pedestrian manner in which the sonneted freshness is arosed 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 1896-97, on Sep. 20th, when Mr. Bishop was present. It was decided that the funds of the Society should, last year, be devoted to St. Paul's College, Madagascar. At the next meeting of the Missionary Union, 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; or one corner.

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 converse with their chums, and all are in perfect agreement as to the inevitability of examinations, as they make a few mental calculations of the days. 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. Clouds appear to be the prevailing feature of the times—from the head man down to the boy in the chapel.

Does anyone know what becomes 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-defense. 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 an filthy language, or to see them settle the dispute in a manly way by some people may prefer the former. —Dr. cha-

The football season has commenced and the man who happens to possess a bottle of Pond's Ex- tract is probably the most sought after self quite popular. The college has at present the foundation for a good team, but as the players are mostly new it will require some time to get into good form. Under the guidance of the or the being rapidly improving, and appear to take morning runs and other disagreeable exercise: essential to good training, in the proper spirit. The first match of the season was played on Saturday, October 11th, with Quebec.

Pat's back!!!

The following was the subject of a dispute over-heard 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 unusually large, and we believe there are more to come.

Dr. O. H. Stevens p'd us a visit last week. During his extended trip through the Eastern States he has accumulated quite an amount of new knowledge, the p'd us a visit last week. During his extended trip through the Eastern States he has accumulated quite an amount of new knowledge, the

J. J. Benny (96) has been appointed assistant house-surgeon at the Western Hospital. Since the opening of the Western 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 is still a "Curate."

It is with the greatest regret that we announce the resignation of Prof. Springe from the Chair of Anatomy. During his professorship the doctor has raised the standard of the Western 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 elegant lectures, with his accurate drawings, are still fresh in our memories. We are all thankful that we 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 received 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 (97) is now practising in Grenville, Vt. He paid us a "swiff" visit last week and reports everything booming in his town, but sickness he says is very slack. We are sorry the enthusiasm in his eye will not further be thwarted as we are certain that we would have gleaned some interesting news from him.

Dr. Wm. Mason is contemplating crossing the "briny" to take a post-graduate course either in Edinburgh or London. We believe 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.

We are sorry to hear that illness will prevent J. W. B. Kelly (97) from returning this year. He has clasified himself as a Freshman at 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 all glad to see him and his genial countenance would have been materially 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. A pet is a natural, and a natural thing. What can an artificial man do being? Echo answers—what?

THE Mitre.

Thos. A. Fortin (97) Senior Editor Mitre, returned from his home in Brushton, N. Y., where he had been spending the first time of the Adirondack Mountains. Not that his limbs require any increased vigor to give the wild class yea, but if he has gained any strength in those organs well content. 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 besides the Cadaver. Quail O subjects! Mack has sharpened his knives and swears that he will never blink an eye until his judgment has thoroughly mastered Heath, Gray, Morris, etc.

F. Newman (99) although a freshman in the proper sense of the word, is not a freshman. Being socalled to us he will not have his shadow before him. His careful and intricate researches in anatomy are not known to us. Of course to write learnedly on that subject he must be able to manage a thousand words with ease, and 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. Medicine 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 toll but he is expected daily. When last heard of he was in Quebec looking after some stray microorganisms which he lost last spring. We wish him good luck.

School Notes.

A CHIEL AM ANG YER TAKIN' NOTES!!

One day the Chiel came to me. He said:—"The worst of that editor is that he cannot understand anything. If I say I would 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 requiring the best, 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 not in using trying to improve your own age, you only hear violent unpatriotic remarks. I must turn my attention to foot-ball creases, holidays and preferment. Good luck, 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 religious 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 wits aches 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 of the person 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 in the age, which many people inflect on their friends; the only promising symptom at all out which is a P. S. expressing a hope that their next letter will be a better one. There are many considerables which may 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 can come to know each other, and finding out that 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. Words of this kind are apt to 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 then appreciation of her efforts, and also any ideas which they have about anything, which in their way of thinking might endanger her present advantages, or encourage 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 it to be to "A link between graduates, and old boys and the came.

But this form correspondence, like the great majority of letters, can be measured by the one true standard of calculating value, i.e. it is worth what it costs. The Alumni letter will be sent by the share of gold earnest thought about what is best for the progress of Bishop's College. There are doubtsless 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 much more likely to be convinced 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 seek over the traces and grumble at 'red tape' which he seems to find in every corner.

There are professional 'kicks' and conscientious professors in College, 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 care of his work. He then, if never before, and certainly more fully than ever before, appreciates Carlyle's bititude, "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask the Lord to make a world, 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 'sleep after toyle, port after storm', in the case of his instructor to understand his former arbour 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 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 "Towns ships" 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 point of view in the body of 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; and this would have been for a fastidious 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 see.

The Church has a most responsible duty to perform in restoring the Catholic truths of Doctrine, and Fidelity to their proper place in the eyes of all classes of people. And we should be as a matter of course be much more positive in adopting 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 influence, that the gradual development 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 university 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 "true, and genuine, the dear old nurse" who leads

"In regions yet untried
To toil and spile is some interest
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, 1893.
A. H. Moore.

