

The College second team met defeat at the hands of the Cookshire tigers on our rink Thursday, Feb. 11th by a score of 4 to 1. The Cookshire team stands over in a three cornered tie for the championship of the St. Francis Valley League

Lennoxville and Bishop's College met for the first time this year on the Lennoxville rink on Friday, the 12th inst.

The match from start to finish was one of the most interesting ever witnessed in Lennoxville. The rink was crowded with enthusiastic spectators, the followers and 'hooters' of both teams being very evenly divided.

The teams lined up as follows:—

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|------------------|
| College. | Position. | Lennoxville. |
| Rothera (Capt.) | Goal | Spafford |
| Winder | Point | Williams |
| Moor | C. Point | Donnelly |
| Boyle | Forwards | (Capt.) Mitchell |
| Johnson | " | Taylor |
| Mills | " | Mallory |
| Rankin | " | Bown |
| Mr. Dowdell | Umpires | Mr. Mathewson |
| Mr. Simpson | Timers | Mr. Kirwin |
| Mr. L. D. Abbott | Referee. | |

Lennoxville won the first game after 13 minutes play, Bown doing the needful. After some very hard play on both sides Johnson scored for the College, Rankin, by a very pretty piece of play succeeded in scoring again for the College, making the score 2 to 1.

After half time both teams appeared on the ice determined to win. Mallory and Bown by a very pretty piece of combination scored for Lennoxville.

This was followed up by two more goals in Lennoxville's favor. Boyle now by a hard shot made the score 4 3, which was quickly followed by another goal for Lennoxville. This ended the scoring.

Two minutes before time Donnelly was injured and had to retire, his place being taken by A. Simpson.

For the College we might mention the good play of Rothera, Winder, Rankin and Johnson; for Lennoxville every man put up a star game.



HERE AND THERE

In another column of the MITRE the appointment of the Rev. Principal Adams, D. C. L., to the Canopy of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, has been noted. It may be said that in this appointment the University has been honored as it has also been by the election of one of its most distinguished graduates to the See of Algoma, rendered vacant through the retirement of the Right Rev. Dr. Sullivan.

The Rev. Prof. Parrock has returned from Eng-

land, where he wiled away the past Xmas vacation. During his sojourn in the "Old Land" our classical professor was advanced to the degree of M. A., an honour conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge.

Thos. Donnelly, Esq., B. A., ('94) Principal of the Lennoxville Academy owing to his being in such close proximity to the College, can hardly be said to have been lost to us. His scholastic work is most successful—so Dame Rumour hath it—and certainly, if he has the success within the walls of the school building as he has in the encouragement of manly sport among his pupils, he is to be heartily commended. The Lennoxville School Hockey Team has not so far met with any reverse, but, on the contrary, Fortune has smiled upon it most uniformly.

It is with deep regret that the MITRE learns that N. C. Lyster, Esq., B. A., ('95) has found it necessary to give up the course in Medicine he was following in the University at Toronto. A serious affection of the eyes is preventing this distinguished son of Bishop's College from prosecuting his studies. It is to be hoped that the trouble is one of a temporary character.

Messrs. H. G. Montgomery, B. A., ('93), W. G. Thorneloe, B. A., ('96) W. G. M. Robertson, B. A., ('96) have all entered the Law Faculty of McGill University. It has been learned with satisfaction that their position in the Law School is a creditable one. Mr. Robertson also shines as an athlete and is one of the prominent players on the 2nd McGill Football Team.

B. A. Planche, Esq., B. A., ('96) now resident in Cookshire, lately put in his appearance at the College under the cloke of goal-keeper for the Hockey Team of his native town. Under this hostile disguise he was somewhat instrumental in defeating the 2nd Team of his Alma Mater—such is the harsh treatment that venerable body receives at the hands of some of her children!

J. P. Turner, Esq., B. A., ('95) is heard of occasionally through private correspondence. He is hard at work in the San Mateo Divinity School, Cal., and what time he finds hanging heavily upon his hands he employs in organizing Sunday Schools, inaugurating mission services and building church edifices. There seems to be room out in the far West for such men as Bishop's College fosters.

Mr. A. C. Wilson, late of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, and some time previously an undergraduate of the Arts Faculty of Bishop's College has returned to this University in the character of a Divinity student.

The Rev. T. H. Lloyd, B. A., a graduate of this University, has been appointed to the curacy of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec. Up to this time the reverend gentleman had been engaged in pastoral work in the Diocese of Ottawa.

During his recent trip to Kingston and Ottawa, the Headmaster had the pleasure of meeting a large number of Old Boys from whom he had a hearty welcome, and who one and all manifested the greatest interest in the fortunes of the School. Among others were Capt. Burstall, R. C. A. of A. Battery, Mr. R. M. Hannaford, Mr. LeBaron, M. Drury, Mr. Stirling Fenwick, Mr. Montague Anderson, Col. P. Anderson of the Marine Dept. Ottawa, Mr. Howard Hutchinson and Mr. Travers Lewis.

It is gratifying to note that in a letter recently received by the Headmaster from the Commandant of the Royal Military College, Col. Kitson says that he has learnt that some of the best Cadets have come from Lennoxville and that he would like to have more of them.

Mr. W. T. S. Hewett, Private Secretary to his Excellency the Governor-General, and author of the deservedly popular book "Hints for Boys and Their Fathers," has a very kindly recollection of his visit here with the Vice-Regal party in 1895, and shows a most friendly interest in the School. In a recent conversation with the Headmaster Mr. Hewett declared that wherever he saw a particularly nice young fellow with a quiet manner and a good pronunciation he always made up his mind that that boy had been educated at Lennoxville. We hope that this compliment will be always deserved.

Mr. C. R. Hamilton, eldest son of the Bishop of Ottawa, B. C. S., 1882-87, is practising law in Rossland.

In connection with the R. M. C., we may mention the fact that Mr. Hubert Bingay, (B. C. S. 95-96) who was second in the entrance exams. in June has come out at the head of his year in the Christmas Exams, being first in five out of seven subjects.

CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club is in full swing again, with our same president Mr Acklom, who was so kind as to get up a concert at the end of the midsummer term in behalf of the Club. The concert came off with success and the funds, which we were in need of, strengthen the Club greatly. Our last year's Curator Mr. Chandler has been considerable loss to our team, but his position is ably replaced by Pattee. Last year we had two very enjoyable tournaments with the College and we are in hopes of having another series of games in a short time. The Glee Club and Chess Club are now helping the Cricket enthusiasts who are in hopes of making a tour to Toronto, Port Hope and several other places. During the last year we lost several of our old members but their places have been filled by the following new ones: Messrs. Scott, Stuart, White, Cummins, W. Gordon, D. Gordon, Cassils, Morkill.

