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INSPECTION INVITED,

At the next meeting Mr. Geo. Hall will read a paper on "Pigmentation in Diseases," whilst Mr. Meikle will read a Surgical Case report. Mr. Walter Webb will also exhibit a number of interesting pathological specimens.

An enthusiastic crowd of medicos assembled at Windsor Station to send off the delegates to the Toronto Medical College banquet last Wednesday, the 4th. Our popular friend M. S. Grace, '96, was sent to uphold our end, and we are sure that a good choice was made.

A great fight is being made in Quebec by the Faculty for the passage of the Dental Bill. If they should succeed in getting it passed this Session it will be a great thing for our College. We have at present quite a number of Dental students attending lectures but this number will be greatly increased should this question be satisfactorily settled by the Legislature.

Dr. Geo. Fisk has returned from a deer hunting trip up the Ottawa. He returns loaded with glory, two fine deer having succumbed to his rifle. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Chas. Fisk, and Dr. Manchester, of Verdun.

The ever inquisitive genius would like to know who buys cigarettes at the little store above Bleury. If a freshman, we pity him; if a sophomore, we censure him; but if a final man, we will have to duly sit on him. All answers must be sent in a sealed envelope to the M. E. with a V so that he may investigate.

Chas. E. Nichol, '96, left for Chicago, where he will spend his Xmas holidays with his brother, Dr. Scott Nichol. *En passant* he took in the Trinity Medical dinner. We hope he will have a good time.

The reception committee are getting in trim; many lengthy and serious consultations are being held and from all appearances they mean business. The Primary years intend to give the delegates a reception in the College building at five o'clock on the day of the dinner. The physiology lecture-room will be tastefully decorated and a programme prepared.

Mr. John Rollit (Den. '96) has returned from Huntingdon where he has been spending some time. His winning smile was sadly missed and already he has done much to establish quiet between hostile factions. When there are wars and rumours of wars is the time when "Johnnie shines."

School Notes.

The Chiel seems to have confined his observations this month to a rather limited area. But he has noticed a kind of parallelism, that is, in some ways, distinctly remarkable. He has been studying

the schools of the ancients, and sends me the following notice:

"In the town of Lennocia a would-be scholar, named Brocides, had a small band of pupils, to whom he was wont to teach the ancient tongues and his mother-tongue. Brocides is believed to have been a Barbarian, as he understood not some of those customs which were usual with those he taught. His band was variously composed. First came Magnitudo, a generous youth, but of critical disposition. Many things that Brocides said Magnitudo threw cold water on, always questioning, and sometimes to little profit. This extreme inquisitiveness of Magnitudo was matched by the scribbling rage of Faber. The latter had the pen of a ready writer. As the words dropped from the mouth of Brocides, they were committed to the parchment roll of Faber. Delicate was the hand of Faber, but his choice of words somewhat erratic.

"One youth, who came from Cis-Alpine Gaul, had a strange name, Berdicensis. It was thought at first that this Gaul was a devotee of the Muses, as he wore his hair long like an Aœcan. But it appeared that such was not the case; Berdicensis played a furious game called Pedispherum, and his long hair served to protect him from the attacks of his enemies.

One enthusiastic pupil has been fittingly named Pastor, because of his fatherly regard for the others, including Brocides. It is true that Pastor need not attend the lectures of Brocides at all, because he has acquired sufficient knowledge in former years, yet such is his pliant disposition that he suffers himself to repeat familiar fables. Nevertheless, when Brocides inquires of Pastor concerning these same familiar fables, he looks up amazed and answers, "O Magister, librum amisi." Pastor has a notable love for the Greek, and his knowledge of it is not shallow but deep. His affection for one particular verb-ending is a frequent source of wonder of Brocides, moving him sometimes to use the native Doric.

I now come to Ventior, whose motto is "Non intellexi." Yet Ventior does not think himself to be some great one, but attentively listens to the wisdom of Brocides, occasionally. It is said that his name is an excuse for using the barbarity "Foller in addressing one's school-mate.

Brocides has long suspected that one of his pupils is descended from ancestors who spoke the Sanskrit. Nun was the name of the father of Joshua, and Mac., our legionaries report, is used by the Piets for "Son of." How these two tongues came to combine passes the understanding of Brocides, but most assuredly they have, and Macinun would seem to stand in a fraternal relation to the great leader of the Israelites. This Aryan name is set off by a pure native cognomen, Equus, applied to another diligent pupil. Macinun and Equus live together in amicable sort, each eking out the deficiencies of the other's knowledge.

At the tail of the band comes Factus. He has known more erudite men than Brocides and quotes them freely. Brocides meanwhile sits silent, praying for the termination of these things, remembering the words of an ancient writer, who wished not to have his all neglected, though it were ever so little. Factus thinks he does a service to Brocides, not knowing.

Brocides, the Barbarian, is said to have a great regard for this small band—Magnitudo, Faber, Berdicensis, from Cisalpine Gaul, Ventior, Pastor, Macinun, Equus and Factus. He listens to them willingly and endeavours to be exceedingly

courteous to one and all. If at any time he is driven to discipline, he likes not the inflicting of superabundant tasks any more than his pupils.

It was the season for giving thanks. The weather was distinctly unobjectionable, almost seasonable, in fact, and the Chiel sauntered forth with a view to getting up a respectable appetite for the feeding event of the year. Many snowy miles tramped he, until he felt that he would not turn his back upon a legion of turkeys, nor play a discreditable part with a mountain of plum-pudding. Alas, for these hopeful and enthusiastic preparations! Where was the turkey? Where the plum-pudding? It was with weak tea, into which dropped at intervals the salt tear of heartbreaking disappointment, that he solaced himself that Thanksgiving, and realized with many sighs that thankfulness does not flow as readily from cold slices of defunct cow, as from a bloated and odoriferous turkey "with fixin's."

To complete the bitterness of life, the long-looked for football match was "off" as well as the turkey. With cynical revilings of the whole human race for letting its good customs die, and its bad ones flourish, the Chiel crept to his cold and comfortless couch to woo a temporary forgetfulness of things in general. It came to pass that as he was dreaming of many things earthly and unearthly, that a ringing of bells and a babel of voices awakened him, to learn that turkeys had indeed come into his life, and he rose and set his teeth in them with much vigor.

Upon an afternoon when the usual work had somehow gotten itself remitted, a companion-in-travail of the Chiel's said to him, "Let us go fleet the merry hours at the magnificent City of Sherbrooke." It was so, and as the Chiel was leaning over one or two bridges, trying to imagine the Magog the Thames, a vision of splendour approached him, consisting of an immaculate brown bowler supported by a form clothed in a manner that betrayed an absolute disregard for shekels. The Chiel instinctively took off his hat to such a conglomeration of all that is lovely, and in doing so, his heart nearly stopped, for he recognized beneath the bowler the face of an old acquaintance, whom he had last seen gilded with a decayed white yachting cap. Then there appeared other acquaintances of the same beauty as to externals, as the first; in fact, Sherbrooke seemed shining with them, and the result has become apparent in a picture, a group of haughty "bloods," which will in time, no doubt, decorate the walls of the staircase, to awe future new boys with a sense of their own unworthiness.

