

Correspondence.

Dear Mr. Editor-in Chief.

Although there can be no question that even now the use of the College Library is of great benefit to students, I cannot help feeling that there are some particulars in which its present condition is very unsatisfactory.

The importance of the Library as a factor in the educational system of the place is so evident that I make no apology for suggesting what seem to me some very necessary reforms. First of all, why is it that, beyond a few donations, no books are being added to the shelves? We must all feel that in many ways the Library is still very deficient. To mention merely one class, it is a painful truth that, with one exception, it does not contain the works of a single Canadian poet. Why this is so it seems very difficult to explain. It has always been the traditional belief that the fees charged for supplemental examinations and fines were set apart for the purchase of new books. Unless this belief is without foundation the Library must certainly have a considerable sum standing to its credit. It cannot be that the Library is too small for further additions. There are still several shelves unfilled and more could easily be arranged. It seems a pity that now when our institution is growing in so many ways, the Library should not at least keep pace with the general progress.

The next point which I should like to mention has to do with the duties of the so-called Assistant Sub-Librarians. These officers under the present system are students, usually two in number, who devote themselves gratuitously to looking after the affairs of the Library. They are responsible for the giving out and calling in of books, the arrangement and order of the Library and the carrying out of the rules by those who use it. This office is by no means a sine-cure. If the work is properly done it demands a very large proportion of a student's time and energy. If it is not properly done, those who use the Library and, still more, the books themselves suffer. Why should not means be taken to insure the proper performance of the work? I would suggest that two free tuitions should be set apart yearly for the benefit of those who undertake these duties. By this means the authorities would acquire the right to insist on the work being satisfactorily done, and at the same time the post would be worth the having, and good men would be glad of the appointment.

There are two other pressing needs which can be briefly mentioned. The first is that of a handy printed catalogue for the benefit of those who wish to discover the whereabouts of books. At present one who has not discovered the hopelessness of the task is left to pore over some half dozen laboriously written volumes until the headaches and eyesight fails. Lastly there is needed something to replace the present system of slips which is utterly abominable. It is safe to say that half the labour of the Assistant-Librarians would be done away with if entry in a book were substituted for the system of slips. It would then be possible to see at a glance what books were out, there would be a permanent record of the issuing and returning of every book, and a saving of time, temper, labour and expense. Hoping these suggestions may appear worthy of your consideration,

Yours very truly,

"SCRIBE."

The Montreal Diocesan College.

Through the munificence of Mr. A. F. Gault the Montreal Diocesan College has acquired a new lease of life. At the public opening on the 21st of Oct., 1896, a most brilliant assembly gathered upon the platform. Present were the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, the Bishops of Quebec, Huron and Montreal, the Principal of McGill, and the Presidents of the various Colleges affiliated with that University, the Principal of Bishop's College, Sir W. Dawson, and many others.

Touching reference was made to the late Principal of the Diocesan College, the Rev. Dr. Henderson, whom death had overtaken just when the prospects of the institution to which he had devoted so much of his life and labour were so bright. The Principal of Bishop's College made a powerful speech which showed how able a representative he was of those wide sympathies, and charitable views for which the University of Bishop's College is so justly famous. He applauded the tone of the previous speakers' utterances that were filled with a commendable spirit of courtesy and christian charity. Then mention was made of the noble work of Dr. Lobley who, prior to accepting the Principalship of Bishop's College, had been for several years the guide of the destinies of the Diocesan College. Dr. Lobley was therefore a bond uniting the two institutions, for both of which he had worked with all the enthusiasm and ability which he possessed in so high a degree. Our Principal then spoke in a more general way of Higher Education and the spirit which should be the basis of all designs formulated to diffuse religious culture amongst the people of Canada.



Here and There.

The MITRE takes much delight this month in recording the marriage of the Rev. A. H. Moore, B. A., to Miss M. Wurtele, daughter of the Rev. Louis C. Wurtele, Rector of Actonvale. The Rector of Actonvale, who performed the ceremony, is a much respected graduate of the University, while his son, Mr. A. H. Wurtele, is now within gun-shot of attaining the rank of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. B. Watson, B.A., acted as "best man" on the auspicious occasion. Thus the wedding had a University tone distinctly pervading it, a condition of affairs which must be regarded as most satisfactory. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left for a brief tour to Boston and New York, but have since returned to the scene of Mr. Moore's parochial labours. There were a number of wedding gifts, and among them a token of regard from those old fellow-students of the bridegroom who are still in residence.

R. N. Hudspeth, Esq., M. A., formerly Lecturer in Science of this University and Mathematical Master of the School, who left some time ago to study Art in Paris, has since returned to Lennoxville and, we believe, intends to open an Art School in this vicinity. From all who know Mr. Hudspeth and his enthusiasm and ability in all things artistic we are sure he will receive that appreciative support which he deserves.

The Rev. Marcus H. Carroll, B. A., ('93) who took the Theological course at the General Seminary of New York, and who was recently ordained to the Diaconate, has been appointed to the Parish of Norway, Maine. We wish him all success in his work.

edge of the wettest and swampiest places. The railway was crossed again where the little brook runs under it, and for a time the path was easier, until wandering through the woods it reached the high plateau near Johnson's sugary. The trail was again lost for a moment, rather to the relief of some who were out of training, but it was soon found again, and crossing the rough half-cleared land, led down to the narrow gorge beyond. Very cold the water at the bottom proved, as some impetuous ones found, when, trying to cross at a run, they slipped on the rotten logs and plunged knee-deep into it. Over a fence and through the corner of a wood, and then the trail was lost again in a rough clearing; when found it lay between two fences and across another water jump. A few with extraordinary prudence climbed along the fence on either side, but for the more part they splashed straight through. A little later the trail turned along the edge of a ploughed field and then across stubble; the hounds who had kept well together until now, began to tail off as the pace was quickened over the open country. Soon the Huntingville road was reached, and the trail led up the long greasy hill away from that village. Rumor says that the hares were lucky enough to get a lift on a friendly farmer's wagon up this hill. The slippery mud was so trying that when the top was reached not more than half a dozen hounds were in sight; these made a good run down the hill to the railway, and, following a very faint track up the road and into a field near Mr. Mitchell's house, from whence the School could be seen, found the bags. Then the hounds scattered and made for home. The hares made good their time, coming in ten minutes before Price, who, closely followed by Johnston I, was the first of the hounds.

The second of the series of Lectures was given on Friday evening, Oct. 23rd by the Rev. Principal Adams. Dr. Adams gave a pleasant account of Cambridge, and was listened to with close attention, by a large and appreciative audience. The lecture was illustrated by a fine series of views of the Colleges, shown in an ony-hydrogen lantern.

Professor Mills, on Nov. 6th, gave the third lecture, on Animal Intelligence. The lecture, which dealt chiefly with certain aspects of intellect as shown by dogs and cats, was deeply interesting and most instructive, but, as the lecturer himself admitted, rather beyond the comprehension of the Lower School. All, however, listened closely, and must have carried away with them some fresh thoughts about that mysterious gift,—intelligence.

"On the Colours of a Soap Bubble" was the title chosen by Professor Cox for the lecture which he gave on Friday, Nov. 13th. The School had laid most stress on the word Soap-bubble, and were a little disappointed to find that Professor Cox emphasised the word colours. They soon found that the

colours were, at any rate, almost as fascinating as the bubbles themselves. In very simple language, and aided by lantern views, Professor Cox showed that these wonderful colours depended on the various speeds of the waves composing light, and on the exceeding thinness of the bubble-film.