B. C. S. AT THE CARNIVAL.

The School were well represented at the Lennoxville Carnival which took place on Wednesday evening, Jan 27. The following are a list of the skaters with their respective costumes:

| | |
|----------------|---------------------------|
| G. D. Porteous | The New Woman |
| C. La Frenaye | Sgt. of the Horse Marines |
| H. Hayward | Pink Dominoe |
| F. Barretto | Innocence Abroad |
| S. Purves | "Joe" Toglets |
| E. Cowen | Thirsty Doolittle |
| S. Ball | "How You Call Him" |
| R. White | Cholly |
| H. Cummins | Football-player |
| B. Webster | B. C. S. Sub-Matron |
| E. Miall | Clown |
| R. Purves | Tim Toglets |

It is rumored that the School is going to give a "skating party" some time during the coming week.

FORM-AL LAYS.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that:—

"There are nine and sixty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right."

This encourages us to make public the following poetic and patriotic effusions which have come into our hands. They are genuine productions signed by the authors, though their names are not (in deference to their native modesty) set forth. The sweet *naïveté* of style, and the unconventional nature of the criticism contained in them should recommend them to those interested in the folksongs of incompletely civilized tribes.

The first deals in detail with the Sixth Form. Want of space precludes the possibility of giving it in its entirety; but we have selected some of the most notable stanzas:—

The Captain of the Football Team
In Hockey 'twixt the goals is seen;
He seldom fails to stop the puck,
And never minds the worst of luck.

"Bev's" the boy with all the curls,
He plays the mischief with the girls,
And now and then gets badly stung,
—Sad to see in one so young!

Next we sing of our "Bo-zee,"
He's the chap you ought to see,
His head is like a dozen mops,
He has a tongue that never stops.

Then we mention "Hunter" Dunn:
—Importance takes the place of fun,
But never mind what others say
Just jog along your own old way.

The man we love is Geoffrey P.
In figure long and slight is he,
A six-inch collar he can wear
And never turn a single hair.

In number six there dwells a boy
Who bangs a bag with simple joy,
—But now and then the bag comes back
And lays him flat upon his back.

Then we sing of "Sammy" Purves,
He's expected to preserve us
In the hockey season coming,
When he'll set the puck a humming,
And so on, and so on.

The other Lay is of similar purport, and as beautifully simple in construction. It runs as follows: (observe the genuine humility of the first stanza!)

Of all the forms of B. C. S.
The Fifth it is agreed,
In work can always lick the Sixth,
In sports will take the lead

The 'Gaius' or 'the Squash Purvee',
Who is our senior man,
In all the teams he takes a place,
He's always in the van.

The "Skunk's" a beggar at her books,
She does not care for games;
And what you cannot stick her at
Is spouting Hebrew names.

The "Frog's" the loafer of the form,
He likes to sleep and feed;
He rides a yellow bicycle,
Which is well-known for speed.

Then "Lop Eye" is a camera-fiend,
He "snaps" and takes our pictures,
At evening he develops them
With divers kinds of mixtures.

etc., etc., etc.,

There is lots more of the same kind. Not a single member of either form escapes. We hope that this is a sign of reviving interest in literature of all kinds, and that soon we shall be able to print verses which are remarkable for some interest less elementary than that of personal allusion.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

Hockey has started again with greater zeal than ever. The men have had hard and constant practice, but the forwards still show great lack of training. The vacant places of the team have been very satisfactorily filled by three new men, Rankin, Winder and Mills.

On Saturday, Jan. 30th, the Old School boys in the College played the present school and were defeated by the score of 5 to 1. For the School, Gilmour, the Purves brothers and Chambers did splendid work, while Rothera, Carter and Winder made a capital defence for the Old Boys.

The teams were as follows:—

| School. | Position. | Old Boys. |
|---------------|-----------|-------------|
| H. Hayward | Goal | C. Rothera |
| G. Porteous | Point | C. Carter |
| C. Gilmour | C. Point | J. Winder |
| J. Chambers | Rover | P. Boyle |
| R. Puves | Centre | H. Richmond |
| S. Purves | Wings | E. Simpson |
| E. Cowen | | |
| C. W. Balfour | Umpires | B. Webster |
| H. Blaylock | Referee. | |

Saturday, Feb. 6th saw Bishop's College and Bishop's College School pitted against each other in their first championship match.

The game, though exciting and interesting could scarcely be called a good exhibition of hockey.

Far too-much individual play, tripping and "slogging" was called into action.

The School forwards were in much better training than those of the College, but their defence, with the exception of Gilmour, was rather weak. The College defence was in splendid form, Rothera stopping shot after shot.

In the first half neither team was able to score, but in the second half scoring was even, three all.

The College won the play off after about five minutes hard work.

For the School, Gilmour, the Purves brothers and Chambers were in splendid form, while for the College, Rothera, Carter, Winder and Johnson worked hard and faithfully.

The teams were as follows:—

| College. | Position. | School |
|------------------------|-----------|-------------|
| C. Rothera | Goal | H. Hayward |
| C. Carter | Point | G. Porteous |
| J. Winder | C. Point | C. Gilmour |
| P. Boyle | Rover | S. Purves |
| J. Johnson | Centre | R. Purves |
| E. Rankin | Wings | J. Chambers |
| J. Mills | | |
| T. Dowdell, B. A. | Umpires | B. Webster |
| E. Simpson | Timers | F. Barretto |
| A. H. M. Simpson, Esq. | Referee. | |

Since the School match the team has suffered a severe loss and one which it will be hard to replace, and that is the absence of our point, C. Carter, who has gone home to have an operation performed.

We regret exceedingly that Robertson and Wurtle, two of our last year men, are unable to play this season, Robertson through doctor's orders and Wurtle because of being obliged to return home sick.

know on whom "the lot" will fall to fill up the "magic circle."

Rubeola has claimed for its victims the senior man in each year of our Faculty, Messrs. Watson and Hibbard, who are securely quarantined in the Infirmary. We are glad to hear that their rapid progress is such that they will soon be with us again. As a result of their attacks our house was thoroughly fumigated and our existence rendered miserable for several days from the fumes of sulphur. We heard one "worldly" youth remarking during the days of sulphuration, "you need not wait till you die to smell brimstone, just go over to the Divinity House." We trust that a recurrence of the disease and its asphyxiating consequences may not detain us again from, or in, our classes.

P. Boyle, B. A., (Divinity, '98) is one of the College Hockey Team again this year. Mr. Boyle believes that abundant physical exercise is necessary to withstand the rigors of our course. It would be well if others of our faculty thought more of the importance of physical culture and would regard of equal worth a sound body with a sound mind. Possibly, with our well appointed gymnasium we shall give this matter our due consideration, though we are not all "artists" at Hockey or Foot-Ball.