The Football Team has been photographed! Sadly the Chiel's heart beats that he is no footballer. It was worth five years of ordinary life, to be 'taken' with one's hair flowing and extensive, one's body encased in a leather sack, and one's lower limbs hidden by stripes and padding. Hail, oh Plug-uglies, Hail! The Chiel bows to your beef and sinews! May fifteen such never be wanting to B. C. S. to uphold her honour on the football field!

Pensively the Chiel was wandering towards the Reading Room to abstract unostentatiously the current number of the "Pall Mall," when there struck on his ear a once familiar click. Incredulous he burst into the nearest room. It was after all no delusion. A billiard table there was, some four feet long, furnished with glittering balls, and scientific players. Spellbound the Chiel stood, and watched the noble game to its conclusion, but on instinctively looking for the natural sequel, he discovered that this billiard room has no 'Bar.' Nevertheless the inventors and owners of this new amusement are to be congratulated. Ives and Schaefer will have to look to their laurels.

The Chiel has at last found one to help him. For many weary months he has laboured almost single-handed, but the approach of Christmas, 1895, finds him with a coadjutor. He minds him of the sentence in the Greek Syntax: "He needed friends, so that he might have fellow-workers," and he need no longer use the Optative Mood, for the Mood of Fact is more true to life.

Farewell, my friends! Visions of good things rise to view and obscure present anxieties. Merry Christmas to you!

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best known graduates. Mr. Wright took as his text St. Math. XVII. 19, and after dwelling on the great duty of missionary effort, and the great work already accomplished, made a strong appeal to his hearers, as members of an institution which is itself largely a result of missionary effort, to devote themselves to the work of enlarging their Master's Kingdom.

The evening meeting which was well attended was marked a sport of earnestness such as has not, we think, been surpassed in the history of the Union.

The paper of the evening was read by Mr. Donnelly B. A., who took as his subject the life and labours of the late Bishop Field of Newfoundland.

Mr. Almond B. A., next gave an interesting outline of the work being done in Labrador, a large tract of which had been included in the Diocese of Newfoundland, and ministered to by the late Bishop.

Mr. Burns then supplemented Mr. Donnelly's paper by some further facts.

Rev. Prof. Parrock spoke in a forcible way of the responsibility which the Canadian Church is under to pass on the light which she has received.

Rev. Dr. Allnatt who presided, gave some interesting reminiscences of work in Labrador, thus bringing the programme to a close.

It is hoped that the spirit manifested at this meeting will grow and bear fruit.

An invitation has been received for a delegate to the Dinner of the Medical Faculty on the 12th inst.

Whether the pressure of our examinations permits of this being accepted or not, our Medical conferees have our best wishes both for their own success and that of the Faculty to which they belong, and which we understand is celebrating this year the 25th Anniversary of its institution.

With the above remarks your scribe offers the readers of the MITRE, every good wish for the coming season and craves to be allowed to return once more to his interrupted strivings after knowledge.

Arts Notes.

Carlyle informs us that the greater part of mankind are fools. The Arts' Editor agrees with that celebrated philosopher. Alexander Selkirk was wont to exclaim:

"Better reign in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place!"

The Arts Editor feels certain that this was spoken in blissful ignorance. Carlyle was right, or otherwise a man who is conscious of the appalling nearness of the approaching Exams. would never be so devoid of common sense as to devote his time to the concoction of unappreciated sentences when he might be in happy oblivion of such prosaic matters and lost in the delightful realms of classics and mathematics

Alexander Selkirk was wrong; but there is every excuse for him since he never experienced the alarming and exacting claims of an Editor-in-chief.

So far this term no man has had cause to complain of monotony within the College precincts. At no time within the memory of present students has there been in one term so many changes, and such a number of new schemes set on foot. Of course all this has not been accomplished without commotion, and for a time the only reply to be obtained to any question whatever from some men was, "Will see you again—have a meeting on!"

The majority of men are now thinking, or at least say they are thinking, of settling down to work in earnest. Christmas examinations are once more the baneful cause of this melancholy state of affairs. Some men, the less hopeful ones, work with the "Hope born of despair," others, those of a more sanguine turn of mind, with the consolation that Exams resemble wine in that they have their pleasant "after-taste."

Between the departure of Football and the advent of Hockey there is always an irksome period in which the fertile brains of the students must derive some form of amusement to while away the time. Last year "Shinny" performed the duty in this respect; this year the manly game of "Leap-frog" has been called into operation in the corridors. Now and again a Professor, remembering perhaps the time when he also took pleasure in thus disturbing the studious tranquility of an evening, seems disposed to join in the game, but by the time he arrives on the "field," the objects over which he expected to leap, have for some unknown reason mysteriously disappeared.

It has been suggested that the MITRE give some distinctive observations on the several years of the Arts' Faculty. We remark as follows:—The first year is as fresh as desirable: the second—like second years all the world over—have concluded they know less than they did in the first; the third—well, they are replete with knowledge and deep learning, and conduct themselves accordingly.

The Debating Society is in a flourishing condition. The first meeting was held early in the term, when Messrs. Watson, B. A., and Vial, B. A., were elected President and Vice-president, respectively, and Mr. Moor was appointed to the office of Secretary. Five debates have already been held this term, which is an increase in the number held during the corresponding term last year. The following are the subjects which have been discussed:—(1) Is an elective Upper House more conducive to good government than a hereditary one? (2) Were the thirteen American States justified in withdrawing their allegiance from the British Empire? (3) Do inventions improve the condition of the labouring classes? (4) Is a lawyer justified in defending a bad cause?

(5) Is woman by nature intellectually equal to man? All the members seem to take an interest in the Society. The older speakers show marked improvement since last year, and those making their maiden speeches have spoken in a way that augurs well for their future. May the Society continue to improve and hold that position which it ought in such an institution as the University of Bishop's College.

Whether the transmigration of souls be a fact or not, we have it on good authority that George Washington has reappeared in the Arts' building in the shape of a second year man.

It is rumoured that a great acquisition has been made to our library in the way of a very valuable biography, viz.: "Life of the Right Rev. A. H. Würtele, D. D., with woodcuts, by the Rev. Freda Balfour, B. D. D. C. L.