The long-hoped new Gymnasium seems as far off as ever. This is disappointing to the athletes of the School, who had heard that some portion of the Jubilee Fund was to be expended in this direction. The present barn-like structure is hardly adequate to their requirements, and serves principally as a field for games of 'Follow-my-leader' and as the arena for the pugilistic decision of differences of opinion between small boys.

The specimen of the 1st XV Foot-ball cap is not a sight to raise enthusiasm in the breasts of those qualified to wear it. There is a notable deficiency of braid about it, and the date and monogram should certainly be done in wire instead of silk. It is a pity that, with such beautiful colors as purple and white, something more artistic could not have been produced.

DE NATURA PUERORUM.

(Being a short extract from the ancient author Caius Balbus Garrulus, translated by O. B. M.)

..... Thus then, as I have said of men, so of boys; there are two sorts:—

Those who live unto their school (*societati*), holding its reputation of great price (*maximi*), and those who live unto themselves, their own habits and desires.

To the first all men, careful of the future of the Land, accord respect and (*ne dicam*) laudation. These be such as are heartily glad (*in sinu gaudent*) when Providence (*Dii*) hath, by disposition of brain, or by strength and swiftness of limb, put in their power to serve the interest of their miniature state (*rem minorem politicam*), and advance the honor of its citizenship. In matters athletic, as well as in contests of learning, their endeavor is always to be first (*certamine superiores abire*);—not indeed for their own glory or advantage, but that by the striving of all, the work (*facta*) of all may become more worthy.

These, when other duties have claimed them, are still had in gracious remembrance (*memoria feliciter repetuntur*) of those that come after; so that it is said 'of this one we recollect this,' or 'of that one such was the custom.'

But these others (*isti*) are such as by no means regard (*minimi habent*) the welfare of their School, or the hopes of those loving it, and whose concern is with their own bodies. These, indifference, laziness and selfishness easily deter from healthy games or from study; though they consider with nicety the question of adornment and continual eating.

Their tongues run glibly (*numerosa et volubiliter verba profundunt*) on the subject of food eaten in their

fathers houses, and of the many desirable maidens whom they have courted, not without success. Such boast of prowess in strength, but are unwilling to prove it except on those that are by no means their own size. Moreover, they affect to despise (*despectum prae se ferunt*) those whom the joy of effort fills with enthusiasm.

Of these, when they are gone, there are no regrets; nor, indeed, do their names linger in the mouths of others. (*Minime vigent in omne aevum.*)

On October 13th the first visit of his Lordship the Bishop bore its usual fruit, a whole holiday. The Dean of Quebec addressed a few kind words to the School at the assembly which prefaced the welcome announcement.

The Hallowe'en celebration this year was rather conspicuous by its absence. Not even the time-honored "There's a hole in the bottom of the Sea" sounded to break the dignified calm. Those who rose early enough were privileged to see a chair floating free at the head of the flagstaff; but even that disappeared before breakfast. The presence of about 30 members of the School at Montreal, for the encouragement of the Football Team in their arduous efforts, was doubtless the cause of this quiescent state of affairs.

Mr. Geo. B. McLeod (B. C. S. '84-'87; R. M. C. '87-'91) is now in Bonner, Montana; and is connected with a large Milling Company.

Mr. Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, R. E. (B. C. S. '79-'84) is stationed at Aden; and Mr. H. B. D. Campbell, R. E., at Roorkee, N. W. P., India.

Mr. W. G. Heneker (B. C. S. '79-'84) is with his regiment, the Connaught Rangers, at Sheffield, Eng., and his brother, Mr. F. C. Heneker, of the Leinster Regiment, is at Hamilton, Bermuda.

Mr. C. B. Farwell, R. E. (B. C. S. '79-'84) is now the Assistant Engineer at Bombay, India.

The friends of Mr. C. Temple Emmet (B. C. S. '79-'85) will be interested to hear of his marriage, which took place recently at New Rochelle, N. Y. Mr. Emmet, who has been for some time practising Law, passed through Quebec last summer, with his brother, Mr. W. L. Emmet (B. C. S. '72-'74) on his way to the fishing preserves of the Stadacona Club.



Athletic Notes.

It was with the deepest sorrow and regret we saw Quebec, our old time friends and opponents, withdraw from the Quebec Rugby Union. Ever since Bishop's have had a team in the union, the matches we have looked forward to as close and friendly encounters, have been those with Quebec.

Although at present Quebec feel compelled to leave the Union, we hope that time will heal the wound, and that before many seasons have passed, Bishop's College and Quebec may again be pitted against each other in a championship match.

With the exit of Foot-ball and the advent of cold and stormy weather our thoughts naturally turn to Hockey.

Why should we not retain our high position in the league? We have the material and with hard and constant practice it can be done. But before we think of real hockey our rink must be prepared. Last year the rink was most successfully run by the students themselves, without hiring a man, and the same plan should be adopted this year. The care-taking of a rink is practically nothing except after big storms, and then, even if we had a man the body of students would be obliged to turn out in order to clear the ice for practice. It would only be necessary, to have a man during the X-mas Vacation so that the rink could be ready for our return.

The news that the Sherbrooke Hockey Club had dissolved was received with regret, but we hail with good wishes "The Metropolitan Hockey Club," who intend putting a team in the league.

We hope that the utmost harmony and good feeling will exist between the different league teams this season.

At a meeting of the Hockey Club, Messrs. Vial Boyle and Rothera were elected delegates to the league meeting which is to be held shortly in Stanstead.

THE MITRE is in receipt of a copy of the London, Ont., *Advertiser* of November 11th, containing an account of the first annual field day of the Western University Athletic Association, which event came off on the picturesque grounds surrounding the University, and was witnessed by some hundreds of students and their friends, a freshmen's supper following in the evening. Although it is not stated that Provost Watkins was the inaugurator of this movement, we think we can detect the spirit of love for manly sport, which rests in our late Professor of Classics, as being the moving power in bringing about this worthy state of affairs in our young sister university.



Notice to Subscribers.

The Business Manager requests to be informed of any change of address.

themselves do nothing in return. Not to attend the general meetings of the students, or to leave the same in the middle of an important discussion, is regarded by the older men as much in bad taste as—well, as eating with a knife. To say the least, it is a point of common courtesy to have some regard for those matters which concern the whole body of students at large. But the iniquity of the thing does not stop here. Soon the management of affairs will devolve upon those who have lately arrived, and it will then come home to them that some previous experience would stand them in good stead. To every student all College institutions ought to be objects of interest. The Debating Society, the Athletic Association, the Reading Room, all claim a share of his support, and certainly all the MITRE consumers will agree that the said magazine should be upheld as the goal-keeper of literature.



School Notes.

On Oct. 30th the first fifteen and a number of supporters started for Montreal in their usual "Palace Car," supplied by the Grand Trunk Railway, which was decorated with purple and white banners.

The first match was played against Tucker's on the M. A. A. grounds. Considering the very disagreeable weather the number of spectators was by no means small and the school held their own in cheering us on to victory.

The game started with a series of accidents. S. Purves, being seriously kicked behind the ear, had to retire for the rest of the game, but was ably replaced by Dobbin.

Tucker's forward line was heavier than ours but we managed to hold our own and were well supported by the back division which was far superior to theirs.

At the start the school showed a decided superiority in every way, rushing matters and securing a touch, which was converted by Mr. Auden; Tuckers then held us down till just before half-time, when we obtained a touch-in-goal and a rouge. The score stood 9 to 0 at the end of first-half.