We hear that Bishop Thorneloe has arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, his future Episcopal seat, where he was most cordially received by his clergy and people and given a grand reception, at which, not only the clergy and members of his own communion were present, but also ministers and representatives of the various Protestant denominations were on hand to welcome him. We congratulate the Diocese of Algoma upon securing Dr. Thorneloe for its Bishop, and we feel that his former intimate connection with Bishop's College will produce among the students present and to come a greater interest in church work in the one missionary diocese of Eastern Canada.

The members of the Brotherhood of Lay Readers were much interested at their last meeting with the paper "On the continuity of Anglican orders, by the Bishop of Stepney." It is hoped that the Brotherhood may be favored by hearing from the Archdeacon Roe, his paper on Anglican Orders which is being prepared, we understand, soon for publication.

Alas! The College Chapel Choir has been disappointed in not being able to secure the Resident Musical Instructor from Oxford as was contemplated.

The Rev. Prof. Wilkinson received on Sunday, the 7th inst., a cable message from England, announcing the death of his mother. We all sympathize with him in this deep bereavement.

While at Chapel on Sunday evening, an alarm of fire was sounded; though the students learned that it was at Prof. Scarth's, they deeply regretted

that they, from circumstances beyond their control, were unable to respond to the appealing sound of the fire-bell. Two of his barns were burned with several head of cattle together with a quantity of hay. This is the second time within two years that his barns have burned, and each time there have been strong suspicions of incendiarism.

ARTS NOTES.

Once more we have been welcomed back by the familiar scenes and sounds of university life. The only change that strikes one particularly is the alteration in the time for chapel, lectures, and meals. Otherwise everything is as it was, and for the most part, therefore, as it ought to be. Skating, tobogganing, and snow-shoeing are still in vogue, and evidently afford as much pleasure as ever to their several devotees. "McGinty" also holds its own and still possesses charms for a certain few, who ignore the feelings of a particular man on the Lower Fat, and make his room the scene of their friendly (?) contests. The Reading Room, too, claims its share of interest and is frequented by a mixed class of men who differ among themselves in their choice of reading matter. There is the man who scans the daily papers and then concludes he is well up in politics; the man who is satisfied with nothing but *Punch* and the *Times*, and the man who deems the last number of the *MITRE* the *sine qua non!* Afternoon teas, which Holmes so aptly describes in his "giggle, gabble, gobble, git," also hold out their attractions, whether within or outside the College.

The rink in its second year of existence is appreciated as much as, if not more than it was in its first. To realize what a welcome change it has brought about we have only to compare the time before its institution with the present. In times past the Lent term was a cheerless one, with nothing to break its monotony, but now it is a time of grateful activity, and something to look forward to with pleasure. The hockey men recall with no pleasant recollections the time when they had to make their way to the village rink for dismal practices, and (to them) more dismal matches. But that is all changed now, and no longer, as in former times, do we look forward to the hockey season with evil forebodings. The College no longer is satisfied with two teams, but boasts a Third and Fourth the latter of which display more zeal and enterprize than the other two! The First and Second teams have the use of the rink every day, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays, till four o'clock, when the Third and Fourth come on the ice. The last two teams play also on Wednesdays till half-past three. On Wednesdays after half-past three and on Saturdays, the rink is open to visitors.

Mr A. C. Wilson is gone from our midst and has taken up his quarters at the Diocesan Theological College. Although a gap is thus caused we are glad to say that our ranks have not suffered a decrease in numbers, as two other men have enrolled their names as students of Bishop's. These are Messrs McRae and Rublee, the former of whom has entered the Second, and the latter, the First Year.

We regret the loss of several good men from the hockey team since last year, but at the same time we notice with pleasure that their places are being ably filled by men who entered the College last September. Although we may not be able to prove that we are still worthy the name Champions, there is no doubt that towards the end of the season we will hold no mean position in the Association. Bishop's is certainly gaining ground in regard to athletics. As ours begin to compare favourably with other sports that are well known, it is gratifying and encouraging to feel that outside the College our praises do not remain unsung, and that others are equally interested in our success. This grand game is doing much to bring the University to the notice of the public and to show that as it is making rapid strides in other directions, so also in athletics. Let us hope its star will continue in the ascendant!

A. D. 2097. I. *Freshman*. I don't think we ought to haze the seniors much more. We'll throw the water on them this afternoon when they are having their photograph taken, and then leave them alone after that.

II. *Freshman*. Yes that's all right. But I say we kick about having dessert three times a week. If they would give us no soup, too, it would be all right. We might tell them that we don't consider dessert a fair exchange for soup.

I. *Senior*. Talking about kicking—let us ask the freshmen if we may complain about professor Hic—haec—hoc. We set sixty lines for to-day, and he only went over fifty-six.

II. *Senior*. Right you are. Professor Half-sum-half-difference is also getting rather gay. He started doing back work this evening instead of going straight ahead. I, for one, must say I'm disappointed in our professors!

SCHOOL NOTES.

Already it is hard to believe that the Christmas Holidays have ever been at all,—so unchanged is the succession of school events, and so even its flow.

One face, that of Peterson, is missing; but there are two new ones, Savage and Graves, to whom we are glad to extend the good hand.

Of course, since January the sixteenth, nothing

but Hockey has been talked of, and therewith our chances of the championship. The Captain and Secretary are not prone to express opinions on the subject; so it appears we shall have to wait and see for ourselves. The team seems rather lighter than last year, but Chamber's shooting is certainly something we have been waiting for—if *only* he would put on fifty pounds in the next week or so. The match on the 6th against Bishop's College, on their ice, was not entirely satisfactory.

The game was a rough one on both sides—too rough—much to the disadvantage of the School team, who cannot expect to beat a team of men in that style.

The game was most exciting, as each time the School scored, the College evened up directly, and when time was called the score stood at three games all.

The next goal, after five minutes hard work, went to the College and won them the match.

There was a goal claimed by the School in the early part of the game, and not allowed by the goal-umpire, which would have put quite a different aspect on matters.

The series of Lectures which was instituted so successfully last term will be continued this term.

The Lord Bishop will tell us of his experiences on a trip to Vancouver on Friday the 12th and Dr. Stewart on the 26th will lecture about "The First Administration of Count Frontenac."

Mr. E. B. Cochrane, the Secretary of the Alma Mater Society is revising the Directory of Graduates and Old Boys that was compiled by the Montreal Dinner Committee in 1897 and revised by the Headmaster in 1891. A circular will be sent to all those whose addresses are known asking for assistance in the work.