In the public mind the initiation of a man into the mysteries of college life is always associated with such gruesome articles as icicles and red-hot pokers: We also often read in the papers of dark and ghastly deeds perpetrated under cover of college walls. We fear that such blissful and fascinating experiences belong to days gone by. Although the authorities frown down all semblances of "hazing," yet where is the student who is not sensible of its charm, and would not encounter it, if for no other reason than to recount its horrors afterwards? Although we do not wish to deny the existence in Bishop's College of this time-honoured custom, yet it is of so mild a form that it acts only as a means of creating good fellowship among the students.

Medical Notes.

Time flies on apace, and soon we will be in the midst of our Xmas Exams. Strange it is how great the remorse is, after wilful neglect of work. A descent from the height of bliss to the deepest of deep melancholia—Ah! happy junior, well may you laugh at your seniors, they are truly objects of ridicule.

The only happy man in the College is No. 14. He got 92% in the last Materia Medica Exam. We congratulate him on his Summer's work, and would also remind him that our prophecy has come true.

Geo. Hall '96 has returned from Toronto where, he represented the Medical Faculty at the Trinity College Annual Dinner. He has returned the same old Georgie. There is a very friendly feeling between Bishop's and Trinity. The treatment of the delegates was grand and the fact that Georgie lives to tell the tale is sufficient for us to bear in mind.

A fierce discussion on the relative value of the Valkyrie & Defender, took place between two of our Second Yearlings a few days ago. Considering that

neither knew what he was talking about, a great deal of amusement was afforded the auditors—The sounding of the lecture bell avoided bloodshed.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated royally by the nurses of the Womans Hospital. A very select few of the Students were tendered an invitation and duly regaled themselves with the goodly things set before them. Many eloquent speeches were delivered during the evening, and the M. E. is sorry he was not there earlier to record them. The attending physician was present in the earlier part of the evening and after bestowing his blessing on those present, departed.

Lost, between Montreal and Back River, a medical student, dark, well supplied with follicular appendages—Has his initials upon his shirt front, and answers to the name of "Old Man." Finder please return and get reward.

Such is an extract taken from one of our dailies. Can it be that one of our numerous Back River fiends has been so disgracing himself as to get lost. Ah no! it cannot be so—better far that he should die, get run over, anything but lose himself—never—

Our Annual College dinner is to be held in the Queen's Hotel on December the 17th. A jolly time is expected. The Committee is working very hard to make it a success and so far it seems that we will be highly entertained. One pleasing factor will be the *debut* of the Glee Club. They are down for two glees which they render very well.

Another interesting item will be a song called "The Battle of St. Christophe," composed by Dr. W. H. Drummond, being characteristic of the Meds. of long ago. It is expected that a large number of our graduates will join us, and help to make the 25th Anniversary Banquet an event to be recorded in our history.

Dr. Wm. Mason has entered upon his duties as house surgeon at the Western Hospital. We are glad to see him there and hope that we may not cause him too much trouble.

The first regular meeting of the Undergraduates Medical Society was held last week. A large number of Students were present and many lively discussions were in order. Drs. England & Wilson gave very interesting and instructive addresses on the very important subject of Medical Ethics.

It is a great pity that more enthusiasm is not manifested in this Society by the Students. By the careful preparation of some special subject and the reading of it before his fellow Students. Each undergraduate is preparing himself to occupy such positions in Medical Societies as becomes a Bishop's graduate. No matter how well informed a student may be, he can always derive benefit by attending these meetings regularly. It is to be hoped that the delinquents will see the error of their ways and let themselves be both seen and heard.

The earliest fact then which I can discover concerning them is that they ran races together. "A, B and C," we are told, "run a mile race; B has 100 yards start of A, and C fifty yards start of B." From this we should infer that A if not the eldest of the three, was at any rate the strongest, did we not find in another place "A and B start together to run round a circular track, B beats A by 4 seconds and again" A B and C start together to run $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, C finishes 5 seconds after B but 10 seconds before A." But in any case the fact that A is, 19 times out of every 20, mentioned first, shows that he held some sort of primacy in the triad.

Running is not the only sport in which our three heroes engaged, for we find: "A makes twice as many runs as B and C together in a cricket match." Also, "A can fling a cricket ball 82 yards, B 87 yds, and C '942 of 96 yds." And on another occasion if not rowing themselves, we have A and B acting as starter and umpire, respectively, in a rowing contest, for we are told: "2 crews row from A to B in 20 and 21 minutes." It is not, I think, making too great an assumption to say that these various athletic trials took place at school, for in an immediate context we find: "A has five shillings to spend on oranges," a thing which would only occur at school; and that they were at the same school is made positive by the interesting statement: "A is one year above the average of his class, B is six months below it." This last, compared with the calculation that "A and B are the same age, 2 years ago B's age was to that of C as 7 is to 6," show that for a part of least of their school days they must have been in different classes. That this temporary separation did nothing to impair their intimacy or love for each other is proved by the touching detail: "A buys 900 nuts for one shilling, and divides them among B, C and himself in the proportions of 7, 6 and 5." It seems that at this period of their lives they were tall for their ages, and probably thin, for we find them described, with some humour, as "Three telegraph poles, A, B and C, 25 yards apart."

We have not that wealth of detail and incident of their school career that we could have wished, but it is certain that at its close they went up for some public examination, for we read: "In an examination A's marks are more by 37 than the average required for passing, B's more by 12, and C's less by 15." We have to fall back on conjecture for particulars as to what examination this was, but from the fact that after it we find "A and B walk from Cambridge to London, a distance of 52 miles," we may conclude that it was a college matriculation examination, especially as the liberty and freedom of university life would permit the formation of those bad habits which we notice now begin and manifest themselves, and which had such a terrible effect on their after career.

We find them plunging into extravagancies: "A buys a thousand cigars for £25."—"A buys 2 horses

for £250, one of which he sells to C for £123." Frequenting billiard rooms: "At billiards A gives B 15 points on 100."—Gambling, "A and B engage at play." "A, B and C play at cards, staking £5 each";—unlimited entertaining: "A, B and C give a dinner to 28 persons, and agree to divide the expenses equally"; and, above all, drinking to such an extent that one author writes of them: "Two casks, A and B are full of wine and water mixed," while further on he refers to them with disgust as "Three tanks, A, B and C."

We have no certain proof of their ever having effected ladies' society at this time of their lives, when one would have expected it, but we cannot positively say that they had *no* dealings whatever with the fair sex, for there is one, obscure and as I think universally mis-printed reading which would seem to point to something of the sort. I refer to the mysterious statement "Four bells, A, B, C and D, toll at intervals." Now I consider this is a very corrupted rendering of an original which probably ran: "*For belles, A, B, C and D toil* at intervals," which, taken in connection with the accompanying information: "A and B each row a boat 3 miles with the stream and the same distance against it," would show that they were addicted to taking parties of ladies to picnics 'at intervals.'