Leaf and Dew Drop.

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

Tell me leaflet, mimic heart,
Whence and why and what thou art,
With tears from a fast fashion much,
What thy tint of restful green.

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

Tell us, tears from the sky,
Glistening dewdrop, tell us why,
Waking from the sleep of night.
Earth is revivèd over with light.

Humorous messengers are we
Made and sent of God to be
Told to you for your behoove
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"
"Love is light and life." no more.
All earth's star and wild unrest
Years to give and do what's best.

Tears for sin and smiles for grace
Signs no human skill could trace
Long in that and slow to grow
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 this perfection in residence. As has been arranged for the present; an effort will be made 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 the halls 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 incorrect, the fact is a good deal exaggerated 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 offered here. Quietness reigns supreme, unbroken save for the occasional bursts of murmiment which are waited from the abodes of light-hearted undergraduates.

Brown's and the Articles has been exchanged for Pearson's. 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 and compression of matter, will be found less difficult of comprehension than Bishop of Harold Brown, who might well be quoted as a master of the other extreme of style, and sufficiently does he enwrap his subject with illustration.

A hearty welcome is here accorded 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,—revered seniors and frolicsome 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 talents, who has gone to Oxford, and W. H. Davidson, who has entered the faculty of Applied Science at McGill. May the "Pates" be propitious to both!

"The melancholy days are come"—and so are the works of art, each with its own particular 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 top of each page. 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 show that they are correct. 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 the process produces the effect as if you were to away all the surface of the wood block except the lines, a long and tedious process. With this method Bewick combined the reverse one, and made the ends of the lines black instead of white, which differentiates them from more scientific engravings. "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 scholarship. Every line is individual, without law, without logic, without beauty, without virtue, tenderness—the infinite humour of the man." Among the drawings of special interest may be singled out a pathetic scene on page 53. It is a group of sheep in a raw state, the wind is blowing and sleet falling. A miserable sheep has taken refuge with its lamb behind a rained cottage, and grates at an old broom in vain hoping that some implement 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 engravings on page 211 is rather amusing. It is a cartoon, a fragment of wall glaring at a dog, which vainly tries to reach it; it is the delightful see-saw on page 443. Here is depicted a barrel lying on the ground, a thin stick 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 plumeage in Bewick's birds is the most masterly thing ever yet done in wood-cutting; it is just worked as Perugino would have done, and you have the winged figures of the birds as you would have 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 Prophets.

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 pensy way towards the road? No—you did not notice him; you have seen him so often that he is contemptibly familiar. You know me then, at 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 twanged, 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 me 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, or a Jove, or a lightning, or a colossus, I will try that he may not be an outcast, that he may not be an outcast, that he may not be an outcast. You and your boy and I must 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 equités 'horse-power', says that all the parts of a Greek verb end in omat, occasionally substitutes Jule Verne for a proper name, and utters the 'colliers', when I am talking of Castrino. All these substitutes of his are good in their way. His use is good, but not in the school-room; omat is good, convenient, useful, 'colliers' is good for the collar, not for the collared; Jule Verne is good, but may circulate too widely. What your boy does not appreciate is the value of a proper name. Our colliers are not good, but why does he turn his class-room into a restaurant and eat his dinner 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 less. Outside he has pluck, energy, is generous and cheerful; he does not utter premeditated untruths or knowingly commit injustice. I am convinced that he will be a good man. Should it be his lot to teach others, he will not remember me. I hope, without my 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 to reckon with a whole set of other capacities to reckon with, among them that set, at present partially undiscovered by me, which resides in a schoolroom.

All those sets I am responsible for, and if you have several children you know your gave enter that what means. Your boy, too, has far more powerful motives to hear and obey you than me. You cannot explain if he does not become one of the world's great savants (I rather mean 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 Jude to thrust greatness into him. You know of course, that the schoolmaster is quite misleading. You know that "the poor pedagogue of to-day is expected to be at once an athlete and an artist, an amateur and a professional". 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 disposition of his flock, to keep a sharp look-out for the occasional black sheep, of which he is warned by his own example. I myself have bowed with the cricket-ball two hours a day, 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 fulfill your requirements—perhaps that is why you complain—but I think that you cannot be very well 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 a one to your child? He cannot be educated by his own example, 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 it, doing your best, your boys do his best.

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 his own, and you cannot help being of opinion that during that time many of his acquirements are slipping away. But let me implore you not to agitate for the future at the expense of the present. It is true that in this country we are slightly less strenuous in some other countries, that we have not yet subjected ourselves to the condition of things, when "every hour must be as precious as life, and no postponement of 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. This is work that must be properly prepared, and the affairs of schoolclubs to be administered. Consider too that when your boy has packed up and is speeding on his joyous holiday, there is a good deal of work behind, and examinations, and reports have to be reckoned with—often a hard, delicate and sometimes dangerous reckoning. Oh, take everything else, but leave us yours.