A list of names of those old Lennoxvillians whose addresses it has been found impossible to discover will be published in the *MITRE*.

Applications for entrance in next September are already coming in, and we hope that the entry in 1897 will be larger still than that of 1896.

Mr. Robert W. Brigstocke, B. C. S., 1887-1889, who graduated from the Royal Military College in 1893 is now in Kingston engaged on some important work in connection with surveys for the Dominion Government.

Col. Wm. Yule, B. C. S. 1861-1865, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers is now in Barbadoes and is D. A. G. to the Forces in that island.

Mr. Wm. G. Heneker, B. C. S., 1878-84, of the Connaught Rangers is at his home in Sherbrooke on leave.

Mr. R. Maitland Hannaford, B. C. S., 1878-80, is now residing in Kingston and is in the insurance business.

organization and eloquence and speech,—will find larger and more influential scope." "Your humility and gentleness, your brotherly sympathy and ever-ready help, your devotion and self-sacrifice in the Lord's work, spending and being spent, have formed an example of inestimable value and will remain to us a cherished and fragrant memory." After the reading of this address, the Reverend G. H. Parker, with whom the presentation originated, handed to the Bishop of Quebec a Pectoral Cross which he hung round Bishop Thorneloe's neck, with the words "*In hoc Signo vinces.*" The Cross, is of gold, of highly ornamental workmanship, set with five amethysts.

Bishop Thorneloe made a most apt and touching reply, moving his hearers with the deepest feelings of emotion at his warm parting words.

The Archdeacon asked the newly consecrated Bishop to give his brethren his first Blessing, which he did very solemnly all the clergy kneeling before him.

Festival Evensong followed, in the Cathedral at 8 o'clock, when Bishop Thorneloe preached. The service was bright and hearty throughout. The preacher took for his text Ephesians iii, 8, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given." A most eloquent sermon was concluded with these words, "Therefore, holy brethren, cease not, as you labour for Algoma, and give to Algoma, and pray for Algoma, also to pray for Algoma's Bishop, that he may be found faithful."

Following Evensong, there was a reception in the Church Hall to the new Bishop. Speeches were made by their Lordships Bishops Bond, Sullivan, Courtney, Hamilton, Dunn and Thorneloe. The Hall was filled with church people of Quebec. A warm greeting was given the Bishop of Algoma who addressed himself earnestly to his hearers. The Bishop of Ottawa (Dr. Hamilton) was accorded an ovation on rising to speak to his old fellow-citizens. The other speakers had mentioned the troubles that Dr. Thorneloe would have to face, but he would rather speak of the deep and lasting joys of the Episcopate.

On Sunday morning, January 10th, a congregation assembled at S. Peter's, Sherbrooke, which filled the edifice to excess, on it being known that Bishop Thorneloe would preach for the last time to his parishioners. His words were full of love, counsel and sympathy for those from whom he will be separated. He preached at the Church of the Advent, East Sherbrooke, in the evening.

On Monday evening following, the Church Hall Sherbrooke, was crowded to its utmost limits, not only by church people, but by many of other Christian bodies. An address from the vestry and congregation of S. Peter's was read by Dr. Heneker, couched in beautiful language, and a sum of money handed to the Bishop, with which he was requested to purchase such Insignia of his office as he might choose,

together with Theological works. Amidst a silence that was itself impressive, Bishop Thorneloe came forward to speak, wearing the handsome cross presented to him in Quebec. He spoke at some length. It would be impossible, with the space at our command, to do justice to this master piece of pathetic eloquence. His Lordship forgot nobody in the abundance of his thanks, but his heart was too full to find language to adequately express his feelings towards his hearers. Nothing but the fact that it was the call of God sustained him to bear against the wrench caused by this separation. The occasion seemed too solemn for applause. The almost unbroken silence with which each word was received, and the effect upon the great gathering when he finished, betokened feelings that it would have been well nigh irreverent to have disturbed.

We learn that the Bishop has been accorded a most hearty welcome by the church people of Sault Ste. Marie, and that he is already winning new friends in his new sphere.

It is with peculiar pleasure that, by kind permission, THE MITRE is able to present to its readers with this number an engraving of Bishop Thorneloe, who besides having received his college training here, was in Bishop's College School both as a Master and as a pupil.



DIVINITY NOTES.

The Chapel has been much improved during the Christmas vacation by putting a new polished floor in the chancel. We hope that this improvement will be followed by the complete restoration of the Chapel's interior, at least, as far as possible, before the beginning of next session. We believe that there is only one among the present students who remembers the Chapel in its former beauty but only as a school boy. Doubtless he too might enjoy seeing it as it was before.

We wish to extend to our Reverend Principal our congratulations upon his appointment to the Canonry of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, made vacant by the elevation of the Reverend Canon Thorneloe to the Bishopric of Algoma.

We are glad to welcome the Revd. Professor Parrock upon his return, after a stormy ocean passage from his visit to England. While at Cambridge, his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

We understand that the "Upper Ten" are to lose one of their members, who is to take rooms in the village for himself and—; well, Mr. L. Nil Desperandum is not a bachelor, you know, but is somewhat like the ex student of Cadiz, *versum carminis extremum vide*. We are somewhat curious to

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUGGESTED CHANGES.

To the Editor of THE MITRE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Can you hold out to the resident graduates and undergraduates any hope that the Common Room in the Arts Building will be supplied, from any source whatever, with more furniture than at present? Some attempt was made last term to have the defect remedied. So far, so good. But the Room as yet is uninviting to a degree and entirely unrepresentable to visitors. A piano in one corner, half a dozen arm chairs, two small tables and 2 or 3 pictures, suspended at various angles, complete the furniture of this cheerless apartment. Could not the authorities be asked to consider the advisability of making this Room habitable—even comfortable and artistic?

While I am on this topic might I suggest that a change be made in the Reading Room arrangements? In the present frequently crowded condition of the Room, the table is large, cumbersome and unnecessary. Might it not be removed and space economized by having a desk placed along the entire side of the Room next the Hall, of sufficient width to accommodate the Magazines?

Lastly, ought we not to have a College Visitor's Book?

Yours, etc.
GRUMBLER.

Since the above was written a framed group of photographs has been hung in the Common Room. Mr. Caffin acts in the dual role of producer and donor, for which cordial thanks are due him. This timely contribution only emphasizes still more the bareness of the Room.

Bishop's College, Jan., '97.



THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE THORNELOE,
D. D., D. C. L.