It is evident, however, that a continued indulgence in the habits above referred to speedily exhausts not only their resources, but the patience of their relations who were doubtless supplying the funds for their university course, and after the significant mention of A owing £100, "of which he pays £70 in cash, and the remainder with $7\frac{1}{2}$ dozen of wine," we find them reduced to absolute beggary. "Three tramps," we are told, "A, B and C, meet for a meal; A has 4 loaves, B 3 loaves, and C 2 loaves."

It is certain, however, that this period of destitution could not have lasted very long. They are evidently ready to do any work, however menial, to earn their living, and they seem fortunate enough to have obtained employment together under a kind and generous master, for we have the assurance that "A gentleman divides £10 among 3 servants A B and C in the proportion of 9 7 and 8.

Yet it is noticeable that they very shortly leave household employment for agricultural, probably because of the greater independence in the latter, and we find that "A mows a field in 3 days of 8 hours each," and "B and C together mow half a lawn in 4 hours," and again, "A B and C dig a ditch in 18 days," and "A and B build a wall 4 feet high round a circular pond."

Obviously they put by whatever money they are able to save in these and other laborious occupations, with the idea of later entering into business in order to retrieve their fallen fortunes.

At first their essays in mercantile speculation are conducted on a small and huckstering scale:—

"A buys 50 cigars for 6 shillings and sells them at 3 pence apiece." A and B each buy 60 oranges which they retail at a profit of 27 or 37 per cent. respectively." "A buys 2 sheep for £6 each and sells them for £3 16s apiece.

But evidently continuous and increasing success crowns their persistent efforts to rise again, and a little later we are glad to find that "A B and C enter into partnership, contributing respectively £800, £700 and £500.

It is probably here that we must place A's lamentable series of business failures, in which he pays respectively, 13 shillings in the £, five shillings in the £, two shillings and eightpence in the £ and $27\frac{1}{2}$ cents on the \$. But considering that we find a reference to A gaining a profit "by using a pound weight, '125 of an ounce too light," and that at a period closely subsequent he invests a sum of £28,000 in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents, it is to be feared that these bankruptcies were not financially unproductive to A. It may be as a salve to his conscience that about this time he divides £18:10:6 among the 30 poor men, 20 women, and 10 children.

The career of all three, from this on, is one long record of prosperity and advancement, not only in money matters—as evinced by their incessant and increasing investments in the 4 per cents at 85, the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cents at 90 and many other gilt-edged securities, but in the estimation of their fellow townsmen—for we are informed—"A and B are candidates for a seat in Parliament, A polls $27\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more votes than he was promised, while B polls 37 per cent. less." Some near relation who had probably been estranged by their former fall from respectability, relents on his deathbed and bequeaths his fortune of £123,000 to be divided among them in the proportion of 8, $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 4." A himself blossoms out into a landed proprietor of no mean order, for we hear of his buying 35 square miles of land, at £18 the acre," and his income tax at $4\frac{1}{2}$ pence in the £, is estimated at £205.

In fact to such heights does his wealth increase that he is figuratively referred to as "A block of gold, A weighing 200 lbs.

Both A and C marry and become the fathers of families, as the references—"A divides £20,800 among his 3 sons and 5 daughters," and "C is the centre of a circle," prove. Though we have no corresponding information about B.

The result of the good living and luxurious habits which they are now enabled to indulge in renders them unfit to be any longer sarcastically spoken of as "telegraph poles," but a distinct reference is made to their portliness of presence in the words—Two cylinders A and B and a sphere C, have all the same volume."

Here let us leave them, in their well-earned wealth and happiness, surrounded by loving children and grateful domestics, among whom they are

constantly dividing sums of money. Though I do not like to close this record without drawing your notice to one touch of nature which will enable us to realize that the history of living men is here presented to us, and not that of shadowy, philosophic abstractions.

"A train," we are told, "leaves A at 2 o'clock and arrives at B at half past 4." Obviously A was going to pay a visit to his old friend and brother in adversity at the latter's estate; but, owing possibly to his increased size (which we have already referred to) and consequent shortness of breath, misses the train which B comes to the station to meet, for the purpose of welcoming him.

Let us all, while taking warning by the experiences of their younger days, emulate their indomitable perseverance in the face of overwhelming odds, and thank the fates if we are permitted, to enjoy the company of those who will be as faithful to us as were A B and C to each other. O. B. M

Divinity Notes.

The Faculty Scribe having been with difficulty extracted by the Editor-in-Chief from a chaotic mass of text books, yields to the situation as gracefully as the nature of the case permits. He still feels unvoluntarily impelled to bolt and level once more in his former ecstatic bliss, but he nobly resists. May this great self constraint condone any shortcomings in the following results.

The examinations are almost upon us, and with them arises the old question as to the real value of the test of progress which they supply and of the degree of attention which they deserve. Perhaps after all the best and most practical general answer is "Do your best." Still there seems to be room for doubt as to the permanent value of success in examinations regarded in itself. However, the question which really occurs to the writer is, whether the individual student is justified in laying down for himself the lines upon which he will study, outside of what is necessary for passing; or whether it is his duty to make perfection in the work prescribed by the calendar his first ambition.

Probably this depends on whether the individual is really capable of judging what is best for him in the matter, a question to which it is impossible to give a general answer. It seems to us however that a reliable student may very profitably, be allowed some latitude in this matter.

The Terminal open meeting of the Missionary Union took place on the evening of Friday the 29th ult, in the College Hall.

Evensong at 5 p. m., had been followed by a sermon by the Rev. H. E. Wright M. A., one of our

and compositors. In 1495 he issued the first volume of his Aristotle. Besides the Greek books which were his chief care, he published numerous Italian and Latin books, many in small volumes. For these he had the type struck which bears his name, and which is said to have been copied from Petrarch's handwriting. Our first book is one of these. It is a small thin book, as Aldus says "comodius teneri manibus." A space is left for the first letter of each satire in case the buyer should wish to have them illuminated. The volume is in fairly good condition but has been re-bound.

Aldus died in 1515 and was succeeded by his son, Paulus Manutius, who was born in 1512. During his minority the business was carried on by his maternal grandfather, Andrea Asolanus and his two uncles. It was during this period that our two next books were published. The books of this time lack the scholarly editing which had distinguished those of Aldus. The Macrobius and Censorius is the only edition of those works published at the Aldine Press.

Paulus, while his uncles carried on the business, studied at Venice with unremitting industry, and acquired a solid reputation for scholarship and learning. In 1533 he undertook, personally, the conduct of his father's business. He devoted himself chiefly to Latin Literature, both as author and as publisher, and was passionately fond of Cicero. The fourth book mentioned above is one written as well as published by him. It is a commentary on Cicero's letters to Atticus. The whole text of Cicero is not given, but only such words and phrases as he wished to comment on. He died in Rome in 1574, and was succeeded by his son, Aldus Manutius, junior, who was born in 1547, and died in 1597. With him ended the house of Aldus. The Aldi had been printers and editors for almost exactly one hundred years. The conditions which had brought them into prominence had ceased to act. Their mission was accomplished and new forces were coming into play. Opinion is divided as to the merits of the second Aldus, and it is well to remember that he had not the same opportunities of distinguishing himself as his grandfather had. The Library does not possess any specimen of his publications.

