Lake Superior, that its own waters are from 400 to 600 feet deep, that the rocks have really no soil on them, but that a luxurious growth of trees springs up from the crevices in them, all savours too much of the school geography or R. R. guide, which is sufficient reason for the immediate abandonment of a statistical style. Your tranquil state of mind is disturbed by your being informed at your journey's end by some indignant fellow-passenger that his boxes have been left behind at the wharf, consequent upon his not having personally seen to their safe disposal on board. You must console him on his unhappy condition. (Of course its always "the other fellow" who makes these stupid blunders—you never make mistakes.)

We will suppose you have previously secured a room at one of the hostelries on the picturesque shores of Lake Joseph,—you sally forth to take possession, followed by two porters, whom you try to induce to believe that there is not much in your trunks. During this process you run the gauntlet of scores of pairs of eyes (for everyone goes down to see the boat come in) and every pair of eyes seems to ask, most unmistakably, if you are likely to be a valuable addition to the life of the party, already established there. Everyone you meet is a peripatetic interrogation mark. But you have your revenge, for you in turn carefully and silently feel your ground for a day or two before giving any satisfaction on this point; besides you have the additional relish gained by watching arrivals subsequent to your own. The conviction is forced upon you that all the inhabitants of the hotel are not fellow countrymen, for fully half of them introduce themselves to you and inform you that they are citizens of the Greatest Republic on

Earth—let fall casual remarks relative to the slowness of Canada and the dwellers therein, the rapid growth of, and the height of buildings in Chicago, etc., etc. Feeling an inward glow of satisfaction that you don't have to go up 15 or 18 storeys to reach your apartments, and stifling in your breast a raging desire to sing "Rule Britannia" at the top of your voice, you hie off to ascertain the facilities for boating and bathing. It should be explained that this resort is a modern and rustic edition of Venice, for if you would see your friends you must proceed by boat to do so, the hotels are all on the mainland and the cottagers dwell on the hundreds of islands which dot the lakes. If our American cousins (who, by the way, are very much in evidence, of late years, in Muskoka) should unhappily judge the energy of Canadians by the actions of the settlers in this region, they would certainly have strong grounds for concluding that we are hopelessly lazy and grievously averse to work. A denizen who undertakes to do a small job for, say, one of the island-residents, will turn up about 10 or 11 a.m., take an hour or more's rest at noon and decamp at four or five o'clock, charging for a day's work. One instance of their abhorrence of toil;—an islander was having a wharf built, and a crib was being sunk for the purpose, (not that kind of crib used in some foreign universities, but the other kind). The hardy settlers had been working for some hours up to their necks in water, when a shower of rain came on. They forthwith ceased work and went home as the circumstances were too trying for them to continue.

A remarkable feature of Muskoka life is the entire abandonment of customs and dress of one's ordinary vocation whilst at home. Everyone drops his dignity on reaching the "Highlands of Ontario." The eminent Q. C. has exchanged his 'silk' for a most gaudy blazer, his red bag for a box of worms and his half-calf tomes for a fish-rod. He ambles down to the wharf of his island, casts in his line and concentrates his legal acumen on fishing up an apparent marine monster, which on being safely landed turns out to be a disused tea-kettle. "Costs out of the estate," "adjourned *sine die*," "Interlocutory judgment" and kindred phrases now never pass his lips. The erstwhile stern ecclesiastic appears clad in nautical garments of most correct cut and yields the supervision of a city parish to the management of a steam launch. The considerate physician's only prescriptions relate to the contents of picnic baskets—something to be taken at each meal and that very frequently. The shrewd banker forgets the price of exchange on London when engaged in taking 'headers' off the dock. The city merchant has laid aside the serious mien worn in counting-house and explores the woods or disports on the water in shirt-sleeves, crowned with a tam o'shanter and wearing a nose of vivid hue, in the partially-peeled condition. Even the comely matron leaves behind the bonnet

and parasol essential to urban life and here combines the qualities of both articles of apparel, in a straw hat of coarse texture, having a brim of not less than 9 inches—a "cow-breakfast," forsooth,—price 5 cts. The small boy—the Muskoka holiday one—is an amphibious animal, with an inclination to live rather more in and on the water than otherwise. His bathing hours 9 to 12, 2 to 6; meals at all hours. His colour is vermilion shading down to russet brown in various specimens. Costume out of the water, nondescript. In fact everyone has forsaken his or her ordinary calling and dress—except the summer girl and she is in her element. But why need we dwell upon the charms of this dear creature. She is personally known to our readers. She is the same in Muskoka as at mountain and sea-side resorts. We deprecate the jokes that appear in comic papers anent this fair being. Its really too serious a matter to make fun about. She is so very captivating.