After the term is finished, let not a candidate say offering. I am not referring to your son's ambition and does not work well, one must 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 ones. I believe there was no double-first in the English House of Commons but Mr. Gladstone. Your boy may in the future contradict or fulfill all expectations, and he is just as good a man as the next. 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. I am quite sure of this. I am sure, as it is possible that many of your delighted readers have never stopped to inquire what such a communication should say. I am quite sure, of course no one will pursue this inquiry with so much earnestness. Every 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, a small fraction of a year ago. He cannot exercise himself in those wide fields which are open to the 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 antiparliamentary. Nor would it do for him to dwell at length on his advantage and blessings 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 philosopher, agree if he can, and in that order. If you would pot of beer to his study, saturate the air with tobacco smoke and proceed to do something out of...
From 1819 onwards he made regular tours or trudges with a view of noting 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 neighborhood of the Lake District, probably examining the syenite of Hestercote, the arched red sandstone of the Quantocks, the blues of Thurlby and the Greensand of Westbury Down range. He explored almost every yard of the south coast. He unravelled the most intricate series of rocks with all the contortions and distortions which are characteristic of the older or paleozoic rocks. He made friends with J. J. Conybeare, an Oxford Professor of Anglo Saxons, afterwords of Poetry, had studied geology at Oxford in 1828. From these brothers, especially the first named, Sedgwick learned much, especially of the interesting Ordovician 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 bent and folded rocks of the Humber valley, scaled the Alpes, 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 agree to differ. This was later, in 1839 they were still friends, Murchison dedicates to Sedgwick his great work published that year 'The Silurian System.' The same year the 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 firmed an epoch in the history of European geology, and that under Murchison's hand the older palaeozoic 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. Here is a sight you see when you find yourself 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 been worked up to the habit of indigestion and eaten to dispense the viands arranged in symmetrical rows along the counter. If you escape the dilemma of being raked on the one hand by an irritating vacancy amid the general division of rocks and on the other from acute indigestion you arrive in a happy frame of mind at Muskoka Wharfe. Recovering your luggage in a pitiable condition from the hands of the energetic K. R. officials, you embark in the bottom of one of those boats that 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 lakes 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 500 feet deep, and that this great body of water is composed of one single range, is to say nothing of the problems of geology that you are about to confront. The contrast is striking between the life of the unappreciative tourist and the keen interest of the geologist. You may be able to say that you are on the lap of nature, but you are not likely to see it with the eyes of one who has been working for some hours upon their necks in water, when a showers of rain came on. They forthwith ceased work, and went home in the circumstances were too try for words.

A remarkable feature of Muskoka life is the entire abandonment of customs and dress of one's ordinary vacation while at home. Everyone drops his dignity on reaching there. The prominent citizen of the town, an eminent Q. C. has exchanged his 'silk' for a most gaudy blazer, his red bag for a box of worms and his half-calf tongs for a fish rod. He ambles down to the wharf of his brass and copper coach into the prow of the 'Scotland', the ancient steam launch which centers his legal acumen on fishing up an apparent marine monster, which on being safely landed turns out to be a disreputable sea-kettle. "Costs out of the boat," "adjourned sine die," "interdictory judgment," and kindred phrases now pass his lips.

The erstwhile stern ecclesiastical appears clad in nautical garments of most correct cut and yields the direction 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. In fact, he forgets the office 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 exploited by the fashions of the day. The dress-shirt, sleeveless, 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-riding bonnet." 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 bath—"washing up"—is a matter of all having a white or brown wash coat, and she in it here. 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 in Bath, or in the Boro. She is rarely pitiable here, but yet we do not deplore the jokes that appear in comic paper; not an affable this quite so a matter to make fun about. She is 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 virtues.

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: "The History and Essay of the Graved 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 Author, 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 this 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 achievement, 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 plates for Percy's Antiquities. 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.
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 of England and Wales. But I never regarded it as an old survey and friendship but rather a science and learned man. The maps of the Ordinance Survey are provided and it is the Geological Survey’s business to put its lines upon the map. The work ranged in a sudden 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 likely it is of careful and systematic thought and discussion.

TWO SONNETS.

July The First—Dominion Day.

Long line of preps fit for connect
Of her, the Queen of Monarchs, in this queen
Of reigns. From scattered colonies has been
Admitted, a hospitable, friendly
Response of loyal hearts, a chain strongest
In golden—weld of liberty, a true mean
Which I could hold, a real friend.
Fell yore where freemen under deat frit
What we have done herein let Africa,
Australia, our great brethren of the south
That let the ocean eripe do — Unite
In fellowship, our native
Accordingly, in many tongues one mouth
Proclaims good omens of the widening light.

—Thomas Wentworth.

July The Fourth—Independence Day.

Great mother of the nations see thy child
That counts in peaceful brotherhood its day
Of allah renewed. In adult strength the way
To greatness take our Country from wild
Tempestuous birth-rows, when uncontrolled
She strove with motherland and broke her sway
Though giant child increase the full array
Of commonwealths in freedom undivided
That peaceful conqueror of broad Continent,
That draweth to himself the progeny
Of other lands, while men of other speech
With British heart and British blood in being
With memory of thy stripes for liberty
Do thus his men a mutual union join
—Thomas Adair.

Written on the “Vancouver,” July 6th, 1855.
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 passed 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

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 dampened 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,