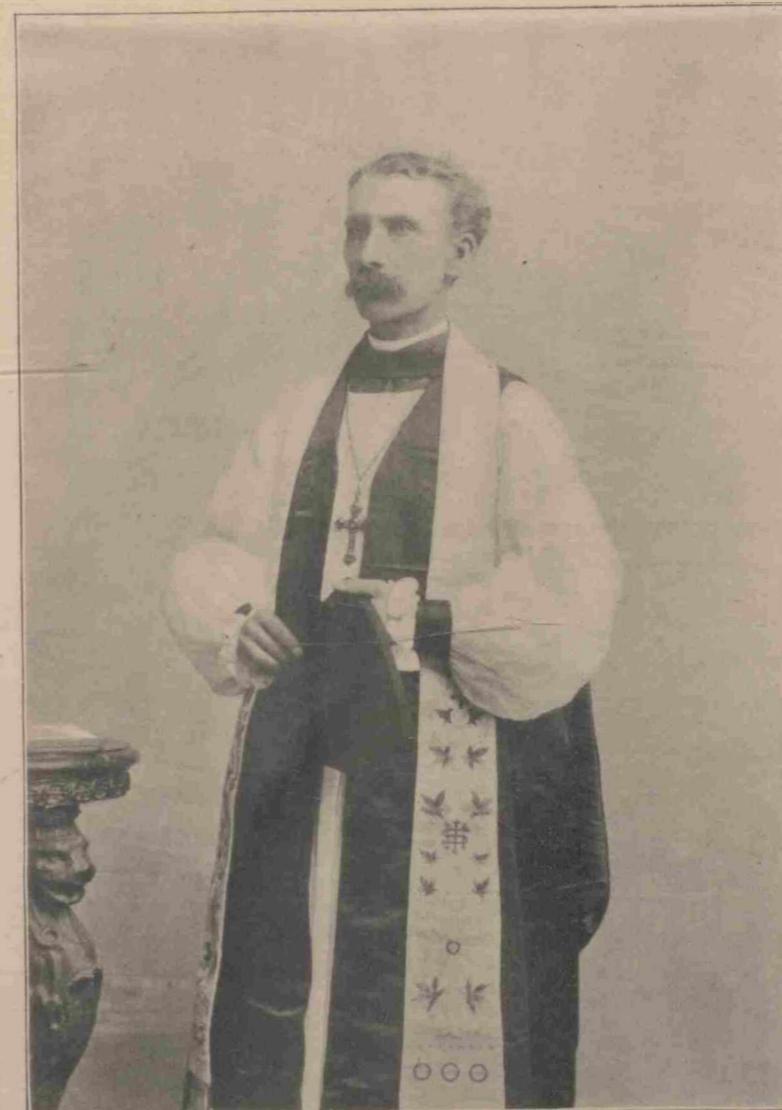
Doubtless most of our readers are aware that the Reverend Canon Thorneloe, late Rector of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, was consecrated to be third Bishop of Algoma on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6th. But we cannot afford to lightly pass over this interesting event and its attendant circumstances, because of the close connection existing between this University and its distinguished graduate, and for the still better reason that to know Bishop Thorneloe is to respect and love him. To his admirers in the Eastern Townships, who may be numbered by thousands, it is a matter of pride and satisfaction to realize that he at once steps into the front rank of the Canadian Episcopate.

The Consecration took place in Quebec Cathedral. The chief Consecrator was the Lord Bishop of Montreal, acting for the Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province. He was assisted by the Bishops of Fredericton and Ottawa, who presented the Bishop-elect, the Bishops of Nova Scotia and Quebec and Bishop Sullivan. Some forty of the clergy were present, as well as the surpliced and ladies' choirs and a large congregation. The service was most reverently rendered, the musical portions especially so. The sermon was preached by the Right Reverend Dr. Sullivan, who took for his text St. Matthew ii, 10, "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." After referring to the subject of the Epiphany and also that of Missions, both Home and Foreign, the preacher addressed himself to the Bishop-elect with words of advice and encouragement in respect of the field which he himself knows so well. He also called upon his hearers, and through them the Church at large, to uphold the hands of him who was going forth to take up the work which he had been obliged to lay down.

Following the sermon the Bishop-elect was presented in the form prescribed in the Consecration Service. The record of his election was read by the Very Reverend the Dean of Montreal, Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Provincial Synod. The Exhortation, Prayer and Litany followed; the Bishop-elect was questioned in the forms set forth and after the rest of the Episcopal habit had been put on, the *Veni Creator* was sung. Next followed the most solemn part of the rite, the Laying-on of hands, the Bishops standing and choir and people kneeling. The Offertory and following parts of the Holy Communion were then proceeded with to the end. The Blessing was given by the acting Metropolitan. As the procession retired the hymn "To the Name of our Salvation" was sung.

Immediately after the congregation had left the building, the clergy of the Diocese of Quebec returned and grouped themselves before the Altar. Then a delightfully touching incident occurred. The new Bishop was led in by the Bishop of Quebec, the Venerable Archdeacon Roe and the Reverend G. H. Parker, Rector of Compton. An address, beautifully engrossed by the Reverend Arthur Jarvis, of Napanee, Ont., from the Clergy of the Diocese, was read by the Archdeacon and presented to the new Bishop. Lack of space will only permit us to cull two or three sentences:—

"And now that the hour of removing to your new home has come, we, your brother Priests, are unwilling to suffer you to go forth from among us without some words of affectionate farewell." "Our sorrow in parting with you is tempered by the assurance that the whole church is a gainer through your advancement to a sphere in which the gifts intrusted to you—gifts of counsel and prudence, gifts of lucid teaching and loving pastoral care, gifts of wisdom in



THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE THORNELOE, D. D., D. C. L., (Bish. Coll. Lenn.)
Consecrated Bishop of Algoma, at Quebec, on the Feast of the
Epiphany, January 6th, 1897.

Supplement to THE MITRE, February, 1897.
University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

J. E. LIVERNOIS,
Photographer, Quebec.

MY FIRST DAY AT BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Very distinctly do I remember the sunny September morning in 1874 when, with a brand new yellow leather school bag on my back, and with a heart in which curiosity, self importance and apprehension struggled for the mastery, I entered upon my life at Bishop's College School.

In the January of that year had occurred the disastrous fire which had destroyed the school building erected on the present site in 1861, and, inasmuch as nothing but the foundations of the new school were visible, accommodation had to be sought for the boys elsewhere. Some of us boarded in the village, but the majority were domiciled in the large brick building which, at that time stood on the right hand side of the Moulton Hill Road, across the St. Francis River, where they were under the charge of Sub-Rector, the Rev. C. E. Willetts, and of the Lady-Matron, Mrs. Irvine. I was one of those who lived in the village and as I made my way somewhat timidly across the square I recognized a friend in the person of an elderly gentleman who was accompanied by two youngsters about my own size in Scotch caps and knickerbockers. This gentleman was Lt.-Col. B. T. Morris, and the boys, to whom he immediately introduced me, were his nephews, William and Fairlie Morris, who had just walked up from Beaumont on the Sherbrooke road and were on their way to school. These lads promptly took me in charge and entertained me with a few stories as to the sort of treatment a new boy might expect, and with advice as to the proper spirit in which to accept the friendly attentions of the old boys.