Fish and bear stories gain much currency in Muskoka, but coupling with the writer's desire to be accurate, that of retaining a good name we refrain from publishing anything that may have a possible tendency to destroy either of these virtuous qualities.

BETA.

Library Notes.

THOMAS BEWICK.

On one of the upper shelves of the College Library may be found a work, containing descriptions and drawings of animals, which was printed in 1791. Opening the book, we read on the title page, "A General History of Quadrupeds, the figures engraved on wood by T. Bewick. The second edition 1791." Inside the cover is the book-plate of Jasper Hume Nicolls and the words, "Presented by the above, Sept. 23rd, 1856." The name of Bewick is sufficiently familiar to most of us; but perhaps many have never had an opportunity of seeing any of his works, at least in the original editions, and it will be of interest to them to know that the Library possesses a copy of one of his most famous books.

Thomas Bewick, at once the last and greatest of the old English wood engravers, and the reviver of the art in our times, was born at Cherryburn near Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1753. He was at an early age apprenticed to an engraver in Newcastle. His "Quadrupeds" was published in 1790, and his greatest achievements, the 'British Birds,' from 1797 to 1804. Besides these he produced engravings for numerous books, of which we may especially mention Goldsmith's *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, and the *Fables of Aesop*. He died in 1839.

To return to our own book the *History of Quadrupeds*. It contains a short account (not of a very scientific character) of the best known animals, illus-

make the Board of Directors a rather unwieldy body, there being at this moment sixteen members on the Board; secondly, concerning the arrangement of election of graduates upon a satisfactory basis. As to the former difficulty, a proposal has been made to reduce the existing staff to a single Assistant Editor from each faculty. This idea is a good one but cannot be made practicable this year as the officers for 1895-'96 have been already elected. As to the latter, we think that it might be arranged in a satisfactory manner either by election on the part of the two faculties (art and medicine) or by selection on the part of the Board of Directors.

This is a question of great importance and requires to be carefully studied out. To amend the constitution of such an organization as ours is a step which must not be taken hastily. The more useful a suggestion is the more worthy it is of careful and systematic thought and discussion.

TWO SONNETS.

July The First—Dominion Day.

Long line of jewels fit for coronet
Of her, the Queen of Monarchs, in this queen
Of reigns. From scattered colonies hath been
Evolved, where statesmanship farseeing met
Response of loyal hearts, a chain strongset
In golden weld of liberty; true mean
'Twixt communistic license and the keen
Fell yoke where freemen under despots fret!

What we have done herein let Africa,
Australia, our great brethren of the south,
That let the ocean empire do: Unite
In Federation like our Canada.
Auspicious day, in many tongues one mouth
Proclaims good omens of the widening light.

—*Toronto Week.*

July The Fourth—Independence Day.

Great mother of the nations see thy child
That counts in peaceful brotherhood its day
Of birth renewed. In adult strength the way
To greatness hath the daughter trod from wild
Tempestuous birth-throes when unreconciled
She strove with motherland and broke her sway;
Thou giant child increase thy full array
Of commonwealths in freedom undefiled!

Thou peaceful conqueror of broad Continent,
That drawest to thyself the progeny
Of other lands, while men of other speech
With English learn a wider freedom, blent
With memory of thy strifes for liberty;
Do thou to men a nobler union teach.

THOMAS ADAMS,

Written on the "Vancouver," July 6th, 1895.

Adam Sedgwick.