CECIL T. MUNDY.

The Librarian, the Rev. Prof. A. C. Scarth, has presented to the Library a most interesting relic of ancient days. It is a copy of the "Frying Pan," a College Paper which was published in the Lent term of 1861. Only one number of this magazine was issued, and but very few copies are known to exist, as the authorities did not entirely approve of the tone of the paper. This can hardly surprise us, since the tone is certainly far from being dignified, and the editors and writers prudently omitted to sign articles which they had written. As an illustration of college life thirty-five years ago the paper is valuable,

but it will be well for those who read it to discount largely the information therein given, remembering that journalists are prone to exaggerate. At the same time its perusal should make us very thankful that our lot is cast in other days. Future generations of Collegians will have cause, as indeed we have, to feel grateful to Prof. Scarth for having so generously made public this record of former times.

Prof. Scarth has also given to the Library 'Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra,' by the Rev. W. Ware, a tale of the Roman Empire in the days of the Emperor Aurelian. It is a most interesting story, and may prove useful to those who are studying the history of the first three centuries of the Christian era.

A Munificent Offer from Robert Hamilton, Esq., D. C. L., Quebec.

Quebec, Nov. 30th, 1895,

MY DEAR DR. ADAMS.

Since the receipt of your kind and persuasive letter I have thought over the financial condition of Bishop's College in connection with the fact that this the Jubilee year is approaching its termination, and I am now disposed to make the following conditional offer, viz.:

Provided the *bona fide* subscriptions to the Jubilee Funds already contemplated, amount, in all, before the 31st July, 1896, to the sum of at least ten thousand dollars, I will give the sum of twenty thousand dollars as a special Jubilee Fund, the same to be invested by the Corporation of Bishop's College; and the annual revenue therefrom to be applied as follows; one half towards the payment of the salary of the Rector or Headmaster of Bishop's College School and one half towards the general objects of the College in such manner as may seem best to the Corporation of the College.

Yours ever very truly,

ROBERT HAMILTON.

The REV. PRINCIPAL ADAMS, D. C. L.

Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

We are authorized to state that though it is most desirable that if possible ten thousand dollars should be paid in as well as subscribed before July 31st, 1896, towards the Jubilee Funds now in course of formation for (1) the completion of the Chapel, (2) the new Gymnasium, (3) the replenishment of various endowments already begun—as Science Professorship, Professorship of Pastoral Theology, Principalship, or beginning an endowment for the Professorship of Classics, or for the School; yet all that is actually necessary to secure the payment of Mr. Hamilton's

noble gift is that ten thousand shall be promised in writing by various donors; it is suggested by the Bishop that a three years' system be adopted if any donor prefer it, the instalments to be paid on or before July 31st, 1896, 1897, 1898, respectively. Every dollar thus annually subscribed by the friends of the Institution for three years would bring us six dollars from Mr. Hamilton, provided the whole is raised. This we feel *must* be done.

The Council has instructed its Secretary to acknowledge with cordial gratitude Mr. Hamilton's splendid and encouraging offer. Every effort should be made by every one as Bishop Dunn says "from the Governor-General to the lowliest servant of the College" to earn the timely aid of Mr. Robert Hamilton. Every little helps; every little will be trebled.

The School has long wanted endowment. We congratulate the Principal on the answer he has received; it must be specially agreeable to him to see the endowment of the School so substantially begun; it is a fitting sequel to the work he did as Rector of the School in the six years ending with June, 1891. We see no reason why our School should not again have a hundred boys in it, and more, as it had five years ago.

We have reason to believe that something like two thousand of the required ten thousand is practically promised. It was in September 1894, that the idea of the Jubilee Fund was started in Quebec, by the Principal, at a meeting of the Alma Mater Society. The sum aimed at was fifty-thousand dollars in five years. Should the condition of Mr. Robert Hamilton's offer be realized, the institution will be sure of thirty thousand dollars within two years of the starting of the idea. The present turn in affairs is one for which we should all be deeply grateful, and the help promised calls upon us all to do our part. Let us determine so far as is possible that the 'glory of the latter house'—the work and gifts of the second half century of our history shall be greater than that of the former.

Our readers may not be aware that Mr. Robert Hamilton's Golden wedding occurred this year, thus coinciding with our own jubilee.

We congratulate our honorary graduate on this happy event and trust the coincidence will bring to himself and Mrs. Hamilton as good an omen as it has now brought to us through his means.

Advent—Sonnet.

Earth's alternations bring us needful sleep;
The drift of time each year beyond our will
Draws us towards slumber of the soul, until
The Advent trumpet with its warning deep
Sounds o'er life's ocean from the heavenly steep.
Awake! seek light, arise! thy vices kill,

Prepare for judgment, my commands fulfil,
As thou shalt sow on earth, thus shalt thou reap.

Ascending spiral of the Christian Years
Find us not further from our land of birth
Or shipwrecked on life's storm-tossed main!
Ascended Christ shew how in midst of tears
Who heaven on earth perceives finds wealth of earth
A hundredfold enhanced.* Come Lord, to reign!

*S. MARK X, 29-30.

THOMAS ADAMS.

A, B and C—Their Adventures.

In these latter days of severe literary criticism, when Bacon is discovered to have written Shakespeare, and Homer and David are found to have had no connection with the works which were once attributed to them, and when literary secrets hidden for centuries, are now spread forth to the public gaze; I feel I may, without inappropriateness, introduce to your notice a mystery which has for years, by the common consent, apparently, of those cognizant of it, been wrapped in the most ignoble oblivion.

The story for which I ask your attention is a record of life, temptation, fall and ultimate triumph; of steadfast conquering and upward progress, by a devoted and united band of friends, three in number, with whose ever honored names I have headed this column.

Who among us has not heard their names over and over, with vain speculation as to who they were, why they were, and what they were. Yet no answer has hitherto been vouchsafed us on these important topics.

Urged on by this unsatisfied demand for fuller knowledge concerning these shadowy beings, who were household words with us in our school days, I have set myself to elucidate the tangle of the universal and ubiquitous legends which deal with their lives.

It is no easy task to piece together the fragmentary information that it is possible to glean concerning them, from the works of those to whom we must refer for their biography. Yet after a lasting, and I may say profound, study of the many volumes which make here and there a mention of their existence, I have succeeded in discovering what I believe to be the main outline of their history, which I here give you in a crude and imperfect state. It will belong to a future age to attack or vindicate the conclusions at which I have arrived, and to applaud or condemn the correctness of my chronology.