In the second half, the wind being with us, we rapidly piled up the score. For Tuckers, Butter, Acer and Trenholme did great service, and forced the school several times into dangerous quarters. The passing of Barretto, and the running and kicking of Mr. Auden, Rothera and Cowen, was especially good and we finally succeeded in gaining a score of 25—0.

The teams were as follow :

Stevens	Back	Mildrum
Mr. Auden	Half Back	H. Trenholme
Rothera	"	Butler
Cowen	"	Redpath
Barretto	Quarter Back	Acer

C. LaFrenaye	Scrim	Besaillon
H. Hayward (Capt)	"	Trenholme
R. Purves	"	Beny
White	Wings	Mr. Williamson
Cummins	"	Ferman
S. Purves	"	Hartt
Porteous	"	Middlemiss
Webster	"	Leduc
Pattee	"	Turnbull
Gilmour	"	Meellet

Referee—Mr. Meeks
 Umpire—Mr. Barclay
 Touch Umpires—Mr. J. Ross, Mr. R. Balfour.

On the following day we met the Montreal High School on the old Shamrock grounds, and although feeling stiff and bruised from the effects of our previous match, we soon loosened up and were able to put in a good game.

The grounds were in exceedingly bad condition, having numerous puddles at both ends.

The game in the first-half was rather fast and our training showed good results. Most of the play consisted of kicking and following up, as we had a rather strong wind in our favour.

The honour of the second-half chiefly went to the forward line, who by continual scrimmaging and dribbling forced the ball up the field, and scored often in spite of the wind being against them.

Hayward showed up especially well and by his quick dribbling made some good individual plays.

The wings too did well and were so quick that the High School quarter had no chance to pass. Porteous, Webster and Pattee distinguished themselves at this period and were continually on the ball. When the referee called time the score was 25 to 0 in our favour.

The long looked for struggle between the School and Masters and the "dauntless" Sixth, was played on Saturday 14th.

The American term of "Gridiron" for a field was very appropriate for the day, but interfered little with "stalwarts" of '97.

For the School Mr. Auden, White, Cummins and Papineau put up a brilliant game. Sixth were all "Stars."

At the call of time the score stood 26—8 in Sixth Form's favour.

Charley Rothera of "Bishop's" was quite impartial as referee and ably assisted by Jack B. Winder also of "Bishop's."

The teams were as follows :—

SCHOOL—Back, Mackay; Halves, Mr. Auden; (Capt.) Stevens; Quarter Back, C. Porteous; Scrim, Pillow, Gault max, Coristine; Wings, White, Cummins, Gault maj, Papineau, Chambers I, Purves II, Austin.

SIXTH FORM.—Back, B. Boas; Halves, B. Hayward; (Capt.) E. Cowan; Quarter Back, J.

Barretto; Scrim, LaFrenaye, S Purves; Wings, D. Gilmour, M. Morkill, T. Webster, G. Porteous, G. Dunn, H. Pattee.

CHARACTERS OF THE FIFTEEN.

H. S. Hayward, centre scrimmage, has captained the team well. As a scrimmager has much improved. Gave his team an excellent example in the two School matches.

G. Porteous.—An invaluable wing. Always backs up, tackles well and plays his hardest.

H. G. Pattee.—Has played a good wing game throughout the season. Is rather too fond of jumping.

B. Webster.—As a wing has been of much use to the team. Must learn not to impede the quarter-back.

C. LaFrenaye.—An honest, hardworking scrimmager. Always plays very hard. Tackles well. Indispensable to the scrimmage.

C. Gilmour.—A good wing. Always plays his best.

E. A. Cowen.—A fast half-back, who does not lose his head. Must learn to kick more accurately. Tackles well.

H. Cummins.—A heavy wing, who very rarely failed to keep back his opponent. Tackles well.

F. Barretto.—Quarter-back. Plays a very unselfish game and always does the best thing for his side.

R. Purves.—Finds he can play scrimmage better than he expected. Occasionally forgets that the ball must not be picked out of the scrimmage.

S. Purves.—Has played wing. Rather inexperienced but does his best.

R. White.—As a wing must remember to give his opponent tit for tat.

B.—Stevens.—Back. Kicks well and at times collars well, but must remember to run straight at his opponent and throw himself at him.

C. Dobbin.—Substitute wing. Is light but makes up for this by his activity.



Heard about the passages of late :—

'Rah, rah, rah,
 'Rah, rah, rah,
 'Sixth form, sixth form,
 'Rah, rah, rah.'

The snaring season has set in with its usual severity, witnessed to by the attenuated gathering at 4 p. m. roll on half holidays, and the hares dangling from dormitory windows. Partridge Swamp appears to be the surest find this year.

A terrible rumour that the College had 'jumped' the School's Rink-claim stirred the Hockey-enthusiasts out of their meditative calm into a state of indignant activity. It was found to be a false alarm, but none the less bore immediate fruit. The Rink has been staked out, and actually levelled, as well as

the somewhat limited appliances procurable would permit, and its architects triumphantly declare that it is both longer and wider than that of last year. There seems every probability that a Hockey Secretary will be elected before this is in print.

The 13th of November was marked by an extra half-holiday in honor of Canon Thorneloe's election to the Bishopric of Algoma. We take this opportunity of offering him—graduate of the College and active friend of the School—our heartiest congratulations.

The Glee Club still exists, although our brilliant soloist has deserted us. However, others have risen up to take his place. The club is in a state of great financial prosperity, and if our vocal powers were in as good standing, we would not be afraid to sing before anybody, but unfortunately they are not.

We have for the last two or three practices been trying very hard to learn the parts of "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon."

Hayward and Shaughnessy have turned out to be very fair soloists, and we hope that others will follow their example. The sopranos seem to think that they have to keep up their choir record, and therefore do not make as much noise as could be wished for.

Mr. Petry has been very kind in coaching us along, and we hope for his sake that the result will be worthy of the pains taken. The following is a list of the members in their respective parts. —

Tenor—Barretto, Cassetts, Cowan, Hayward.

Bass—Mr. Auden, E. Anderson, Cummings, Dobbin, A. Gault, R. Gault, Gilmour, La Frenaye, Miall, Morkill, Paddon, R. Purves, S. Purves, Pattee, G. Porteous, Sims, Stevens, Webster, White.

Alto—Dean, McKay, Papineau, Sayce.

Soprano—A. Barretto, Carruthers, Chambers, H. Dunn, Greenshields, MacDougall, Owen, Peterson, Pillow, C. Porteous, Scougall, Shaughnessy, Steer, Sykes, Tait.

The Secretary wishes to say that a mandolin has been found, and if the owner will call at No. 7, it will be returned to him.

In the absence of a large part of the Upper School, the usual All Saints' Day Paper Chase could not be held, but some of the Lower School went out for a short run. The day was rather inclement, and there had been heavy rain during the night and early part of the morning, but in spite of this some twenty boys started. The hares chosen were Porteous II and Stroud. They proved themselves excellent hares and gave the hounds an exciting chase. The start was from the Quad in the direction of the C. P. Railway. Here the trail was rather indistinct, and some minutes were wasted before it was discovered leading into the Partridge Swamp. Through this it was clearly marked, and the hares showed great knowl-

this city and is now practising in Charlottetown, P. E. I. We wish him every success.

Mr. Boyd has not returned this year. His absence is another proof that the old adage is correct, viz. "Women and green apples are the root of all evil." Possibly the "silver question" has again grasped him in its toils.