At the top of the Chapel Hill stood a small knot of boys, one of whom, a bullet-headed youngster, having shaken hands with my protectors, put out one finger to me in a mighty patronizing fashion and said: "Morice, who's this young duffer?" and then his brother, another bullet-headed boy with freckles, whose pockets were bulging out with ammunition for his catapult, advanced and having discovered my name, professed the most profound surprise to find that I was my father's son and a violent attachment to me in consequence of his having been at college with my father!

The name of these facetious youths was Joly, and we subsequently became intimate friends.

Just now a bell began to ring, and we made our way around the Chapel, past the foundations of the new school, and across the Quad to the Gymnasium which was doing duty as a school house.

At the western side of the Quad stood a tall, gallows-like affair, at the top of which was seen the bell, while at the foot ringing the same stood the Sergeant "Simmy" Roche, a Crimean veteran, possessed of a strong Irish brogue and a large stock of funny expressions which he used when we annoyed

him at drill—a circumstance that quite frequently happened.

Having entered the Gymnasium, I saw a double line of desks, with an aisle between leading up to a small platform on which stood the Rector's desk, while all round the room were benches, with here and there a single desk for the use of masters.

After a few words from the Rector, the Rev. Charles H. Badgley, of Queen's College, Oxford, we were sent two by two across the Quad to the Chapel where in their respective stalls were the Venerable Principal Dr. Nicolls; the Rector; the Professor of Divinity, the Rev. Henry Roe; the Professor of Mathematics, the Rev. R. C. Tambs; the Sub-Rector; the Rev. C. E. Willetts; and the Masters, Messrs. H. G. Galton, A. W. Powell, C. L. Worrell and G. G. Nicolls.

The Chapel was then about half its present size, and consequently was on week days somewhat uncomfortably crowded, about twenty boys having to sit on benches in the chancel. Of the many hundred services that it has been my privilege to attend in the Chapel, none has remained so deeply engraved on my memory as that first Matins and I can recall as well as though it were yesterday the refined and scholarly face of Dr. Nicolls, the stern and dignified appearance of the Rector, the carved stalls and the beautiful windows through which the autumnal sun was streaming in an endless variety of colour.

At the organ, a Mason and Hamlin, was seated Mr. Ainslie Young, a student affectionately known as "Dad," and the instrument was situated in the aisle a little in front of the Principal's stall, while the choir occupied the stalls and benches on either side, i. e. at the western end of the chapel.

After service we went back to the Gymnasium and the Rector, standing at his desk gave us a short address, delivered in a slow, quiet manner and in a very musical voice, and I remember that he kept stroking his whiskers, which were black and very long, with his right hand as he spoke. The M. Badgley called out some names, and several very big boys, regular giants stood up, and the Rector said: "Boys I have very much pleasure in appointing Young, Max., Ready Hall, Max., Ogden and Raynes as Prefects of the School, and after much cheering we were dismissed until ten o'clock. We new boys then went over to the Rectory and after having been questioned by Mr. Badgley as to what work we had already done, were placed by him in our various forms.

I found myself in the third form, and subsequently discovered that our master was Mr. A. W. Powell, and that our class room for the time being consisted of a corner of the Gymnasium near a big stove just where the horizontal bar now is. That third form was rather a large one, and amongst others of its members were: W. Morris, R. F. Morris, Hugh Montague Allan, Bryce Allan, Charles Bonner, George Mercer, Cecil Bowen, Arthur Clarke, Harry Phillips,

Charles S. White, Wm. Abbott, Tom Macdonald, George Irvine, Colin MacIntyre and Devereux Toler. W. Abbott, the two Morris boys and Mercer fought for the top place and there were some big fellows at the bottom who never did any work and seemed perfectly contented with themselves, provided the master did not send them in to the imposition class which was held daily under the master-of-the-week.

But I am digressing. After an assembly at 10 o'clock some of us were sent out to drill, and, having 'fallen in' in the Quad, we were marched to the cricket field, and were put through our turnings and made to form fours by Sergeant Roche, all of which some of us, being new boys, were foolish enough to like. Of course after we had been at school for a short time and had acquired vast experience, we naturally thought differently on this and many other subjects.

I was astonished to find that the fierce appearance of Sergeant Roche, and his stentorian voice did not in the least overawe some of the boys, nor did they pay much attention to his threats, or to his declaration that we could not play any "thicks" on him, since he was like a "hawk in a tree," watching us.

After drill we went to the book room to secure our supply of books. This performance was superintended by the Rector, assisted by Mr. Edwin Avery, who, at that time acted as clerk to the Rector and was English Master in the school. The book-room was situated in the wooden building known as the play-room, which stood immediately south of where the Principal's coach-house now is, and which contained two play-rooms, the book-room and the Prefect's room, this latter being used at the time of which I write as a Master's common-room. This structure was burnt down in the following year.

Having with considerable pride written my name, together with B. C. S. (in very large letters), on the fly-leaf of my books, I joined some of the new boys and we made a tour of observation about the grounds, being stopped occasionally by some of the old boys, who shewed an astonishing amount of curiosity as to our lineage and acquirements. A boy named Bonner took me to see his camp, built in the wood which then covered the College land right up to the foot of the hill behind the gymnasium, and which was known in the School as "Chickadee Village." Bonner was very kind; he said that I might buy some decalcomanies from him, also some root-beer which he and his partner, Dev Emmet, proposed to brew in their camp; and so much impressed was I with his magnanimity that I asked him to come to Mrs. Davis' shop and have some ice-cream, an invitation which he accepted rather haughtily and with much condescension.

Then some of us walked across the St. Francis to the Morris House and I was introduced to the Matron, Mrs. Irving and to Kate McAuley, who some fellow said was the best friend that we had, and I

shall leave it to any Lennoxville boy from that time to February, 1897, as to whether that boy did not speak the truth.

That afternoon I saw many of the noted characters of the school, and felt a legitimate feeling of pride when Wenty Young, surnamed the "Elephant" who as Head-Prefect, was collecting names for his roll book, spoke kindly to me and said that his father had been to college with mine, a statement more worthy of credence than that of the impulsive Alain Joly. Many of these great men had odd names. There were "Curly" Irvine, "Rat" Hemming, "Gorilla" Badgley, "Bones" Ogden, "Greasy" Hall, "Stuffy" Hall, "Skinny" Davidson, "Jew" Bonner, "Devil" Emmet, "Paddy" Raynes, "Granny" Shaw, 'B.' Williams, ('B' for Bishop), "Goat" Borlase, "Artemus" Ward, "Aggie" Hooper, "Duck" Ritchie, "Hen" Cooper, "Tricker" Arnton, "Horse-car" Presby, "John Bull" Lindsay and many others.