The difficulty of correctly unravelling this skein is not decreased by the fact that not only have we the lives of A, B and C to deal with, but at rare intervals a fourth person, D, is mentioned, and even occasionally a fifth by the name of E, but in the following lines I propose to confine myself entirely to setting forth the doings of the three first mentioned.

ceding situations where the same music occurred.

Similarly individual themes are employed to depict the Witch, or Witch's Spell, or the Wood-Voices, and so forth. These are also used very cleverly; as for example, at the place where the children have burned up the Witch in her own oven, the Witch-theme occurs, but now transformed into a waltz! Or again; where the Witch says the *Counter-charm*, to release Gretel from the spell, she simply inverts the melody and the harmony of the original *Spell-Theme*; a proceeding similar to saying the words over backwards.

It will be at once seen how great Wagner's influence has been here. His principles have been applied, and applied consistently, "Hansel and Gretel" is as truly Wagnerian in method as "Tristan and Isolde." And yet what individuality it has! How entirely different from any of Wagner's dramas, or from anyone else's, for that matter! To use Wagner's method has not by any means meant to copy Wagner's language. Surely we have here the very best kind of proof that Wagner's system is not an arbitrary one, but is destined to be the basis of all great musico-dramatic works, so long as such an art-form remains in existence.

The reader will perhaps have drawn his own inferences from these scattered remarks, and it is hoped that his opinion will be in accord with the point which the writer wishes to press—namely, that we are now fully justified in taking a most hopeful and optimistic view as regards the future of the Music Drama. Needless to say, the musical public are awaiting Herr Humperdinck's next work with almost breathless interest. And those who have perused the score of "Hansel and Gretel" feel confident that, even if the inspiration should not prove as fresh in his new composition, at any rate the technique and the treatment will not fall below the level reached in the first work. It may with safety be said that a great future lies before this composer, and we hope—nay, we feel confident—that he will not let the tide flow by him now that he is once so safely embarked upon it.

And if in this single instance we have found that so much can be done on Wagner's lines, why should not other composers, of other nationalities, go their way and do likewise? There is no essential reason why 'Wagnerian Works' should mean 'German Works.' France, Italy, England,—yes, and America, are all brought within view of this promised land. The first great explorer of its wide rich plains has had one successful follower. Why not many others?

Oxford Letter.

Having been asked to write an Oxford Letter I shall try to comply with the request, though I fear it will be very uninteresting. However, here goes.

I arrived in Oxford on a "beastly" wet day—England, I have discovered, is always wet—and getting an umbrella, hunted for a lodging. At last I found one in a nice quiet street, rented at the moderate sum of £1.1 a week. I thought I had struck a gold mine, but alas! when the first week's bill came in, it was Oh! so different. Here it is: Rooms £1.1, fires 14s lights 2.6p, use of piano 2.6, attendance 5s, Board 15s. My gold mine was—well, to put it mildly—'all that glitters is not gold.' Then I worked. I found a few dreary looking men also working, and we cheered one another—turning up our collars, lighting our pipes, and trying to keep our trousers out of the mud. They wore Norfolk jackets. Everybody here does. So do I now. By and by other men arrived, the College windows were opened, so was the door of the "Schools," and white ties began to make a festive appearance on the street. The "Schools" looked formidable, so I went to London, and on my return, having got a hansom (there are no cabs here, and one needs about six hansoms to carry one's luggage) for myself and several for my traps, drove slowly down to my College—I should say I had passed the first exam—not to the gate. They would not let me in. The porter, a fat old boy with a double chin, said he didn't know me. That I did not care for so I went to the Warden and together we came again to the lodge. Whereupon the stern guardian of the precincts subsided and let me in.

Afternoon teas seem to be the great feature of Oxford. I have been here about three weeks and have been to forty and given about twelve. Everyone also goes in for sports, especially rowing. I went to-day, purchased a pair of bags and nearly froze, they were so short. There is about 1½ feet between your bags and socks which Oxford etiquette requires to be exposed to the fury of the elements! The chief pleasure in boating seems to be getting knocked over by an oar (your own or some one else's) and being sworn at by your coach. However it is good for the appetite. I have just gone through four teas at the Union and am quite ready for another. This has all been egotistic. I ought to have been writing about churches and chapels, halls and colleges. Well, *face tuâ*, I will begin again and try, though I am a poor hand at writing unless about my own great self. The place is full of churches and parsons—never saw so many in my life. They are really too common—even bicycles have to yield the palm to them in numbers. Among the really fine chapels is my own—late Byzantine architecture, with mosaics all over it. Exeter, which has a Burne Jones Tapestry. The House, a very fine chapel used as the cathedral. Among the churches are St. Mary the Virgin, a very beautiful church outside but very disappointing inside, except on sermon days, when 'The University' is pleased to attend in the person of the 'Vice.' He is resplendent in color and a long beard, and on my matriculation spouted Latin for about half an hour.

A most distinctive part of Oxford is the river with the College barges and boats—a very pretty sight in the afternoon when tubs, fours and eights are out.

Other sports of course take their place in the freshers' list of 'accounts payable' with musical and other clubs.

This is a short description of Oxford, and if any of you would like to go into the matter more deeply or to investigate the truth of my statements, I should be most happy to see him on Tuesdays or Thursdays at 4.30 p. m., and would be pleased to give him a cup of tea.

A. POWELL AVELING,
7 Beauchamp, Keble College.

Library Notes.

ON OLD BOOKS.—In writing of the early-printed books in our library, one is almost tempted to follow the example of that Natural History of Ireland, in which an entire chapter was given to the subject of "Irish Snakes," the chapter consisting of one sentence, "There are no snakes in Ireland."

The really old books here are very few, and not conspicuous, yet there are these few, and if of no other value, they will at least serve to remind us of the days when printing was invented. Surrounded as we are at the present day with books and printing in every form, we meet with two opposite facts which it is very hard to realize:—one that there are many books which are as much as four hundred years old; the other that there ever was a time when printing was unknown. The due appreciation of time is even harder to acquire than that of space, what is, we instinctively think, always has been. We talk freely of hundreds, even thousands of years, but such talk conveys little meaning to our minds. In regard to books these difficulties may both be said to arise from the same cause; namely, that printing sprang into being an almost perfect art. Indeed, it is doubtful if, considered as an art, printing is as good now as in its earliest days. That mechanical processes have improved is true; we can now print books with greater speed and accuracy, but more beautifully, no.

When we speak of the invention of printing, what do we mean? The art of printing, that is of producing a number of similar copies from an original design, is of extreme antiquity. The Assyrians used small cylinders as seals, on which words and sentences were cut. The seal was rolled over a smooth slab of wax or moist clay, leaving an exact impression of the figures on the cylinder. A similar process is the basis of all engraving. To turn to later days, in the XIV century, there were published what are known as block books; pictures and letter-press alike were carved on wood and then printed from.