Billy O. has entered upon the final year with a bountiful supply of follicular appendages. He will thus support the dignity of the '97 class, even if he should be obliged to have it trimmed "à la French."

Mr. C. A. Fortin, '97 has been appointed house-surgeon at the Women's Hospital for the autumn months. We feel confident that he will prove a success in his new undertaking, and that he will bring much new life into the sphere in which he is dwelling.

We are pleased to know that Mrs. Tutill has been appointed matron at the Women's Hospital. She is very popular with the students and each one hails her coming with delight. We are sure that there will be no more trouble over hospital calls in future.



Divinity Notes.

The MITRE wishes to express their congratulations in behalf of the students of Bishop's College, to the Rev. Canon Thorneloe, D. C. L., upon his election to the Bishopric of Algoma. The news of his election and acceptance was received at a late hour in the night and was the occasion for much joy and gratification, since he is a distinguished graduate of the University, having taken his degree in 1872, and also an old boy of the Grammar School. His ardent labors at Stanstead and for the past ten years at Sherbrooke have met their just reward; and may God give to him guidance and strength to undertake those arduous duties to which He has sought fit to call him.

The Harvest Festival was held at the College Chapel since to the Parish Church was under a state of repairs, the Rector and the College Professors taking part in the service, the Principal preaching the sermon. The rurally constructed road-screen added much to the effectiveness of the decorations, which were both beautiful and appropriate.

The students of the Divinity House are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Allnatt for his instructive and appreciative address upon the evening of Oct. 21st. He earnestly laid before them the systematic study of the Holy Scriptures, and it is hoped that those preparing for Holy Orders will profit by his kindly admonition.

St. Barnabas', at Milby, held its annual Thanksgiving Service on Sept. 23rd. Prof. Wilkinson, who is in charge of the mission, was assisted by Dr. Allnatt, who preached the sermon, and Rev. W. Barton, B.A.,

together with a surpliced choir of students from the College. During the past year improvements have been made which tend to beautify the church. The altar raised by the introduction of a foot-pace, and a new white frontal donated by the parishioners. The black cross on the reredos has been replaced by an ash cross which stands upon a new re-table also of recent gift. A friend of the parish has drawn up plans by which the long thought of bell-turret may, we believe, soon be added and the church beautified in general.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather on the evening of Nov. 5th, the Principal and Prof. Scarth with a number of students from the College, went to Eustis to attend the dedication service. The new church having been built by voluntary contributions upon a site, the granting of the Eustis Mining Company, is beautifully situated on the main road, and fills a long felt want of the people in that vicinity, although services have been maintained for some thirty years by the clergy of Lennoxville and Waterville. The interior of the church is not as yet completed but was found sufficiently comfortable and well appointed for the large attendance at the opening service.

The Rt. Rev. William D. Walker, D. D., has been elected to the see of Western New York, to succeed the late Bishop Cox. Bishop Walker has been for many years Missionary Bishop of North Dakota, one of our border diocese.

The Rt. Rev. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, in succession of the late Most Rev. Edward White Benson.

It is understood that Principal Adams is preparing an article on the late Archbishop of Canterbury in connection with his series: "Distinguished Cambridge Men."

It is with deep solemnity we mention the obsequies of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, whose death the church and nation mourn universally. The service was conducted at Canterbury, being the first Archbishop buried there since the Reformation. The Church, State and Educational Institutions were represented by their highest dignitaries in the Processional. Upon the coffin was laid the Queen's White Cross, bearing the inscription, "A mark of greatest reward and friendship and affection, from Victoria, R. I." The sentences were read by Canon Mason, the Bishop of Winchester offered the committal prayer, and the concluding prayers by the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of York pronouncing the Benediction. At least a thousand clergy were in attendance. Memorial services were held at Westminster Abbey, also throughout the kingdom at the same hour. Heart-felt sympathy has been expressed for his death, and most worthy tributes

to his life have been made from the pulpits of the whole Anglican communion.

We were much pleased to accept an invitation to the "At Home" given by the "Upper Ten" on Monday afternoon, the 15th inst., at which the Professors and ladies and a few friends of that distinguished body were present. The duties of hosts were most laudably fulfilled by the gentlemen of this mystic body. Refreshments, music and the fathoming of the mysteries connected with that body brought the pleasant meeting all too soon to a close. It may be well to say that the "Upper Ten" are the occupants of the Top Corridor of the Divinity House, whose good cheer will not, we trust, end with one such gathering.



Arts Notes.

The confusion and generally unsettled state of affairs attendant on the return of the men and the influx of new-comers at the beginning of the term have gradually been replaced by the usual routine of College life. The older men have ceased to recount their experiences of the vacation, and the new ones have undertaken to impart knowledge on various subjects—from the best way of getting up a lecture to the most salutary means of initiating a freshman. Things are running smoothly and assuming an aspect of progress and advancement; everything tends to make the present time something to be looked back upon with pleasure. Certainly a pleasing retrospect! Kelly's latest efforts at mutilating the Classics, the non-appearance of ordered text-books, the lordly freshman with his new cane and the premature rush of the same to lecture in his eager pursuit of knowledge, the familiar tread of the sorrowful man who shines at five o'clock teas, etc., etc.

The following was handed in a short time ago with the request that it should be inserted in the MITRE: The Second Year of '95-6 have now drifted into the Third, but are as enthusiastic as ever concerning the "tone" of the College. On this account they wish to employ some person or persons to carry on the work they so nobly commenced. This is a grand chance for any student desiring to make a name for himself. He must be an expert at performing on musical (?) instruments, ringing bells, etc., have an unerring aim in hurling boxes, and some knowledge of slinging and knotting ropes, with a thorough understanding of the mechanism of the ordinary College bedstead. If he wishes to occupy room No. 26 from any mistaken idea of hereditary "slogging," it is desirable that he be (not) endowed with a peculiar martial and scraping tread.

The collecting of photographs seems to be the latest fad among the Arts men. Several have obtained racks, and are employing all means in their power,

fair and foul, to give the same an appearance of repletion. It is needless to say that some of these flavour strongly of the foot-lights.

We admire the enterprise of men who are working for their degree under the disadvantage of spending only a few hours daily within the College walls. They are above reproach in many matters, but we gently hint that, while in the building, they might put the hours of work and lectures to better use, both for their own benefit and that of the residents. Let us be reminded less frequently of the lines:

"Swans sing before they die;
'Twere no bad thing should certain persons die before they sing."

The dance recently given by the Principal, Professors and Students of Bishop's College was in every way a success, if we may believe what rumour reports. Much credit is certainly due to the committee for the happy manner in which the evening's entertainment passed off, and for their untiring efforts in promoting the comfort and pleasure of our guests.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society the following was the subject of discussion. Resolved that Trades Unions are beneficial to the interest of a country. The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. Patterson and Phelan, on the negative, Messrs. Wayman and A. C. Wilson. It was one of the most closely contested debates ever seen by the Society. All the speeches were good both as regards language and the telling effect each had on the decision. Two of the judges decided that the arguments of each side were equal, but the opinion of the third was that the affirmative had won by one point. The next debate will be held on Monday, Nov. 16th, on the subject: Resolved that there is no probability of the British Empire falling into the decay which overtook the great powers of antiquity.

Golf seems to be still gaining in favour among the men. We have our doubts as to where the attraction lies, but the fact still remains that we frequently see a man moving towards the links with a "hope-you-don't-think-they-are-padded" kind of an expression.