I once had the pleasure for more than a year of being a member of the English Geological Survey, whose business it is, and was, to map the country according to the geological formation which is uppermost on the surface. The maps of the Ordnance Survey are provided and it is the Geological Surveyor's business to put his lines upon those maps, the lines being generally boundaries of successive formations; different colours are used to indicate different surface beds, such as chalk, greensand, Oolite and so on. In 1867 I had visited Kirkby Lonsdale in the beautiful valley of the Lune, in order to have an interview with Professor Ramsay, afterwards Sir A. C. Ramsay, the Director of the English Survey. At the hospitable Kirkby Lonsdale inn I met two survey men, Mr. Tiddeman of Oxford and Mr. T. McKenny Hughes of Cambridge. The result of this meeting with Professor Ramsay was that I joined the survey as a subordinate under the care of Mr. W. Whitaker, F. R. S., President of Section C (geology) at the recent Ipswich meeting of the British Association. Owing to circumstances, one determining circumstance being a sprained ankle, I left the survey and entered the University of Cambridge. One of the glories of the University, one of the sights to which visitors were taken regularly, was Adam Sedgwick. But in 1869 the lectures of Sedgwick were becoming fewer and most of his work was being taken by Mr. Harry Govier Seeley, now F. R. S., and an authority on Fossils, especially Fossil Reptiles and in this department really the leading authority on the Pterodactyle, a kind of winged reptile having some affinities with birds as well as with reptiles. This Seeley was no relation to the Sir John Robert Seeley, whose death was referred to in these columns not many months ago, the author of "The Expansion of England." H. G. Seeley was a very original man. Sedgwick discovered him as a clever young fellow with a distinct taste for natural history, especially fossils, and helped him with his general education. Seeley entered the University but no power seemed to render it possible for Seeley to pass the "little go" in Greek, and time after time, if the current stories are true, Seeley was rejected, and at the door of the course, for no one could enter for a degree, either a pass, or in honours, unless he had already passed the previous examination in all subjects, including Greek. This cost Seeley his degree and some think that had he become a full member of the University, as he certainly would have taken a brilliant degree in science, Seeley might even have succeeded Sedgwick. The Royal Society did not require Greek and Seeley obtained the F. R. S., a decoration as dear to scientific men as a G. C. B., K. T., or K. G., might be to servants of the Crown or statesmen. Sedgwick died at the age of 88 in January, 1873, and it is one of the

choice reminiscences of the writer that he was present at the University Church when Dean Stanley preached the funeral sermon of Adam Sedgwick, Feb. 2nd, 1873. Soon after this an election took place to fill the vacant professorship. The Candidates were Hughes of Trinity, my old survey friend and Bonney of St. John's, my college tutor. It was one of the closest elections on record, Hughes winning by 129 votes to 122 recorded for Bonney. Shortly after Hughes had come into residence he asked me to breakfast and after a very hospitable meal he shewed me a box carefully divided into compartments, all labelled; this was the box prepared to contain the materials of the life of Sedgwick, whose biographer Hughes had undertaken to be. Unfortunately Hughes' time was so taken up one way and another that the life was never completely written by him. After a delay of some years the biographical materials were handed over to Mr. John Willis Clark and the end of it was that Clark wrote the life and Hughes wrote the geological sketch which constitutes the last hundred pages of the second volume. The two rather thick volumes of Sedgwick's life are interesting reading and especially so to any one who can remember the subject of the memoir. Sedgwick's appointment to the professorship of geology would be considered remarkable now, for before his election he was not a specialist. In those days it was almost the rule that professors were appointed from amongst the high wranglers. If a man had mastered the difficulties of mathematics it was presumable that he could soon master those of other subjects. A professorship was almost equivalent to a commission to take up some special study as post-graduate work and to teach the subject as you mastered it. We might premise that Sedgwick was born in 1785 in one of the quaintest valleys in Yorkshire, Dent Dale, beginning with a gorge and lying as a narrow ravine between bare and rugged boundary hills. His father was vicar of Dent. After spending his childhood amongst the 'statesmen' of Dent as the yeomanry, who owned holdings, which carried with them mountain pasturage were called, Sedgwick went to school at Sedbergh, a small neighbouring town lying at the meeting place of five valleys of which Dent Dale was one. After leaving the school he received special mathematical tuition from Mr. John Dawson of Sedbergh, a surgeon and a mathematician, a local celebrity who had taught many pupils of whom eight had become senior wranglers, between 1781 and 1794. In 1803 Sedgwick entered Trinity, he did well in college and spent his vacations with his old Yorkshire 'coach' Dawson, reading mathematics.

In 1805, at the time of the illuminations for Trafalgar, Sedgwick was ill of a fever and in his delirium insisted on being carried to the window to see them. As an undergraduate he greatly admired the preaching of Robert Hall, the eminent Baptist, and