Blake's "Songs of Innocence," which the artist-poet etched, verses as well as drawings, on the copper for lack of funds to pay for the printing, may be referred to as a modern instance of the same kind of work.

Something more was necessary to make printing available for book printing. It was the invention of moveable types that made printing on a large scale possible. A very simple idea, that of cutting each letter on a separate block of wood or metal, but hitherto unthought of. The honour of this invention is claimed for both Fust and Gutenberg. They each printed books about the middle of the XV century.

Printing began as a perfect art, because it was invented at a time when two other arts had been lately brought to a high state of perfection—the arts of writing and engraving. The need of multiplying copies of books had produced an army of trained writers and transcribers; men who could produce page after page of a book, written so perfectly as to be sometimes hardly distinguishable from printing; men with artistic instincts which led them to choose certain forms for their letters as best, and to reject others as inferior. All that was required was to transfer these forms to printing type. This stage in the art had been reached in much earlier days. Not to speak of the libraries of Assyria and Egypt, or even of Ancient Greece, in the Augustan age of the Roman Empire manuscript books were published almost as freely as printed books are now. Large numbers of slaves were employed in writing from dictation, and thus editions were produced, both quickly and cheaply. Books were first printed about the middle of the fifteenth century; the oldest book in the library is dated 1501.

In fifty years, printing as a manufacture, had made great progress; books were now plentiful and published by many people at different places. Venice held a leading position in matters connected with printing, so it is only natural that this book should come from Venice, and further from the house of Aldus. Out of the large number of books published by the Aldi, there are four in the library. They are "Junii Juvenalis Aquinatis et Auli Flacci Persii Satyra," Venetius in Aedibus Aldi, M. D. I. "M. T. Ciceronis Orationes," Venetius in aedibus Aldi et Andreae Soceri MDXXVII (three volumes, of which the first is wanting). "Macrobbii Insomnium Scipionis en Ciceronis, etc., Censorinus de Die Natale." Venetius in aedibus Aldi, et Andreae Asulani Soceri MDXXVIII. "In Epistolas Ciceronis ad Atticum, Pauli Manutii Commentarius. Venetius Apud Paulum Manutium Aldi filium MDLIII.

Aldus Manutius, the founder of the Aldine Press, was born in 1450. He received a scholar's training, studying both at Rome and at Ferrara. It was his ambition to secure the literature of Greece from further accident by committing its chief masterpieces to type. He settled in Venice in 1490, and at once gathered round him a small army of Greek scholars

perfidious, though this feeling is not so pronounced and evident as it is over the border. Of course, our country is a new one, and it is only natural that education should be both broad and shallow. The average Canadian is more well-to-do than the average Briton; a fair schooling can also be obtained at far less expenditure than in England. Concomitantly, Canadian boys and girls go to high schools; they learn a curious medley of Modern Language, Science, Mathematics, Classics and Short-hand, but very little of any single subject. They then probably matriculate at some university, with a vague knowledge of everything and a sound knowledge of nothing. Accordingly, the Universities are almost forced to yield to popular clamour and adapt their curricula to appease a half-educated public opinion. However, this hardly seems to be maintaining the university ideal. The University should educate the people up to its own standard, not lower itself to theirs. Perhaps the course of action which will in time recommend itself to educationalists will be to confine all Collegiate Schools to a narrower but quainter and less sketchy curriculum. Then the Universities will acquire more dignity, and more influence, and will be able to help on the cause of learning more than it is possible for them to do at present.

Splendid and valuable has been the work done by our Canadian Universities in former years. The same language applies to their work to-day, but they are likely to lose much of their efficiency and influence for good, if they permit themselves to be hampered by the crude and injudicious suggestions of reform made by persons who, in many cases, have only a vague notion of the effects of the changes they propose.

To Diana.

O thou who guardest grove and hill,
And thrice invoked the voices shrill,
Of those in travail heedest,

And rescuest from death's dark storm,
A goddess thou of triple form,
A virgin-life who leadest.

To thee this pine I dedicate
Which overhangs my villa gate
And when each year is ending.

Here will I sacrifice to thee
A little pig with roguish glee,
A sidelong thrust intending.

HORACE, Odes iii, 22.

The Future of the Music Drama.

THOUGHTS PROMPTED BY THE PRODUCTION OF
"HANSEL AND GRETEL."

Until but a few months ago things looked very dark so far as concerned the great prospect which Richard Wagner opened up to the musico-dramatic world. Those who fully grasped the import of his work had begun to see what a vast gulf lay between "Parsifal" and the productions of other composers of opera since Wagner's death. And while some looked earnestly to see this gulf bridged over, many were so deeply impressed with its great size that they became despondent and took a pessimistic view of the whole question. Some even went so far as to apply to it Wagner's own dictum with regard to the Symphony—that it had reached its highest possible development in Beethoven. That such an opinion was shallow, and based on too cursory a view need scarcely be said. Sufficient time had not elapsed since Wagner's death to warrant any adequate judgement being formed on so important a matter; no ultimatum could safely be pronounced upon it as yet. Moreover these critics had failed to take into account a very significant fact. Namely that, whenever any great light shows itself in the fields either of Art or of Letters, men's eyes are apt at first to be so blinded by its exceeding brightness that it is usually some time before they can recover to their normal activity.

Others, however, have found in the lack of worthy successors to Wagner the confirmation of their equally hasty judgement on the composer and his works—namely, that his principles are entirely arbitrary and founded on no adequate logical basis. Consequently that it is not to be expected that anyone except the originator of such principles should be able to perpetuate them. Sufficient has already been said in a former paper, published in the MITRE, with regard to this. Enough to say here that these critics seem us to have failed as signally as the former class to take cognizance of all the facts of the case.

But we have now no need to resort to argument in order to show the inadequacy of such criticism. We have a practical refutation of both these statements. A successor, and a worthy one, has been found for Richard Wagner. We have no longer to philosophize and speculate as to whether it lieth within the natural powers of man to write Wagnerian Music-Dramas. The thing has been done; and Engelbert Humperdinck is the name of the man who did it!