The freshmen for the most part are a promising set. Perhaps some are too venturesome and others too timid, but no doubt, by rubbing shoulders, these two tendencies will make a compromise. We are glad to see that most of them agree with Bacon that "to spend too much time in study is sloth," but then there is a golden mean in this as in everything else. That man is acquiring a poor education whose chief pleasure consists in watching the board for high marks; but not to prepare one's lectures is equally pernicious in its results. One element which is apparently lacking in the character of many of the new comers is loyalty to the interests of the University. They want their Alma Mater to do everything for them, and they

ality; however, she tolerated us. We had supper and breakfast there—only bread and butter,—in return for which we milked two cows night and morning.

The following day we drove for twenty five miles through the Gilbert Plains in a westerly direction. This was the best district through we passed. It is well watered, and there is good pasture for cattle. We found a farmer who allowed us to sleep in his granary. This man was the most useful we had met, as he told us where to look for the sort of land that would suit us, besides giving us much other information. Then we hurried homewards, driving fifty miles the next day to Russell, the nearest point on the Manitoba and the North Western Railway. The trail was very fair and only about twelve miles of it lay through the mountains. At Russell we had barely enough money to pay for stabling and to buy a loaf of bread, so we slept in the stable loft.

We left on Sunday morning at six o'clock in a pleasant drizzle and drove twenty miles before breakfast. About half-way between Binscarth and Birtle we thought it time to give the ponies a rest and to have breakfast. As it was now pouring hard, we turned off the trail and made for the nearest building. The owner was in the stable, and when we asked for shelter for our ponies while we ate our breakfast, he not only brought us hay and oats, but asked us to breakfast with him. He gave us the best meal we had had since we left home, in fact the only one. He was a bachelor, a model of neatness, and had a very pretty place. We stayed for some time and then drove on again through Birtle and Beulah. Birtle is a beautiful little place in the Assiniboine valley with its houses picturesquely reaching up on either side on the steep banks. Later on we had dinner at another bachelor's, five miles from Beulah. We stayed the night with a man we knew near Elkhorn, having driven seventy miles that day, and reached home the next morning.

FRANCIS OSBORNE.

The Imaginative Faculty.

There can be no doubt that one function of education should be to stimulate the imaginative faculty of the rising generation. The imagination is a great gift, Divinely implanted, and capable of cultivation from the time of childhood. Notice with what vivid and marvellous power the Scriptures appeal to our imagination. It might have pleased Almighty God to give us the history of His dealings with man, and of man's redemption, in a dry, didactic narrative of a prosaic character suitable for retention by the memory, but destitute of poetical charm and grace. But how different is the reality! Survey, as Bishop Andrewes has it, the

oracles of the prophets, and the music of the Psalms. Consider the exquisite idyllic character of the Lord's birth as told us by St. Luke. Study the account of His interview with Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre. Meditate on the symbolism in the Revelation of the glories of Heaven. Was there ever such poetry as the Holy Bible gives us, and that the poetry of a nation comparatively insignificant in the eyes of the world at large. It is surely the simplicity combined with depth, which makes the Holy Book a treasure store for old and young, learned and unlearned, all of whom can assimilate its beauty and truth, though none can fathom its profundity. There is surely a "plenitudo sacrae Scripturae," most wonderful and yet to a certain extent appreciable by all.

The love for fairy tales, so universal among the young, is surely a straining after a higher state of things, a hint of a world where we shall be gifted with powers transcending those which we possess in this present sphere. The imagination of a child takes pleasure in picturing to itself visions of people and things, which the hardened mental condition of the adult fails to take home. But then children are nearer heaven than we are, and perhaps for them the Angels sometimes lift the corner of the veil, and vouchsafe a faint glimpse of the inconceivable and glorious beauty beyond. For Christ and Heaven will be the only complete satisfaction of a pure imagination. John Keble reminds us, that the flights of fancy can only be a faint image of the near presence and mighty aid of the Son of God. In the Christian Year, Hymn for 19th Sunday after Trinity we read,

"Thou Saviour, art his charmed Bower,
His magic Ring, his Rock, his Tower."

Can any of us forget, the longing look which, as children, we turned upwards on a summer's night to the spangled-vested sky, the *poikileimon nux* of the old poet, and pondered what were those glittering orbs which gazed, as it were, solemnly down upon us? Then, we revelled in their calm loveliness. Now we are fain to wonder that ere this, they have not often shrunk into themselves, ashamed at the ghastly deeds wrought by man, God's image, under the canopy of Heaven. But though no longer in childhood, yet retaining something of youthful purity, we can appreciate the truth and beauty of the opening lines in John Keble's Hymn to the Epiphany

"Star of the East how sweet art Thou,
Seen in life's early morning sky,
Ere yet a cloud has dimmed the brow,
While yet we gaze with childish eye;
When father, mother, nursing friend,
Most dearly loved, and loving best,
First bid us from their arms ascend,
Pointing to Thee in Thy sure rest."

Thus the cultivation of the imagination is evidently intended and looked for in us by Almighty God. He gives scope for its exercise in the marvel-

lous and innumerable beauties of this world of nature. He has cultivated it by the matchless splendour of the poetry of the sacred Scriptures. He has given us the faculty, and His word and His works alike supply material for its cultivation. Every individual should note for himself what pure pleasure can be derived from the study of the great poets, and every place of education should strive that the faculty, which lifts us up above the objects of sense, should be trained and have a legitimate place in the educational course. The subject is obviously too extensive to be disposed of in one article. The writer hopes to discuss it in a future number of the MITRE.

R. W. N.

Medical Faculty Notes.

The session of '96-'97 opened on Monday, October 5th. A large number of students have entered this year, making our attendance greater than it has ever been before. Many improvements were added to the college during the summer months, so that now the lecture rooms present quite a fresh appearance. The Physiology room has been provided with new desks and the old historic tables bearing the names of generations of medical men have been committed to the flames. A new janitor has also been provided who rings the lecture bell with commendable precision, though his voice does not equal that of his predecessor in calling the jaw-breaking names of the subjects to be lectured upon. On the whole there is quite a change for the better this year, and we feel sure that the Medical Faculty has seen its worst days.

The annual meeting of the students for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held on Friday, October 7th. Mr. C. A. Fortin, '97 was unanimously elected President, and MacD. Ford, B. A. '98 Vice-President. The balloting for the various offices resulted as follows:—

Sec. Treas.: C. F. Crutchlow, '99; Committee: W. M. Cass, '97; Jno. McIntyre, '98; J. A. L. Harris, '99; E. B. Scroggie (Dent.) '99.

OFFICERS FOR "THE MITRE."

Associate Editor.—MacD Ford, B. A., '97.
Assis. " " —J. K. Cleary, '99.
" Business Manager.—I. McGregor, '98.

The balloting was very close which showed that the different candidates were almost equal in popularity. After a speech from the newly elected President the meeting adjourned.

On Friday night, the 13th inst. the Medical Faculty of Bishop's held a theatre night. Assembling at the College at seven o'clock, they marched, headed by a brass band, through the streets en route to the

French Theatre. The procession, consisting of some four hundred men, was an ideal one; every student carried a femor or a torch; many wore grey and black silk hats bedecked with the Bishop's colors. At the head of the procession walked the janitor, proudly bearing the Faculty banner, on which was emblazoned in fantastic design the emblem of the profession, viz, skull and crossbones. On arriving at the theatre a choice selection of songs was rendered by the students, eliciting great applause from the fashionable audience present. The floral gifts to the leading actresses were superb surpassing anything ever before given in Montreal. The leading actor was presented with a valuable silver mounted cane on which was engraved his name, also by whom and on what occasion it was presented. After the performance the students forming into line marched back to the college where they deposited the flags, wishing that the theatre night was a weekly instead of an annual institution.