After school I walked back to the Village with a somewhat ferocious youth by the name of Frank Houghton, who had an exchange of compliments on the Chapel Hill with Rat Hemming, and who confided to me his stern unswerving determination to shoot the sub-Rector on sight just as soon as he had a fair opportunity after leaving school.

At all of this I was, as was natural, mightily impressed and realized that I was now entering upon the great world and was meeting some of its heroes.

Houghton, who was afterwards one of my chums, gave me a good deal of information as to the habits and peculiarities of the Rector and the Masters, and his criticisms were, to say the least, severe. His aversion to the sub-Rector was based, he declared, on a malignant habit that the latter had of making the cane curl round his (Houghton's) thumb, and he averred that Mr. Willetts could not have acquired this pernicious dexterity but by years of patient experiment. Of course, I agreed with Frank, and looked at my own thumbs with much apprehension, inasmuch as Houghton told me that any fellow who was worth anything was sure of at least three canings a week. His own average was, he added modestly, one a day. On the way to the village we met two little girls to whom my new friend nodded in a somewhat contemptuous way, explaining afterwards that they were his sisters, but that he had not introduced me since he did not think I cared for girls any more than he did himself, as to which theory I was, under the circumstances, discreetly silent.

My mother was staying at the Inn known as Buck's Hotel, which stood on the site of the present Post-office, and I naturally made my way thither and finished my first day at B. C. S. by recounting to her all that I had seen and heard since morning; and having studied my lessons with unwonted fervour, went to bed thoroughly satisfied with my experience on my first day at B. C. S.

favourably received chiefly, it may be gathered, because they have a distinct flavour of their own—a flavour that does not force itself upon one's literary palate in an unpleasant way, but has a grace and breeziness about it that touches Canadian feeling very sensibly. Now if a literature appeals to the heart of the people from the midst of which it springs, it presupposes the presence of a national sentiment, and that such a literature is no foreign thing but a product of the soil which gave it birth follows naturally. Such works as, "Among the Millett," "Songs of Vagabondia," "The Soul's Quest," "My Lattice," and a few others, are all the work of the last twenty years, and they have an originality about them that is nothing if it is not Canadian. They seem to strike true and to come from the heart, and there is in them none of the noisy, unnatural cant about "The Old Flag" and "Canada the Free." Loyalty breathes through them without effort and without self-consciousness. It is for these reasons that such poetry may be said to represent Canadian feeling—a feeling of loyalty welded to independence, of courage, of youth and vigour, of restrained fire and enthusiasm which but calls for national crises to burn and become passionate, these are the elements which show themselves in Canadian verse. Much might also be said for the Canadian prose of recent years, but space will not allow the discussion of it.

If then literature represents national life, Canada may be said to have begun a corporate existence full of a spirit that gives hope of future greatness. Things practical and things ideal may yet be considered in their infancy as far as this country is concerned, but it is a brave and lusty infancy that augurs a noble maturity.



THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.

III.

CONCLUSION.

There are comparatively few people who dare to admit that they do not really care for poetry. Yet the number is really larger than is generally supposed. Few would like to breathe such a confession, except to their pillow at night, or to the rushes by the river side. It would be tantamount to an admission, that their intellects were heavy and sluggish. Yet how can we account for this most singular problem, the fashion in poetry, which is patent to any one no longer juvenile? There must be surely, many who possess no real appreciation of true poetical genius. A certain poet becomes the rage. One who can quote him and discourse of him is stamped with the character of approval by the literary upper ten. Those who venture to dispute his supremacy are frowned down upon as ignorant Boetians, not worthy of a thought. When I was an undergraduate, a

craze about "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy" was prevalent. Most of us now marvel that we ever found anything worthy of admiration in that feeble production. It was then the fashion. It is now deservedly consigned to comparative oblivion. But such reverses are not confined to those who have had the misfortune to receive undeserved and overpraise. How many people read Byron now? He was par excellence the poet in our fathers' days. His was undoubted genius, and some of his works ought to be immortal. A certain number are open to objection, owing to their tone on moral and religious subjects, and all are somewhat tainted by the reputation of their author. Practically, however, no one reads any of them, even though some are lighted by the glorious flame of true poetic imagination. Wordsworth, on the other hand, is and perhaps always has been caviare to the mass. His intellect was too refined, his imagination too delicately touched, his conceptions too pure, to win widespread popularity. Yet he may be safely recommended as a truly religious poet, whose writings might be most interesting and beneficially instructive to one who reads them carefully, yet he is seldom taken down from his place in the shelf of a library. Goldsmith again is one of the most melodious of poets. He depicts a world that is passing, if it has not already passed away, but his "Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" abound in passages of simple beauty, which could not be improved upon, and from which no suggestion of evil could possibly be learned. But he is not the fashion, and so he is not read. Gray also deserves to be remembered. His Elegy is perhaps open to the defect condemned by Aristotle, that of being stuffed by too many epithets. But "The Bard" is grand and soul-stirring, still he is not in the fashion and so, alack! he is not read.

When I first entered the University, Tennyson was climbing the steep ascent to fame. Imaginative and rhapsodical undergraduates swore by him, and often eulogized the least powerful of his poems. Their admiration led me to entertain a prejudice against him, for a while at all events. But private independent study changed my opinions, and my admiration for him now is well nigh unqualified. He is somewhat statuesque, he a little lacks fire, and is rather deficient in humour. But his noble Saxon English, his exquisite purity, his depth of thought, place him high in the rank of the second class of English Bards (I would place Shakespeare and Milton alone in the first rank). Now, as it seems to me, one of the chief merits of a true poet consists in his being intelligible to an ordinary mind. We may not be able to exhaust his ideas, or grasp all the shades of thought or the "nuances" of his language. But we ought to have some glimmer as to his meaning. And this may be predicated of our greatest poets. Of Shakespeare it must be confessed *aliquando dormitat*, but not often. Occasionally his verse is turgid, his