A few months more than a year ago the musical world was startled into sudden interest by the appearance of a little work, based on one of Grimm's Fairy Tales—a story familiar to every German and nearly every Anglo-Saxon from childhood. The composer of "Hansel and Gretel" was himself almost

unknown, and seems to have been unconscious of his own talents in this direction. These talents he was to discover in a very unexpected manner. His sister Frau Adelheid Wette, suggested to him that he should write some simple music to a children's play, for the amusement of his little nieces, and she herself promised to supply the story. On seeing the completed plot the composer, realizing at once its latent capacities for dramatic musical treatment, immediately decided to give up his original intentions, and set himself to write a complete music-drama upon the story. The result of his work was the production of a score; displaying all the good points that had belonged to Wagner's system and, as it seems to us, many more besides. Wagner had developed the serious side of German Folk Lore—the heroic legend—but had left almost unexplored the equally wide and rich field of the more playful Marcher or Fairy Tale; and it was into this new country, so to speak, that Herr Humperdinck found himself thus suddenly transported. Wagner's idea that Mythology alone embodies in its primal simplicity and purity the eternally typical, and is for that reason the only proper subject for dramatic works (such as are to gain universal sympathy) applies as much to the Fairy Tale as to the Heroic Legend. In other words, the joys and woes of Hansel and his little sister can be expected to find as instant a response in the heart of humanity as the sorrows and triumphs of Siegfried or Brunnhild. The event has clearly shown that this is so. On its production both in Germany and England "Hansel and Gretel" has met with instant and complete success. And the reasons for this are evident, even to one who has only witnessed the wholly inadequate setting, given under Sir Augustus Harris' management at Daly's Theatre, in New York. "Hansel and Gretel" marks in large measure a distinct advance, on any previous Music-drama. The composer's wonderful skill in counterpoint—skill which, to us at least seems much greater than Wagner's—has made it possible for him to obtain completely organic unity of treatment throughout. The number of distinct musical themes is surprisingly small—(and indeed might be diminished to perhaps as few as ten radical ideas by a close analysis, since many of the themes spring out of one another)—and these are combined and worked out with such a dexterous hand that no one except an experienced musician would realize the skill that has been displayed in their development. Thus, while the score is marvellously complex—more complex even than Wagner's as far as regards counterpoint—the general impression given to the listener is one of naive simplicity, entirely in keeping with the character of the subject.

Perhaps it may seem superfluous to recount the incidents in a story which almost everyone knows. The following brief sketch, however is inserted merely for the purpose of drawing attention to certain salient

points in the composer's treatment, which seem to indicate the influence of Wagner's style.

Hansel and Gretel are the children of a poor broom-maker, who lives in a little shanty upon the edge of a wood called Ilsestein. The children have been naughty and disobedient, and so their mother has driven them out into the woods to gather strawberries. The summer afternoon is nearly gone before they realize how far away they are from home, and the woods have already begun to get gloomy with the shadows of evening. When they suddenly do become aware of this they lose themselves in fruitless efforts to find the path in the darkness, and very soon get dreadfully frightened. When their terror is worst there appears, suddenly and silently, in the dusk a little grey mamikin with a sack upon his shoulder. This is the Sandman, who puts children to sleep when bedtime comes by strewing sand in their eyes. Hansel and Gretel cower down till the Sandman is gone, and then sing their little evening prayer and fall asleep in one another's arms. In the morning they are awakened by the Dewman, and after awhile stumble across the house of an old witch who dwells in that wood. The house is made of gingerbread and all kinds of good things, put there by the Witch for the purpose of enticing thoughtless children for whom she has an especial fondness, particularly when plump and nicely roasted! Hansel and Gretel fall into the Witch's clutches, but succeed in turning the tables upon her and roasting the old lady in her own oven. So everything turns out happily after all.

One scene must be mentioned in particular, for it is wonderfully beautiful—whether we regard it musically or dramatically. It is the scene where the children are playing together in the wood. The Cuckoo is heard fitfully amid the soft murmur of the forest and the children amuse themselves in mimicking its note, replying to imaginary answers which they make believe it is giving to their questions. Gradually the darkness deepens. The children have eaten up all their strawberries, and now it is too dark to find the way home. During all this time the feelings of the children are reflected with perfect faithfulness in the music of the orchestra, which keeps on iterating and reiterating one or two closely allied themes in constantly varying harmonies and rhythms and tonal colors.

Throughout the drama the idea of God's watchful guardianship is symbolized by a definite theme—the *Prayer Theme* (so called because it occurs most prominently in the children's evening prayer)—and this is introduced with great felicity in many places. For instance, where they see the Witch's lovely gingerbread house for the first time, and Hansel says that he is sure the angels must have brought it, he sings these words to the *Prayer Theme* thus establishing a connection with the pre-

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BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Editorial Comments.

In this age of progress we are too apt to boast of the superiority of ourselves to our fathers and grandfathers in general civilization, practical and intellectual. But while we pride ourselves on the continual advance we are making towards an ideal and perfect condition of life, while we cannot but be sensible of the dash and energy with which everything at the present day is done, we must perceive that there is such a thing as moving too fast, even when that movement is in the right direction, for in pressing forward we are liable to let slip many an opportunity of assuring ourselves of the strength of the new position we have taken up. We are also prone to despise, or at the least neglect, many sound and sagacious practices and theories which our forefathers acted upon and maintained.

Many men of great common sense, some even of ability and education, rejoice at the practical turn the university work of to-day is taking, though it is a well known fact that university education should be devoted, not so much to the acquirement of learning as to the training of the mind in such a way as to enable it to acquire learning with facility and judgment. Still, the people who aver this truth so stoutly often assert with even greater vehemence that a young man's education ought to be of such a character as to fit him for his appointed career. Their argument simply amounts to this—that, from an elementary stage, very vaguely defined, a person's edu-

cation should be of a purely technical stamp. This assumption seems to destroy the force of the former one, which argues that University Education is the general development of the mind, and not the 'cramming' of it for a special object. People appear to forget that the clearing away of cobwebs from a prejudiced mind, the building up of a power of accurate and sensible thinking, is of immense value to an individual in the profession he has selected. It is of equal, if not greater value to him than any amount of professional lore he may steep himself in with the intention of becoming successful in the walk of life he has chosen.

While it is a pleasant thing to contemplate the wide diffusion of learning in modern times, it would be well, perhaps, for those who are leading this benevolent movement, and scattering good gifts before the general public, to consider whether their methods of carrying out the project is as laudable as the project itself. Both in this country and in Great Britain, the University Courses have been extended, supplemented, and made easier in many respects. The old theory that a knowledge of classics or mathematics is essential to any one who lays claim to depth of intellect and refinement of taste, is becoming somewhat an antiquated one among a certain class of people. Now, however much truth there may be in the fact that these two branches of study were overvalued by past generations of scholars, there is perhaps some chance of their becoming over-despised in this pushing and irreverent age of ours. Yet they have been in the past the basis of all sound learning, and let us hope they will continue to be so. It is probably considered an open question, but we may not be very far wrong in venturing to say that the class of men turned out under the old system were, on the whole, better scholars and more able men than those which are now evolved under the new order of things which chiefly flourishes in the collegiate institutions of the United States. The remarkable array of courses open to the undergraduate of most of these colleges might well agast the uninitiated. Yet we believe there is not so much real value in this system as there was in the honest hard-headed system of old. The one method has a tendency to make a man superficial, and the other either makes of him a scholar and a thinker, or else shows him how little he knows, and thus is productive of humility, which, after all, is a good quality.

In Canada there is the same craving to make everything severely common-place, practical and su-