The tennis team had their photos taken this autumn, a copy of which is now on exhibition in Mr. Bennett's window. The photo is a good one and no wonder, considering the excellent material he had to work on. The success of our tennis team last term may be considered phenomenal, for they did not lose one match during the whole season. This no doubt, sounds very well, but then the glory is somewhat modified by the knowledge of their having played only two matches. The match with the House-surgeons of the General Hospital was a good exhibition of scientific tennis and the members of our team deserve special credit for the way in which they upheld the honor of their College.

The Dental Students' Society held their annual elections on Oct. 25th, and the attendance was a large and enthusiastic one. The principal business on hand was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows, and was marked by a number of close finishes especially that for President:

President, A. Versailles; Vice-President, L. Langlois; Treasurer, J. K. Cleary; Secretary, W. Kennedy. Committee: J. K. McDonald, C. E. Nichol, E. B. Scroggie.

The attendance of Dental students of all years on the Theatre Night was very gratifying, as showing that the affiliation of the Dental College with Bishop's, is thoroughly appreciated by the embryo dentists, and that they are prepared to work hand in hand with the meds. for the good of the college.

Dr. A. L. I. Hayes, '95, spent a few days in town with his friends last week. The doctor continues to accumulate adipose tissue and certainly is a living proof of the beneficial properties of Vermont air.

Dr. Jas. J. Benny has taken his departure from

or hoary castles haunted with the shadowy loves, battles and deaths of a hundred generations of heroes. Not with us are the seats of ancient seers or the cradle of Earth's sages.

Here rather is spread for us the mighty mantle of Life, woven of forest and inlet, river and prairie, jewelled with the stars of Heaven and fringed with limitless oceans.

Must we not speak of it? Shall not our poets sing thereof with lips of fire and words of mystery. Here is their theme,—this great Earth-Heart beating in our sight, round us and under us and through us, with the changing of many moons between the systole and the diastole of its vast throb!

Yet, even so, it is wonderful that already we should have passed from the heroic roughness of the founders of a poesy, to song so smooth and finely sweet;—and that in the first century of our literature we should have attained a delicacy not common in the olden lands of oversea.

But this is not all. In Bliss Carman's latest volume, 'Behind the Arras,' another note is struck,—the introspective questioning of the man to his soul, the old demand of 'Why, Whence, Whither,'—yet in a new manner.

"Beyond the Gamut," knowing that sound and light are but vibrations of different wave-lengths, dreams that flower color and bird-song may be, after all, but different manifestations of the same strain of eternal music:—

'April's faith, in robin at his vespers,
'Breathes a prayer too in my lilacblooms;
'What the cloudy asters told the hillside
'My lone rainbird in the dusk resumes.'

And learning from this the lesson of the continuity and relationship of all entity, draws thereout hope and comfort, in beholding the unassailable majesty of the universe, closing:—

How escape we then, the rainbow's brothers,
'Endless being with each blade and sod,
'Dust and shadow between whence and whither,
'Part of the tranquility of God.'

Certainly this is the finest poem yet from his hand, or from that of any cis-atlantic poet. It is in language beautiful, yet not sleepily flawless; in conception and suggestion, a splendid outburst of trust and exalted confidence in the Spirit of Good

As with all worthy poetry, it demands attention and analysis; and having received it repays a hundred fold. It will live with the literature of Canada.

There are others in this volume that rise far above an ordinary standard—"Behind the Arras" with its curious egoistical view of the outward world as a mere painted pageant passing by the soul; some parts of "The Lodger," "The Cruise of the Galleon," and 'Hack and Hew,' which last, though marked by one

incredibly poor line, contains such noble stanzas as—

'And still the craftsman over his craft,
'In the vague white light of the dawn,
'With God's calm will for his burning will,
'While the mounting day comes on,
'Yearning, windswift, indolent, wild,
'Toils with these shadowy two,—
'The faltering, restless hand of Hack,
'And the tireless hand of Hew.'

What is yet to come from Bliss Carman we know not, but we can await with confidence the outcome of the future

There is no note of weakness or faltering so far;—in fact the manner of his later work is less delicate in texture than his earlier, while its power, range and certainty are immeasurably greater. There is growth apparent in every line, and we may rest assured that not yet is he of his full stature. But even were nothing better to come from his pen than what he has already given us, it behooves all who have love of their language and literature at heart to watch the rise of this new star on the poetical horizon.

In speaking thus of the poet I have neglected the man,—and yet he is not worthy of neglect. Tall, picture to yourself, and lean, with a somewhat disorderly environment of clothes and hair; a smoker, with the faculty of spending a silent tobacco-scented hour without weariness; a student of Browning; not devoid of a gentle mirth, and not entirely a skeptic of the value of spiritualism. A native of New Brunswick, born some five and thirty years; and, until past the age of twenty, ignorant of his poetic powers; since then, Assistant Editor of the New York Independent, Editor of the Chap-Book, and now a literary attaché of Copeland & Day, the Boston publishers, he is, besides poet, worthy friend, pleasant companion, and sociable human

*When will Canada, by her recognition and support
render it possible for such sons as this to remain within
her own borders?*

O. B. M.

Romance—Sonnet.

There must be, somewhere, such a golden world
As we have looked on with Youth's dreamy eyes.
A world where all men, growing old, grow wise,
And where all mystery is but wisdom furled;
Where every bud is fairer when uncurled
In the full blossom; where, in varied guise,
A present God walks through and sanctifies,
Till evil, spurned, in the Abyss is hurled.

Where too, for love, amid rose-broidered bowers
Abide, forever maiden, women fair
With starry eyes and soft dark wind-stirred hair,
Their long white hands clasped full of lily-flowers;
While, near, a faint sun swims in crystal air,
And half-heard music drifts across the hours.

O. B. M.

Driving in Manitoba.

Last July two of us went on a ten days' driving tour from Virden to Dauphin and back, partly for a holiday and partly to inspect the country with a view to future homesteading. We drove a light rig and two ponies, taking our blankets and provisions (bacon, bread, cheese, beans, tea and a little 'rye') with us.

Virden is the last-but-one station in Manitoba on the main-line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The town lies on the southern side of the track on the open prairie. The land is flat and the soil sandy. From the station the view to the north is bare and uninviting. There are no trees in sight, and the undulating plain is but sparsely dotted with wooden shanties. To the east and west the slowly winding rails of the track are faintly visible to the horizon. South of the station lies the town. In front is a wide stretch of bare black ground, from which the scanty grass has been completely worn by much travel. Beyond this is a hotel—brick-veneered,—and by its side a road with rickety wooden side-walks leads to the south. A hundred yards further on a similar road crosses this at right angles, and at the four corners are four of the chief stores of the town. Beyond, the roads gradually dwindle into mere tracks, and vanish with many windings on the distant prairie. Five miles to the north-west the horizon is broken by a line of narrow forest, which marks the course of the Assiniboine River.