ideas obscure, his language redundant. But this is rare. (I am not referring now to passages which are corrupt owing to the neglect of copyists). When his grandest flights of genius are noticeable, the words are simple, the signification clear, while the conception is profound. The poetry lies not in a fog of mysterious language, but in the truth of the idea conveyed by and in the language. Again, Walter Scott's poems are nowadays scarcely ever taken up, except in schools. I admit that they cannot be classed as the highest order of poetry, and that they are a trifle jingly. But there are some charming passages in "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion." I might cite others. The strains are perfectly healthy in tone, and they not only possess a swing, but a breeziness that seems wafted over the poet's native heather. I believe that many young people secretly admire Scott's poems, only it is not the thing to do so. Unfortunately, Scott is easily understood, while Robert Browning, the idol of the day, is often, as Lord Dundreary would say, what no fellow can understand. When I say this, I know that I am a Philistine, that I am horribly out of date, that I am buried in the most abysmal depths of fageydom, when I assert that Robert Browning does not merit the pinnacle of fame to which he has attained. Both he and his gifted wife have written some superb poems, but some of his work is beyond the plummet of ordinary human understanding. That may be our fault, and the proof of our stupidity, but I submit that authors were meant to be understood when read, and that the greatest masters of the art need no interpreters to indicate to us poor creatures, what the author intended to express. But at present the *omne ignotum pro magifico* is a pervading principle and the fact that you cannot comprehend a poem, is a convincing proof to some that it is very sublime and worthy of our highest admiration. At this juncture, I have often pondered over the remarkable fact of the popularity of the "Christian Year." When in 1827, the author offered the manuscript to Parker, the Oxford Publisher. He, I believe refused it, on the ground that it would never sell. I forget whether or no it was originally published at Mr. Keble's own risk. Suffice it to say that the number of editions through which it has passed is something extraordinary, and that there seems no ebbing in the tide of its prosperity. Yet there is nothing in it of a popular character. It is not always easy to understand. Beautiful as it is in tone, deeply religious, emotional without being unreal, refined and finished in its versification, it is like some beauteous flower, destitute of garish hues, revealing its loveliness and fragrance to some careful observer, who may be a reverent student of God's works. There is no ingredient in its structure calculated to stir the hearts of the masses, or strike in them a chord of enthusiasm. Its extensive sale is perhaps due partly to the spread of Church prin-

ciples, of which it is a great exponent, among the English speaking race, and partly because to admire the "Christian Year" is supposed to be a very proper proceeding. Let us remember, when judging of a poet and his writings that we must try to put ourselves in his position and to see with his eyes. Some people have no imaginative faculty at all. Such an one is perhaps to be pitied. To him, nature in her varied mood awakens no emotion. To him "a primrose on the river's brim, a yellow primrose is to him, 'Tis that and nothing more." To another it is a pure and charming product of God's gracious hand, redolent of delicate odour, and whispering of Spring's breezes and summer airs to come.

Alexander Smith, a poet little known, but in whose veins coursed the stream of true pocsy, was an enthusiastic admirer of the sea. He wrote once thus

"The bridegroom sea is toying with the shore, his
wedded bride,
And in the fullness of his marriage joy
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a pace to see how fair she looks,
Then proud runs up to kiss her."

A certain reviewer wrote thus of this exquisite conceit, "pretty, but does not explain the tidal action"—as if it were a poet's metier to explain the tides or any other laws or phenomena of nature. The poet writes as he sees and thinks. It is our duty to endeavour to pierce the matter-of-fact atmosphere in which we live, in order to see the glorious sights revealed to him, and learn the varied lessons which his mind can take home to itself and assimilate without effort. But I must have wearied out my kind and patient readers, for we are not living, as Macaulay remarks, in the days of Hilpah and Shalem. I have urged the cultivation of the imaginative faculty. It was evidently implanted in us by our Creator. We surely have ample authority for the assertion, that it should be assiduously nurtured almost from our childhood. By so doing, we can derive infinitely increased enjoyment from perusing the works of great geniuses of every land, and may perhaps draw inspiration from their pages. Let us remember that true genius never grows old. It is immortal and ever young. Times and fashions may change, but it abides. Also it may be like Geneva at Chillon, deep, yet azure and pellucid, or like the glassy translucent wave of Milton's Sabrina. Profundity need not imply obscurity.

But in this most prosaic of centuries we can be lifted out from surrounding materialism, and derive indescribable and unmixed pleasure from sights and sounds which, while many pass by unheeded, nevertheless afford to others a perennial source of pure delight. Like our great poet, in his ever charming Pastoral, we may find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

VERY often the question is asked as to whether any progress has been made in Canada since Confederation towards developing a sound, broad-minded national spirit.

When the noble idea of uniting the British North American Provinces had moved forward from the cloudy, speculative stage to the stage of practical statesmanship, the one great bar to evolving a solid nationality out of these scattered portions of the Queen's dominion was felt to be the existence, within a common border, of two distinct races, almost equal in numbers and vitality, possessing ideas of patriotism, of life, of manners, and of religion that were, if not antagonistic, at least inharmonious. Still, it was hoped that intercommunication, common trade interests and common allegiance would, sooner or later, destroy race prejudices and perhaps finally destroy racial distinctiveness. It can hardly be doubted that this large-hearted hope has been fulfilled so far as racial prejudices go, for they are slowly dying down. As to whether this happy state of things will lead to

the overthrow of narrower views of national life and to the building up of an "All-Canadian" spirit, time alone will give a verdict.

One may observe the upward and downward tendency of peoples in many ways—in their laws, their religious beliefs, their habits, their aspirations, and finally, their literature. The last named is perhaps the safest of all, because in the prose and poetry of people, breathes the spirit or genius which has made them what they are. Just as one may very fairly gauge the disposition of a single person by noting what he says and how he says it, so may one do the same, by judging nations from what their literature is like in style and substance. Even those great writers who move above their surroundings feel the influence of their times and circumstances. Through Shakespeare is a world-genius, he is yet an Englishman—and more than that, an Elizabethan Englishman—in form and spirit.

By glancing over the history of the past it is easily seen how people show their characteristics in their literature. The ancient Greeks were remarkable for their subtlety of thought and for a sense of artistic fitness. Does one not find that the Greek philosophy and the Greek drama concentrates and crystallizes the national feeling on these two points? So in all likelihood will it be found with civilized peoples of every clime and every age.

Thus perhaps it may be justly assumed that a people which possesses no literature of its own is not a nation at all, but merely a gathering together of individuals for the purpose of living, with no interest in the welfare of the country in which they live, and with no care but for themselves and for those who are dependent upon them.

Now many persons will assert that Canada has no literature, and that therefore it has no national life—that those who live in the country are solely under the influence of British or American ideas and have developed nothing that might be claimed as "Racy of the Soil," because when a national literature is looked for nothing is to be found but a faint echo of what is said or sung across the seas, or across the border. But people who say this have not watched the curious awakening in Canada of a literary spirit—but very lately manifested, it is true—that certainly may be said to receive its force from the fact that it voices Canadian sentiment. Within the last twenty years the poems of several Canadian authors have been before the literary public and have been very