speaks very highly of Henry Kirke White, the youthful poet who died at twenty-one, he was one of the glories of St. John's College ranking with Henry Martyn and William Wordsworth. Sedgwick came out fifth amongst the wranglers though he had impressed one at least of his examiners as the candidate who possessed most inherent power. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale and Master of the Rolls was Senior Wrangler, an old schoolfellow Bland who had always beaten him was second, Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London was third. He began to read for the bar, but gave this up, after missing a fellowship one year through weakness in classics, he devoted more post-graduate study to thucydides and Greek plays, and Sedge, as he was playfully called by his intimates, became a Fellow of Trinity, an honour which was, Macaulay considered, one of the greatest he or any man could obtain. He worked so hard at this time as to impair his health and the chronic ill health of which he so often complains was induced by overwork at this period 1809—11. He lived to be 88 in spite of his delicacy and in some of his after years did much outdoor work in surveying large areas geologically. He was ordained Deacon in 1817 having put it off from time to time, the statutes required ordination on the part of all the fellows except two. Though not specially attracted to the priesthood he was conscientious in his duties as a clergyman. He was a keen sportsman also, but when he became a geologist he says "his hammer broke his trigger." In 1818 Sedgwick was elected Woodwardian Professor of Geology by a majority of 127 over his opponent Mr. G. C. Gorham of Queens'. Trinity and St. John's united to support Sedgwick. The winner said "I had only one rival and he had not the slightest chance against me, for I knew absolutely nothing of geology, whereas he knew a good deal—but it was all wrong!" Sedgwick is also reported to have said:—"Hitherto I have never turned a stone, henceforth I will leave no stone unturned." And he seriously hoped (1) to bring together a collection of Fossils worthy of the University—this he has done in the famous Woodwardian Museum. (2) That a new museum should be built. (3) That he should bring together a class of sympathetic and practically working students.

We shall not go into the question of Sedgwick's predecessors, we shall only remind our readers that the modern science of geology was in its infancy in 1818. William Smith, the land surveyor known as 'Strata' Smith, had trodden the downs of Wiltshire before 1800 discovering and identifying rocks by their fossils as well as by tracing the order of their superposition. By the year 1820 Sedgwick was following Smith's footsteps with his maps in hand and on the ground learning the subdivisions of the Oolitic series. Sedgwick's first excursion was to Derbyshire, its limestone was full of fossils, many of which came back with the apprentice professor,

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BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

For several months previous to the celebration of the University Jubilee the pages of the MITRE were well filled with sketches and articles dealing with the history of the institution from its earliest days up to the present time. In glancing over this period of fifty years we cannot fail to observe that our advance has been a difficult and dangerous one. When the institution began to progress the bitter and unrelenting opposition of open enemies served only to move the members of the University to solidify and extend the work they had already begun, but the coldness and apathy of many of those from whom zealous assistance might have been expected must have damped the efforts of our founders and their successors. Notwithstanding the hard usage the University met with it grew more vigorous and independent year by year. It began to command the respect of many who had formerly been indifferent or ignorant. Before many years had flown by its services as an institution devoted to the work of general education came to be recognized and valued by men of all denominations, while its merits as a theological training-school of the Church of England, in Canada, came to be appreciated by the majority of the churchmen of this part of the country.

Want of sympathy was not the only difficulty our predecessors had to face. Material misfortunes in the shape of fires, which swept away the college buildings, occurred more than once. The revenue of the University has never been very ample and the funds require a great deal of careful nursing to enable the institution to maintain its position. However,

calamities and hardships such as these have not brought about ruin but have only hampered the work of the University. It speaks well for the founders; it speaks well for their successors; it speaks well for the present authorities that they have steered Bishop's College so successfully through very troubled waters. As a graduate of many years standing said a short time ago: "An institution which has so stood the test of hardship and misfortune for fifty years has surely been marked out for great things."

Thus for half a century Bishop's College has made a brave struggle for existence and has done noble work in the cause of education. The monotonous prosperity which fell to the lot of a certain Grecian despot of many years ago and which made men fear he had incurred the anger of the gods and that consequently the immortals would bring him to ruin sooner or later has certainly not attended the fortunes of Bishop's College. It has had its ups and downs, its failures and its triumphs; it has past through an ordeal and has lost none of its vitality in the process. Indeed it is like a sea-worthy boat which has been storm-tost and voyage-stained but has become stouter and more secure from its very struggle with adverse weather.

The Convocation of '95 is a thing of the past. The cow-bell, to which the orators of that day paid such flattering attention, has ceased to tinkle, let us hope, for another fifty years. In the continuance of such quiet, unostentatious, and useful work as that which has characterized the first epoch of our history Bishop's College will still find its chief glory and satisfaction. It will in all likelihood become larger, more complete, and more effective during the next five decades than it has been in the past, but its work must be stamped with the same mark, earnestness, in order to preserve and increase a reputation already acquired.

It has lately been proposed that the MITRE enlarge its staff by the admission of two graduates as members of the Board of Directors. That this addition would be advantageous in itself there is no doubt. Graduates have greater opportunities for soliciting both contributions and subscriptions. Their field of observation is wider and more varied, their experience riper than that of the ordinary undergraduate. However, there are difficulties to be considered; first, in so far as such an increase to the staff would