Driving in a northerly direction, we crossed this river ten miles from Virden. From its first entering Manitoba until near Virden the Assiniboine flows nearly north and south, travelling a hundred miles south, while only going thirty miles east; then it bends at right angles, and with many twists and turns flows eastwards until it joins the Red River at Winnipeg. In size it may be compared to the St. Francis, but flows deep below the surface of the surrounding country, with high almost precipitous sides covered with forest growth. The volume of water has varied much. Some years ago steamers went regularly between Winnipeg and Brandon, and there is a story that once, pursued by bailiffs, a steamer climbed up the stream and escaped into the north-west. Our trail led us through a winding defile to the water's edge, and crossing we ascended by a path equally steep to the prairie on the other side. The trail wound on and on, now passing a flourishing farm, now a deserted shanty and occasionally a poplar bluff. Having gone twenty miles we chose a nice spot and camped. We tied our horses in a bluff and lay down in front of them. During the night we were once disturbed by one of the horses, which had broken loose and walked over us, but without doing any damage.

The next day we went through Hamiota, on the Great North West Central Railway, and stopped

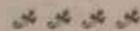
at an Irishman's shanty for dinner, about half-way between this place and Strathclair on the Manitoba and North Western Railway. From this latter to the Lesser Saskatchewan River, the country is a dead level, crossed by tiny creeks, which, forming mud holes about three feet deep, make the travel very bad. Six or seven miles beyond Strathclair the trail turns from the upper land to the river flats. The river here makes a big bend and flows from the north or north-north-east. We drove beside the river for about twelve miles and then camped for the night, enjoying a good swim before supper. The Saskatchewan is from four to five feet deep with a good bottom, but has a strong current, too strong to swim against.

In the morning we were up early and drove six miles before breakfast, still by the river side; then another six or seven miles brought us to a ford. Here the water was deeper than in most places, but the river was much wider, the stream not so strong, and the banks shelving. While one drove the ponies through, the other swam behind to keep our things from floating out of the rig; as it was we lost a few things, and everything was soaked. The water was deep enough to come over the back of the seat. We left the river and began to climb towards the mountains, so called by contrast with the level plains. The country gradually lost its bare appearance, and at last became thickly wooded. The trees were chiefly poplar, spruce and tamarack, with some elms and maples, and there was plenty of wild fruit of every description. Ten miles north of the river we stopped for dinner and dried all our things in the sun. In the afternoon we drove about sixteen miles to a stopping house only inhabited in the winter. As rain threatened and this was good shelter, we put up here for the night. Not long after another man came also for the night. He seemed a decent sort of fellow, told us his name was Greenway, and asked us to go and see his place, saying that we should be made welcome even though he were still away.

By the morning the rain had stopped, and with a clear sky we started off in good time. We drove some thirty miles over the worst trail it is possible to imagine, and never faster than a walk the whole day; indeed, for the most part only one could ride at a time. However, we reached Gartmore without accident and camped by the Vermilion River. Just as we were getting supper ready, a fellow came up and told us that if we liked we could put our horses in his stable and bunk in the shanty. That was the first real hospitality we received during our trip. We took him at his word and went after supper. We stayed there the whole of the next day, and drove into Dauphin, not a very big village, one hotel, a land office, two stores and a blacksmith's, that is about all. Then we went to Greenway's farm. He was still away, and his wife did not echo his proffer of hospi-

oped and undeveloped wealth, the war-like character of its people, and the British genius of enterprise would make any power, or combination of powers, cautious in attacking her. With the continuance of that religious life which this century has seen so wonderfully awakened in the Anglo-Saxon race, with the love of humanity which such a spiritual advancement entails, showing itself in labour to help those who are wretched at home, and those who are in the darkness of heathenism and superstition abroad, it must not be doubted that the New Dominion would make its influence felt upon the side of right and justice. If the Anglo-Saxon Empire were now knit together by common interests and common loyalty; if Great Britain could act independently of the selfishness and prejudices of the continental powers; if, thro' her self-sufficiency consequent on such an accumulation of strength and resources, she were now able to clear herself of any taint of suspicion that her conduct was disinterested, then that chamber of horrors to which the "unspeakable Turk" acts the showman to the world need never have existed to shame the eyes of Christendom.

May it be hoped that the public men of the old land, and of the newer lands beyond the seas, will free themselves from the bondage of party spirit, and study the national needs rather than those of petty cliques. Then perhaps they will see that each part of the Empire is but a member of the whole body and will become upholders of this wide and noble view of British needs and British duties.



*Bliss Carman.

'Body of a battered Greek,
'Gothic epicure of soul.'

(*Saint Kavin, a Ballad.*)

Once, reading "Songs from Vagabondia" aloud to a reverend friend, I had reached the piece entitled "In the Workshop"; in which is described how the Creator fashions successively a lover, a vagrant, and a poet: The Devil, standing by, smiles over the first two, but at the last one—

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.

"A poet," said God.

'And Beelzebub frowned, for he did not know.

"Humph," interrupted the listener, removing his pipe from his mouth, "if the Devil doesn't know what a poet is, I should like to know who does."

This frame of mind is, however, not exclusively ecclesiastical; and from the days when the harp was passed round the table after dinner, and each man thought shame to let it by him without improvising at least one stanza, to the present, in which the average

man is almost afraid to be seen reading poetry, and would repudiate with indignation the imputation of having made any, is indeed a far pilgrimage, and in some sense a mournful one. Yet there are among us here and there a few who have not bowed their knee to the Baal of prosaic barrenness set up by the latter-day utilitarianism, and some lips which sing other songs than those of Commercial Enterprise and First Mortgages.

Beyond question, chief, in this land, of the priests of the ancient sanctuary of Song stands Bliss Carman. It is not the quantity of his published work that gives him this position,—it consists but of three small volumes and a pamphlet; nor the length of time that his voice has been in our ears,—far from it, the earliest imprint bears the date 1893; not that of a ripe age or of many experiences he gives us the fruit,—he is yet young, and has spent a life sheltered alike from the derision of Fate and the insane prodigalities of Fortune.

No, it is with the truth, newness and valid strength of his work that he confronts us, claimant of our listening ears and hearts of acknowledgement. He bears two of the infallible signs of the true prophet—his work is of himself, peculiar; and at the sound of his voice, the heart can listen and say "Yes that is true."

The soul of his song is clothed in a fit and comely garment of words. There is yet to find, on this side of the sea, another with the same gift of making exquisite word-jewelry.—

'Burying, brimming, the building billows,
'Fret the long dykes with uneasy foam.'

'The gold languorous lilies of the glade.'

'The scarlet fruit will come to fill
'The scarlet spring to stir
'The golden rowan of Menalowen,
'And wake no dream for her.'

'Vasts and verges of illusion.'

'Ah, the long winds, how they o'erbrim
'The lonesome coigns of afternoon.'

all reveal to us what our language may become, when moulded by the hands of a cunning workman.

The prevailing chord, to which the cadences of his song are always seeking, is that of Mystery; it is a note never far absent from his melody: in his first work, as with so many poets, the mystery of the past,—the 'light that never was' casting a veil of sanctity and precious far-ness over that which has been; later, the mystery and beauty of Nature; and, latest of all, the mystery of self and the relations between oneself and all that is.

This classification serves to distinguish the three divisions, into one of which nearly every song that he

has sung may naturally fall, if we leave out of consideration such unintentional ephemera as the "Songs of the Sea-Children," and "Little Lyries of Joy."

The first division includes nearly all his work printed previous to 'Low Tide on Grand Pré,' a great many of the poems which make up that volume, notably the title one, and 'Marian Drury,' 'When the Guelder Roses Bloom,' 'Pulvis et Umbra,' and 'A Northern Vigil,' two or three also of the 'Songs from Vagabondia,' 'A Seamark,' and 'Fancy's Fool' the 'Moondial' and 'The Crimson House' in 'Behind the Arras.'

For those who know the sad sweetness of longing hopelessly for hours that can never come again, the spirit which breathes in—

'Was a year or lives ago
'We took the roses in our hands,
'And caught the summer flying low
'O'er the waving meadow lands?'

and 'Oh wayward will, come near
'The old mad willful way,
'The soft mouth at my ear
'With words too sweet to say.

'Come, for the night is cold,
'The ghostly moonlight fills
'Hollow and rift and fold
'Of the eerie Ardise hills,

'The windows of my room
'Are dark with bitter-frost,
'The stillness aches with the doom
'Of something loved and lost.'

must have a meaning of power and fragrance. Indeed it is not hard to see that he speaks from the heart and not from the imagination, attaining a most sweet and wonderful expression of the feeling damned by practical middle age as "sentiment," or still more fatally "sentimentality."

Another poet has told us that no one whose youth is not spent in sentiment, manhood in fight, and age in reflection has lived the full measure of life. This it is not hard to believe, and yet it is a certainty that each one must commence his manhood by a battle with sentiment, in which he must slay or be slain.

It is plain that one who can of sentiment weave such music is not he who will be thereof the slave, but rather the master; which promise Bliss Carman has latterly most amply fulfilled. Partly due this is, no doubt, to his power of repression, or rather suppression, of which a striking instance is noticeable in "A Sea Child," which being but eight lines in length, I will quote in full:

'The lover of child Marjory
'Had one white hour of life brimfull;
'Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,
'Hath him to lull.

'The daughter of child Marjory
'Hath in her veins, to beat and run,
'The glad indomitable sea,
'The strong white sun.'

This, in its original form, a printed copy of which lies before me, was a poem of 174 lines, entitled "Marjory."

Not every young poet, for his first volume would be content with this large measure of condensation.

The second division I have suggested includes everything else he has written, except the poems in his last volume, 'Behind the Arras'; and even in those it is the thing often most conspicuous

The love of Nature, and precious appreciation of his brotherhood with things that move,—sky, sea, rain, all the glorious garment, and all the children, however humble of the great sphinx-Mother, are his pleasure and his wonder.

The 'Wanderlust,' the sense of vastness, the confidence in the morrow, the carelessness for civilization's idols,—all these sound through and through his song, to entice and inspire. Who can read—

The earldom of the calling sea.'

'The world is vagabondia
'To him who is a vagabond.'

'The rainbirds
'Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide.'

'The dark pine forests by the sea,
'With woven red auroras hung.'

'The crimson leaves, the yellow fruit,
'The basking woodlands, mile on mile.'

'An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
'The sea in the pinetops murmuring.'

and a thousand like suggestive words, speaking of the woodland and the shore, without longing to be a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Others there have been, and many, in this land who have spoken in no unworthy way of the beauty and worship of the earth; but none have set it out with such allurements of diction or with such a perfect nicety of vague sweetness.

Even when philosophizing in abstract—almost metaphysical—manner, in "Beyond the Gamut," it will forth:—

'How that seagull out across the bay there
'Rows himself at leisure up the blue!
'Evil, the mere eddy from his wingsweep,
'Good, the morning path he must pursue.'

It is meet that the early poets of a new country should tune their harps first in praise of Nature and the Land.

Not old dust of kings have we here in Canada,

* 'Low Tide on Grand Pré,' Stone and Kimball, 1893. "Songs from Vagabondia," Copland & Day, 1894. "Behind the Arras," Lawson, Wolfe & Co., 1895. "A Seamark," Copland & Day, 1895.

THE MITRE.

VOL. IV.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q., NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 2.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. G. VIAL, B. A., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

R. H. BATES (Arts '97) W. A. GUSTIN, B. A. (Divinity).
J. W. WAYMAN, (Arts '97). J. L. HOLAH (Divinity)
A. MACD. FORD, B. A. (Medicine, '98). G. M. ACKLOM, M. A. (B.C.S.)
J. R. CLEARY, (Medicine, '98). C. T. MUNDY, B. A. (B.C.S.)

BUSINESS MANAGER,

E. N. R. BURNS, (Arts '97)

ASSISTANTS.

W. H. MOOR (Arts '98.) T. DOWDELL, B. A., (Divinity).
T. D. MCGREGOR (Medicine, '98) R. W. PURVES (B. C. S.)

THE MITRE is published monthly during the College year, by the Students of Bishop's College and the Boys of Bishop's College School.

Terms per year \$1.00, in advance. 15 cents per copy.

Address all communications to THE MITRE,

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, Que.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. Contributors of articles are entitled to receive 3 copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

Editorial Comments.

Ten months have passed away since the British Empire was stirred throughout its wide extent by the unfriendly attitude of certain powers who might be supposed to have sympathy with England and its aspirations. Then it was that a phrase, now become a by-word, was coined by a prominent Colonial statesman, and perhaps no utterance of recent years has made all people of British extraction realize their unique position as those two words "splendid isolation." The idea that Great Britain could count on no moral support, much less on any alliance with a foreign power in case of war with any other nation was never borne in upon the British mind with such force before. Wide sympathy was felt in all the Colonies for the Mother land, and a desire to show loyal feeling was evinced almost universally. Now there is no doubt that this wonderful outburst of patriotic fervour has not vanished away but has left its mark upon the minds of all true-hearted and intelligent men who acknowledge the Queen's sovereignty. It has set people thinking, and that thinking has resulted in many cases in making Englishmen, whether at home or abroad, feel the necessity of closer union between Great and Greater Britain.

Several years ago, many public spirited men, both at home and in the colonies, belonged to a society which had for its object the Federation of the Empire. It was the intention of this society to prob-

agate a scheme whereby all British dependencies should have a voice in the control of the imperial destiny by means of some method of just representation. Unfortunately the design failed; first, because men's minds were not yet accustomed to the idea; secondly, because all plans suggested were too unwieldy and too vague; thirdly, because Ireland's effort to obtain Home Rule was monopolizing popular attention in Great Britain, while the Colonies were vexed with their own questions of domestic economy; and lastly, because the mistake was made of forcing an idea upon an indifferent people instead of cleverly guiding public interest towards what was desired. Thus the attempt to formulate a cut-and-dried scheme of union was abandoned, yet Imperial Federation remained simmering in the minds of people as at any rate a possibility, so that, if the society's plan was rather to make Englishmen feel kinship with their brethren across the seas, they succeeded much better than the failure of their practical attempt would lead a person to suppose. The scheme also awoke great interest in the Colonies and was indeed accepted generally in Canada as an alternative with Independence, while annexation to the United States was scouted at as disadvantageous and disloyal. Therefore, it must not be supposed that the society's work was valueless, indeed it probably sowed the seed which bore fruit in the loyal manifestation spoken of above. Events have so helped the cause that it may not be too much to state that the majority of people in the British Empire would listen with interest and some enthusiasm to any sound theory propounded which had for its end the strengthening of bonds that connect the colonies with the mother-land. Many heard with pleasure that Lord Rosebery had divested himself of his party clothes in order to don the garb of Imperial statesmanship. What an immortal fame would cling to that man who would make himself the agent in welding divers portions of this scattered royalty into a solid Empire, animated by one conviction,—that of British destiny and one noble aim,—that of civilizing and christianizing the world. It may be that such a high ambition moves the spirit of Lord Rosebery. If so, he merits praise; and his action ought to rouse enthusiasm in those who think with him. No man has of late appeared who could lead a movement of that kind as he could. His influence, his position, his wealth, and his ability make him a man whose leadership would be acceptable to most of those who agree with him.

A United Empire could be independent of foreign alliance; its immense resources both of devel-